

GABRIELIS HARVEII  
RHETOR,  
Vel duorum dierum Oratio, De  
Natura, Arte, & Exercitatione  
Rhetorica.

Ad suos Auditores.

[DEVICE OF THE  
BRAZEN SERPENT]

LONDINI,  
Ex Officina Typographica  
*Henrici Binneman.*

ANNO. 1577.

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*Gabriel Harvey sends greetings to Bartholomew Clerke,<sup>1</sup> most illustrious professor, jurist, and orator.*

Most distinguished Clerke, my *Ciceronian*<sup>2</sup> was recently published in the name of William Lewin,<sup>3</sup> an excellent man, a very good friend, and, both in my opinion and in the judgment of others, an almost peerless Ciceronian. Soon I will put in print my *Rhetor*, a rather rough and unkempt *Rhetor*, I admit, but a *Rhetor* nevertheless (for so have I decided to entitle it). And I can find no one to whom I might better dedicate this *Rhetor* than to Bartholomew Clerke, a superior and clearly most rhetorical rhetor (not to mention all the other ornaments of talent and learning). Indeed there came to mind many Cantabrigians, and several Oxonians, who had done splendid service in the cause of eloquence, and whose memory certainly afforded me the greatest pleasure. But do you want me to say frankly to you what I am often in the habit of saying here to my friends, and am able to say with honesty to everyone? I ask by your kind leave that I may.

**1. Clerke.** Bartholomew Clerke (1537? - 1590) was born in the parts of Surrey that adjoin London. He attended Eton and was admitted as scholar to King's College, Cambridge in 1554. He was made fellow in 1557 and received the B.A. in 1559 and the M.A. in 1562. He studied at Paris, where he was offered 30 crowns to read a public lecture at Angers. Around 1563 he was lecturer of rhetoric at Cambridge, and one of the proctors for the academic year beginning 1564. Upon the death of Ascham, he was recommended as Elizabeth's Latin secretary by William Cecil, the Earl of Leicester and Dr. William Haddon. He was elected proctor again in 1569 and in 1571 was elected to parliament. He accompanied Lord Buckhurst to Paris in 1571 on an embassy to congratulate Charles IX on his marriage, and then lived with Buckhurst for some time after their return to England. In January of 1573 Clerke became a member of the College of Advocates at Doctors' Commons, and in May of that year was made Dean of the Arches. He was held in great esteem by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whose tutor he might have been.

**2. Ciceronian.** An inaugural lecture like the *Rhetor*, Harvey's *Ciceronianus* was delivered in the spring of 1576 and published in June of 1577. For the Latin text, along with a very fine English translation, introduction and commentary, see Wilson and Forbes, *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus*, Univ. of Nebraska, 1945.

**3. Lewin.** William Lewin (d. 1598) entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1559, and received the B.A. in 1561-62 and M.A. in 1565. He was a fellow of Christ's from 1562 to 1571, Proctor for part of 1568 and Public Orator during 1570-71. He received the degree of LL.D. from Cambridge in 1576 and was appointed Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, an office he held for the rest of his life.

I remember that Bartholomew Clerke, when he was University Professor of Rhetoric here, 13 or 14 years ago I believe it was, performed the task to which he was assigned with such glory and honor to his name that he seemed to have been created by nature, polished by art, and perfected by experience for that role. Then from a scholar he became a courtier, and translated into Latin from the Italian *The Courtier* of that most elegant writer Castiglione.<sup>1</sup> (This was truly a work fit for a queen, and dedicated to our most revered monarch, or I should say heroine.) So eloquent and precise was his rendering that he is not now obliged to wait for praise from Harvey, the most insignificant of rhetors, but was long ago received with remarkable favor, and honored with a certain signal commendation and public endorsement<sup>2</sup> by two most noble and magnificent lords, Oxford and Buckhurst,<sup>3</sup> perfect courtiers of unsurpassed excellence, even compared to that singular ideal of Castiglione's, as well as by two most learned and eloquent gentlemen, Caius and Byng.<sup>4</sup>

**1.** Clerke's translation of *The Book of the Courtier* was first published in London in 1571 by J. Dayum, under the title *De Curiali sive Aulico*. The second edition was printed in 1577, the same year as the *Rhetor* was published, and by the same printer, Henry Bynneman. The work is discussed in J.W. Binns, *Intellectual Culture in Elizabethan and Jacobean England: The Latin Writings of the Age*, pp. 258 ff.

**2. public endorsement.** All the four individuals named below contributed commendatory materials that were published with Clerke's translation of *The Courtier*. Letters from Oxford, Buckhurst and Caius were printed in the preface, and a poem by Byng appears at the end of the work.

**3. Oxford and Buckhurst.** Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst (1536 - 1608), and Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford (1550 - 1604).

**4. Caius and Byng.** John Caius (1510 - 1573) was a scholar and physician. The Anglicized form of his last name is perhaps Kay or Kaye. He was born in Norwich and entered Gonville Hall at Cambridge in 1529, where he wrote a treatise on the pronunciation of Greek. He was appointed principal of Fiswick's Hostel in 1533 and elected fellow of Gonville Hall in the same year. He received his M.A. in 1535 and in 1539 went to Padua and lectured there on the Greek text of Aristotle. He studied medicine under John Baptist Montanus and anatomy under Andreas Vesalius. He was created M.D. at the university of Padua in 1541. While traveling extensively around Europe, he sought to obtain an accurate text of Galen and Hippocrates. He returned to England in 1544 and delivered lectures on anatomy for 20 years by order of Henry VIII. He was one of the physicians to Edward VII and then later to Mary. In 1557 he refounded Gonville Hall (Caius and Gonville College), and became master of the college in 1559. He was retained as court physician on the accession of Elizabeth, but in 1568 was dismissed for his Catholic sympathies. He devoted the later years of his life to writing a history of Cambridge.

Thomas Byng (d. 1599) received his B.A. at Cambridge in 1556, was fellow of Peterhouse in 1558, M.A. in 1559 and LL.D. in 1570. He delivered a speech on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1564, and was made proctor in the same year. In 1565 he was appointed Public Orator, received the M.A. from Oxford in 1566 and was made Master of Clare Hall in 1571. He was vice-chancellor of Cambridge in 1572 and again in 1578, and became Regius Professor of Civil Law in 1574. He edited Carr's translations of Demosthenes, and contributed verses to Wilson's translation of Demosthenes.

Next he visited France, and there he was received with great honor by certain of the most celebrated and flourishing universities, and by virtue not only of his proficiency in law, but of his eloquence as well, he was extolled with remarkable praise and even offered prestigious and lucrative academic positions. Afterward he returned home, about five years ago, and immediately came back to Cambridge, like a pious son to a doting mother, where he lectured and debated and, amid a huge throng from the whole University, was admitted into the College of Doctors of Civil Law. Nothing more rhetorical could be imagined than he.

How reluctant I would be to say these things about you in your presence, and yet in the company of others I would gladly say even more. I say nothing of *The Faithful Subject*,<sup>1</sup> composed in a very short time, to be sure, but, it seemed to me, with great artistry. I am silent about the rest of your achievements. For it would be a long task to linger over every individual detail, and I prefer here to seem to myself too stingy with my praises, than to seem to you too lavish. What more can I say? If my *Ciceronian* was aptly dedicated to my Lewin (and it was, I think, most aptly dedicated to that most Ciceronian gentleman), it is clear that the *Rhetor* is not so much suited, as owed to Clerke, since he is a man who is clearly in every respect—in Nature, Art, and Practice—a rhetor, and is shielded and protected on all sides by my instruments,<sup>2</sup> as though by the armor of eloquence.

But I ask you, will you then say, “Is this the distinction you are making between me and your friend Lewin, that I am this half-educated rhetor whom you are fashioning and he a perfect Ciceronian? Is this the way you treat me, Harvey? Is this what your highly complimentary preface is leading up to in the end?”

**1. *The Faithful Subject.*** This polemical work was written at the urging of Lord Burghley and Archbishop Parker, as a response to *De Visibili Ecclesiae Monarchia* by the Catholic exile Nicholas Sanders, in which he challenged Elizabeth’s right to the throne. Clerke’s tract is mainly concerned with proving the legitimacy of Henry VIII’s marriage to Anne Boleyn. See J.W. Binns, *Intellectual Culture in Elizabethan and Jacobean England*,

**2. *my instruments.*** i.e. Nature, Art, and Practice, which Harvey often refers to in the *Rhetor* as *instruments*.

How can this possibly be my intention, excellent Clerke, unless by honoring you with praise for a single attainment I should wish to rob you of many more praises of which you are equally deserving, and to ruin the wine, as it were, by adding water to it, as the wily Odysseus did in Homer?<sup>1</sup> But there is really no reason why I should greatly fear your secret thoughts, for your kind civility has not only been experienced by me personally (I must in fact confess it), but is also conspicuous enough to all. Especially since you yourself are so willing to share your praises with other men of outstanding quality, and since he who attributes a single virtue to you, and a perfect one, non only does not deny you the other virtues, but in a certain way tacitly ascribes to you either all, or surely a great many of them.

I have defined a Ciceronian as one who not only has been decorated with the ornaments of eloquence, but has been abundantly furnished with almost all the arts of Marcus Tullius and the other illustrious orators, and with their scholarship, knowledge of many various subjects, choicest virtues, and remarkable prestige for culture and refinement of every kind.<sup>2</sup> My Ciceronian is in fact almost identical to Cicero's orator.<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, for our present purposes I am calling a rhetor one who, with Nature as a guide and Experience, a kind of second nature, as a companion, has achieved such a mastery of all the rules and principles and precepts of oratory that he can speak and write ornately and copiously, and excels in that art which is identified by the distinctive name of rhetoric and is counted among the seven.<sup>4</sup> To the Ciceronian to be sure I have assigned a knowledge of an almost infinite number of various arts and subjects; the rhetor I confine within the proper limits of a single discipline.

**1. as the wily Odysseus did in Homer.** Harvey has made a mistake here. The episode to which he refers doesn't come from Homer, but from a fifth-century satyr play entitled *Cyclops*. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 481F. The expression, "to ruin the wine by adding water," means to do a kindness for someone and then undermine it with some act of mischief.

**2.** See Wilson and Forbes, *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* pp.77-79: "Tully demands of his orator, i.e., if I mistake not, of our Ciceronian, the power of invention; he demands judgment; he demands grace in the countenance, control in the voice, dignity in the gesture; he demands not a hazy but a definite and very profound knowledge of the most important subjects and arts. In short, he demands that comprehensive scope of knowledge which the Greeks call "general culture," a culture by which men are rounded off to absolute perfection in all particulars. One who had mastered all these attainments, and who copied all or most of the excellences of Cicero with an imitation not superstitious and worse than servile but free and enlightened, and who was, in a word, an accomplished master of forensics and, as the famous definition has it, 'a good man skilled in speaking well'—such a one, and none other, I reckoned to be Cicero's ideal orator, a Ciceronian, and in short a second Cicero." [Forbes' translation]

**3. Cicero's orator.** i.e. the ideal orator delineated by Cicero in the work entitled *Orator*.

**4. the seven.** i.e. the Seven Liberal Arts.

And when a perfect knowledge of this field has been attained by one who was in the beginning fit for speaking, and then devotes himself to practice, I feel that he should be called a rhetor, and indeed an excellent rhetor. And this must be thought the proper and genuine meaning of the word, though I am not unaware that occasionally it is used with a broader meaning and at times encompasses other arts.

This then will be the sum of the matter. When I was about to publish the *Ciceronian*, our Lewin came to mind, whose close friendship I had always regarded as one of the finest gifts of fortune, and who some years before had carefully described to me Cicero's orator (that is, as I interpret it, a Ciceronian), and seemed himself at the time an almost perfect Ciceronian. (Why am I to call him an orator? A Ciceronian and an orator are one and the same thing.) Moreover, when I was a little later planning to publish the *Rhetor*, at once there came to mind Clerke, as if appearing to me before my very eyes. He is to be sure not only a rhetor (for you too are without question a Ciceronian, and, as I wrote in my salutation, an orator), but he is nevertheless an exceptional rhetor, and an almost peerless master of the art of speaking. And if I win his approval for this *Rhetor* of mine, as I recently did that of Lewin for my *Ciceronian* (a thing which by Jove I little doubt, at least as regards the subject matter), I am not greatly concerned about the judgments or prejudgments of others. As for those whom you in that elegant letter to Buckhurst cleverly branded with the name *Nizolistas*, believe me, so little do they intimidate me, that if any such should come running up with their *Nizolii* and thesauri, I think they should almost be regarded as little tykes in the first grade just learning their ABCs.<sup>1</sup> Farewell, and add Gabriel Harvey to the list of those who are most devoted to your welfare and most protective of your honor.

Sent from Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, July 29, 1577.

1. In his letter to Buckhurst that appears in the preface of *De Curiali*, Clerke explains that in translating Castiglione he was obliged to use many non-classical words, and even coin new ones; he therefore anticipates an attack from the *Nizolistas*, or followers of Nizzoli, those ultra-Ciceronians who believed that in writing Latin no word or phrase should be used that is not found in the works of Cicero. Mario Nizzoli (1498-1576), or Marius Nizolius as he was known in Latin, was a professor at the University of Parma and one of the staunchest defenders of a strict Ciceronian imitation. He is most famous for his *Observationes in Marcum Tullium Ciceronem*, a compilation of words and phrases taken from the works of Cicero to serve as a handbook for Latin composition. It was published in 1535 and later revised and expanded by others under the title *Thesaurus Ciceronianus*. In the course of time the name *Nizolius* became a generic term for such phrasebooks.

*B. Clerke returns greetings to the Cantabrigian G. Harvey, most eloquent professor of the art of rhetoric.*

My splendid Harvey, as I was recently rustivating at Mitcham, as though in my Tusculan villa,<sup>1</sup> by happy chance there fell into my hands your exquisitely crafted *Rhetor*. You could indeed have more appropriately dedicated this work to many others than to me, for all my oratorical powers (if ever there were any) were sapped some years ago by Bartolus and Baldus,<sup>2</sup> and a taciturn, leaden, melancholy spirit is daily engendered in me by weighty business, so that I now desire to think wisely rather than to speak eloquently (were this within my power). Nevertheless, I gladly and gratefully acknowledge your kind intentions, and indeed (believe me, who am not one to flatter), I greatly respect and admire your good judgment in fashioning both your *Ciceronian* and your *Rhetor*, especially considering your young age. There are a number of things in these works that give me pleasure, but the thing that pleases me most, especially in your *Rhetor*, is that, having read over and studied many writers, and harvested many things from them, you have given a fair and honest appraisal of all of them, and have not instead of honey poured the poison of venomous words over those from whom you have gathered fruits and flowers (as certain ones do, wishing to be wiser than their limited minds allow). You will receive in return this reward, that in the future your own writings will be read with the same kindness by others. There are many other things in your speeches that greatly please me: the graceful flow of your words, the elegance of your thoughts, and the smooth, almost incredible sweetness of your style. In this last your *Rhetor* has equaled your *Ciceronian*, or maybe even surpassed it, unless I have been deceived either by that love for you that was recently kindled in me upon seeing your *Rhetor*, or by my own want of judgment.

I would not now be telling this to you, who accurately assess all your work, if not to persuade you to undertake a new work every year, and to continue to pursue with great energy that successful course that you have started on; for those things are generally better that are later in time and more carefully thought out, since our minds grow stronger day by day in activity, experience and judgment. And though in your writings I have never seen anything that was insufficiently polished by industry and even perfected by judgment (unless my own judgment is deficient), I nevertheless would urge, or rather earnestly ask that you one day visit my Byng, and yours too,<sup>3</sup> a man of most precise judgment.

**1. Tusculan villa.** Cicero's favorite country retreat. Cf. *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 44.14 and note.

**2. Bartolus and Baldus.** Fourteenth century jurists. Clerke is referring here to the unpolished and, to a humanist, barbarous language of the legal profession. Their names are often paired in this context. See for example Erasmus, *Ciceronianus* 1011F.

**3. and yours too.** i.e. he is one of your fellow Cantabrigians. Byng was a law professor at Cambridge.

He is a gentle person and will receive with great kindness both you and your books (which I hope will be almost infinite in number), and he will not only extol them with the praise which they are due (and coming from a praiseworthy man, this is like a trophy), but also by his sound judgment and appraisal will refine them, in such a way that even if they should have no need of correction and more exacting criticism, they might seem to you to have taken on an added excellence from his very touch and gaze. Here I encourage you to do the very thing that I would be doing today in my Latin and Greek and philosophical studies, if the plan of my life still permitted me to abide at Cambridge University. Nothing causes me greater grief than that I studied alone, read alone, wrote alone, and published my books alone. It is very important to have someone to whom you can communicate your thoughts, and to hear the advice of another, even one who is perhaps less wise than you. For two eyes can see more than one, as the proverb says, and every person is blind when it comes to his own offspring.

See how I begin to love you, my Harvey: at the very beginning of our friendship I make bold to give you such heartfelt advice. But why am I not to have the utmost confidence in your affection, seeing that you have dedicated so eloquent and perfect a work as your *Rhetor* to me, a man to whom you are in no way beholden? At the beginning of which (such is your love for me) there are so many praises of me as I will never acknowledge (unless by chance I forget who I am), nor would I ever permit them to see the light of day, unless I preferred to suffer lasting embarrassment than to do an injury to your exquisite writings, and to deprive others of enjoying them. If I hold now or ever held some place among the orators (which I cannot honestly, or at least modestly confess), I surely achieved this not by reading many things, but by reading much. I always devoted myself to certain authors, whom I continuously followed as my guides. If ever by chance I came upon others, by no means did I think they should be scorned, but I kept them in reserve for their own proper time and place, like light-armed reinforcements. I always followed after my guides with pious footsteps, as it were. Only one thing was lacking for attaining those modest goals that I set for myself, that Byng, who has always been a close friend in my life, was not also a close companion in my studies. I commend you to him, me to you, and all of us to all-merciful and almighty God. He will be my witness that I wish never to forget the benevolence of Harvey, and wish never to prove undeserving of it. Why say more? You have won my approval for your *Rhetor*, and I have added you to my list of friends. Farewell.

Sent from Mitcham, in County Surrey, September 1, 1577.

Gabriel Harvey's RHETOR,  
or a two-day speech on  
the Nature, Art, and Practice  
of the Rhetor.

Day one, on Nature and Art.

I cannot be more amazed that so many Englishmen--and Cantabrigians in particular, even the most fastidious and discriminating among them--have gathered together today in so great a throng from the whole university, as if for a theatrical performance, that they might hear speak on this occasion a man whom they have but lately heard so often with such attentive minds and ears. For what is as novel . . . but did I say novel? Nay, at Cambridge University what is as bizarre as not ignoring an old professor in every discipline, unless by chance it is thought he is going to say something new, something exotic, something almost never heard before? I myself have seen empty benches, I have seen deserted lecture halls while readings were being given, or lectures delivered by men from whose tongues flowed speech sweeter than honey and nectar.<sup>1</sup>

**1. from whose tongues . . . honey and nectar.** Cf. Cicero, *De Senectute* 31; Homer, *Iliad* 1.249.

Even our twin jewels, Byng and Dodington<sup>1</sup> (I am ashamed to say it, but it is all too true, and indeed all too intolerable) have not once, but often been forced to speak to the walls and benches. Such is the sensitivity, such the fastidiousness of the ears and minds of the Cantabrigians. Here nothing old, nothing familiar is pleasing. We strive for the novel in clothing, manners, words, gestures, everything. Even to attend the lectures of the same teacher for a long time, though he be a splendid and polished speaker, is taboo, especially if he resides in the same hall as we do, and is one of our own.

Last year<sup>2</sup> to be sure I expected (why pretend otherwise?) an audience from all the colleges and halls, and a very large crowd. Of course, on that occasion I was not mistaken in my assessment. The seats were taken early, the lecture hall was packed, scholars of every age and class were in attendance. I beheld a huge ring of spectators, as at an assembly; a great throng, as at a fair; a rapt audience, as at a play. Nor indeed was this so surprising: my very novelty provided an audience for me.

**1. Byng and Dodington.** Thomas Byng was at this time Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, and Bartholomew Dodington was Regius Professor of Greek.

**2. Last year.** i.e. at Harvey's commencement address in 1574, his first year as Praelector of Rhetoric. For a discussion of the dating of the *Rhetor*, see Wilson's introduction to *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus*, pp. 5-6.

But this year, at this present commencement, that great and mighty multitude (believe me, who am not wont to lie), that throng of scholars was a thing I could scarcely hope for, or dare expect. And indeed I was long ago resigned to singing to myself and these walls of rhetoric<sup>1</sup> from here on out, with only one or two of my students in attendance, not to hear my eloquence, but so that they might verify my presence.<sup>2</sup>

But behold--surpassing all my hopes, contrary to all my expectations--this truly incredible crowd, comprising not only charming boys, not only cultured youths, but even the most learned and eloquent men, such as I see present here in great numbers on all sides. I feel as if I were in Paris, or even Rome itself, rather than at Cambridge. And indeed not without reason do they attend this talk, though their ears--greedy and capacious, scrupulous and sensitive (I know whereof I speak)--could not be satisfied, even if your Cicero himself should come back to life and lecture here before them on eloquence.

**1. these walls of rhetoric.** These words seem to indicate that this inaugural address was delivered not at a special venue but in the Schola Terentiana, the lecture hall devoted to rhetoric at this period. It was located on the upper floor of the west side of the Schools Quadrangle. See Robert Willis, *The Architectural History of Cambridge* [Cambridge, 1988], vol. 3, pp. 10, 17, 20-21.

