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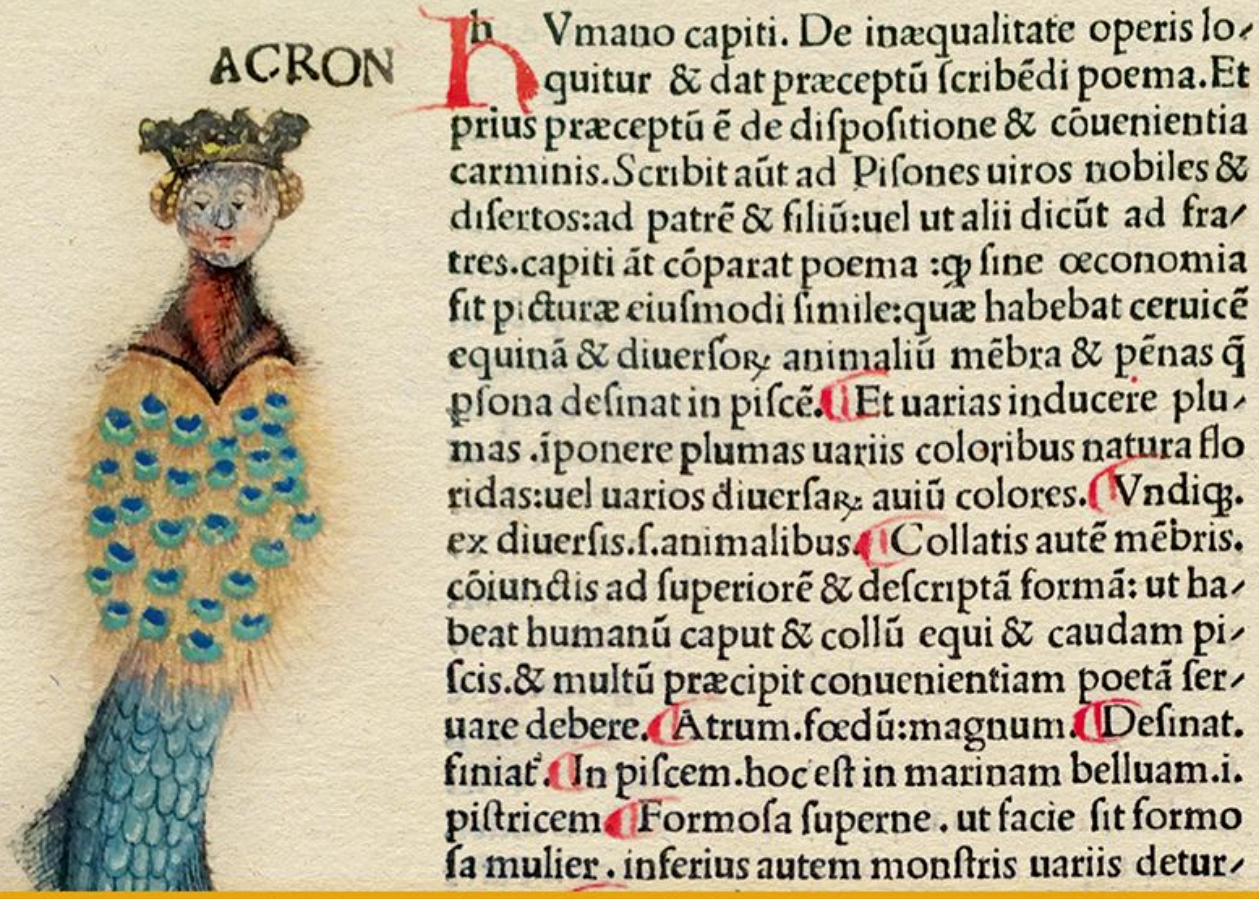
The Reader in the Book

A Study of Spaces and Traces

STEPHEN ORGEL



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Great Clarendon Street, Oxford, OX2 6DP,
United Kingdom

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First Edition published in 2015
Impression: 1

Published in the United States of America by Oxford University Press
198 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, United States of America

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
Data available

Library of Congress Control Number: 2015936025

ISBN 978–0–19–873756–8

Printed and bound by
CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

To
Bradin Cormack
lectori optimo
carissimo amico

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Marginalia have always fascinated me. I have collected volumes with marks of ownership and annotations for decades, and have written occasionally about them. The fascinating exhibit at the Harvard Library *Marks in Books* organized by Roger Stoddard in 1985, with its excellent catalogue, helped to focus my interests, and H. J. Jackson's *Marginalia: Readers Writing in Books* (2001), though concerned with later periods, offered a valuable example of how to take marginalia into account in writing about the history of books. But the idea that my passion could become a book of my own derives largely from encouraging conversations with the great pioneer in this field, William Sherman, as well as from the recent exemplary models provided by his *Used Books* and Heidi Brayman Hackel's *Reading Material in Early Modern England. The Reader in the Book* derives more immediately from the enthusiasm of my colleague Elaine Treharne, who saw the shape of the project before I did, and over a thrilling lunch made it all possible. For discussions over many years, and constant material assistance, I am indebted to Stanford's superb Curator of Rare Books, John Mustain; and, for receptive audiences, to the students in the course we teach jointly in "The History of the Book." For two decades I have had my best reader, Bradin Cormack, to talk with about marginalia; he has supplied me with endless information and excellent advice, as well as tireless paleographical and linguistic assistance. Early in the project Diego Pirillo helped me to clarify the argument and pointed me to useful references. Maurizio Campanelli deciphered the first of many sets of baffling Latin postilli for me, and Jane Stevenson generously responded to queries about the history of Latin pronunciation. My polymath colleague Ivan Lupić has been a peerless interpreter of Renaissance Latin and bad handwriting; he led me to Irena Bratičević of the University of Zagreb, who promptly solved the most intractable bit of my intractable schoolboy Latin cruxes. During the six months of my visiting professorship at Harvard's Villa I Tatti in Fiesole, I benefitted from the expertise of my colleagues Eugenio Refini and Davide Baldi,

and from lunchtime conversations with the learned and affable director of I Tatti Lino Pertile. Davide Daolmi clarified a particularly vexing crux. Peter Holland solved two puzzles in my Cibber promptbook of *Venice Preserv'd.* An anonymous reader for the Oxford University Press made several excellent suggestions about the structure of the book, which I have followed and for which I am very grateful. My admirable research assistant Daeyeong Kim negotiated the picture permissions with astounding efficiency. Jacqueline Harvey has been a vigilant and helpful copyeditor. Michael Wyatt continues to be what he has been for so many years, a constant source of deep scholarly knowledge, support, and encouragement.

Finally, a heartfelt acknowledgment of the book dealer friends who have for decades been my scouts, advisers, and providers: In my school years the venerable and invariably welcoming Dauber and Pine in New York, and Herb Hillman of the original Pangloss Books in Cambridge, MA., both long gone; Stuart Bennett, Justin Croft, Arthur Freeman and Janet Ing, Robert Harding at Maggs, Ted Hoffman and Donovan Rees at Quaritch, David Szewczyk and Cynthia Davis Buffington of Philadelphia Rare Books and Manuscripts, Ken Karmiole, Christopher Edwards, Simon Beattie, Terry Johanson, Gordon Hollis of Golden Legend, Frank Spellman at Krown and Spellman, and Steve Weissman at Ximenes. Thank you.

*

Earlier versions of some of the material in this book have appeared in the following publications.

"Spenser from the Gutters to the Margins: An Archeology of Reading," in *The Construction of Textual Identity in Medieval and Early Modern Literature*, SPELL Swiss Papers in English Language and Literature 22, ed. Indira Ghose and Denis Reavey (Tübingen: Gunter Narr Verlag, 2009).

"Reading Lady Anne Clifford's *A Mirovr for Magistrates*," in *Lady Anne Clifford: Culture, Patronage and Gender in 17th-Century Britain*, ed. Karen Hearn and Lynne Hulse (Yorkshire Archeological Society Occasional Paper No. 7, 2009); "Marginal Maternity: Reading Lady Anne Clifford's *A Mirror for Magistrates*," in *Printing and Parenting in Early Modern England*, ed. Douglas A. Brooks (Aldershot, Hants: Ashgate, 2005).

"The Book of the Play," in *From Performance to Print in Shakespeare's England*, ed. Peter Holland and Stephen Orgel (Basingstoke, Hants: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006).

"Margins of Truth," in *The Renaissance Text*, ed. Andrew Murphy (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2000).

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Reading in Action

> Textuality has therefore become the exact antithesis and displacement of what might be called history. Textuality is considered to take place, yes, but by the same token it does not take place anywhere or anytime in particular. It is produced, but by no one and at no time. It can be read and interpreted, although reading and interpreting are routinely understood to occur in the form of misreading and misinterpreting. The list of examples could be extended indefinitely, but the point would remain the same. As it is practiced in the American academy today, literary theory has for the most part isolated texuality from the circumstances, the events, the physical senses that made it possible and render it intelligible as the result of human work.
>
> Edward Said, "Secular Criticism"[1]

> General statements in humanities disciplines [...] are neither enunciations of general laws which are testable by experiment, as in the physical sciences, nor are they probabilities expressed in statistical form as in the social sciences. Often, in current practice they turn out to be deliberated hypotheses; historical scholarship is a department of rhetoric. In particular, whatever general claims we may like to make about "The Renaissance reader" cannot be assumed in advance to apply to any given individual act of reading.
>
> Harold Love, "Early Modern Print Culture"[2]

[1] Edward Said, "Secular Criticism," in *The Edward Said Reader*, ed. M. Bayoumi and A. Rubin (New York: Vintage Books, 2000), pp. 221–2.

[2] Harold Love, "Early Modern Print Culture," *Parergon* 20.1 (January 2003), 45.

This is a book about individual acts of reading. Writing it has been possible only because reading in early modern culture sometimes left traces, and sometimes those traces are decipherable. In the past twenty years or so there has been a revolution in bibliographical studies which has involved noticing what had been unnoticeable and finding evidence in the hitherto irrelevant; so that habits of reading, manifested in various marks and marginalia, have become as central to the nature of the book as format and typography, watermarks and chain lines. The recent history of the book, in this construction, is not merely a history of print technology; more important, the history of any particular book does not conclude with its publication. Much significant recent work in the field focuses on readers, booksellers, and collectors, rather than on printers and publishers, on bindings and inscriptions rather than on foul papers (rough drafts), copy texts, scribes, and compositors, and views the print revolution as, in significant ways, a reading revolution, a revolution not only of technology but also of dissemination and reception.

My focus here is on a particular aspect of this history of the book, an archaeology of the use of margins and other blank spaces, a sociology of reading and writing in relation to ownership. What did early modern people write in their books, and how can we, as historians of both the book and literature, take it into account? One of the most commonplace aspects of old books is the fact that people wrote in them, something that until very recently has infuriated modern collectors and librarians. But these inscriptions constitute a significant dimension of the book's history; and one of the strangest phenomena of modern bibliophilic and curatorial psychology has been the desire for pristine copies of books, books that reveal no history of ownership (modern first editions especially lose a large percentage of their value if they have an owner's name on the flyleaf, unless the owner is very famous, or the name is part of an inscription from the author). It has not been uncommon for collectors to attempt to obliterate early marginalia, as if to restore the book's virginity. A 1997 catalogue of the venerable London bookseller Bernard Quaritch lists a first edition of *Areopagitica* with two manuscript corrections, which are "very faint [...] all but washed out during some restoration in the past."[3] The same corrections

[3] Bernard Quaritch (London), Catalogue 1243 (1997), item 50.

are also found in a presentation copy of the essay, and are almost certainly in Milton's hand—in this case, the price of purity was the obliteration of the author.

Tastes change, and so does what is deemed important. In 1995 the Beinecke Library at Yale acquired 242 early books from the great scholarly book dealer Bernard M. Rosenthal. The distinguishing feature of this collection was that all the books had contemporary manuscript annotations.[4] H. J. Jackson, the editor of Coleridge's copious marginalia, opens her book *Marginalia* by noting the British Library's purchase in 1998 of a copy of Galileo's treatise on sunspots, *Istoria e dimostrazioni intorno alle macchie solari* (1613). Though the library already owned the book, this copy was deemed especially desirable because it was annotated throughout by three contemporary hands, though the annotations had not been studied, or even transcribed. Jackson comments:

> In this case, apparently, readers' notes greatly increase the market value of the book. I do not question the purchase or the purchase price, but I am interested in the justification offered. The Library did not need another copy of that edition, rare and valuable though it might be. The book is not an association copy: the notes are not Galileo's, nor does it contain even his autograph. The notes were written, so far as we know, not by some other famous person but by unidentified contemporaries of no guaranteed authority. In fact the notes have not been transcribed or studied in any detail, so we don't actually know yet what they contain, and it is possible that they are not original, perhaps not even directly relevant to the text at hand. Nevertheless they are valued as *a contemporary response*, and may be valued all the more, nowadays, for being the work of nameless readers.[5]

The Reader in the Book is about the value of contemporary responses. My project builds on important recent work on marginalia as an aspect of the history of both reading and material culture in the early modern

[4] There is an excellent catalogue: Bernard M. Rosenthal, *The Rosenthal Collection of Printed Books with Manuscript Annotations* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1997).

[5] H. J. Jackson, *Marginalia: Readers Writing in Books* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2001), p. 2.

period. William Sherman, in his essential, pioneering study *Used Books*, observes that marginalia are very difficult to generalize about. A large percentage of the annotations he found in literary texts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the Huntington Library "had no obvious connection with the text they accompanied." "But," he continues, they "nonetheless testified to the place of that book in the reader's social life, family history, professional practices, political commitments, and devotional rituals."[6] Heidi Brayman Hackel classifies handwritten marks of the period into three groups,

> each of which exposes a set of attitudes about books and reading. Marks of active reading (deictics [contextualizing], underlining, summaries, cross-references, queries) [...] suggest that the book is to be engaged, digested, and re-read. Marks of ownership ... distinguish a book as a physical object, to be protected, catalogued, inventoried, and valued. Marks of recording (debts, marriages, births, accounts) seem to reside somewhere in between: like ownership marks, they suggest that the book has physical value; like readers' marks, they convey that the book is a site of information. For each of these three kinds of notes, the book takes on a different role: as intellectual process, as valued object, and as available paper.[7]

There is, however, a whole other class of markings that are ubiquitous but are missing from Brayman Hackel's classification system, seemingly irrelevant markings of the sort she repeatedly found in her survey of early copies of Sidney's *Arcadia*:

> Fragments of verse, lists of clothing, enigmatic phrases, incomplete calculations, sassy records of ownership [...] a shield painted in watercolors, impish faces peering out from the margin, geometric figures on a flyleaf, a mother and child on a blank sheet [...] pressed flowers [...] the rust outlines of pairs of scissors.[8]

[6] William Sherman, *Used Books: Marking Readers in Renaissance England* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2008), p. xiii. There is also a wonderful miniature history of the subject in Sherman's *John Dee: The Politics of Reading and Writing in the English Renaissance* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), especially pp. 60–78.

[7] Heidi Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material in Early Modern England* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), p. 138.

[8] Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 158–9.

Jason Scott-Warren, in a beautifully conceived article, cites this passage, and observes:

> All those who work with early modern books will have encountered such marks as these, possibly many times over, and will have examined them with mingled fascination and exasperation. For here is the reader, the "real" reader that recent work in the field has placed center stage; and yet he or she is not reading but doing something else entirely, something that appears to lead nowhere.

Scott-Warren, following a suggestion of Sherman's, views these marks as a form of graffiti, with the important caveat that "the sense of trespass that conditions our idea of graffiti is absent from most if not all earlier examples of it." Writing on walls was normative in early modern culture, whether for adornment, ethical exhortation, or simply to declare one's presence. He cites important studies by Juliet Fleming, who observes "that a culture that positively enjoins parietal writing is a culture more at home with materiality, and with the materiality of language, than our own." Analyzing a series of fascinating examples, he emphasizes the materiality of the book: such markings assume that the book is not simply a text; it is a place and a property. Graffiti may declare one's proprietary relation to the property or, more often, merely record one's presence in it, the fact that a reader has been there, sometimes, in the most material way, not reading but merely trying out a pen. The use of books need not be limited by their subject matter, and there are other things to do with books besides read them; marks in books are often not about reading but about possession, and even this is not a simple matter. Scott-Warren gives a cornucopia of often baffling instances:

> John Finet [. . .] may appear to have been taking possession of his tiny Latin prayer book when he wrote his name on the title page and flyleaf. But why he should have felt the need to write his name or initials nearly fifty times throughout the volume is less clear. And many surviving books have a bewildering number of signatures from multiple agents scattered across their pages. A manuscript of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* now in Oxford bears the signatures of George Gascoigne, Thomas Churchyard, and Archbishop William Laud, alongside many other names. The copy of John Harington's *Metamorphosis of A Jax* in Sheffield contains more than twelve signatures,

> some dating from the early seventeenth century, others from the mid-eighteenth. Among them, an early inscription reads, "John Rogers / not his book"—a surprisingly common formulation in such multiply-graffitied volumes (and rarely one that represents a revision of an earlier ownership claim). In short, many early modern books are as "tagged" and "pieced" as the average wall in a European capital city.[9]

In fact, conceiving of a text not simply as reading matter or written speech but as a property, and more particularly as a location or even a building, is deeply embedded in the history of rhetoric. Memory systems for orators regularly visualized the parts of an argument as the rooms or architectural features of a building. Moreover, the subjects of discussion were *topoi*, topics: the word literally means "places" (compare *topography*, *commonplaces*). Even today we speak of *constructing* an argument, *building* a case. In this metaphor, readers have an instrumental function, because apprehending the work involves *reconstructing* the argument—which, as Scott-Warren observes, may involve writing on the walls.

So the work, even as architecture, is incomplete without the reader: books are intended to be read. They are, above all, texts, though perhaps not in the straightforward way they appear to us. Our current focus on our own version of the materiality of literature, its essential substratum of manuscript circulation and print culture, ignores the widespread insistence in the early modern period that, paradoxically, literature was nothing of the sort: that poetry was inspiration, spirit, idea; "the force of a divine breath" far surpassing nature, as Sidney says; or as Spenser's spokesman E.K. puts it, "divine instinct and unnatural rage."[10] The immaterial effusions in question are in Spenser's case the purported songs of fictional shepherds, and the fact that such claims are made in and through print implicitly acknowledges that this inspired poetry depends, not simply for its survival but for its very articulation, on its material embodiment—nobody ever sang *The Shepheardes Calender*, least of all Spenser before he wrote it down. This in fact represents

[9] Jason Scott-Warren, "Reading Graffiti in the Early Modern Book," *Huntington Library Quarterly* 73.3 (September 2010), 364–5, 367–8.

[10] Gloss to the emblem of the October Eclogue, *The Shepherds Calendar* (London, 1579), p. 44.

an innovation—much lyric poetry of the period was composed to be sung, and the printed versions often indicate the tune, which would be that of a popular ballad. Much of the verse in Tottel's Miscellany began as song texts. But *The Shepheardes Calender* is aggressively both graphic and typographic. We apprehend these poems not as spirit or song, but as an elaborately designed book, with three distinct typefaces, woodcut illustrations, historiated initials, three dedications, a general argument, arguments to the individual eclogues, emblems, mottoes, glosses: there is nothing immaterial about this poetry. The idealizing claims, however, remained pervasive throughout the age: that the text was not *really* the poetry, that the poetry was in the "fore-conceit," the "invention," "the force of a divine breath"—the material book, however beautifully designed, was finally not sufficient to the kind of idealization literature seemed to require.

It became increasingly important to insist that there was more to poetry than books and print, just as there was more to art than paint and canvas. The visual arts even took action: in 1563 the painters, sculptors, and architects of Florence formed themselves into an academy and petitioned to be exempted from membership in the craftsmen's guilds. The academy obtained full legal recognition in 1571, and painting, sculpture, and architecture in Florence became thereby not crafts but liberal arts, the work not of the hand but of the intellect. England had a long way to go—in Charles I's time the artists' union was still the Worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers, a guild founded in 1502, which was concerned primarily with preventing commissions from going to foreign artisans. There is more than irony in the favorite gibe of Ben Jonson's detractors that in his youth he had been apprenticed to a bricklayer. The arts in England were still very much crafts.

What does a book require to become that special kind of writing we call literature, to express "the force of a divine breath," "divine instinct and unnatural rage"? Poetry was always accorded a special status, but the modern sense of *literature*, "written work valued for superior or lasting artistic merit" (*OED* 3b) dates only from the mid-nineteenth century. The earliest senses in English are far more general, and have to do with the character of the author, not with the quality of the work: "familiarity with letters or books; learning, scholarship" (*OED* 1)—in Johnson's dictionary (1755) this is still the only definition: "Learning; skill in letters." Elsewhere, by the mid-seventeenth century, literature

was "the activity or profession of an author [. . .]; the realm of letters or books" (*OED* 2): nothing at all transcendent. When Milton asserts in *Areopagitica* that "books are not absolutely dead things,"[11] he is arguing against an assumption that indeed that is what they are; and we could press very hard on the adverb. It is ironic, certainly, but it also surely registers the reasonableness of the counter-argument: books are not dead despite appearances to the contrary; books are not absolutely dead, but almost. We need to balance this sense of the insufficiency of the book against our own sense of the book's finality and materiality. Milton's argument continues by insisting that books "contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." It hardly needs to be added that books do none of this without readers, just as the elixir in the vial has no efficacy unless you drink it—that, indeed, is the point of the essay, the reason books must not be censored before publication: they must be allowed to reach readers. And marginalia are commonplace because even in the hands of a reader the book never adequately expressed itself, always needed something more that could only be supplied by the reader—commentary, explanation, something to help us remember it, or even simply something to make it ours, something to make it not absolutely dead.

Hence by the early sixteenth century the formula for ownership was often imagined to be spoken by the book itself: Erasmus writes in his books not "Erasmus liber eius," his book, but "Sum Erasmi," I am Erasmus's; Cuthbert Tunstall writes "Sum Tunstalli";[12] Ben Jonson's books are inscribed "Sum Ben: Jonsonii." The book is given a voice by these owners, and it is the voice of a faithful servant, sometimes explicitly. In 1518 Erasmus made a gift of his Aldine edition of Gregory Nazianzen's *Carmina* to his friend Martinus Lipsius. The book has, on the title page, a tiny inscribed dialogue between the two men. First, the original declaration of Erasmus's ownership:

> *Sum Erasmi, nec muto dominum* (I am Erasmus's, and do not change my master).

[11] John Milton, *Areopagitica* (London, 1644), p. 4.

[12] See Lisa Jardine, *Erasmus, Man of Letters* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993), p. 39.

Beneath this Lipsius has written,

> *Fui Erasmi, et mutavi dominum* (I was Erasmus's, and have changed my master).

And beneath this Erasmus has written,

> *Imo non mutavi, cum amicus sit alter ipse* (Indeed I have not changed, because a friend is another self).[13]

Books are not absolutely dead things. Part of the modern confusion about the status of texts in the early modern period stems from our own idealization of the text, and of the transformations in the idea of the text effected by printing. We tend to assume that printing fixed the text, that the printed book was the work in its final form, and that one of the consequences of what is widely referred to now as "the print revolution" was the stabilization of texts. We contrast this fixity with, on the one hand, the variability of manuscript copies of any particular work and, on the other, the characteristic instability of electronic texts, the constant adjustment and revision enabled and indeed encouraged by the computer and the Internet. We no longer set type, we process words, and, whatever the advantages of the new technology, textual stability and finality are not among them. Printing did, from very early in its history, claim precisely that special kind of authority for its texts; but the claim was largely unfounded—Shakespeare treats it as an old joke when, in *The Winter's Tale*, the country bumpkin Mopsa says of Autolycus's ballads, "I love a ballad in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true" (4.4.259–60). Early print culture was in fact a world of inaccurate, unauthorized texts, "stolne and surreptitious copies," in the words of Shakespeare's first editors.[14] Moreover, since proofreading and revision went on during the course of printing, and both unrevised

[13] Contractions have been expanded. The book is now in the British Bible Society Library in the Cambridge University Library, BSS.130.B04. It was included in the Cambridge exhibition *Great and Manifold Blessings: The Making of the King James Bible*, January 18–June 18, 2011. See the online catalogue of the exhibition, http://www.lib.cam.ac.uk/exhibitions/KJV/captions.html (accessed August 12, 2014).

[14] For a devastating critique of the assumptions guiding the concept of "the print revolution," see Adrian Johns, "The Book of Nature and the Nature of the Book," chapter 1 of *The Nature of the Book: Print and Knowledge in the Making* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998).

and revised sheets were used indiscriminately in the finished book, the degree of variation in the final copies could be tremendous—it is not an exaggeration to say that every copy of the Shakespeare folio differs from every other copy to some extent. The extent was much greater in the cases of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, in which the censors were at work while the book was in the press, and Harington's Ariosto, which Harington was rewriting as the printers were printing: here again, both revised and unrevised pages appear in practically every copy of these books, if not in all.[15] These are not exceptional cases.

The outrageous, wonderful Nicholas Barker once asserted that every copy of a manuscript was identical to every other copy, but every copy of a printed book was unique.[16] I take this Wildean epigram to embody a truth: we assume that variability is a part of manuscript culture, but print culture is now regularly claimed to aspire to the invariable—books were replications, a potentially infinite number of exact copies. But what early modern culture wanted from printing was not exact replication; it was dissemination, the ability to produce 500 or 1,000 copies of a book (or, far more often, a broadsheet, edict, injunction, indulgence, or polemical pamphlet), rather than five or ten or fifty. The fact that, for more than two centuries after the invention of printing, there were routinely variations in those copies merely shows how much less of a change print culture represented from manuscript culture than we want it to represent.

In a very real sense, too, the book was *not* in its final form when it left the printing house: it was unfinished because it was unbound, obviously, but also it was, in both early modern senses, "imperfect," incomplete and incorrect. Hence the inclusion of errata sheets: if the printed book had been conceived as traditional bibliography conceives it, as the final authoritative state of the text, proofreading would have been systematic and errors corrected in the printing house. But to have a final, authoritative text, the early modern reader had to do the correcting; and errata sheets often declare their information itself to be

[15] See the Introduction to *The Peaceable and Prosperous Regiment of Blessed Queene Elisabeth: A Facsimile from Holinshed's Chronicles (1587)*, ed. Cyndia Clegg and Randall McLeod (San Marino, CA: Huntington Library Press, 2005).

[16] Nicholas Barker, "Manuscript into Print," in *Crisis in Editing: Texts of the English Renaissance*, ed. Randall M. McLeod (New York: AMS Press, 1994), p. 1.

incomplete, asserting that there are still more errors, and urging the reader to find and correct them.[17] This of course assumes a very attentive and thorough reader.

What readers did to books perfected them; it also often added to their value. An early owner of the copy of Holinshed's *Chronicles* in Figure 1.1 sumptuously perfected the book by the addition of the heraldic shields of the noble families discussed in the history, beautifully painted and gilded. The shields, indeed, were so precious an addition that a subsequent owner sliced a number of them out to display elsewhere (Figure 1.2)—the marginalia in this case took on a value of their own, independent of the book. And, however offensive we find the excisions, an outrage committed on the body of the book, they are, like the shields themselves, part of the book's history, testifying to the changing notion of what kind of repository the book was, and what in it was valuable. As can be seen at the top of Figure 1.1, many of the shields were also heavily trimmed in a subsequent rebinding—by that time they had lost their value entirely, even as an adornment to the volume.

For the series of owners of this book, what was relevant to the reading of Holinshed went through significant changes, and the work performed by the margins changed accordingly. But let us pause over what we mean by *reading* itself, what kind of attention the term implies, what sort of information we want it to produce, and whether these too have changed over the centuries. When Edward Said says (in the first epigraph to this chapter) that "reading and interpreting are routinely understood to occur in the form of misreading and misinterpreting," he is ironically describing a postmodern ideology in which reading is always partial, tendentious, individual; and any reading of the text will be at fault because when we read we find only what we are looking for. But do texts, in themselves, in the absence of a reader, have meanings? The charge of misinterpretation implies that there is a correct interpretation, but can there be a correct reading? Said is not rejecting this sort of argument, but criticizing its detachment from any

[17] For an excellent overview see Seth Lerer, *Error and the Academic Self* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2002). For the larger cultural context see Anthony Grafton, *The Culture of Correction in Renaissance Europe* (London: British Library; Chicago University of Chicago Press, 2012).

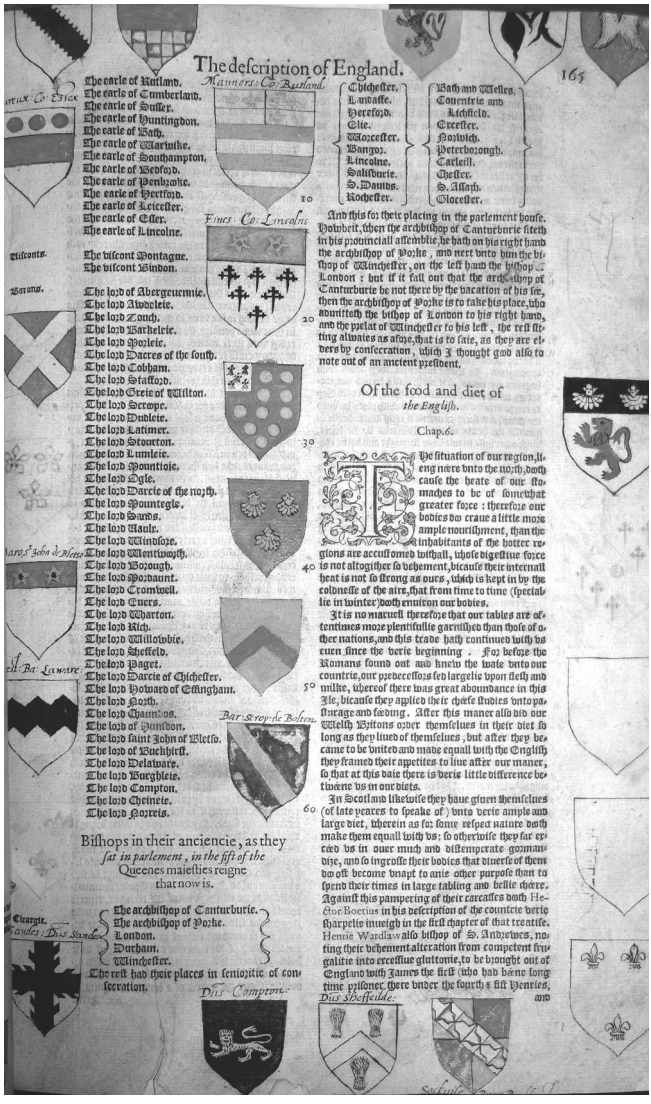


FIGURE 1.1 Raphael Holinshed, *Chronicles* (London, 1586): a page with heraldic shields added by hand. The shields are painted, gilded, and silvered.

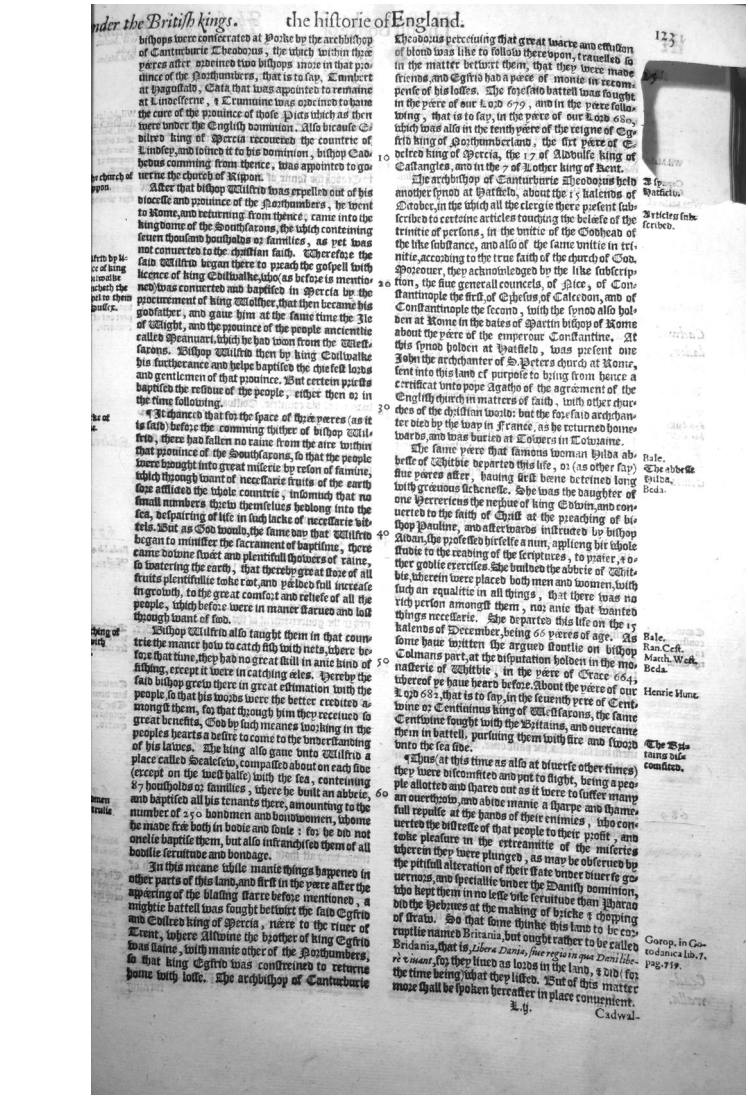


FIGURE 1.2 Holinshed, *Chronicles* (1586): a page with a shield excised.

reality outside the text, any political or social element, insisting that such claims are never only about texts. Clearly some part of the argument must be right—to say that the same text may mean different things to different readers is hardly a radical contention. The question, and it is always an open one, is how far the meaning is inherent in the text; and, if it is inherent, how far it is determined by the author; and, if it is, how far we can know the author's intention, or even whether the author's intention has any relevance at all. And is the meaning of a work several hundred years old the same now as its meaning when it was new—to what extent are meanings transhistorical? It is not that there are no answers to such questions, but the answers keep changing according to what we want literature to tell us and what we want out of reading. In fact, if we try to historicize early modern texts, the issue of the author's intention becomes especially complicated, since the author is often little more than a name, sometimes not even that, and must be deduced or even constructed out of the text. To complicate things further, historicizing the text is also a matter of choosing between histories—*The Merchant of Venice* looks quite different in the contexts of Jacob Burckhardt's Renaissance and of Fernand Braudel's Renaissance, and more different still if we think of Shakespeare's age as Early Modern rather than as The Renaissance.

Peter Mack, in an essay on Renaissance habits of reading, gives a striking example of the problems of historicizing reading. He quotes a letter from Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert on the proper way to read history:

> yow have principally to note the examples of vertue or vice, with their good or evell successes, the establishments or ruines of great Estates, with the cawses, the tyme and circumstances of the lawes they write of, the entrings and endings of warrs, and therin the stratagems against the enimy, and the discipline upon the souldier, and thus much as a very Historiographer. Besides this the Historian makes himselfe a discourser for profite and an Orator, yea a Poet sometimes for ornament.[18]

[18] Peter Mack, "Renaissance Habits of Reading," in *Renaissance Essays for Kitty Scoular Datta*, ed. Sakanta Chaudhuri (Calcutta: Oxford University Press, 1995), p. 7. The Sidney passage is in *Correspondence*, vol. 3 of *The Prose Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. A. Feuillerat, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1963), pp. 130–1.

One should read, then, for moral and practical examples, and incidentally to learn how to "ornament" an argument. Mack goes on to show Sidney himself being read in the same way. A contemporary admirer named John Hoskins praises *Arcadia*:

> what personages and affections are set forth in *Arcadia*. For men: pleasant idle retiredness in King Basilius, and the dangerous end of it; [...] the mirror of true courage and friendship in Pirocles and Musidorus [...]. And through the story, mutual virtuous love: in marriage, in Argalus and Parthenia; out of marriage in Pirocles and Philoclea, Musidorus and Pamela [...].[19]

Clearly a great deal is unnoticed or ignored here—the "mutual virtuous love" of Musidorus and Pamela, after all, includes an attempted rape. Mack also shows Sidney's close friend Fulke Greville struggling, not entirely successfully, to get *Arcadia* to yield the right kinds of examples. "Today," Mack observes, "these moral readings appear extraordinarily simple. They miss all the complexity which we appreciate." He praises John Carey's essay "Structure and Rhetoric in Sidney's *Arcadia*" for "emphasizing the tentativeness of the book, its 'worldview dominated by reversal of intention, tragic peripateia.'" But (Mack continues) "this is not the way Sidney wrote about reading epic. And it is not the way his contemporaries wrote about reading Sidney."[20]

And, we must add, it is apparently not the way Sidney wrote his own romance. What are we to make of all this? Did Sidney read one way and write another? Or was he unaware that his novel was "dominated by reversal of intention, tragic peripateia"? John Carey's perception is surely acute and accurate, and it is certainly widely shared today, but is it anachronistic? Not necessarily: the *use* of reading in Sidney's day was different from the *act* of reading. The book was no longer the author's once it left his or her hands; it was the reader who turned the book into a repertory of usable moral exempla, and no history of the early modern book can be adequate if it fails to take into account the history of reading, and particularly the kind of work that reading

[19] John Hoskins, *Directions for Speech and Style*, ed. H. H. Hudson (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1935), p. 41.

[20] Mack, "Renaissance Habits of Reading," p. 21. The Carey citation is in *Sir Philip Sidney: An Anthology of Modern Criticism*, ed. D. Kay (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), pp. 263–4.

entailed. A thoughtful exhibition at the University of Chicago Library in 2005 entitled *Book Use, Book Theory 1500–1700*, with an exemplary catalogue by the curators Bradin Cormack and Carla Mazzio, made the point eloquently. It displayed books from the library's collection that revealed evidence of the agency of early modern readers. Some were instruction manuals of various sorts, but many were literary texts, and the juxtaposition itself was enlightening.

Cormack and Mazzio take as their theoretical starting point an emblem from Geoffrey Whitney's *Choice of Emblemes* (1586), the first English emblem book. Its motto reads "*Usus libri, non lectio prudentes facit*": using a book, not reading it, makes us wise, and the accompanying poem says,

> The volumes great, who so doth still peruse,
> And dailie turnes, and gazeth on the same,
> If that the fruicte thereof, he do not vse,
> He reapes but toile, and never gaineth fame:
> First reade, then marke, then practise that is good,
> For without vse, we drinke but LETHE flood.[21]

First read, then mark, then practice—marking is an essential step in the process, the act that fixes the book's wisdom in the memory. Lethe, forgetting, is the great danger; and Cormack and Mazzio continue:

> The poem thus unfolds the philosophical stakes of book use: its force for "good" depends on the reader's awareness that books, far from being historically fixed, are part of an ongoing historical process in which readers are central agents. Readers make book knowledge valuable when they identify it as memorable, as something *worth* remembering. Whitney thus places the reader at the center of a cultural process of book use that secures the continuity of knowledge.[22]

Of course reading for use also had its limitations. It was a mode of attention that was highly focused, but also necessarily partial. It was a skill additional to reading that had to be learned, but also had to be controlled. The limitations are implied when Sidney urges his brother

[21] Bradin Cormack and Carla Mazzio, *Book Use, Book Theory 1500–1700* (Chicago: University of Chicago Library, 2005), pp. 1–2.
[22] Ibid. p. 4.

to read history for its exemplary qualities and its rhetorical finesse: does history contain nothing else, no more complex kind of profit? What about analyses of motives and competing forces, and the development of new ways of interpreting past crises, everything the Renaissance prized about Thucydides, Tacitus, and Guicciardini, and feared about Machiavelli? Clearly there is more to history than good and bad examples—not least, the pleasures of a well-written narrative—but that was simply not what Robert was to attend to. It is especially notable that the *pleasure* of reading was not easily accommodated to this system. When Sidney praises poetry for "faining notable images of vertues, vices, or what els, with that delightfull teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a Poet by,"[23] the delight is what makes it poetry, but it is nevertheless subordinated to the teaching, and indeed could be seriously problematic. Gavin Alexander perceptively observes that "always in Sidney a literary-theoretical model of poetic delight aiding poetic teaching is undermined by representations of delight being pursued for its own sake."[24] For Horace in the *Ars Poetica*, poets wish *either* to instruct *or* delight, "*aut prodesse volunt aut delectare*,"[25] but the critics of Sidney's age were above all moralists, and therefore poetry, to justify itself, had to do both, and the pleasure was a danger. The essence of Sidney's defense of the art is, in fact, that it is really philosophy or ethics—if it is only pleasure it is indefensible.

It is significant that the literacy implied in Geoffrey Whitney's emblem does not involve pleasure at all: the reader who does not read for "use" is not therefore enjoying himself; on the contrary, "he reapes but toile." We may feel that any sense of an actual reader is missing from this version of what readers do. Recreational literature was everywhere, from ballads and news sheets to sonnets, romances, and plays, and even if these were supplied with morals, as they generally were, the morals were obviously not the point. Reading for pleasure was certainly often frowned on—it was what courtiers, playboys, and worst of all idle women, did—but for literate people, reading for pleasure is what comes naturally, and Sidney goes to some lengths to accommodate the

[23] *The Defence of Poesie* (London, 1595), p. 29.
[24] "Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*," in *The Oxford Handbook of English Prose 1500–1640*, ed. Andrew Hadfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), p. 233.
[25] *Ars Poetica*, line 333.

obvious. The delights of poetry, however secondary, are nevertheless essential to its *Defence*; and *Arcadia*, however amenable to moral analysis, was after all a romance written for the entertainment of his sister. Training the young in utilitarian reading was therefore an essential part of education, essential to transforming them from idle pleasure-seekers to useful subjects.

There are of course many works that are not designed primarily to entertain, where the temptation to read for pleasure is not an issue—the multitude of printed sermons, for example, even the most eloquent of which could not be accused of merely providing enjoyment—but even sermons were not simply to be read or, in church, listened to: the student-worshipper was to take careful notes, and after the service to analyze and summarize the sermon in writing. The value of the sermon was what one made of it, the use one put it to. Religious oratory thus was removed from any of its theatrical and rhetorical aspects, and epitomized in rules and maxims. Sermons and devotional tracts are in this respect less different from imaginative literature than they might appear. We shall see an early reader of Shakespeare performing the same sort of analysis on *Hamlet*, and John Hoskins and Fulke Greville, as we have seen, did it with *Arcadia*. This is not, of course, to say that people, even serious people, did not read for pleasure—the formidable Lady Anne Clifford records her appreciation of the occasional "good vearse" in her copy of *A Mirror for Magistrates*—but reading is the most evanescent of activities, and early marginalia preserve much less evidence of enjoyment than of the hard work of epitomizing and on occasion disputing, which of course offered its own kind of pleasure. Such traces are, for the most part, what is left to us of the history of reading.

What is a book without its history? Walter Benjamin's beautiful meditation on the subject, the essay "Unpacking My Library," is full of a sense of the real vitality bestowed on books by ownership and use, and of the sterility of pristine copies, and even of the impersonal, anonymous collections of public libraries.[26] Provenance alone does tell us something, though if it is the history of reading we are concerned with, often not very much: it must be the case that many books were

[26] Walter Benjamin, "Unpacking My Library," in *Illuminations*, ed. Hannah Arendt (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1968), pp. 59–68.

bought and owned but never read, and the higher the survival rate of any particular title, the less likely it is that the book got much use—popular books were read to death, hence the small number of surviving Shakespeare quartos in contrast to the very large number of Shakespeare folios, most of which show little sign of wear. Nevertheless, books are the records of culture, and not only—and sometimes not even principally—through the agency of the printing press. We return to books at their most basic, not texts but paper; and the uses of paper were neither exhausted nor inhibited by what was printed on it.

So inscriptions were ubiquitous and marginalia were not unusual; it is a rare book that remained unmarked in some way, even if only by an owner's name. But, as we have seen, the marks were often not related to the subject—or the value—of the book. In the margins of a copy of Richard Tottel's 1553 edition of *Fall of Princes* (even in its own time a dauntingly precious object to be using as scratch paper) a late sixteenth- or early seventeenth-century child with an eerily proleptic name practiced her penmanship (Figure 1.3): "Elizabeth Taylor the beutie of

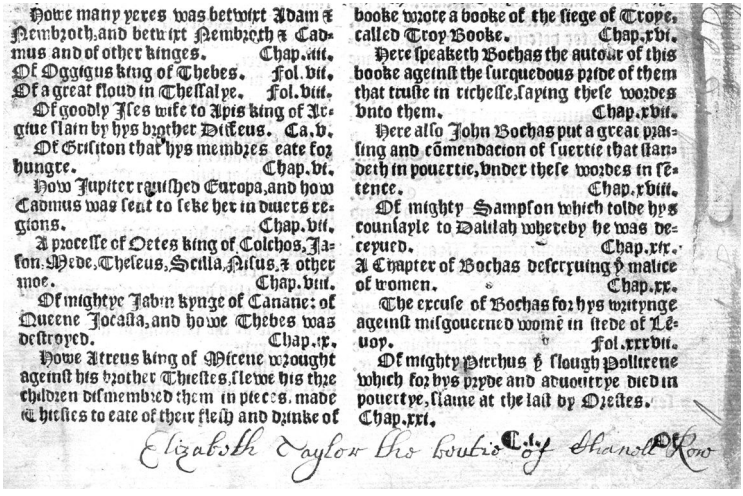


FIGURE 1.3 Marginal note in Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* (London, 1553): "Elizabeth Taylor the beutie of Shanell Row." Shannell or Channon Row was the modern Canon Row in Westminster.

Shanell Row," she carefully inscribed on the first page of text; and several other young people, presumably (to judge from their italic script) young women, adorned Tottel's margins with bits of verse copied from the poem, as well as with the alphabet and the opening of the Lord's Prayer—these are Scott-Warren's graffiti (Figure 1.4).

And what, I wonder, happened next? Did an outraged bibliophile father banish these children from his library for defacing his book? Or did he perhaps acknowledge instead that books have many uses, and literacy, after all, is writing as well as reading?