**2. verify my presence.** Teachers' absences were taken seriously at Cambridge. Offenders were fined. See *Cambridge Statutes*, pp. 160-1.

For nearly all of you, I imagine, have surely rushed to this gathering because you were drawn by the anticipation, or rather were excited by the titillation of some novelty. But see how I have made no allowance either for your trip here or for my own glory. For I bring with me nothing recondite, nothing worthy of the ears of such illustrious orators, or the minds of such excellent philosophers; nothing new to anyone, or not heard before in this seat of eloquence. Harvey is now old, and almost even, he adds, decrepit.<sup>1</sup> He relinquishes his novelty to the new professors. But if you nonetheless choose to judge him worthy of so honorific a throng, and to hear a common and a simple speech on a common theme (for so does it seem to me, and so in fact it is), lay aside, I pray, for the span of a half-hour those Ciceronian<sup>2</sup> and hyperattic<sup>3</sup> sensibilities which are always with you, and by your kind leave grant me your attention, while I describe in my very plain and simple way the paths that lead to eloquence, remaining intent all the while on the profit and advantage of my auditors, and not some petty glory.

- 1. old and . . . decrepit.** At the time the *Rhetor* was delivered, Harvey was about 25 years of age.
- 2. Ciceronian.** Harvey is referring to that ultra-Ciceronianism which held that Cicero should be the sole model of proper Latin style, and that no word or construction should be used that is not found in his works.
- 3. hyperattic.** Cf. Lucian, *Demonax* 26, where the word is used to describe the speech of a man with an overly erudite and antiquated vocabulary.

I used the word *auditors*, for I feel that you who have gathered here today and now occupy these seats should be divided into two classes: auditors and spectators. By *auditors* I mean those who have been inflamed by the marvelous beauty and grace of Eloquence, and seek to attain a delightful intimacy with her, and to enjoy her company,<sup>1</sup> and for this purpose are planning to use my aid or advice or instruction. I am calling *spectators* those who, though they are already the intimates of Eloquence, and were long ago granted citizenship in that most fastidious Commonwealth of Ciceronians, have nonetheless wanted to see and hear what is being done and said and taught, and attend this talk as if it were a play, for the sake of amusement. As for the auditors, if they wish it, I will send them straight to the presence of her whom they have so passionately loved and desired and courted; the spectators, if it seems best, I will send off to the studies.<sup>2</sup> For I think I see that they are suffering from a great sense of loss. Some are pining for Cicero, others for Caesar, certain ones for Livy, several for Seneca, and still others, I dare say, even pine for Longeuil and Osorio,<sup>3</sup>

**1. to enjoy her company.** Lit., “to have a thing with her.” This colorless Latin idiom means “to have dealings with”; but in the comic poets it is used euphemistically to describe a sexual relationship, like the English “to have an affair with,” and Harvey probably intended to suggest that meaning here.

**2. the studies.** For a description of these small carrels, see *An Architectural History of the University of Cambridge*, vol. 3, pp. 307ff.

**3. Longeuil and Osorio.** Christophe de Longeuil and Jeronimo Osorio da Fonseca were both famous for their adherence to a strict Ciceronian style. Longeuil (c. 1488 - 1522) was the son of a French bishop and Flemish woman and educated in France and Italy. In Rome he came under the influence of Bembo, who introduced him to the Ciceronians of the Roman Academy. His latinity won him a great reputation during his lifetime and he was created count palatine and apostolic protonotary by the pope. He declined an offer from Giulio de’ Medici, the future Pope Clement XII, of a chair in Latin at Florence. His work, comprising mostly letters and speeches, was published in Florence in 1524 and many times thereafter. Osorio (1506 - 80) was a Portuguese bishop and humanist. In 1563 he wrote and published a famous letter to Queen Elizabeth in an attempt to persuade her to return to the Catholic faith. For an assessment of his style see William Lewin’s prefatory letter in *Gabriel Harvey’s Ciceronianus*, p. 40, and Harvey’s own remarks on p. 56. For his reputation in England see *Intellectual History in Elizabethan and Jacobean England*, pp. 272 ff.

and in the meantime they are wasting a perfectly good hour here, while they subject their refined and cultivated little ears to so frigid an orator. These men I would urge as a friend, I would ask as an inferior, to return, each to his own darling love, and bid this ragged orator good-bye. For I am warning you, most illustrious spectators, I am declaring, I am announcing in advance that in today's speech you will hear nothing either novel in subject matter, or polished in style, or in any way exquisite. No, you will hear only those precepts which you yourselves followed some years ago, which you have reviewed in your mind and almost chanted like a sing-song. For I have decided to lead my auditors to Eloquence not along winding trails in the wilderness, but by the well-traveled and public "royal road," as they say. And when they behold her lovely face, her rosy complexion, her enchanting eyes (they will do so soon, if I'm not mistaken), I am quite sure that they will--I do not say, as did Cicero, run<sup>1</sup>--but clearly fly to kiss and embrace her.

**1. run.** The reference is to Cicero, *Epistulae ad Atticum* 12.1.1: "Would that I could run right now to the embrace of my Tullia, and to the kiss of Attica!"

For what Helen, what Venus can be compared to the remarkable form and loveliness of Eloquence? And there are also small flowers, there are colors and pigments, there are adornments, there are decorations, there are curls and curling irons for her much-loved beauty; there are gaieties and charms, there are embellishments, there are inlays and tiles and trappings, there are gems, pearls, lights, little stars; there are delights, there are oratorical spices, there are cosmetics for every shade of red and white.<sup>1</sup> Certainly these were the terms used by the most eloquent and illustrious men, and your friend Cicero himself most of all. And if each of these things individually can move a Corydon or Tityrus,<sup>2</sup> reared in the fields and forests and almost completely uncivilized, what sort of impression will be made on my auditors by all of them in combination? They have certainly made so powerful an impression on you, learned gentlemen, that, seized by a certain amorous passion, or rather hunger, so to speak, you long ago devoured Cicero whole and entire, and greedily scoured all the perfume cases and cosmetic kits of Isocrates and Demosthenes.

1. All the terms in this list were used figuratively by Cicero and other Roman writers to describe rhetorical embellishments.
2. **Corydon or Tityrus.** Two of the shepherds in Vergil's *Eclogues*.

And if I saw these fellows walking in the ways of those ancients, I would break off this oration here and now, and I would say that they have a shortcut by which to proceed to eloquence.

But those annual whistles and shouts I hear indicate that almost all, or at least the greater part of my auditors are newcomers, who do not understand what they should do or whom they should imitate, but who nonetheless are captivated by the splendor of rhetoric, and seek to be orators. Therefore I will now, if I am able, reveal those things and place them all in their view, in such a way that they might seem to see them with their eyes, and almost hold them in their hands. In the meantime I pray you, most eloquent and refined gentlemen, either withdraw, if you like, or with the kindness that you've shown so far hear me as I recite some precepts so common as to be almost elementary. And from those whose tongues and ears Cicero alone inhabits, I beg forgiveness, if by chance I let drop in my haste a word that is un-Ciceronian. We cannot all be Longeuils and Cortesis.<sup>1</sup> Some of us don't want to be.

**1. Cortesis.** Paolo Cortesi (1465/71 - 1510) was one of the most prominent Ciceronians in the age of Erasmus. Cortesi served the Roman Curia as an apostolic scribe, and later as apostolic secretary. He wrote for Lorenzo de' Medici the first critical discussion of Renaissance humanistic Latin, *De hominibus doctis*. In a famous epistolary dispute with Politian, Cortesi proposed a strict Ciceronian imitation, and his ideas were later taken up by Bembo. To prove the versatility of the Ciceronian idiom, he wrote the *Sententiarum libri quattuor*, a presentation of scholastic theology in Ciceronian Latin.

As for those who study more Latin authors, but only the best and choicest, and who to accompany Cicero, the foremost of all, add Caesar, Varro, Sallust, Livy, Seneca, Terence too, and Plautus and Vergil and Horace, I am sure they will be sympathetic to me. For reading as I do many works by many authors, sometimes even the poets, as Crassus bids in Cicero,<sup>1</sup> I cannot guarantee that in so impromptu an oration I will not use a word not found in a Ciceronian phrase book.<sup>2</sup>

But those little crows and apes<sup>3</sup> of Cicero were long ago driven from the stage by the hissing and laughter of the learned, as they so well deserved, and at last have almost vanished, and I now hope to find not only eager and attentive auditors, but friendly spectators as well, not the sort who scrupulously weigh every individual detail on the scales of their own refined tastes, but who interpret everything in a fair and good-natured way. I too in fact wanted, if I was able--but perhaps I was not--to speak in as Ciceronian a style as the Ciceronianest of them all.<sup>4</sup> Forgive me, illustrious Ciceronians, if I ought not use that word in the superlative.

1. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.158.

2. **Ciceronian phrase book.** A compilation of words and phrases taken from the works of Cicero, to serve as a handbook for Latin composition. The most famous was published in 1535 by Mario Nizzoli (F. Marius Nizolius) and entitled *Observationes in Marcum Tullium Ciceronem*. It was later revised and expanded by others under the title *Thesaurus Ciceronianus*.

3. **crows and apes of Cicero.** Cf. *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 54.31 and note.

4. In Harvey's *Ciceronianus*, he gives a humorous account of this ultra-Ciceronian phase (pp. 58-68). Juan Luis Vives apparently was the first to use the superlative form of *Ciceronian* (*Ciceronianissimus*), in a description of Longeuil. See *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 54.30 and note.

But those rambling remarks were directed at the more discriminating spectators. I come now to you, my splendid and delightful auditors. Some of you I recognize as old-timers; others I see are newcomers who have just arrived. You who are veterans will somewhat more easily and clearly understand what I have to say, but I will make it my aim that the novices too might boast that they have learned some things, and have understood everything. For indeed, by Jove, I would rather be condemned by many for over-simplicity, than not be understood by all because of some obscurity. Those who wish it (for I'll not stop them), those who think it a lofty thing to appear to be wise, may imitate, by my kind leave, the dark obscurity of Heraclitus and the cryptic esoterica of Aristotle. I myself like speech that acts as a spokesman of the mind, and is simple, precise and lucid.

Attend then with your minds, you who are present in body, and go forth to meet Eloquence, who willingly presents herself to you. The road is not so very rough, not steep or rugged, not deserted, not solitary. It was long ago left smooth for you by the great many who have gone before us, and especially by those men of the highest honor and eloquence.

Follow in their footsteps. On your journey you will have me either as a guide, since it has happened thus, or better, as a companion and partner. But we must consider at the outset what equipment, what provisions we should take. If as I hope in this enterprise you heed me--and not really me, to be sure, but the greatest men of every age, men of intelligence and learning, teachers and leaders--I will soon place you in the realm of Eloquence, and in her most delightful presence. And if I take this task upon myself, having abided as I have for so many years now in the splendid palace of Eloquence, and constantly conversed with all the orators from all the ages, I think that I have a certain right to claim it. I do not fear that well-worn adage: "He who knows not the path for himself, shows the way to others."<sup>1</sup>

1. An adaptation of a verse by Ennius quoted in Cicero, *De Divinatione* 1.132.

Just as in acquiring the art of dialectic (which was explained so ably yesterday by my colleague<sup>1</sup>)--as indeed in the acquisition of all arts and subjects either necessary for use and enjoyment, or distinguished by honor and excellence--so too if one should wish to attain to a studied and brilliant manner of speaking--to eloquence, in other words--he has need of the threefold instrument of Nature, Art, and Practice, without which no one can join the ranks of the outstanding orators. For we are formed by nature, polished by education and training, and perfected by practice and experience; nor is talent without training, or training without talent, or the both of them without habitual practice sufficient for honor and glory. And what that famous poet said most elegantly about virginity can, I feel, be very aptly applied to eloquence: "Your virginity is not wholly your own; it partly belongs to your parents. A third part is your mother's gift, a third part your father's, a third alone is yours."<sup>2</sup> But when an excellent and outstanding nature is enriched not only by technical theory and invigorating training, but also by constant reading, and careful thought, and frequent and painstaking writing, then and only then does there arise that brilliant and remarkable and indefinable thing, which the Greeks praise in their Demosthenes, and we in Cicero.

**1. my colleague.** This might very well have been Laurence Chaderton, a fellow of Christ's and Praelector of Logic. See E.S. Shuckburgh, *Laurence Chaderton, D.D.* [Cambridge, 1884] p. 5: "The interval between 1571 and 1584 seems to have been spent mainly at Christ's, where he held various college and university offices with credit . . . He read logic also in the public schools, and, lecturing on the *Ars logica* of Peter Ramus, roused a great interest in that study throughout the university." Chaderton is credited with introducing Ramist logic to England. See *Logic and Rhetoric in England, 1500-1700*, W. S. Howell, p. 179 and note.

**2.** Catullus, 62.62-64.

And he who has been splendidly furnished with all three things in abundance can expect (unless eloquence deceives me) something greater and more divine than both those ancients. Therefore I recommend that each and every one of you take this triple tool as part of his travel gear, for I surely think that all things rest on it alone. There is no height so steep, no rampart so difficult, that it cannot easily be stormed with the help of these siege-engines.

But I ought not talk about all three things jumbled up together, each of which needs to be investigated at some length by itself. By God I could fill volumes, if I should wish to cover them all in great detail. But I must take into account myself to some degree, and the time and place of course to a great degree, and you my audience most of all. The treatment of each individual concept must be compressed and abridged, but I hope you will find that though I have not said nearly all that I could on these subjects, I have yet said all that I should. And on nature at least I will speak very briefly; on the other two subjects, and especially on practice, I will by your kind leave speak not only a little more fully, but with greater clarity and luster. In the meantime I ask that you pay attention, as you have up to now.

To begin then, I am in agreement with your Cicero's Crassus,<sup>1</sup> a most eminent man and an especially illustrious orator, who maintained that nature above all, and talent, contribute the most to speaking skill, and that we are not helped much by a teacher of rhetoric unless we have an abundance of certain useful endowments from nature itself.<sup>2</sup> For not only in almost all other matters, but, I think, most especially in this instance does that celebrated saying of the people and poets have relevance: "Nothing is proper with Minerva unwilling";<sup>3</sup> which is to say, with nature opposing and resisting.

Imagine someone, for example, with a bad stutter, a harsh voice, an ugly face, a clumsy and ungainly body, who is uncouth and crude in all discourse, and ridiculous even in his very movements and gestures. If he should choose to devote himself to the study of rhetoric, and to spend his entire lifetime at it, we would see him become an orator not much sooner than an ass become a singer, or a fish a musician.

1. **Crassus.** Lucius Licinius Crassus (140 - 91 B.C.) was considered the greatest Roman orator of his day. Cicero made him the principal interlocutor in his dialogue *De Oratore*.
2. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.113.
3. Cicero, *De Officiis* 1.110. See also Erasmus, *Adagia* 44A.

Therefore I strongly agree too with that other splendid and excellent orator of Cicero's, who said, after Crassus had concluded his talk, and he himself had added certain other observations that he thought proper--and very cleverly, I think (for who is more clever than Antonius<sup>1</sup>):

In this matter I praise most highly that great teacher Apollonius of Alabanda, who, though he taught for a fee, yet would not permit those whom he judged incapable of developing into orators to waste their time with him, but would send them away, and urge and steer each one toward that art to which Apollonius thought he was suited.<sup>2</sup>

Surely that was a splendid act on the part of the Alabandan, in my opinion, and very wisely commended by Antonius. For who of you does not know the origin of that common proverb, which has been quoted by everyone: "Mercury cannot be made from just any wood"?<sup>3</sup> And Mercury, as you know, was regarded as the god of eloquence, which is the subject of our discussion.

**1. Antonius.** Marcus Antonius (143 - 87 B.C.) was one of the most esteemed orators of his age. Cicero assigned him a major role in the dialogue *De Oratore*. He was the grandfather of the famous triumvir of the same name.

**2.** Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.126.

**3.** Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 566D.

I will leave it to you to infer the rest. You will come to the conclusion that in the natural course of things there are some who should be removed from the schools of rhetoric and transported to the fields, and placed among the dumb livestock. But far be it from me from suspecting that there is any at all of my auditors who is so deprived of the endowments and ornaments of nature, and so uncouth and offensive in tongue, voice, gesture, and all speech, that he could not, even in the judgment of Antonius and Crassus himself, come to be reckoned among the orators, and attain, if not all, then at least one of the qualities of eloquence, and it the best and most important. I see no Vulcan here; I spy no Thersites.<sup>1</sup> I even fancy that I see on all sides many who have been blessed with such splendid natural gifts and endowments that they seem not so much sired, as crafted by some Mercury. Just so does their face, head, brow, eyes, hands, in short their whole body seem built for speaking, and they seem to have been supplied, as if by a magic wand, with all the things necessary for a perfect and unique prototype of eloquence.

**1. Thersites.** The ugly and deformed soldier in the *Iliad* who abused Agamemnon at a council of the Achaeans and was beaten by Odysseus for his impudence (*Iliad* 2.211 ff.). Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 1020E.

By God, I think that Pallas herself grew weary of her virginity, and now at last has given birth and brought forth this golden and silver progeny on the most auspicious day of the month.<sup>1</sup> There are among you boys beloved of Juno; there are adolescents of an outstanding and noble nature; there are young men of unassailable excellence. Many have talents that are exceptional, some that are remarkable, and several have talents that are even heroic, and altogether godlike: “So that all should with one voice proclaim all my blessings, and praise my good fortune for having auditors with such fine qualities.”<sup>2</sup> If rather than *auditors* I could say *sons*, like that character in the comedy, by no means would I hesitate to place myself above all the Priams and Metelli,<sup>3</sup> but I would easily surpass both them, and all others who ever were, are, and shall be, in numerous offspring and splendid children. And so it behooves me to shout along with the illustrious poet: “O all too fortunate are you, if only you knew your blessings.”<sup>4</sup> Without doubt you would vie with Rome herself, and Athens the nursemaid of orators, for preeminence in honor and glory, nor would you allow yourselves to be surpassed by any people in renown for excellence.

1. **most auspicious day of the month.** Lit., *most auspicious Kalends*. In the Roman calendar, the Kalends (first day) of every month were sacred to Juno, who as a goddess of childbirth might be expected to especially favor a child born on that day. Harvey might here be thinking in particular of the feast of the Matronalia, which fell on the Kalends of March.
2. Terence, *Andria* 96-98: “. . . all with one voice proclaimed all my blessings, and praised my good fortune for having a son with such fine qualities.”
3. **Metelli.** The Metelli were an extremely successful and prolific clan in Republican Rome. If Harvey has in mind a specific individual, he’s probably referring to Quintus Metellus, consul in 143 B.C., whose four sons also became consuls. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 81; *Tusc.* 1.85.
4. An adaptation of Vergil, *Georgics* 2.458-9.

“A horse, if it knew its own strength, would not brook a rider,” it would not be restrained by a bridle, it would not be gouged by spurs, it would not bear huge and endless burdens. And you, if you fully perceived the seeds of splendid things you have within you, if you were fully aware of the inner goads to excellence, and nature's brilliant sparks and flares, which have set you burning for a glory shining in all splendor, would you then with such a lack of spirit yield so easily to the name of antiquity (for it is really the name itself you esteem), and abandon your rivalry with it, as though laying down your sword and shield? I don't believe so; I don't think you would. For the same Nature that produced Cicero and Demosthenes produced you, and she did not so begrudge posterity, nor so favor Rome and Athens, that we can suppose that all her wealth and riches were spent on them alone. Nature is not decrepit, not barren, not worn out, not old, not exhausted.

Let her speak for herself. She will angrily declare that she has suffered a grave and altogether intolerable injustice. She will shout that her majesty has been defiled and degraded. She will be most troubled and embittered, and rightly so, that her gifts are not recognized by men, but are diminished and corrupted.

Was it right that my gifts be thus scorned, hidden, neglected; my native endowment to each thus ignored; those fiery sparks and flashes thus extinguished; my seeds choked, my tools blunted, my defenses overthrown, my ornaments crushed underfoot? Oh ungrateful mortals, who are enormously forgetful of both me and themselves, who do not in any way ponder the meaning of that divine utterance that came from heaven: *Know thyself!*<sup>1</sup> I am a mother, not a stepmother. You are sons, and indeed “sons of a white hen,”<sup>2</sup> as they say, not bastards, not stepsons. And do you so cast yourselves down, and prostrate yourselves, that you dare only admire those ancients, or childishly imitate them, not emulate them, not vie to go beyond them, not struggle to surpass them? “How long will you remain unaware of your own strength, which I wanted even the beasts to know?”<sup>3</sup> as that famous Capitoline once said in a spirited address to the Roman citizens.

1. **divine utterance from heaven.** Cf. Juvenal, 11.27; Erasmus, *Adagia* 258D.
2. **sons of a white hen.** i.e. especially favored sons. The origin of the expression is unknown. Cf. Juvenal 13.140-142; Erasmus, *Adagia* 58B.
3. This quote is taken from Livy, 6.18.5, where Capitoline, encouraging the Roman plebeians to assert themselves against the patrician ruling class, asks “How long will you remain unaware of your own strength, which *Nature* wanted even the beasts to know?” Since Nature herself is quoting the statement, she recasts it in the first person.

Recall how your beloved Aristotle emulated not only Isocrates, but even Plato himself. He was a student emulating his teacher, a younger man an elder, a Stagirite an Athenian, an ugly man a handsome one, a licentious man a temperate one, a worldly man a godly one. In this matter I want you all to be Aristotles; nor ought you ever forget what was said to Varro by that communal preceptor of yours, the high priest as it were of this school: “Many students are greater than their teachers.”<sup>1</sup> He does not say “some,” or “a few,” but a word of very broad range, “many” students; just as if this were not then something new or unheard of, but very familiar and well-known, and as if it did not seem to him something rare and beyond belief, but almost common. Although how feeble is this example, if we should wish to examine the older literary records. Rather remember, my sons, what was recorded for posterity by the wisest and most learned men, that once Hercules, he whose surname was Victor, struggled not with some mortal for supremacy in eloquence, but with Apollo Pythius himself over a tripod.<sup>2</sup> The competition for excellence and fame is honorable. There is no stronger goad to preeminence and true glory. And indeed, in the illustrious words of the poet, “God himself helps the daring.”<sup>3</sup>

1. Cicero, *Epistulae ad Familiares* 9.7.2. See also Erasmus, *Adagia* 833F.
2. Cf. Apollodorus, *Library* 2.6.2, 4; Pausanias, 10.13.8.
3. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 10.586.

Imagine Nature, the mother of all things, speaking with you in this way, and not only with you my auditors, but also with these most excellent and distinguished gentlemen, whose *unpedantic meticulousness*<sup>1</sup> you ought to imitate.

Britons are rich in talent. There are those who seem to me to have imbibed wit and elegance along with their nurse's milk. Cambridge today is not less brilliant in culture, less urbane in manners, less bedewed with every charm and grace than were those ancient cities of the Romans and Athenians, even when they were deemed far the most flourishing of all, and the mistresses of the world. You, who have been so blessed with ability, vie too with those remarkable men in eloquence, and in the adornment of word and thought, and all the magnificent glory of speaking and pleading. It is conceivable that some of you noble youths, driven on by your diligent exertions, and the strong impulse of your native talent, will one day race, even “drawn by white horses,”<sup>2</sup> beyond all others to the glorious pinnacle of eloquence. I do not even exclude that king of the courtroom, Cicero himself.

**1. unpedantic meticulousness.** Terence in the prologue to the *Andria* (v. 21) applies the term *obscura diligentia* (pedantic meticulousness) to his over finical critics.

**2. drawn by white horses.** i.e. to outstrip easily, beat by a mile. Cf. Horace, *Sermones* 1.7.6-8; Erasmus, *Adagia* 159C.

Now if there are any whom Nature has not showered with such splendid blessings--whose voice is not very pleasant, nor delivery very impressive, and who seem to lack some other natural gift-- these I will dissuade from oratorical study and training, just as I would myself. For indeed if there is anyone from whom Nature has hidden her wealth and abundance, it is I, and if to any men the gods have sold their gifts in exchange for toils, as that Greek poet says,<sup>1</sup> I will add myself to their number, and join their company. But I will speak no further of myself, in whom there is nothing which could rouse the spirit of any youths. For what if they should become Harvey's equals? What if they should turn out much superior? What if they should seize this chair of eloquence and be surrounded by an audience of close to four hundred, and sometimes even more? But holy God, how far will they still be from that full maturation, which I seek, and so highly commend to you.

1. Cf. Hermogenes, *Progymnasmata* 3.23; Erasmus, *Adagia* 466B.

Let's look at the ancients. We see Quintus Varius, an ugly and awkward fellow, who Crassus said attained, with whatever ability he possessed, great influence in a mighty state.<sup>1</sup> We see Caius Coelius, a *homo novus*,<sup>2</sup> mentioned by the same Crassus.<sup>3</sup> We see that scattered and slow-witted Curio, who when he spoke reeled as if he were on a boat,<sup>4</sup> who invited mockery and laughter, who even in a trial of the greatest importance forgot the entire case,<sup>5</sup> who was deserted by his audience,<sup>6</sup> and yet, though completely lacking the other qualities of a good speaker, simply because of the excellence of his words, and his power of expression and swift fluency of speech, he was counted next to the best as an orator.<sup>7</sup> We see countless others who were deprived of the aid and support of nature, and yet were not entirely inept orators.

Or if there is anyone who is not moved by all these examples, let us remember those stars of Greece and Italy, and truly the tongues of each tongue, so to speak (for so were they almost held, and so now do we think they were), Demosthenes, I say, and Cicero.

1. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.117.
2. *homo novus*. In ancient Rome a 'new man' was a magistrate whose ancestors had not held high office. Such men were commonly looked upon as upstarts by members of the old nobility, and were quite rare in the time of the late Republic, Cicero and Marius being the most notable examples.
3. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.117.
4. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 216.
5. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 217.
6. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 305.
7. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 220.

None since the creation of the world is judged more perfect in this field than they, yet they had certain natural impediments of their own, and quite severe ones. Who does not know that the Athenian stammered so badly that he could not even pronounce the first letter of his art, but had to learn it from a dog?<sup>1</sup> I pass over his shortness of breath. I do not speak of his placing stones in his mouth. I say nothing of his climbing steep slopes, and holding his breath.<sup>2</sup> I do not mention Phalerum.<sup>3</sup> I am silent about Satyrus. I do not tell of the verses of Sophocles or Euripides.<sup>4</sup> I ignore the lantern<sup>5</sup> and the mirror.<sup>6</sup> I do not rehash his running and shouting. I pass over all the rest of the exercises for his weakness and hesitancy of speech.

What about your darling Cicero?<sup>7</sup> Allow me, I pray, this favor, to touch upon lightly in passing the extreme thinness of the body, the weakness of the lungs, the long, skinny neck, a certain countrified fear of public speaking, especially when beginning a case, the excessive straining of the voice, the extravagant and redundant verbosity in all discourse, the training by Molo, the inveterate slowness of speech, which Melissus criticized in our Vergil too,<sup>8</sup> and whatever else there is of this kind.

1. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.260. “And though Demosthenes stuttered so badly that he was unable to pronounce the first letter of his chosen art, through practice he became as clear a speaker as anyone.” I’ve been unable to find where Harvey picked up the detail about the dog. If it’s his own gag, it’s a pretty good one. He mentions the dog again on page 103.

2. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.261.

3. **Phalerum.** As an exercise to strengthen his voice, Demosthenes would go to the beach at Phalerum and shout over the waves. Cf. Cicero, *De Finibus* 5.5; Plutarch, *Moralia (Decem Oratorum Vitae)* 844F.

4. **verses of Sophocles or Euripides** Cf. Plutarch, *Demosthenes* 7.1-2. To prove to Demosthenes the importance of delivery, the actor Satyrus had him recite some lines from the tragic poets. After Demosthenes did so, Satyrus repeated the verses as an actor would deliver them, with skillful voice and gesture, so that to Demosthenes they seemed completely transformed.

5. **lantern.** This refers to Demosthenes’s habit of working into the night. Cf. Plutarch, *Demosthenes* 8.3-4.

6. **mirror.** Demosthenes would declaim in front of a mirror in order to improve his delivery. Cf. Plutarch, *Demosthenes* 11.2.

7. For Cicero’s natural weaknesses see *Brutus*, 313 and 316.

8. Cf. Suetonius, *De Grammaticis* 21; *Vita Vergilii* 16.

And what am I to say here about Isocrates? He was so deficient in superior natural talent that he recognized how very similar he was to a whetstone,<sup>1</sup> “which can sharpen iron, though it itself lacks sharpness”;<sup>2</sup> and he did not dare face the glare of the forum, nor spend his days in that huge throng of people, but within the walls of his home fostered whatever glory he could acquire.<sup>3</sup> Yet in the end he attained such perfection that he was called by his own people the Attic Siren,<sup>4</sup> because of the remarkable honey-like sweetness within him. And he was called by your Cicero not only a great and illustrious orator, but even a unique and perfect teacher and master,<sup>5</sup> from whose school of course<sup>6</sup> . . . well, who doesn't know the rest?

But it was part of the happy destiny of Aristotle that this single individual has come now to be regarded as almost the equivalent not only of all philosophers, but even of all orators and rhetors.

1. Cf. Plutarch, *Moralia (Decem Oratorum Vitae)* 838E; Erasmus, *Apophthegmata* 364E; Gabriel Harvey's *Ciceronianus* 98.21.

2. Horace, *Ars Poetica* 304-5.

3. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 32. Because of his weak voice and natural timidity, Isocrates devoted himself to teaching oratory and writing speeches for others.

4. **Attic Siren.** Cf. Philostratus, *Lives of the Sophists* 1.17.

5. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 32; *De Oratore* 3.36.

6. **from whose school.** Before breaking off in mid-sentence, Harvey begins to quote from Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.94: “. . . Isocrates . . . from whose school, as from the Trojan horse, none but leaders emerged.” A version of the quote is given in full on page 57.

And indeed he was specifically called a marvel of nature by some of his interpreters, Latin as well as Greek (not to mention for the moment the Arabs), because, I believe, it was thought that an abundance of special gifts and blessings from nature had made him remarkable beyond all others. But you too, o miracle of nature, though your speech was said to flow like a river of gold,<sup>1</sup> you too not only lacked a number of other resources for oratorical glory, but were as halting and stammering in speech as the worst of them.<sup>2</sup> And yet what Aristotelian even now would not count you among the foremost orators?

These things ought to rouse and inspire you, my auditors, if it be thought that eloquence is not completely implanted and engendered in anyone at birth, but rather is held confined, as it were, by certain surmountable impediments. For as I look around at everyone here, I nowhere spot that “ass with a lyre,”<sup>3</sup> born for the stables and not the schools.

1. Cf. Cicero, *Lucullus* 119.
2. Cf. Diogenes Laertius, 10.1.1.
3. **ass with a lyre.** Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 164B.

Forgive me, if I declare that I do see some Apuleiuses<sup>1</sup>--but why do I say some?--rather I see one such, or even perhaps a second (I dare not add still another), who is delighted by his own peculiar style of speaking, a style I am not suggesting is asinine, but rather insufficiently Ciceronian. I name no names; I anticipate a metamorphosis. Not a change from asses into men, but from Apuleiuses into Ciceros. For there is absolutely no reason why either these fellows or the rest of you should abandon hope or slacken your efforts. Nature has served many of you excellently, some of you brilliantly, and all of you well. You are all fine specimens, and God, as in the proverb, has certainly played his part: you now vigorously play yours. And soon, by Jove, I will expect to see not Bembos, not Sadoletos, not Sturms, not Manuzios, not Osorios,<sup>2</sup> but Hortensii, and Julii, Ciceros, Demostheneses, and whoever may be more perfect and divine than these. For surely (unless I am greatly mistaken, but of course I am not) certain of you are more gifted than they, and most of you are gifted as much. But on the subject of Nature--that "golden foundation,"<sup>3</sup> in the words of Pindar--enough has now been said.

1. **Apuleiuses.** Apuleius (ca.125 - 171 A.D.) was a Latin writer from North Africa. His major work was the long romance entitled *Metamorphoses*, sometimes known as *The Golden Ass*. The narrator of the story is a young man named Lucius, who is transformed by magic into an ass, has a number of adventures in this animal shape, and in the end regains his human form with the aid of the goddess Isis. The style of the work is very extravagant and eccentric. William Adlington, the first English translator of *The Golden Ass* and Harvey's contemporary, wrote of it: ". . . the author has written his work in so dark and high a style, in so strange and absurd words, and in such new and invented phrases, as he seemed rather to set it forth to shew his magnificence of prose, than to participate his doings to others."
2. **Bembos . . . Osorios.** A list of some of the most celebrated Latin stylists of the 16<sup>th</sup> century.
3. **golden foundation.** Harvey is here not quoting Pindar directly, but quoting Lucian quoting Pindar. See Lucian, *Encomium Demosthenis* 11.

For I fancy that I hear one of my more refined listeners, asking me by what steps he can ascend to so great and marvelous a height: <sup>1</sup>“We desire most fervently, Professor of Eloquence, at the first opportunity to exert to the utmost all those natural powers of ours which you have elaborated on in your talk, to keep us, I believe, from being ensnared by a dangerous sort of deception, while enticing us to the pursuit of a most beautiful thing, and for that reason most difficult. For of course we wish to be able as soon as possible to set forth and attain that thing that you so carefully commend to us all: the majesty of eloquence.<sup>1</sup> You only cover the remaining topics, as you have planned. You will see that we are not only very supportive of you, but are also by far the most devoted students of eloquence. O if you could only let us hasten straight to eloquence, and the outcome be as we desire and as you promise! Truly I would revere you as a parent, and honor you as Alcibiades did Socrates himself, and I would compare you in speech with the Sileni and Satyrs, as he did Socrates in Plato's *Symposium*.”<sup>2</sup>

1. **We desire most fervently . . . majesty of eloquence.** This is really pretty funny in the original: Harvey has put into the mouth of one of his young students a very intricate period. I felt obliged in the translation to divide it into two sentences.
2. Plato, *Symposium* 215b ff.

I praise you, my splendid little Tully, whichever of you has so suddenly become inflamed by so burning a desire for eloquence. Some Seneca, I believe, has convinced you that a great part of success is the desire to succeed,<sup>1</sup> and that noble nature of yours, that divine impulse and inspiration I say, that heavenly enthusiasm, in short, that bold and heroic spirit constantly rouses you to seek every honorable distinction. Give heed then, o wise one, and I will show you the rest of the way by which one travels to eloquence.

*On Art.*

Do you perceive how your eyes were disposed to see, and your ears to hear, even then, when you were an infant and wailing for the first time in your cradle? So too has your tongue been formed to speak: that is, it possesses that natural power and ability that I was talking about. The art of speaking itself, and training and exercise in speaking are things it doesn't possess, in the absence of a teacher and habitual practice; no more than you could as an infant distinguish various colors and different sounds without a teacher and all experience. Nay, unless you pour oil in the lamp, as it were, that natural ability of yours, however great it is, will in the end be easily extinguished.

1. Seneca, *Epistulae Morales* 71.36.

Therefore the remaining two components of our triple tool must be provided: the one the splendid tool of art, the other the most useful tool of diligent practice, both of which are vital for that which you seek.

Can anyone be an artist without art<sup>1</sup>? Or have you ever seen a bird flying without wings, or a horse running without feet? Or if you have seen such things, which no one else has ever seen, come, tell me please, do you hope to become a goldsmith, or a painter, or a sculptor, or a musician, or an architect, or a weaver, or any sort of artist at all without a teacher? But how much easier are all these things, than that you develop into a supreme and perfect orator without the art of public speaking. There is need of a teacher, and indeed even an excellent teacher, who might point out the springs with his finger,<sup>2</sup> as it were, and carefully pass on to you the art of speaking colorfully, brilliantly, copiously. But what sort of art shall we choose?

**1. art.** The Latin word *ars* as used in this section has a rather broader range of meanings than the English *art*. It can mean, as here, the theoretical knowledge that one must acquire in order to attain proficiency in a given field. It can also mean a set of rules and principles intended to convey this knowledge, and even the book in which these rules are contained. Thus the word can be applied, for example, to Lyly's *Grammar* and Talon's *Rhetorica*. In the interests of coherence I've generally translated *ars* as *art*, even in those instances where the English word won't bear the sense.

**2. point out the springs with his finger.** Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.203, where Crassus uses this expression to describe his role as a teacher. He says that he cannot lead his listeners to eloquence like a guide leading travelers to a spring, but can only point out the way with his finger.

Not an art entangled in countless difficulties, or packed with meaningless arguments; not one sullied by useless precepts, or disfigured by strange and foreign ones; not an art polluted by any filth, or fashioned to accord with our own will and judgment; not a single art joined and sewn together from many, like a quilt from many rags and skins (way too many rhetoricians have given this sort of art to us, if indeed one may call art that which conforms to no artistic principles). We want rather an art that is concise, precise, appropriate, lucid, accessible; one that is decorated and illuminated by precise definitions, accurate divisions, and striking illustrations,<sup>1</sup> as if by flashing gems and stars; one that emerges, and in a way bursts into flower, from the speech of the most eloquent men and the best orators. Why so? Not only because brevity is pleasant, and clarity delightful, but also so that eloquence might be learned in a shorter time, and with less labor and richer results, and so that it might stand more firmly grounded, secured by deeper roots. For thus said the gifted poet in his *Ars Poetica*: “Whatever instruction you give, let it be brief.” Why? He gives two reasons: “So that receptive minds might swiftly grasp your words and accurately retain them.” And indeed, as the same poet elegantly adds: “Everything superfluous spills from a mind that's full.”<sup>2</sup>

**1. definitions . . . divisions . . . illustrations.** Cf. Ramus, *Scholae dialecticae*, lib. 9, intro., in *Scholae in liberales artes* (1569), col. 310: “A legitimate description of the arts and sciences will consist of . . . definition, division, and illustration.”

**2.** Horace, *Ars Poetica* 335-7.

Therefore as Agesilaus chided the cobblers for putting a large shoe on a tiny foot,<sup>1</sup> so too, I think, are those greatly to be censured who, though Rhetoric is content with a few precepts, have crushed it beneath such a mass of rules and instructions. For either they are fools, and did not themselves see what was enough; or by Hercules they are too meddlesome, and didn't know when to leave well enough alone; or they are envious and malicious, and intended for outstanding natures to be tortured and crucified. He spoke cleverly, if not in entirely good Latin, whoever it was who said: "It is foolish for what can be done by fewer means to be done by more."<sup>2</sup> I for my part not only call it foolish, as that one did, but add that in many cases it is malicious, impudent, criminal, noxious, destructive to man, and hateful to nature itself.

1. Cf. Plutarch, *Moralia* 208C; Erasmus, *Apophthegmata* 94B.
2. Cf. *Sententiae sive Loci Communes Utriusque Iuris*, 1585, C4V.

For what is fouler, what more outrageous, than that the brilliant light of divine nature, the flames lit not by some mortal, but by the almighty and eternal godhead itself, be either buried under a multitude of precepts, or extinguished by their obscurity? Certainly for those who choose to hear me (I have the highest hopes for noble minds), not only the rhetoric, but all the arts they acquire will be very spare in their number of precepts, very rich in profit and usefulness, in all language and style most natural, in care and skill of arrangement most accessible, most suitable for learning, remembering, using and enjoying, and productive and bountiful in the public harvest of everyday life, so to speak, rather than gaudily bedecked in painted flowers.

I felt long ago, and now more than ever, that a rhetorical art very like this was prepared for me (why indeed should I hide so great and incredible a boon from you who have been placed under my tutelage?) by a man to whom I confess, and even proclaim that I owe the greatest debt, a man most refined in all his judgments, and an especially polished artist,<sup>1</sup> Omer Talon.<sup>2</sup>

**1. artist.** The Latin word here is *artifex*, which literally means *art-maker*. Since a rhetoric manual is an *ars* in Latin, the creator of a rhetoric manual might rightly be styled an *artifex*.

**2. Omer Talon.** Omer Talon (ca. 1510-1562), or Audomarus Talaeus as he is known in Latin, was a native of Vermandois. He became associated with Peter Ramus when he became a teacher at the University of Paris in 1544. Later in the same year Talon joined Ramus and Bartholomew Alexander in teaching at the College of Ave Maria, where he became professor of rhetoric. In 1545 he published the *Institutiones Oratoriae* as a companion piece to Ramus's *Institutiones Dialecticae*. A radical revision of this work was published in 1548, with the title *Rhetorica*. The work was immediately popular, passing through five editions in the first four years. Upon Talon's death, Ramus took over the work, with which he was probably deeply involved from the beginning. In 1567 he published a revised edition which was furnished with his "prelections," or explanations. He continued to put out new editions until his death in 1572. In 1584 Dudley Fenner published an English adaptation of the *Rhetorica*, followed by Abraham Fraunce in 1588. Both works are available in modern editions: Dudley Fenner, *Artes of Logike and Rethoricke*, in *Four Tudor Books on Education*, Robert Pepper, ed., Gainesville, Fla., 1966; Abraham Fraunce, *The Arcadian Rhetorike*, edited from the edition of 1588 by Ethel Seaton, Oxford, 1930.

This is not an art of many pages (for it is very brief), but believe me, it is of boundless and measureless usefulness and profit. Nor indeed would I want you to imagine that this testimony is based on my own judgment. It is the testimony of Heinrich Schor, a well-respected man of remarkable learning, who, in a book just published, and commended by Sturm in his preface, declared that of all the rhetorics which have ever been set in type, Talon's pleased him the most, as the truest to art, and the most compendious of all.<sup>1</sup> But why do I name Heinrich? The same opinion has been not only privately confessed among friends, but even publicly proclaimed before all by many learned men, and surely the champions of the present age: Peter Ramus; Antoine Foclin;<sup>2</sup> Arnaud d'Ossat;<sup>3</sup> Johann Thomas Freige,<sup>4</sup> who recently included it in his collection of dichotomies; Wilhelm Roding,<sup>5</sup> who recommended it to the Abbot of Hirsfeld and to the students of the school there; Vessodus,<sup>6</sup> who imitated it in his own work on rhetoric; Beurhaus,<sup>7</sup> who promises commentaries; and many others, among them our Baro<sup>8</sup> (for he has now become one of us). Some of these men call Talon's rhetoric a most elegant, others a golden, still others a living image of eloquence, and the author himself an Apelles. I would call it a precious pearl: comparable to few stones in size, preferable to all in worth, value and distinction.