In a striking number of cases, seemingly important documents, things one would have thought their owners would want to file away, and would need easy access to, have been inscribed on the blank pages of a book to which they have no relevance whatever. Sherman suggests that a principle of simple economy lies behind this—paper was expensive, and using the paper in a book was cheaper than buying paper for record keeping—but he also doubts that this is the whole story, and that is surely correct. For example, the Stanford Library's copy of the splendid folio of Thomas Lodge's translation of Seneca's *Morals* (1614) contains, on the verso of its engraved title page, a handwritten deposition concerning a dispute between a landowner and the writer of the document about the rights to cut firewood (Figure 1.5).

Here is a transcription:

> Mrs Gills man John came to me to bell [i.e. stop] cutting of thorns
> and asked him who gave athoritie: he mad answers
> that his Master Mr Mole: hee ansewerd that his Mistress Mrs Gill had
> sent him to discharge him from cutting any more: and
> then Guilfford came in and did discharge him likwise
> from Mrs Gill: wherfor hee gave over and cut no more
> but asked good sped if Mrs Gill had right to them how
> chame shee whoud not make the mounds and repaire them
> Hee mad answere that she had soe much occasions that
> shee coud not: but hereafter shee whod to her owne
> profit.
>
> Hee coming to the farme grond finding Mrs Gills teme at
> plowe and 2 others I did discharg them: but they desiring
> to make an end of ther journe I told them let it bee
> at there owne perrill: but on of her men going downe
> to let her knowe: they went plow not regarding the discharge
> only hugh brendway left of.

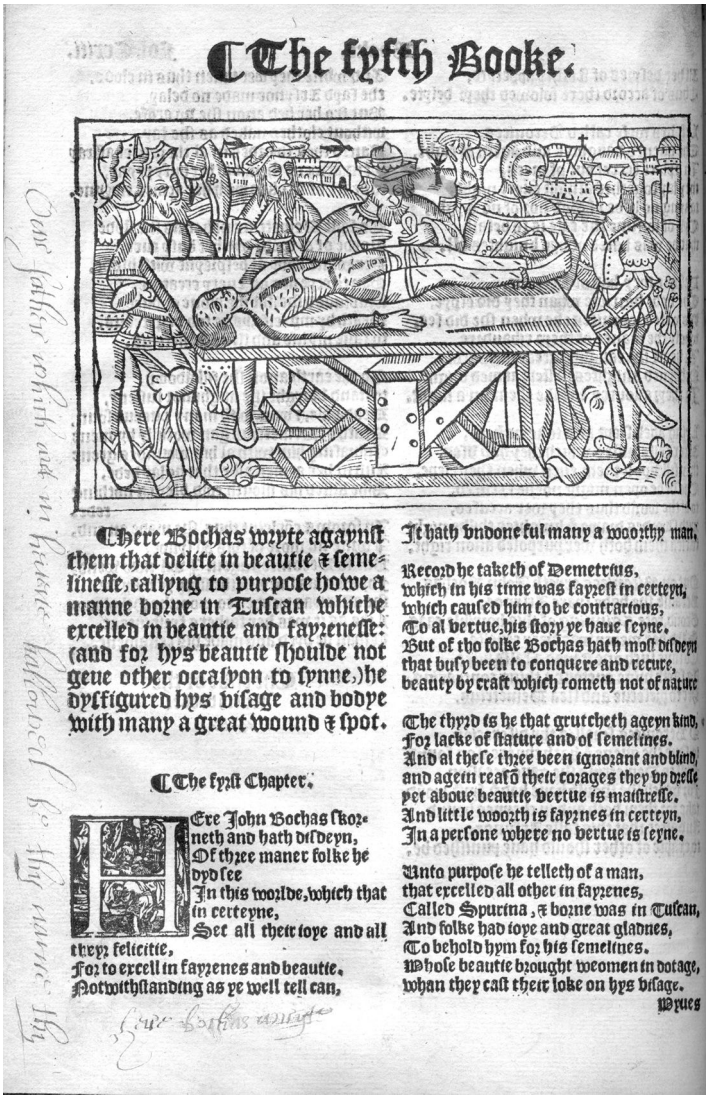


FIGURE 1.4 The Lord's Prayer as graffiti in the left margin of Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* (1553). The note at the bottom of the page reads "Here bochas [Boccaccio] wryte," copying the opening words of the Preface.

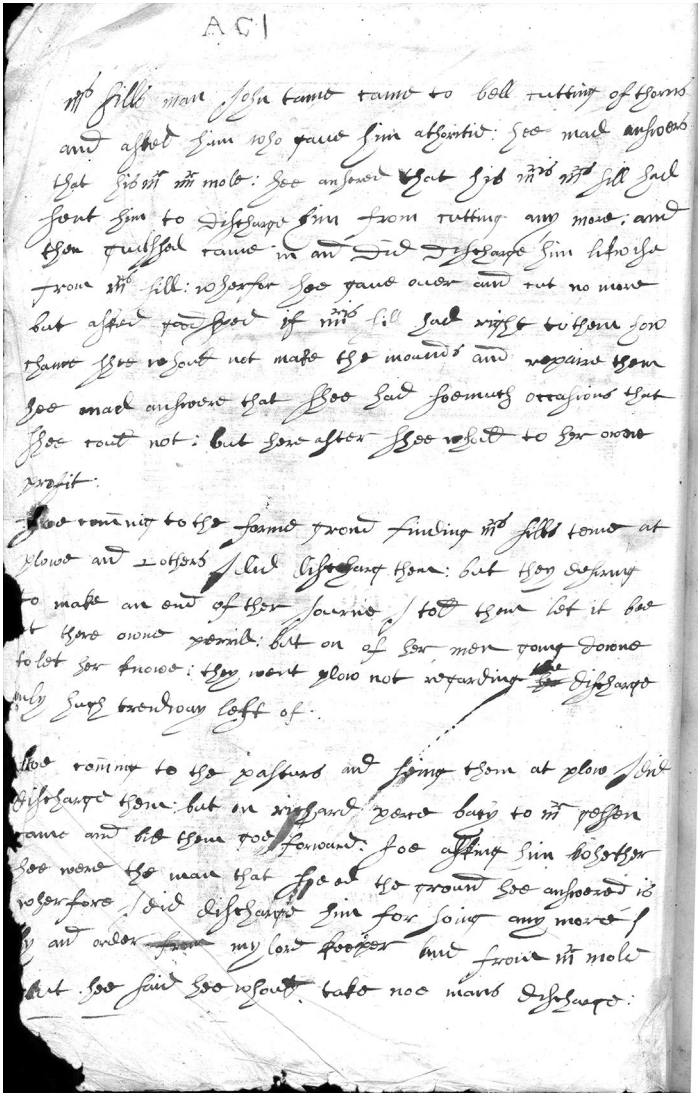


FIGURE 1.5 Seneca, *Morals*, trans. Thomas Lodge (London, 1614): document on the verso of the title page. Courtesy Department of Special Collections, Stanford University Libraries.

> Hee coming to the pasture and seing them at plow sone discharged them: but on richard perce back to Mr Gessen [c]ame and bid them goe forward: Soe asking him whether he were the man that soeed the ground he answered is wherefore I did discharge him for soing any more I [ ] and order from my lord keeper and from mr mole but he said hee whout take no mans discharge.

Clearly this is a quasi-legal testimony. It might be a dry run for the actual document, with somebody using the blank page as a piece of scratch paper, but it does not have the look of a rough draft. There are no false starts or changes of mind, and only one word is crossed out. It seems to be the final form of the statement, a fair copy. Perhaps inscribing it in this large and valuable book (and on the back of the title page, rather than the more ephemeral flyleaf) is a way of preserving it, if not exactly of filing it away—it is difficult to imagine anyone knowing where to find it again. But maybe not: early modern filing systems are not the same as ours, and maybe Lodge's Seneca, which must have been among the largest and most valuable books in the household, *would* be the logical place to preserve a document, just as family records were kept in bibles. Versos of title pages are often the repositories of important memoranda: my own copy of Lodge's Seneca has, in the same place, in an early seventeenth-century hand, a summary of the acts of the Council of Trent.

Inscriptions such as these had a life of their own, related only incidentally to the book. So, often, did marginal notes that recorded wisdom extracted from the text, general observations prompted by it, even passages indicated by underlinings, scorings, and manicules (the hands with pointing index fingers common in early modern marginalia)—for these, the book's blank spaces served as a commonplace book (defined by the *OED* as "a book in which 'commonplaces' or passages important for reference were collected, usually under general heads; hence, a book in which one records passages or matters to be especially remembered or referred to"). Sir Francis Bacon records that he had a servant copy out "such passages of Authors as I shall note and underline in the bookes themselves" into his commonplace book—Brayman Hackel thinks this must be an exceptional case, since commonplace books were highly personal records of reading, but she underestimates the extent to which servants in the period were an extension of

the master.[27] There was little in the household, even of the most intimate nature, that servants were not involved with; and if the servant was a secretary (as he seems to have been in this case), he was, as the term implies, entrusted with the master's secrets. Montaigne's essays too are deeply personal, but he composed many of them by dictation. Even diaries and marginalia could be dictated, as we shall see in the case of Lady Anne Clifford. Marginalia could also be moved to another volume, freed from the texts that prompted them or from which they were derived, and turned into bits of wisdom or valuable extracts—the shields removed from the margins of Holinshed are an extreme instance, but the normative case is that of the commonplace book, in which the freestanding observations and precepts have quite a different force from passages underlined in a book, even when they are the same passages. Such examples tell us little about the history of reading, though they tell us much about readers, and literacy, and they remind us that books are not simply what is printed in them.

I am primarily concerned here with the less usual examples, a number of books in which the text and marginalia are in intense communication with each other, glossing, correcting, reminding, emphasizing, arguing—cases in which reading constitutes an active and sometimes adversarial engagement with the book. My major examples are works that are either classics—Virgil's *Eclogues*, the comedies of Terence, *The Canterbury Tales*, *The Faerie Queene*, *Macbeth*, *Measure for Measure, Hamlet*—or were classics in their own time—*A Mirror for Magistrates*, *Venice Preserv'd*; but they are seen here without the benefit of centuries of commentary and critical guidance. The changing status of the reader, and the growing significance of this particular sort of reader, are emphasized by Arthur Marotti, who points out that whereas in a manuscript culture patrons to whom works were dedicated were "authorizers, protectors, even owners" of the works, in a print culture it was the reader, the purchaser of books, the client of the bookseller, not the enabler of the author, who became the patron, and patronage took on its modern sense of "custom given to a business" (*OED* 2e).[28] In the same way, and at the same time, "custom," those

[27] Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 148–9.

[28] Arthur F. Marotti, *Manuscript, Print, and the English Renaissance* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1995), p. 292.

habitual practices that unite any society and are a defining feature of its identity, took on its modern sense of a commercial transaction, the business of a customer.

I am therefore also concerned with an underlying historical question: At what point did marginalia, the legible incorporation of the work of reading into the text of the book, become a way of defacing it rather than of increasing its value? At what point did the legible evidence of ownership become a detriment? The attitude I am interrogating, though it became ubiquitous in the last century, is not in fact new. Sir Robert Cotton, in the mid seventeenth century, when systematizing his great library, which became the nucleus of the British Library, instructed his binder in dealing with medieval manuscripts to ignore any marginalia and trim off as much of them as possible. Cotton was a collector and bibliophile, and he did an immense service to literature and scholarship by rescuing and preserving a multitude of unvalued, priceless volumes—the only surviving manuscript of *Beowulf*, for example. But he was also that very dangerous creature, a connoisseur with aesthetic notions about what was and was not worth preserving in those volumes, notions about the purity of original texts, and a passion for unmediated access to them; and he revised his books to suit his taste by undoing their history.

I suggest that the desire for pristine books, unmediated by use or even by prior possession, relates to the increasing centrality of the author in the way we have, until very recently, construed the idea of the book—the book, for us, has been the author's, not the reader's. Postmodern theory did not meddle with the world of bibliophile practice. That model has changed very rapidly. The Internet has introduced a wholly new concept of textuality, often without reference to authors and constantly under revision—hence Internet citations in scholarly articles now regularly include the date when the website was accessed. This is nothing but a gesture of good faith on the part of the writer; the information is, for practical purposes, worthless. If the entry has changed, the date of access will be of no use to a reader who wants to check the citation, since earlier versions of Internet sites simply disappear from the record. (The date of access is nevertheless mandated by the Oxford University Press guidelines, and is therefore pointlessly included in the seven references to websites in this book.) In fact, however, even in the case of traditional publishing the centrality of

the author is largely fictitious—as Roger Stoddard observes, authors do not write books; they produce texts (not always by writing) that get turned into books by scribes, editors, printers.[29] This is especially true today, as any writer who has dealt with the constraints of modern publishers' budgets, house styles, and editorial intransigence will be well aware. But, as the example of Sir Robert Cotton shows, the culprit must also be the changing practice of reading, collecting, curatorship, even scholarship.

Reading and writing were separate skills in the early modern period, and they were taught separately. Many people could read but not write; but the teaching of reading to schoolboys being trained for professional or mercantile careers was also the teaching of how to study and learn and memorize, and it necessarily involved the teaching of writing. Erasmus advised students as they read to mark the margins of their books with a set of symbols: they were to

> methodically observe occurrences of striking words, archaic or novel diction, cleverly contrived or well adapted arguments, brilliant flashes of style, adages, examples, and pithy remarks worth memorizing. Such passages should be marked by an appropriate little sign. [...] They should be employed systematically so that it is clear to what sort of thing they refer.[30]

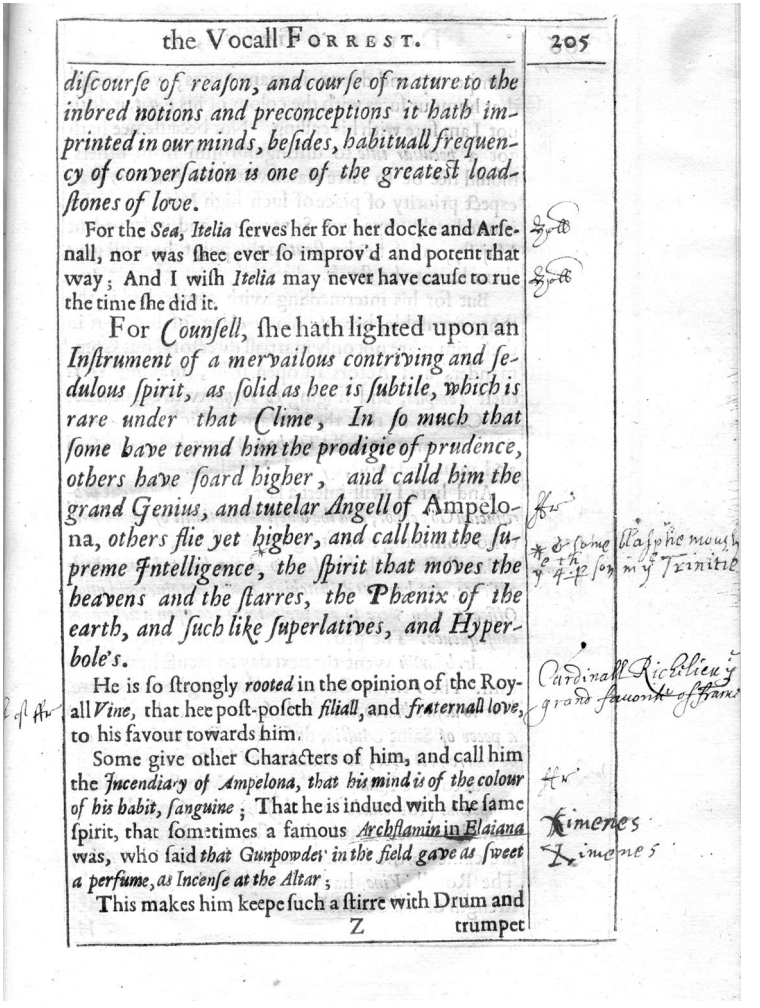
So you read with writing implement in hand.[31] Erasmus's system has obvious limitations, and though it was widely adopted, it is generally found in combination with other less generalized, more personal, and more intrusive systems, like the example in Figure 1.6, a combination of notes, abbreviations, and an occasional symbol.[32]

[29] Roger E. Stoddard, "Morphology and the Book from an American Perspective," *Printing History* 9.1 (1987), 4. The observation has become a commonplace of book history, but Stoddard's is the earliest version I have found.

[30] In the Colloquy *De ratione studii* (On the method of study), quoted in Sherman, *Used Books*, pp. 27–8.

[31] Erasmus updated: the Eisenhower Library at Johns Hopkins University for the past several years has placed a bin of yellow highlighters, Post-it notes, and adhesive bookmarks at the entrance for the use of students. (Information kindly provided by the incredulous Professor Herbert Kessler, and confirmed by an equally incredulous member of the library staff.) Note: the adhesive in Post-it notes and bookmarks physically damages paper.

[32] For a rich collection of examples, see Roger Stoddard's catalogue of his pioneering exhibition at the Harvard Library *Marks in Books* (Cambridge, MA: Houghton Library, Harvard University, 1985).



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diſcourſe of reaſon, and courſe of nature to the inbred notions and preconceptions it hath imprinted in our minds, beſides, habituall frequency of converſation is one of the greateſt loadſtones of love.

For the *Sea, Itelia* ſerves her for her docke and Arſenall, nor was ſhee ever ſo improv'd and potent that way; And I wiſh *Itelia* may never have cauſe to rue the time ſhe did it.

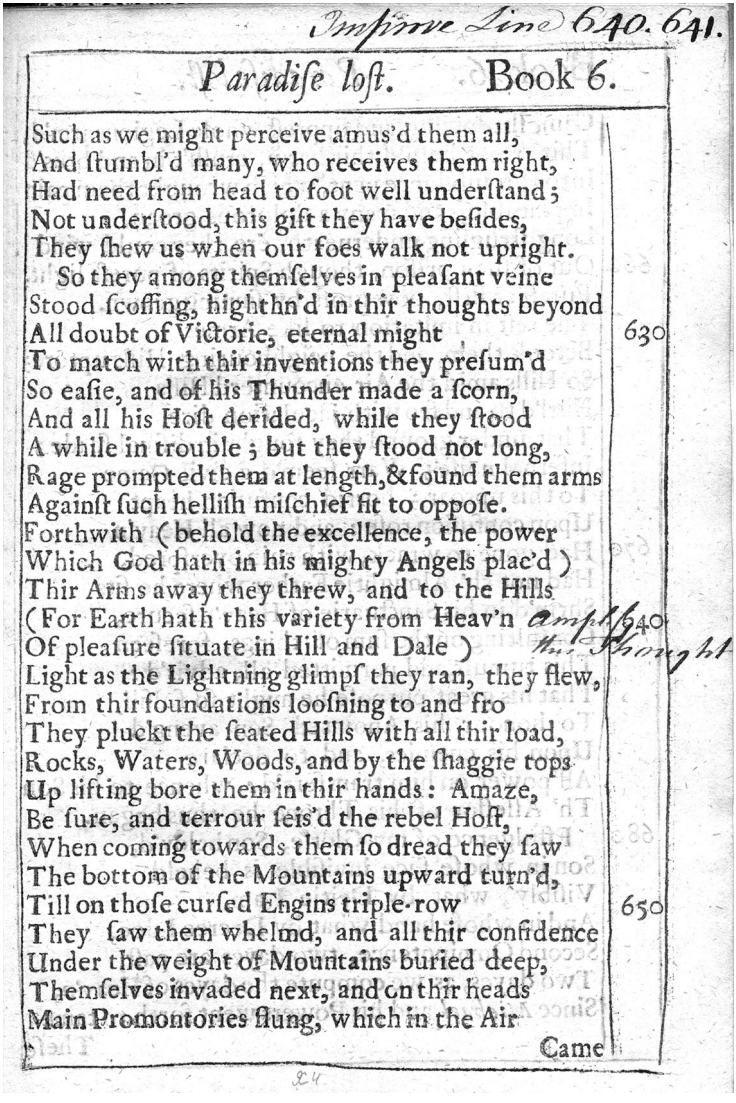
For *Counſell*, ſhe hath lighted upon an *Inſtrument of a mervailous contriving and ſedulous ſpirit, as ſolid as hee is ſubtile, which is rare under that Clime, In ſo much that ſome have termd him the prodigie of prudence, others have ſoard higher, and calld him the grand Genius, and tutelar Angell of* Ampelona, *others flie yet higher, and call him the ſupreme Intelligence, the ſpirit that moves the heavens and the ſtarres, the Phœnix of the earth, and ſuch like ſuperlatives, and Hyperbole's.*

He is ſo ſtrongly *rooted* in the opinion of the Royall *Vine*, that hee poſt-poſeth *filiall*, and *fraternall love*, to his favour towards him.

Some give other Characters of him, and call him the *Incendiary of Ampelona, that his mind is of the colour of his habit, ſanguine*; That he is indued with the ſame ſpirit, that ſometimes a famous *Archflamin* in *Elaiana* was, who ſaid *that Gunpowder in the field gave as ſweet a perfume, as Incenſe at the Altar*;

This makes him keepe ſuch a ſtirre with Drum and

FIGURE 1.6 Abbreviations, notes, and an asterisk, from James Howell, *Dodona's Grove* (London, 1640).


Improve Line 640. 641.

Paradiſe loſt. Book 6.

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant veine
Stood ſcoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
To match with thir inventions they preſum'd
So eaſie, and of his Thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his Hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble; but they ſtood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimpſ they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations looſning to and fro
They pluckt the ſeated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the ſhaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terrour ſeis'd the rebel Hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on thoſe curſed Engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themſelves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came

FIGURE 1.7 A reader's instructions to himself or herself in Book 6 of *Paradise Lost* (London, 1668).

The early seventeenth-century schoolmaster John Brinsley, teaching the young to read for profit, instructed his students to underline hard words, write their meanings in the margins, provide the arguments with subject headings and summarize them, either on the page or in a separate notebook—reading was also writing. Hence Owen Feltham, in his book of essays *Resolves* (1623), says in the preface that he has provided no printed marginalia, but has left the margins of the book blank for the "*Comments* of the man that reades" (sig. A2r).

And if those margins remained blank? That may indicate, of course, simply that the book was not read; but not necessarily. What is left unmarked can be as significant as what is annotated. The owner of a 1561 Chaucer, for example, read sedately through most of *The Canterbury Tales*, making occasional comments, but covered the margins of the sententious prose *Tale of Melibee*, for modern readers the most notoriously boring of the tales, with enthusiastic notes, extracting various bits of instruction and wisdom. In contrast, however, he made not a single note on *Troilus and Criseyde*, which literary history assures us was the Chaucer that Elizabethans really liked. Is this because he did not read it? Or did he perhaps merely enjoy it and not profit from it, and was enjoyment, for this reader, simply not the stuff of marginalia?

"Books are not absolutely dead things." In the margins of a first edition of *Paradise Lost*, in a hand datable to anywhere from the late seventeenth to the mid-eighteenth century, a reader-poet has written instructions to himself or herself: "Improve Line 640. 641," and next to the passage in question, "amplify this thought" (Figure 1.7). Audacious indeed, but reading was also learning how to write. The book was alive and this reader was part of its life.

2

Learning Latin

Let us look at humanist education in action. Three German schoolboys are learning to read Virgil, and write in the margins of their textbook as they read—the text must have served for several courses at different times, and would have been passed from hand to hand. The notes appear to have been taken in class, since the writing is obviously hasty, and only the poems are annotated, not the commentary. The boys are already quite fluent: though in the printed commentary hard words are occasionally glossed in German, they write their notes entirely in Latin. Figure 2.1 is a page of Eclogue 2 in their schoolbook of the *Bucolica* published in Cologne in 1507, annotated in two different hands.

The Eclogues were considered appropriate school poems because they describe a simplified version of life in the best classical Latin; but even more significantly because, as the early work of the central Latin poet, they served as preparation for the epic poetry of the *Aeneid*, a critical text for European societies developing their own sense of nationhood. Thus the student's education followed the model of the poet's career, beginning with pastoral and maturing into epic. Some of the marginalia include very basic information: that Virgil was imitating Theocritus, that Theocritus was a Greek poet—these are written in the less fluent of the two hands in the excerpt (on the left of the page reproduced). But most of the marginalia are in the quite assured hand of what seems to be an older student. The writing is dense, with many contractions and omissions, and is only intermittently legible; but it is

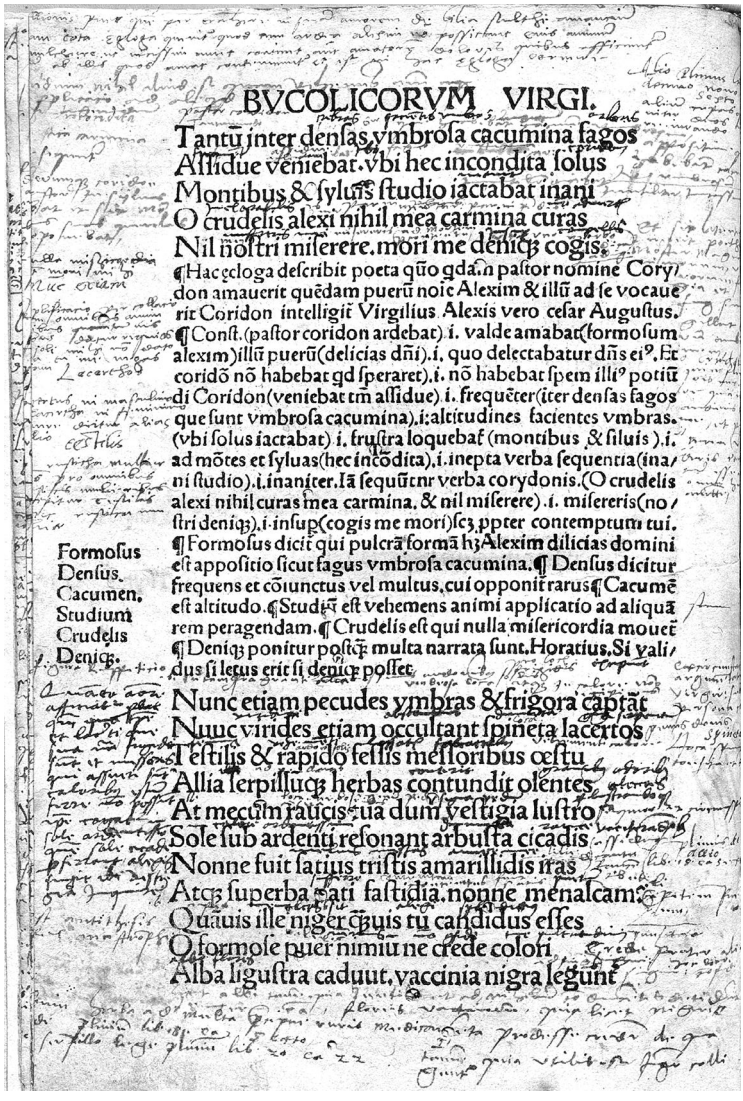


FIGURE 2.1 Virgil, *Bucolica* (Cologne, 1507): a section of Eclogue 2 annotated by two schoolboys. The writing is tiny—this reproduction is approximately the size of the original.

clear that in this student's class, along with a running paraphrase, the teacher is providing a quite sophisticated commentary.

Though the language of the Eclogues is not especially difficult, the poems included problematic elements for humanist education. Eclogue 2 records the frustrated passion of the shepherd Corydon for a beautiful slave boy named Alexis, "delicias domini," the delight of their master—hence Corydon hasn't a hope of success. The revival of the classics inevitably revealed some aspects of classical culture that humanism would have preferred to conceal. The poem is all there, without expurgation, but the homoeroticism is dealt with by interpretation. Servius, the fourth-century author of the earliest surviving commentary on Virgil, offers two antithetical elucidations of the poem. The first neutralizes its homoerotic content by allegorizing it: Corydon is Virgil, but Alexis is Augustus Caesar; the passion for the beautiful youth is an allegory of admiration for the emperor. Servius's second gloss, however, not only acknowledges the sexuality of the relationship, but makes it into a piece of Virgilian autobiography: Alexis was a slave named Alexander, a beautiful youth who belonged to Virgil's patron Asinius Pollio—*delicias domini*—and with whom Virgil fell in love.

The printed commentary in the 1507 schoolbook gives only Servius's first explanation, "Corydon intelligit Virgilius Alexis vero cesar Augustus": Corydon means Virgil, Alexis Caesar Augustus, and "vero" truly (was some schoolboy resistance anticipated?). But the teacher in the second student's class must have discussed the alternative interpretation, because clearly decipherable in the marginalia (Figure 2.2), in the hand I take to be that of an older boy, is the name "assini pollionis" (the misspelled "assini" would be an auditory error: the student is writing what he hears), as part of the phrase "puerinus assini pollionis formosissim[us]," a most beautiful youth of Asinius Pollio's.[1] On the next

[1] The syntax is ambiguous, and there are some alternative possibilities. The scribbled first word should be a noun governing the genitive "assini pollionis" and modified by "formosissimus"—one would expect "servus," a slave, or "puer," a boy; this is obviously neither. It begins with p followed by a number of minims ending in a -us contraction, but it also includes a medial—in the original, the brown pen-and-ink dot of the i is clearly visible just beneath the stem of the u of "inscribitur." The best guess is "puerinus," young or youthful. The problem is that "puerinus" is an adjective, and there is no noun for it and "formosissimus" to modify—possibly "servus" is omitted and should be understood, hence, "a very handsome young slave of Asinius Pollio's." (Initially I had read the word that a consensus of my paleographical consultants now reads as "formosissim[us]" as

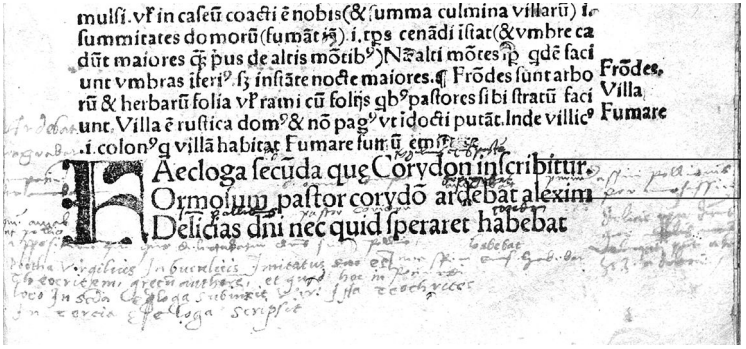


FIGURE 2.2 Virgil, *Bucolica* (1507): the beginning of Eclogue 2. The passage outlined reads "puerinus assini pollionis formosissim[us]," epithets describing a very beautiful young slave of Virgil's patron Asinius Pollio. The reproduction is approximately the size of the original.

page is a scribbled passage about the sorrows of passionate love and a reference to the Fifth Eclogue, in which other love poems are discussed, and the Second Eclogue is said to have been composed for a singing contest, thereby revealing Corydon's love for Alexis to all the other shepherds. In short, this student is getting a quite thorough classical education—much more thorough than he could get by reading the commentary provided in his textbook. This is the more notable because it contradicts a good deal of humanist orthodoxy about the lessons the ancients could be allowed to teach.

For example, Erasmus discusses the poem in his treatise on education *De ratione studii*, composed in 1511, five years after the publication of our schoolbook. He recommends redirecting the homoerotic passion through a misreading that is deliberate and purposeful. Virgil's

"servus fuisse" or "fuisset," "he had been a slave," but the syntactical problems with this are difficult to overcome.) Alternatively, the adjective "puerinus" may be intended as a substantive, a young man; or the note may simply be a string of epithets relating to Alexis/Alexander: young, Asinius Pollio's, extremely beautiful—the student is taking notes, writing very fast. My profound thanks to Eugenio Refini, Davide Baldi, Bradin Cormack, Ivan Lupić, and especially Irena Bratičević, who came up with "formosissimus," for help with this tiny but maddening crux.

Second Eclogue, he says, should be presented as "a symbolic picture of an ill-formed friendship." Corydon's affections are "mistaken and boorish"; the homoeroticism, insofar as it is alluded to at all, exemplifies violations of class boundaries and manners. The student will be led to draw the moral that "the prudent man should choose a friend in tune with his own character."[2] This is not simply reading. Erasmus understands the poem perfectly, but wants to sanitize it—humanist education is cleaning up its act. But then, if the poem requires so much misrepresentation, why retain it in the curriculum? Eclogue 2 is not the only problem; in Eclogue 3 the boy Amyntas, the shepherd Menalcas's passion (*ignis*, flame), "freely offers himself" (*mihi sese offert ultro*) to Menalcas (3.66).[3] Virgil presumably had to be sanitized through interpretation rather than expurgation because the text had become an essential classic, the gateway to the imperial epic the *Aeneid*; and another schoolboy has copied four lines from Book 6 of the *Aeneid* into the margin at this point in Eclogue 3—this is careful calligraphy, not rapid note-taking, as can be seen in Figure 2.3.

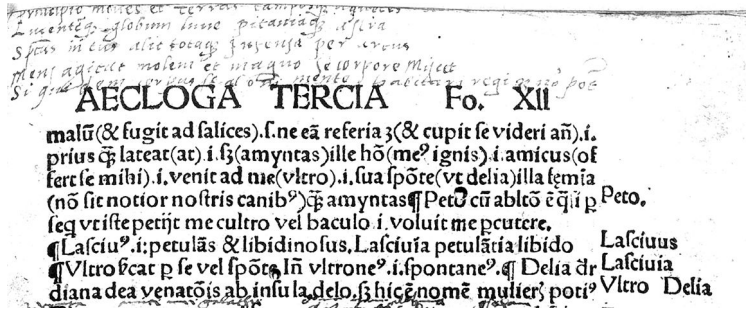


FIGURE 2.3 Virgil, *Bucolica* (1507): annotation in the margin of Eclogue 3. The passage is *Aeneid* 6.724–7, about the divine *mens* (mind or spirit) infusing the universe. The final line is the annotator's amplification of the passage.

[2] As cited in Mack, "Renaissance Habits of Reading," p. 24.

[3] The sanitization continues: the recent online translation of A. S. Kline (2001) makes Amyntas female. Amyntas is a masculine name, hence a boyfriend, not a girlfriend. There are no examples of women named Amyntas. See http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/VirgilEclogues.htm#anchor_Toc533239264 (accessed March 10, 2014).

The passage is from Anchises' account to Aeneas about the divine spirit activating the universe. In the translation of H. R. Fairclough, "First, the heaven and earth, and the watery plains, the shining orb of the moon and Titan's stars, a spirit within sustains, and mind, pervading its members, sways the whole mass and mingles with its mighty frame" (*Aeneid* 6.724–7)[4]—the final line, "si quidem corpus se ab omni mente abitari regi et non potest," roughly, "whatever body is entirely inhabited by spirit cannot be ruled (or controlled)" is not part of the Virgilian passage, and seems to imply that only those who rule and are not ruled, kings and heroes, are fully possessed by the divine animating spirit. This has no evident connection with the Arcadian dialogue of Menalcas and Dametas about their boyfriends and girlfriends, but it does indicate that, however bucolic the landscape, the *Aeneid* was never far away. This is why the open acknowledgment of Virgil's sexual tastes is so striking in our classroom example.

Expurgation elsewhere, however, was common enough. Well into the seventeenth century several satires of Juvenal were banished entirely from the corpus because of their sexual explicitness. They remained expurgated, even in the Loeb Library translation, throughout the twentieth century, until as late as 2004, with the publication of Susanna M. Braund's new Loeb edition—though for schoolboys looking for smut the old Loeb might have been preferable, since the offending passages were indicated by ellipses in the English translation, and were therefore easy to find. An even more striking example of self-defeating sanitization is the old Loeb Martial of Walter C. A. Ker, which translated the epigrams involving homosexuality, preposterously, into Italian. Since the translation was on the facing page, they were immediately identifiable. The original Loeb contracts actually stipulated that anything that "might give offense" be omitted—translators were legally required to expurgate.[5] Ker perhaps thought he had found an ingenious way around the prohibition, but why was Italian the appropriate language for homoerotic offense, and indeed, why was it assumed

[4] Virgil, *Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid I–VI*, Loeb Classical Library (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, revised edn, 1932), p. 556.

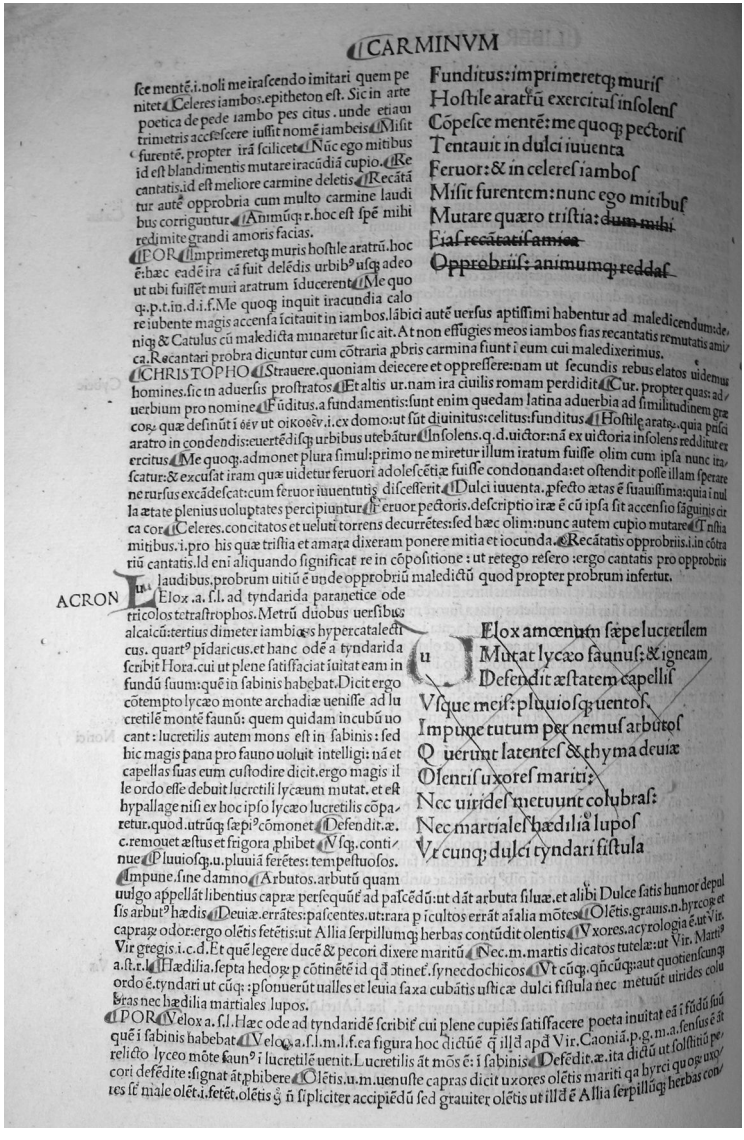
[5] See the online history of the Loeb Classical Library: "the seemingly harmless edict included in the early contracts to alter or omit licentious and obscene passages—anything that 'might give offense'—is now considered to be shabby scholarship" (http://www.hup.harvard.edu/features/loeb/history.html, accessed June 4, 2014). Indeed it is.

that Italian speakers would not be offended? In fact humanist reading always involved a great deal of sanitizing, whether through obfuscation, reinterpretation, or discreet silence—seventeenth-century English translations of Martial simply omitted the homoerotic epigrams. But sometimes early modern sanitizing is as profoundly ambiguous as it is in the Loeb Martial: Figure 2.4 is a section of a 1490 Horace which has offensive passages lightly scored through. They are not excised or rendered otherwise illegible, but merely notionally deleted—and thereby emphasized, a sure guide to any reader searching for the forbidden bits.

Sometime after 1552 (not long after, judging from the handwriting and spelling) an English student studied the plays of Terence in a handsome, illustrated French folio edition—definitely not a schoolbook.[6] He was far less proficient than our German schoolboys—his notes to himself tend to be in English—and he required an interlinear trot, which he supplied for the most part from one of the most popular English schoolbooks of the period, Nicholas Udall's *Floures for Latine Spekynge*, first published in 1533 and at least seven times thereafter during the sixteenth century. This was a conversation handbook based on three comedies of Terence, *Andria* (*The Woman from Andros*), *Eunuchus* (*The Eunuch*), and *Heauton Timorumenos* (*The Self-Tormentor*). Since Udall is primarily concerned with teaching Latin as a spoken language, the book contains only excerpts from the plays, bits of dialogue to serve as models for social interchange, and his translations are not literal but give informal English equivalents. It is conceived as a conversation book on the model of Erasmus's *Colloquies*, with the important distinction that it is bilingual—the students addressed by Erasmus are already quite fluent, like our German schoolboys reading Virgil. Our student of Terence is not ready for Erasmus. *Floures for Latine Spekynge* is not a scholarly volume—there is no commentary, only an index to the vocabulary—and it is therefore quite unintimidating to the beginning Latinist; but it would also be frustrating for a student of the plays, since crucial elements of plot are not included in its dialogues, and therefore as the basis of an interlinear translation it is, in important respects, unsatisfactory.

But the plot was not the point. For England in the sixteenth century, Latin conversation was not merely a schoolboy exercise, and Latin was

[6] P. Terentius Afer, *Comædiæ* (Paris, 1552).


CARMINVM

Funditus: imprimeretq; muris
Hostile aratrū exercitus insolens
Cōpesce mentē: me quoq; pectoris
Tentauit in dulci iuuenta
Feruor: & in celeres iambos
Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia: dum mihi
Fias recātatis amicus
Opprobriis: animumq; reddas

sce mentē.i.noli me irascendo imitari quem peniteat. Celeres iambos.epitheton est. Sic in arte poetica de pede iambo pes citus. unde etiam trimetris accessere iussit nomē iambeis. Misit furentē. propter irā scilicet. Nūc ego mitibus id est blandimentis mutare iracūdiā cupio. Recantatis.id est meliore carmine deletis. Recātatur autē opprobria cum multo carmine laudibus corriguntur. Ammúq; r.hoc est spē mihi redimite grandi amoris facias.

POR. Imprimeretq; muris hostile aratrū.hoc ē:hæc eadē ira cā fuit delēdis urbib⁹ usq; adeo ut ubi fuissēt muri aratrum īducerent. Me quoq; inquit iracundia calore iubente magis accensa scitauit in iambos.labici autē uersus aptissimi habentur ad maledicendum:de-niq; & Catulus cū maledicta minaretur sic ait. At non effugies meos iambos sias recantatis remutatis amica. Recantari probra dicuntur cum cōtraria pbris carmina fiunt i eum cui maledixerimus.

CHRISTOPHO. Strauere.quoniam deiecere et oppressere:nam ut secundis rebus elatos uidemus homines.sic in aduersis prostratos. Et altis ur.nam ira ciuilis romam perdidit. Cur. propter quas: ad uerbium pro nomine. Fūditus.a fundamentis:sunt enim quedam latina aduerbia ad similitudinem græcor. quæ definūt i σέν ut οἰκοσέν.i.ex domo:ut sūt diuinitus:celitus:funditus. Hostile aratr. quia prisci aratro in condendis:euertēdisq; urbibus utebātur. Insolens.q.d.uictor:nā ex uictoria insolens redditur ercitus. Me quoq.admonet plura simul:primo ne miretur illum iratum fuisse olim cum ipsa nunc iratscatur:& excusat iram quæ uidetur feruori adolescētiæ fuisse condonanda:et ostendit posse illam sperare ne rursus excādescat:cum feruor iuuentutis discesserit. Dulci iuuenta. pfecto ætas ē suauissima:quia i nulla ætate plenius uoluptates percipiuntur. Feruor pectoris.descriptio iræ ē cū ipsa sit accensio sāguinis circa cor. Celeres.concitatos et ueluti torrens decurrētes:sed hæc olim:nunc autem cupio mutare. Tristia mitibus.i.pro his quæ tristia et amara dixeram ponere mitia et iocunda. Recātatis opprobriis.i.in cōtrariū cantatis.ld eni aliquando significat re in cōpositione : ut retego resero :ergo cantatis pro opprobriis laudibus.probrum uitiū ē unde opprobriū maledictū quod propter probrum infertur.

ACRON Eloxa. s.l. ad tyndarida paranetice ode tricolos tetrastrophos. Metrū duobus uersibus alcaicū:tertius dimeter iambicus hypercatalectus. quartꝰ pidaricus.et hanc odē a tyndarida scribit Hora.cui ut plene satisfaciat iuitat eam in fundū suum:quē in sabinis habebat. Dicit ergo cōtempto lycæo monte archadiæ uenisse ad lucretilē montē faunū: quem quidam incubū uocant: lucretilis autem mons est in sabinis: sed hic magis pana pro fauno uoluit intelligi: nā et capellas suas eum custodire dicit.ergo magis ille ordo esse debuit lucretili lycæum mutat. et est hypallage nisi ex hoc ipso lycæo lucretilis cōparetur.quod.utrūq; sæpiꝰ cōmonet. Defendit.æ. c.remouet æstus et frigora.pbibet. Vsq.continue. Pluuioq;.u.pluuiā ferētes: tempestuosos. Impune.sine damno. Arbutos.arbutū quam uulgo appellāt libentius capræ persequūt ad pascēdū:ut dāt arbuta siluæ.et alibi Dulce satis humor depulsis arbutꝰ hædis. Deuiæ.errātes:pascentes.ut:rara p icultos errāt aīalia mōtes. Olētis.grauis.n.hyrcoꝝ et capraꝝ odor:ergo olētis fetētis:ut Allia serpillumq; herbas contūdit olentis. Uxores.acyrologia ē.ut Vir. Virgregis.i.c.d.Et quē legere ducē & pecori dixere maritū. Nec.m.martis dicatos tutelæ:ut Vir. Martiꝰ a.s.t.r.l. Hædilia.septa hedoꝝ p cōtinētē id qđ cōtinet.synecdochicos. Vt cūq.qñcūq:aut quotiēscunq; ordo ē.tyndari ut cūq; :sonuerūt ualles et leuia saxa cubātis usticæ dulci fistula nec metuūt uirides colubras nec hædilia martiales lupos.