**1. Heinrich Schor.** Heinrich Schor was from Flanders and became provost of the college of Surburg in 1566. The work mentioned here was a guide he prepared for the Latin school in nearby Saverne. It was entitled *Specimen et forma legitime tradendi sermonis et rationis disciplinas, ex P. Rami scriptis collecta, et Tabernensi scholae accommodata: per Henricum Schorum Surburgensem praepositum . . . Cum praefatione Io. Sturmii*. 1572. Part of Sturm's preface is quoted in *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus*, p. 109.

**2. Antoine Foclin.** Like his teachers Ramus and Talon, Antoine Foclin (Foquelin, Fouquelin) was a native of Vermandois. He published in 1555 a French translation of Talon's *Rhetorica* entitled *La Rhetorique Francoise d'Antoine Foclin de Chauny en Vermandois*.

**3. Arnaud d'Ossat.** Arnaud d'Ossat (1536-1604) was a French diplomat, bishop and cardinal. At the time of this lecture he was an aide to the diplomat Paul de Foix, archbishop-elect of Toulouse.

**4. Johann Thomas Freige.** Freige (Freig, Frey) (1543-1583). The work here referred to was published in 1576, and serves as proof that Harvey did at least a little editing on the *Rhetor* before it was published.

**5. Wilhelm Roding.** Roding (1549-1603) commended Talon's *Rhetorica* in the preface to an edition of Ramus's *Dialectica*. For details about this edition see Walter Ong, *Ramus and Talon Inventory* p. 197. The preface is dated January 10, 1576, and so was written after Harvey delivered the *Rhetor*. Cf. *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus*, p. 10 n.

**6. Vessodus.** The work by Vessodus referred to here is *Vessodi Rhetorica et Dialectica* [Lausanne, 1571]. Little seems to be known about Vessodus. He is mentioned in Freige's biography of Ramus, and in Richard Harvey's *Ephemeron*.

**7. Beurhaus.** Friedrich Beurhaus (1536-1609) was a German Ramist who was vice-rector of the school at Dortmund and prepared textbooks based on Ramus' works.

**8. Baro.** Peter Baro was a French protestant who because of the religious trouble in that country fled to England, where he was befriended by Burghley, the chancellor of Cambridge. He was admitted as a member of Trinity College, and lectured on divinity and Hebrew at King's. In 1574 he was chosen Lady Margaret professor of divinity, and was granted the D.D. by both Oxford and Cambridge in 1576. He then became engaged in religious controversy, and eventually lost the Lady Margaret professorship in 1598. He died a year later in London.

Therefore that work above all, you, my noble little Tully, that work, I say, all my beloved auditors will not only read, as being useful, but memorize verbatim in its entirety. It will require only a very few days for you to eagerly perform both tasks (for who doesn't know that the food with the sweetest savor is the most easily digested, and most quickly absorbed into our nature), but, I swear by my love for eloquence, the extraordinary benefits you will derive soon after will last a lifetime. For those vulgar quarriers of rhetorical precepts, though they boast of having noble and precious gems, instead palm off millstones and giant blocks, fitter for the flour mills than the schools. Among whom one in particular is exceedingly ridiculous, Eberhard<sup>1</sup> I believe his name is, a man ridiculous enough indeed for everyone, who published and presented to us, instead of a rhetoric, some sort of labyrinth. For just so did that crafty Daedalus entitle his work on rhetoric.

**1. Eberhard.** Eberhard (Evrard of Bremen, Evrard the German) composed *Laborintus* sometime in the thirteenth century. Written in elegiac verse, the work is a handbook on poetics. About a third of it is devoted to a treatment of rhetorical figures. For a short description see C.S. Baldwin, *Medieval Rhetoric and Poetics*, New York, 1928, pp. 189-191. E. Carlson translated it into English as an M.A. thesis (Cornell University, 1930).

But let's not even mention the Eberhards, and the rest of that dunghill scum, except in the sewer, and then only among the filthiest men. And let us read often with sound and unsullied judgment Cicero and Quintilian, our leaders and oratorical heroes (so always have they seemed to me, and so will they seem to you, I hope). And also, if you've a mind to (and I ask that you do), let us read their works on the art of rhetoric along with the penetrating lectures of Peter Ramus,<sup>1</sup> which he presented in twenty golden books, to serve as certain friendly reminders, as it were. And because it is in almost the same category, and because I do not want to pass over anything at all that can be of use to you in accomplishing your journey, let us add also to the elegant lectures of Ramus the fourth book of Luis Vives' *On the reasons for the corruption of the arts*, a book that treats most ably the corruption and vitiation of rhetoric. Yet let us attend to those works and authors only when we have attained a thorough understanding of Omer's golden *Rhetorica*.

**1. lectures of Peter Ramus.** This refers to the *Scholae Rhetoricae*, a single volume containing both the *Brutinae Quaestiones* and *Rhetoricae Distinctiones in Quintilianum*. See *Ramus and Talon Inventory* p. 435.

For I would like to say something as regards those Roman heroes, whom I honor and adore even more than the Greeks, for a certain richer eloquence, and especially Cicero, the Latin Demosthenes: To tell the truth, they wanted not so much to pass on the precepts of a single art, as to polish the artist himself, and they sought to clothe him in all the garb of an advocate and senator, not only in the dress of an orator. And so they seem to me to have described men like Crassus or Antonius, or even themselves, men with a great wealth of training in many different subjects and arts, and with long experience in the forum, rather than a rhetor, cultivated only in the art of speaking. Surely Cicero, splendid as he was in all discourse, expressed everything in his oratorical works with such luminous grandeur that he seems to have wished not so much to reveal his craft, as to display his wealth and abundance. For indeed, O God, how rich and elegant are the furnishings of their wonderful words! How remarkable the variety of their thought! How splendid their structure! How grand and wonderful are the trappings of their whole style! I myself, when reading them in my library, not less often than when reading most of his speeches--though nothing richer can be imagined than these--am forced to shout: O river of milk and nectar! O torrent of eloquence!

He teaches at times to be sure, and he teaches not as a master in a school, but as an orator on the rostra, with variety, copiousness, brilliance and polish; but I am inclined to think that more of this is related to persuasion and entertainment than to teaching and instruction.<sup>1</sup> Then too, a great many dialectical and philosophical matters are randomly hauled in as if they were rhetorical issues, and added to the heap, as it were. But I don't want to be the judge . . . let's ask the man himself, shall we? He will answer, in the rhetorical treatises which he released to the public, that he drank often from the springs of the dialecticians and philosophers, and did not always sip from the streams of the orators. Do you want me to plead the case with sealed documents? Do you want to hear Cicero himself speak? What is more frequent in his work than statements like these?

The divisions of oratory originated in the Middle Academy.<sup>2</sup>

The orator borrows his logical precision from the Academy.<sup>3</sup>

He became an orator not in the workshops of the rhetoricians, but on the grounds of the Academy.<sup>4</sup>

**1. persuasion . . . entertainment . . . instruction.** Harvey is referring to the three functions of oratory set forth by Cicero: to teach, to persuade and to entertain.

**2.** Cf. Cicero, *Partitiones Oratoriae* 139.

**3.** Cf. Cicero, *De Fato* 3.

**4.** Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 12.

The art of intelligent reasoning and subtle argument was combined with the principles of speaking.<sup>1</sup>

If you have conceived a passion for that remarkably splendid and beautiful image of the perfect orator, you must acquire the powers of Carneades or Aristotle.<sup>2</sup>

Both the invention, and the judgment of what you say are indeed important things, and perform the same role as the mind in the body, but they belong more properly to intelligence (note the difference) than to eloquence.<sup>3</sup>

A precise method of argument, which is to say, dialectic, has two parts, invention and judgment, which were developed not by the rhetoricians, but by Aristotle and the Stoics.<sup>4</sup>

The faculty of memory is common to many arts.<sup>5</sup>

The special distinction of an orator lies in expression.<sup>6</sup>

Each one claims for himself some portion of the other qualities which reside in an orator, but the supreme power in speaking, that is to say, expression, is granted to the orator alone.<sup>7</sup> But only if he adds that expressiveness of the body, delivery, which not without reason Demosthenes declared to be first, second and third in importance.<sup>8</sup>

1. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 120.
2. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 3.71.
3. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 44.
4. Cf. Cicero, *Topica* 6.
5. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 54.
6. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 140.
7. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 61.
8. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 55, 56.

I could recite almost six hundred other statements of this kind, if there were but time to quote them. Reflect, auditors, in your own minds on what was expressed, in so many passages that are clearer than daylight, not by Marcus Brutus, not by Calidius, not by Cornificius, not by Calvus, not by the so-called Attic orators, not by some rival or adversary of Cicero, but by Cicero himself. You will all, if need be, readily stand up and support me when I say that Cicero was not outlining a single, uniform art of a single kind, but a varied doctrine of many elements--a kind of "eloquent wisdom"<sup>1</sup>--pieced together and assembled from rhetoric, dialectic and philosophy. For of that fivefold division of rhetoric, which almost alone prevailed among our ancestors, who does not now see that Invention, Arrangement, and Memory belong not to speech, but to reason; not to the tongue, but to the mind; not to eloquence, but to intelligence; not to rhetoric, but to dialectic?

**1. eloquent wisdom.** Literally, *wisdom speaking copiously*. Cf. Cicero, *Partitiones Oratoriae* 79.

Therefore only the two remaining divisions are the true and proper and, one might say, natural features of rhetoric, like the two eyes in the body, Style and Delivery. The former is distinguished by the brilliance of tropes and figures of speech, while the charm of the latter depends on the modulation of the voice and appropriate gesture. Each by its remarkable splendor not only in public orations, but also in private conversations, inspires its own special love.

These subjects in no way comprise even a fifth of the rhetorical works of Cicero. Let us disregard the *Rhetorica ad Herennium*, as being the work of a certain Cornificius, or even Marcus Gallio, rather than of Cicero.<sup>1</sup> Let us disregard the rough and incomplete material that escaped from the notebooks of his youth.<sup>2</sup> Read those golden and highly-polished dialogues on the orator that he wrote for his brother Quintus.<sup>3</sup> You will have the richest store of magnificent words and thoughts; you will read with the greatest pleasure many discussions of incredible charm and loveliness; you will hear with remarkable wonder and delight men of great eminence--easily the foremost of a flourishing state, and held by universal consent to be the most eloquent of the wise, and the wisest of the eloquent--Licinius Crassus, Quintus Mucius Scaevola, Marcus Antonius, Quintus Catulus, Caius Julius Caesar; and you will think that nothing is more nimble or eloquent than their speech.

1. The name of Cicero became attached to the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* at an early date, and his authorship remained unquestioned until the 15<sup>th</sup> century. For a discussion of the authorship of the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* see the introduction to the Loeb edition, p. viii ff.
2. The reference is to *De Inventione*. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.5.
3. i.e. *De Oratore*.

But of those three polished and lucid dialogues, not even the third is completely devoted to a description of style and delivery, but there are even here--I would say by the leave of so great an orator--certain arguments that are more brilliant than essential. And yet in reading them--who denies it?--they are not only very delightful, but also extremely useful. As for the rest of the work, in part the thoughtful discussions and conversations of illustrious citizens have been set forth; in part the head of Eloquence, like a bust of Venus, has been attached to the ill-defined limbs of another body.

What am I to say about the *Partitiones Oratoriae*? It is, to be sure, very neat and elegant; but I ask you, how small a part is devoted to a treatment of style and delivery? Read the commentary of Omer:<sup>1</sup> you will all immediately perceive the same thing.

**1. commentary of Omer.** For the full title and description of this commentary on the *Partitiones Oratoriae* see *Ramus and Talon Inventory* p. 476.

I ignore the *Brutus*, for it is a kind of catalogue of Latin orators, and accordingly contains no rhetorical precepts. I pass over the *Orator*, for not even it searches for an oratorical art, or laws of eloquence that have been formulated for speaking well, but rather seeks some extraordinary and divine artist, whom Antonius never saw,<sup>1</sup> and who existed only as some wondrous idea in the mind of Cicero.<sup>2</sup> I say nothing about the *De Optimo Genere Oratorum*, in which Cicero wanted to prove that he was the best and most perfect, and a most Attic, orator. You can extract the rest of it from the commentary of Ramus,<sup>3</sup> which is not very lengthy, to be sure, but extremely precise. I pass over the other rhetorical works of Cicero, if any by chance slipped my mind. Did you not long ago clearly see in them many things more suitable for conversational circles than for the schools, and more similar to the discussions of learned men and citizens than to the precepts of teachers?

**1. whom Antonius never saw.** Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 19.

**2. idea in the mind of Cicero.** Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 9-10.

**3. commentary of Ramus.** This work is entitled *Ciceronis De optimo genere praeformatio illustrata* (1557). For a description see *Ramus and Talon Inventory* p. 295.

Did you not notice that, just as many shoots are grafted onto a single tree, so too has the wisdom of many arts been grafted onto eloquence? Nor indeed does Cicero combine dialectic alone with eloquence, but he wants to add to the pile a skill in all the greatest disciplines, and a knowledge of almost innumerable things.

The poets must be read. History must be mastered. The writers in all the noble arts, even mathematics, physics, and--unless I'm mistaken--metaphysics too, must be read and studied, and, for the sake of practice, must be praised, interpreted, corrected, criticized, and refuted. Every matter must be argued on both sides. Civil law must be thoroughly learned. The statutes must be known. All antiquity must be understood. The usages of the senate, the science of government, the rights of the allies, pacts, treaties, and the policy of the empire must be learned. A certain witty charm too must be extracted from every branch of humor, and every speech seasoned with it.<sup>1</sup>

**1. The poets must be read etc.** Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.158-159.

In sum, that course of subjects which the Greeks call “general education,” and whatever other curriculum might exist for talent and learning, must be completed in their entirety by the orator.<sup>1</sup> In him the acumen of the dialecticians, the thought of the philosophers, the language almost of the poets, the memory of the jurists, the voice of the tragedians, the gestures almost of the greatest actors are required. The practitioner of a single art can gain approval even if his achievements in that art are modest, but by God an orator cannot win acclaim unless his achievements in all the arts are of the highest order.<sup>2</sup>

O Eloquence, art of arts, discipline of disciplines!<sup>3</sup> Whomsoever you have embraced you do not make the equal of the most illustrious and skillful orators, but cause him to seem absolutely godlike, and most similar to the immortal deity. And indeed, Marcus Tullius, you describe to me Hesiod's Pandora,<sup>4</sup> when you introduce that Eloquence who, as though descended to earth from the lap of Jove, overflows with all the riches and ornaments of nature, study, learning, practice and fortune.

1. Cf. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* 1.10.1; *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 76.36 and note.

2. **In him the acumen . . . of the highest order.** Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.128.

3. **art of arts, discipline of disciplines.** The phrase is attributed to Aristotle, who used it to describe philosophy. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 153 and note in Loeb edition.

4. **Hesiod's Pandora.** Cf. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 59-82.

She possesses all the gifts of the mighty gods and goddesses. Apollo and Minerva have adorned her breast with a variety of arts and disciplines. Mercury has formed her tongue. Venus has graced her head with lovely hair, and her face with remarkable beauty and charm. The Hours have crowned her with garlands and roses. On her silvery, snow-white neck the Graces have hung golden necklaces. Peitho,<sup>1</sup> and that mysterious “Marrow of Persuasion”<sup>2</sup> have made her charming and delightful in the sight of men and gods. The rest of her dress and adornment Pallas and the Muses have supplied. And she is, to encompass all in one verse, “the precious child of the gods, the great descendant of Jove.”<sup>3</sup>

This, I say, is Pandora you're describing, Marcus Tullius, and not a single art and a single faculty, when you demand of the orator arts that are so many in number, so impressive in scope, and so dissimilar in their very nature, and demand them not as things that might bring added honor and admiration, but almost as essentials.

1. **Peitho.** The Greek *persuasion*, personified as a goddess.
2. **Marrow of Persuasion.** A favorite expression of both Harvey and Ramus. Cf. *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 46.15 and note; *Pedantius* 1. 1590. The expression is derived from Ennius via Cicero. See Cicero, *Brutus* 59, *De Senectute* 50.
3. Vergil, *Eclogues* 4.49.

O most blessed and divine is this orator of yours who, with Virtue as a guide and Fortune as a companion,<sup>1</sup> has aspired to so great and exceptional a preeminence in the most glorious attainments. Do you want me to say frankly what I think? It is you, Marcus Tullius, you yourself that you are depicting: a man surrounded on all sides, as if by walls, by so many great and various gifts; supplied with so rich a store of most splendid things; piled high with so many arts; so philosophical a rhetorician, and so rhetorical a philosopher. In short, you are describing an orator whom even you might judge perfect and complete in every detail: the sort of orator who had at his command the tongue, the mind, and indeed all things; whom the senate and people of Rome admired, extolled, deified; to whom all those accused of crime might flee for refuge, as if to a holy and inviolable sanctuary, and whose client could commit murder with impunity. You are forming a Cicero, my Cicero, not a rhetor, highly trained and polished in the single faculty of eloquent speech.

**1. Virtue as a guide and Fortune as a companion.** Cf. Cicero, *Epistulae ad Familiares* 10.3.2; Erasmus, *Adagia* 1171E.

But I am strangely fearful of the majesty of your tongue, and that ancient prestige and authority of yours, so that I now scarcely dare address you more boldly. But what if Eloquence herself were now to speak to you in this way? (Although of course it is very foolish of me to introduce Eloquence to speak, for she can only speak with great eloquence, whereas here she is forced to speak rather roughly.) Yet pretend that Eloquence herself is addressing you, if not with these very words (for how could she speak so uncouthly?) then at least with this same tenor:

“What are you doing, Marcus Tullius? Why do you enrich me with the stores and treasures of my sisters, when I am content with my own ornaments and decorations? Why do you force upon me against my will the possessions that belong to others? Why do you make me stray beyond the fixed boundaries and limits of my estate? Why do you take it upon yourself to extend my domain, which I always wanted to be charming and beautiful, with lovely dwellings, rather than vast and spacious? Why do you violate the sacred standards of common fairness? Why do you break the divine law of justice? Why do you shatter its holy restraints? Why do you reject that celebrated “doctrine of homogeneity”<sup>1</sup> of your Aristotle, the sharpest of men? Why do you make me the mistress of all things--sea and land, air and sky--when I am satisfied with my own realm, which is not large to be sure, but bright and flourishing?

**1. doctrine of homogeneity.** Cf. Aristotle, *Posterior Analytics* 73a-b. Ramus’s transformed this principle into his “law of justice,” one of the three laws he used in organizing the arts. It was on the basis of this law that Ramus severed invention, judgment and memory from rhetoric. See Roland MacIlmaine’s translation of Ramus’s *Dialectica, The Logicke of Peter Ramus*, p. 4 (modern reprint, Catherine Dunn, ed., 1969): “For in this booke there is thre documents or rules kept, whiche in deede ought to be obserued in all arts and sciences. The first is, that in setting forthe of an arte we gather only together that which dothe appartayne to the Arte whiche we intreate of, leauing to all other Artes that which is proper to them, this rule (which maye be called the rule of Iustice) thou shalt see here well obserued.”; See Howell, *Logic and Rhetoric in England*, p. 42, 149 ff.; Ong, *Ramus, Method, and the Decay of Dialogue*, pp. 239-240, 258-263; Gabriel Harvey’s *Ciceronianus* 92.20.

Why do you place under my power and sway those whom I ought and wish to serve? Why do you contrive to diminish and debase the honor and prestige of my sisters--Dialectic, Mathematics, Physics, Ethics, Economy, Politics, Jurisprudence--who are elder in birth, greater in authority, more fruitful in offspring, and richer in faculties? Nay, why do you strip and despoil them of their wealth, that you might seem to enrich and adorn me...or rather you yourself? 'Is this not beyond belief and description, that anyone could be so heartless as to take pleasure in the sorrows of another, and to gain his happiness from another's misfortunes?'<sup>1</sup> Is this an act of kindness, is this the role of a sister,<sup>2</sup> to force her eldest sisters, distinguished by the highest excellence, from their own lands and estates? I will not do it, Marcus Tullius, I will not do it. I will live content with my herbs and flowers, and I will not harvest the fruits of my sisters.

1. Cf. Terence, *Andria* 625-628.
2. Cf. Terence, *Andria* 236.

I will not diminish their revenues, I will not defraud them of their honors and treasures, I will not plunder their shrines, I will not pillage their homes and estates, I will not evict the true owners from their rightful property, I will not inflict so great an injury on my dearest kin. It is enough for me, if I long ago gained possession of some Spartan plot, to diligently reclaim and adorn it.<sup>1</sup> Let us grant, my Cicero, to each his own, to Rhetoric what is Rhetoric's, and to Dialectic what is Dialectic's, and when we borrow from my other sisters and relations, let us acknowledge our debt to them. Let us rob none of her due praise and commendation. I do not wish to parade in another's plumage. No one will compare me to Aesop's crow.<sup>2</sup> I will not display the feathers of an eagle, or a hawk, or an ostrich, or any other bird, when my own feathers are lovelier even than the colorful tail of the peacock, and those flashing eyes of Argus. You love me too ardently, my orator, and in the blind vehemence of your love and reverence (for I prefer to construe it thus) you not only adorn me with my own glories, but even load me down with the glories of others.

1. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 551D; Cicero, *Epistulae ad Atticum* 1.20.3; 4.6.2.