POR. Veloxa. s.l. Hæc ode ad tyndaridē scribit cui plene cupiēs satisfacere poeta inuitat eā i fūdū suū quē i sabinis habebat. Veloxa. s.l.m.l.f.ea figura hoc dictū ē q illē apd Vir. Caoniā.p.g.m.a.fensus ē at relicto lyceo mōte faunꝰ i lucretilē uenit. Lucretilis āt mōs ē: i sabinis. Defēdit.æ.ita dictū ut solstitiū pecori defēdite:signat āt pbibere. Olētis.u.m.uenuste capras dicit uxores olētis mariti qa hyrci quoq; uxores sē male olēt.i.fetēt. olētis ꝙ ñ sipliciter accipiēdū sed grauiter olētis ut illē ē Allia serpillūq; herbas con-

FIGURE 2.4 Expurgation in Q. Horatius Flaccus, *Opera* (Venice, 1490).

not a foreign language. Communication in all the humanistic and scientific fields throughout Europe was conducted in Latin, as, to a large extent, was diplomacy. For England to be part of that community an education in Latin, including spoken Latin, was essential. The young Philip Sidney, on the continent for three years in various ambassadorial capacities, was advised by his French friend Hubert Languet (with a snide dig at the English generally) that though his spoken French was excellent, to be taken seriously he would have to improve his spoken Latin:

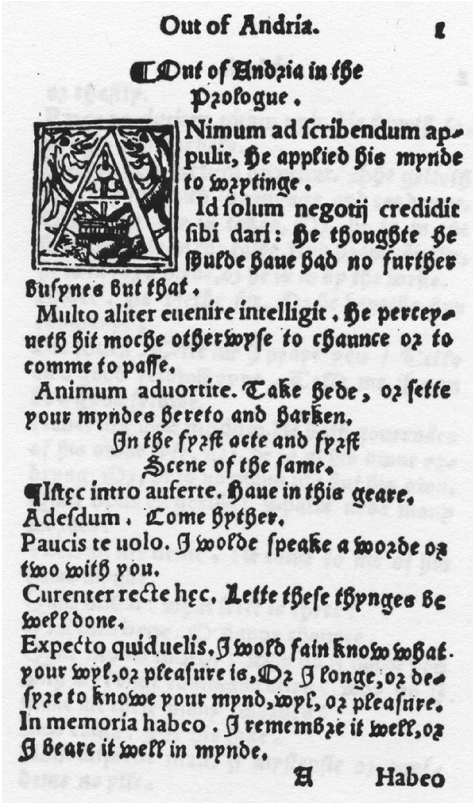
> I entreat you make an effort to improve your [Latin] pronunciation. Nothing is impossible to your abilities. You will find some little trouble at first, but believe me you will not need much time to accomplish it, and you will gain the more credit, because so few of your countrymen take any pains about it.[7]

Of course, there may be a parochial element here, as Languet assumes the superiority of his French Latin pronunciation—in fact, in northern Europe there was a degree of standardization for spoken Latin, initiated at the Sorbonne.[8] It is likely that Latin with an English accent sounded especially provincial on the Continent. No doubt it was better for a diplomat to sound French. But the language itself was the critical point, and the ability to converse in Latin was an important aim of humanist education.

Conversation is clearly what our schoolboy reader wants out of Terence, and his marginalia stop where Udall stops, with *Heauton Timorumenos*. He follows Udall closely but not slavishly. To begin with, he has his own system of spelling, which accords with none of the editions of the *Floures*—even with Udall open in front of him, he makes the dialogue his own. Figures 2.5 and 2.6 show parallel sections of the Prologue and Scene 1 of *Andria*. Initially the student scarcely varies from his crib. Udall's "He applied his mynde to wrytinge" differs from the trot only in orthography, "he applied his minde to wrightinge," and where Udall suggests alternatives the student makes no

[7] Languet to Sidney, February 5, 1574, in *The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet*, trans. Steuart A. Pears (London: Pickering, 1845), p. 117.

[8] See Dirk Sacré, "Pronunciation of Latin," in *Brill's Encyclopedia of the Neo-Latin World*, ed. Philip Ford et al. (Leiden: Brill, 2014), vol. 1, pp. 160–70.



Out of Andria. ℓ

¶Out of Andria in the Prologue.

ANimum ad ſcribendum appulit, He applied his mynde to wrytinge.

Id ſolum negotij credidit ſibi dari: He thought he ſhulde haue had no further buſynes but that.

Multo aliter euenire intelligit. He perceyueth hit moche otherwyſe to chaunce or to comme to paſſe.

Animum aduortite. Take hede, or ſette your myndes hereto and harken.

In the fyrſt acte and fyrſt Scene of the ſame.

¶Iſtęc intro auferte. Haue in this geare.

Adeſdum. Come hyther.

Paucis te uolo. I wolde ſpeake a worde or two with you.

Curenter recte hęc. Lette theſe thynges be well done.

Expecto quiduelis. I wold fain know what your wyll, or pleaſure is, Or I longe, or deſyre to knowe your mynd, wyll, or pleaſure.

In memoria habeo. I remembre it well, or I beare it well in mynde.

A Habeo

FIGURE 2.5 The opening of Terence's *Andria*, as translated by Nicholas Udall, from *Floures for Latine Spekynge* (London, 1533). This item is reproduced by permission of The Huntington Library, San Marino, CA.

choices but faithfully copies all of them: "he perceiueth yt moch otherwise to chaunce or come to passe"; "take hede, or set yor myndes herto and harken." But he also notes a grammatical point in the Prologue, the words "quas fabulas" used in two ways simultaneously, as both subject and object: this is called a syllepsis or zeugma, and he underlines the words and writes "sylepsis" beside them—this does not come from Udall, so he has some other guide for help with technical matters, conceivably a tutor, though, judging from the very small

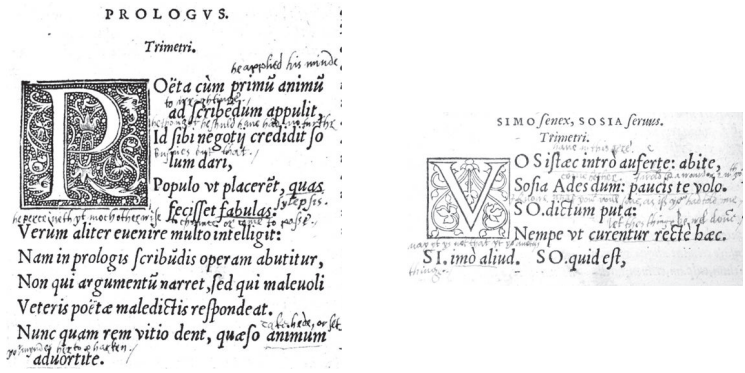

PROLOGVS.
Trimetri.
Oëta cùm primũ animũ
ad ſcribẽdum appulit,
Id ſibi negoty credidit ſo
lum dari,
Populo vt placerẽt, quas
feciſſet fabulas.
Verum aliter euenire multo intelligit:
Nam in prologis ſcribũdis operam abutitur,
Non qui argumentũ narret, ſed qui maleuoli
Veteris poëtæ maledictis reſpondeat.
Nunc quam rem vitio dent, quæſo animum
aduortite.
SIMO ſenex, SOSIA ſeruus.
Trimetri.
OSiſtæc intrò auferte: abite,
Soſia Ades dum: paucis te volo.
SO. dictum puta:
Nempe vt curentur rectè hæc.
SI. imò aliud. SO. quid eſt,

FIGURE 2.6 The opening of Terence's *Andria* as annotated by an English reader in *Comœdiæ* (Paris, 1552).

number of annotations of this sort, grammatical points were not of much interest to either of them. This is not surprising: Jürgen Leonhardt points out how fundamentally early modern training in Latin differed from modern Latin teaching, "where training in grammar is the primary desideratum. Latin has come to epitomize a language of hard work, analysis, and logic. The humanists, by contrast, did everything they could to make Latin a living language learned primarily by hearing and speaking, like any other mother tongue."[9]

When Udall omits lines, the student occasionally strikes out on his own, and he has a recognizable style. At the beginning of Scene 1 Simo, the master, calls Sosia, his servant, and says he wants to tell him something. Sosia assumes that Simo only wants to tell him to see that the work underway is properly carried out, and he replies, in effect, that he doesn't need to be told; he already knows what Simo will say: "Dictum puta," literally "Consider it said." Udall omits the line, but the student gives an elaborate version of it: "I knowe what you will saie as if yow had told me." He then returns to Udall, and continues with what Sosia assumes the master will say: "let thes things be wel done." Simo's reply, however, "Imo aliud," "On the contrary, something else,"

[9] Jürgen Leonhardt, *Latin: Story of a World Language*, trans. K. Kronenberg (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2013), p. 224.

is not in Udall, and our student translates it as "nay it is not that yt ys another thinge"—he tends to be garrulous.

Near the end of the opening scene, Simo worries aloud to Sosia that his son's clever servant Davus will disrupt his marriage plans for the boy, which involve a complex scheme depending on a false wedding. None of the elaborate plotting is translated in Udall, but the student tries his hand at some bits of it. The Latin says literally, "if the wicked Davus has any plot, he may expend it now, while his tricks can do no harm." Our student writes, "yf naughtie knave davus, yf he have any subtile drift maye spende yt nowe when there is no daunger." As he progresses, he relies less on Udall, using him more as a guide than a trot. Udall's "He diseaseth me, Or, he doeth me displesure, Or, he noyeth me" is simplified to "displease. anoye. distast me." Udall's "He foloweth his mynde or appetite, or he is ruled by hym" becomes "mynde apetite. ruled by my sone." And when Simo breaks off in the middle of a sentence, the student makes another of his rare grammatical notes, "aposiopesis," an unfinished sentence with the end implied. He writes himself occasional and at times puzzling marginal notes; for example, on the color of a flower described in the commentary as "glaucus": "commonly blew and green like the skie: but more taketh it fierie redde"—*glaucus* in classical Latin does indeed mean blue or blue-green (Udall, in a note on color words, says it means blue-grey), but in later Latin it could be used for yellow (cat's eyes are said to be *glaucus*) and for sparkling or gleaming things generally. The dictionaries, however, give no support for translating it "red," though "fierie" might be arguable; and indeed, the *OED* gives as an early sense of "red," "designating fire, a flame, lightning, etc." The student may of course simply have been misinformed, but it might also be the case that some sixteenth-century usage is missing from our dictionaries.

The surprises in this book are few, and there is little to suggest that, in addition to learning to translate and converse, the student was deeply involved with Terence, or was even having much fun with the comedies. But two scrawls on the title page tell a different story (Figure 2.7). The hand is not the same; it looks earlier, and may suggest that this annotator is significantly older.

The note on the left is a quotation from *Andria*, and reads (expanding contractions) "Mediam mulierem complectitur: dicens o mea glycerium,"—the original passage continues, "inquit, quid agis? quor

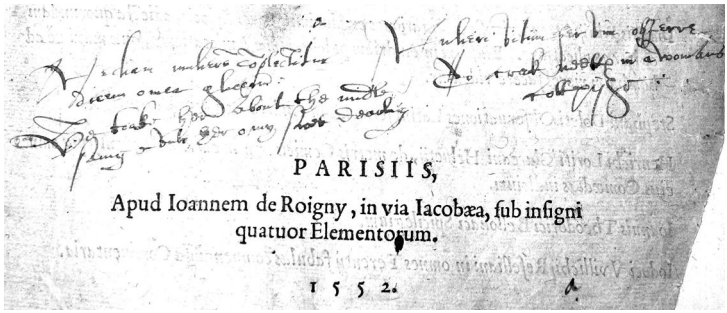


FIGURE 2.7 Two notes on the title page of Terence, *Comædiæ* (1552).

te is perditum?" (1.133–4), literally "He clasps the woman by the waist: 'My Glycerium,' he says, 'what are you doing? Why are you going to destroy yourself?'"[10] (In the text, Udall and our student translate only the last bit, "whie goe yow about to cast awaie yorself?") The English below starts out as a translation, but then veers off from drama to romance: "He tooke her about the midle / sainge vnto her o my swet dearling"—this in its way is quite literal, since the name Glycerium means "sweet."

The other note, on the right, in the same hand, continues the fantasy but moves from romance to violence. The first line, in Latin, reads "Mulieri vitium per vim offerre," literally "to inflict vice on a woman by force." This is not a quotation from *Andria*; it is the formal legal language for a charge of rape (it is also not from *Eunuchus*, in which a rape is committed). The translation beneath it, however, is pure sixteenth-century smut: "To crak neetts in a womans cottpishe." "Neett" is a form of "net," any sort of membrane; cracking the membrane of a woman's codpiece is a clear enough expression for rape, but "codpiece" in this sense is unparallelled. As the pouch at the crotch of male breeches, it is a common synecdoche for the male genitals, but the *OED* records no example of its use in reference to women's genitals—the *OED* is, of course, not a good guide to slang, or to spoken English generally; but if this is sixteenth-century slang for the vagina, it suggests the degree to which the homology of the male and female sexual organs

[10] *Dicens*, "saying," is not in the original; it replaces *inquit*, "he says," in the truncated line.

postulated by Galen and largely accepted by Renaissance anatomists was embedded even in ordinary language. The miniature title page drama prompted by a few words in Terence begins in sweet seduction but ends in obscenity and rape. We write our own dramas as we read.

Sometimes marginalia take the form of visualizations. Often these are basically doodles, registering primarily boredom—"impish faces peering out from the margin," in one of Brayman Hackel's examples[11]—but when they constitute realizations of the text they can be uniquely exciting. The 1490 Horace described above, with the notionally deleted obscenities, includes the single beautifully executed marginal illumination in Figure 2.8. The image is startling, not least because it is anomalous. The volume is handsomely printed, and has been rubricated in red throughout, but otherwise it is unadorned, and was used as a working copy. There are many scholarly annotations, including notes on prosody, references, glosses. The *Ars Poetica* comes about halfway through the book; nothing prepares a reader for this splendid embellishment. The image illustrates the opening lines of the epistle, in which Horace, arguing for unity and decorum in literary works, ironically describes a preposterous painting:

> If a painter decided to join a human head to the neck of a horse, and to spread feathers of many colors over limbs collected from all over, so that what at the top is a beautiful woman ends in a black, ugly fish, could you, if you saw it, keep from laughing?[12]

Why, therefore (the argument continues), in the literary arts do we like far-fetched plots, grotesque language, and mixed poetic genres?

Horace's scorn is not shared by the marginal artist—the illustration is witty and gently subversive. The woman's head is that of a crowned queen; the feathers are beautifully rendered peacock feathers; and the body and tail of the fish are not at all black and ugly, but sea-green and delicately scaled. Moreover, the bottom of the page is adorned with an elaborate fantasia of multicolored tendrils, the only example of this sort of embellishment in the book. The illuminator clearly finds Horace's composite figure an inspiration; if he is laughing, his laughter expresses delight.

[11] Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, p. 159.
[12] *Ars Poetica*, lines 1–5; author's translation.

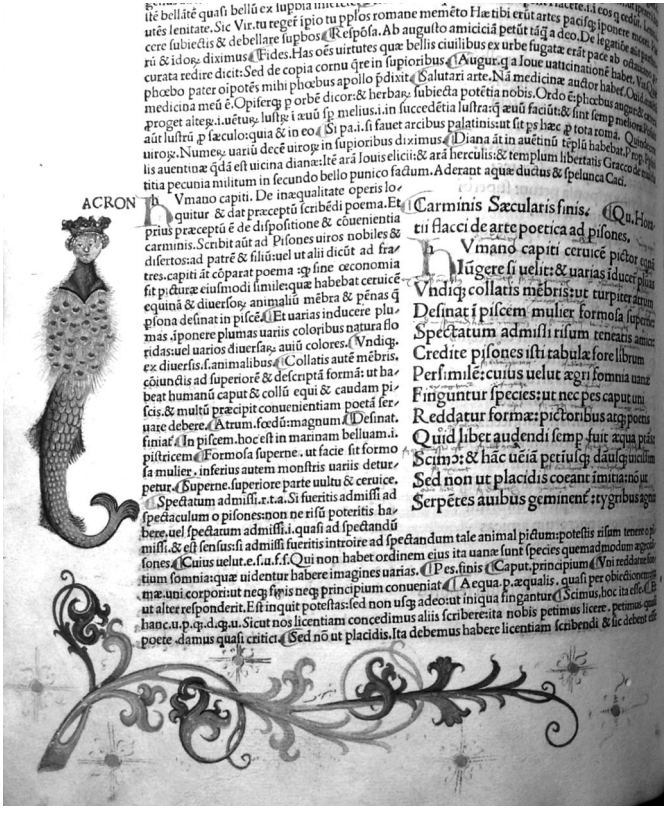


FIGURE 2.8 Q. Horatius Flaccus, *Opera* (Venice, 1490): a page with an illustration of the composite creature described at the opening of *Ars Poetica*.

But why suddenly halfway through the book does an artist enter? The only answer can be that he was called upon by a reader, or was a reader himself, who liked the image enough to want it realized. But, like all readers, he revised and embellished the text according to his own taste, and in the process illustrated the reasons we like tragicomedy, and poetry that disobeys the rules.

Finally, let us look at some schoolboy artists having fun with Terence. Their text is the 1541 Aldine edition, an elegant little octavo

which, since it includes no commentary, has generous blank spaces for drawing. The scenes illustrated are the Prologue and the opening of Act 1 of *Andria*. I begin with the second of these, which is the more straightforward (Figure 2.9). The scene is set on a stage upheld by three Doric columns. The master Simo and his servant Sosia, duly labeled, stand upstage within a crudely drawn perspective setting of domestic façades. A face peers out of an upstairs window. At the lower right four musicians perform seated on an odd elliptical dais. The picture is titled in capitals *Interlocutores* (the speakers in a dialogue), with an added cursive word to the left that is deceptively legible but difficult to make sense of. The most likely reading is *Casinus*, a little house, also a late Latin word for a brothel—prostitution figures significantly in the play: is the setting being imagined as outside a brothel? (*Casinus* is also the name of a transvestite slave in Plautus's comedy *Casina*, and the adjectival form of the town of Casinum, the modern Cassino, south of Rome. Both are clearly irrelevant.) Or it might be *Cortinus*, an adjective from *cors*, a retinue, or group of attendants, referring to the musicians: it is hard to see how this would work syntactically. The other paleographic possibilities make even less sense: *Catinus*, a cooking pot; *Latinus*, yes, but pointless; *Corbinus*, *Cartinus*, *Carsinus*, and *Carbinus*, nonsense. And what are the two following signs, which seem to be an ampersand and a lowercase i? This is a nice epitome of the problems of working with marginalia.

But what of the drawing itself? By the late fifteenth century Terence was on stage, publicly performed in Ferrara and Florence. Machiavelli's first play was an adaptation of *Andria*. A play of Terence's was first performed at King's College, Cambridge, in 1510; and presumably performances in humanist academies, where the plays were studied, were not uncommon throughout Europe.[13] Is this, then, a sketch of an actual performance?

It is not. Our schoolboy has been looking at books, not plays. The figures are adapted from the illustration of the scene in a Terence published by the Venetian publisher Giovan Maria Bonelli in 1567,

[13] See Stella Mary Newton, *Renaissance Theatre Costume and the Sense of the Historic Past* (London: Rapp & Whiting, 1976), p. 56; T. H. Vail Motter, *The School Drama in England* (London: Longmans Green, 1929), p. 12.

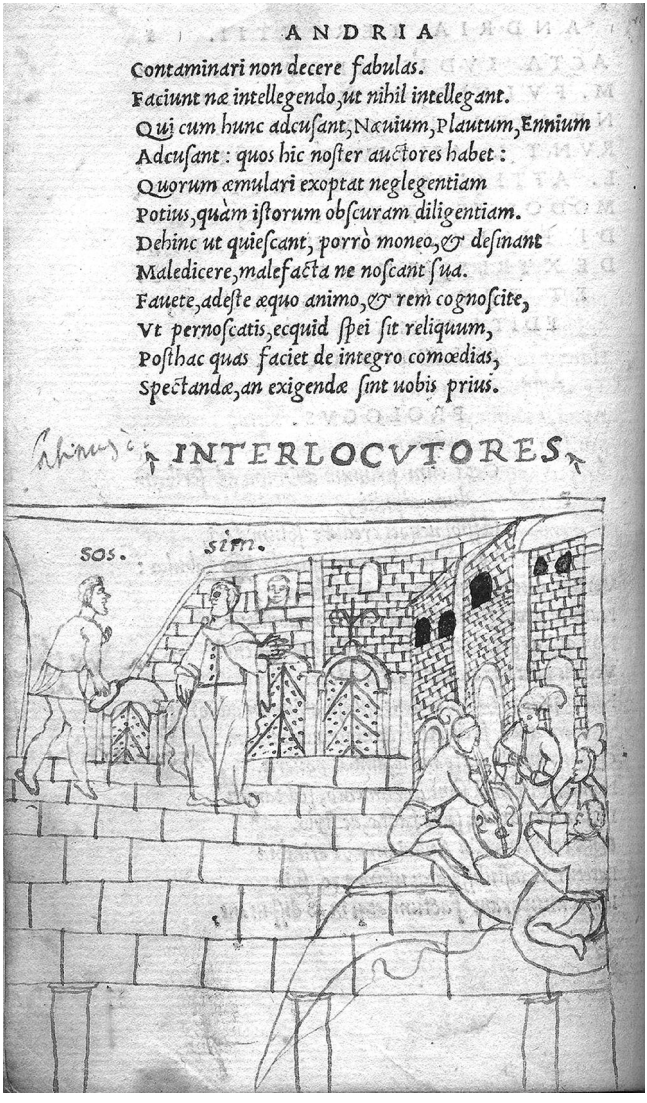


FIGURE 2.9 A schoolboy drawing of the opening scene of Terence's *Andria*, from *Comœdiæ* (Venice, 1541).

FIGURE 2.10 *Andria*, Act 1 scene 1, from Terence, *Comædiæ omnes* (Venice, 1567).

which gives us a *terminus post quem* for the drawing (Figure 2.10). Simo and Sosia are copied quite closely. But the schoolboy artist has provided exotic hats for the two middle musicians, and has put them on the strange dais, which also appears in his drawing for the Prologue. What he has been unable to reproduce, or uninterested in reproducing, is the classical perspective scene of the original, with its arcaded central pavilion and side wings with domes and pedimented windows. His cityscape is untouched by either Renaissance civic architecture or Renaissance stage design.

The drawing for the Prologue (Figure 2.11) seems to have suffered some mischievous revision. A speaker faces an audience of two—at first glance he seems to be facing us, but the direction of his feet shows that we are in fact seeing his back. Comic-book eyes and a mouth have been drawn on his hat. Is this another schoolboy mocking the drawing (as if to say, why isn't the Prologue talking to us?), or is the artist himself having some fun?

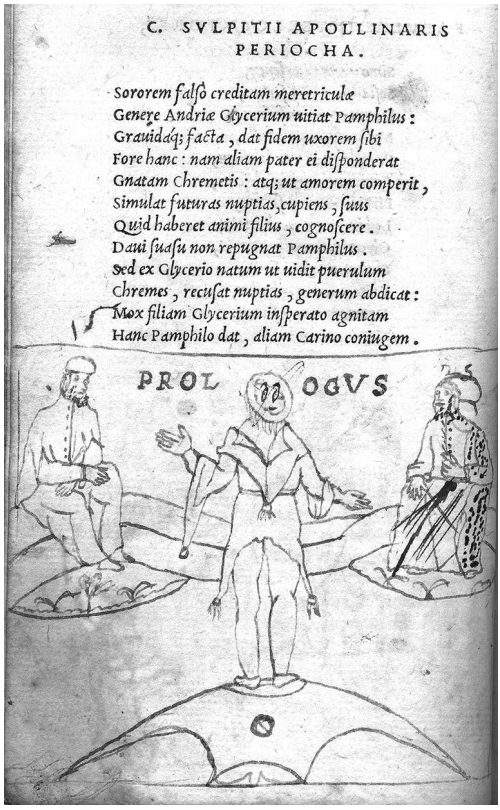


FIGURE 2.11 Schoolboy illustration of the Prologue to Terence's *Andria*, with some mischievous additions, from *Comædiæ* (1541).

This scene too derives from a book, the frontispiece to the splendid Venetian Terence of 1497 published by Lazarus de Soardis, used again in the first illustrated Plautus, issued by the same publisher fifteen years later, in 1511 (Figure 2.12). Here the Prologue addresses a theater full of professors and students, as an actor prepares to enter from the curtained doorway at the right. Our artist has reduced the theater to a curving bench on which the two spectators are seated, and has placed the speaker on the elliptical rostrum that has no equivalent in the

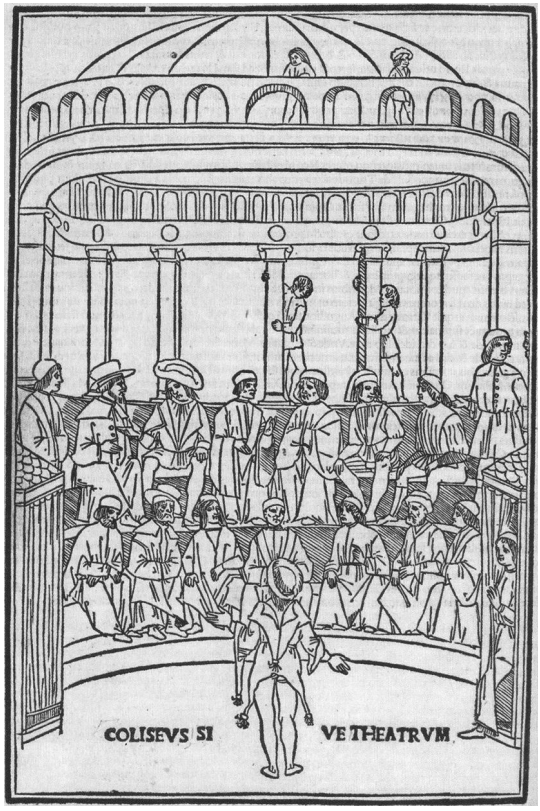


FIGURE 2.12 Frontispiece to Terence, *Comædiæ* (1497) and Plautus, *Comædiæ* (1511), both published by Lazarus de Soardis in Venice. Courtesy of the Stanford University Department of Special Collections.

printed original. He has added buttons to the spectators' robes, and what may be fur to that of the figure on the right. At their feet appear to be rugs with floral designs. Theater here is oratory, though the speaker's garment is clearly a theatrical costume. But both these drawings have more to do with books than with theater—this scholarly schoolboy has been comparing texts.

3

Writing from the Stage

Shortly after the publication of the Shakespeare First Folio in 1623, a Scottish reader acquired a copy. He read the book carefully, and made notes throughout it.[1] His identity is not known, but his spelling and vocabulary identify him as certainly a Scot.[2] The marginalia, written in a secretary hand and dated not later than 1630, consist of brief summaries of the action and of *sententiae* extracted from the dialogue. They contain few surprises, and even their transcriber and editor, Akihiro Yamada, seems disappointed in them, characterizing them as subjective, inconsistent, and fragmentary, though he adds that the notes "offer, from time to time, good examples of contemporary critical assessment." He cites, near the end of *Measure for Measure*, this example: "pleasant conclusions of the aduentures." Rather a letdown, unquestionably. The historian of the first folio Anthony James West, reviewing the transcription when it was published, describes the annotations as

[1] The volume is one of twelve First Folios now in the library of Meisei University, Tokyo. The annotations were transcribed and published by Akihiro Yamada in *The First Folio of Shakespeare: A Transcript of Contemporary Marginalia* (Tokyo: Yushodo Press, 1998). A revised transcription is now online at http://shakes.meisei-u.ac.jp/ALL.html (accessed April 1, 2015).

[2] "William Johnstoune his Booke" is inscribed in the upper margin of the Epistle Dedicatory in a mid-seventeenth-century italic hand; he is the earliest identifiable owner. Johnstoune was certainly a seventeenth-century Scot, but his hand looks later than the annotator's secretary script.

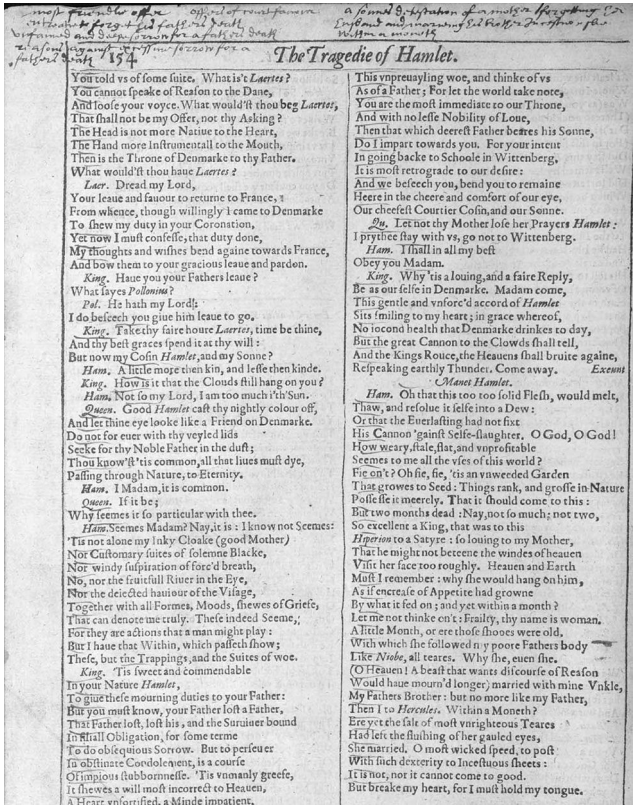
simply dull.[3] But Meredith Skura suggests that, though "the annotations are individually unremarkable, [...] cumulatively his remarks may reveal precious details about readers: what sort of action or language spurs annotation and what passes unremarked?" She is especially struck by the fact that in *King Lear* the blinding of Gloucester prompts only the laconic marginal comment "hospitalitie violated."[4]

At the very least, then, these marginalia are evidence that a reader in 1630 is not reacting to Shakespeare in print with the kind of excitement we would expect when Shakespeare was new—or perhaps he is simply not responding as we believe we would have done. But Skura's instincts about what we can learn from even routine readers five centuries removed from us are surely correct. In fact, a closer look at the Meisei folio in Figure 3.1 reveals much of interest. To begin with, the method of reading is notable: the annotator has underlined the beginning of almost every line of dialogue throughout the entire volume. He apparently did this as he read, to make sure that he did not miss a line. This is a very thorough reader. As for his critical acumen, while it is undeniable that, as a summary of the blinding of Gloucester, "hospitality violated" responds to none of the sadistic violence of the scene, in an early modern context the violation of hospitality was not a trivial matter, and the phrase surely implied more outrage in 1630 than it does for us. We might view it in the context of the seemingly bland characterization of the play implied in an anonymous funeral elegy for Richard Burbage (d.1618), which lists the actor's major roles:

> young Hamlet, old Hieronymo,
> Kind Lear, the grieved Moor...[5]

Kind Lear: not at all the adjective we would choose to sum up the blind, foolish, mad, irascible, self-centered, incompetent, even senile old king. But perhaps there is something to be said for summing up Lear as "kind." The adjective is applied to him several times in the play, by Kent—"the hard rein which both of them have borne / Against the old

[3] Anthony James West, "The Shakespeare First Folio," *The Library* 7.1.1 (March 2000), 85.
[4] Meredith Anne Skura, "Recent Studies in Tudor and Stuart Drama," *SEL* 40.2 (Spring 2000), 378–9.
[5] Quoted in *English Professional Theatre, 1530–1660*, ed. Glynne Wickham, Herbert Berry, and William Ingram (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), p. 182.



The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some ſuite, What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What ſayes *Polonius*?
Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſſe than kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected haujour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.
Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.
King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Self-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it merely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

FIGURE 3.1 A page of the Meisei University First Folio of Shakespeare showing *Hamlet* 1.2.43–164 with the annotations of a seventeenth-century Scot. Note the underlining at the beginning of almost every line. Reproduced by courtesy of Meisei University.

kind king"—and by Lear himself, "So kind a father!"; "Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all."[6] This is not the whole truth of Lear's character, certainly, but there is truth in it, and a patriarchal society might not have heard the lines as simply ironic. "Hospitality violated"

[6] Quotations are from the folio text of the play in *The Complete Pelican Shakespeare*, ed. Stephen Orgel and A. R. Braunmuller (New York: Penguin Books, 2002), 3.1.19–20, 1.5.27, and 3.4.20.

and "Kind Lear" both involve critical judgments that partake of the deepest convictions of patriarchal culture: that hierarchical, familial, and social bonds are what maintain civil society, and to disrupt them, under whatever provocation, leads to terrible consequences. So fathers are to be revered, siblings respected, and a bad king is still the king. The two phrases obviously reflect little of the drama's emotional range and violence, but they do not misrepresent the play.

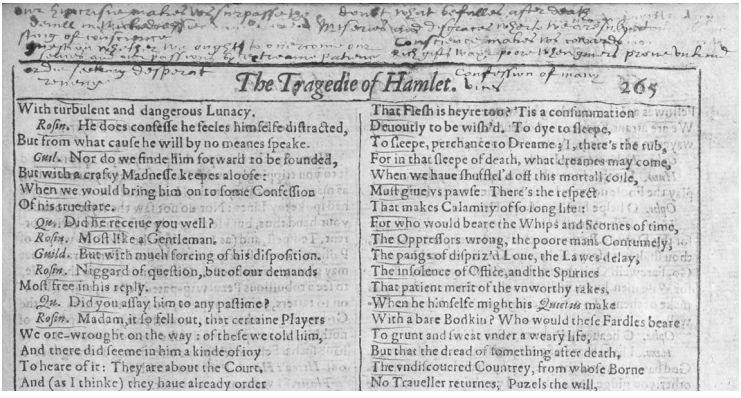
In a recent seminar of mine on the text of Shakespeare, a student undertook a study of the Meisei folio along the lines suggested by Meredith Skura's review.[7] Esther Yu looked at both what the annotator glossed and at what he ignored. Her test case was *Hamlet*, and what she observed was neither dull nor unremarkable. She noted, in particular,

> one unexpected way in which the annotator appropriates Shakespeare: his fascination with the day-to-day business in the Danish court and his careful attention to depictions of royal patronage offer evidence of his view of Shakespeare as a source of information about appropriate courtly rhetoric and behavior.

She found this reader attentive to the language and wisdom of Shakespeare for self-advancement and improvement—he is reading for use. In contrast, he has little interest in the play as drama and spectacle. His only comment on the Ghost in the opening scene is "apparition of the dead kings ghost," and the appearance of the Ghost in the bedchamber scene is not noted at all. Similarly, there are hardly any marginalia relating to the play within the play, none to Ophelia's madness and death, nor to Fortinbras's sudden appearance at the end of the play and his appropriation of the crown, and no wisdom is extracted from Horatio's final summary. What is glossed, however, in surprising detail, is Claudius's opening speech in 1.2:

> funeral sorrow performed to the deceased king Ioyfull
> reception of the present king and provision for safetie
> of the kingdome
> ambassadors sent to procure refuse of auxiliaries to the ennemie
> most friendlie offer offers of court fauour

[7] I am grateful to Esther Yu for allowing me to summarize and quote from her unpublished paper "The Case of the Meisei Folio: Reading Shakespeare for Social Advancement" (2010).


The Tragedie of Hamlet. 265

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.
Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Country, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,

FIGURE 3.2 Glosses to the "To be or not to be" soliloquy (*Hamlet* 3.1.56–90) in the Meisei University First Folio. Reproduced by courtesy of Meisei University.

The last relate to Claudius's assurances to Laertes that no reasonable request of his will be refused—to our early modern reader, a most friendly offer of court favor coming from a king is worth noting; the atmosphere of friendly benevolence that Claudius projects interests him more than Hamlet and his discontents. Even the perfunctory return of Cornelius and Voltemand from Norway is glossed: "Ambassadors report and the kings thanks to them; his resolution to think of the business related." Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's "tender of humblest service" is similarly noted. Yu observes that "issues regarding the dispensation of favors in the court never seem to be far from this reader's mind. He approaches the text with a particular interest in Shakespeare's depictions of the relationship between courtiers and the king."

We may add to Yu's analysis that the reader is also at moments quite perceptive about the text. Figure 3.2 shows his marginalia relating to the "To be or not to be" soliloquy. The first two notes refer to the dialogue immediately preceding—Polonius gives Ophelia a prayerbook and tells her to pretend to have been reading it, remarking that shows of piety "will sugar o'er / The devil himself" (3.1.49), and Claudius feels a sudden pang of guilt:

> our hipocrisie makes ws surpasse the
> devill in Wickednesse
> sting of conscience

Then Hamlet's soliloquy:

> question whether we ought to overcome our
> selves and our passions by extreame patience
> or die seeking desperat
> revenge

And above the second column:

> doubt what befalles after death
> Miseries and disgraces wherto we are subject
> Conscience makes ws cowards

The last two notes relate to Hamlet's ensuing dialogue with Ophelia:

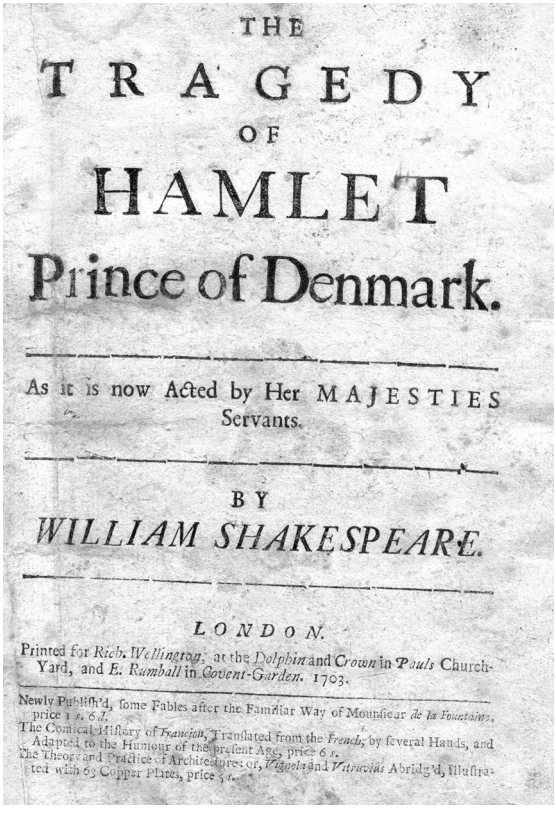
> Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkind
> Confession of many
> Vices

The annotator provides subject headings and brief summaries, and elicits bits of wisdom or commonplaces—"Conscience makes us cowards," "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind." He also makes an interesting mistake in his reading of the soliloquy: Hamlet does not consider whether we should "die seeking desperate revenge," but whether we should commit suicide to escape an intolerable life—revenge is not an issue in the soliloquy, and is not mentioned. Possibly our reader misunderstands the metaphor, which compares attempting to fight back against life's miseries and injustices with the futility of taking arms against the sea. The misreading is, however, in its way a shrewd one, because surely the question for Hamlet is *not* whether "to be or not to be"; the question is, precisely, revenge, and the speech is, above all, an evasion of the question. It is also very obviously an evasion of the Ghost, the traveler who *has* returned from "the undiscovered country" and has told Hamlet what he claims we cannot know, what happens in "that sleep of death." This seventeenth-century reader marginally constructs an alternative hero who confronts everything that Hamlet is avoiding.

This is hardly what we would call a critical reading, but it is in its way an adversarial or corrective one, and it gives a good sense of how Renaissance readers read, and what they read for. Marginal guides, the extraction of information and wisdom, and on occasion the elucidation or amendment of the text are the stuff of early modern annotation; this

is how students were taught to read—pen in hand, systematically epitomizing, always paying attention. Reading was also writing; you made yourself part of your book. For this reader, *Hamlet* was more than a play. It was a guide to social advancement and a mirror of his own world; and from the margins he saw himself in it.

I now move to a quite different kind of reader of *Hamlet* at the beginning of the next century. My example is a copy of the last quarto (1703), the fourth reprint of the quarto of 1676 (Figure 3.3). This text,


THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted by Her MAJESTIES Servants.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON.
Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in *Pauls* Church-Yard, and *E. Rumball* in *Covent-Garden*. 1703.

Newly Publish'd, some Fables after the Familiar Way of Mounsieur *de la Fountaine*, price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*
The Comical History of *Francion*, Translated from the *French*, by several Hands, and Adapted to the Humour of the present Age, price 6 *s.*
The Theory and Practice of Architecture; or, *Vignola* and *Vitruvius* Abridg'd, Illustrated with 63 Copper Plates, price 5 *s.*

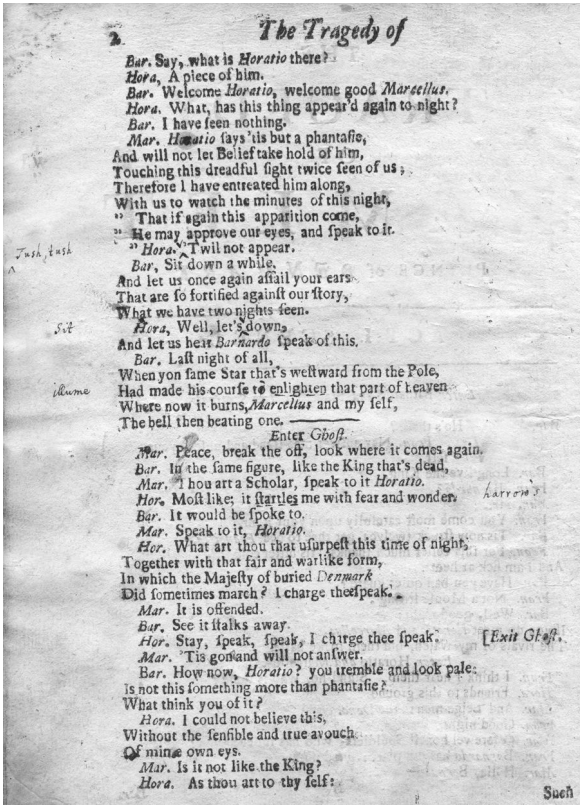
FIGURE 3.3 The last quarto of Davenant's version of *Hamlet* (London, 1703), the fourth reprint of the quarto of 1676.

much shortened and slightly touched up by Sir William Davenant, was the version used by the actor Thomas Betterton in his most famous role—the omitted sections are also included in the volume, indicated by inverted commas. So a purchaser of any of the last five quartos had Davenant's and Betterton's *Hamlet* interlarded with passages from the original text, which in this case was that of the second quarto, not the folio. For one contemporary reader, this *Hamlet* was unsatisfactory, and he set about rectifying his copy.

To begin with, he makes small changes, not especially systematically. Some correct misprints or lacunae; some restore Shakespearean readings in place of Davenant's revisions. Figure 3.4 is a characteristic bit from the first scene. The marginal "Tush, tush," "illume," and "harrows" transform Davenant back into Shakespeare; but "let's sit down" is the annotator's modernization: the original text says "sit we down." In Hamlet's dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern about the arrival of the Players (2.2.333ff.), all the quarto texts, including those of Davenant's version, omit the long section about the popularity of the children's companies forcing the adult actors to go on the road, which is found only in the folio. The annotator copies it all into the margin (Figure 3.5), using as his text the Fourth Folio—he is comparing texts and conflating them; if his quarto was new, he was anticipating editorial practice by several years.[8] He also throughout the book supplies stage directions, which are often more readerly than performative. This is clearly not a text being prepared for either an editorial or a theatrical purpose; it is the work of a reader revising to make the play both more Shakespearean and more his own.

These two *Hamlet*s are firmly ensconced in the study. Neither reader has any interest in returning the play to the theater, or, indeed, treats it as in any significant way theatrical. A copy of the first edition of the second part of Thomas Heywood's *Iron Age* (1632) provides a contrasting example, uniting the study and the playhouse. A few discreet corrections and favorite passages are marked. Two of these give a clue to the tastes, as well as the date, of the annotator (I believe all the

[8] The first conflated text of *Hamlet* to be published was that of Nicholas Rowe (1709).


2 *The Tragedy of*

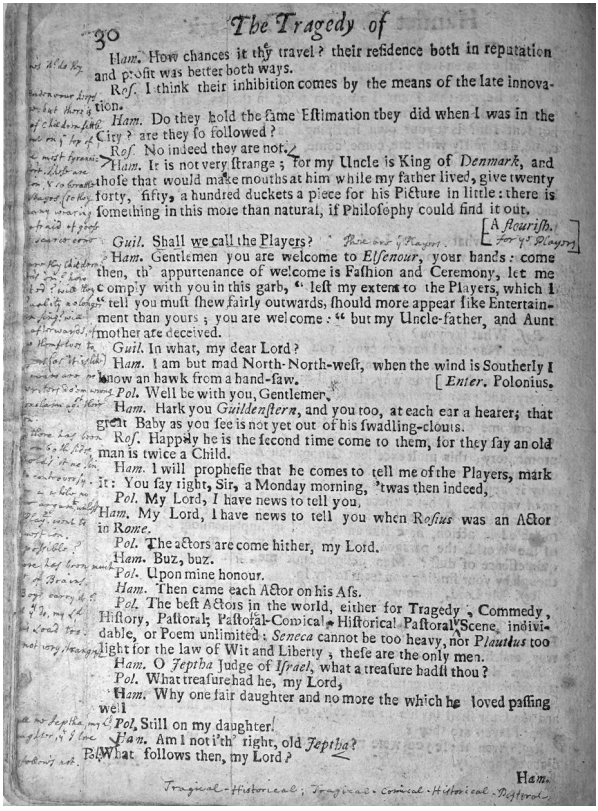
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.
Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Bar. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful ſight twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
" That if again this apparition come,
" He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
" *Hora.* Twil not appear.
Bar. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hora. Well, let's down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* ſpeak of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe to enlighten that part of heaven
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one.
Enter Ghoſt.
Mar. Peace, break the off, look where it comes again.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeak to it *Horatio*.
Hor. Moſt like; it ſtartles me with fear and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.
Hor. What art thou that uſurpeſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometimes march? I charge thee ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeak, ſpeak, I charge thee ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hora. I could not believe this,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eys.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelf:
Such

FIGURE 3.4 A page from the first scene of Davenant's version of *Hamlet* (1.1.17–59) in the quarto of 1703, with editorial adjustments.

marginalia are by the same person). Figure 3.6 is a bit of the scene in which the idea for the Trojan Horse occurs to Synon:

> *Synon.* A horse, a horse.
> *Pyrrhus.* Ten Kingdomes for a horse to enter *Troy*. (C3v)

Our reader simply marks Heywood's Shakespearean joke with an X—there is no showing off with a marginal reference to *Richard III*; the book is private and personal, and he knows why he has made


30 The Tragedy of

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Eſtimation they did when I was in the City? are they ſo followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty forty, fifty, a hundred ducketts a piece for his Picture in little: there is ſomething in this more than natural, if Philoſophy could find it out.

[A flourish. for y^e Players.]

Guil. Shall we call the Players? Those over y^e Players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſenour*, your hands: come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is Faſhion and Ceremony, let me comply with you in this garb, "leſt my extent to the Players, which I "tell you muſt ſhew fairly outwards, ſhould more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome: "but my Uncle-father, and Aunt mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-weſt, when the wind is Southerly I know an hawk from a hand-ſaw. [*Enter.* Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby as you ſee is not yet out of his ſwadling-clouts.

Roſ. Happily he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will propheſie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You ſay right, Sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed,

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you when *Roſius* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Aſs.

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Commedy, Hiſtory, Paſtoral, Paſtoral-Comical, Hiſtorical-Paſtoral, Scene individable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of Wit and Liberty; theſe are the only men.

Ham. O *Jeptha* judge of *Iſrael*, what a treaſure hadſt thou?

Pol. What treaſure had he, my Lord,

Ham. Why one fair daughter and no more the which he loved paſſing well

Pol. Still on my daughter!

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jeptha*?

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

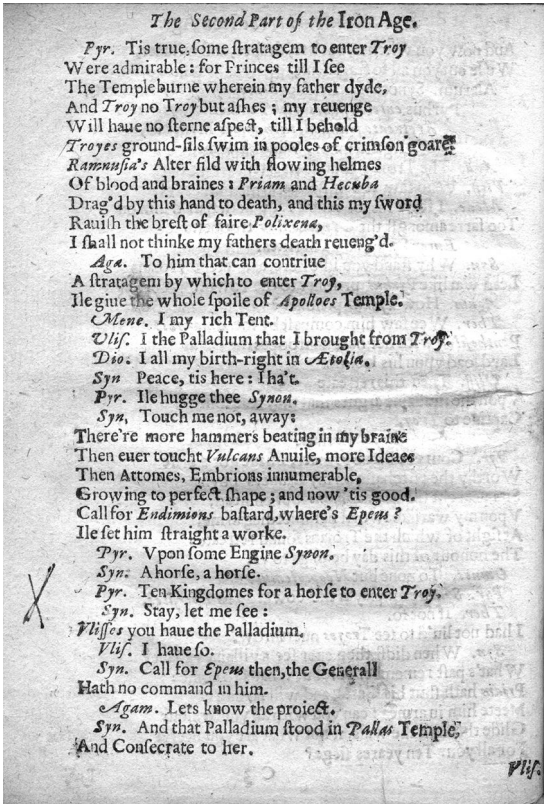
Ham.

Tragical-Hiſtorical; Tragical-comical-Hiſtorical-Paſtoral.

FIGURE 3.5 The 1703 quarto *Hamlet*, with the "little eyases" dialogue (2.2.307–32) from the folio text marginally inserted.

the mark. Later in the play he marks a passage about how safety for the guilty requires ever greater crimes (Figure 3.7).

The marginale reads, "Crowns got with blood must be with blood maintain'd." The line is also from *Richard III*, but it appears only in Colley Cibber's adaptation of the play, a villainous speech for Richard added to the conclusion of Act 3. The work was first performed, unsuccessfully and heavily censored, in 1699, and published in quarto in 1700, so that is the earliest possible date for our annotator; but a



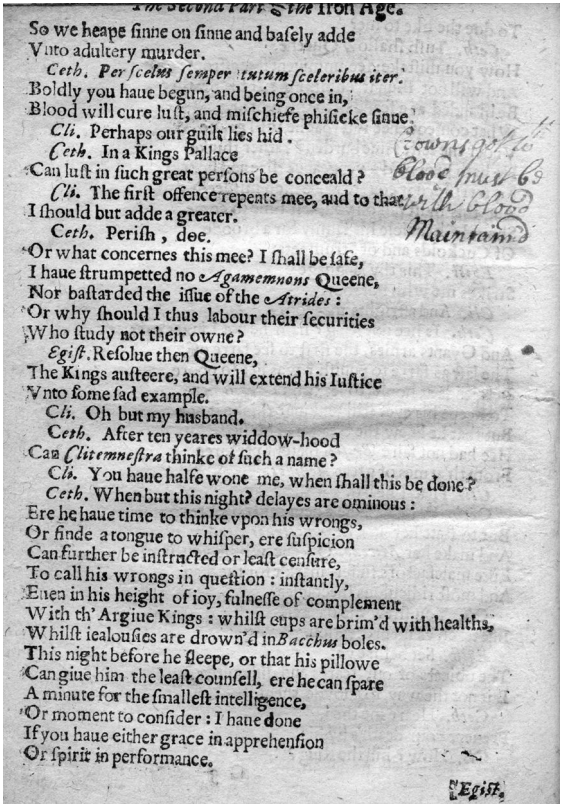
The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Pyr. Tis true, ſome ſtratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I ſee
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but aſhes; my reuenge
Will haue no ſterne aſpect, till I behold
Troyes ground-ſils ſwim in pooles of crimſon goare:
Ramnuſia's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my ſword
Raviſh the breſt of faire *Polixena*,
I ſhall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.
Aga. To him that can contriue
A ſtratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole ſpoile of *Apolloes* Temple.
Mene. I my rich Tent.
Vliſ. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.
Dio. I all my birth-right in *Aetolia*.
Syn Peace, tis here: I ha't.
Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.
Syn, Touch me not, away:
There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect ſhape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* baſtard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile ſet him ſtraight a worke.
Pyr. Vpon ſome Engine *Synon*.
Syn. A horſe, a horſe.
Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horſe to enter *Troy*.
Syn. Stay, let me ſee:
Viſſes you haue the Palladium.
Vliſ. I haue ſo.
Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.
Agam. Lets know the proiect.
Syn. And that Palladium ſtood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Conſecrate to her.

Vliſ.

FIGURE 3.6 Thomas Heywood's *Second Part of The Iron Age* (London, 1632): an economical marginale on fol. C3v.

somewhat later date is probable: Cibber's *Richard III* only became popular around 1710, and thereafter was hugely successful. These two small marks in the margins of an old play are evidence of both expertise and an interest in the history of drama: the copy of Heywood's *Iron Age* was almost a century old, and the play had not been performed since the 1630s. What seems to me most striking, however, is that this scholarly, even antiquarian reader knows his Shakespeare play in Cibber's version. That, indeed, held the stage throughout the eighteenth


The Second Part of the Iron Age.

So we heape ſinne on ſinne and baſely adde
Vnto adultery murder.
Ceth. Per ſcelus ſemper tutum ſceleribus iter.
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
Blood will cure luſt, and miſchiefe phiſicke ſinne.
Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.
Ceth. In a Kings Pallace
Can luſt in ſuch great perſons be conceald?
Cli. The firſt offence repents mee, and to that
I ſhould but adde a greater.
Ceth. Periſh, dee.
Or what concernes this mee? I ſhall be ſafe,
I haue ſtrumpetted no *Agamemnons* Queene,
Nor baſtarded the iſſue of the *Atrides*:
Or why ſhould I thus labour their ſecurities
Who ſtudy not their owne?
Egiſt. Reſolue then Queene,
The Kings auſteere, and will extend his Iuſtice
Vnto ſome ſad example.
Cli. Oh but my husband.
Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemneſtra* thinke of ſuch a name?
Cli. You haue halfe wone me, when ſhall this be done?
Ceth. When but this night? delayes are ominous:
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whiſper, ere ſuſpicion
Can further be inſtructed or leaſt cenſure,
To call his wrongs in queſtion: inſtantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulneſſe of complement
With th' Argiue Kings: whilſt cups are brim'd with healths,
Whilſt iealouſies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he ſleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the leaſt counſell, ere he can ſpare
A minute for the ſmalleſt intelligence,
Or moment to conſider: I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehenſion
Or ſpirit in performance.
Egiſt.

FIGURE 3.7 Heywood's *Second Part of The Iron Age* (1632), fol. G3v. The marginale is the final line of Act 3 from Colley Cibber's *Richard III*.

and well into the nineteenth century, and was the only *Richard III* one could see in the theater. In this case it has displaced Shakespeare in the library as well.

It continued in the library, in the service of theatrical criticism, in a curious later example. The line (I know thanks to the Chadwyck-Healey Internet database) also appears in a long poem called "The Theatre: A Didactic Essay" by the eighteenth-century Irish poet and schoolmaster Samuel Whyte, an immense jeremiad deploring the

degeneracy of the contemporary stage, published in Dublin in 1790. After over seven hundred lines of invective about bad acting and vulgar audiences, Whyte pauses momentarily to acknowledge that the real world is even worse than the stage—his touchstone for the real world is the behavior of the English in India. Here is the relevant passage:

> Turn o'er the annals of the present age,
> Such fell destroyers ne'er disgrac'd the Stage:
> Shylock the Jew was merciful to these,
> He thirsts but for his bond, they for rupees; [. . .]
> To hostile force and tyrant pleas constrain'd;
> Crowns got with blood must be with blood maintain'd.
> The inundation of a golden tide
> Obliterates all, save luxury and pride.[9]

Whyte then returns to his titular subject for another 350 lines—the poem is over 1,100 lines long. Our annotator's source seems more likely to have been the immensely popular Cibber than the utterly obscure Whyte.

What do readers want out of plays? Many and various things, clearly, some of which have nothing to do with theater; but also some of which, though they have everything to do with books, have little to do with reading. Here is a final example of the book in the study—or perhaps in the drawing room. The nineteenth-century owner of the sad copy of William Cartwright's plays (1651) in Figure 3.8 allowed the binder to cut it down so severely that not only some of the title page but whole lines of text disappeared. The binder, however, also covered the boards in handsome marbled paper and speckled the edges, and thereby produced a very pretty little book—or rather something that looked like a book, a bibelot, best left unopened. This is all about possession, about books as objects, not as texts. Cartwright's plays have become the most mute and inert of performances.

But historically the essence of drama is performance—the word itself derives from the Greek *dran*—do, act, perform—and even English does not distinguish performing on stage from action: the verb for both is *act*. However, Aristotle calling his essay on drama *The Poetics* was

[9] *The Theatre: A Didactic Essay* (Dublin, 1790), lines 758–72.

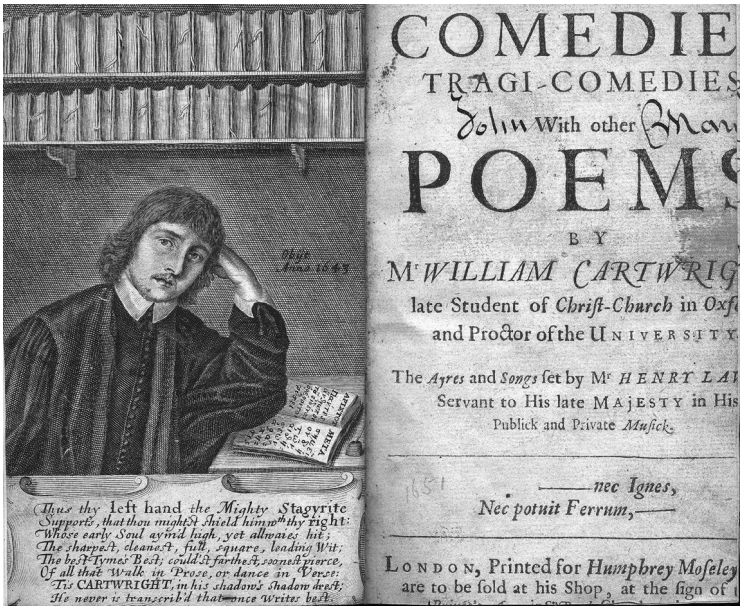


FIGURE 3.8 A much trimmed copy of William Cartwright's *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with Other Poems* (London, 1651).

undertaking to marginalize all those ephemeral aspects of drama that had been, and continue to be, its primary attraction, its performative and spectacular elements—drama in *The Poetics* is language, logic, a form of argument; in short, a text, literature. Actors are mentioned only as part of the definition of drama, a work that is performed rather than narrated. The fact that drama in the theater requires actors has generally not been a point in its favor—Ben Jonson, dedicating *Volpone* to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, referred to the play as Aristotle did, as a poem, eliding the playhouse and making no mention of actors; and, after the unsuccessful productions of *Catiline* and *The New Inn*, complained that the actors had misrepresented his drama, that the performance was not the play. He also rewrote his plays for publication, in effect taking them back from the players and out of the theater, so that the real play was the author's play, the book, not the

script. This is especially ironic, because there are no plays of the period that depend more heavily on virtuoso acting than Jonson's great comedies: *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, *Epicoene*, and *Bartholomew Fair* all require a troupe of brilliant improvisatory comedians.

For the Renaissance, classical drama was literature and was taught in school, though, as we have seen, Terence was also performed, and was a model for Latin as a living, spoken language, hence somewhere between literature and life. The great editions of Greek drama, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were first published in the sixteenth century, as were the first English translations of Seneca— the earliest drama in English translated directly from the Greek (rather than from a Latin or Italian version) was apparently Charles Wase's translation of Sophocles's *Electra*, which did not appear until 1649.[10] English drama, however, inhabited a different cultural world. It was popular theater, and was duly banned from Oxford's Bodleian Library at its foundation along with almanacs, proclamations, and other "baggage bookes," all "idle bookes and riffe raffes," though by 1623 drama, at least when collected and published in a large format, had moved up sufficiently on the aesthetic scale that the Bodleian was the first owner of record of the Shakespeare folio.[11]

Plays modeled on the classics could claim to be something more than popular theater. Jonson presents himself in his folio *Workes* of 1616 as a classic, with introductions, sources, marginal glosses—the critical apparatus of a scholarly edition. The Shakespeare folio has no apparatus, but its comedies, histories, and tragedies are, thanks to Jonson,

[10] It was published (purportedly in The Hague, but in fact in London) to coincide with the execution of Charles I, and dedicated to his daughter Elizabeth, who was exhorted in a preface to model herself on Sophocles's avenging heroine.

[11] The epithets are from Bodley's instructions to his librarian, Thomas James (*The Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley to Thomas James, First Keeper of the Bodleian Library*, ed. G. W. Wheeler (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1926), pp. 219, 222). By statute the Bodleian received copies of every book published by members of the Stationers' Company, and it has been argued that this is the only reason the book reached the library's shelves. But the purchase order is not for the book; it is for a special binding stamped with the library's arms—it was a book Bodley intended to keep. In fact, it kept the book only until 1664, replacing it with the second issue of the Third Folio, which includes seven additional plays attributed to Shakespeare, and hence seemed a more complete edition. The deaccessioned First Folio was rediscovered in the early twentieth century, recognizable because it still had its Bodleian binding, and was returned to the library.

works. By the time Humphrey Moseley published the Beaumont and Fletcher folio in 1647, English drama was literature:

> When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the Stage, the *Actours* omitted some *Scenes* and Passages (with the *Authour's* consent) as occasion led them . . . But now you have both All that was *Acted*, and all that was not; even the perfect full Originalls without the least mutilation; So that were the *Authours* living . . . they themselves would challenge neither more nor lesse then what is here published.[12]

The printed text, in Moseley's account, includes both authors' and players' versions—"all that was acted and all that was not"—and implies that, though the authors approved the cuts, these were determined by the occasion: the actors omitted scenes and speeches to fit the play into the performing time, and otherwise varied the script according to their sense of the audience. The play might change from season to season, from playhouse to playhouse, even, if occasion required, from performance to performance—the play before the king was not the same as the play at the Globe, and neither of them was the text that came from the author's pen, which the publisher asserts is the true play, "the perfect full Originalls without the least mutilation." What the performance does in this account is mutilate the perfect original—Jonson's complaints against the actors are here institutionalized as drama becomes literature.[13]

But what is required for the book to become a play again, for the text to become a script? A First Folio in the library of the University of Padua includes two plays, *Macbeth* and *Measure for Measure*, that have been marked up for performance. The volume's provenance is a mystery.[14]

[12] Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, *Comedies and Tragedies* (London, 1647), sig. *A*4r.

[13] Indeed, in a brilliant essay David Scott Kastan argues that Moseley is specifically creating a canon of contemporary English literature ("Humphrey Moseley and the Invention of English Literature," in *Agent of Change*, ed. Sabrina Baron et al. (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2007), pp. 105–24).

[14] A librarian discovered the folio in 1895 in a box of uncatalogued books; how and when it got to Padua, and how the library acquired it, are unknown. The two plays, and *The Winter's Tale*, which is partially marked up for performance, are included in the series *Shakespearean Prompt-Books of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. G. Blakemore Evans (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1960), vols. 1 and 2. The texts and facsimiles are also available online at http://bsuva.org/bsuva/promptbook/ (accessed April 1, 2015).

The edited plays have been dated between 1625 and 1635, and were apparently prepared by a professional hand for a professional company.[15] About their actual use we can say nothing, but they allow us to see what a performing text of Shakespeare looked like within a decade or two of the playwright's death. I have discussed them elsewhere and, though I shall be focusing here on some particular issues I have not previously touched on, the following general account is based on material in my book *Imagining Shakespeare.*[16]

The Padua *Macbeth* has small and apparently arbitrary cuts in the first act. Moments in the text that have troubled later editors, such as the notorious muddle of the Captain's account of the decisive battle in which Macbeth distinguished himself, are left intact. The passage (1.2.20–41) begins:

> Doubtful it stood
> As two spent swimmers that do cling together
> And choke their art,

and concludes twenty lines later with:

> If I say sooth, I must report they were
> As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
> So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
> Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
> Or memorize another Golgotha,
> I cannot tell—

Nothing is done to clarify or shorten this; indeed, there is only a single, minor cut before Act 1 scene 7, Macbeth's "Present fears / Are less than horrible imaginings" (1.3.131–2)—what could the problem with this line and a half have been? But then the editing changes. Here is Macbeth's first soliloquy as it appears in the promptbook:

> If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly. If th'assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
> With his surcease, success; that but this blow

[15] Padua *Macbeth*, General Introduction, p. 10.

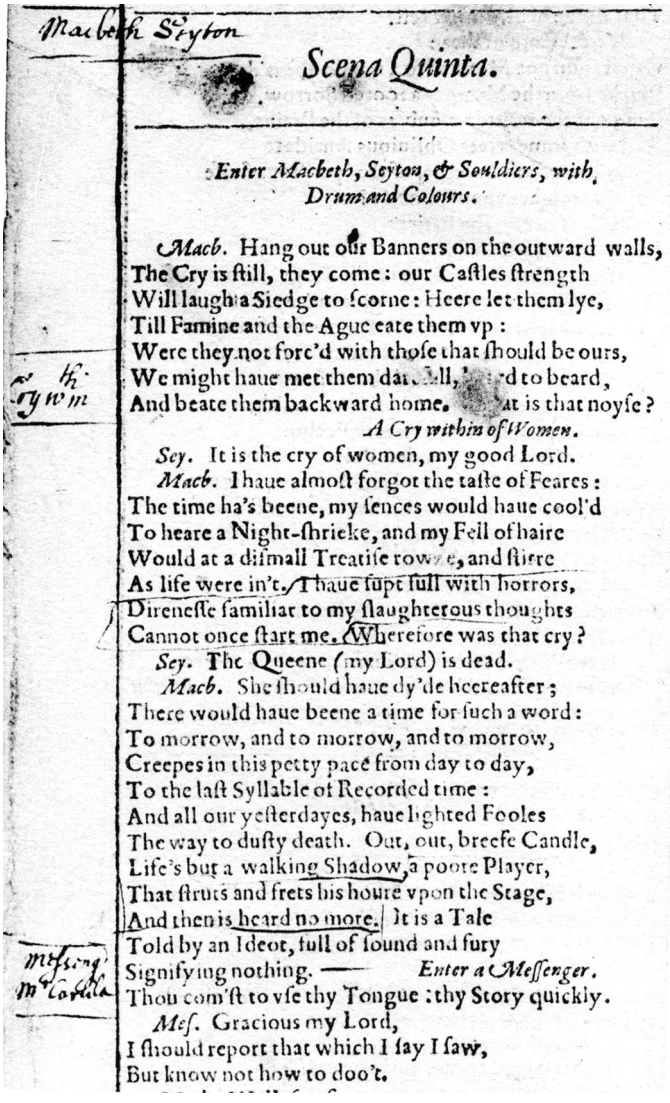
[16] Stephen Orgel, *Imagining Shakespeare* (Basingstoke, Hants: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003). Quotations have been modernized.

> Might be the be all, and the end all.
> He's here in double trust;
> First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
> Strong both against the deed. Then, as his host,
> Who should against his murderer shut the door,
> Not bear the knife myself. Besides this Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off;
> And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind.
> How now, what news?

That is, no bank and school of time, no bloody instructions, no poisoned chalice, no spur to prick the sides of my intent, no vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls.

Wholesale cutting begins in Act 2. All of the Porter's speech goes (even now it is usually shortened); with it goes all of the exchange between Macbeth and the murderers, the whole of Act 3 scene 6 between Lenox and the Lord, most of Malcolm's interview with Macduff in which Malcolm tests Macduff by claiming to be a monster of vice. But all of the Hecate scene in 4.1, with its dances and songs, remains; and, most surprisingly, the impossible sequence in Act 5 where Macbeth is killed onstage, Macduff exits, and then thirty lines later re-enters bearing Macbeth's head, is left intact. In all, 292 of the play's 2,084 lines are cut, almost 15 percent of this shortest of Shakespeare's tragedies. I pause over what is perhaps, for us, the most striking of the deletions. Figure 3.9 shows the portion of Act 5 scene 5 including what is probably the play's most famous speech. Macbeth's reaction to the death of Lady Macbeth in the Padua text reads this way:

> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word.
> Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;



Macbeth Seyton

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siedge to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them dareful, [illegible]d to beard,
And beate them backward home. [illegible]at is that noyſe?
A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de hereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. —— *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.

FIGURE 3.9 *Macbeth* 5.5 in the Padua folio, with the "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech. The outlined sections are to be deleted. Reproduced by courtesy of the Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia.

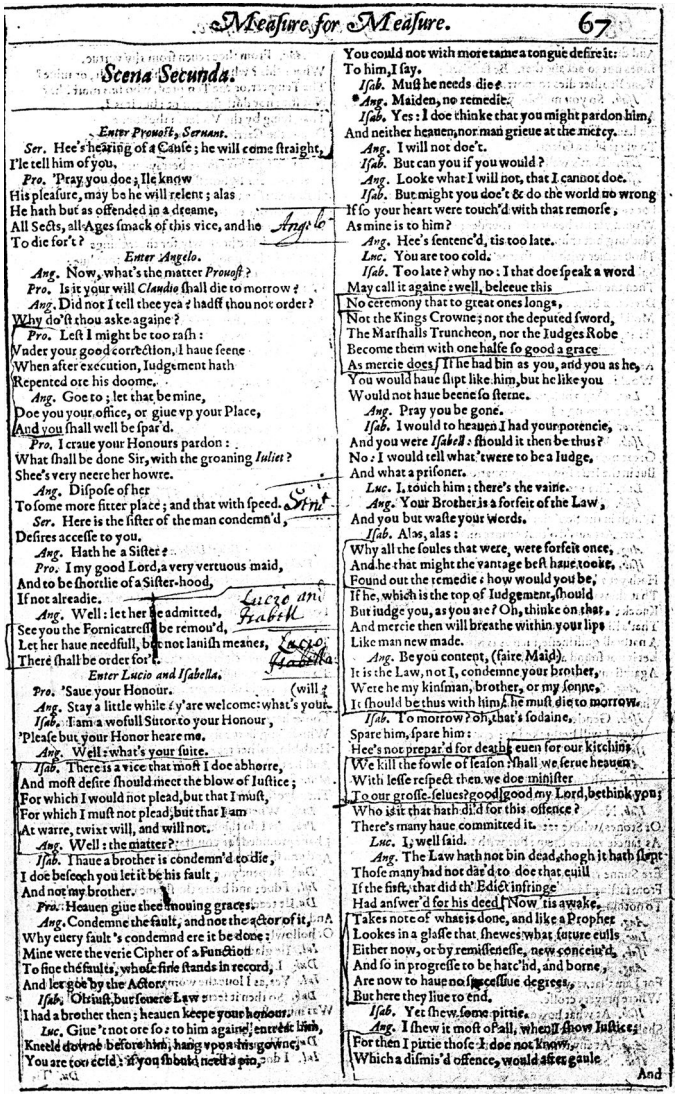
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle,
> Life's but a walking shadow.
> It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing. (5.5.172–8)

Here the most compelling—and, for our sense of Shakespeare, the most revealing—part of the speech, the self-reflexive poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more, is jettisoned.

The cutting of the Padua folio's *Measure for Measure* seems far more systematic. From the very beginning long speeches are shortened, debates are tightened and simplified, and—especially—poetic complexity is removed, though other kinds of complexity are left alone. In 3.1 Claudio's prison scene with Isabella, the notorious crux involving two instances of the otherwise unknown word "prenzie" is dealt with even-handedly: the first, Claudio's expostulation "The prenzie Angelo!" (3.1.93), is cut; the second, his charge that Angelo covers himself "In prenzie guards" (3.1.96), remains. (The fact that the word is not cut the second time may, of course, mean that in the 1630s it still made sense.) A certain quality of continuous explanation in the play—a quality that most modern readers would call essential—disappears too: gone are the Duke's opening speech ("Of government the properties to unfold . . . "), the first fifteen lines of his charge to Angelo ("There is a kind of character in thy life / That to th'observer doth thy history / Fully unfold," etc.), and, most strikingly, Claudio's exculpatory account of why he and Juliet never formalized their marriage. This is a point I shall return to.

Much of the Duke's explanation to the Friar of why he left his throne has gone—this works unquestionably to the benefit of his logic, if not to the complexity of his character. In Isabella's first interview with Angelo, the arguments on both sides are effectively eviscerated; Figure 3.10 gives a sense of how radical the cutting is (the bracketed sections are to be deleted). This Isabella is far less conflicted than Shakespeare's, thanks especially to the omission of the preamble to her plea for her brother's life:

> There is a vice that most I do abhor,
> And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
> For which I would not plead, but that I must,


Measure for Measure. 67

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight,
I'le tell him of you.
Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Provoſt?
Pro. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou aske againe?
Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Vnder your good correction, I haue ſeene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.
Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What ſhall be done Sir, with the groaning Iuliet?
Shee's very neere her howre.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.
Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Hath he a Siſter?
Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortlie of a Siſter-hood,
If not alreadie.
Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour. (will?
Ang. Stay a little while; y'are welcome: what's your
Iſab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.
Ang. Well: what's your ſuite.
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well: the matter?
Iſab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Pro. Heauen giue thee moouing graces.
Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.
Iſab. Oh iuſt, but ſeuere Law
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour
Luc. Giue't not ore ſo: to him againe, entreate him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne;
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedie.
Iſab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.
Ang. I will not doe't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.
Iſab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.
Luc. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why no: I that doe ſpeak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe ſo good a grace
As mercie does, If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene ſo ſterne.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Iſab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were Iſabell: ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a priſoner.
Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.
Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſoules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid).
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſonne,
It ſhould be thus with him; he muſt die to morrow.
Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſodaine.
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death: euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelues? good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.
Luc. I; well ſaid.
Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firſt, that did th' Edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euills
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,
And ſo in progreſſe to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pittie.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule

And

FIGURE 3.10 The opening of *Measure for Measure* 2.2 marked up for performance in the Padua folio. The bracketed sections are to be deleted. Reproduced by courtesy of the Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia.

> For which I must not plead, but that I am
> At war 'twixt will and will not.
> (2.2.29–33)

The Padua Isabella simply starts pleading. Indeed, the deletion from this version of what were to become the most famous passages in the play is notable, as if the reviser had been gifted with a kind of reverse prophecy. The only major scene that is left even relatively intact is Isabella's interview with her brother in prison, though oddly the puzzling conclusion of the play, with the Duke's unresolved marriage proposal to Isabella, is also unchanged, giving no indication of whether in this production she accepts him. In all, the reviser cut almost 600 of the play's 2,660 lines, or about 22 percent—a larger proportion than the *Macbeth* cuts, but still leaving a longer play.

I focus now on two moments in the play. The first is Claudio's account of his and Juliet's situation, his explanation of why they had not married:

> This came we not to
> Only for propagation of a dower
> Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
> From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
> Till time had made them for us.
> (1.2.153–7)

This is cut: the revised Claudio makes no excuses and gives no explanations. Indeed, even his revelation of Juliet's pregnancy was originally cut—

> But it chances
> The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
> With character too gross is writ on Juliet
> (157–9)

—but this was subsequently restored with a marginal "stet."

Here is the way the passage now reads:

> *Lucio.* [. . .] Is lechery so looked after?
> *Claudio.* Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
> I got possession of Julietta's bed,
> You know the lady, she is fast my wife,
> Save that we do the denunciation lack

> Of outward order. [But it chances
> The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
> With character too gross is writ on Juliet.]
> *Lucio.* With child perhaps?
> *Claudio.* Unhappily even so.

Claudio here is a less special case than he is in Shakespeare. He has committed the offense he is charged with, and claims only that he didn't really mean it that way, didn't think of it as lechery, or at least thought of it as not merely lechery—he and Juliet intended to marry; he feels as if they are married. Even the tentative deletion of the reference to Juliet's pregnancy seems designed to make a similar point: Claudio initially acknowledges no consequences to the act beyond the act itself. But the reason for their failure to marry, the huge extenuating circumstance of the uncertain dowry, is removed. In Shakespeare this is designed to account for Claudio's behavior in a culture in which marrying without a dowry could be disastrous. The cut also removes a special poignancy from Claudio's situation, because, as we later learn, the dowry problem parallels Angelo's own situation with regard to his fiancée Mariana, whose war-hero brother perished in a shipwreck along with all the money that should have come to her on her marriage. That disaster had led to Angelo's terminating the engagement and breaking off with Mariana—not, like Claudio, to getting possession of her bed without marrying her. Lest this behavior seem both principled and reasonable under the circumstances, Angelo is also accused of having "pretended in her discoveries of dishonor," that is, fabricated evidence that she was unfaithful (3.1.225–5), as if the dowry issue were not sufficiently damaging after all, and the failure to seduce Mariana after the loss of the money were evidence not of his high principles but that he never really cared for her. The worst construction of Angelo's behavior as a fiancé is retrospectively justified, of course, by his behavior toward Isabella, but since it is the Duke who tells the story and engineers the resolution, it also raises the question, not for the first time in the play, of why he put Angelo in a position of authority to begin with given what he knows about him.

The case against Angelo has to be strong because a good part of the play's resolution depends on duping him into going where he had refused to go himself, into Mariana's bed, and that has to be represented

as a good thing. But the Padua version actually provides a rather stronger case against Angelo than the original does. Shakespeare's Angelo could have invoked Claudio in defense of his behavior toward Mariana: Claudio certainly assumes that marriage without a dowry is unthinkable. What justifies his sleeping with Juliet, Claudio argues, is precisely their assumption that the dowry will eventually materialize. Angelo has no such assurance: Mariana's dowry drowned with her brother. In the Padua revision, Angelo is no longer a foil for Claudio: Claudio and Juliet love each other; they intended to marry; therefore they're sleeping together. Money isn't involved; it's all about love and sex.

But then Lucio faces Claudio with the obvious consequence he has omitted, Juliet's pregnancy—without that, there would be no crime; that is what has given them away. Sex has consequences, and they are all bad; there is no talk, anywhere in the play, about sexuality as fulfilling and positive, and certainly nothing about the joys of having a baby. Sexuality is a vice—even Claudio acknowledges that lechery is a possible synonym. The only implicit debate is about whether it should also be a crime, and the only justification for it is as a way of forcing people into marriage—unwillingly, in the cases of Angelo and Lucio, and perhaps even Isabella, if that is indeed the way the play ends. There is a great deal of talk in the play about how human and universal lechery is, but most of the defense of sex is put in the mouths of the whores, bawds, and pimps. The play is deeply ambivalent about the whole subject, but the reviser confronts the issue of sex in society much more directly than Shakespeare does, and without any special pleading.

The cuts in both *Macbeth* and *Measure for Measure* are for the most part designed to shorten the major roles and simplify complex interchanges, to make the plays less "talky," but not, apparently, to adapt them to any special circumstances—there is no reduction in the number of characters or changes of scene. The folio texts of both plays, it should be noted, themselves derive from performing texts, *Measure for Measure* apparently from a transcript of the promptbook, and *Macbeth* even more directly from a revised and cut script; but within a decade of the folio's publication the King's Men's acting versions, for this reviser, were already too long and complicated. This was not the wave of the future: Davenant's Restoration adaptation of *Macbeth* added spectacular scenes of music and dance for the witches (Pepys, who loved it,

called it "a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement"[17]), and introduced Beatrice and Benedick into *Measure for Measure* to lighten the tone—the play is, after all, a comedy. In contrast, Charles Gildon's version of *Measure for Measure* in 1700 moved the play closer to tragedy and pathos by including, as bridges between the acts, all of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* in quarter-hour segments—this required hefty cuts in the dialogue, but the additional material is true to the tone of the play. These were radical revisions, to be sure, but ones that left Shakespeare largely intact, and were designed to emphasize or elaborate elements of the original. The most striking aspect of the Padua revisions, however, is their systematic deletion of so much that, for almost three centuries, has made Shakespeare distinctive, remarkable, even recognizable—their deletion, in a word, of what we call "Shakespeare": the complex poetry; the rhetorical grandeur; and, in large measure, the bits that became famous. The essential Shakespeare here is action, not poetry.

The Shakespeare text in these theatrical adaptations has no particular integrity; it may be altered in quite radical ways and remain "Shakespeare," even with a large proportion of what for us is most distinctively Shakespearean omitted. This is worth emphasizing: Davenant's *Macbeth* was still *Macbeth*—the title page of the Restoration quartos declared it *Macbeth, with Additions*—and, in the early eighteenth century, advertisements for the operatic version of *The Tempest*, by Shadwell modified from Davenant, which included about one-third of the original play, nevertheless promised "all the original flyings and music." Indeed, throughout the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, these and adaptations like them were the stage versions of Shakespeare. Even for actors claiming to return to the authentic text, the original was unsatisfactory.

Historically, very little authority in Shakespearean drama has ever been felt to inhere in the texts.[18] The eighteenth century saw the most serious critical effort before the present to establish an authoritative text of the plays—it succeeded, of course, only in establishing a new authoritative text every ten years or so, but the goal, however elusive,

[17] *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. Robert Latham and William Matthews, 11 vols. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970–83), vol.8 (1974), p. 7.

[18] For a more detailed discussion, see my *Imagining Shakespeare*, ch. 2.

was stabilization and critical consensus. That, however, was for scholars and for the library; it rarely occurred to any actor that those were the versions to perform, rather than the revamped versions of Tate or Cibber, and audiences who had Theobald's or Hanmer's or Johnson's Shakespeare on their shelves went to see completely different versions of the plays on the stage with very few objections—it was not until the age of Hazlitt and Lamb that the critical world took any significant notice of the disparity. For the theater, the reality of Shakespeare was the reality of performances; and when in 1744 Garrick advertised that his *Macbeth* was being presented for the first time "as written by Shakespeare," he saw himself as making a revolutionary claim.[19]

The claim, however, was not even approximately true; Garrick merely took as his working text Theobald's recent scholarly edition of the play rather than the standard stage version of Davenant. But he cut more than 10 percent of it, while incorporating some of Davenant's most popular bits for the witches, and rectified one of the play's most notorious dramatic problems by composing a passionate dying speech for himself as Macbeth. The original text, in fact, was scarcely more adequate to Garrick's sense of the play than Davenant's had been. Why then the claim of authenticity? Twenty years earlier a producer could have expected to attract audiences by advertising a whole new *Macbeth*, bigger and better, "Macbeth, with Additions." Garrick's invocation of the author to confer authority on the production paradoxically insists that the line descends not through the text but through the stage—Garrick in effect declares himself an avatar of Shakespeare, not through his poetic genius or scholarly research (Pope's and Theobald's respective claims in their editions), but through his theatrical expertise. Shakespeare was above all a man of the theater; the text is a script. It is this that authorizes him to revise as he believes Shakespeare himself would—or should—have done.

Plays are by nature unstable, and the history of performance is a history of revision. Let us look now at a play text in action, a promptbook for a series of productions over several years. The text is Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, the most popular and long-lived of the Restoration tragedies—it continued to be performed regularly until

[19] George C. D. Odell, *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*, 2 vols (New York, 1920), vol. 1, p. 340. Odell greatly understates the extent of Garrick's revisions.

the early nineteenth century, and was revived in a version by Dion Boucicault in 1874.[20] But to remain on the stage the play required increasing amounts of revision. Otway's drama is deeply and obviously influenced by the political events of the 1680s surrounding the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Crisis; but, once its local relevance was past, its ironies and ambivalences offered little to a theater in search of tragic heroism. In fact, it has more in common with the Jacobean and Caroline tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, and Ford than with recent models of heroic drama, but it remained on the stage because it is very well plotted; full of reversals, suspense, passion, and pathos; and has roles for several virtuoso actors. Betterton was the first Jaffeir and Elizabeth Barry the first Belvidera; Garrick admired the play so much that he played both the principal male roles, of Jaffeir and Pierre, with great success.

Since the play has now largely disappeared from the stage, and even from the classroom, I begin with a plot summary. The action takes place in a roughly contemporary Venice. Jaffeir, a noble but impoverished young Venetian, has secretly married Belvidera, the daughter of Priuli, a Venetian senator and formerly Jaffeir's patron—Jaffeir had saved Belvidera's life in a shipwreck, won her love, and feels fully entitled to be her husband; but her father, who wants a much grander match for his daughter, considers that Jaffeir has betrayed him. Jaffeir's closest friend, Pierre, who has been away at the wars, returns to find that his mistress, the courtesan Aquilina, is now being kept by the elderly senator Antonio. Pierre lodges a formal complaint with the senate against Antonio, but in response Pierre himself is censured "For violating something they call *priviledge*." Furious, Pierre seeks out a group of conspirators plotting to overthrow the government, and persuades Jaffeir, disillusioned and resentful, to join with them. Jaffeir agrees, swearing oaths of allegiance to the conspirators and the cause, but the leader of the group, Renault, insists that, as a proof of his good faith, Jaffeir must leave Belvidera with them as a hostage. That

[20] There were several twentieth-century productions, notably starring John Gielgud, Edith Evans (playing the courtesan Aquilina, not the heroine Belvidera), Paul Scofield, Alan Bates, Ian McKellen, and Michael Pennington.

night Renault tries to rape Belvidera. She escapes and returns to Jaffeir, who reveals the revolutionaries' plot to her. Belvidera reports the attempted rape, and persuades Jaffeir to inform the senate about the conspiracy—Jaffeir is racked with shame at the thought of betraying his friends, but Belvidera proposes that he ask as his reward that the lives of some of the conspirators be spared, thus saving Pierre. Jaffeir complies and the senate agrees to the condition, but then reneges and sentences all the conspirators to death. In two passionate scenes Pierre reviles Jaffeir and furiously repudiates their friendship, and Jaffeir, desolate, threatens to kill Belvidera, but cannot bring himself to do it. He persuades her to go to her father and seek a pardon for the conspirators; she succeeds, but the pardon arrives too late, and the executions are carried out. Overcome with remorse, Jaffeir goes to Pierre on the scaffold as he is about to be executed, and offers to kill his wife and infant son in expiation; but Pierre instead requests that Jaffeir kill him on the spot, to spare him the dishonor of an ignoble death (the murder comes as a surprise to the audience, since Pierre's request is whispered to Jaffeir). Jaffeir stabs Pierre and then commits suicide. Belvidera enters "distracted," and, confronted by the sudden appearance of the ghosts of Jaffeir and Pierre, "both bloody," goes mad and dies—this all happens very quickly; the mad scene takes scarcely ten lines. Belvidera's father Priuli concludes the play with a somewhat reductive moral:

> leave me,
> Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
> But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

Initially the most contentious element in the play was, oddly, the most marginal: the few scenes of the foolish old lecher Antonio and the courtesan Aquilina. These included one brief, comically salacious episode of Antonio crawling on his knees, begging Aquilina—"Nacky"—to beat him and treat him like her dog. Though the Antonio and Aquilina scenes continued to appear in printed editions of the play throughout the eighteenth century, they were apparently routinely cut in performance—Antonio's role can easily be eliminated; and certainly there would be no way of restoring the scenes to any of the productions that used the promptbook we are about to consider. But over the years the tragic and heroic elements too were found wanting. In the

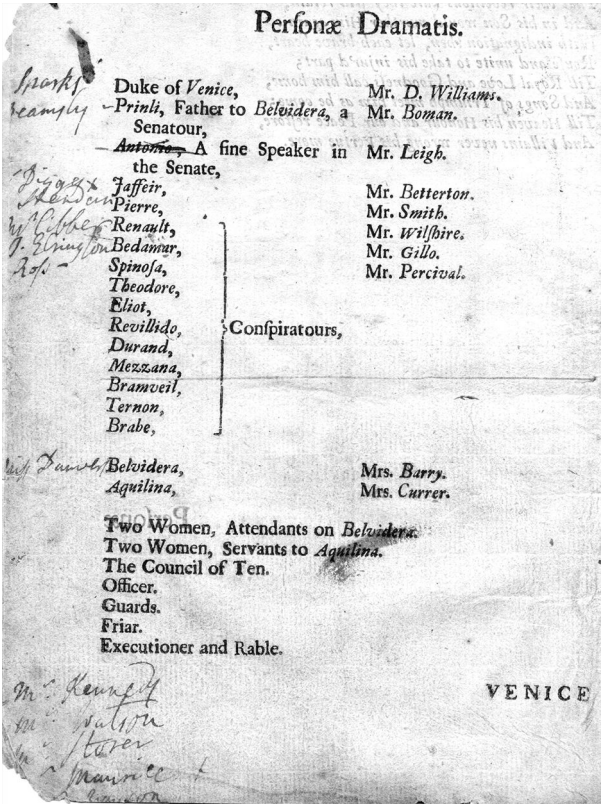
published text of his stage version of 1874 Dion Boucicault had this to say about the expurgations:

> Few plays owe so much to the pruning-knife for their success as this. In its unexpurgated state, "Venice Preserved" leaves an impression far less favorable to the genius, as well as the moral sense of the author, than in its present abridged and rectified shape. In the language of Campbell, "never were beauties and faults more easily separated than those of this tragedy. The latter, in its purification for the stage, came off like dirt from a fine statue, taking away nothing from its symmetrical surface, and leaving us only to wonder how the author himself should have soiled it with such disfigurements. Pierre is a miserable conspirator, as Otway first painted him, impelled to treason by his love of a courtesan and his jealousy of Antonio. But his character, as it now comes forward, is a mixture of patriotism and excusable misanthropy [. . .]."[21]

The text of our promptbook is the first edition of the play, published in 1682. Figure 3.11 shows the "Personae Dramatis" with the original cast, and two later casts marginally inserted (note that the role of Antonio has been eliminated). The first cast, including a Cibber, an Elrington, Thomas Sheridan, West Digges, Luke Sparks, and John Beamsley, would seem to date the production from the 1740s.[22] The book was already more than sixty years old, and the dates emphasize both the durability and the malleability of play texts—the promptbook,

[21] *Thomas Otway's Tragedy of Venice Preserved [. . .] Revised by Dion Boucicault* (New York, 1874), p. iv.

[22] Both cast lists have problems, and neither coincides with any production recorded in London or Dublin. In the main list, Colley Cibber had played Renault in Dublin in 1700, and he and Thomas Elrington were performing the play together in Dublin in 1710–11, but Thomas Sheridan was not born until 1719, and no earlier Sheridan is recorded on the Dublin stage. West Digges played Jaffeir at Smock Alley, Dublin, in 1749, and John Beamsley and Luke Sparks were performing in Dublin in the 1740s (in recorded productions of *Venice Preserv'd* Sparks played Pierre or Renault), but Elrington had died in 1732. The Elrington playing Bedamar would then be Thomas's son Joseph—the initial before the name looks like a J; his brother Richard, also an actor, mainly performed in London. Cibber officially retired in 1732; he did come out of retirement at least twice in the 1740s, though not for any recorded production of *Venice Preserv'd*. The Cibber playing Renault might, however, be his son Theophilus, who was at Smock Alley in 1743 and again in 1749, when he and Sheridan quarreled and, after a short stay, he returned to London. I have been unable to identify the actors in the second cast (at the bottom of the page), including Kennedy, Watson, Storer or Stover, and Maurice. There were, of course, many productions throughout the period for which no cast lists are preserved.



Perſonæ Dramatis.

Duke of *Venice*,		Mr. *D. Williams*.
Priuli, Father to *Belvidera*, a Senatour,		Mr. *Boman*.
~~*Antonio*,~~ A fine Speaker in the Senate,		Mr. *Leigh*.
Jaffeir,		Mr. *Betterton*.
Pierre,		Mr. *Smith*.
Renault,	Conſpiratours,	Mr. *Wilſhire*.
Bedamar,	Conſpiratours,	Mr. *Gillo*.
Spinoſa,	Conſpiratours,	Mr. *Percival*.
Theodore,	Conſpiratours,	
Eliot,	Conſpiratours,	
Revillido,	Conſpiratours,	
Durand,	Conſpiratours,	
Mezzana,	Conſpiratours,	
Bramveil,	Conſpiratours,	
Ternon,	Conſpiratours,	
Brabe,	Conſpiratours,	
Belvidera,		Mrs. *Barry*.
Aquilina,		Mrs. *Currer*.