2. **Aesop's crow.** This is a reference to Aesop's fable about the jackdaw who clothed itself in borrowed plumage. Horace in his allusion to the fable changes the jackdaw to a crow (*Epistulae*, 1.3.18-20).

“But tell me please, suppose you commissioned an Apelles, or a Zeuxis, for a large sum to paint a portrait of your little Tullia, and he, from an overabundance of love I am sure, instead of a soft and delicate and slender girl, portrayed a woman--not entirely grotesque, except for her great size, or even otherwise very lovely, with the fairest complexion--but nevertheless a woman who was big and tall and stout and masculine, with a large head, a heroic face, prominent eyes, an elongated neck, broad shoulders, bulging arms, a huge, muscular chest, and an enormous, almost Cyclopean body. Would this painting meet with your approval? You wouldn't attack the painter with harsh words, and treat him with abuse? Or if for the same Tullia you ordered from a clothier a tasteful and maidenly dress--the sort of dress that Cornelia<sup>1</sup> the mother of the Gracchi wore when she was a girl--and he presented to you a senator's toga, or a philosopher's cloak, or even attached a man's tunic to a woman's garment, would you not be moved to wrath?

**1. Cornelia.** She was the daughter of Scipio Aemilianus, and was considered by the Romans a paragon of womanhood.

Would you not ridicule that cobbler who tried to place on her small, tender foot a huge shoe sewn together from the shoes of many women, or the elevated boot of a tragic actor? But by the gods, to me you have behaved like this painter, this clothier, this cobbler, Marcus Tullius, by making me much larger, and in a way plumper and stouter than I really am, and investing me with all things, as if I were the daughter of some Polyphemus, and wished to vie in size with the giants of Etna. O you are far too fond of both me and yourself, Marcus Cicero, for you wanted me to be so great and lofty, and so strengthened and fortified in every respect, so that you yourself might seem the greatest of all mortals, and that you might obtain the title of perfect and peerless orator, a thing that you so mightily sought through such trouble and toil, sleepless nights and the midnight oil, and vast labor spent in speaking, writing, study and travel. And though I will most gladly grant this title to you, yet I would not want you to give me alone full credit for this benefit that was conferred by many arts.

For what if my sharpest sister, Dialectic, should bring a property suit against you, because you blindly seized the estates of others, and made this your sole claim to such great possessions, a claim which she would scarcely concede was very compelling, and in no way special? Would she not easily elicit from you a statement like this?

Let Reason command, and Desire obey.<sup>1</sup> Take possession of what rightfully belongs to you, and let everyone do the same. It was my ambition that led me astray. May this confession be the remedy for my error.<sup>2</sup>

“You used to be of the Academic persuasion. But even if you had not, it would still behoove you to have some faith in that art which you yourself so often make the judge and arbiter of truth and falsehood.”<sup>3</sup>

If persuasive Eloquence herself were pleading her case with you in this way--but in her own most eloquent words--wouldn't you agree, Marcus Tullius, that she was right on the button, that she hit the mark? But I imagine you'll defend yourself by citing the example and authority of your Aristotle, a man of great genius, who demands of the orator almost as many things as you do (his rhetorical teachings are extant; it is clear enough), and who confines eloquence, one of the greatest arts and activities, within the limits of the courtroom.

1. Cf. Cicero, *De Officiis* 1.101.
2. Cf. pseudo-Cicero, *Epistle to Octavius* 7.
3. Cf. Cicero, *Lucullus* 91.

In arguing this you will seem not so much to be defending yourself (for you will blurt out the truth), as to be accusing your teacher and authority. Although who doesn't know the source of Aristotle's error, who has heard anything about his studies and method of teaching? It is apparent that this was the result not so much of deliberation, as of a certain feverish competitiveness. But if you like, and it's not a bother, let's fish out the truth from your own statements.

Aristotle taught many principles of argumentation.<sup>1</sup> With his penetrating mind he saw the power and nature of all things.<sup>2</sup> He was preeminent in wealth of talent and knowledge.<sup>3</sup> In philosophy he was almost without peer.<sup>4</sup> He despised the art of speaking.<sup>5</sup> He saw it as too limited. He was enraptured with his own studies and scorned the rhetoricians<sup>6</sup> (you recognize your words). Finally, agitated by the glory of the orator Isocrates, whom he bitterly opposed,<sup>7</sup> he also began to teach youths the art of speaking, and to unite wisdom with eloquence.<sup>8</sup>

1. Cf. Cicero, *Orator*. 114.
2. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.160.
3. Cf. Cicero, *Academia* 1.18.
4. Cf. Cicero, *Lucullus* 132.
5. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.160.
6. Cf. Cicero, *De Officiis* 1.4.
7. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 172.
8. Cf. Cicero, *Tusculanae Disputationes* 1.7.

He did this not because he thought the two arts were really one, or because he had come to place a high value on eloquence, “to which he applied wisdom, rather than experience”<sup>1</sup> (you yourself gave it away), but so that he might seem to be providing many more and greater contributions than Isocrates, whom he was so intent on rivaling that he felt compelled to open a school of rhetoric also.

For the true teachers of this art (recall your words) spent their lives dealing with this one subject alone, not with the same wisdom as Aristotle, but with more practical experience and greater devotion in this one area.<sup>2</sup> At that time embellishments alone were taught by those accounted teachers of rhetoric. There was one course of training in thought, and another in expression, and training in facts was sought from some, training in language from others, nor was philosophy yet combined with rhetorical precepts.<sup>3</sup>

1. See note below.
2. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.160.
3. **At that time embellishments etc.** Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 17.

Aristotle came onto the scene. He envied the fame and prestige of Isocrates. He devoted himself entirely to feeding his boundless ambition. He taught all branches of learning, not only rhetoric, and in each one he pursued a wondrous verbal adroitness. He rejected the teachings of the earlier rhetoricians, and especially those of his rival. He sought new teachings. And he gathered to one place, as if to a field, and scattered like seed certain discoveries of his. Some of these were dialectical in nature, others ethical and political, still others (though these were the fewest in number) dealt with rhetoric. It was as if he figured the rhetorical matters would be petty and childish trifles without the other material. Finally, what you did in your rhetorical dialogues--in imitation of him, I believe (for you wish there to seem a great Aristotelian)--he did much earlier in his rhetorical commentaries, which were published under the name of Theodectes:<sup>1</sup> that is, you threw the rhetorical issues into the third and final book, as if it were a jailhouse,<sup>2</sup> and confined them to that small space. And yet I would dare say that barely, or not even barely a third part of even this book could be styled rhetorical. There is so much even here that is an erroneous and irrelevant hodgepodge.

**1. Theodectes.** The name of Theodectes became attached to Aristotle's *Rhetoric* at an early date. Cf. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* 2.15.10.

**2. jailhouse.** Lit., *mill*. Slaves in antiquity were sometimes punished by being sent to the mill to turn the millstone.

Aristotle, therefore, described rhetoric mixed up together with the other arts, and not as a separate and distinct entity, and what should have been separated in theory, and combined only in practice,<sup>1</sup> and in men, not in books, these he tied and linked together in a sort of “instructional chain,” as though he had intended to make a string of sausages out of them. He of course did this so that the school of Isocrates, from which, as from the Trojan horse, so many illustrious leaders had emerged,<sup>2</sup> might thereby come to be hated and despised, and so that he might seem to have cleverly discovered, and brilliantly added, many things that Isocrates had overlooked.

You have, Marcus Cicero, an account of Aristotle's teachings. It is your account rather than mine, and yet who does not see in it the richest evidence of your error? But, as I have said, it is not so much my account as yours, if you should allow to be gathered to one place those statements that are scattered about in various passages in your works.

1. **separated in theory, combined in practice.** Cf. Ramus, *Scholae dialecticae*, lib. 5, cap. 5, in *Scholae in liberales artes* (1569), col. 165: “But let us distinguish the precepts of the arts and, as Aristotle bids, assign to each art the rules proper to it: let us retain the common bond that they have, that is, let us combine their application. For the common bond of the arts lies not in mixing up their rules, but in combining their application.”; *Brutinae Quaestiones* p. 16.
2. Cf. Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.94.

Why am I to mention that Frisian, renowned and celebrated throughout Europe, Rudolph Agricola, a man unknown to you certainly, but who was in our time a highly distinguished individual of exceptional intelligence and wide learning, and really very similar to your Varro? Agricola, investigating the whole matter a little more deeply, and cutting it back to the quick, as it were, showed how in Greece<sup>1</sup>--at a time when the various branches of learning had not yet been reduced to formal arts, and when the best and most eloquent speakers in the forum were thriving and flourishing--some of the main features of invention, arrangement, and style, and commonplaces as well, were for the first time collected and set down, to serve as a kind of compendium; by the aid of which resource those who were not very educated, but who yet wished to emerge quickly as orators and find fame among their fellow-citizens, might better hold their own in trials and civic business. They did this not because they had come to believe that there was a single specific and clearly defined art which was called "rhetoric," but because they figured that by this method, such as it was, they might be better prepared and equipped for public speaking.

**1. showed how in Greece etc.** Cf. Agricola, *De inventione dialectica libri tres* (1528), lib. 2, ch. 18, p. 294-296.

Why need I say that, as is usually the case, posterity in imitation trailed along in their footsteps and completely followed the same system and course, not because it was thought to be rhetoric's own proper course, but because it had been revealed in advance by those first crude rhetoricians, or I should really rather say barristers? Why need I argue that, due partly to the authority of the ancients, partly to the sluggishness of posterity, this error has been propagated by both you and us? If you could come back to life, Marcus Tullius, and read that golden chapter<sup>1</sup> in the second book of Agricola's *De Inventione*, where he shows that invention in no way belongs to the rhetoricians, but must be sipped from the rich, sparkling streams of the dialecticians, I do not doubt but that you would find repose in so sharp and splendid an argument, and give wondrous thanks to Rudolph, who has so neatly unraveled so difficult and tangled a knot. And especially so if you consulted too that brilliant oration that he delivered before that most illustrious and magnificent prince, Ercole d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, in the hearing of a large number of the most distinguished and learned men, in elegant praise of philosophy and the noblest arts.

**1. that golden chapter.** Chapter 18.

For he clearly says, “They seem to me to be closest to the truth, who hold that whatever an orator appropriates concerning Invention, properly belongs to Dialectic.” What could have been expressed more plainly? He certainly seems to me to have placed in the clear light of truth a matter that was otherwise hidden and obscure, and entangled in many troublesome errors, so that I am wont for no other reason than this to honor the name of Rudolph (which is all that is left me to honor) with the highest distinctions that words can bestow. I would indeed almost say that no one has served the more refined Muses more brilliantly.

But why do I address for so long the ghost of Cicero, especially when the clock has long been telling me to be silent? I return to you, dearest auditors, whom I would like to be nurtured first in the lovely little gardens of Omer, as they are far more pleasant and agreeable than all those dark haunts of eagles, wolves, goats,<sup>1</sup> and other brutish rhetoricians, where nevertheless the majority choose to lurk.

**1. eagles, wolves, goats.** Harvey is alluding here to the ancient rhetoricians Aquila Romanus, Rutilius Lupus, and Martianus Capella (The Latin words for *eagle*, *wolf*, and *goat* are *aquila*, *lupus*, and *capella*). Aquila Romanus (3<sup>rd</sup> cent. A.D.) and Publius Rutilius Lupus (early 1<sup>st</sup> cent. A.D.) each compiled a collection of rhetorical figures entitled *De figuris sententiarum et elocutionis*. Both these works were printed in Venice in 1523 and in Paris in 1530. Martianus Capella wrote *De Nuptiis Philologiae et Mercurii*, that compendium of the seven liberal arts which was so popular in the Middle Ages. The fifth book deals with rhetoric. It was printed in 1499 and six more times before 1600.

And then, if you have the time and the inclination, I would like you to go forth along the path and wander through those vast and measureless plains of the Latins and Greeks, and especially the magnificent and lavish estates of Cicero and Quintilian, Aristotle and Hermogenes, and, if time allows, of Demetrius Phalereus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus as well. These estates are furnished with many things that are not necessary, but yet are splendid for show and display. Far be it from me from forbidding anyone such great charms, or from discouraging the pursuits of anyone who wishes to pass his time in the broad and noble porticoes of those authors. I only commend to you a rhetoric you might learn in the beginning, which you might always have in your hands and in your mind, on your lips and before your eyes, which you might follow as a most steady rule and norm; a rhetoric that is very brief, precise, and useful, by whose almost divine guidance you can much more agreeably and productively immerse yourselves not only in unraveling the treatises of those whom I have named, but also in studying the writings of the most eloquent and renowned men of every period.

And especially so if you add as leaders and guides, who might show you the proper way should you wander from the path, those whom I have always turned to for advice, Peter Ramus, Luis Vives, and Rudolph Agricola, men worthy of continuous praise in all my writings and speeches. Although you ought also consult Omer himself concerning the dialogues on oratory that Cicero wrote for his brother Quintus, and the elegant *Partitiones Oratoriae*, for these books have been definitively explained by Omer in his divine commentaries.<sup>1</sup> If you will follow these four authorities, you will hardly ever, or I should say never, go astray. But first and foremost I commend to you, as I have said, that pearl that is very small in size, but most remarkable and precious in worth. On it those so-called *propaideumata rhetorica*, preliminary lessons in rhetoric, have been most skillfully imprinted, and truly nothing has yet appeared, at least as regards artistic method, that is more perfect. What else can I say? It is a gem created not by Susenbrotus, or Mosellanus,<sup>2</sup> but by an artist of the utmost refinement: “Made by hand, and more radiant than a pure jewel.”<sup>3</sup>

**1. divine commentaries.** Talon’s commentary on Cicero’s *De Oratore* is entitled *M. Tulli Ciceronis De oratore ad Quintum fratrem dialogi tres, Audomari Talaei explicationibus illustrati*. For his commentary on the *Partitiones Oratoriae* see above, note on p. 42 (Ong, p. 480).

**2. Susenbrotus or Mosellanus.** These were authors of traditional rhetoric textbooks in wide use at this time. Petrus Mosellanus (Peter Schade), before his untimely death in 1524, was a professor of Greek at the University of Leipzig. He wrote *Tabulae de schematibus et tropis* in 1516. It was used at Eton in 1530 and became the standard manual on style in British grammar schools. Johannes Susenbrotus (c. 1485-1542) was a schoolmaster at Ravensburg. His *Epitome troporum ac schematum* was printed in Zurich in 1541 and went through 23 editions before 1600. It was first printed in England in 1562 and came to supplant Mosellanus’ work as the standard text on figures. See T.W. Baldwin, *William Shakespere’s Small Latine etc.* pp. 138-75.

**3.** Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.856.

Enough then has been said concerning the precepts of art and training, to which we assigned the second place in our division. But lo, suddenly there comes a messenger, to proclaim that not so very far from these doors is the one whom you seek, surrounded by a royal retinue, Eloquence herself. We have need of the most magnificent furnishings with which to welcome a queen so great and illustrious, and honored by so large an entourage. These two days at least have been granted us for preparing and furnishing as best we can everything that will do her honor. And then, if it seems best, we will plead with Practice, her most powerful attendant, to lead us straight to his mistress and ours, and to place us all in her most august presence. In the meantime then, you should most graciously pay court to Nature and Art, as the two first, and most essential instruments. It will be worth your while, I assure you.

**Day Two, on Rhetorical Practice:**  
on which day the anticipation of the most learned men  
seemed greater than ever before.

I am quite sure, my auditors (for it's you whom I'm addressing, and not these solemn gentlemen), you are waiting for me to complete as quickly as possible the interrupted course of my lecture, and furnish you with that third instrument, which is the only thing you lack for making the appointed journey. I have said that not so far from these doors stands Eloquence, surrounded by a splendid retinue and protected by powerful escorts, one of whom is the one you ought to meet right away, whose name is *Practice*. I see you rush forward, burning with a remarkable and singular longing for her whom I have celebrated with such distinguished praise; but you also harbor an eager desire to meet her escort and attendant, who might lead you straightway to the lady herself. That's fine, that's splendid.

Look! Here he comes, his face bright and beaming and his hands outstretched, running with all speed to meet you, and returning your love most lovingly. See how in each hand he bears for you a beautiful and precious instrument, a lasting emblem of his greatness and glory. Perhaps we should use words borrowed from the Greek, and call what you see in his right hand *Analysis*, and in his left *Genesis*. For unless I'm mistaken, I remember the escort's instruments being so named by those who abide in the majestic hall of Eloquence, and have long been subject to her royal rule and authority. They say that the usefulness of each instrument is very rich and wide-ranging. There are some even who maintain that without them the sparks of nature are easily extinguished, the flowers and ornaments of art and learning languish, and eloquence itself grows cold, losing not only its lifeblood and vital juices, but even all its natural color and warmth. And indeed they relate that a member of the nobility (Lorenzo Valla,<sup>1</sup> I believe, though I don't know it for sure) used to say that those four topical instruments<sup>2</sup> of Aristotle, which are paraded in the schools to such loud applause, can in no way be compared to these two either in worth or usefulness.

**1. Valla.** Lorenzo Valla was sometimes wrongly associated with the aristocratic Della Valle or Vallense family of Rome. He was not in fact a nobleman.

**2. four topical instruments.** Cf. Aristotle, *Topics* 105a ff. These words, along with the phrase *to these two* below, are printed in Roman letters in the original text, indicating that Harvey is quoting them from somewhere. I was unable to locate the source.

For why am I to speak of myself, the most insignificant of all rhetors? Why speak of my friend (I don't wish to name him, a scholar certainly) who used to call these things at every mention “the instruments of instruments, the very hands of rhetoric”?<sup>1</sup> Rather hear the words of that escort who is coming here to address you, and the arguments by which he attracts and entices all of you to him. For I prefer that he himself speak with you in person, for he knows himself better than anyone, and can plead his own case the most forcefully. I think that this would be better than for my friend (whom I'm really not all that chummy with) to sketch you an outline of it with artificial colors and a coarse brush. Nor is there any reason why anyone should be minded of *The Praise of Folly*,<sup>2</sup> or brand Practice with the stigma of foolishness when he trumpets his own praises, since we see Marcus Tullius--a philosophical man, a most thoughtful citizen, a highly honored holder of the consulship, a dignified elder--loudly reciting, with bulging cheeks, as it were, his own splendid deeds and accomplishments in the most glowing terms.

1. Cf. Aristotle, *De Anima* 432a: “The soul is like the hand, for the hand is an instrument of instruments.” i.e. an instrument that uses other instruments.
2. In Erasmus' *The Praise of Folly*, Folly is itself the narrator.

Read his oration against Lucius Piso, and when you hear him say “I, I, I”<sup>1</sup> so often in glorious praise of himself, and hear too a most boastful account of his consulship, and of his illustrious deeds in that office, you will easily allow Practice, by whose aid and effort above all Cicero became so great, to deliver a flowery proclamation, and even a panegyric if he so chooses, on the subject of his own glory. To me at least it doesn't seem absurd, either because I am much more absurd, or because I take more delight in another's speech than my own. And even if this were not so, what, pray, can be a truer or finer testimony in praise of excellence than for excellence itself to speak in its own behalf? This position is splendidly argued<sup>2</sup> by two noble courtiers, Gasparo Pallavicino and Ludovico Canossa, in Castiglione's *The Courtier*, the most outstanding work of its kind these eyes have ever seen. But why waste so many words on a matter so obvious? Listen now to the very speech of this great and noble escort, a hero even (for so would I like you to think of him). And in the meantime either completely forget about your friend Harvey, or at least imagine him as an auditor, and not the orator.

**1. “I, I, I” so often.** In the *Oratio in Pisonem* Cicero uses the word *ego* 46 times. This is a great many, considering that in Latin the word is generally used only to convey emphasis.

**2.** Castiglione, *Il Cortegiano* 1.18:

“Then my lord Gaspar replied: ‘As for me, I have known few men excellent in anything whatever, who do not praise themselves; and it seems to me that this may well be permitted them . . .’ The Count then said: ‘. . . as you say, we surely ought not to form a bad opinion of a brave man who praises himself modestly, nay we ought rather to regard such praise as better evidence than if it came from the mouth of others.’”  
(*The Book of the Courtier*, transl. Leonard Eckstein Opdycke, New York, 1929)

*The Speech of Practice*

You have gathered today, Cantabrigians, so that you might, chiefly through my special aid, be admitted into the illustrious household of my Lady and her teeming court, in which, though Nature and Art are assigned the leading roles, my role is even more important. I applaud your devoted enthusiasm, and certainly there will never come a time when you will look back upon this enthusiasm with regret, or rue this day. For indeed if you heed my words, as I am sure you will, and diligently perform as you should the tasks and duties I assign to you, I will bring it to pass (so may my Lady love me, and I her) that you join the circle of the most polished orators and rhetors, and that you all serve my Lady as secretaries, scribes, priests, ambassadors, councillors, and in other noble and honored positions.

Picture in your mind the Roman orators, that is, the chief men and leaders of the Republic at its height. Do you want the gravity of Scaevola, the impressiveness of Crassus, the urbanity of Antonius, the wit of Caesar,<sup>1</sup> Marcus Tullius's copiousness of expression, and Hortensius's dignity of delivery? Contemplate the Greeks, the teachers of the Romans, or rather the instructors of the whole world, and the entire human race. Do you want that wondrous sweetness of Isocrates or Phalereus, the precision of Lysias, the sharpness of Hyperides, the wittiness of Demades, the sound and splendor of Aeschines, and the power of Demosthenes, who hurled his oratorical thunderbolts like some Jove? With but a nod from my Lady, I myself will supply you with all these things. Do you want to thunder and fulminate like Pericles, and embroil England as he did Greece? Do you want to surpass Marcus Calpurnius in elegance and charm of language? the renowned Tyrtamus, who was nicknamed Theophrastus,<sup>2</sup> in divine beauty of speech? Plato himself, and the Socratic Xenophon in smooth, even flow of oratory? Aristophanes and Lucian in humor and all merriment?

**1. wit of Caesar.** This refers not to the famous dictator, but to C. Julius Caesar Strabo Vopiscus, the poet and orator whom Cicero represented as one of the speakers in the second book of *De Oratore*. As an orator he was known chiefly for his wit. Cf. *De Oratore* 2.216 ff., where he discourses on the use of wit in oratory; see also *De Officiis* 1.108; *De Oratore* 2.98.

**2. Theophrastus.** It was Aristotle who was said to have given Tyrtamus the name of Theophrastus, which is formed from the Greek words for "god" and "speak". Cf. Diogenes Laertius, 5.38; Cicero, *Orator* 62.

Do you want to reign supreme on the benches and chairs of the academies, on the platforms of the temples,<sup>1</sup> on the rostra at all trials, councils, meetings, and assemblies; in the senate and in the forum; in all criminal cases and private suits? Excellent! I will make you masters of all the knowledge that free and high-born and noble young orators should have. I will cause you to be draped with the highest honors and to lead a most distinguished and productive life.

But have you heard, pray, how once that Gallic Hercules, whom the Celts called in their own tongue Ogmios, drew to him a multitude of men, a mighty company, not with iron chains, but with little leashes of gold and electrum which ran from his tongue to their ears, and led them around, wheresoever he wanted to go?<sup>2</sup> It is an allegory, Cantabrigians, and describes the effects of an eloquent tongue, which attracts to itself the ears of all, and places on them certain bonds so delicate and delightful that those who are lightly confined by them do not even wish to flee away, even if it's fully within their power, but willingly, and of their own volition follow him who leads them, and view him with honor, respect, wonder, and awe, as if he were a heavenly being.

1. **on the platforms of the temples.** i.e. in the pulpits of the churches.
2. The story of Ogmios and his magical tongue is told in Lucian, *Hercules* 1-2.

Why does this seem strange? Offer me your tongues, and I will hone and sharpen them. And then, just as a magnet by its own natural and innate power draws iron to it (whence it has been called by some “the stone of Hercules”<sup>1</sup>), so too might your tongues draw to you--I do not say the ears of men (though them too)--but their hearts and innermost feelings, and drive their minds and wills wherever you so choose, and easily lead them away from whatever place you wish.

It was recorded by the most ancient writers that the sweet song of Orpheus caused to gather to one place beasts, trees, rivers, rocks and mountains, sporting and dancing in unison, animated and set in motion by the remarkable and wondrous pleasure of his voice. “But it was the wild hearts of *men* Orpheus softened with his peaceful words, and he governed their lives with his skillful voice, and refined their wild ways,”<sup>2</sup> as that illustrious poet splendidly says in his epigrams.

1. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 283E.
2. *Latin Anthology*, 628 vv. 9-10, 12 (v.1, pt. 2). The poem from which these verses were taken was part of a collection entitled *Carmina duodecim sapientium de diversis causis*, dating to the late 4<sup>th</sup> or early 5<sup>th</sup> century A.D. In Harvey’s time the poem was included among the spurious *Epigrams of Vergil*, which were published with his minor works. E.K. cites these epigrams in the *Shepherd’s Calendar* (gloss on *April*, v. 100).

Thus when they relate that Amphion with the music of his lyre caused the stones to assemble where he wished, and when they tell how a certain great man, perhaps the Athenian Theseus<sup>1</sup> (for it's not known for sure), took savage and monstrous men, living scattered like beasts in the mountains and forests, and gathered them to a fixed place and organized them into a kind of community, these clever storytellers have expressed the very same thing as was found in the story of Orpheus: that either through the wise eloquence of those heroes, or their eloquent wisdom, it came about that rough and barbarous humans became a little milder and began to adopt civilized habits, and consented to be governed by more human customs, and by sacred laws and decrees.<sup>2</sup> O remarkable and wondrous is the fruit of eloquent speech, but they should really give me the most credit for it, unless they choose to ignore so great and divine a boon. For that entire system for stirring and swaying the soul, all the devices for striking the senses, all the torches for inflaming the mind have been kindled by Practice, nor would anyone have attained such might and strength without my muscle. Without me there was no cookery, no wizardry, no sorcery,<sup>3</sup> ever, or ever could have been. In me all the storms of passionate oratory have their source.

1. **Theseus.** For Theseus as a community-builder, see Plutarch, *Theseus* 29.
2. On the role of eloquence in the origin of human societies, compare the conflicting views of Scaevola and Crassus in Cicero's *De Oratore* (1.33, 36).
3. **cookery . . . wizardry . . . sorcery.** Cf. the opening lines of the later (post '67) editions of Talon's *Rhetorica*: "Rhetoric is the art of speaking well. When this ability is skillfully applied it can produce remarkable results. And for this reason Plato, angered by the Greek sophists and rhetoricians, likened the art to cookery, flattery, wizardry . . ."

I will move to greater things, if anything can be greater than the greatest. Mercury was deservedly called by the Greeks *trismegistos*, thrice-greatest, and was clearly a man with the greatest powers of persuasion. But by Hercules, without Practice never would he have been considered the god of eloquence, or been appointed the messenger and spokesman of the gods, or been thought the inventor of the seductive lyre. Never would he have changed Battus<sup>1</sup> into a stone, and rendered him, who had been the most talkative of men, mute and speechless. Never would he have lulled into a deep sleep and slain Argus “of the hundred eyes” (to use the expression of the poet), or bound the wise Prometheus in the Caucasus. From me he received his hat, from me his wings, from me his staff and sandals. And from me he received those things which he certainly has in abundance, all the epithets and sobriquets of the poets.

**1. Battus.** For the story of Battus see Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.688 ff.

What am I to say of my Lady's cousin, the goddess, or perhaps the queen of refined literature, Pallas Minerva? Who else but I bestowed upon her the aegis, or the snakes, or chastity, or eloquence, or the instruments of peace and the arms of war? Who else consecrated to her divinity Rome, Paris, Strasbourg, and Cambridge, literature's holiest temples and most sacred shrines? No one of course. And do you want to hear something about the Muses? Without me they would not be musical.<sup>1</sup> And Athens? Athens wouldn't be Attic.<sup>2</sup> And what of Apollo? Apollo would not be called Phoebus<sup>3</sup> were it not for me. Those things which are considered the greatest of all, and command everyone's rapt admiration, would hardly impress anyone, but would surely be regarded by all as the least of all things, if I were not altogether the greatest.

Why do you turn your eyes and faces toward me? Why do you lift up your hands? Is it that you think these things unbelievable, or that you find them wonderful? But consult your orators, historians, poets, and philosophers, the most celebrated writers of every nation and in every genre. What they speak of with the greatest pride, what they extol in every discourse, what they praise to the skies, each and every one of these things they will admit they owe entirely to me: Persuasion, the Muses, the Graces, Helicon, Parnassus, Pegasus, Apollo, the laurel, the toga, the tongue, and what not? So great has the power of Practice been among all men in every age.

**1. not . . . musical.** In Latin, *non musicae*. Harvey might have intended this as a Latin equivalent of the Greek word *amouosos*, meaning *artless, crude*. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 588D.

**2. Attic.** Because of the cultural greatness of Athens, the word *Attic* came to signify excellence, especially in the arts. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 92D.

**3. Phoebus.** This common epithet of Apollo means *bright, shining*.

But do you want still more examples? All you need do is nod. I see you would like me to get down to individual cases. What if I begin with Socrates? Socrates, whose illustrious name ensured that the dialogues of Plato and Xenophon would live forever in the minds of men, not only was judged far and away the most eloquent of mortals, and clearly a god in speech by the testimony of his friend Alcibiades, who was drunk at the time<sup>1</sup> (and in wine there is truth as they say<sup>2</sup>), but he was also judged the wisest of men by the oracle of Apollo himself.<sup>3</sup> And who does not know the source of his greatness? I am not disparaging his native intelligence; let Zopyrus<sup>4</sup> the physiognomist pass judgment on that. I take nothing away from his technical knowledge; although he himself, concealing his learning, dares acknowledge none. But who was more assiduous than he in reading and reciting the poets? Who was more diligent in listening to the rhetoricians and reading, praising, criticizing, correcting, refuting, and irritating them? Who was more painstaking in writing, speaking, and studying? Who was a more frequent or keener participant in discussions, disputes, and dialogues? Who was so ready of speech in conversational circles, drinking parties, and banquets?

1. Cf. Plato, *Symposium* 215b ff.

2. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 267B.

3. Cf. Plato, *Apology* 21a.

4. **Zopyrus.** Zopyrus, after studying Socrates' features, concluded that he was dull-witted and a womanizer (Cicero, *De Fato* 10).

Who was wittier in his jokes or more energetic in his banter? Who was more dominant in every discussion, and at the same time more amiable? Aristophanes in his *Clouds* did not hesitate to say that the one called Euripides was not Euripides, but that Socrates was Euripides,<sup>1</sup> and that it was he who composed the tragedies which were circulated under the name of Euripides. And who of you does not grasp the meaning of that statement of Cicero's, that the individual verses of Euripides, which is to say, of Socrates, are all of them his testimonies,<sup>2</sup> and indeed testimonies, I dare say, expressed in the richest language and with the most excellent phrasing? Furthermore, the works of that poet are so often rich in certain rhetorical inductions which are clearly Socratic, and he is so mighty in all, or at least the greatest rhetorical virtues of the comic as well as the tragic poets, and he seems to me to be such an ironist,<sup>3</sup> and so remarkable a persecutor of the wicked and depraved (although this is not so much my judgment as the judgment of Dionysius of Halicarnassus), that I might easily allow myself to be persuaded that some Socratic Euripides, or better, a Euripidean Socrates, was the author of those tragedies.

1. **Socrates was Euripides.** Cf. Diogenes Laertius 2.18, where he records that there was a common belief that Socrates assisted Euripides with his tragedies, and cites a couplet from Aristophanes' *Clouds* in support of this view. This couplet is not in fact from Aristophanes' *Clouds*, but from a play of the same name by Teleclides. Cf. Harvey, *Marginalia* 115.29 and note.
2. Cf. Cicero, *Epistulae ad Familiares* 16.8.2.
3. **ironist.** Cf. Cicero, *De Officiis* 1.108.

And for this reason I think that it was not by chance, but by design that the witty poet Aristophanes, he too a great ironist, not just once, but more often applied to Euripides the epithet of Socrates, when he called him “wisest.”<sup>1</sup>

Whatever the case may be, it is clear that our Socrates, chiefly through my aid and continuous exercise in speaking, so completely surpassed all other mortals in speech that we can refer to him, as if by a nickname, as the grand old man of rhetoric, the athlete of oratory, and the oratorical pugilist, and we ought along with Plato's Alcibiades to place him not only above Pericles or Nestor or Antenor, but above all men who went before him, and we should liken him to the Satyrs and Sileni.

What of his disciples, and your teachers, Plato and Xenophon? The philosophers say that if Jove spoke Greek he would speak like Plato.<sup>2</sup> Could a more magnificent epitaph ever have been conceived? And they say that the Muses spoke with the voice of Xenophon<sup>3</sup> (that's praise of a novel sort<sup>4</sup>). Each of them far and away surpassed all who ever wrote or spoke the Greek tongue, in copiousness and sweetness of speech, and in the flowing richness of language, and almost every charm.

1. The reference is to Aristophanes, *Clouds* 1377-79, where Pheidippides is justifying beating his father Strepsiades:

Pheidippides: “Don’t I have every right to beat you, for not praising wisest Euripides?”

Strepsiades: “Wisest?! Him?! Why, you . . . but I better hold my tongue or I’ll be beaten again.”

2. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 120-121.

3. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 62.

4. The more common expression would be to say that Xenophon spoke with the voice of the Muses.

What brought this about, I wonder? A few little rules and precepts? Hey, I figure they could have sooner created an Indian elephant from an Athenian fly.<sup>1</sup> What was it then? They were gifted enough to be sure--who denies it? But a field, though otherwise very fertile, is usually not so fruitful, and so free from briars and brambles, without constant and diligent cultivation. Should I speak more plainly? Surely Socrates would never have become Socrates, or Plato Plato, or Xenophon Xenophon without Practice. These men, who were as great as you have heard them to be and as you yourselves believe them to be, would have handed down not even their names to posterity, nor would you know that they had ever existed on earth, had they not rescued the memory of their glory from silent oblivion and immortalized it in the lasting monuments of literature, which are produced in my workshop.

**1. Indian elephant . . . Athenian fly.** Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 359A.

And I could say the same thing about many others, who by my efforts were transformed from contemptible little men into almost the most venerable heroes. I gave Lycurgus to Sparta, Demosthenes to Athens, Cicero to Rome, to Venice Manuzio, Ramus to Paris, to Strasbourg Sturm, Smith to Cambridge, Humphrey to Oxford. To almost each of the most famous cities I gave an illustrious orator. Why do you look perplexed? I am Homer's "moly,"<sup>1</sup> with a black root and milk-white flower.<sup>2</sup> I am that "golden bough on the tree"<sup>3</sup> of your beloved Vergil. I am Hesiod's "sweat,"<sup>4</sup> Theocritus' "glorious effort of youth".<sup>5</sup> I am "the bitter root and the sweet fruit"<sup>6</sup> of Socrates, or Isocrates, or Aristotle, or even Cato (for the phrase has been attributed to all of them by someone or other). I am the Hercules of the poets, ennobled beyond man's mortal lot by enduring the twelve almost godlike labors. In short (for why list all things of this kind, which are infinite) I am that most rich and precious horn of Amalthea,<sup>7</sup> which Jupiter is said to have given once as a gift to the Nymphs his nursemaids, along with this magnificent promise, that whatsoever they ever wished for, it would be provided them in abundance from that horn.

1. **moly.** This was the magical root given to Odysseus by Hermes, to protect him against the magic of Circe. Cf. Homer, *Odyssey* 10.275 ff.
2. **black root and milk-white flower.** Cf. Homer, *Odyssey* 10.304.
3. **golden bough on the tree.** Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid* 187-188.
4. **Hesiod's "sweat".** Cf. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 289.
5. **glorious effort of youth.** Harvey seems to have misconstrued Theocritus 15.65.
6. **bitter root and sweet fruit.** Diogenes Laertius (5.18) reports Aristotle as saying "The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet." The same statement is attributed to Isocrates by Hermogenes (*Progymnasmata* 3.22). I couldn't find an attribution to Socrates and Cato.
7. **horn of Amalthea.** The cornucopia. Amalthea was the goat who suckled Zeus as an infant. Cf. Zenobius, *Cen.* 2.48.

If you think these things splendid, beautiful and glorious, Cantabrigians, if you think them wondrous and divine, adopt Practice as your adviser at the first opportunity. Bind me to you forever in the greatest love by your outstanding service, and your remarkable loyalty and respect. Dedicate to me your unflagging efforts. Devote to me your eyes, ears, mouths, tongues, even your hands and feet, but especially your minds and hearts. Dwell in the workshop of Practice, and straightway you all will possess in abundance those brilliant and absolutely heroic powers of eloquence. You do not lack native intelligence, nor a noble nature; you easily grasp the most necessary precepts and teachings of art; you lack only that double instrument, sent down to me by divine agency from the abode of the blessed, Analysis and Genesis, whose great and remarkable usefulness cannot even be described by human speech. But nevertheless listen to what I'm often in the habit of quoting from my friend and client, Peter Ramus:

“If someone were gazing at animals of remarkable beauty pictured on a tapestry, and, while he was viewing them with wonder, they suddenly stirred and leapt forth, how great would be his pleasure, and charged with what great joy! Just so, if someone were contemplating a careful delineation of the art of rhetoric, and longed to find something he could use, a living act, and in the midst of his longing he should see the body of the doctrine, as it were, come to life and move of its own will, and suddenly like some Pallas miraculously address the bystanders, with what pleasure and delight would the mind of that observer be transported! Henceforth Analysis and Genesis will produce these miracles, and rouse the languid senses of art, which have been buried in deep sleep, and they will animate them with the warm blood of life and the quickening breath of speech. So great are they that I dare say that in them lies the supreme, and almost only oratorical excellence.”<sup>1</sup>

1. The quote is from Ramus, *Scholae Dialecticae*, lib. 20, cap. 8, in *Scholae in liberales artes* (1569), cols. 598-599. In the original quote Ramus was describing dialectical Analysis and Genesis, so Harvey had to make a few modifications to the text to make it apply to rhetoric.

Could anything more magnificent have been expressed by mortal man? And yet it is not an exaggeration, but an understatement. But let us continue. Do you know a strong, aggressive soldier who has never handled arms? Or a competent and capable pilot who has never held a rudder? Or a skilled architect who has never applied a ruler and straight edge? Or an industrious farmer who has not tilled, or manured, or harrowed a field? Or any decent artisan at all who was without--I do not say these same instruments (for each art has its own Analysis and Genesis)--but similar ones? You see in my right hand Analysis. This is indeed my own special property, which is to say, it belongs to rhetoric; but they also use a certain Analysis of their own who, either in their own field or another's, assess the plowing, manuring, sowing, and harvest. You see in my left hand Genesis, and indeed it also is mine; but to be sure they also have their own Genesis, who plow the field, and manure, sow, and harvest it.

Thus in military affairs, when we examine every account of how past battles were joined and waged by powerful armies; or in the case of a painting, when we judge the quality of its figures and images according to their forms and lines and proportions, and the harmony of their individual parts; or in the case of a golden or silver cup, when we examine how the ornamental work has been attached; or in the case of a French or Italian garment, or even a garment of any sort, when we inspect it to see whether it was skillfully made, and how well-fitting or attractive or costly it is, or even tear the stitching of the garment to examine within, this is a kind of Analysis. But when we ourselves do battle, and paint images, and apply enamel or ornamental work to vases and cups, when we ourselves make clothing, it is Genesis. And the same thing is true in the other arts, whether the so-called base arts, or the noble liberal arts.

Come, show me a man who has read much and often on the wars, both foreign and domestic, of Hector, Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal, Caesar and Pompey, but who himself does not witness the method of waging them: a man who has never seen a camp, or looked in the face of an enemy; who has never hurled a spear, or drawn a sword; who has never clashed with lances, or fought from an armored horse; who has never done battle at long range or at close quarters, never led an army, never heard the war trumpet; clearly a man who is very like that Peripatetic Phormio<sup>1</sup> described by Catulus. Do you think anyone would expect some warlike exploit from this fellow? I have listened to scholars who had never themselves made speeches, or given much thought to the speeches of others, or devoted long study to an eloquent author, but from earliest youth had scorned all the poets and orators, and so they were forced in public and private disputes to utter some Dunsical or Dorbellical<sup>2</sup> drivel, without spirit, without flavor, insipid, dry, wretched stuff, so bad really that they seemed much more incapable of speech than speechless babes. Why name the grammarians who are logs, the rhetoricians who are stumps, the jackdaw sophists, the frog and mouse dialecticians, the stone mathematicians and the asinine philosophers?<sup>3</sup>

1. **Phormio.** The philosopher who lectured Hannibal on warfare, after which Hannibal said that he'd seen a lot of crazy old men in his time, but none of them crazier than Phormio (Cicero, *De Oratore* 2.75).
2. **Dunsical or Dorbellical.** For a similar derogatory reference to Duns Scotus and his followers see *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 50.35 and note; also *Pierce's Supererogation* 158: "Then asse . . . and foole and dolt and idiot, and Dunse and Dorbell and dodipoul . . . and all the rusty-dusty jestes in a country." Nicolas D'Orbellis (Dorbellus) was a 15<sup>th</sup> century Franciscan philosopher and theologian who won great fame expounding the teachings of Duns Scotus at the University of Angers. His chief work was a commentary on *The Four Books of Sentences*.
3. Harvey might here be making punning references to the names of specific individuals.

Let us raise our sights higher, if we may, to those who have been decorated with academic honors and distinctions. I have seen holders of the baccalaureate who are more deserving to be beaten with a cudgel<sup>1</sup> than crowned with laurel. I have seen Masters of the Seven Arts, whom I will not call artless, but who are ignorant of all those arts they would impart. I have seen Doctors without doctrine. I have seen physicians, jurists, and theologians without praxis. I have seen humans without humanity, men without manliness. And why? Because they had never admired it in others, nor ever practiced it themselves. These things are known, not new; verities, not rarities. Here, at Oxford, in all the universities of all peoples and of all nations, we have an abundance of examples that are too many for my liking, and too well attested to be ignored.

But is there anyone so mad and deranged that he dares hope to develop into a famous musician-- a second Amphion or Apollo--when in the meantime he never touches a lyre, never lays a hand on the strings? Or can any scholar be so unscholarly that he hopes he can attain a knowledge or eloquence worthy of his station, his person, and his rank by sleeping, eating, drinking, lounging, and catering to the flesh?

**1. cudgel:** in Latin, *baculus*. Harvey is playing on the word for bachelors, *baccalaurei*. They are more deserving of the *baculus* than the *laurea*.