Two Women, Attendants on *Belvidera*.
Two Women, Servants to *Aquilina*.
The Council of Ten.
Officer.
Guards.
Friar.
Executioner and Rable.

VENICE

FIGURE 3.11 Thomas Otway, *Venice Preserv'd* (London, 1682), marked up as a promptbook. Two separate cast lists are marginally indicated.

repeatedly altered, must also have served for a number of subsequent productions. Cibber is playing the relatively small part of the villainous Renault, not one of the two leads—if this is Colley Cibber, not his son Theophilus, he would by this time have been in his seventies; he had first played the role in 1700, when he was 29.

Figure 3.12 is an entirely characteristic page. As in the Padua Shakespeare folio, most cuts are initially indicated simply by outlining the passages—sometimes a marginal "Out" is present in addition, but the omissions are not inked out because they need to remain legible in a

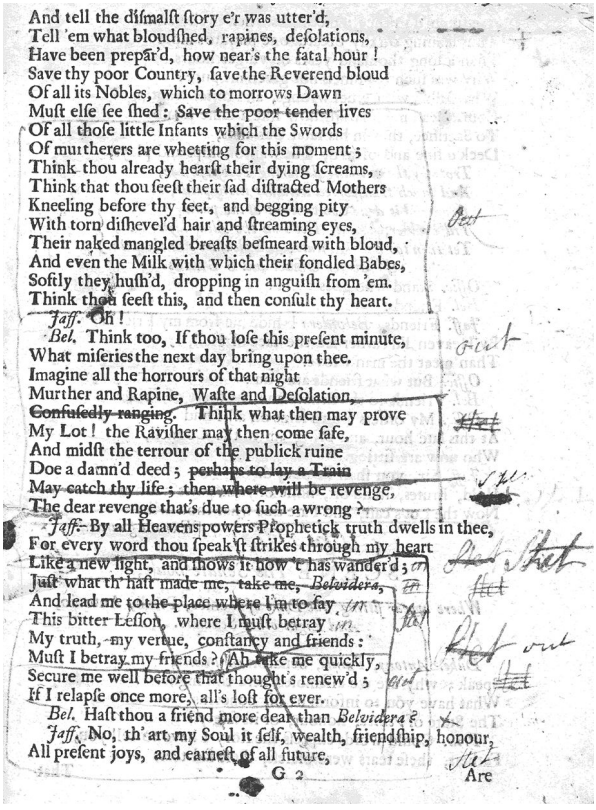

And tell the diſmalſt ſtory e'r was utter'd,
Tell 'em what bloudſhed, rapines, deſolations,
Have been prepār'd, how near's the fatal hour!
Save thy poor Country, ſave the Reverend bloud
Of all its Nobles, which to morrows Dawn
Muſt elſe ſee ſhed: Save the poor tender lives
Of all thoſe little Infants which the Swords
Of murtherers are whetting for this moment;
Think thou already hearſt their dying ſcreams,
Think that thou ſeeſt their ſad diſtracted Mothers
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity
With torn diſhevel'd hair and ſtreaming eyes,
Their naked mangled breaſts beſmeard with bloud,
And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes,
Softly they huſh'd, dropping in anguiſh from 'em.
Think thou ſeeſt this, and then conſult thy heart.
Jaff. Oh!
Bel. Think too, If thou loſe this preſent minute,
What miſeries the next day bring upon thee.
Imagine all the horrours of that night
Murther and Rapine, Waſte and Deſolation,
~~Confuſedly ranging.~~ Think what then may prove
My Lot! the Raviſher may then come ſafe,
And midſt the terrour of the publick ruine
Doe a damn'd deed; ~~perhaps to lay a Train~~
May catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge that's due to ſuch a wrong?
Jaff. By all Heavens powers Prophetick truth dwells in thee,
For every word thou ſpeak'ſt ſtrikes through my heart
Like a new light, and ſhows it how 't has wander'd;
Juſt what th' haſt made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
And lead me to the place where I'm to ſay
This bitter Leſſon, where I muſt betray
My truth, my vertue, conſtancy and friends:
Muſt I betray my friends? Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
If I relapſe once more, all's loſt for ever.
Bel. Haſt thou a friend more dear than *Belvidera*?
Jaff. No, th' art my Soul it ſelf, wealth, friendſhip, honour,
All preſent joys, and earneſt of all future,
G 2
Are

FIGURE 3.12 A characteristic page of the *Venice Preserv'd* promptbook (1682), Act 4 scene 1.

text that will serve for more than one production and must therefore accommodate numerous changes of mind. And, as this page from Act 4 indicates, very few cuts remained deleted, and many of the restored bits were subsequently deleted in their turn. This page seems to represent at least five separate versions of the dialogue; by the end, the main problem was obviously no longer the legibility of the text, but how to indicate what lines were actually to be included.

There is only one point in the promptbook where the cutting is irreversible, because it is literal—the inconclusive, mildly bawdy scene

of the elderly lecher Antonio playing dog to the scornful courtesan Aquilina. The part of the page containing this scene has been sliced out. The scene was superfluous because Antonio's role had been cut; but what is striking is that this is the only instance of a permanent excision, one binding on all performances. The radical surgery doubtless records real discomfort: Antonio's scenes with Aquilina are, to modern readers, certainly silly and even embarrassing; they are also probably the closest Restoration drama, so notorious for its libertinism, actually came to anything like kinky sex—which is to say, not very close (Rochester's *Sodom* is, in comparison, robustly healthy, in the sense that it is full of characters who really are interested in both sex and each other). But in the era of *Fanny Hill*, it is sexual failure that is unstageable, regarded as so "obscene" that the promptbook must be mutilated to ensure that audiences will never be confronted with an elderly, unsatisfied lecher.[23]

Figure 3.13 shows the stage manager's instructions for a single moment at the beginning of Act 5. "Longfield ready at bell." No actor named Longfield is recorded in the theatrical dictionaries; he is rather the stagehand who rings the "dismal bell" that will punctuate the final tragic interview between Belvidera and Jaffeir in about five minutes, and he is being told not to be ready at the *sound* of the bell, but to stand by to ring it.

"OP": Belvidera and Jaffeir exit at the side of the stage *opposite the prompter* (rather than "PS," the *prompter's side*)—this was the standard shorthand way of dealing with the question, unresolved to this day, of whether "stage left" and "stage right" mean the actors' left and right (as in the United Kingdom) or the audience's (as in the United States); the prompter generally sat on the left of actors facing the audience,[24] and throughout these various productions would always have sat on the same side. (Promptbooks often stipulate at the beginning what is intended by left and right; that is not the case here.) "Carpet on" and "stage cloth off" indicate a change in décor—the carpet is peculiar, since

[23] The etymology of "obscene" recorded by the Roman grammarian Varro, from *scaena*, hence not to be represented on stage, is now unfortunately said by the *OED* to be fanciful.

[24] Though, in Hogarth's painting of an amateur production of *The Conquest of Mexico*, the prompter is conspicuously on the actors' right.

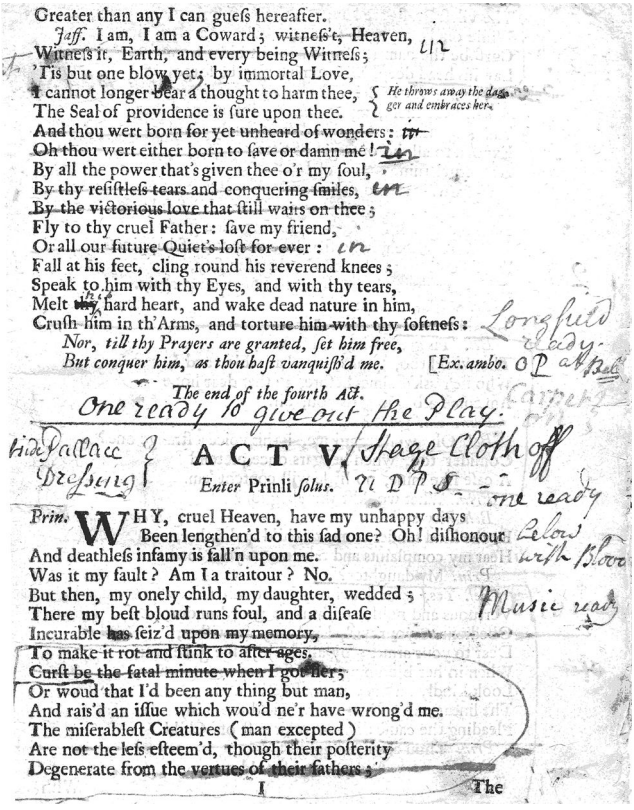

Greater than any I can gueſs hereafter.
Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witneſs't, Heaven,
Witneſs it, Earth, and every being Witneſs;
'Tis but one blow yet; by immortal Love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee, *He throws away the dag-ger and embraces her.*
The Seal of providence is ſure upon thee.
And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders:
Oh thou wert either born to ſave or damn me!
By all the power that's given thee o'r my ſoul,
By thy reſiſtleſs tears and conquering ſmiles,
By the victorious love that ſtill waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel Father: ſave my friend,
Or all our future Quiet's loſt for ever:
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Cruſh him in th'Arms, and torture him with thy ſoftneſs:
Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, ſet him free,
But conquer him, as thou haſt vanquiſh'd me. [*Ex. ambo.*
The end of the fourth Act.
One ready to give out the Play.
Side Pallace Dreſsing
ACT V.
Stage Cloth off
Enter Priuli *ſolus.*
Priu. WHY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this ſad one? Oh! diſhonour
And deathleſs infamy is fall'n upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitour? No.
But then, my onely child, my daughter, wedded;
There my beſt blood runs foul, and a diſeaſe
Incurable has ſeiz'd upon my memory,
To make it rot and ſtink to after ages.
Curſt be the fatal minute when I got her;
Or woud that I'd been any thing but man,
And rais'd an iſſue which wou'd ne'r have wrong'd me.
The miſerableſt Creatures (man excepted)
Are not the leſs eſteem'd, though their poſterity
Degenerate from the vertues of their fathers;
I
The

FIGURE 3.13 The beginning of Act 5 in the *Venice Preserv'd* promptbook (1682) showing the prompter's notes and stage directions.

the scene is moving from inside the Doge's Palace to outside it, but the removal of the "stage cloth," presumably with a painted interior setting, would have made the point. The prompter is also in charge of the commerce of theater; he calls for "one ready to give out the play," to announce the next day's performance.

Act 5 takes place "outside Pallace." Priuli enters from "UD" the upstage door at "PS," the prompter's side, opposite the one where Belvidera and Jaffeir have just made their exit. Priuli is "Dressing"—hence, perhaps, the carpet, to mitigate the outdoor look of the scene.

"One ready below with Blood": a stagehand stands below the trapdoor, atop which a scaffold is to be revealed, on which Jaffeir will soon stab Pierre and then himself, whereupon they will both be covered with spurts of blood from "below" and reappear as ghosts. And "Music ready"—"Soft musick" shortly afterward accompanies Belvidera's final entrance, "distracted."

The playbook as promptbook is scarcely a book any more. It is set of notations for production, and, as such, an archaeological site of evidence about the play's physical, auditory, visual, and spatial requirements and possibilities at a particular moment in theater history. All these are elicited from the text, to be sure, but the text is endlessly mutable—as the volume testifies, it changed from production to production. Publication, in short, does nothing to fix the text of a play.

4

Spenser from the Margins

I now return to the stable texts of literature, and a pair of annotated Spensers. The more exciting is one I have written about elsewhere, a copy of the 1611/13 folio Works,[1] with an early Puritan marginal commentary on *The Faerie Queene*, a manuscript text in angry dialogue with the printed poem. I have owned it for a very long time, and it serves me as an essential starting point for considering what is normative and what is special about other annotated books. The second, the 1609 folio of *The Faerie Queene* alone, is a more recent acquisition with a more standard set of annotations, which I offer not simply as a control text, but as one with its own quite distinctive personality. In both cases provenance is significant: the owners' marks have deliberately added to both volumes an element of romance, a fictitious history of a sort that is deeply embedded in the history of the book.

I have owned my Puritan folio since I was in college. I found it at G. David's bookstall in Cambridge in 1953, and paid £8 for it. It was cheap because it is not a handsome copy, and the bookseller considered the marginalia a serious blemish. It is preserved in a bizarre binding, as shown in Figure 4.1, but there is a reason for the binding, which is the work of an ingenious owner with an obvious taste for arts and crafts. There is a very faded inscription written directly on the leather cover in

[1] *The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar: Together with the Other Works of England's Arch-Poët* (London, 1611–13).

FIGURE 4.1 The 1611/13 Spenser folio in its arts and crafts binding.

a seventeenth-century hand—the strange rebinding was designed to preserve the inscription, which is not easily legible in a photograph. It reads "ffor M^{r} J. Illingworth at Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge"; so there is the earliest identifiable owner. The Cambridge University register records the presence at Emmanuel of James Illingworth, who entered in 1645, took his BA in 1649, and was a Fellow of the college until the Restoration, when he was expelled for political incorrectness. He subsequently was a minister in Manchester, and then a chaplain in Staffordshire, where he died in 1693. His only publication was a deeply felt, doggedly detailed tract entitled, in part, *A just narrative, or account of the man whose hands and legs rotted off, in the parish of Kings-Swinford, in Stafford-shire, where he died, June 21, 1677 carefully collected by Ja. Illingworth* (London, 1678), recounting the divine retribution inflicted on an itinerant workman who stole a Bible and then lied about it, a cautionary instance of the inevitability of God's justice. Much of the small volume consists of testimonials to the truth of the

story: belief clearly required more than piety. Illingworth was a book collector and left the bulk of his library to Emmanuel.

The title page of his Spenser folio bears the signature of a later owner, James Charlton, in a late seventeenth-century or early eighteenth-century hand, and records that he paid 4/6 for the book. A few of the annotations are in his writing, and there are a few nineteenth-century ones in pencil. But the earliest and most detailed of the marginalia constitute a substantial commentary in an early seventeenth-century hand on Book 1 of *The Faerie Queene*—with one exception, the glosses go no further. The notes, which were somewhat trimmed in a subsequent rebinding, are in a mixture of italic and secretary script, extremely legible, and are the work of an owner with strong Puritan sentiments. The writer is not identifiable; he may be James Illingworth, though the inscription on the cover directing the book to him must have been written after the rebinding that damaged the notes, so it seems more likely that they are the work of a previous owner. But Illingworth's interest in the volume may well have been precisely in its marginalia: Emmanuel was from its foundation in 1583 a Puritan stronghold.

I begin, however, with the flyleaf. Beneath some assorted numbers, including a price of £5, is the signature of John Hosham, a nineteenth-century owner (a note in his hand on the front pastedown is dated November 1869). An earlier, more tantalizing inscription appears on the lower left, written vertically (Figure 4.2): the name "Oliver Cromwell" twice, and "Cromwell" once more, under the macaronic and illiterate phrase "Unum de la moy," presumably intended to mean "one of mine." This is certainly not the signature of the Lord Protector. Figure 4.3 shows two authentic signatures.[2] The C and the double l are quite distinctive, and Cromwell used a different e from either of those used by the writer. But, given its placement, the repetition of the name, and the bad French, if it is an attempt to deceive anyone into believing that Cromwell owned the book, it is surely a very half-hearted one. Since the flyleaf would have been added during the rebinding that trimmed the notes, the inscription, which is in a seventeenth-century hand, seems to constitute an onomastic doodle associating the annotations with the most famous Puritan of the age. Even in the seventeenth

[2] From C. H. Firth, *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906).

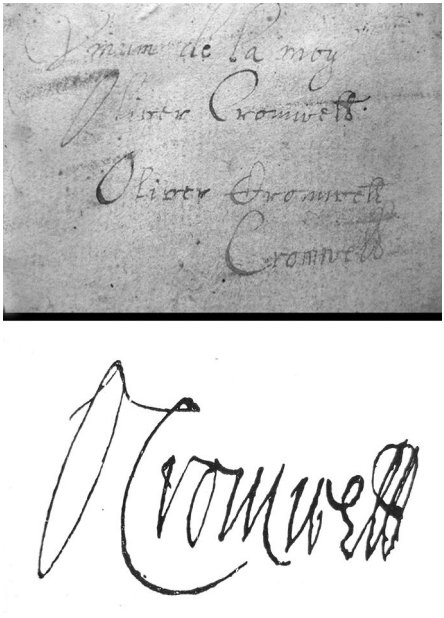


FIGURE 4.2 Spenser, *The Faerie Queen… Together with the Other Works* (London, 1611/13), inscription on the front flyleaf: "Vnum de la moy / Oliver Cromwell…" The writing runs vertically (the figure has been rotated 90 degrees). Below is an authentic signature.

FIGURE 4.3 Facsimiles of Cromwell's signature.

century a romantic history of readership, via the marginalia, was being constructed about this book.

The marginalia in the body of the book allow us a rare opportunity to watch an early reader responding to Spenser. His reaction, from the outset, is basic, powerful, and very indignant. Poetic conventions are taken, in the most literalistic way, as marks of heretical leanings. The Proem to Book 1 (Figure 4.4) calls on the "holy Virgin, chief of nine," and the annotator observes (in the bottom margin), "heere he invocates one of the Muses, as the heathen folk did, & so is an idolater." (In my transcriptions, the trimmed bits have been silently restored.) The gods in the next stanza produce an even stronger reaction: "This Jove what was else but a divell?" He cites a passage from Corinthians that says: "the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, not to God," and the note continues, "So Venus and her son Cupid, and Mars, and yet he requests them to ayde him in his poesie. So a man in playne termes should call on the divell, not now streightway abhor him, but now when the divell is masked under other names, hee is not perceived." To Spenser's subsequent invocation of Queen Elizabeth, the commentator objects that "hee prayeth to Queene E. to ayde him after

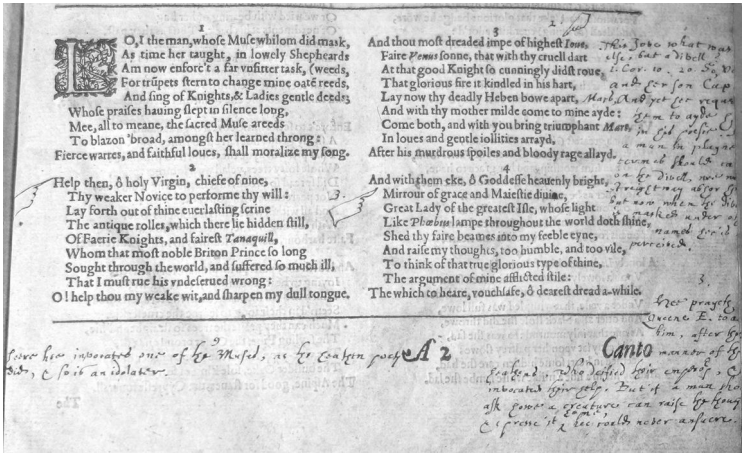


FIGURE 4.4 *Faerie Queen* (1611/13): annotations to the Proem to Book 1, stanzas 2–4.

the manner of the heathens, who deified their emprors, & invocated thir help. But if a man should ask howe a creature [i.e. a mere human being] can raise the thought & expresse it home [i.e. act as a muse, serve as inspiration], hee could never answere."

In canto 1.2, the Red Cross Knight is faulted for wearing the cross, "The deare remembrance of his dying lord": the annotator says, "This is not the way to adore him." As for fairyland, "fayeries are divells, & therefore fayerieland must bee the divell's land. And what a glorie is this to any, to call her queene of such a place?" Throughout the book, the designation of fairies as devils every time they are mentioned forms a tedious marginal refrain. By stanza 20 of canto 1, the poem itself has been consigned to the mass of heretical tracts vomited forth by the dragon Error: "A part of this book was there." Most readers experiencing this sort of difficulty with the most basic premises of a work would simply stop reading, but this reader is unusually tenacious, and the invective soon becomes more specific and more interesting.

When the Red Cross Knight and Una encounter a hermit saying his rosary, the figure elicits an immediate marginal objection: "Is this a signe of holynesse, to pray on beades? a papist would lyke this well." Spenser's account of the hermitage is similarly criticized, as can be seen in Figure 4.5. By the time the hermit is found talking of saints and popes, and singing Ave Marys one would have thought that Spenser's attitude toward him was clear enough. The annotator, however, remains indignant: "Yet hee calleth him a godly father." And here, of course, though the indignation is misplaced, the reader is on to something, and his reading is correct: the hermit is Hypocrisy, the disguised Archimago, who proceeds to trouble the sleeping knight with lustful dreams, to present him, on awaking, with the lascivious Duessa, and to separate him successfully from Una.

But even when the hermit is revealed as a villain, and the Catholic paraphernalia is revealed as a sign of his iniquity, the annotator remains contemptuous of both Hypocrisy's power and Spenser's narrative: "This is an idle fiction, for I suppose, that never was any good man, or woman so deluded as these were. If Sathan could thus doe, wee were in a miserable case" (Figure 4.6). The contempt is, no doubt, a function of the degree to which the annotator himself has misunderstood Spenser's allegiances; but this early reader's moral discomfort is surely not entirely misplaced—it is worth considering just how mistaken he has

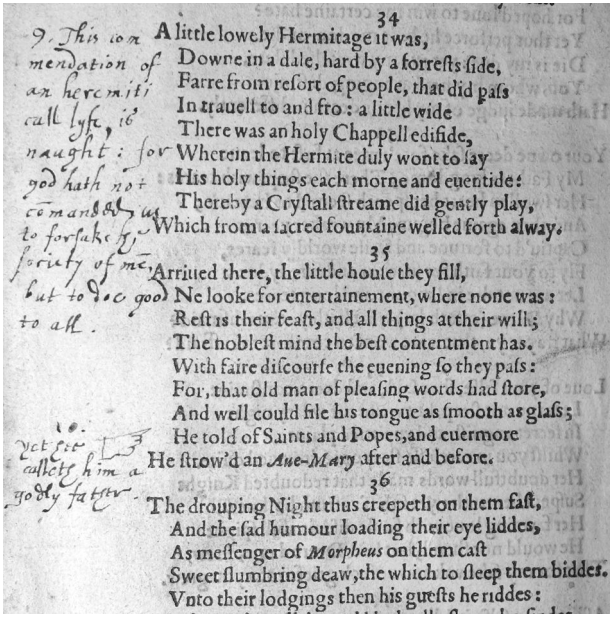
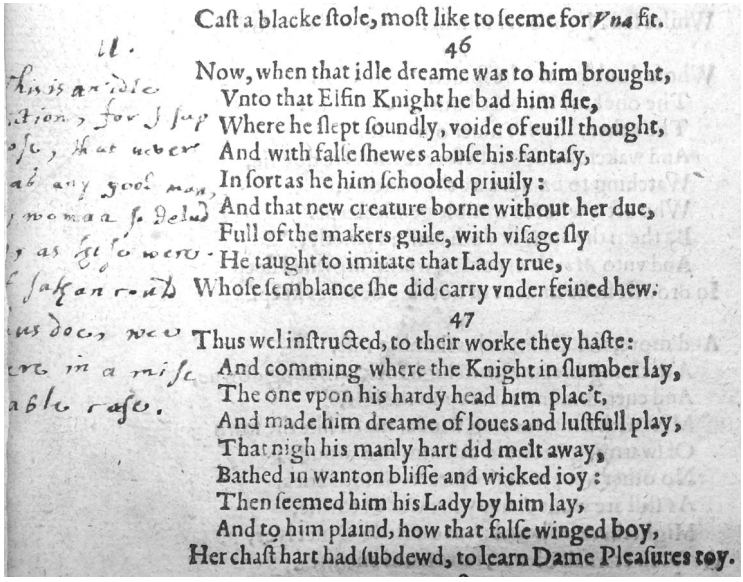


FIGURE 4.5 Hypocrisy's hermitage (*Faerie Queen*, 1611/13, 1.1.34–5): "This commendation of an hermeticall lyfe, is naught: for god hath not commanded us to forsake the society of men, but to doe good to all." Below, "Yet hee calleth him a godly father."

actually been. Much later, in canto 10, Una leads the Red Cross Knight to the House of Holiness, where they meet the devout Celia, who is described, this time without irony, as "busie at her beades" (1.10.8). The reader duly comments, "Why beades, and not prayer? If any say it is poeticall, I say, poesie must not grace iniquitie" (Figure 4.7). A little farther on the hermit Contemplation is encountered, "That day and night said his deuotion, / Ne other worldly business did apply" (1.10.46). The commentator remarks, "The commendation of Hermites is naught," this time surely not unreasonably. Vices and virtues, villains and heroes, often do look the same in the poem, and this is certainly part of its moral structure; but our Puritan reader also provides a good index to the degree to which Roman Catholicism remained a functioning and genuinely troubling element in Protestant poetics, as in the


Caſt a blacke ſtole, moſt like to ſeeme for *Vna* fit.

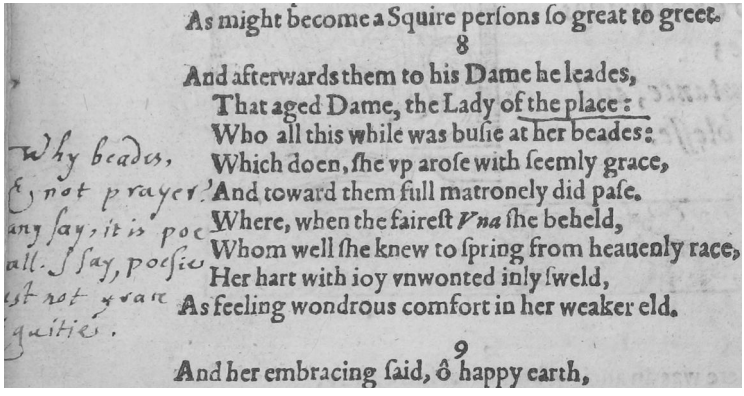
46

Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Eliſin Knight he bad him flie,
Where he ſlept ſoundly, voide of euill thought,
And with falſe ſhewes abuſe his fantaſy,
In ſort as he him ſchooled priuily:
And that new creature borne without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with viſage ſly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whoſe ſemblance ſhe did carry vnder feined hew.

47

Thus wel inſtructed, to their worke they haſte:
And comming where the Knight in ſlumber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dreame of loues and luſtfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliſſe and wicked ioy:
Then ſeemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that falſe winged boy,
Her chaſt hart had ſubdewd, to learn Dame Pleaſures toy.

FIGURE 4.6 *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.1.47: "This is an idle fiction, for I suppose, that never was any good man, or woman so deluded as these were. If Sathan could thus doe, wee were in a miserable case."


As might become a Squire perſons ſo great to greet.

8

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was buſie at her beades:
Which doen, ſhe vp aroſe with ſeemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did paſe.
Where, when the faireſt *Vna* ſhe beheld,
Whom well ſhe knew to ſpring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly ſweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9

And her embracing ſaid, ô happy earth,

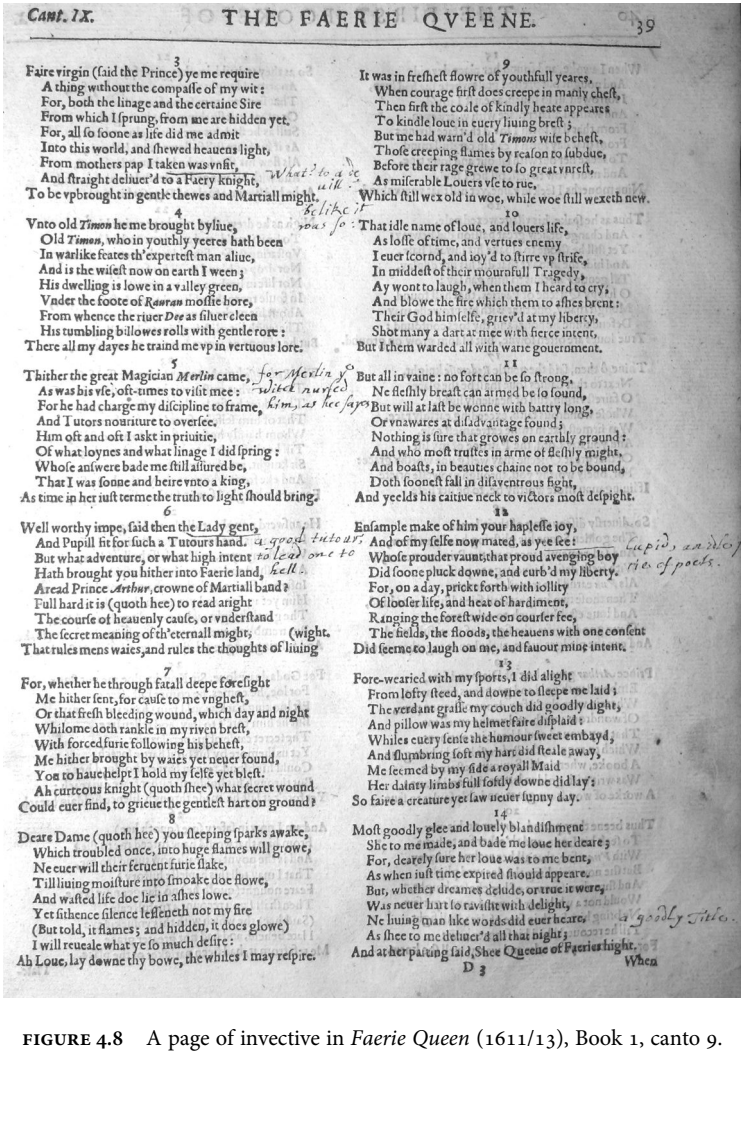
FIGURE 4.7 *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.10.8: Celia "busie at her beades," "Why beades, and not prayer? If any say it is poeticall, I say, poesie must not grace iniquitie."

Elizabethan religious imagination generally. The problem is tartly epitomized in the gloss on Contemplation's promise that the Knight of Holiness will become "Saint George of merry England" (1.10.61): "A popish saint, devised by idle Monks." Indeed: by Spenser's time the veneration of saints had long been a thorny issue in the Anglican Church; many saints had simply been abolished, and Saint George as the English patron saint was a continuing point of contention.

Most of the marginalia constitute this sort of carping; canto 9 earns a whole page of pure invective (Figure 4.8). There are, however, a few examples that show a more subtle mind at work. The writer has, to begin with, a classical education. When in canto 2 the Red Cross Knight unexpectedly draws blood from a tree, which turns out to be the transformed Fradubio, the annotator disapprovingly notes the Virgilian parallel: "a fond fable, lyk that of Polidorus. a wonder it is that Christians should delyte in such fopperies." When he defeats and kills the Saracen Sansfoy, the reader comments, "The good knight should have saved him, & not killed. you will say heere is a mysticall meaning. I think so, but all know not that, & therefore it is not safe to teach murther under such pretences" (Figure 4.9). This is one of a small number of places acknowledging the fact that the poem is an allegory addressed to an audience with a degree of poetic sophistication. Canto 7 provides an even more striking example. In Figure 4.10, the forging of the Red Cross Knight's arms by Merlin is described. The reader comments, "Thus the red crosse knight must bee releeved by Magick, as you may after see, Canto. 8." (He is now reading ahead before he annotates, so as not to get caught out again). "What simple reader will not commend Merlin & his magick if he listen to this?"

In canto 3, when Una's beauty is credited with taming the savage lion—"O how can beauty master the most strong"—the reaction is entirely predictable: "heere beauty (not gods) stayes the lions fury" (Figure 4.11). But the comment on Una's musings in the next stanza is quite shrewd. Here is the stanza:

> The Lyon Lord of euery beast in field,
> Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
> And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
> Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
> Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate:



Cant. IX. THE FAERIE QVEENE. 39

3
Faire virgin (ſaid the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compaſſe of my wit:
For, both the linage and the certaine Sire
From which I ſprung, from me are hidden yet.
For, all ſo ſoone as life did me admit
Into this world, and ſhewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit,
And ſtraight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

4
Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath been
In warlike feates th'experteſt man aliue,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,
Vnder the foote of *Rauran* moſſie hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as ſiluer cleen
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

5
Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
As was his vſe, oft-times to viſit mee:
For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
And I tutors nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loynes and what linage I did ſpring:
Whoſe anſwere bade me ſtill aſſured be,
That I was ſoone and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iuſt terme the truth to light ſhould bring.

6
Well worthy impe, ſaid then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for ſuch a Tutours hand.
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faerie land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to read aright
The courſe of heauenly cauſe, or vnderſtand
The ſecret meaning of th'eternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing (wight.

7
For, whether he through fatall deepe foreſight
Me hither ſent, for cauſe to me vnghoſt,
Or that freſh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breſt,
With forced furie following his beheſt,
Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my ſelfe yet bleſt.
Ah curteous knight (quoth ſhee) what ſecret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentleſt hart on ground?

8
Deare Dame (quoth hee) you ſleeping ſparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,
Ne euer will their feruent furie ſlake,
Till liuing moiſture into ſmoake doe flowe,
And waſted life doe lie in aſhes lowe.
Yet ſithence ſilence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)
I will reueale what ye ſo much deſire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may reſpire.

9
It was in freſheſt flowre of youthfull yeares,
When courage firſt does creepe in manly cheſt,
Then firſt the coale of kindly heate appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing breſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timons* wiſe beheſt,
Thoſe creeping flames by reaſon to ſubdue,
Before their rage grewe to ſo great vnreſt,
As miſerable Louers vſe to rue,
Which ſtill wex old in woe, while woe ſtill wexeth new.

10
That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As loſſe of time, and vertues enemy
I euer ſcorn'd, and ioy'd to ſtirre vp ſtrife,
In middeſt of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blowe the fire which them to aſhes brent:
Their God himſelfe, griev'd at my liberty,
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

11
But all in vaine: no fort can be ſo ſtrong,
Ne ſteſhly breaſt can armed be ſo ſound,
But will at laſt be wonne with battry long,
Or vnawares at diſadvantage found;
Nothing is ſure that growes on earthly ground:
And who moſt truſtes in arme of fleſhly might,
And boaſts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth ſooneſt fall in diſaventrous fight,
And yeelds his caitiue neck to victors moſt deſpight.

12
Enſample make of him your hapleſſe ioy,
And of my ſelfe now mated, as yee ſee:
Whoſe prouder vaunt, that proud auenging boy
Did ſoone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
Of looſer life, and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the foreſt wide on courſer fee,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one conſent
Did ſeeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

13
Fore-wearied with my ſports, I did alight
From loſſy ſteed, and downe to ſleepe me laid;
The verdant graſſe my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire diſplaid:
Whiles euery ſenſe the humour ſweet embayd,
And ſlumbring ſoft my hart did ſteale away,
Me ſeemed by my ſide a royall Maid
Her daintie limbs full ſoftly downe did lay:
So faire a creature yet ſaw neuer ſunny day.

14
Moſt goodly glee and louely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;
For, dearely ſure her loue was to me bent,
As when iuſt time expired ſhould appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart ſo raviſht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
As ſhee to me deliuer'd all that night;
And at her parting ſaid, Shee Queene of Faeries hight.

When

D 3

FIGURE 4.8 A page of invective in *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), Book 1, canto 9.

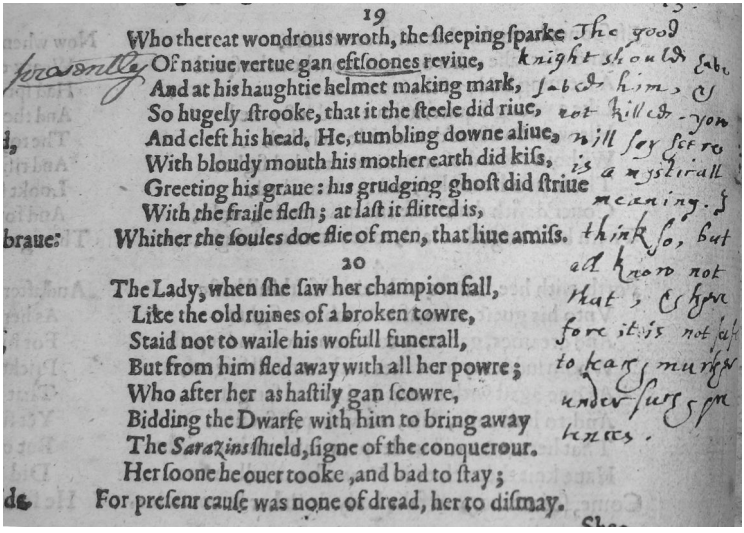

19
Who thereat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſparke
Of natiue vertue gan eftſoones reuiue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtrooke, that it the ſteele did riue,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kiſs,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghoſt did ſtriue
With the fraile fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whither the ſoules doe flie of men, that liue amiſs.
20
The Lady, when ſhe ſaw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his wofull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily gan ſcowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins ſhield, ſigne of the conquerour.
Her ſoone he ouer tooke, and bad to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread, her to diſmay.

FIGURE 4.9 The death of Sansfoy in *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.2.19: "The good knight should have saved him, & not killed. you will say heere is a mysticall meaning. I think so, but all know not that, & therefore it is not safe to teach murther under such pretences." A later seventeenth-century hand, in the left margin, has explained "eftsoones" as "presently."

> But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
> How does he find in cruell heart to hate
> Her that him lov'd, and euer most ador'd,
> As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

This is the gloss: "heere is no thanks to god for her deliverance. Is it a shame for a poet to pray? Not so, for heathen Virgil and Homer have made prayers to their gods." And below this, on Una's characterization of her knight as "the God of my life," he remarks that "Shee hade need of some earthly god, for I do not see that shee prayes to the god of heaven." Two things strike me here: first, the acknowledgment of a genuine religious sensibility in pagan poetry, and the insistence on its validity as a poetic model (even for this reader, there are clearly two ways of looking at the invocation of muses and the praise of Olympian deities); second, the perception that here Una has somehow lost her

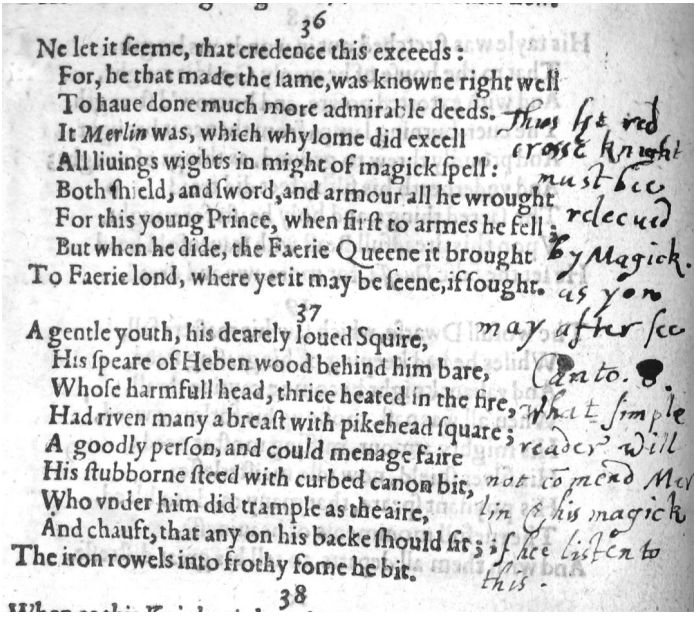

36
Ne let it ſeeme, that credence this exceeds:
For, he that made the lame, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
All liuings wights in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to armes he fell:
But when he dide, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be ſeene, if ſought.
37
A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,
His ſpeare of Heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmfull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breaſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage faire
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauſt, that any on his backe ſhould ſit;
The iron rowels into frothy ſome he bit.
38
Thus ſyt red crosse Knight must bee releeued by Magick. as yon may after ſee Canto. 8. What ſimple reader will not to mend Merlin & his magick if hee liſten to this.

FIGURE 4.10 Merlin forges the Red Cross Knight's arms in *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.7.36: the annotator reads ahead.

mystical status and turned into a conventional romance heroine abandoned by her conventional knight. The reading is surely accurate. Milton was unquestionably a more sympathetic reader of Spenser—he told Dryden, after all, that "Spenser was his original," his model, and called him in *Areopagitica* "a better teacher than Scotus and Aquinas"[3]—but his problems with *The Faerie Queene* were not entirely unlike those of our critic: he firmly rejected the Arthurian subject matter, and made his case for Spenser by reading him not against romance but against philosophy and theology.

Two final marginalia may serve as summaries of the conflicting attitudes of Spenser's early readers. The only marks made by the

[3] John Milton, *Areopagitica* (London, 1644), p. 13.

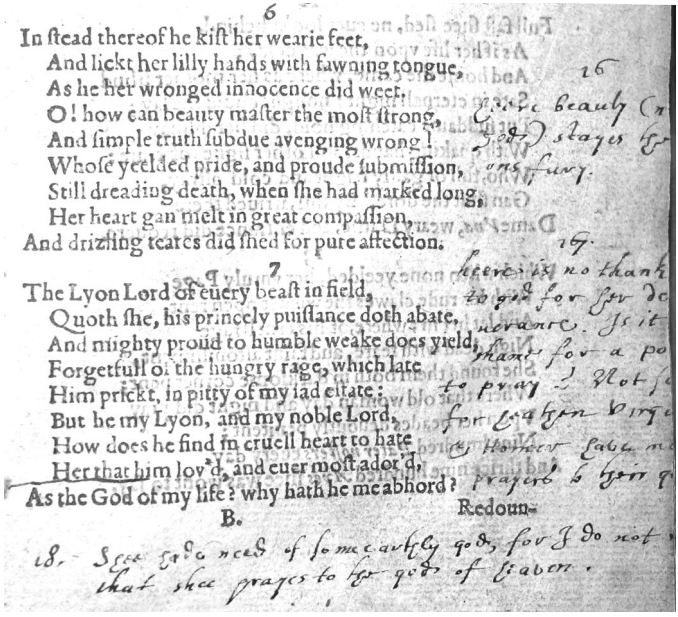

6
In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yeelded pride, and proude ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compaſſion,
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.
7
The Lyon Lord of euery beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pitty of my iuſt eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?
B.
Redoun-

FIGURE 4.11 *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.3.6–7: Una and the lion.

original annotator outside Book 1 of *The Faerie Queene* silently call attention to a passage in *Mother Hubberds Tale* (Figure 4.12):

> But ah! for shame,
> Let not sweet Poets praise, whose onely pride
> Is vertue to advaunce and vice deride,
> Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
> Ne let such verses Poetry be named:
> Yet he the name on him would rashly take [. . .].

Spenser is made to condemn himself. But in canto 4 of *The Faerie Queene*, history, or more precisely provenance, takes its revenge. Beside this passage:

> And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
> He does backbite, and spiteful poison spews
> From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
> Such one vile *Envie* was, that first in row did sit,

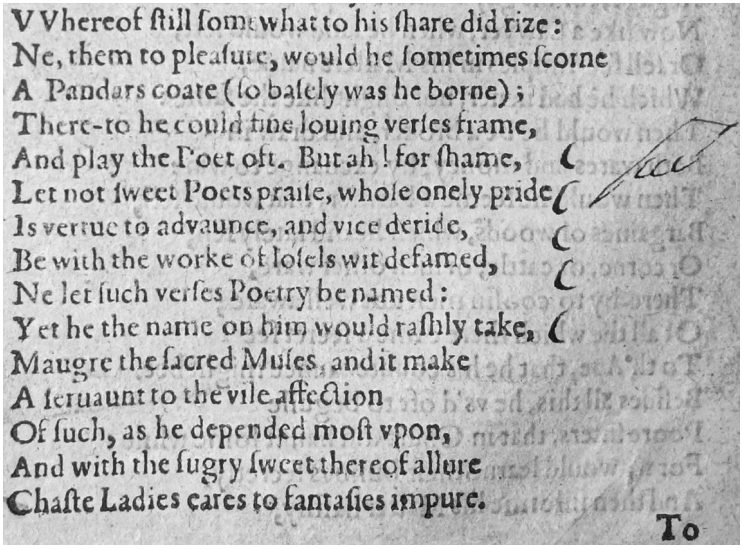
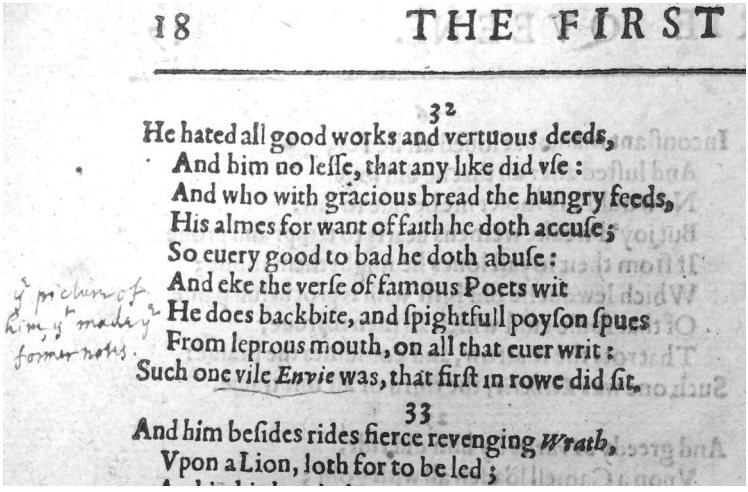

VVhereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize:
Ne, them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorne
A Pandars coate (ſo baſely was he borne);
There-to he could fine louing verſes frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for ſhame,
Let not ſweet Poets praiſe, whoſe onely pride
Is vertue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of loſels wit defamed,
Ne let ſuch verſes Poetry be named:
Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the ſacred Muſes, and it make
A ſeruaunt to the vile affection
Of ſuch, as he depended moſt vpon,
And with the ſugry ſweet thereof allure
Chaſte Ladies eares to fantaſies impure.
To

FIGURE 4.12 *Mother Hubberds Tale*, lines 810–15, in *The Faerie Queen… Together with the Other Works* (1611/13).

a later annotator (not, judging from the hand, the James Charlton who signed the title page) has inscribed, "The picture of him, that made the former notes" (Figure 4.13). If this is the Reverend Mr. Illingworth's comment, it gives us a nice index to the breadth of Puritan critical opinion about Protestant canonical texts.

My second Spenser is a 1609 folio including a quite different kind of early seventeenth-century marginalia by a reader who provided himself with a systematic guide through the poem. The volume thereby enables us to see what kind of guide *The Faerie Queene* required for a reader within a generation of Spenser's death. He too writes a careful and quite legible hand, italic with some secretary elements—this hand is very similar to Milton's in the Trinity manuscript from the mid-1630s. Since the 1609 folio includes only *The Faerie Queene*, this reader copied out several other works of Spenser's, and had the manuscript sheets bound in at the end. These include the letter to Ralegh, *Visions of the World's Vanity*, three elegies for Sir Philip Sidney, the *Visions of Petrarch* and


18 THE FIRST

32

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did vſe:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So euery good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and ſpightfull poyſon ſpues
From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
Such one vile *Envie* was, that firſt in rowe did ſit.

33

And him beſides rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;

FIGURE 4.13 *Faerie Queen* (1611/13), 1.4.32: Vile *Envie*, "The picture of him, that made the former notes."

the *Visions of du Bellay*—not, that is, any of the shorter works that constitute for modern readers the best of Spenser: no *Epithalamion* or *Prothalamion*, nothing from *The Shepherd's Calendar* or the *Amoretti*, no *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, and (probably more problematic from the point of view of literary history) none of the satiric or philosophical poems, which loom so large in the modern construction of Spenser in his own time. For this reader, the essential Spenser was the moralizing and memorializing Spenser, just the poetry we tend to ignore. And unlike my Puritan reader, who gave up in despair and indignation after Book 1, this reader read *The Faerie Queene* all the way through, attentively, and more than once—the annotations are filled with very useful cross-references.

There is no evidence of the identity of the annotator, but tracing the subsequent provenance of the volume is an adventure in itself, and I shall pursue it here—it bears on my subject. The book has lost its original title page and is supplied in an early eighteenth-century hand with a manuscript title page transcribing the 1609 original and listing the additional material bound in at the back, with the date 1705, as can be seen in Figure 4.14.

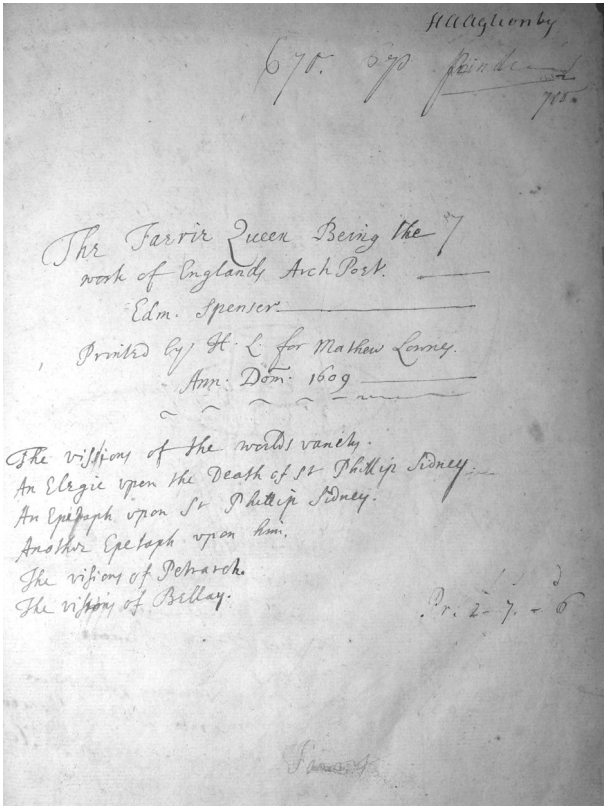


FIGURE 4.14 Manuscript title page to a 1609 Spenser folio, listing additional material bound in at the end, the price paid for the volume, the date 1705, and at the top the signature of H. A. Aglionby, a nineteenth-century owner.

On the verso, in the same hand, are the dedication to Queen Elizabeth, and some miscellaneous bits of Latin verse which have been very thoroughly crossed out ("Arma virumque cano" is legible as the final one). Two other notes on the recto record the price paid for the book, £2.7s.6d., and the date 1705. (A third note, just above the date, is not decipherable.) Thereafter its provenance is a blank until the early nineteenth century, when it was owned by the antiquary William

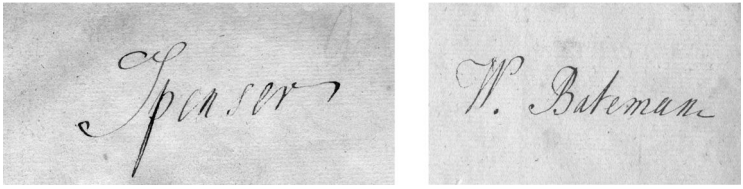


FIGURE 4.15 William Bateman's inscription of Spenser's name on the front flyleaf of the 1609 folio and his signature at the rear of the volume.

Bateman (1787–1835), who inscribed his name on the back endpaper and wrote that of Spenser on the blank front flyleaf (see Figure 4.15).

Next the radical parliamentarian H. A. Aglionby, who died in 1854, wrote his name at the top of the manuscript title page. The book achieved its present form in the mid-nineteenth century, when its then owner (not Aglionby, judging from the handwriting) had it rebound and on the flyleaf beneath Bateman's inscription of Spenser's name penciled the following extraordinary instructions to the binder (Figure 4.16):

> Preserve this leaf. directions to the binder upon the supposition that the above is Spenser's autograph—and that this book might have been his own copy.

Unfazed by the fact that Spenser died in 1599 and the book was published in 1609, the binder did as he was told, and encased the book in its present blindstamped calf with marbled endpapers. This rebinding was probably done for the bibliophile who next affixed his bookplate to the front pastedown: Edwin Cottingham of Bexley, Kent, a physician, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. If so, the note to the binder about Spenser's autograph is his—obviously, despite his investment in the book, he knew little about Spenser. Cottingham died in 1858. The book may then have migrated across the Atlantic: a page earlier, on another flyleaf, is the penciled signature "Edw. H. Gilbert," dated October 1885, in a hand that looks very American, classic Palmer Method penmanship. An Edwin H. Gilbert of Ann Arbor, Michigan, fought in the Civil War and died in 1915; perhaps this is he. In any case the book was in the United States by the early years of the twentieth century: above Cottingham's bookplate on the front pastedown is the elegant leather

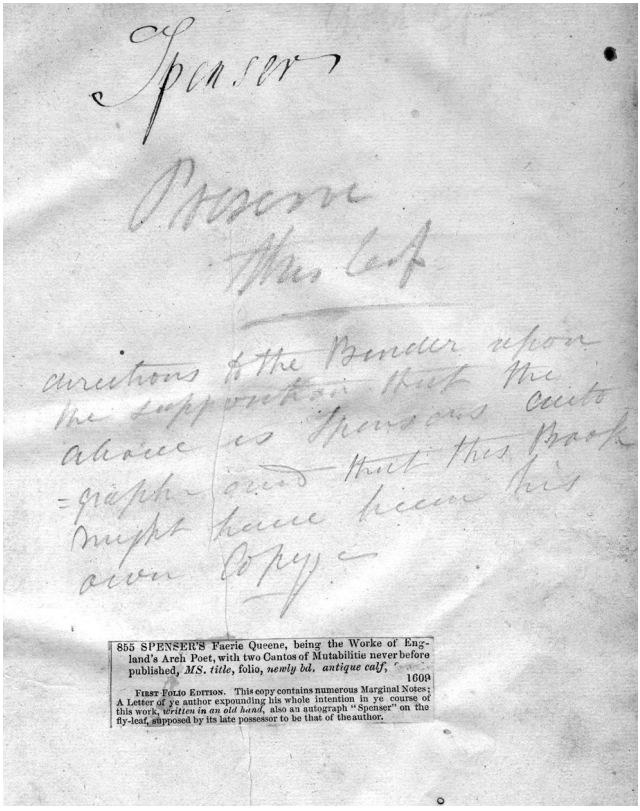


FIGURE 4.16 Instructions to the binder of the 1609 Spenser folio: "Preserve this leaf. / directions to the binder upon the supposition that the above is Spenser's autograph—and that this book might have been his own copy."

bookplate of William Van R. Whitall, a major American book collector and bibliographer of the 1920s. Neither of these owners was responsible for the zany note to the binder about Spenser's autograph, but they both cared enough about the book's history not to erase it.

I pause over the book's later provenance because it bears on the question of what collectors want their books to tell them. This volume is not a bibliophile's treasure. It is an imperfect copy that has not been

especially well cared for, and in the current market it has little value—I bought it from a dealer who offered it to me as the only one of her regular customers who was likely to find it attractive. The missing title page, which clearly disappeared quite early, would always have been a major defect, but the contemporary annotations would have interested a nineteenth-century antiquary like Bateman, and for a collector like Whitall would have constituted the book's chief value. As they do, indeed, for me. And, like the attempt to associate my other folio with Cromwell, the claim that the book was Spenser's own copy, however preposterous, derives from the same set of assumptions: both attempt, by constructing a provenance, to radically historicize their volumes, and render these particular copies interestingly unique. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the perfectly valid notion that contemporary markings confer on the book a kind of historicity that the mere imprint of type does not provide, locate the book in social and intellectual history, and thereby give us some kind of real access to the mind of the past.

It is easy to overgeneralize from the evidence of a single case, and we rarely have more than a very few cases to work from. But marginalia do tell us a good deal about the work of reading in the age, and reveal at the very least what one reader was looking for and wanted out of the text. How representative any individual reader is is another question, and certainly the more interesting of my two readers, the hostile Puritan critic, is the less representative one; but his hostility tells us a good deal about what was at stake in the literary canonization of Spenser a generation after his death. The reader to whom I now turn was careful and systematic (much more so than my Puritan), and his admiration for the poem was unqualified—it is precisely this sort of contemporary admiration that is the context for my Puritan's indignation.

The basic mode of annotation in this case is the running summary. Figure 4.17 shows a characteristic gloss, from Book 1 canto 2:

> Then Hypocrisy chaungeth the other sprite into the shape of a yong man and layes it wth the other wch represented Una, and shewes them to the knight making him believe his Lady was fals whervpon hee ride away wth his dwarf leauing Una alone.

This is a concise and accurate summary, but to reduce Spenser to sense in this way is not invariably easy. When the Sansfoy brothers appear in canto 5 it was as difficult for the seventeenth-century reader to

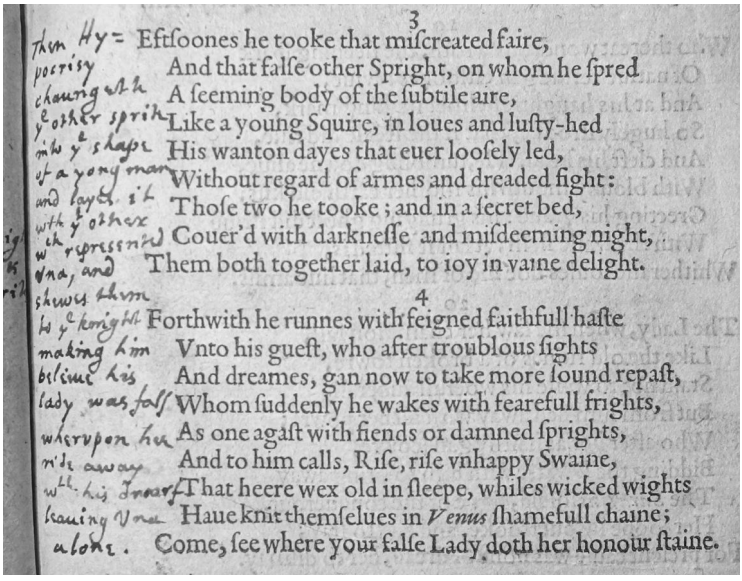


FIGURE 4.17 *Faerie Queene* (London, 1609), 1.2.3: a gloss summarizing the action.

distinguish them as it is for us (Figures 4.18 and 4.19)—he (despite the italic hand, for reasons that will become clear presently, it seems to me extremely unlikely that this annotator can be a woman) never does figure out which one is Sansjoy—and he could not retreat into the postmodern argument that it did not matter because the whole point is that they are indistinguishable. He worked at distinguishing them, which suggests that the confusion may be there precisely to induce the work, and when we ignore or dismiss it we are missing the point.

One of the most interesting aspects of these glosses is the way they undertake to defeat Spenser's confusions by keeping track of the individual plot lines—to produce out of the poem a straightforward narrative. Figure 4.20 shows a characteristic gloss of this type. Amoret has been carried off by "a wilde and salvage man," who is in fact not a man but the personification of Lust, and held captive in his cave. There she finds the unhappy Æmilia. "Æmilia tells her how many were deuored by Lust, & how shee surprized by him seeking after her squire." Beside stanza 10 he continues, "read further of this squire: c[anto]: 8. staf

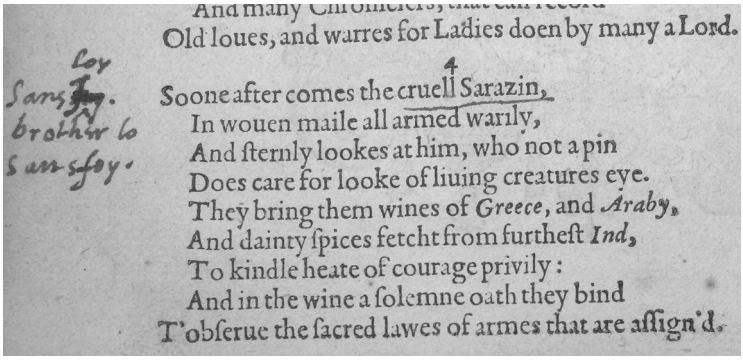


FIGURE 4.18 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 1.5: Sansjoy or Sansloy?

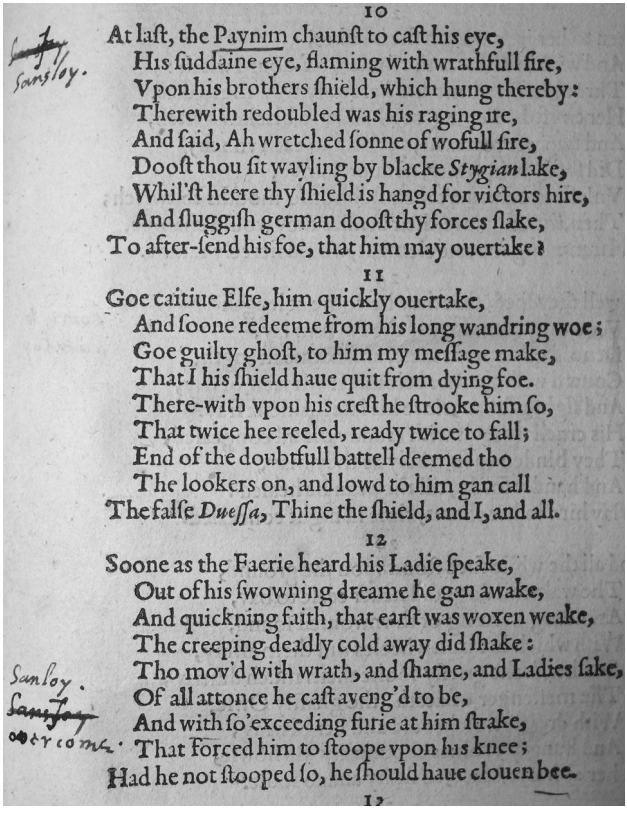


FIGURE 4.19 *Faerie Queene* (1609): Sansfoy? Sansjoy? Sansloy?

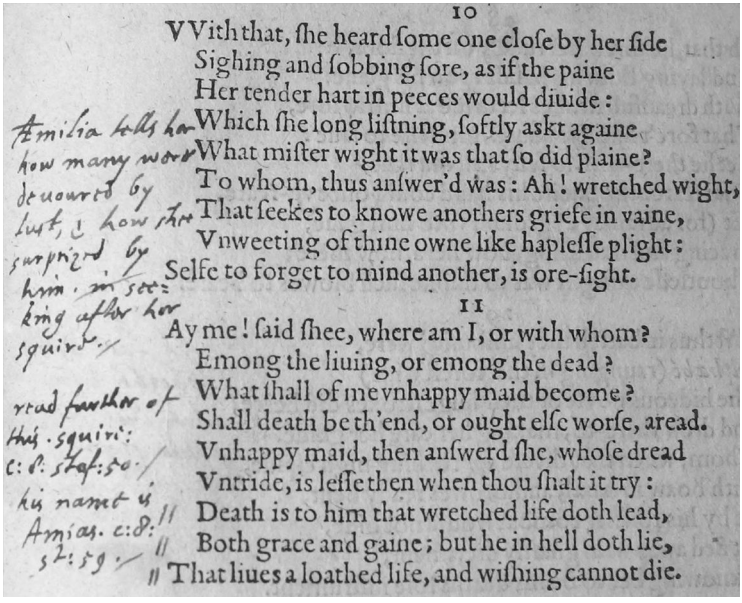
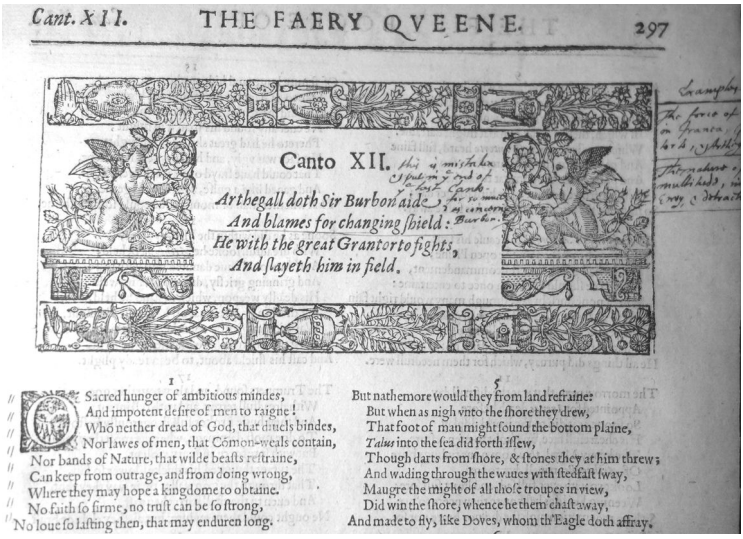


FIGURE 4.20 Summarizing and keeping track of characters: glosses on *Faerie Queene* (1609), 4.7.10–11.

[i.e. stanza]:50. / his name is Amias. c[anto] 8:// st: 59." Similar tracking glosses appear throughout the volume, for example at 4.11.4–5: "Florimells story is here left but begins again / Li[ber]: 5: Cant: 2: st: 1:"; "Marinells story continued / which was Left: Li: 3: Cant: 4: st: 44." Since many stories are simply abandoned, this argues, if not an extraordinary memory, at least a very impressive filing system. The annotator also makes useful additions, supplying missing names; and he makes occasional corrections, for example, in Figure 4.21 calling attention to an error in the introductory quatrain to 5.12.

Considering how systematic the reading is, however, the corrections are also surprisingly haphazard. The annotator does not catch Spenser's own notorious confusion of Guyon with the Red Cross Knight in 3.2. In 2.1.16, in the line "For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment," he changes "wayment" to "lament." "Wayment" is perfectly correct; apparently he


Cant. XII. THE FAERY QVEENE. 297

Canto XII.

Arthegall doth Sir Burbon aide
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.

1

Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Whō neither dread of God, that deuels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Cōmon-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No loue so lasting then, that may enduren long.

6

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottom plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like Doues, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

FIGURE 4.21 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 5.12: catching Spenser's error. "This is mistaken / & put in the end of the Last Canto. for so much as concerns Burbon."

simply does not like the archaic word. But he also does not change it when it appears again at 3.4.35, "She made so piteous moan and deare wayment." He makes occasional mistakes of his own, for example at 4.12.12 calling Marinell Florimell (see Figure 4.22). He very occasionally records his admiration for a particular poetic felicity: the description of Florimell's lamentation moving even the stones to pity (4.12.5) earns a marginal "excellently set forth." Only twice, at the very beginning and the very end, does he identify a figure behind an allusion, glossing the "goddess heavenly bright" of the proem to Book 1 as Queen Elizabeth, and at the very end of Book 6 identifying the "mighty Peer's displeasure" as that of Lord Burleigh (Figure 4.23).

Paul Alpers, in *The Poetry of* The Faerie Queene, the book that fifty years ago found a method in Spenser's confusions and changed the way we read the poem, acknowledged that his analytic system basically stopped working after Book 3, and that the disjunctions and puzzles

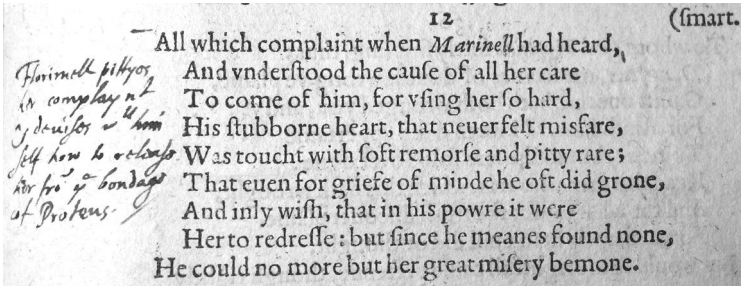


FIGURE 4.22 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 4.12.12: Marinell confused with Florimell. "Florimell pittyes her complaynt & deuises wth him self how to release her from the bondage of Proteus."

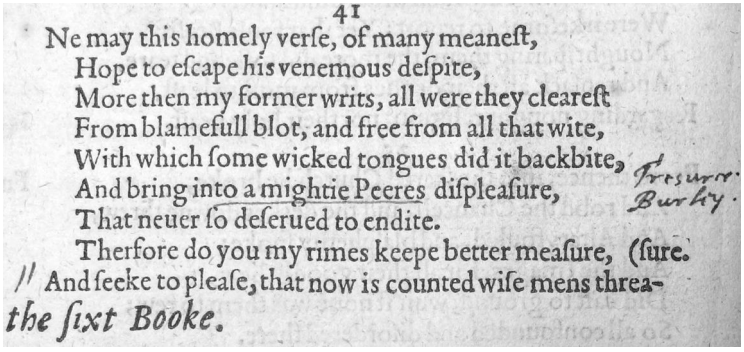


FIGURE 4.23 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 6.12.41: "Tresurer Burley."

in Books 4 to 6 were not poetically productive in the same way.[4] My seventeenth-century reader apparently agreed: he started reading the poem differently when he got to Book 4. To begin with, he prepared a systematic cast list with terse characterizations ("Scudamour. A valiant noble knight subject to the passion of discord"), followed by a brief index of allegorical descriptions ("Discord, in the person of Ate excellently described, canto 1"). As he reads, he now provides a new kind of

[4] Paul J. Alpers, *The Poetry of* The Faerie Queene (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), especially pp. 299–310.

gloss. He still gives marginal guides to the plot and cross-references, but he also starts listing and elucidating exempla at the beginning of each canto. Initially he is satisfied with only one or two, as at 4.1 ("Example of discord") and 4.4 ("Example of foes turned friends, & of friends, foes"); but soon the abstracts become more elaborate, as for example at 4.6 (see Figure 4.24), and more elaborate still at 5.2 (see Figure 4.25): "Examples. oppression & bribery suppressed by Justice in Artegall, & the Giant Pollente. & Munera"—note that she is called Momera in the quatrain to the right; she is Munera in the main text—"Vainglory,

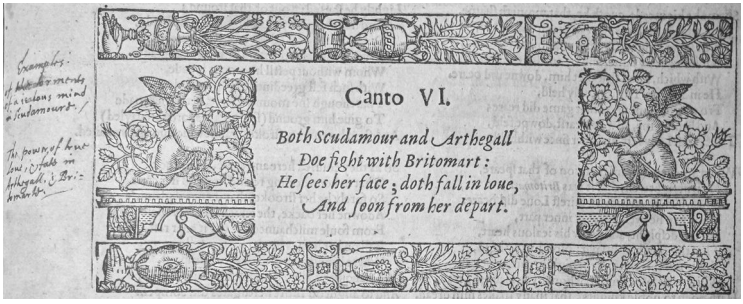


FIGURE 4.24 Glosses to the opening quatrain of *Faerie Queene* (1609), 4.6: "Examples of the torments of a iealous mind in Scudamoure. / The power, of true Love, & false in Arthegall, & Britomarte."

FIGURE 4.25 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 5.2: "Examples. oppression & bribery suppressed by Justice in Artegall, & the Giant Pollente. & Munera. Vainglory, innovation subdued in the Giant, & Talus."

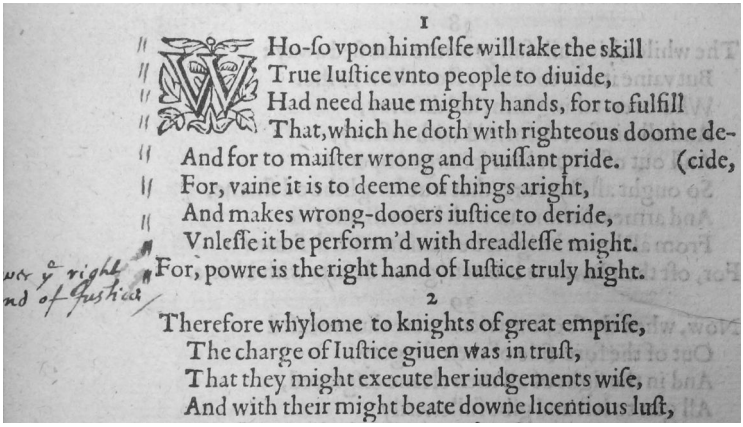


FIGURE 4.26 The beginning of *Faerie Queene* (1609) 5.4 marked for emphasis. The gloss says "Power the right hand of Justice."

innovation subdued in the Giant, & Talus." Clearly this reader feels that in the second half of the poem the allegory is more open and more amenable to this sort of ethical and moral commentary. But he also starts responding to purely poetic elements in the text, noting similes; and he now marks with double quotes passages he particularly likes, generally ones with strong sententious elements, for example, that shown in Figure 4.26.

So far we would call this mode of annotation fairly normative for the period—the reader reads as Erasmus recommended, summarizing, praising, calling attention to memorable moments, extracting bits of wisdom and exempla—preparing the book for many rereadings. In all this there is little that is personal, and little sense of a personality. There are many annotated books like this in the period; but some of them come to life suddenly, over a single episode or passage, often in quite unexpected places, like my Elizabethan reader of Chaucer, who ignored *Troilus and Criseyde* and was laconic about most of the *Canterbury Tales*, but was galvanized by the prose moralizing of *The Tale of Melibee*. My Spenserian reader registers real excitement about only one episode in the entire poem, in the margins of which one feels for a few pages an individual psychology at work.

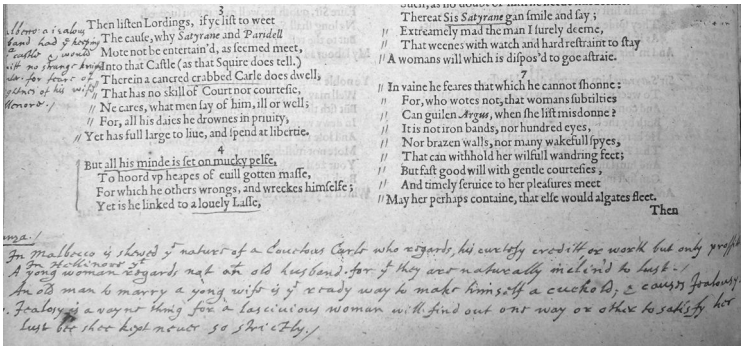


FIGURE 4.27 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 3.9: the Malbecco episode heavily annotated. "In Malbecco is shewed the nature of a Covetous Carle who regards [not], his courtesy, creditt, or worth, but only profit. In Hellenore A young woman that regards not an old husband. For that they are naturally inclined to lust. / An old man to marry a yong wife is the ready way to make himself a cuckold; & causes Jealousy. Jealousy is a vayne thing for a Lasciuious woman will find out one way or other to satisfy her Lust bee shee kept neuer so strictly."

Figure 4.27 shows the beginning of the Malbecco episode, Book 3 canto 9. The mode of reading changes, and becomes more intense and involved. The reader underlines key phrases (a wanton lady, a faithless knight, a crabbed carle, all his mind is set on mucky pelf), indicates favorite passages with scare quotes, and covers the bottom margin with a severe but excited moralization:

> In Malbecco is shewed the nature of a Covetous Carle who regards [not], his courtesy, creditt, or worth, but only profit. In Hellenore A young woman that regards not an old husband. For that they are naturally inclined to lust. / An old man to marry a yong wife is the ready way to make himself a cuckold; & causes Jealousy. Jealousy is a vayne thing for a Lasciuious woman will find out one way or other to satisfy her Lust bee shee kept neuer so strictly.

(It seems to me extremely unlikely that, despite the italic hand, this was written by a woman.) On the next page the moralizations continue: "It is the part of a wise man to vse courtesy & fayre entreaty before force, which wins most upon a noble mind. But with a churlishe nature feare & power, preuailes more then courtesy. as in Malbeccoes yielding to Satirane."

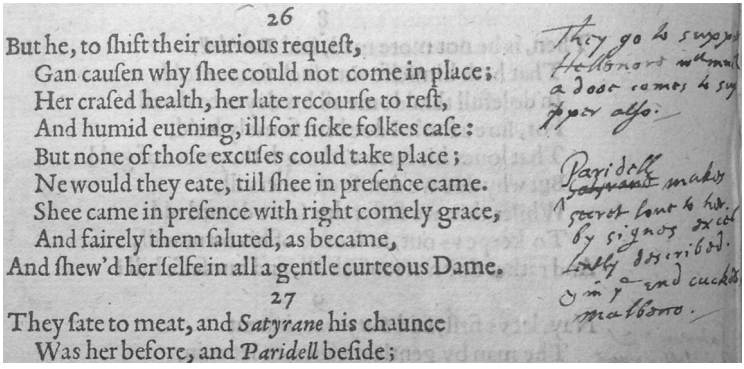

26
But he, to ſhift their curious requeſt,
Gan cauſen why ſhee could not come in place;
Her craſed health, her late recourſe to reſt,
And humid euening, ill for ſicke folkes caſe:
But none of thoſe excuſes could take place;
Ne would they eate, till ſhee in preſence came.
Shee came in preſence with right comely grace,
And fairely them ſaluted, as became,
And ſhew'd her ſelfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.
27
They ſate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
Was her before, and *Paridell* beſide;
They go to supper. Hellenore with much adooe comes to supper also. Paridell ~~Satyrane~~ makes secret Love to her. by signes excellently described. & in the end cuckolds malbecco.

FIGURE 4.28 *Faerie Queene* (1609), 3.9.26: "They go to supper. Hellenore with much adooe comes to supper also. Paridell^~~Satyrane~~ makes secret Love to her. by signes excellently described. & in the end cuckolds malbecco."

At the dinner table scene, the marginal enthusiasm grows especially strong: "They go to supper. Hellenore with much adooe comes to supper also. Paridell^~~Satyrane~~ makes secret Love to her. by signes excellently described. & in the end cuckolds malbecco" (Figure 4.28).

After all this I was especially curious to see the reader's response to Malbecco's discovery of the satyrs making love to Hellenore, the most overtly sexual passage in Spenser, including a use of "come" in the sexual sense that predates anything in the *OED* by decades. My reader's gloss as Malbecco takes his place to view the scene, at 3.10.44, reads "Malbecco disguizing himself among the gotes finds his wife embraced by the satires whome hee would fayne reclayme, but she likt the sport too well & would not go wth him." Here is Spenser's sex scene:

> At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
> Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,
> Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
> Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
> Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
> That all his hart with gealosy did swell
> But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
> That not for naught his wife them loved so well,
> When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell. (3.10.48)

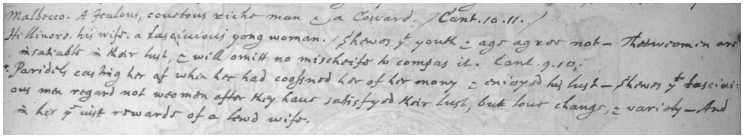


FIGURE 4.29 A second moralization of the Malbecco episode, appended to a summary of the action of *Faerie Queene* (1609), Book 4: "Shews that youth & age agree not—that women are insatiable in their lust, & will omitt no mischiefe to compas it. Paridell casting her of when hee had coasened her of her mony & enioyed his lust—shewes that lascivious men regard not weomen after they haue satisfyed their lust, but love change, & variety—And in her the iust rewards of a lewd wife." The Malbecco and Hellenore passages are in a slightly blacker ink than the preceding summary, and the next passage, beginning "That women are insatiable," is written with a different pen.

("Come aloft" means come loudly, or out loud—see *OED* "aloft" 2c.) About this our reader has nothing to say; the margin is blank. There is, however, a final word of praise for the episode: "Malbecco is metamorphozed vnder whose name the nature of a iealous man is excellently described."

But this was not the end: as this reader moved on into the second half of the poem, his mind was still on Malbecco. Some time after writing his summary of Book 4, he returned to that page and, despite the fact that the Malbecco episode is in Book 3, he appended yet another moralization of it, which can be seen in Figure 4.29: "Shews that youth & age agree not—that women are insatiable in their lust, & will omitt no mischiefe to compas it. Paridell casting her of when hee had coasened her of her mony & enioyed his lust—shewes that lascivious men regard not weomen after they haue satisfyed their lust, but love change, & variety—And in her the iust rewards of a lewd wife."

The sort of involvement of the reader in the book that I have been tracking was still unremarkable in the seventeenth century. But we can see the practice of reading changing. I conclude my Spenserian survey with two eighteenth-century examples. The first is a note in a 1590 quarto of Books 1–3, by the eighteenth century a book to be treated with respect. In the margin beside the episode of Una and the salvage nation in 1.6, a reader, almost obliterated by the efforts of a modern

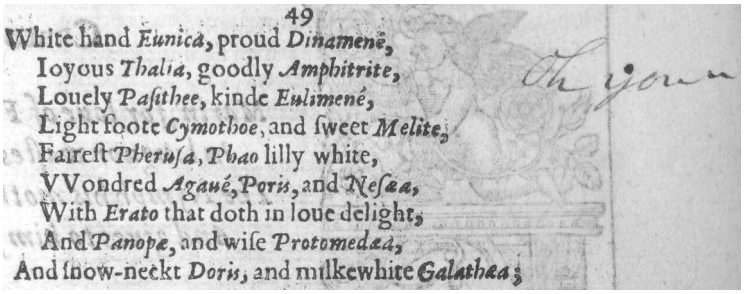


FIGURE 4.30 Another copy of *The Faerie Queene* (London, 1609/11/13), 4.11.49: the catalogue of sea-nymphs. The marginale reads "Oh yawn."

"conservator," left a very formal testimony to his impatience: "Know all men by these presents that I Will Lennox of Worlingham in the county of Suffolk, a man, am no devotee. Aug the 5, 1721." Another reader, making his way through a 1613 Spenser folio, recorded that he "completed the perusal of this book at Monmouth" on January 10, 1795. He left the margins mostly unencumbered as he read, only noting that in Book 4, during the marriage of the Thames and Medway, he was "Lying down given to slumber"; and he completely lost it in the catalogue of the sea nymphs attending the wedding: "Oh yawn" (Figure 4.30). No elucidation or enrichment here, just complaints about the work of reading. For these readers, Spenser was still a classic, but those elements that had been so highly prized in the poetry a century earlier—moralization, elaboration, dilation—were now a bore. Reading was becoming efficient, margins increasingly unsullied.

5

Scherzo

The Insatiate Countess and the Puritan Revolution

Michael Sparke (1586–1653) was a prolific printer and publisher, for the most part of books and pamphlets promoting the Puritan cause—the *DNB* characterizes his devotion to Protestantism as "maniacal." From 1626 he was the regular publisher of the Puritan firebrand William Prynne, a prolific controversialist. In 1633 he shared Prynne's punishment for the publication of the notorious *Histrio-mastix: The Players Scourge or Actors Tragedy*, Prynne's vast, unreadable tirade against the public stage, almost a thousand pages of citations from the Bible and the church fathers in support of massively circular arguments and seething invective about the corrosive effects of theater. What got Prynne and Sparke into legal trouble was a brief entry in the index, "Women-actors, notorious whores," which was taken to be an attack on Queen Henrietta Maria, who frequently appeared with her ladies in court theatricals—obviously it was not necessary to read the book to find something seditious in it. Author and publisher were heavily fined and made to stand in the pillory, and Prynne's ears were cut off by the public executioner. By 1641 the tide had turned; Prynne was a hero and Sparke vindicated. Sparke fought against monopolies on the press, whether of the king or Parliament; imported cheap

bibles from Holland, undercutting the licensed royal printer; was authorized by Parliament to reprint Prynne's works, a hugely profitable enterprise; and was one of the expert witnesses called on the parliamentary side at the prosecution of Archbishop Laud. But he was also a habitual malcontent, no less resentful about Parliament's exercise of authority over the printing trade than he had been about Laud's, and constantly agitating for reform.

This all sounds very serious and high-minded. But in addition to polemic and invective, entirely normative in political and religious debate, when the occasion arose Sparke also dealt in scandal and scurrility. In 1651 he published a volume variously entitled *Truth Brought to Light and Discovered by Time, or A Discourse and Historicall Narration of the First XIIII Yeares of King James Reign* or *The Narrative History of King James for the First Fourteen Years*. This is a compilation of material some of which had circulated secretly in manuscript forty years earlier, and had recently been published,[1] and some of which came from legal records and reports. It is a well-printed quarto, and is handsomely illustrated with three engravings, one of them an oversized foldout, the verso and margins of which afforded a generous amount of blank space for a reader to add salacious verses.

The book is a narrative history in the sense that it deals with certain actual events in the past, and the basic information can be extracted from it, but the prose is richer with innuendo than with fact. (Sparke is now said by the *ESTC* to be the author of the book, but there is no evidence for this, and for reasons discussed below it seems unlikely; he is named in the volume only as the publisher and author of the preface, which is signed M. Scintilla. The Clark Library Catalogue ascribes it, plausibly, to the court chronicler Arthur Wilson.) The tone throughout is indignant, and heavy with moralization. Even today it is fun to read, though some familiarity with the principal figures and their histories, which cannot be elicited from the book, is essential. It is primarily concerned with the rise and fall of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, James's glamorous favorite in the first decade of his reign; Carr's romance with Frances Howard, Countess of Essex; her divorce from

[1] *The Five Yeares of King Iames* (London, 1643), ascribed on the title page to Fulke Greville, but more plausibly attributed now to Arthur Wilson.

her husband on the grounds of nonconsummation; her marriage to Carr; and the murder of Carr's close friend Sir Thomas Overbury, for which the Earl and Countess were prosecuted and sentenced to death, though the sentence was not carried out.[2] A sensational plot, indeed, though hardly a history of the first fourteen years of the reign of James I—the romantic narrative is interspersed with occasional summaries of current events, but it is clear what the real story is, and that occupies the first half of the book.

The second half consists of a miscellany of documents, presumably to justify the historical claim. The first group is strictly relevant, consisting of documentation relating to the divorce and the murder, including the report of the panel investigating the Countess's virginity to support her assertion that her husband had been incapable of consummating their marriage; records and testimony in the annulment proceeding and the murder trial; the King's pardon of the Countess and commutation of Somerset's sentence in both Latin and English; and even a much later letter of Somerset's to Charles I pleading for payment of some of the income his father had promised. But then follows a mishmash of material: seventy pages of exchequer records detailing the royal income from all the major fees, rents, subsidies, customs receipts, payments for baronetcies;[3] and disbursements down to the most trivial—£12.13s.4d. to the "Master of the tennice playes," £18.5s. to the Prince's shoemaker, £6 per year to the king's bookbinder; there are literally hundreds of such items. Then follows, mysteriously, an account of the 1611 trial and execution of the last people in England burned at the stake for heresy—there were two, and two more were pardoned. Alastair

[2] There was a market for the story. A competing volume published by John Benson and John Playford appeared in the same year claiming to be "collected out of the papers of Sir Francis Bacon," *A True and Historical Relation of the Poysoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. With the Severall Arraignments and Speeches of those that were executed thereupon* (London, 1651). The standard modern account of the case, and an essential book for the understanding of Jacobean court culture generally, is David Lindley, *The Trials of Frances Howard* (London: Routledge, 1993).

[3] The title, originally a medieval one, had lapsed and was reinvented in 1611 as a way of raising money for the crown. To be styled baronet cost £1095, calculated as the cost of maintaining thirty soldiers for three years—200 baronets purchased their titles in the first year.

Bellany explains that the inclusion of this seemingly irrelevant documentation is not in fact arbitrary:

> The urge to expose hidden truths and secrets about the Stuart past—to demystify the working of monarchy by throwing some sceptical light on the machinery of power—was common to a number of post-regicidal publications. [...] Sparke's claim that many of his sources came from "the studies, closets, cabinets of some secretaries of state" may have encouraged his readers' sense that the innermost secrets of monarchical government were now exposed to scrutiny.[4]

As for the heretics, they are associated on Sparke's title page summary with the contemporary radical Protestant sect the Ranters, "being old heresies, newly revived." So old scandals are made to serve new ends. Indeed, the book was reprinted verbatim in 1692, exchequer records, heretics, and all, by which time it might have seemed to reflect back on the romance and scandal of the Restoration court, and its documents and records would have been of interest to antiquarians.

For all the demystification of monarchy, the meat of the book is the romance of Carr and the Countess and the murder of Overbury. Here, briefly, is the story. Robert Carr (or Ker, the Scottish spelling) was the youngest son of a Scottish Catholic aristocrat who died in 1586, the year the boy was born. In his youth he was a page at the Scottish court, and in 1603, when he was 17, he followed King James to London. By 1607 James had taken notice of him: he broke his leg in a tilting, and James determined personally to nurse him back to health—he was said to have been exceptionally handsome. In a short while Carr was a gentleman of the bedchamber. He was in constant attendance on the King, even sleeping in the royal bedroom. James was clearly besotted with him, and would caress him in public. In the next few years he was greatly enriched and ennobled by the royal favor; in 1611 he was created Viscount Rochester and made a Knight of the Garter; the next year he was appointed to the Privy Council. He was active politically, and was widely recognized as a potent means of access to the King.

[4] Alastair Bellany, *The Politics of Court Scandal in Early Modern England* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), pp. 264–5.

In 1611 or 1612 Carr became romantically involved with Frances Howard, the Countess of Essex. She was the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, an important court official; she and her sister Catherine, Countess of Salisbury, daughter-in-law of Robert Cecil, King James's Secretary of State, were stars of the Jacobean court. In 1606 Frances had been married to the young Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, the son of Queen Elizabeth's last favorite, who had been executed for treason five years earlier—the earldom died with the second Earl, but was restored to his son when King James came to the throne. The marriage was political, designed to put to rest old feuds, but because of the youth of the pair—Essex was fourteen, Frances thirteen—the marriage was not consummated; Essex was sent to tour the Continent for three years and Frances continued to live with her parents. Upon Essex's return it became clear that the couple were deeply incompatible. This was the context for Carr's affair with the Countess.

The romance was facilitated by Carr's close friend Sir Thomas Overbury, a talented writer ambitious and active in court and diplomatic circles. Overbury was Carr's adviser as the favorite negotiated his ascent. Initially he thoroughly approved of the flirtation with the Countess, and even wrote Carr's love letters for him. But when the Countess moved to divorce Essex so that she and Carr could marry, Overbury withdrew his support, and strongly urged his friend to end the relationship. His reasons were apparently more personal and political than moral, involving his own place within complex alliances between powerful families that such an arrangement would disrupt, but his arguments were heavily moral, representing the Countess as by nature faithless and lecherous. Carr, however, had the King's support, and was clearly deeply in love with the Countess.

But what grounds could there be for a divorce? Adultery was grounds for a legal separation, which did not allow either party to remarry; moreover, though Essex was surely as eager to be rid of his wife as she was to be free, neither was willing to be presented as guilty of anything. The only possible basis for an annulment would be the failure to consummate the marriage after Essex's return from his Continental tour, but such a claim would impugn Essex's virility. An ecclesiastical commission was empaneled to adjudicate, and the case was made that

Essex was impotent only with his wife—initially witchcraft was said to be responsible, but that claim was later abandoned (it figures significantly, however, in Sparke's narrative). The Countess submitted to an examination by a group of midwives and matrons, who confirmed that she was still a virgin—since the woman being examined was veiled during the proceeding, once the couple became notorious the story spread that the virgin had been a substitute. The legal case itself continually ran into doctrinal difficulties, and the divorce was strongly opposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and several other members of the commission. The King, however, was determined that Carr should get his way, and added enough commissioners to the board to produce a majority for annulment. This certainly was manipulating the system, but at least some of those in favor of the divorce, including the King, may just possibly have felt that marriages arranged by powerful families for their minor children are not invariably contracted in the interests of the children, and some means of rectifying an otherwise intractable situation ought to be possible. Carr and Frances married three months after the annulment was granted, in December 1613, in a huge court wedding. Carr had been created Earl of Somerset.

During all this Overbury had been a major problem. He was arrogant and stubborn; he and Carr had quarreled, he had maligned the Countess and had done whatever he could to disrupt the proceedings. To get him out of the way, the King offered him a diplomatic post on the Continent, but Overbury refused—possibly he believed he could still exert some influence over Carr, or possibly he felt his own advancement would be imperiled if he were in effect in exile. It was a mistake. The King, furious, had him imprisoned in the Tower for contempt. He remained hostile and even threatening. He wrote to Carr from the Tower that he would reveal "the story betwixt you and me from the first hour to this day, [...] whether I die or live, your shame shall never die."[5] It is natural to think in hindsight that the threatened story would reveal that he knew the lovers had been to bed together, that the Countess was an adulteress and the virginity test a sham; but it is equally possible that the dangerous revelation was unrelated to the love affair, and had to do with the manipulations

[5] Cited in the *DNB* article on Overbury by John Considine, http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/20966?docPos=1 (accessed June 10, 2014).

that had enabled Carr's rise to power.[6] The Countess, whether believing that he was still a danger to her and Carr or simply desiring revenge on a social inferior who had reviled her, determined to have him killed. He died in the Tower, as the result of a poisoned enema, in September 1613.