Or if these pleasures are as potent as those callow youths imagine, let homage be given to that shadowy, do-nothing god of Epicurus.<sup>1</sup> Let Leisure be the emblem, and serve as the watchword and hallmark of men of learning. Let them inscribe on the doors of the universities “Eat, Sleep, and Make Merry.” Let them carve an image of Pleasure in the vestibule of every lecture hall. Let the doors be opened only to the sardanapalian<sup>2</sup> and the effeminate. Let the little ladies hold sway in the classroom. Let them expel Pallas, and bring in Venus. Let them throw away the books, burn the libraries, bid a long farewell to studies. Let them make yearly sacrifice in the shrine of Libido. Let them celebrate the annual festivals of Bacchus and Ceres. And after these rites, let them throng to the merchants of luxuries, and the shows of musicians and dancing girls, instead of the temples, schools, and academies. Let them sniff bouquets, and chase the pleasant odors that waft from tiny flowers. Let them stroll about wreathed with garlands and roses.

**1. shadowy, do-nothing god of Epicurus.** Cf. Cicero, *De Natura Deorum* 2.59. The Epicureans believed that the gods lived in passive serenity and played no part in the workings of the world.

**2. sardanapalian.** Sardanapalus (Ashurbanipal) was a king of Assyria whose name became synonymous with luxurious living. It was said that on his tombstone was inscribed the slogan “Eat, drink, and make merry.” See Erasmus, *Adagia* 889F.

Finally (to bring this matter to a close), let them see and experience with all the powers of body and mind pleasures of every gender: masculine, feminine, common and neuter; of every type: primitive and derivative; of every form: simple, composite, and decomposite; of every number: singular and plural; of every case: nominative and oblique; of every grade of comparison: great, greater, and greatest.

They can easily find a stick with which to beat me like a dog. They can do without my instruments, and regard them as no more than empty and foolish names. They can think of Cicero, Demosthenes, Vergil, Homer, Socrates, Plato, and Xenophon as corpses, and not as men. They can philosophize while softly reclining among fragrant herbs and flowers in the charming gardens of Epicurus. They can condemn the Academy in the manner of Academics, and the Lyceum and Stoa like Stoics. They can mock the dust of learning,<sup>1</sup> and this training ground of oratory, and the light of the forum.<sup>2</sup> They can indulge themselves and their darlings day and night in every delight and titillation of the body and mind.

**1. the dust of learning.** The expression comes from the ancient practice of mathematicians and astronomers of drawing diagrams in the dust. Cf. Cicero, *De Natura Deorum* 2.48.

**2. the light of the forum.** In Latin, *lux forensis*. A close modern equivalent might be *the public spotlight*. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 32.

They can, if it pleases their gods and goddesses (which is to say, leisure, the belly, sleep, desire, pleasure and venery), be more idle and pampered than even Epicurus's shadowy god himself.

But without practice, study, diligence, thought, and my instruments these men can do nothing, not even open their mouth to speak. But they act like babes who cannot crawl, and yet try to fly without wings, or even like those who “know neither how to read nor swim,”<sup>1</sup> as the Greek proverb has it, and who have never before set foot in water, and yet struggle to swim without a float.<sup>2</sup> If this be so, who would not most eagerly embrace me? Who would not think these instruments as precious as gems and gold? Who would not seek, pursue, strive to capture my friendship, intimacy, patronage and support? As for myself, if I had not read by chance in Aristotle, the shrewdest of philosophers, that no one can inflict an injury on himself,<sup>3</sup> and had I not heard it being discussed by you Aristotelians as if it were a kind of universal law in ethics,

1. **know neither how to read nor swim.** i.e., lack even the rudiments of knowledge. Cf. Plato, *Laws* 689d; Erasmus, *Adagia* 156C.
2. **swim without a float.** Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia* 313C; Horace, *Sat.* 1.4.120.
3. **no one can inflict an injury on himself.** Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics* 1136b.

I would flatly declare that those academics who avoid having dealings with me, and reject as hated and despicable those things that I love, Analysis and Genesis, which have always been closely connected to me by the tightest bonds of kinship and affinity, not only would be serving themselves most poorly and shamefully, but would even be inflicting upon themselves a great and lasting injury. <sup>1</sup>For nothing happens without a cause, and in this instance he who suffers what is universally regarded as unfair and unjust is no other than he who performs the action. (I am calling this action an injury, for I define injury as that which violates the common standards of justice, and is contrary to divine and human law; moreover, I regard him as acting contrary to law who, though educated in the society of learned men, yet abandons those studies and duties which he can easily take upon himself and ought eagerly perform, and which are of great importance to the entire nation.) Therefore, I am wont to say that whoever pollutes himself with such disgrace, and so egregiously neglects the duties of a learned man, is, in a manner of speaking, attacking and wounding himself, and is doing himself an injury, and in a way laying violent hands upon himself.<sup>1</sup>

**1. For nothing happens without a cause etc.** This long-winded argument forms a single sentence in the original. In my translation I was obliged to divide it into three sentences, thus dampening the humor of it.

This argument is perhaps not up to the standards of Aristotle, if someone should wish to throw up to me that “Nichomachean Axiom,”<sup>1</sup> but others will find it skillful, and in my judgment it will do quite nicely. However the case may be (for it is of no great moment), when men shrink from my rules and teachings and, either through the blindness of bad judgment or the corruption of leisure and mental softness, spurn these excellent and beautiful instruments, they seem to me to have given little heed to their own needs and the dignity of the University, and have ignored the expectations of their friends most woefully, the public interest most dreadfully, and the glory of their forbears and fatherland most foolishly. For nothing is more glorious than these instruments in splendor, or more desirable in fruitfulness.

**1. Nichomachean Axiom.** i.e. that no one can inflict an injury on himself.

But one of you will say, “Why are you telling us these things? Do you not perceive in what spirit of goodwill we gathered here? Do you not see the look in our eyes and on our faces as we gaze at you and your instruments? Do you not notice with how burning a desire we long to obtain them? Or do you suspect that there's anyone here who would not readily snatch them from the flames more quickly than a parasite<sup>1</sup> would snatch food? If you love us, put us to the test. For your sake we will fear neither fire nor flames. Each of us will be as bold as he of whom the supreme poet spoke: ‘He feared not Phlegethon, raging with flaming waters.’ ”<sup>2</sup>

Is this how you really feel, Cantabrigians? Come, my splendid and valiant friends, and, as that same illustrious poet sings, “Endure, and save yourselves for better days.”<sup>3</sup> Receive first from me Analysis here, a part of the whole instrument, the first in order, and most remarkable in its worth and essential in its usefulness. Take those brilliant writings of the most eloquent men, and the books hallowed by immortality, and whatever Cicero, or Caesar, or Terence, or Vergil, whom I just mentioned, or Livy, or Sallust, or the other champions of Latin letters have entrusted to posterity; take what the most eloquent of the Greeks, and my mighty pugilists, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Lucian, Xenophon, Plato, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes have bequeathed to the annals of literature; and then, like Penelope once her web, unravel them.

1. **parasite.** A stock character in Roman Comedy who flattered the wealthy in the hope of wrangling a dinner invitation.
2. *Culex* 272.
3. Vergil, *Aeneid* 1.207.

Consider all the abundance, variety, and elegance of their style, and the brilliance of their tropes. Consider the figures, the charm of their language, and the vigor and bite of their thought.<sup>1</sup> Consider the flow of the whole discourse, its arrangement and fluency and cohesiveness and composition. Mark too all those passages which are ornamental, elaborate, and highly polished. Then compare your findings with a carefully formulated artistic theory. Illustrate the rules with examples, and fit the examples to the rules. Observe how these rules were in the beginning formulated by generalizing from individual examples. As soon as you come upon some trope in the Philippics of Cicero or Demosthenes, or in the comedies of Terence or Aristophanes, I want you to identify it immediately by name, and without hesitation to say something like “This is a remarkable metonymy; that is a charming use of irony; there is a splendid metaphor; here is an elegant example of rhetorical synecdoche.”

**1. language . . . thought:** In Talon’s *Rhetorica*, the figures were divided into figures of language and figures of thought. The distinction was based on whether the figures relied on sound or sense.

And I want you to name not only the class of trope in this way, but also its specific type, such as “The metonymy is one of cause for effect; it is a metonymy of the efficient cause; it is a metonymy of the material”; or conversely, “It is a metonymy of effect for cause,” and so on in the tropes to follow. If not individual words, but rather the whole discourse is figurative (or as the Greeks say, “schematized”<sup>1</sup>), I think even here you should do the same thing, so that you can easily point out the embellishments of language, and immediately expose the brilliant figures of thought. For I would like for you to know everything about the oratorical decoration and coloring, and to see the joints and sinews and muscles, as it were, of public speaking, and the oratorical thunderbolts that are hurled. You will note the difference between the rhythm of oratory and that of poetry. You will notice the elegance of oratorical rhythm, and all the power and method in richly resonating words, and in speech molded into a rhythmical shape, and in the most melodious metrical feet, especially Cicero's famous dichoreus and Aristotle's paeon.<sup>2</sup> You will note too that most charming euphony of the orators.

**1. schematized.** Cf. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* 9.1.13.

**2. dichoreus and . . . paeon.** A dichoreus is a double trochee. Cf. Cicero, *Orator* 212. A paeon is a metrical foot consisting of one long and three short syllables in any sequence. Cf. Aristotle, *Rhetoric* 1409a2.

You will notice how the repetition of a similar, or slightly dissimilar sound adds to the beauty of the language, and enhances its elegance, charm, color and complexion. You will indicate which forms of expression are composed of simple speech and which of dialogue,<sup>1</sup> and how the figures of thought, as the Greeks call them, have the power to rouse and embroil men's souls, and bring an incredible dignity and grandeur to a speech. You will show too in what way these figures illuminate a speech, and in a way set it ablaze, and make the orator marvelous and invincible, astonish the judges, amaze the audience, and inflame everyone. You will pass over in silence no stylistic excellence, no refinement, no device at all without making atonement. And yet I wouldn't have you sink into that Maeotic swamp of Hermogenes, an endless and overly ambitious "fool's art." It was written of him that he was so keen-eyed and meticulous in his art that he boasted he could find hundreds of figures and rhetorical subtleties in a single period.

**1. simple speech and dialogue.** In the later editions of Talon's *Rhetorica*, the figures of thought were divided into those which consist of simple speech (*logismos*) and those that imply a kind of dialogue (*dialogismos*).

This vain task occupied many men of former times, men by no means contemptible in other respects, and today too it engages way too many everywhere, many more than ever before, and especially those whom your Harvey is accustomed to call Philogreeks and Pseudostrassburgers.<sup>1</sup> I myself would in the present context aptly style them Pseudohermogeneses, and maybe in the future call them, as occasion demands, either sophists, or pseudorhetoricians, or even rhetorical chameleons,<sup>2</sup> who have not been nourished on food but are filled with the wind and air of rhetoric. But this kind of cleverness will gradually fade and vanish from its own lack of substance. It is its own worst enemy.

In analyzing writers you ought to take into account your own needs and those of the public, and to scorn everything foolish and worthless. And because you cannot hear the voice, nor see the face of Cicero or Demosthenes, and because you don't have them as living teachers of diction, whose excellent delivery you might assess by close observation and then reproduce by imitation,

**1. Pseudostrassburgers:** The reference is to the followers of Sturm.

**2. chameleons.** According to the elder Pliny (*Nat.* 8.122) a chameleon neither eats nor drinks but subsists entirely on air.

we must make an effort to take the lifeless examples of delivery found in their books and express them with as much sweetness of voice and excellence of gesture as we can, pronouncing each statement and adjusting our delivery in such a way that we might be judged to be making our own speech, and not that of another. In just this way they say that Aeschines,<sup>1</sup> a great and distinguished orator, when he had departed from Athens because of the disgrace of losing a case, and had taken himself to Rhodes, at an assembly read with a powerful and melodious voice to the amazement of all that splendid speech that was delivered by Demosthenes in defense of Ctesiphon.<sup>2</sup>

Why say more? You have an instrument, Cantabrigians, which can be used like that famous scale of Critolaus<sup>3</sup> to weigh all the precepts, instructions and rules of all teachers, and with which alone, as though with a touchstone, or rather the living flame of nature, you can assess the purity and worth of the gold, one might say, of rhetoric.<sup>4</sup>

**1. Aeschines etc.** This sentence is quoted almost verbatim from Cicero, *de Oratore* 3.213. Cf. Harvey's *Letter-Book* p. 82: “. . . the brave orator Aeschines is reportid on a tyme to have redd owte with a wonderfull greate grace (in the hearing of y<sup>e</sup> Rodians, amongst whome he then soiornid,) that noble oration of Demosthenes in defence of Ctesiphon.”

**2. speech . . . in defense of Ctesiphon.** The speech now familiarly known as *On the Crown*.

**3. scale of Critolaus.** Cf. Cicero, *Tusculanae Disputationes* 5.51; *Gabriel Harvey's Ciceronianus* 52.13. Critolaus was the head of the Peripatetic school in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century B.C., and was a member of the famous delegation of philosophers who went to Rome in 156/5.

**4.** Cf. Ramus, *Scholae dialecticae*, lib. 7, cap. 15, in *Scholae in liberales artes* (1569), col. 263: “For Analysis is the touchstone by which we test the gold of logic. Nay more, it is the living flame of nature by which we verify, confirm, and illuminate the gold of logic.”

For you ought to be of the opinion that each individual rule has emerged from the observation of nature, and that there will never be anything that might be of use to you that was not already in use among the best orators of the past. “For experience created art, inexperience created luck,”<sup>1</sup> as Polus shrewdly observed in Plato. And often indeed along with Peter Ramus, my dearest client, I prayed “that those two splendid and remarkable words, *experience* and *observation*,<sup>2</sup> would be inscribed on the doors of all schools and gymnasia in large, golden letters; or better still, that they would be inscribed on the very hearts of the learned, in the form of a firm and lasting understanding,”<sup>3</sup> so that every time they saw, read, and remembered these words they would see, read, and remember the origin and source of all true and useful precepts, and would comprehend their splendid and unfailing and vital utility. This is the understanding that Analysis, when correctly and properly applied, can and does provide with ease and in abundance. For you will acquire fully all the force, power and energy of the rules of art, only when you have examined their value and usefulness as observed in the most respected orators and the most praiseworthy writers of every age, through the method which I have described. Think of this as an oracle: Whatever Experience, the teacher and master craftsman of oratory, has rejected should meet with your disapproval, and be cast aside.

1. Plato, *Gorgias* 448c.

2. **experience and observation.** Ramus here uses the Greek words *empeiria* and *historia*. Maybe *historia* should be translated as *research* or *inquiry*, but Ramus in the *Scholae Dialecticae* (col. 318) glosses it as *observatio*, and *observation* seems to better fit Harvey’s context.

3. Ramus, *Scholae dialecticae*, lib. 7, cap. 8, in *Scholae in liberales artes* (1569), col. 258.

But look, I have for you here in my other hand Genesis. It too is a most glorious and essential instrument, without which one can only unravel the old, and not weave anything new. For just as by the aid of Analysis you will undo the stitching, as it were, of those things that have been artfully sewn together, so too when you have grown a bit bolder and more confident, and desire to create a new work, you will immediately be using this splendid Genesis, which ranges throughout the whole world, flying across the Ocean, and finding favor wherever it goes.

Consider the spider. With supreme artistry she builds her web, and dwells in the palaces of the greatest kings. You too, Cantabrigians, if with the aid and assistance of Genesis here you weave your web of oratory with the same care and persistence as the spider her web, you too will dwell, if not in the palaces of mighty kings (though perhaps in these also), then in the court of my most august Lady, by far the most magnificent court of all. Some of you will hold there the highest rank, while others will be second or third in importance. All of you will abound in royal honors.

“Is this really so?” one of you will say. “Pray, divine hero, what is this web you speak of? What is this Genesis that bestows such great blessings?”

Listen attentively, and I will tell you. I use the word *web* to mean what has been woven and constructed according to my directions through the immortal aid of Genesis here. Moreover, this Genesis that you see, and which you ought to credit for that web, can be witnessed in writing, and is that pen which Crassus called the best and most effective creator of eloquence,<sup>1</sup> and which Cicero at times called a craftsman, at other times an artist<sup>2</sup> (recognize the words?). But Genesis can also be seen in speaking, pleading and declaiming, whether this be offhand and extempore (which indeed is sometimes necessary), or when time has been taken for thought and reflection (which should be done more often, and more willingly). But as Crassus said so well in Cicero,<sup>3</sup> the chief purpose of this instrument--its best and most important function--is to write as much as possible, and as precisely as possible. And of course you should apply in your writing a certain skillful imitation, and in your own compositions and lucubrations you should express with great care and diligence what you have recognized as most splendid and remarkable in the works of Cicero and Demosthenes and those other ancient heroes.

1. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.150.
2. Cicero calls the pen a craftsman in *Epistulae ad Familiares* 7.25.2; an artist in *Brutus* 96.
3. Cicero, *De Oratore* 1.150.

Use their altered and modified words,<sup>1</sup> their most admired metonyms, their most pleasant ironies and witticisms, their brightest metaphors (sometimes even those that are extravagant and hyperbolic), their choicest synecdoches, and their most colorful tropes. Match them, and sometimes even surpass them in refined and elegant stylistic charms, in smooth, flowing periods, and in tasteful repetitions of the same words and sounds. Decorate your speech, as if with sparkling little stars, with appropriate and energetic epizeuxis, with unstrained anadiplosis, with smooth gradation, with splendid anaphora and the clever balancing of word-pairs, with elegant epistrophe, with unaffected symploce, with brilliant epanalepsis, with terse and polished epanodos, with pretty and charming agnomination, with sweet polyptoton, and with any other stylistic ornaments that exist.<sup>2</sup>

1. **altered and modified words.** i.e. words used in an altered or modified sense, tropes.
2. In this sentence Practice lists all the figures of language treated in Talon's *Rhetorica*, and in the same order. *Epizeuxis* is the vehement or emphatic repetition of a word. *Anadiplosis* is the beginning of a sentence, line, or clause with the concluding, or any prominent, word of the one preceding. *Gradation*, or *climax*, is a figure characterized by the arrangement of propositions or ideas in order of increasing importance, force, or effectiveness of expression. *Anaphora* is the repetition of the same word or phrase in several successive clauses. *Epistrophe* is the repetition of a word at the end of successive clauses. *Symploce* is a combination of anaphora and epistrophe. *Epanalepsis* is the repetition of a word or clause following intervening matter. *Epanodos* is the repetition of a sentence in inverse order. *Agnomination*, or *paronomasia*, is a play on words. *Polyptoton* is the employment of the same word in various cases.

Employ figurative expressions that are no fewer or feebler than those employed by the ancients. Do not yield to them in the passion of exclamations, in the weightiness of epiphonemas, in the boldness of rhetorical licence, in the shrewdness of epanorthosis, in the subtlety and trickery of aposiopesis, in the honor and splendor of apostrophe, in the divine majesty of prosopopoeia, in the ambiguity of hesitations, in the friendly charm of consultations, in the variety of anticipation, in the indulgence of permissions, in the confidence of concessions, and in any other technique for illuminating and varying one's thought.<sup>1</sup> Yet I would like for you to use all these things judiciously, and to weave the fabric of your speech--that web that I spoke of--in such a way that all the stylistic ornaments and embellishments you interweave might seem like natives comfortably settled in their homeland, and not like interlopers, or invaders on alien soil.

1. Practice lists all the figures of thought in Talon's *Rhetorica*, and in the same order. An *exclamation* is a word that raises the emotional tone of an utterance, like *O* or *alas*. An *epiphonema* is an exclamatory sentence, or striking reflection, which concludes a passage. *License* is boldness, freedom of speech. *Epanorthosis* involves the correction of a word or statement just uttered. *Aposiopesis* is a pause in the midst of a speech. *Apostrophe* is a direct address to another person. *Prosopopoeia* is the assumption of another persona. *Hesitation*, or *aporia*, is assuming an attitude of doubt. A *consultation* is a figure of speech in which one turns to his hearers and, as it were, allows them to take part in the inquiry. *Anticipation*, also called *prolepsis*, is the anticipation of an opponent's objections. A *permission* is a rhetorical figure in which a thing is committed to the decision of one's opponent. A *concession* is granting an opponent's argument.

In the Senate,<sup>1</sup> and in casting your votes, you use these ritual utterances: *I approve; I oppose*. Indeed, if in the same way your proctors were now asking me what I approved of and what I opposed in this case, I would respond briefly, and thus clarify the whole matter in almost a single word. I approve of a speech which, like a maiden, is beautiful and lovely and fair and charming and well-dressed, but at the same time is modest and proper and pure and unsullied. I oppose what is corrupted, smeared with whorish paints, stained with cosmetics, awash with perfume, decked out in false curls, overly decorated and adorned. I want your writings to be graced with the best figures, and not weighed down with the most. Although why do I speak of writings? By this same standard you will judge your declamations, themes, orations, public addresses, and indeed all your practice speeches, whether they be spontaneous and impromptu, or prepared in advance. You will devote particular attention to style, and yet not so much that it is excessive. For if there is anything that excites the contempt of all, it is surely affectation. In the realm of Eloquence its very name is anathema.

**1. the Senate.** i.e. the University Senate.

And then, so that those speeches which you have adorned with elegant language might boast an even greater charm, I suggest that you all consult the Muse Polyhymnia,<sup>1</sup> the most attentive handmaiden of my Lady (she is the mistress of delivery, and indeed she speaks with remarkable sweetness). You should receive instruction from her until the time comes when you are able to modulate your voice to match the diverse subject matter, modify your features at will, and fashion and control your delivery as you please.