It took two years for all this to be discovered, but the Countess had employed accomplices, and a series of admissions and revelations led inevitably to the Somersets. The Countess confessed before the trial that she had arranged for Overbury's murder. Somerset, despite pleas from the King to confess too, adamantly maintained that he had known nothing of the plot. He was, however, found guilty. Both were sentenced to death, but the King pardoned the Countess, declaring that her confession demonstrated true repentance, and commuted Somerset's sentence. They remained imprisoned in the Tower until 1622—Frances had a daughter in the first year of their incarceration—and thereafter lived quietly in Chiswick. James provided them with a substantial income. Frances died in 1632, probably of uterine cancer, which was regarded by unsympathetic observers as an appropriate, if belated, punishment for her supposed sexual profligacy. In 1637 their daughter Anne married the son of the Earl of Bedford—a huge dowry was required, but that was sufficient to put the scandal of her parents to rest: all it took was money. The Earl of Essex did not remarry until 1630; this marriage too was unhappy, and he and his wife separated a year later. Five years after the separation the Countess had a son, who died in infancy—Essex had threatened to disown the child, but did not do so. Somerset lived until 1645, Essex until 1646. During the Civil War, both sided with Parliament, Essex as Captain-General of the Parliamentary Army.

The frontispiece of *Truth Brought to Light and Discovered by Time* (Figure 5.2), with its facing moralization in Figure 5.1, shows Truth and Time revealing Overbury's murder. The King is the central figure, but it is not clear whether he is one of the guilty parties or one of those to whom the truth has finally been revealed. Truth, says the accompanying verse,

> shows in King James,
> That Death, Kings, Crowns, Scepters, and all things *tames*.

[6] Lindley, who does a superb job of sifting the evidence, makes a strong case for the validity of the annulment, and considers it extremely unlikely that Frances and Carr had been to bed together before the marriage.

Monarchy is subject to mortality, like the rest of us—hardly a revolutionary sentiment. Sparke's preface takes a stronger line, quoting a verse including the King among the sinners God has punished:

> *This* World *a* Stage, *whereon that* day
> *A* King *and* Subjects, part *did* play,
> *And now by* Death, *is sin* Rewarded,
> *Which in* Life*time was not* Regarded;
> *And others* here *take up the* Rooms
> *Whilst* they *lye low in* Graves *and* Tombs.

"*Showing*," Sparke explains, "*that our* good God *hath a* revenging Hand *and* scourging Whip *to punish sin, and mauger* [despite] *earthly* Pardons." The divine revenge is again the same death to which we are all subject, but it is clear here that the royal pardon granted to the Countess was one of the actionable sins. Alastair Bellany refers to this, surely correctly, as "a post-regicidal touch,"[7] but the antimonarchical tone of the preface is worth noting, since it is not, on the whole, a feature of the narrative.

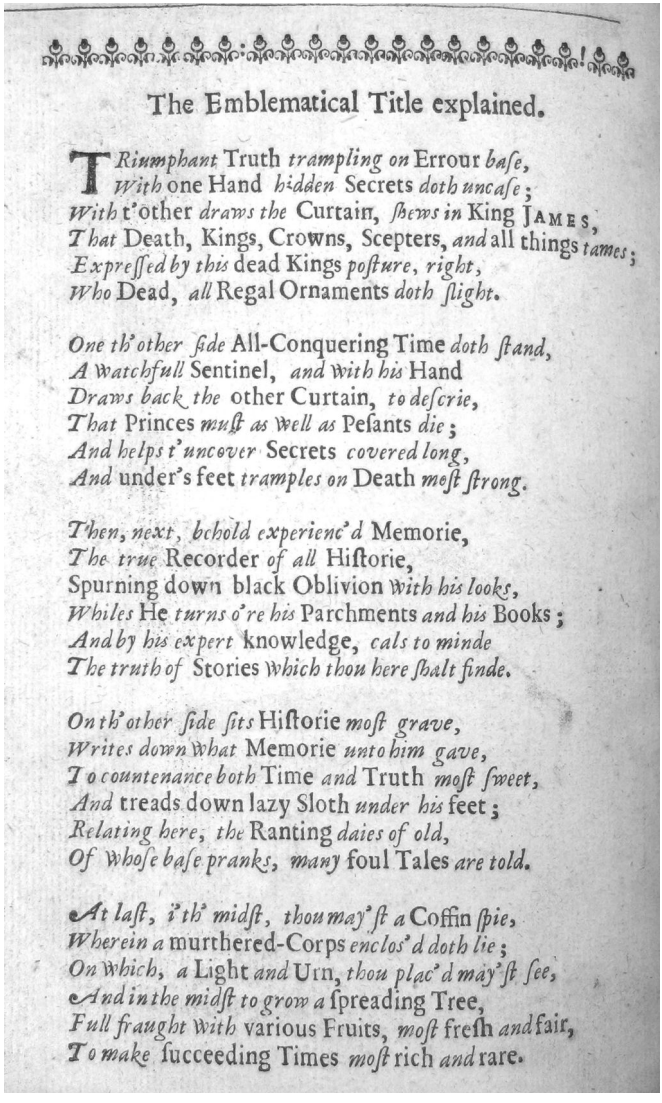
Sparke offers the ensuing history as a general testimony to the certainty of divine retribution:

> *This following* Story *is worthy of* observation, *for here is to be seen* Gods justice, *with* punishments *upon wicked sinful* wretches (*both in* judgement *and* equity) *observe what was here begun with* vanity *and* adultery, *ends in* shame, infamy *and* misery.

The account then veers off into a denunciation of women's fashion—this is not entirely irrelevant, since the vanity and brazenness of women is a continual refrain in the book. Sparke focuses particularly on yellow accessories, which had been stylish in the 1610s. Wearing them to church had been fiercely attacked as an instance of intolerable female display in the Lord's house.[8] Sparke's preface takes up the theme

[7] Bellany, *The Politics of Court Scandal*, p. 263.

[8] The king had been offended by the fashion of masculine dress for women, and had admonished the London clergy "to inveigh vehemently and bitterly against the insolency of our women, and their wearing of broad-brimmed hats, pointed doublets, their hair cut short or shorn, and some of them stillettos or poniards." The Dean of Westminster extended the royal injunction to include the stylish yellow ruffs and cuffs, and would not allow them at divine services. The fashionable parishioners appealed to the King, who was obliged to explain that "his meaning was not for yellow ruffs, but for other man-like and unseemly apparel." See my *Impersonations* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 83–4.



The Emblematical Title explained.

TRiumphant Truth *trampling on* Errour *baſe*,
With one Hand *hidden* Secrets *doth uncaſe*;
With t'other *draws the* Curtain, *ſhews in* King JAMES,
That Death, Kings, Crowns, Scepters, *and* all things *tames*;
Expreſſed by this dead Kings *poſture, right*,
Who Dead, *all* Regal Ornaments *doth ſlight*.

One th'other ſide All-Conquering Time *doth ſtand*,
A Watchfull Sentinel, *and With his* Hand
Draws back the other Curtain, *to deſcrie*,
That Princes *muſt as well as* Peſants *die*;
And helps t'uncover Secrets *covered long*,
And under's feet *tramples on* Death *moſt ſtrong*.

Then, next, behold experienc'd Memorie,
The true Recorder *of all* Hiſtorie,
Spurning down black Oblivion *With his looks*,
Whiles He *turns o're his* Parchments *and his* Books;
And by his expert knowledge, *cals to minde*
The truth of Stories *which thou here ſhalt finde*.

On th'other ſide ſits Hiſtorie *moſt grave*,
Writes down What Memorie *unto him gave*,
To countenance both Time *and* Truth *moſt ſweet*,
And treads down lazy Sloth *under his* feet;
Relating here, the Ranting *daies of old*,
Of Whoſe baſe pranks, many foul Tales *are told*.

At laſt, i'th' midſt, thou may'ſt a Coffin *ſpie*,
Wherein a murthered-Corps *enclos'd doth lie*;
On which, a Light *and* Urn, *thou plac'd may'ſt ſee*,
And in the midſt to grow a ſpreading Tree,
Full fraught With various Fruits, *moſt freſh and* fair,
To make ſucceeding Times *moſt* rich *and* rare.

FIGURE 5.1 *Truth Brought to Light,* the frontispiece moralized.

FIGURE 5.2 *Truth Brought to Light,* the frontispiece.

(in this extract Lord Cook is the Lord Chief Justice Edward Coke, and Anne Turner is the Countess of Essex's principal accomplice):

> *And were there now in these times such* Sentence *and* Execution *performed, as the then* Learned Lord Cook *gave on that* fomenter *of* Lust, *Mistris* Anne Turner, *whose* Sentence *was to be* hanged *at* Tiburn *in her* yellow Tiffiny Ruff *and* Cuffs, *being she was the first* Inventer *and* wearer *of that* horrid Garb. *Were there now in these daies the like upon such notorious* black-*spotted* Faces, naked Brests *and* Backs, *no doubt but that* ugly Fashion *would soon there end in* shame and detestation, *which now is too vainly followed: For never since the* Execution *of her in that* Yellow Ruff *and* Cuffs *there* hanged *with her, was ever any seen to wear the like.* (Sig. a2r)[9]

This gives a good sense of Sparke's haranguing style and his tendency to focus on unexpected details.

In the main narrative, Essex is a patient and loving husband, trying only to reform his wayward wife and woo her back;[10] Carr is diligent in the service of the King, basking in the royal favor, the object of both admiration and envy; Overbury is the best of friends and wisest of counselors. But here is our introduction to Frances Howard:

> The *Countesse of Essex* (a woman that at this time did not greatly affect her *husband*, and withall, being of a lustfull *appetite*, *prodigall* of *expence, covetous* of *applause, ambitious* of *honor*, and *light of behaviour*) having taken notice of this *Gentlemans* prosperity, and great favour that was shewed towards him, above others; in hope to make some profit of him, most admires him to every one, commending his *worth, spirit, audicity*, and *agility* of body; so that her lawfull, ancient, and accustomed love towards her *Lord*, begins to be

[9] Turner was not executed in her yellow accessories; the story apparently originates with Sparke. See Victor MacClure, *She Stands Accused* (New York: Cosimo, 2005), p. 83.

[10] The relentlessly positive view of Essex may be evidence for Arthur Wilson's authorship of the narrative: Wilson was Essex's secretary in the 1620s, and remained close to him throughout his career.

> obscured, and those imbraces that heretofore seemed pleasing, are now turned into *frownes*, and harsh unseemly *words* usher her *discontents* unto her *husbands eares*. (C1r)

She sets her sights for Carr as soon as she sees him, but he is slow to take the bait. Abetted by Mistress Turner, she obtains both poison to dispose of her husband and love potions to attract Carr, but none of these have any effect. The Countess leaves her husband's house and moves to court. Now that she and Carr are constantly in each other's company, she "uses all kindnesse that may be to *intrap* him; and he (whether by those *enchantments*, or by the lightnesse of his own *disposition*) is as much besotted on her" (C4v). The physician and astrologer Simon Forman is consulted; spells are cast to render her husband impotent,

> *pictures* in *wax* are *made*, *crosses* and *many strange uncouth things* (for what will the devill leave unattempted?) to accomplish their ends, many attempts failed, and still the *Earle* stood it out; at last they framed a *picture* in *wax*, and got a *thorne* from a *tree* that *boare leaves*, and *stuck* upon the *privity* of the said picture, by which means they accomplished their desire

—though subsequently it is unclear that even this has worked: "the *Earle* comes to her. But whether the *Earle* was more *lusty* then she expected, or what other accident hapned, it is unknown" (D2r–v).

When Carr and the Countess are finally together, the narrative hits its stride:

> The *Countesse* having obtained that she desired, and the *Viscount* caught in the *net* of *adulation*, the more he striveth to be loose, is caught the faster, so that *lust* having by this means got liberty being covered with *greatnesse*, like a *fire* concealed in a pile of *rotten wood*, burst forth in all *loosenesse* and *licentiousnesse* [...]; now these good *parts*, which seemed heretofore to be *hopefull* in the *Viscount*, consume to *cinders*, and the *corruption* remains to brand him in the *forehead* for his *evill living*; his *modesty* becomes *eclipsed*, his *behaviour light*, his *carriage unseemly*, in his *place* nothing so *costly*, no attire so *uncouth*, but at all costs and charges he obtains it for the encrease of favour [...]. (D3r–v)

Concerning the virginity test, however, the account is suddenly judicious, merely reporting the rumor that another woman had been substituted (though it is implied elsewhere that the Countess is not a virgin). The narrative is full of detail about the Countess's employment of Mistress Turner and other accomplices in the murder of Overbury; a great deal of documentary evidence for these meetings is reprinted—letters, affidavits, testimony from the trial. But the story is basically over once the Countess has been established as the villain, the handsome favorite seduced, and his separation from the faithful friend accomplished. Figure 5.3 shows

FIGURE 5.3 Fold-out engraving of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, attributed to Renold (Reginold) Elstrack, 1614–15.

the volume's foldout engraving of Carr and Frances as Earl and Countess of Somerset, attributed to Renold Elstrack. Its date is uncertain, but since it makes no reference to the scandal, it must have been done between the wedding in December 1613 and the trial in late 1615—it shows them as a stylish aristocratic couple. Sparke must have liked it because of the way it sets the scene for their downfall.

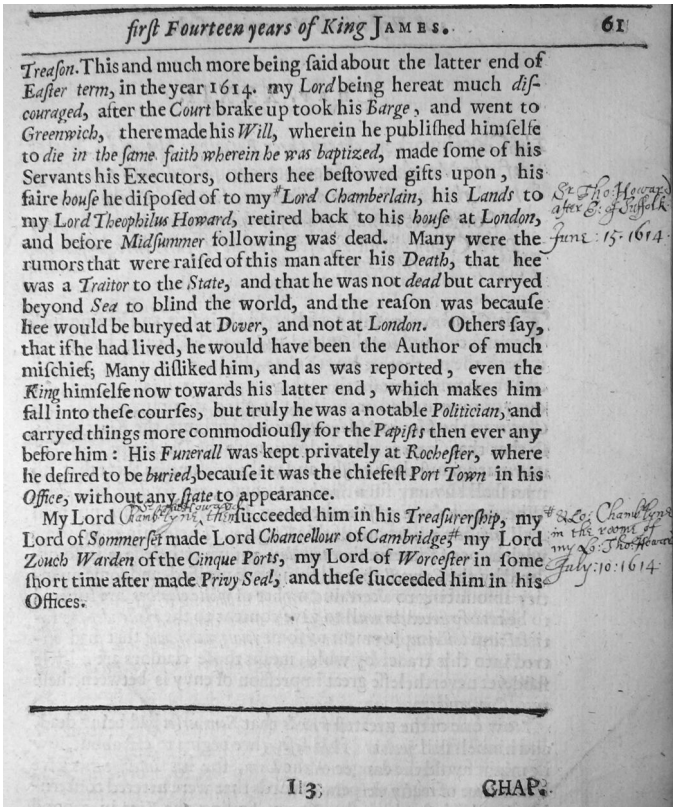
There are several odd points about the book's version of the notorious case that are relevant to its publication by a Puritan printer in the early years of the Commonwealth, and to whether Sparke can have been its author. As Bellany argues, part of the point was to show the general venality, dissoluteness, and corruption of the monarchical system; but in the narrative the King comes off rather well. Though his adoration for the favorite is overt and explicit, excessive like everything in James's court, it is not represented as vicious or even especially misguided—Carr is a good servant, though certainly too handsomely rewarded. But, as his guilt begins to be manifest, the King remains levelheaded, and resists attempts to manipulate him into granting a blanket pardon. Even the pardon of the Countess after her confession is represented as wise and merciful, although God ultimately delivers the punishment the King has withheld. King James is not one of the targets of this moral tale—he is much more clearly a subject of revelation and reprobation in Sparke's preface, and in the allegorical frontispiece, which shows Time and Truth displaying the consequences of his errors. And, wicked as the Countess is, one fact about her is never mentioned: the Howards were an old and powerful Catholic family. Her father, Suffolk himself, was certainly nominally Protestant, but Frances's mother received a pension from the Spanish government, which she occasionally supplied with information, and the Howard branch of the family who were Earls of Arundel were strongly Catholic—Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel, Frances's cousin, had gone with his wife into exile in 1642 to be free to live as Catholics. Frances's great-uncle, Henry Howard Earl of Northampton, who supported her in her divorce and was implicated in the Overbury murder, is accused in the narrative of being a crypto-Catholic, protecting Jesuits and admitting priests into the country, but none of this rubs off on Frances. Carr too had Catholic connections—his father had been an important supporter of Mary Queen of Scots. There is a good deal of incidental vilification of papists in the course of the narrative, but it is not associated with either of the

wicked principals. It is difficult to believe that this is the work of Sparke, who was rabidly anti-Catholic and would surely have found popery at work in Frances's scheming; but it is also puzzling that any political writer of the period should not have made more of the ongoing connection of the Howards with the Roman Church. Arthur Wilson, to whom the book is now credited, was determinedly Presbyterian, and in his *History of Great Britain, being The Life and Reign of King James the First* (1653) repeatedly deplores the Catholic sympathies of the Jacobean court. One would have expected Wilson, no less than Sparke, to relate the Countess's seductive, Machiavellian wiles to her Catholic background. In fact, at the murder trial Justice Coke had accused the Countess of employing Catholic accomplices, claiming that poison was an Italian, and therefore Catholic, weapon, and David Lindley cites a letter from Robert Cecil to his son reporting that Frances Howard and her sister Catherine, Cecil's daughter-in-law, had taken communion in an Anglican service at Hatfield at Easter, 1610, "which has stopped the mouthes of many malicious persons" who had been spreading the rumor that they were secret Catholics.[11] None of this forms part of the narrative of *Truth Brought to Light*. If the story is intended to show the immorality and corruption of the old monarchy, it is at significant points surprisingly unpolitical.

Our Commonwealth reader is very knowledgeable. Various names are omitted in the narrative, sometimes for economy's sake, sometimes because of gaps in the original documents; he assiduously fills them in and occasionally supplies additional information—for example, Robert Cecil's death, "May: 24.1612 comg: home from the Baths" (he was returning to London from Bath); the Elector Palatine "came to London Octob:^{r} 18.1612 & was lodg'd at Essex howse." He also identifies the unnamed Lord Chamberlain as Thomas Howard, and provides some dates, as shown in Figure 5.4. But his main addition to the volume was the transcription of five of the many scurrilous poems about Carr and the Countess. All these are known from other sources, and appear in manuscript collections in multiple versions; they circulated widely throughout the period of the divorce and murder trial.[12]

[11] Lindley, *The Trials of Frances Howard*, p. 165.

[12] All are to be found in Alastair Bellany and Andrew McRae's web-based edition *Early Stuart Libels*, with excellent notes and commentary, http://www.earlystuartlibels.net/


first Fourteen years of King JAMES. 61

Treaſon. This and much more being ſaid about the latter end of Eaſter term, in the year 1614. my Lord being hereat much diſcouraged, after the Court brake up took his Barge, and went to Greenwich, there made his Will, wherein he publiſhed himſelfe to die in the ſame faith wherein he was baptized, made ſome of his Servants his Executors, others hee beſtowed gifts upon, his faire houſe he diſpoſed of to my #Lord Chamberlain, his Lands to my Lord Theophilus Howard, retired back to his houſe at London, and before Midſummer following was dead. Many were the rumors that were raiſed of this man after his Death, that hee was a Traitor to the State, and that he was not dead but carryed beyond Sea to blind the world, and the reaſon was becauſe hee would be buryed at Dover, and not at London. Others ſay, that if he had lived, he would have been the Author of much miſchief; Many diſliked him, and as was reported, even the King himſelfe now towards his latter end, which makes him fall into theſe courſes, but truly he was a notable Politician, and carryed things more commodiouſly for the Papiſts then ever any before him: His Funerall was kept privately at Rocheſter, where he deſired to be buried, becauſe it was the chiefeſt Port Town in his Office, without any ſtate to appearance.

My Lord Chamberlain, thin ſucceeded him in his Treaſurerſhip, my Lord of Sommerſet made Lord Chancellour of Cambridge, # my Lord Zouch Warden of the Cinque Ports, my Lord of Worceſter in ſome ſhort time after made Privy Seal, and theſe ſucceeded him in his Offices.

Sr Tho: Howard after E. of Suffolk June: 15: 1614

L: Chamb: in the roome of my L: Tho: Howard July: 10: 1614

I 3 CHAP.

FIGURE 5.4 *Truth Brought to Light*: filling in blanks and expanding references.

But in 1651 the scandal was forty years in the past; the Countess had been dead for twenty years and Somerset for six. Our annotator either has a cache of poems, or has been doing research into Stuart libels.

The first two poems elaborate the commonplace of woman as a leaky vessel, with obscene double entendres in the nautical language. The asterisks in *The travailing Pinke* (Figure 5.5) indicate marginal glosses.

htdocs/index.html (accessed March 30, 2015), and all are discussed by both Lindley in *The Trials of Frances Howard* and Bellany in *The Politics of Court Scandal*.

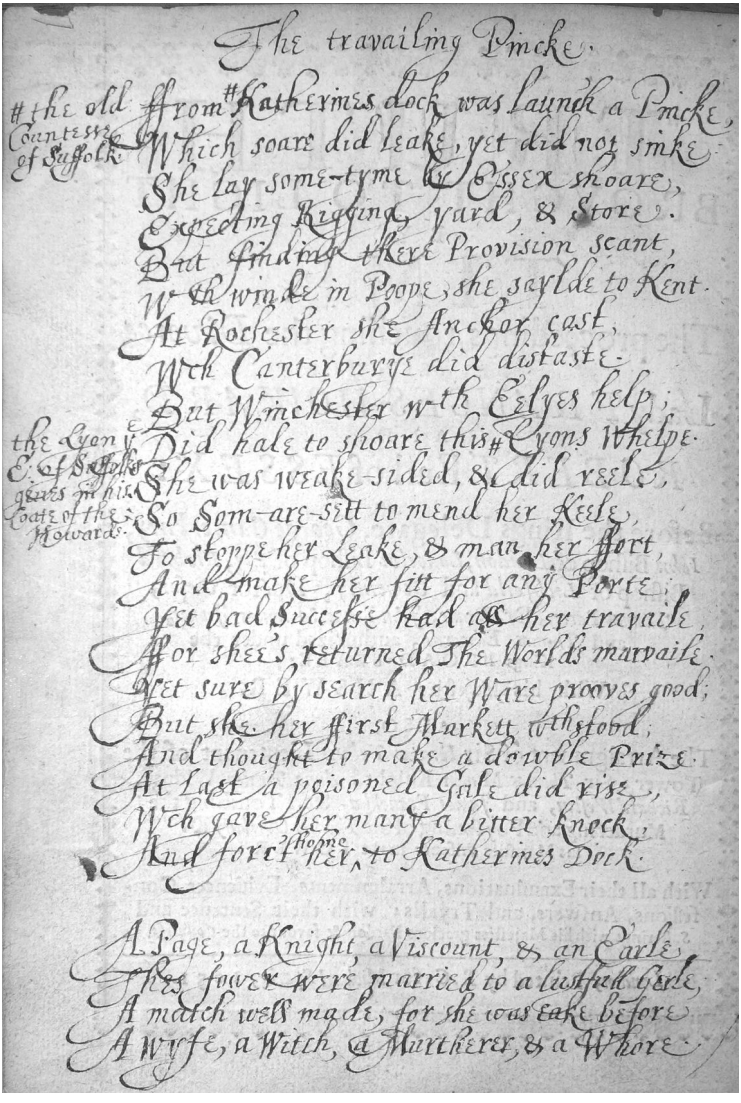
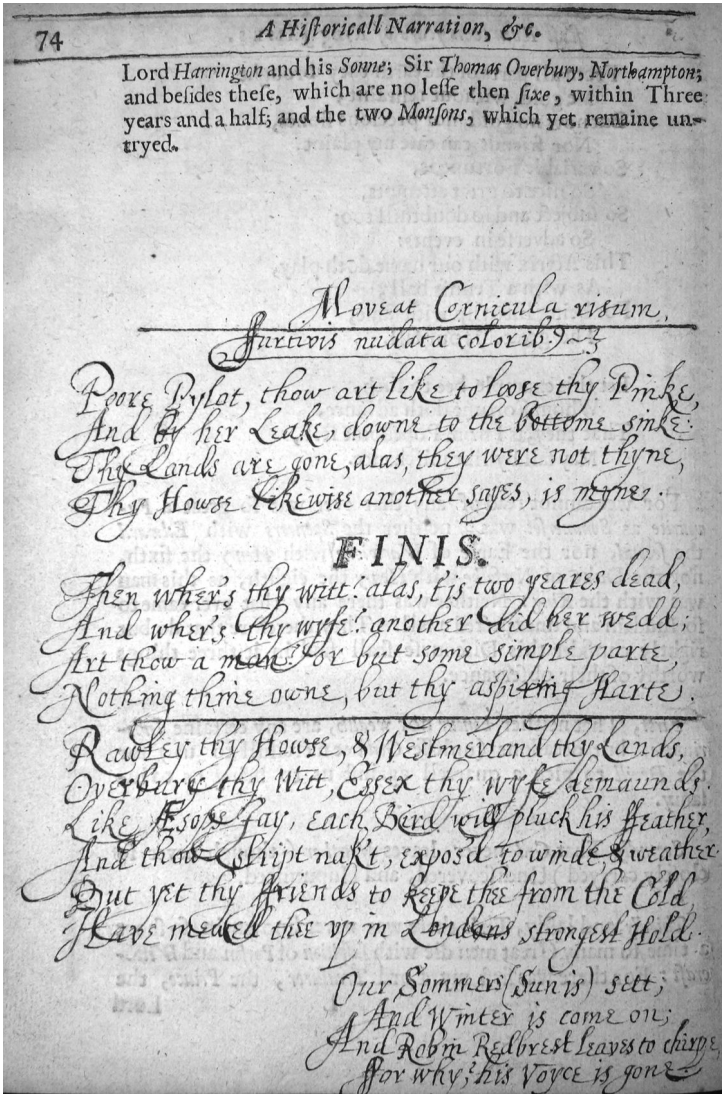


FIGURE 5.5 Marginale in *Truth Brought to Light*: the travailing Pinke.

The travailing[13] Pinke.[14]
ffrom Katherines* dock[15] was Laun'ch a Pinke
Which soare did Leake,[16] yet did not sinke.
She lay some-tyme by Essex shoare,
Expecting Rigging, yard,[17] & Store.[18]
But finding there Provision scant,
Wth winde in Poope, she saylde to Kent.
At Rochester[19] she Anchor cast,
Wch Canterburye did distaste.[20]
But Winchester wth Eelyes help;[21]
Did hale to shoare this Lyons** whelpe.
She was weake-sided,[22] & did reele,
So Som-are-sett to mend her Keele,
To stoppe her Leake, & man her ffort,
And make her fitt for any Porte;
Yet bad Successe had all her travaile,
ffor shee's returned The Worlds marvaile.[23]
Yet sure by search her Ware prooves good;[24]
But she her ffirst Markett[25] wthstood;
And thought to make a dowble Prize.
At Last a poisoned Gale did rise,

[13] *travailing*: both laboring and wandering (*travel* and *travail* were not distinguished in the period).
[14] *Pinke*: a small boat.
[15] *Katherines dock*: Frances Howard's mother, the Countess of Suffolk, was named Katherine; the St. Katherine Docks are in east London, near the Tower.
[16] *sore did Leake*: was sexually insatiable.
[17] *Rigging, yard*: in addition to the nautical terms, sexual intercourse (*OED* rig v.4, 2a) and a penis (*OED* yard n2, 11a).
[18] *Store*: plenty.
[19] *Rochester*: Carr became Viscount Rochester in 1611.
[20] *Canterburye . . . distaste*: George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, was opposed to the annulment.
[21] *Winchester . . . Eelye*: Thomas Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, and Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Ely, voted in favor of the annulment.
[22] *weake-sided*: "In nautical terms, the boat had weak timbers on its side. The last four lines of this poem describe the refitting of the boat, using language with clear bawdy innuendo that turns the refitting into a marital taming of the sexually loose Countess" (Bellany and McRae, *Early Stuart Libels*).
[23] *Worlds marvaile*: i.e. the object of everyone's attention.
[24] *by . . . good*: referring to the investigation of her virginity.
[25] *ffirst Markett*: i.e. the first man she had dealings with. "To make a market," usually in Scots, is to have sexual intercourse (*OED* market n. II.4b).


74 A Historicall Narration, &c.

Lord *Harrington* and his *Sonne*; Sir *Thomas Overbury*, *Northampton*; and beſides theſe, which are no leſſe then *ſixe*, within Three years and a half; and the two *Monſons*, which yet remaine untryed.

Moveat Cornicula risum,
Furtivis nudata colorib.

Poore Pylot, thow art like to loose thy Pinke,
And by her Leake, downe to the bottome sinke:
Thy Lands are gone, alas, they were not thyne,
Thy Howse likewise another sayes, is myne.

FINIS.

Then wher's thy witt? alas, t'is two yeares dead,
And wher's thy wyfe? another did her wedd;
Art thow a man? or but some simple parte,
Nothing thine owne, but thy aspiring Harte.

Rawley thy Howse, & Westmerland thy Lands,
Overbury thy Witt, Essex thy wyfe demaunds.
Like Æsops Jay, each Bird will pluck his feather,
And thow shalt skipt nak't, exposd to winde & weather.
But yet thy friends to keepe thee from the Cold
Have medled thee vp in Londons strongest Hold.

Our Sommers (Sun is) sett;
And Winter is come on;
And Robin Redbrest leaves to chirpe,
For why? his Voyce is gone.

FIGURE 5.6 Marginale in *Truth Brought to Light*: Poore Pylot; a quick but comprehensive summary of Carr's fall.

Wch gave her many a bitter knock,
And forc't her home to Katherines Dock.

A Page, a Knight, a Viscount, & an Earle[26]
Thes fower were married to a lustfull Gerle,
A match well made, for she was eake before
A wyfe, a Witch, a Murtherer, & a Whore.
* the old Countess of Suffolk. [i.e. Frances Howard's mother]
** the Lyon the E. of Suffolke gives in his Coate of the Howards.

The nautical theme continues in Figure 5.6:

Moveat Cornicula risum,
Furtivis nudata coloribus[27]

Poore Pylot, thow art like to loose thy Pinke,
And by her Leake, downe to the bottome sinke:
Thy Lands are gone, alas, they were not thyne,
Thy Howse likewise another sayes, is myne.
FINIS.
Then wher's thy witt?[28] alas, t'is two yeares dead,
And wher's thy wyfe? another did her wedd;[29]
Art thow a man? or but some simple parte,
Nothing thine owne, but thy aspiring Harte.
———————
Rawley thy Howse, & Westmerland thy Lands,[30]
Overbury thy Witt, Essex thy wyfe demaunds.
Like Æsops Jay, each Bird will pluck his ffeather,[31]
And thow stript nakt, expos'd to winde, & weather.

[26] *Page . . . Earle*: Carr's four titles in his ascent.
[27] *Moveat . . . coloribus*: "The little crow, stripped of its stolen feathers, provokes laughter" (Horace, *Epistles*, I.3.19–20). The epigraph does not appear in other versions of the poem.
[28] *thy witt*: Sir Thomas Overbury died in September 1613.
[29] *another . . . wedd*: Referring to her previous marriage to Essex, with an implication that they are really still married.
[30] *Rawley . . . Westmerland*: In 1608 James had given Carr property that had been confiscated from Sir Walter Ralegh; in 1613 Carr acquired a large amount of land that had been confiscated by the Crown in 1569 from the earls of Westmoreland.
[31] *Æsops . . . ffeather*: Aesop's fable of a jay, jackdaw, or crow that dresses itself splendidly in borrowed feathers, but is recognized by the other birds and stripped naked (the Greek and Latin versions are numbered 101 and 472 in the Perry Index of the fables).

FIGURE 5.7 Marginale in *Truth Brought to Light*: a rare pasquinade sympathetic to the Countess of Somerset. The poem is written on the bottom verso of the foldout engraving.

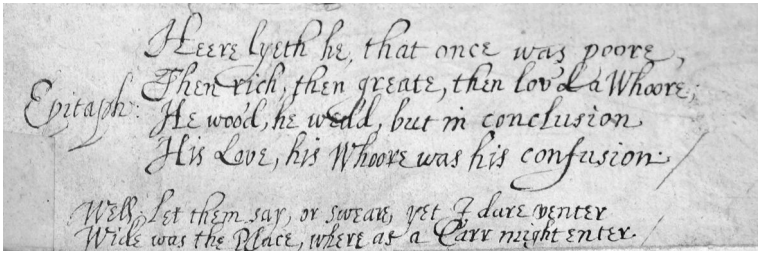


FIGURE 5.8 Marginale in *Truth Brought to Light*: epitaph written in anticipation of Carr's execution. The poem is written vertically on the back of the foldout engraving.

But yet thy ffriends to keepe thee from the Cold
Have mewed thee vp in Londons strongest Hold.[32]
Our Sommers (Sun is) sett;
And Winter is come on;
And Robin[33] Redbrest leaves to chirpe
ffor why? his voyce is gone.

The third poem (Figure 5.7), as Lindley points out, is a rare example that is sympathetic to the Countess.

Lady (chang'd to Venus Dove)
Gently guide the Carr of Love;[34]
Lett yor Sport from night to day
Bee to worke yor Carre-a-way;
Lett me knowen yow found at Last
A Christmas Car-hole[35] that surpast:
Plants good store may thence ensue,
Since Some-are-sett,[36] where yet none grew.
Some-are-sett, & some are Laid,[37]
But yf none stand,[38] God morrow Mayd.

Bellany and McRae observe that the epitaph shown in Figure 5.8 was presumably written in anticipation of Carr's execution in 1615 or 1616, rather than after his death in 1645.

Epitaph:
Heere lyeth he that once was poore,
Then rich, then greate, then lov'd a Whore;
He woo'd, he wedd, but in conclusion
His Love, his Whore was his confusion /

Well, Let them say, or sweare, yet I dare venter
Wide was the Place, where as a Carr might enter. /

[32] *Londons . . . Hold*: The poem was written during the Somersets' incarceration in the Tower.
[33] *Robin*: Alluding to Carr's name Robert.
[34] *Carr of Love*: Venus was represented riding in a chariot drawn by doves.
[35] *Christmas Car-hole*: with an obscene pun on Christmas carol; the wedding was celebrated on December 26, 1613.
[36] *Some-are-sett*: i.e. Somerset is ready (as Essex was not).
[37] *Laid*: like set, a term for planting, with an obscene overtone.
[38] *yf none stand*: if the plants don't grow; if Carr can't get an erection.

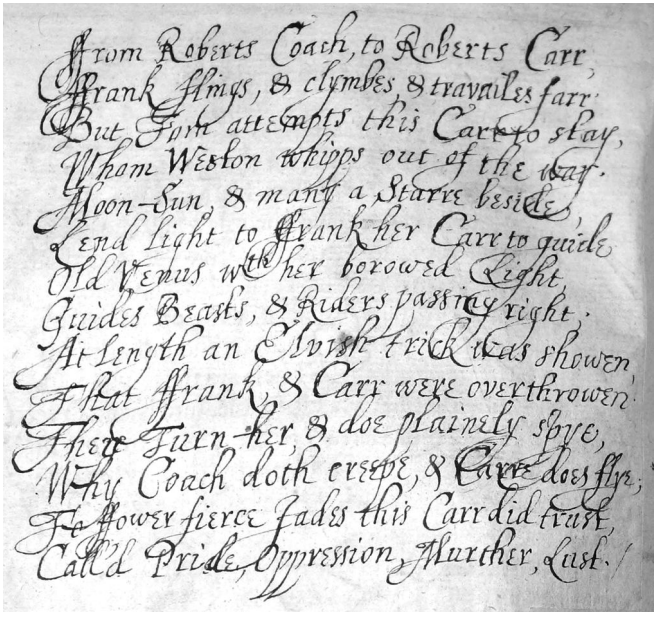


FIGURE 5.9 Marginale in *Truth Brought to Light*: an exercise in punning and allusion. The poem is written on the verso of the foldout engraving.

The poem in Figure 5.9 continues the play on modes of locomotion:

ffrom Roberts Coach to Roberts Carr[39]
ffrank[40] flings, & clymbes, and travailes[41] farr.
But Tom[42] attempts this Carr to stay,
Whom Weston[43] whips out of the way.
Moon-Sun, & many a Starre beside
Lend Light to ffrank her Carr to guide
Old Venus wth her borowed Light,

[39] *ffrom . . . Carr*: Both Essex and Somerset were named Robert; to go from a coach to a car (a small carriage) was a step down.
[40] *ffrank*: Frances (Howard).
[41] *travailes*: both labors and travels.
[42] *Tom*: Sir Thomas Overbury.
[43] *Weston*: Richard Weston, Overbury's keeper in the Tower, who arranged for the poisoned enema.

Guides Beasts, & Riders passing right;
At Length an Elvish trick[44] was showen,
That ffrank, & Carr were overthrowen.
They Turn her,[45] & do plainely spye,
Why Coach doth creepe, & Carr does flye;
To ffower fierce Jades this Carr did trust,
Call'd Pride, Oppression, Murther, Lust.

[44] *Elvish trick*: Sir Gervase Elwes, Lieutenant of the Tower, first revealed the plot, but was charged as an accessory to the murder.
[45] *Turn her*: punning on Anne Turner, the Countess's principal accomplice.

6

Reading with the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery

In 1670 the distinguished noblewoman invariably referred to now as Lady Anne Clifford, but then known as Anne Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, at the age of 80, began a series of readings, for the most part aloud, of the Elizabethan classic *A Mirror for Magistrates.* The volume she used survives. It is copiously annotated with information about where and when the readings took place, and with her comments on the text. Clifford was an articulate and powerful figure who seriously complicates a whole range of modern assumptions about what was possible for women in seventeenth-century English society. She was a voracious reader and bibliophile; Samuel Daniel had been her tutor, and in her youth she was friendly with Donne, who was said to have praised her intelligence, learning, and wit.[1] Barbara Lewalski, in the course of a seminal study of Clifford that focuses in part on the importance of books to her life, observes that she never

[1] The Bishop of Carlisle in his funeral sermon reports Donne's praise of her: "*That she knew well how to discourse of all things, from Predestination, to Slea-silk.* Meaning, that although she was skilful in Housewifry, and in such things in which Women are conversant; yet her penetrating Wit soar'd up to pry into the highest Mysteries" (Edward Rainbowe, *A Sermon Preached at the Funeral of the Right Honorable Anne Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery…* (London, 1677), p. 38).

commented on her reading.[2] It is true that neither her surviving diaries nor the large amount of extant correspondence includes any mention of literature. Readings from the Scriptures are meticulously noted, but the books she kept beside her for information and recreation go unrecorded, though the great portrait she commissioned of herself in her middle years includes a large number of books, many of them literary, with legible titles. In the case we are about to consider, however, she left a detailed record of her reading, which enables us to read along with her.[3]

A Mirror for Magistrates had been a hugely popular and influential book in the Elizabethan era, one of the few modern English works praised in Sidney's *Defence of Poesie* and much imitated; but by 1670 it was long out of fashion—Clifford's interest in it at so late a date is in itself significant, an index to her conservative literary taste and imperviousness to fashion, as well as to the book's remarkable narrative energy. It is a collection of tragic stories of falls from greatness, exemplary histories of the sort Sidney recommended to his brother Robert, but also a cautionary mirror for anyone in authority, warning against complacency and pride. Initially conceived as a continuation of John Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* under the title *A memorial of such princes as since the tyme of King Richard the second haue been vnfortunate in the Realme of England*, it was first printed along with the Lydgate in 1555 by the publisher John Wayland; but the additional material, which brought it dangerously up to date, was considered inflammatory and was suppressed. After the death of Mary Tudor the restriction was lifted, and the book was published in 1559, though still with some expurgation. It went through six subsequent editions and several reissues, increasingly revised and enlarged—for over sixty years it was continuously in print. The most notable of the later editions was that of 1563; this included two contributions from Thomas Sackville, his famous *Induction* (the only part of the work that continues to be read today) and *Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham*. The final edition under the title *A Mirror for Magistrates* was published in 1610; that is

[2] Barbara Lewalski, *Writing Women in Jacobean England* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1993), p. 140.

[3] Her heavily underlined and annotated copy of Barclay's *Argenis*, which she read in 1625, is also extant. There is a provocative study of this volume, and of her reading practices in relation to her self-fashioning and self-presentation generally, in Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 222–40. Clifford read *Argenis* in much the same way as she read *A Mirror for Magistrates*.

the version Clifford was reading. Reissues of this edition under the title *The Falles of Unfortunate Princes* appeared in 1619, 1620, and 1621.[4] It was not edited again until 1815.

The 1610 edition was enlarged and reorganized, not always very sensibly, to fill in gaps and bring the book up to date by covering Elizabethan history—it concludes with Thomas Heywood's long poem *England's Eliza*. Clifford's copy is annotated partly in her own hand, but mostly in that of her secretary; there are in addition a few notes in a less professional scribal hand. The dates and locations where the readings occurred are systematically recorded. They began on 21 March 1670—the volume was already sixty years old—and continued through to 20 May, at Brough and Pendragon castles in Westmorland. During this three-month period, with the exception of a two-week hiatus at the beginning of April, the readings took place pretty much daily, though they were neither comprehensive—not all stories were read—nor consecutive. The next year, in April 1671 at Brougham Castle, the book was taken up again and the final section, *England's Eliza*, was read aloud. A second reading of *England's Eliza* took place in Appleby Castle in September 1673.

These castles were all properties of Clifford's. By 1670 this formidable matriarch had for twenty years been definitively confirmed in her possession of her ancestral estates in Westmorland. She had succeeded in breaking her father's will—George Clifford Earl of Cumberland had wanted his estate to remain in the male line, and had willed his property to his brother, attempting to buy his daughter off with a huge marriage settlement. She and her mother challenged the will; the challenge involved complex and extended litigation against both her family and her tenants. The litigation occupied more than three decades, and ended only with the death of all her father's male heirs. She was dauntless and indomitable: on her first marriage to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, at the age of nineteen, she refused to make over her property to her husband.[5] Both King James and Sir Francis

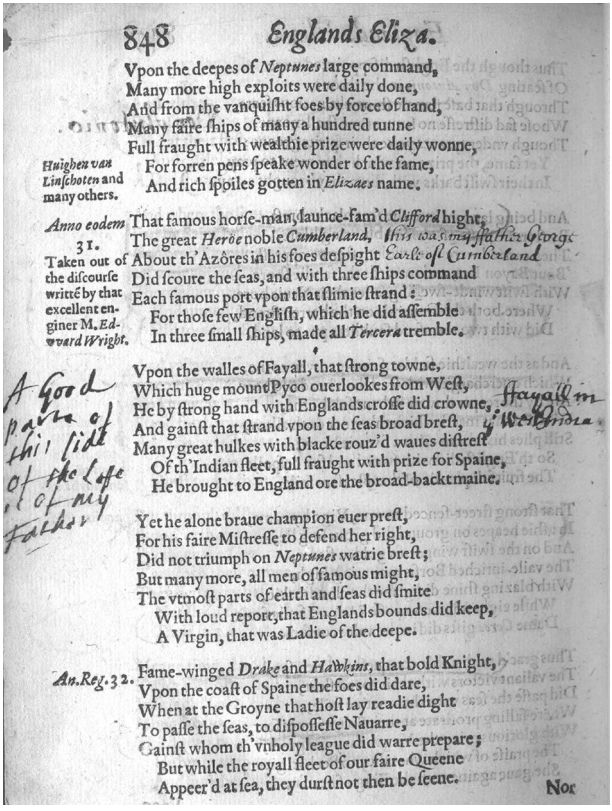
[4] The edition of Lily Bess Campbell published in 1938 is still the only modern one. The best study of the book's explosive history, and an important work of reassessment, is Scott C. Lucas, *A Mirror for Magistrates and the Politics of the English Reformation* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2009).

[5] Legally a married woman could own real property (i.e. houses and land)—Clifford owned a great deal, but did not control it: if she owned a house she could not rent it out; if

Bacon, the Attorney General, in personal interviews, tried to persuade her, but she was not persuaded—she knew both her mind and her husband, a spendthrift and an inveterate gambler. This was very heavy artillery to level against someone we believe had few legal rights. Slowly but decisively she had triumphed, had left London and the court world of her youth, and now lived permanently in the county of which she was the principal landowner. She was, through her two marriages, the Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; in her own right she was the Baroness Clifford, Westmorland and Vecsey, and was in addition hereditary Sheriff of Westmorland. Like a true Renaissance prince, she moved continually from one property to another—her four principal residences were the castles just mentioned, and there were a variety of other lordships and manors that she also owned and visited. She traveled in a horse-drawn litter over the mountainous roads and stayed for a few months at a time at each of the castles.

Clifford identifies herself definitively near the end of *England's Eliza*, noting next to a passage about "That famous horse-man, launce-fam'd *Clifford* hight, / The great *Heroë* noble *Cumberland*" that "this was my ffather George erle of Cumberland" (p. 848); twenty-two pages later she has the same note beside "Renowned *Clifford* on the fruitfull deepe / Like *Jove*-borne *Perseus*" (p. 870; Figure 6.1). Obviously, one thing she liked about the poem was its celebration of her own family. But she also makes an interesting family error in the process of appropriating the work when at one point her heroic father is referred to simply as "Cumberland," rather than "Clifford," and she marginally identifies him as her grandfather, the second Earl ("that Cumberland was my grandfather"), and then subsequently corrects the word to "father" (p. 790; Figure 6.2)—she is reading, or rereading, carefully enough to catch the mistake. There are a number of other quite personal moments throughout the book: she finds a Clifford ancestor in the tragedy of Edward II, and notes "which Lord Clifford died the 1st yeare

she owned land she could not rent or sell it. But had she made her property over to her husband, he could have sold it. For an overview see Amy Louise Erickson, *Women and Property in Early Modern England* (London: Routledge, 1993). Erickson distinguishes legal theory from common practice; the rules were often ignored: "in practice wives maintained during marriage substantial property interests of their own" (19). My thanks to Jenna Lay for help in clarifying the situation.



848 *Englands Eliza.*

Vpon the deepes of *Neptunes* large command,
Many more high exploits were daily done,
And from the vanquiſht foes by force of hand,
Many faire ſhips of many a hundred tunne
Full fraught with wealthie prize were daily wonne,
Huighen van Linſchoten and many others. For forren pens ſpeake wonder of the fame,
And rich ſpoiles gotten in *Elizaes* name.

Anno eodem 31. That famous horſe-man, launce-fam'd *Clifford* hight,
Taken out of the diſcourſe writtē by that excellent enginer M. *Edward Wright.* The great *Heroe* noble *Cumberland*, *this was my ffather George Earle of Cumberland*
About th'Azôres in his foes deſpight
Did ſcoure the ſeas, and with three ſhips command
Each famous port vpon that ſlimie ſtrand:
For thoſe few Engliſh, which he did aſſemble
In three ſmall ſhips, made all *Tercera* tremble.

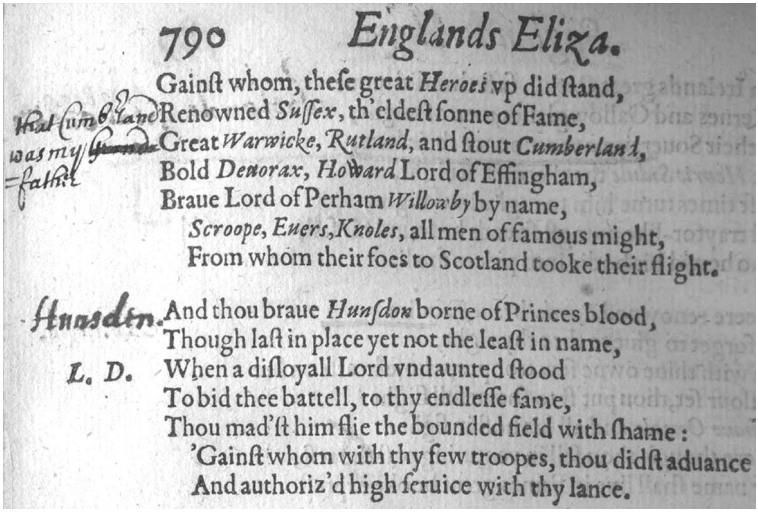
Vpon the walles of Fayall, that ſtrong towne,
Which huge mount Pyco ouerlookes from Weſt,
He by ſtrong hand with Englands croſſe did crowne,
And gainſt that ſtrand vpon the ſeas broad breſt,
Many great hulkes with blacke rouz'd waues diſtreſt
Of th'Indian fleet, full fraught with prize for Spaine,
He brought to England ore the broad-backt maine.

Yet he alone braue champion euer preſt,
For his faire Miſtreſſe to defend her right,
Did not triumph on *Neptunes* watrie breſt;
But many more, all men of famous might,
The vtmoſt parts of earth and ſeas did ſmite
With loud report, that Englands bounds did keep,
A Virgin, that was Ladie of the deepe.

An. Reg. 32. Fame-winged *Drake* and *Hawkins*, that bold Knight,
Vpon the coaſt of Spaine the foes did dare,
When at the Groyne that hoſt lay readie dight
To paſſe the ſeas, to diſpoſſeſſe Nauarre,
Gainſt whom th'vnholy league did warre prepare;
But while the royall fleet of our faire Queene
Appeer'd at ſea, they durſt not then be ſeene.

Nor

FIGURE 6.1 In Heywood's *England's Eliza*, Lady Anne Clifford identifies her father at the right of the second stanza: "this was my ffather George Earle of Cumberland"—the note is in the hand of her secretary. To the left of the third stanza she writes in her own hand, "A Good parte of this side of the Leffe [leaf] is of my Father." On the right, her secretary identifies "ffayall in the west India," i.e. Fayal, in the Azores—Cumberland led a successful raid on the island and captured several Spanish treasure ships.


790 *Englands Eliza.*

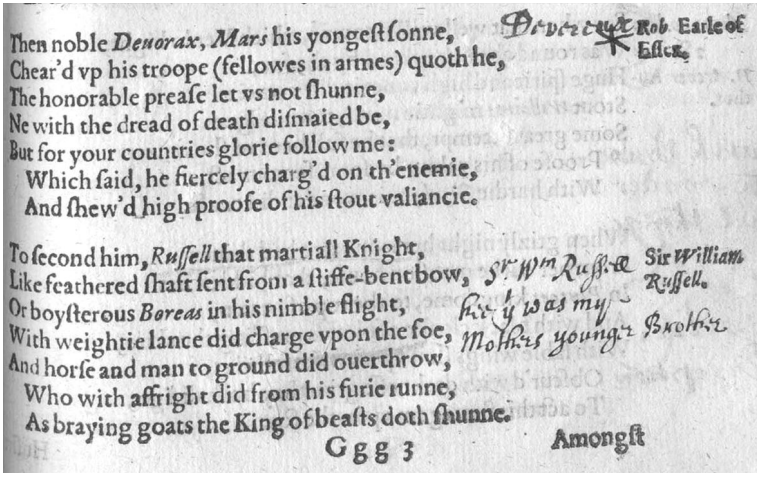
Gainſt whom, theſe great *Heroes* vp did ſtand,
Renowned *Suſſex*, th' eldeſt ſonne of Fame,
Great *Warwicke*, *Rutland*, and ſtout *Cumberland*,
Bold *Denorax*, *Howard* Lord of Effingham,
Braue Lord of Perham *Willowby* by name,
Scroope, *Euers*, *Knoles*, all men of famous might,
From whom their foes to Scotland tooke their flight.

And thou braue *Hunſdon* borne of Princes blood,
Though laſt in place yet not the leaſt in name,
When a diſloyall Lord vndaunted ſtood
To bid thee battell, to thy endleſſe fame,
Thou mad'ſt him flie the bounded field with ſhame:
'Gainſt whom with thy few troopes, thou didſt aduance
And authoriz'd high ſeruice with thy lance.

FIGURE 6.2 In Heywood's *England's Eliza*, Clifford corrects a first impression, changing "grandfather" to "father" (p. 790). The text describes the suppression of the Northern Rebellion in 1569–70. In the second stanza Henry Carey Lord Hunsdon is praised. The marginal printed "L. D." refers to the rebel leader Leonard Dacre.

of K: Edw: 3: Raigne without Legitimate Children As he was never married" (p. 716); she marginally identifies "*Russell* that martiall Knight" as "Sr Wm Russell he that was my Mothers younger Brother" (p. 805; Figure 6.3); she observes of "noble *Bingham*, that illustrate Knight" that "this Sr Richard Bingham had a neece that served mee a good while as my chief gentlewoman / Bingham a Dorsettshire man" (p. 803; Figure 6.4); and she notes at the beginning of the tragedy of Humphrey Plantagenet that part of it she read herself, and part was read to her in Brough Castle by William Watkinson (p. 327), who was for many years Clifford's secretary (Figure 6.5).

The marginal commentary opens, however, with a particularly interesting family error. At the very beginning of the book, beside the title "The Authors Induction," she writes this: "I am of that opinion that this is the same that is called mr Sackvills induction: Immediatly after I heard it Read over to me the 21: day of march in 1670" (sig. A8v; Figure 6.6). It is, in fact, not Sackville's Induction but John Higgins's


Then noble *Deuorax*, *Mars* his yongeſt ſonne,
Chear'd vp his troope (fellowes in armes) quoth he,
The honorable preaſe let vs not ſhunne,
Ne with the dread of death diſmaied be,
But for your countries glorie follow me:
Which ſaid, he fiercely charg'd on th'enemie,
And ſhew'd high proofe of his ſtout valiancie.

To ſecond him, *Ruſſell* that martiall Knight,
Like feathered ſhaft ſent from a ſtiffe-bent bow,
Or boyſterous *Boreas* in his nimble flight,
With weightie lance did charge vpon the foe,
And horſe and man to ground did ouerthrow,
Who with affright did from his furie runne,
As braying goats the King of beaſts doth ſhunne.

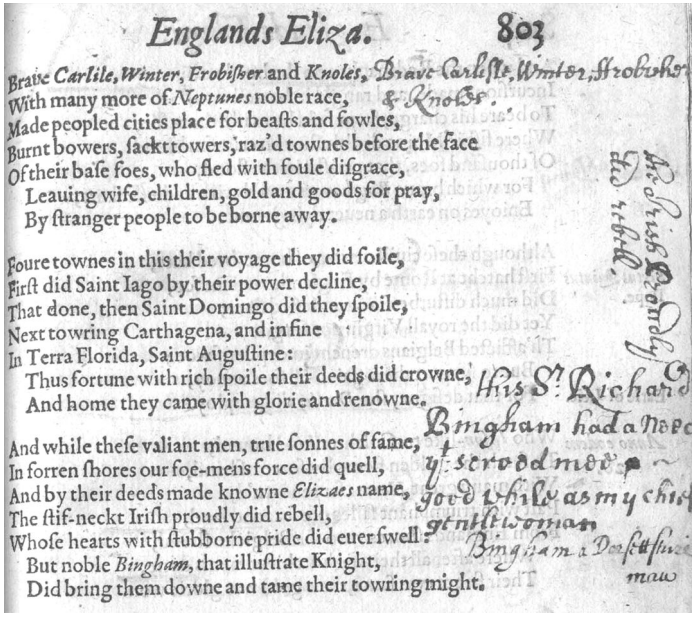
Ggg 3 Amongſt

FIGURE 6.3 After a stanza in praise of Robert Devereux ("noble *Deuorax*") in Heywood's *England's Eliza*, Clifford identifies "Sr Wm Russell hee that was my Mothers younger Brother" (p. 805).

Induction to the book as a whole—Sackville's famous Induction to his tragedy of the Duke of Buckingham appears much further on. Three days later she marginally corrects herself: "but after wards I perceived that that his Induction begins att the 255: page"—page 255 is, indeed, headed, in very large type, "Mr. Sackvils Induction" (Figure 6.7), and around it she duly notes, with perhaps more show of deliberation than is warranted:

> I thinke this is the right Induction that was written in the beginning of Queene Elizabeth's time by mr Thomas Sackvill that was afterwarde Lord high Treasurer of England & Earle of Dorset. which was read over to mee the 24: of March in Brough Castle 1669:1670 / And the other induction be but Counterfeat to this. (p. 255)

This is notable, and even surprising, for several reasons. First, though Clifford has never read Sackville's Induction, she knows about it, and knows that it is what she wants to hear—it is, in this book, the real thing: "the other induction" is not only the wrong one, it is "Counterfeat." For this particular reader, however, Sackville's poem was not merely famous; it was in a real sense a family heirloom: the Thomas


England's Eliza. 803

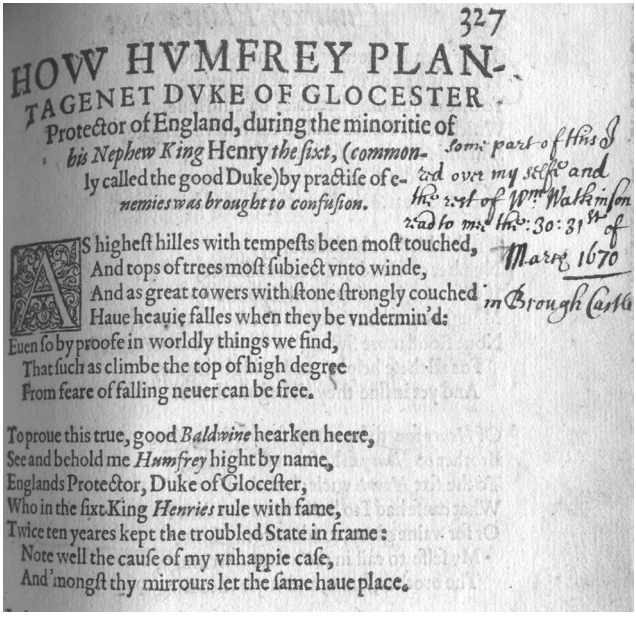
Braue Carlile, Winter, Frobiſher and Knoles,
With many more of Neptunes noble race,
Made peopled cities place for beaſts and fowles,
Burnt bowers, ſackt towers, raz'd townes before the face
Of their baſe foes, who fled with foule diſgrace,
Leauing wife, children, gold and goods for pray,
By ſtranger people to be borne away.

Foure townes in this their voyage they did foile,
Firſt did Saint Iago by their power decline,
That done, then Saint Domingo did they ſpoile,
Next towring Carthagena, and in fine
In Terra Florida, Saint Auguſtine:
Thus fortune with rich ſpoile their deeds did crowne,
And home they came with glorie and renowne.

And while theſe valiant men, true ſonnes of fame,
In forren ſhores our foe-mens force did quell,
And by their deeds made knowne Elizaes name,
The ſtif-neckt Iriſh proudly did rebell,
Whoſe hearts with ſtubborne pride did euer ſwell:
But noble Bingham, that illuſtrate Knight,
Did bring them downe and tame their towring might.

FIGURE 6.4 Clifford's gloss to Heywood's *England's Eliza*, p. 803: "this Sr Richard Bingham had a neece that served mee a good while as my chief gentlewoman / Bingham a Dorsettshire man." The vertical note, "The Irish Proudly did rebell," relates to the third stanza.

Sackville who was afterwards Lord Treasurer and Earl of Dorset was her grandfather-in-law, her first husband's grandfather. It was he, indeed, who had first proposed the marriage of his grandson Richard Sackville with Lady Anne Clifford. He died in 1608, less than a year before their marriage, when she was eighteen. Even if she never met him—which seems very unlikely—he was a person of considerable importance in her life; so her detachment in referring to him only as a literary and public figure is remarkable: compare it with the marginalia about "Sr Wm Russell he that was my Mothers younger Brother" and Sir Richard Bingham's niece "that served mee a good while as my chief gentlewoman." Not only does she not appropriate Sackville, but her first marriage is actually being suppressed here.


327

HOW HVMFREY PLAN-
TAGENET DVKE OF GLOCESTER
Protector of England, during the minoritie of
his Nephew King Henry the fixt, (common-
ly called the good Duke) by practise of e-
nemies was brought to confusion.

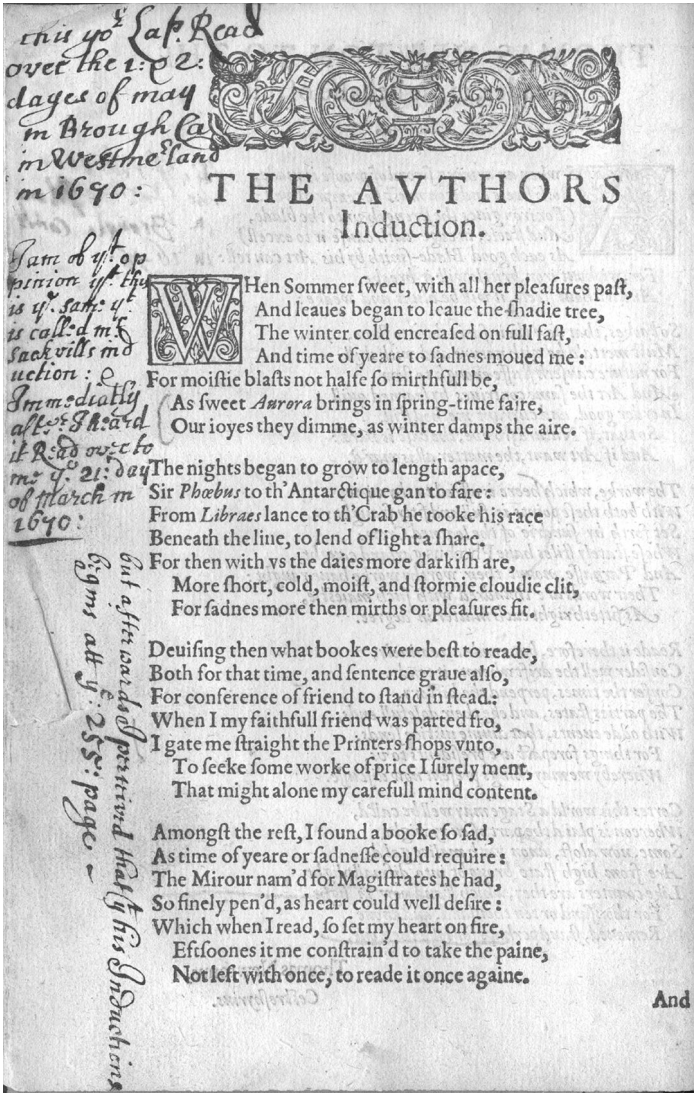
some part of this I
red over my selfe and
the rest of Wm Watkinson
read to me the 30: 31st of
March 1670
in Brough Castle

AS highest hilles with tempests been most touched,
And tops of trees most subiect vnto winde,
And as great towers with stone strongly couched
Haue heauie falles when they be vndermin'd:
Euen so by proofe in worldly things we find,
That such as climbe the top of high degree
From feare of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true, good *Baldwine* hearken heere,
See and behold me *Humfrey* hight by name,
Englands Protector, Duke of Glocester,
Who in the fixt King *Henries* rule with fame,
Twice ten yeares kept the troubled State in frame:
Note well the cause of my vnhappie case,
And 'mongst thy mirrours let the same haue place.

FIGURE 6.5 Clifford's gloss to *Humphrey Duke of Glocester*, p. 327: "some part of this I red over my selfe and the rest of [it] Wm. Watkinson read to mee the 30: 31st of March 1670 / in Brough Castle."

It is probably to the point, therefore, that having read Sackville's Induction she did not go on to read the rest of Sackville's contribution to the *Mirror*, the *Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham*—in the 1609 edition this does not immediately follow, but the Induction is clearly an induction to that particular tragedy: it concludes, "Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham [. . .] / On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plaind" (p. 271). A really interested reader would surely then proceed to the plaint. Apparently the Induction was all the Sackville she wanted, though she wanted a good deal else from the book as a whole. Most striking, perhaps, is the fact that she has never read the book before. Though she collected books throughout her life, including such English literary classics as *Arcadia*, the works of Chaucer, Spenser, and her tutor Samuel Daniel, and Florio's translation of Montaigne, this


this yᵉ Last Read
over the 1: & 2:
dayes of may
in Brough Ca
in Westmᵉland
in 1640:

THE AVTHORS
Induction.

I am of that opinion that this is the same that is called mr Sackvills induction: & Immediatly after I heard it Read over to me the 21: day of March in 1640:

WHen Sommer ſweet, with all her pleaſures paſt,
And leaues began to leaue the ſhadie tree,
The winter cold encreaſed on full faſt,
And time of yeare to ſadnes moued me:
For moiſtie blaſts not halfe ſo mirthfull be,
As ſweet *Aurora* brings in ſpring-time faire,
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th'Antarctique gan to fare:
From *Libraes* lance to th'Crab he tooke his race
Beneath the line, to lend of light a ſhare.
For then with vs the daies more darkiſh are,
More ſhort, cold, moiſt, and ſtormie cloudie clit,
For ſadnes more then mirths or pleaſures fit.

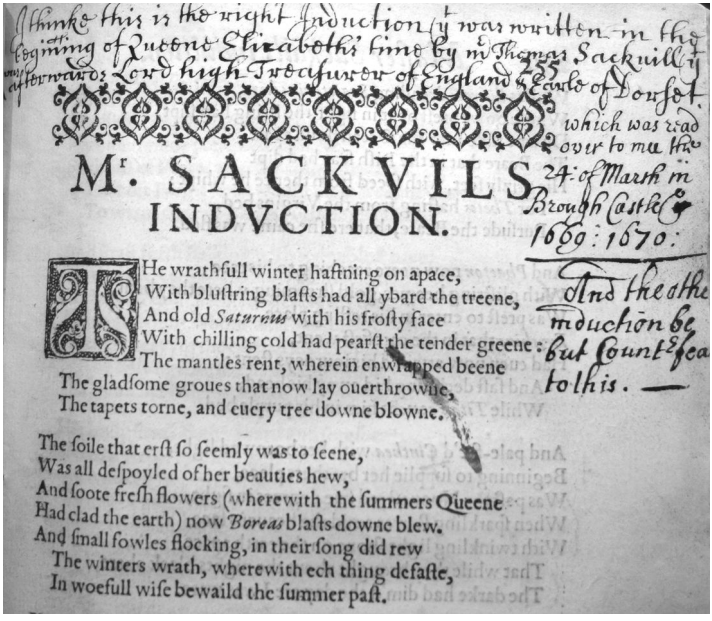
Deuiſing then what bookes were beſt to reade,
Both for that time, and ſentence graue alſo,
For conference of friend to ſtand in ſtead:
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,
I gate me ſtraight the Printers ſhops vnto,
To ſeeke ſome worke of price I ſurely ment,
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongſt the reſt, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or ſadneſſe could require:
The Mirour nam'd for Magiſtrates he had,
So finely pen'd, as heart could well deſire:
Which when I read, ſo ſet my heart on fire,
Eftſoones it me conſtrain'd to take the paine,
Not left with once, to reade it once againe.

And

but afterwards I perceived that that his Induction begins att the 255: page.

FIGURE 6.6 *A Mirror for Magistrates* (London, 1610): the first page of the Induction to the whole collection (sig. A8v), read first in March and again in May 1670. "I am of that opinion that this is the same that is called mr Sackvills induction:/ Immediatly after I heard it Read over to me the 21: day of march in 1670: but after wards I perceived that that his Induction begins att the 255: page."


I thinke this is the right Induction that was written in the beginning of Queene Elizabeths time by mr Thomas Sackvill that was afterwarde Lord high Treasurer of England & Earle of Dorset. which was read over to mee the 24: of March in Brough Castle 1669:1670 / And the other induction be but Counterfeat to this.

M. SACKVILS
INDVCTION.

THe wrathfull winter haſtning on apace,
With bluſtring blaſts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his froſty face
With chilling cold had pearſt the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladſome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The ſoile that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeene,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hew,
And ſoote freſh flowers (wherewith the ſummers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blaſts downe blew.
And ſmall fowles flocking, in their ſong did rew
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaſte,
In woefull wiſe bewaild the ſummer paſt.

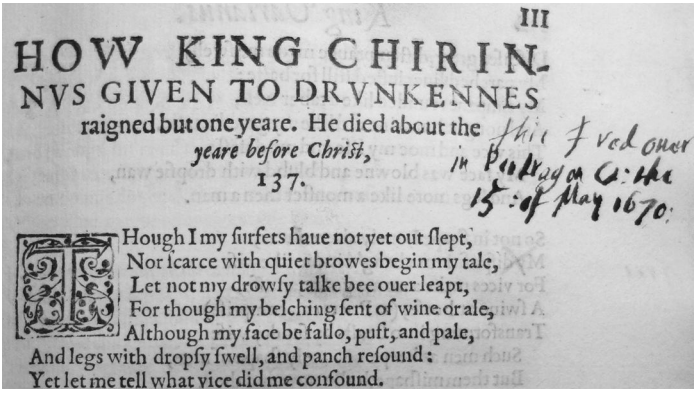
FIGURE 6.7 "Mr. Sackvils Induction," *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1610), p. 255: "I thinke this is the right Induction that was written in the beginning of Queene Elizabeth's time by mr Thomas Sackvill that was afterwarde Lord high Treasurer of England & Earle of Dorset. which was read over to mee the 24: of March in Brough Castle 1669:1670 / And the other induction be but Counterfeat to this."

classic seems first to have come into her possession when she was eighty years old. It is not among the books in her portrait. If her husband owned a copy of his grandfather's masterpiece, she did not keep it; if there was a copy on the shelves at Knole, her home for twenty years and the Sackvilles' ancestral seat, she did not read it. But for three months in 1670, and twice thereafter, she read the book eagerly and appreciatively, frequently commenting in the margins "a good verse," or "mark this."

I have noted that there are two principal hands discernible in the marginalia. The main one, which we might call the narrative hand, is the one that conveys most of the information about what was read when and where. It is a very clear scribal hand, that of Clifford's

secretary William Watkinson, whom she refers to as her "chief writer" during the last years of her life—this is the same hand in which her diary for the 1660s and 1670s is written. She dictated the diary to him, as she dictated most of these marginalia.[6] And, like a true Renaissance secretary, Watkinson wrote in whatever persona was required. For some narratives, the heading he provides takes the form "This was read to your ladyship" on such a date at such a place; some are headed, "This your ladyship read over yourself" on such a date; but in some Watkinson disappears, and the heading reads "This I read myself" on such a date, and even "This was read over to me" on such a date—Watkinson's mistress at these moments speaks through him, just as she does when he writes her correspondence in the first person. But her own shaky italic hand also writes "This I read" on such a date (Figure 6.8).

She also makes more personal comments, noting particular passages for emphasis or praise. She was taught the italic that ladies used, and in her youth it was a careful, very controlled hand. In her maturity her surviving correspondence shows it as a swift and forceful hand, significantly less elegant. By the age of eighty she had less control over it, and in a few places seems to require help in completing her marginalia. The


III

HOW KING CHIRIN-
NVS GIVEN TO DRVNKENNES
raigned but one yeare. He died about the
yeare before Christ,
137.

This I red over
in Pedrugan C: the
15: of May 1670.

Hough I my ſurfets haue not yet out ſlept,
Nor ſcarce with quiet browes begin my tale,
Let not my drowſy talke bee ouer leapt,
For though my belching ſent of wine or ale,
Although my face be fallo, puft, and pale,
And legs with dropſy ſwell, and panch reſound:
Yet let me tell what vice did me confound.

FIGURE 6.8 *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1610), p. 111: Clifford as her own secretary.

[6] On Clifford dictating her diaries, see Aaron B. Kunin, "From the Desk of Lady Anne Clifford," *ELH* 71.3 (2004), 587–608.

personae throughout the book shade into each other as Clifford's sense of herself incorporates her servants, and as they ventriloquize her voice. In fact, one important way that she incorporated her servants was precisely through her books. Heidi Brayman Hackel shows how she systematically lent or gave volumes to the servants—everybody read in the household—and the Bishop of Carlisle, in his funeral sermon, gives the following testimony to the very material uses she made of literature:

> she would frequently bring out of the rich Store-house of her Memory, *things new and old*, Sentences, or Sayings of remark, which she had read or learned out of Authors, and with these her Walls, her Bed, her Hangings, and Furniture must be adorned; causing her Servants to write them in Papers, and her Maids to pin them up, that she, or they, in the time of their dressing, or as occasion served, might remember, and make their descants on them. So that, though she had not many Books in her Chamber, yet it was dressed up with the flowers of a Library.[7]

Brayman Hackel perceptively describes this as the translation of her bedroom into a communal commonplace book.[8]

Her marginalia are informed, as her diary is, with a passion for meticulous and often repetitious detail, with no evident principle of subordination. Here is a passage from the diary for 1668 about the visit of one of her former lady's maids, which gives a good sense of her style:

> The 11th day of May in this year did my old servant Mrs Elizabeth Gillmore, whose first husband was mr John Turner, come from her son-in-law Mr Killaways at Wirk in Wiltshire to an inn at Reading in Berkshire, and from thence next day to London, where she stayed till the 5th day of the month following, in which time her second husband Mr John Gillmore with their maid and a man called John Walker and one Thomas Kingston came up thither with her. And from thence the same 5th day of June they came down together in a hired coach towards York, whither they got well the 9th day; and there my servants George Goodgion and John Hall by my appointment met them with some of my horses to bring them from thence hither to Brougham Castle. And accordingly they set forth from York the 11th day, and came that night to Greta Bridge, and the next day

[7] Rainbowe, *Sermon*, p. 40.
[8] Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 230–1.

> over Stainmore and by Brough Castle into my Castle of Appleby, where they lay all night, Mrs Gillmore and her husband lying in the Baron's chamber there; and from thence the 13th of this June they came by Julian Bower (where they alighted to see all the rooms and places about it), and so through Whinfield Park hither into this Brougham Castle to me, where I kissed Mrs Gillmore, I having not seen her since the 11th of August 1663, when she had been for a while at Skipton Castle with me, till now this 13th of June.[9]

The crazily compulsive detail of this is entirely consistent with her way of reading her copy of *A Mirror for Magistrates*. For example, on May 19, 1670, Thomas Blennerhasset's tragedy *How Uter Pendragon was inamoured on the wife of Gorolus Duke of Cornwall* was read to her, and at the end she had Watkinson write, "these Blenner Hassetts are the Antientst Gentlemen in Cumberlande" (p. 218). They then proceeded to the next tragedy, Blennerhasset's *How Cadwallader the Last King of the Britaines was expelled*, at the end of which—six pages later, say twelve minutes of reading time—Watkinson duly noted that "these Blenner Hassetts, are Antient Gentlemen in Cumberland" (p. 224). The next day they read Blennerhasset's *How Sigebert for his Wicked Life was thrust from his throne and miserablie slaine*, and when they concluded Watkinson wrote "this Blener Hasset has writ severall of the bookes before who come of a Good Kindred in Cumberland" (p. 234). They then read Blennerhasset's *How Ladie Ebbe did Flea her nose and upper lippe away, to save her virginitie*—four pages, less than ten minutes long—and at the end Watkinson noted "this is the same Blener Hassets that writ divers of these before" (p. 238). They went on to the four pages of *How King Egelred for his wickednesse was diversly distressed by the Danes*, and Watkinson observed "this is that blener Hasset that has writ Divers of this before" (p. 242). And finally, still on 20 May, a few minutes later, they read *How Edricus Earle of Mercia, Destroyed the Valiant King Edmund Ironside*, of which Watkinson noted that "this Thomas Blener: Hasset was a Cumberland Gentleman who made many of these Poems" (p. 244). This is an entirely characteristic progression, with the tales meticulously prepared for the possibility that she may some day reread them out of sequence.

[9] *The Diaries of Lady Anne Clifford*, ed. D. G. H. Clifford (Stroud, Glos.: Sutton Publishing, 1992), p. 189.

So far we have looked at some ways in which Clifford appropriated and controlled the book. But she also enjoyed it, and the marginalia in her own hand gloss salient points. In the tragedy of Leir and Cordila, Queen Cordila, she marginally notes, "was taken prisoner" (p. 64); through the efforts of Empress Helena "Brittons all turned Christians" (p. 196); Edward II "was putt to Dethe withe tormentt in Barkley castell," and she several times notes beside that particular story that she has heard it often. Her hand also expresses frequent admiration and approval. From the very beginning of the book she likes its philosophy and epigrammatic morality. John Higgins's prefatory citation of Plotinus's dictum that "The property of Temperance is to covet nothing which may be repented" earns a marginal "excelent good" (sig. A2r), and his observation that Cyrus and Hannibal would never have come to tragic ends "but for want of temperance" is marginally declared "true" (sig. A3r). Her taste in verse is conservative, but she has an ear for dignified and powerful prosody:

> Sith that the wrath of gods hath yeelded me,
> And eke my brother, captives to your hands,
> I am content to do as pleaseth thee,
> You have my realme, my life, my goods and lands,
> I must be needs content as Fortune stands.

This, from John Higgins's tragedy of *Albanact*, is declared "A good Verse" (p. 5), and Higgins's fourteeners sending Brute off to found Britain, "An Iland in the Ocean is, where Giants erst did dwell: / But now a desert place that's fit, will serve thy people well," is "A remarkable prophesie in verse concerning the building of another Troy of great Britane" (p. 7). Here are a few more examples from among a great many, to give a sense of her taste. Beside Higgins's invocation of the "world divided from the world" topos—

> An Ile said I? nay nam'd the world throughout
> Another world, sith sea doth it divide
> From all, that wants not all the world beside

—she writes "Marke this" (p. 11). In *Robert Duke of Normandy*, "Nine times the pale-fac'd Queene of peacefull night," or perhaps the whole stanza, is declared "A good verse" (p. 643). As for Sackville's Induction, it includes, for her, "A good discription of the house of Sorrow"

(p. 261); and this bit from John Higgins's tale of Fulgentius is "An Excellent Good Vearse":

> You noble men, yee see what trust there is
> In Fortunes gifts, how mischiefe makes the marts,
> And how our hoped haps in warres do misse,
> When backe the brave and blinded Ladie starts.
> High reaching heads swim oft in seas of smarts. (p. 170)

She especially commends "Three good verses" at the opening of the tragedy *How King Kimarus was Devoured by Wilde Beasts*:

> No place commends the man unworthie praise.
> No Kingly state doth stay up vices fall:
> No wicked wight to woe can make delaies. (p. 103)

The next line, however, strikes a modern ear as even better: "No loftie lookes preserve the proud at all." Is there any significance in the fact that only three good verses are cited here, not four? Though the Bishop of Carlisle praises her in his funeral oration for her humility, did the fourth line perhaps strike her as hitting too close to home?

Throughout the book, whole pages are commended with the curious expression "A good side of a Leffe." "Leffe" (see Figure 6.1) is an old form of leaf, as in a leaf of paper (when Watkinson writes the phrase he spells the word "leafe"), and this is apparently a way of being precise: "a good page" could refer to the whole double-sided leaf, but she wants it clear which side she means. Our reaction to this will probably be to wonder what the point of the precision is: for whose benefit are these marginalia written other than herself? But the book is a testimony to how public and communal a matter the reading of literature still was in the seventeenth century.

Aside from *England's Eliza*, a clear favorite that Clifford read over twice, the tales she singles out for special praise are *The Life and Death of Robert Surnamed Curthose, Duke of Normandy*, noting that, "though this bee a very sadd one yett it is the best in all this Booke" (p. 632), and the story of *How Queene Helena of Britaine Married Constantius the Emperour and Much Advanced the Christian Faith*, of which she says, "this is one of the Excellent'st treatice in all the Booke" (p. 195). We need not pause much over her attraction to the British heroine under whose wise guidance, as she marginally notes in her own hand,

"Brittons all turned Christians" (p. 196). The combination of female authority and the triumph of faith was certainly sufficient guarantee of excellence. Robert Duke of Normandy is another matter. The story is, as she notes, very sad. It concerns the brother of William Rufus, who spent his life fighting attempts to dislodge him from his rightful place. All his successes—and there were many—proved ultimately delusive, and he ended his days in misery. If Clifford, at the age of eighty, saw this as a cautionary tale about her own life, let us hope that she viewed it as an alternative model, the fate she had escaped.

The Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery's *Mirror for Magistrates* is an especially clear example of the early modern attitude toward the relation of books to readers. Obviously what she loved about it was the many ways in which she saw herself in it, both her family history and her own trials and triumphs. This book is not simply a printed text—very few books are, and no book's history concludes with its publication. As soon as a book has a reader it has been changed, and it is a rare book from this period that does not bear the imprint of ownership. This particular reader went to considerable effort to make *A Mirror for Magistrates* her own, both to reinvent it as a part of her life and to command the attention of her staff, to render it an aspect of her authority as head of her household. It did not merely entertain her and her servants on spring evenings for a year or two; under her hand it celebrated her heroic ancestry, chronicled her days, and served as the receptacle of her memory. Reading it is both communal and deeply personal, much more strikingly so than any of the other examples we have considered. It is tempting to describe this as a peculiarly feminine mode of reading, an essentially domestic form of attention, but in fact it is peculiarly feminine only in the sense that it is peculiarly hers—the only comparable example is her own copy of Barclay's *Argenis*, which she read forty-five years earlier. Other women's books from the period do not look like these.[10] So I now turn to the question of who this person was whom we know as Lady Anne Clifford.

[10] Clifford's copy of *Argenis* is discussed by Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 222–40, as noted earlier. On women reading, see Lewalski, *Writing Women*; Sasha Roberts, "Women Reading in a Room of their Own," in *Renaissance Configurations*, ed. Gordon McMullan (Basingstoke, Hants: Palgrave Macmillan, 1998), pp. 30–63; Mary Ellen Lamb, "The Agency of the Split Subject: Lady Anne Clifford and the Uses of Reading," *English Literary Renaissance* 22.3 (September 1992), 347–68.

She was indeed Lady Anne Clifford until the age of nineteen: that was her courtesy title as the daughter of a peer. When she married Richard Sackville in 1610 she became first Lady Anne Sackville and Lady Buckhurst; and two days later, upon the sudden death of her father-in-law, she was Anne Countess of Dorset. After Sackville's death in 1624 she was the Dowager Countess of Dorset, and when in 1630 she married Philip Herbert, she became in addition Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. Upon his death in 1650 she was, by virtue of her marriages, the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. And, having established herself through long and complex litigation as her father's sole heir, she was in her own right the Baroness Clifford, Westmorland, and Vecsey—she had successfully refuted the claim that women could not succeed to baronies. After 1630, and for the rest of her life, she always signed herself in her personal correspondence Anne Pembroke.

Who, then, is Lady Anne Clifford? And in whose interest is it to refer to her as a permanent nineteen-year-old virgin? It is easy to explain her remarkable success as an exception that proves the universal rule of patriarchy. She is exceptional, certainly, but declaring her an exception is tantamount to dismissing her; if she is an exception, she does not disturb what we take to be the norms. In a sense, however, she is not an exception; she is the rule, and she succeeded in demonstrating it. Here our sense of what the norms were becomes crucial. Her power and authority depended on her status as her father's sole heir, but it depended even more on her success in breaking her father's will: so much for patriarchy and paternity. Not even the King and the Attorney General could persuade her to assign her property to her husband; her consent was necessary, and there was no power in the realm that could force it from her. She knew it, and they knew it. So much for absolute monarchy and the subordination of wives. She also succeeded in disinheriting her father's male heirs in favor of her elder daughter and son-in-law: so much for masculine succession. Needless to say, none of this was easy: she suffered greatly, alienated from both her husbands; and she was basically under house arrest for a long period during the Commonwealth. She needed endless patience, ingenuity, and extraordinary resiliency, and there was great resistance to what she was attempting. But it is also a mistake to represent her successes simply as acts of hers—acts of subversion or defiance or

self-determination. All involved extended legal processes, in which she was consistently supported by the courts. Her defiance was—slowly, eventually—fully vindicated, and she worked entirely within the system. She was not a revolutionary. This is what I mean by saying she is not the exception: she is the rule, and she understood that she was. This was obviously not easy to swallow: even the Bishop of Carlisle in his funeral oration, praising her "masculine" qualities, works hard to contain them within the world of feminine virtues.[11] Clifford's exceptionality as a historical figure should lead us to confront our own assumptions about Elizabethan and Stuart society, to ask why articulate and independent women are continually declared exceptions, having to be explained or explained away, rather than an index to the contradictions and tensions that were built into the system, the essential element that the system always struggled to contain.

Brayman Hackel, in the course of a valuable discussion of women's libraries, wrestles with the issue of how to generalize about the norms of female behavior in the age. She cites marriage treatises enjoining women to silence, and suggests that this institutionalized silence explains why so few marginalia by women survive. She notes that the act of reading aloud by women was actually criminalized under Henry VIII. Even at home women had to read the Bible silently "unless specifically bid to [read aloud to their families] by their husbands." (The Act, promulgated in 1543, was repealed early in the reign of Edward VI.) But she also points out that the contradictions are manifold: "Certainly, reading in late medieval and early modern England was as often public and social as it was private and silent, and women's reading, in particular, frequently took an oral form." And of course the standard joke about women in the period is that they talk too much: do the handbooks really describe behavior, or an unattainable idea of behavior? Are they really relevant to anything except the ideology of marriage? Brayman Hackel acknowledges that "certainly there were individual women who did not 'tip their tongues with silence,'" and concludes that, "while many women, then, did not internalize these constraints, the treatises nevertheless usefully delineate the dominant

[11] There is a superb analysis of the funeral sermon in Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 228–32.

view of feminine behavior."[12] I wonder: Where in this dominant view are Rosalind, Portia, Juliet, Beatrice, Viola, Cleopatra? It is precisely Cordelia's silence that precipitates the tragedy in *King Lear*, and Paulina's articulateness that restores the kingdom in *The Winter's Tale*. Even Petruchio doesn't want to *silence* Kate; he wants her to ventriloquize him. For Jonson, the silent woman is an oxymoron—the only silent woman is a man. These strike me as much more representative of "the dominant view" than marriage treatises idealizing women's silence and confining articulateness to men.

Clifford should be viewed in the context of a significant number of powerful and self-determined women in the period, including the Protestant martyr Anne Askew and the Calvinist apostle Anne Lok, Mary Sidney Countess of Pembroke, Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury (the famous Bess of Hardwick), Lady Mary Wroth, Lucy Hutchinson, Margaret Cavendish Duchess of Newcastle, and indeed for half a century two reigning queens. Few of these saw themselves as subversive. There were also many women who did not work within the system, such as the recusants Margaret Clitherow, a Catholic martyr, Elizabeth Cary Lady Falkland, and Mary Ward; their mode of resistance and self-realization was to leave the system—convert to Roman Catholicism, and educate their children in the anti-establishment faith, even founding convents on the Continent and sending their daughters and on occasion their sons abroad.[13] The system was largely unable to prevent such behavior, and these diverse cases give us a good sense of what was possible for rich, independent, highly placed women like Anne Clifford. Not every aristocratic woman behaved this way, certainly, but not every one wanted to do so. Still, the delight in contemplating the possibilities are there for everyone to see in Shakespeare's stream of articulate, independent heroines.

[12] Brayman Hackel, *Reading Material*, pp. 197–201.

[13] I am indebted to Jenna Lay's important study of the political implications of female recusancy in the period, *Beyond the Cloister: Catholic Englishwomen and Early Modern Book Culture* (forthcoming). See also See Alison Shell, *Catholicism, Controversy and the English Literary Imagination, 1558–1660* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), 141–68.

7

Coda

A Note from the Future

By the twentieth century writing in books had become an egregious form of antisocial behavior. Nevertheless, marginalia remained a potent form of social commentary and interchange. I conclude this survey with a single resonant example. When Bernard and Mary Berenson first met Edith Wharton in 1903, Mary reported that "We disliked her intensely," finding her intolerably snobbish.[1] By 1910, however, Wharton and the Berensons were close friends (one of the qualities they shared was surely snobbishness). For the next 27 years, until Wharton's death, they wrote each other constantly, detailed, opinionated, often amusingly malicious letters—Wharton's are preserved in the archives of Berenson's Villa I Tatti in Fiesole, now a Harvard study center. They make wonderful reading, though the picture they give of a very expensive life in constant motion is rarely endearing and often exhausting.

Wharton's letters include occasional marginalia in Berenson's hand—Berenson would add a comment or two, often tart or sarcastic, and pass the letter on to Mary. In 1913 Wharton and Berenson were

[1] Hermione Lee, *Edith Wharton* (New York: Knopf, 2007), p. 93.

planning a trip together to Berlin. Berenson wanted to do a comprehensive survey of the Renaissance Italian paintings in the Berlin museums; Wharton wanted Berenson to herself, away from the social demands of Paris or Fiesole (or Mary). The trip was timed to coincide with the absence from Paris of Wharton's indispensable friend Walter Berry, an American diplomat from the world of her youth, whom she had once hoped to marry.

Wharton and Berenson were genuinely fond of each other, but it quickly became apparent that they had quite different expectations of the visit to Berlin. Berenson intended to spend as much time as possible in galleries, notebook in hand, while Wharton anticipated what she refers to as "Waldeinsamkeit" (forest solitude) together, presumably including strolls in the parks, outings in the country, and nice luncheons. On August 5 she wrote him:

> I want to go with you, je m'en réjouis, and as I know you don't want a break-neck pace I'm sure we can reconcile more or less repose with the truest interests not of British comerce but of Italian art [...]. I won't ask for any more Waldeinsamkeit than you can afford to give, and if after three weeks I am too tired, I'll tell you so perfectly frankly. I can't imagine how a friendship like ours can embarrass itself with pretenses of any sort, or why we should nous entendre less completely if I happened not to be well enough to carry out the whole plan of the trip with you. Can you? [...]

On the back of this letter, in BB's hand, is the following note to Mary (Figure 7.1):

> Aug. 6. To him who hath understanding this is an inimitable document. What it means is that in 3 wks W. [Walter Berry] will have finished his work. Should he however get tired of it before then she would chuck me to join him. And you say how kind, and unselfish and frank she is!![2]

A private communication, obviously, a shared joke at Wharton's expense; but what is surely most striking about it is that it is inscribed

[2] Reprinted by permission of the estate of Edith Wharton and the Watkins/Loomis Agency; and of Biblioteca Berenson, Villa I Tatti, The Harvard University Center for Italian Renaissance Studies, courtesy of the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

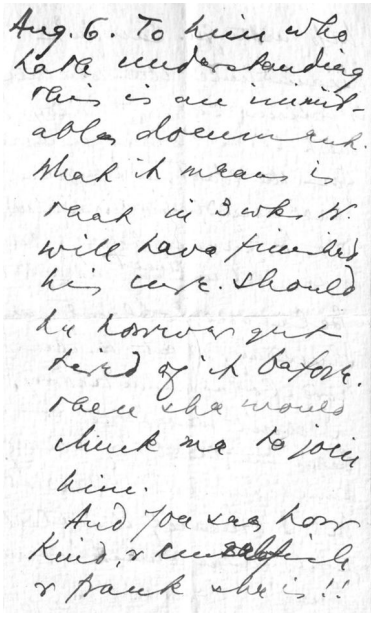


FIGURE 7.1 Bernard Berenson's note, addressed to his wife, Mary, on the back of a letter from Edith Wharton planning a trip to Berlin together in 1913. Biblioteca Berenson, Villa I Tatti, The Harvard University Center for Italian Renaissance Studies, courtesy of the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

on the letter, rather than communicated orally—why not just tell Mary about it over lunch? Because then, though they might have a good laugh together, it would disappear. The letter becomes "an inimitable document," the marginale becomes part of the document. Though the note is intended for Mary's eyes, it is also intended for the eyes of history, a public testimony to Berenson's perceptiveness and wit. Berenson carefully preserved his correspondence, as Wharton did hers, and both, as their authors intended, may be read—Wharton's at I Tatti, where Berenson's papers are preserved, Berenson's at Yale, where Wharton's papers are—by anyone, whether in pursuit of social history or merely gossip.

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