Once I had in the time of your ancestors voice instructors; there were stage actors and wrestling coaches and trainers of gladiators; there were countless pugilists and athletes of this kind.<sup>2</sup> Theodorus, a remarkable practitioner of the art, was so powerful in his delivery (as is mentioned<sup>3</sup> I believe in the *Theodectean*<sup>4</sup> *Rhetoric* of your Aristotle), that whatsoever character he assumed, he portrayed it with great ease and remarkable skill. So adept was he that when he was playing Achilles, Ulysses, or any other part, he seemed to become that character. Why am I to mention the actor Satyrus, and that dog<sup>5</sup> (whoever he was) who was the teacher of Demosthenes? Why mention the two teachers of Cicero, Roscius and Aesopus, the one a comic, the other a tragic actor, each of them outstanding in his own art?

**1. Polyhymnia.** The Muse of rhetoric. Cf. E.K.'s gloss on *April*, v. 100 in Spenser, *The Shepheardes Calender*.

**2.** Cf. Talon, *Rhetorica* p. 58 (Basle, 1569); "Yet we lack a teacher for this great art of delivery, a voice instructor, a stage actor, a trainer of gladiators, a wrestling coach, Demosthenes and Cicero, that is, a real orator, by whose example a student of eloquence might be trained."

**3.** Aristotle, *Rhetoric* 1404b.

**4.** The name of Theodectes became attached to Aristotle's *Rhetoric* at an early date. Cf. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* 2.15.10.

**5. that dog.** See above, page 24 and note.

Why am I to speak of Caius Gracchus, who is said to have had a skillful and lettered slave stand hidden behind him when he was speaking, and quickly play on an ivory flute such a note as to excite him when his voice became slack, or to calm him when it began to strain?<sup>1</sup> Why should I treat of many other things which are said to have been once in use, but would now seem extremely ridiculous and absurd?

I will not rub again the wounds that have faded away with the passage of time. I will not recall the shades of the dead from the underworld. I will not raise up Satyrus and Roscius and those of their ilk, who were long ago driven from my Lady's grand and glorious fellowship. You will straightway see Polyhymnia, the loveliest of maidens, and far the most loveable of all my Lady's attendants. As soon as you catch sight of her, I anticipate that you all will immediately shout with one voice, as did that hero in the epic, when he addressed Venus: "O by what name should I call you, maiden? For your face seems more than mortal, and your voice somehow divine. O a goddess most surely! Are you the sister of Phoebus? A kinsman of the nymphs? Look kindly upon us, whoever you are, and lighten for us our toils."<sup>2</sup> And then, moved to pity by your prayers (for her heart is very gentle and mild), she will open her classroom for you, and take you into her school as though taking you to her bosom, and make you not good students, but the most excellent teachers of delivery.

1. This sentence is taken almost verbatim from Cicero, *De Oratore* 3.225.
2. Vergil, *Aeneid* 1.327-330.

In the meantime, let each one summon his own Polyhymnia as best he can. Of the precepts of diction that you have learned, observe the ones that you find most suitable. As regards delivery, pursue what is most appropriate for you, and what most pleases your listeners. Let those who are able imitate that famous sound of Aeschines, which was grand and splendid and virile, and at the same time clear and sweet. I have long thought that your Preston<sup>1</sup> has come close to achieving such a sound. Take as your model the nightingale, whom you often hear, and whose voice is sweet, harmonious, varied, and nicely musical. “You, nightingale, can express a thousand different tones with your voice, and a thousand different measures.” Make her your instructor and teacher. From her learn clarity, variety and sweetness of voice, and how to raise, lower, adjust and vary it, so that you might express important and impassioned things in a dignified manner, humble matters with mildness and restraint, happy things placidly, mournful things sadly, ordinary things with moderation, and all things with decorum, and a certain lovely grace.

**1. Preston.** Thomas Preston (1537-1598) was educated at Eton and King’s College, Cambridge. He received the B.A. in 1557 and M.A. in 1561. When Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, Preston performed in the tragedy *Dido*, and delivered a speech, for which the Queen rewarded him with a yearly stipend. He was made proctor in 1565 and received the DD.L. in 1576. In 1584 he was appointed master of Trinity Hall and was vice-chancellor of Cambridge 1589-90. Preston was a pioneer in the English drama and wrote a tragedy based on the life of the Persian king Cambyses. He contributed Latin verses to Carr’s *Demosthenes*.

You often listen to the sweet and harmonious music of the pipes. You are delighted in a wondrous way by the sound of the rhythmical lyres. If you have no objection, I would like for you to imitate these instruments, which are no mean teachers in my view. For just as the strings of a lyre are played by the movement of the fingers, so too should the voice of each of you be played by the movement of the soul; and now tense, now slack, almost like the strings of an instrument, it should respond to each touch, not of fingers, but of thoughts and ideas. Nor must the voice alone be varied and adjusted in this way, but the whole body. The head, brow, eyes, arms, hands, fingers, chest, feet, in short, every single part of the body ought to be placed at the service of delivery. And so that there be nothing foolish, nothing offensive, nothing crude, nothing tasteless in your delivery, all your gestures should seem to have been arranged and almost molded before the learned mirror of Demosthenes.

I break out in silent laughter, when I hear from my clients that Titius was so limp and dainty in his gestures that these gave rise to a certain dance, which was called *The Titius*.<sup>1</sup>

1. Cf. Cicero, *Brutus* 225.

Such a delicate little master of delivery. And how much more, I won't say humorous, but absurd are those things said about Curio? Who would speak from a boat?<sup>1</sup> And never, Octavius, will you give suitable thanks to your colleague, who, by thrashing about in his usual manner, saved you on that day from being devoured by flies.<sup>2</sup> Such a rotten little orator. And what am I to say of Hortensius? Although he was an excellent and distinguished orator, yet on account of an overly precious artiness in his voice and movements, he was called by the name of a popular dancing girl, the mime Dionysia.<sup>3</sup> Such a fussy and effeminate fellow. I pass over Manlius Sura, who while he was speaking was in the habit of running about, leaping, waving his hands, now taking off his toga, now putting it back on, and dancing about with such a wild agitation of the whole body, that Domitius Afer said that he was not orating, but gyrating.<sup>4</sup> I can remember the pointed insults of others too, directed toward those who possessed some defect of delivery. There is almost no one who has not attacked excessive affectation in delivery with righteous abuse. Nothing is more offensive to the eyes and ears of the learned.

1. Curio swayed so much when he spoke that an onlooker once asked "Who's the guy speaking from a boat?" (Cicero, *Brutus* 216)
2. See Cicero, *Brutus* 217: "When as tribune of the people he had presented the consuls Curio and Octavius, and Curio had spoken at great length, while his colleague Octavius sat by swathed in bandages and reeking of medicinal salves for his gout, Sicinius said, turning to Octavius: 'You can never thank your colleague enough, Octavius; for if he had not thrashed about in his way, the flies would surely have eaten you alive right here and now.' " [Loeb translation]
3. Cf. Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae* 1.5.2-3; Cicero, *Brutus* 303.
4. Cf. Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoriae* 6.3.54.

But perhaps you are wondering why I'm dwelling so long on this subject? Surely it is so that you, my fellow Cantabrigians, might not ever fall victim to trifling foolishness of a similar kind, which they say almost happened to certain of your countrymen at Oxford, men otherwise very well trained (if the story is indeed true, which is bandied about). But in orating, declaiming, perorating, disputing, speechifying--in short, in speaking and conversing--you should arrange your voice, features, gestures, and whole delivery in such a way that it is considered not unworthy of the famous orators. In this noble enterprise it is worth your while to remember the excellence of your three fellow-citizens--Clerke, Lewin and Preston--who were easily the foremost in this area, and the best teachers of delivery. Believe me, you will never repent of contemplating or imitating their example.

As regards each Genesis, that of style and that of delivery, no practice more splendid, no exercise more outstanding has ever been devised for youth than that handed down by Johann Sturm, in what he calls his *Schoolbook of Rhetorical Exercises*,<sup>1</sup> a survey of exercises in use among his fellow Strassburgers. “Every day,” he says, “someone recites a speech of Cicero, so that those in attendance might hear Cicero himself, brought back to life, as it were, and speaking in person, and that by hearing him they might continue in his footsteps. We allow interruptions, and permit an adversary to interject remarks, and to respond to the departed Cicero as if he were alive. And the boy devotes himself to his model in such a way that, to the best of his ability, the statements he interjects might seem to challenge the statements of Cicero. Opposing speeches are even composed. For example, in the next few days Rehagius will deliver a speech he has composed against Milo,<sup>2</sup> and will dare to take on Cicero. Then we set up a court, with a judge and many jurors, whom the head of the court has called in, or whom the senate or praetor has provided. We have even added a magistrate and a circle of spectators. And just as poets portray heroic figures in tragedies, and clownish fellows in comedies, so too in actual judicial cases we set up actual courts, and we introduce pairs of orators like pairs of gladiators.

1. Johann Sturm, *Liber academicus de exercitationibus rhetoricis*, Strasbourg, 1575.
2. **Milo.** One of Cicero’s most famous speeches is a defense of Milo.

And the performers are watched and listened to with no little pleasure, and at the same time a spirit of rivalry is kindled among them, if one should try to outdo the other in memory, charm, and style. And these skills are being refined, while the students present their objections that they've written at home, and deliver in this arena the opposing speeches that they've composed at home. If the situation isn't real, yet it's a semblance of the real, and the gain and glory being pursued are real."<sup>1</sup>

O what a splendid and magnificent type of exercise, and preferable to all performances of comedies and tragedies, if it is set up and performed in the way I suspect it is. O the gray hairs of Sturm, for this one innovation alone worthy of all veneration from all noble youths!

There are extant declamations of Seneca and Quintilian,<sup>2</sup> declamations by no means contemptible. Skim over them. Surpass them in your own declamations, which you can easily do.

1. *Liber academicus de exercitationibus rhetoricis*, F7-G1.

2. **declamations of Seneca and Quintilian.** Quintilian's *Major* and *Minor Declamations* and the elder Seneca's *Controversiae*.

Read the renowned opposing speeches of the two most illustrious orators in human history, Demosthenes and Aeschines, who once borrowed the Latin toga from your Cicero, but are now clothed in their own Attic pallium.<sup>1</sup> Your own versions of similar disputes can also be brilliant. There is a declamation of Lucian on behalf of a tyrannicide,<sup>2</sup> which is very shrewd in its forceful and compelling arguments, and very eloquent in its language and entire arrangement. Two very brilliant and creative minds, Erasmus and More, tried to attack and tear it apart with opposing declamations.<sup>3</sup> There are a number of other examples of a very similar kind, especially those of Valla and Ramus,<sup>4</sup> not to mention others, which are most worthy not only of careful imitation, but also to be sure of a certain noble and learned emulation. Among which I commend to you in particular a very clever and elegant letter of Francesco Petrarch,<sup>5</sup> a man of divine intelligence, and rich in his own special talent for writing.

1. i.e., they were once known only in Latin translation, but can now be read in the original Greek.
2. This is titled *Tyrannicida*, or *The Tyrannicide*.
3. English translations of these declamations can be found in *The Complete Works of St. Thomas More*, volume 3, part 1, and *The Collected Works of Erasmus*, volume 29.
4. Harvey has in mind works like Valla's *Adversus Livium Disputatio* and Ramus's *Quaestiones Brutinae*.
5. **letter of Petrarch.** Petrarch, *Letters* 24.3.

Petrarch wrote this letter to Cicero, attacking Cicero, 230 years ago<sup>1</sup> (I don't think it's been sent yet), when he had come upon Cicero's letters after a long and difficult search. Nothing can be imagined that is more fruitful for producing eloquence of style than polemical compositions of this sort, or, if they are recited, more magnificent for illustrating dignified delivery. I say this in case you yourselves want to summon the ghost of Cicero or some other exceptional orator from the dead, and attack him with similar refutations.

But perhaps at this point you seek some precepts, guided by which you can engage in this activity with greater glory. Yes? What if I recall to your memory that verse of Horace, "He has won every vote, who has mixed the useful with the sweet"<sup>2</sup> Or that phrase of Lucian, the most charming of rhetors, "the useful and the pleasant"<sup>3</sup> Or the inductions, questions, examples and ironies of our Socrates? Or Homer's "episodes"<sup>4</sup> What if I mention other techniques used by other rhetors and poets in their work, techniques greatly approved by me, and celebrated partly to my own honor and glory, and partly to the honor and glory of my relations?

**1. 230 years ago.** This is evidence that the *Rhetor* was delivered in 1575. Petrarch's letter was dated 1345.

**2.** Horace, *Ars Poet.* 343. Niall Rudd's note on the line is worth quoting: "The combination of *dulce* [sweet] and *utile* [useful] is by no means a bland, superficial formula. If *dulce* is taken as including every delight, and *utile* as embracing everything that helps us to understand and cope with our human condition, then the terms are capable of illuminating the whole of art." [Horace, *Epistles Book II and Epistle to the Pisones*, Niall Rudd, ed., Cambridge, 1989]

**3.** Cf. Lucian, *Hist. Conscr.*, 9.

**4. episodes.** Cf. Aristotle, *Poetics* 1459a30-37: ". . . Homer's inspired superiority over the rest can be seen here too: though the war had beginning and end, he did not treat its entirety, for the plot was bound to be too large and incoherent, or else, if kept within moderate scope, too complex in its variety. Instead, he has selected one section, but has used many others as episodes, such as the catalogue of ships and other episodes by which he diversifies the composition." [Loeb translation]

Wouldn't you think that you had more than enough suitable instructions and precepts, and wouldn't you believe, to borrow a word from the alchemists, that you had *the magistry*?<sup>1</sup> Surely there are enough precepts for the student who aptly applies in his own speeches and writings those things that he rightly admires in the speeches and writings of others. And in fact I would prefer that he not be trained by the instructions of others, but rather that he teach others by his own example.

But why am I speaking with you at such length about the practice and mastery of style and delivery, which my golden little instruments here will supply to you all in abundance? “And they possess a greater technical skill as well, and experience too, which alone creates artists.”<sup>2</sup> For my lecture would surpass all bounds, and the day would come to a close before it did, if I should wish to disclose a thousandth part of the maxims, sayings, proverbs, analogies, anecdotes, verses and slogans with which the wisest and most learned men have lavishly decorated and adorned me and my excellent and precious instruments. I believe I could sooner count the stars, and whatever is more numberless than these.

**1. magistry.** The power to transform nature, sometimes associated with the philosophers' stone. Cf. the citation in the OED: “He that hath water turn'd to ashes, hath the Magistry, and the true Philosophers' stone.” (James Howell)

**2.** Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 2.675-676. In the passage from which this quote was taken, Ovid is listing reasons why older women make good lovers.

The Greeks used to vie with one another in praising their Hercules (or I should say my Hercules), and yet would ask “Has anyone ever praised Hercules?” If this be so, with how much more justification could I say of myself, and all say of Practice, “Has anyone ever praised Practice, the Hercules of Hercules, the invincible bodyguard of Eloquence?” The famous Corinthian Periander son of Cypselus, a great man and powerful tyrant who is counted among the wise men of Greece, had this splendid saying: “Practice can accomplish all things.”<sup>1</sup> He added a most excellent reason for saying so: “For it was even able to cut a channel through the Isthmus.”<sup>2</sup> He seems to have summed up, I do not say many things in a few words, but all things in a single word, and could not have added a single thing. For by allotting all things to Practice, he leaves out nothing that can be added to the list. And yet so far is he from conferring some praise on Practice that, as often as I contemplate the greatness and magnificence of those who had once been my lowliest servants, I am almost moved to ecstasy, and I am wont to shout in this way “O Periander, I call you wise, for you used to say . . .”

1. Diogenes Laertius, 1.99; Erasmus, *Adagia* 466A.
2. **a channel through the Isthmus.** Harvey seems to have misinterpreted his source. A channel wasn't cut through the Isthmus of Corinth until the 19<sup>th</sup> century. See Erasmus, *Adagia* 1030B.

But look! She has come upon you by surprise, she whom you so greatly desire and have so eagerly gathered here to see, on whom in your thoughts and hopes you have fixed for so long your steadfast gaze, with incredible majesty, with royal attire and an almost angelic aspect, my most illustrious Lady, that most august heroine, *ELOQUENCE*. She is a divine creature, nursed on ambrosia and the dew of heaven in the happy isles of blessed minds--not those make-believe isles of Homer, but our own much richer and more favored islands. See by immortal God how beautifully bedecked she is with all decorations and ornaments of every kind, how she lacks nothing that might enhance her incredible beauty, her supreme wondrousness, her peerless magnificence, splendor and majesty. I pass over her curly locks of gold. I pass over her serene and lovely brow. I pass over her flashing eyes. I pass over her cheeks as red as roses and white as snow. I pass over her honey-sweet lips.

Consider only the remarkable and singular beauty of her face, and immediately each of you will shout along with that lover in the comedy: “O lovely face! Henceforth I banish from my mind all women; I loathe these common beauties.”<sup>1</sup> Though if you regard the remarkable loveliness of her bosom, and--may I be so bold?--those milk-white breasts, and her fair, slender fingers and elegant feet, and all the other parts of her beautiful body, you will perceive how similar each is to each, and all to all, which is to say, you will see how very lovely and charming and delightful they are. For why am I to speak of the magnificent vestments, the precious necklaces, rings and collars, the golden and silver threads, pins, buckles and fringes, the flashing pearls, the brilliant gems, and all the rest of her dress and accoutrements? Rather look closely on her right at that most opulent horn of plenty, equipped with every type of sound, and filled with a variety of colors. See on her other side the most attentive handmaidens serving and waiting upon their Lady.

1. Terence, *Eunuchus* 296-297.

Over there is Glory, Praise, Honor, Fame, Magnificence, Beauty and Splendor. Here is Money, Gold, Silver, Wealth, Riches, and lavish and abundant Furnishings, suitable for her sumptuous dwellings and her majestic palaces. Yonder is Study, and Respect, Duty, Courtesy, Kindness, and Charm. Here is an abundance of all the most desirable things. Look around at all her counselors clad in togas, her armed bodyguards, her clients in generals' cloaks, her curly-haired courtiers, her attendants, servants, slaves, and underslaves clad all in silk. If I wished to list each one by name it would be like numbering the grains of sand, or atoms. There are Hebrews, there are Greeks, there are Latins, there are Italians, there are Spaniards, there are Frenchmen, there are Englishmen, there are Germans. There are illustrious orators of all kingdoms, peoples, and nations. And truly the Hebrews, whom you see cloaked with the Hebrew shawl, have attained the greatest and most distinguished honor; for it was they who first set down in the monuments of literature their own deeds, and the exploits of other peoples of the most ancient times, and even the miraculous works of almighty God himself.

But why do I undertake a task that is endless? Especially when my Lady herself is now here nearby, and the conclusion to my speech has been cut short. But yet see how each and every one of her servants are wonderfully supplied with a rich abundance of all things. If these things please and delight you, if you find them enticing, Cantabrigians, then follow me. I will bring it about that in the most magnificent hall and palace of my Lady you attain the first, second, third, and fourth place. But now with a nod she bids me to be silent.

*End of Speech*

My beloved auditors, if the bodyguard of Eloquence, Practice, whom I brought here on stage and presented in the guise of a man and orator, had spoken with you in this manner, but with his own much more elegant words and thoughts, would you not immediately race to him?

Would you not insistently implore him with the greatest zeal for his support, aid, protection, defense and patronage? Would you not follow him with the very greatest eagerness and devotion? But by almighty God (whose name I think should never be lightly invoked), though Practice promises to confer upon you each and every one of these things without exception, yet events will prove that he can and does supply many more things that are even greater and more illustrious. For it cannot even be described how much power he brings for attaining supreme glory in eloquence.

Once the Greeks, and today all men celebrate those whom I so often mention, and whose very names exhilarate me, men who are, if not the fathers of eloquence, then certainly its masters: Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Herodotus, Lucian, and countless others, who were preeminent in every style of speaking and every oratorical excellence. There flourished in their own time, and now reign supreme in our own, the most polished authors of Latinity since the founding of Rome, men worthy of immortality (so have they always been judged, and so, I believe, will they be judged by all posterity): Plautus, Terence, Vergil, Horace, Cicero, Caesar, Varro, Sallust, and Livy.

All of them I think were created and born to write Latin, so effortless is the grandeur with which they do it. Let us come down to the generation preceding ours, and look even at our own, and add a silver age to that of gold (for the intervening centuries were all of them iron and lead).

Continually on your lips, and frequently in your hands are those whom I often name with honor: Valla, Pontano, Bembo, Sadoleto, Longeuil, Ricci, Manuzio, Nizzoli, Sturm, Osorio, Muret, Buchanan, many others (I'm out of breath). It is my own humble opinion, and the opinion of all whom I have ever heard, that among the huge brood of Latin authors (I exclude only the golden age of Cicero), these men are unquestionably the very best, and every age with any sense of gratitude at all will sing their well-earned praises.

I do not speak of those miracles of Italy, Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Sanazario, and Ariosto. I pass over in silence the most celebrated and outstanding writers of other peoples. I say nothing for the present of our own gems, Chaucer, More, Eliot, Ascham, and Jewel. Instead I will ask how it came about that these men, without a doubt the most eloquent in their own tongues of all who are or have been (I dare not indeed say anything about the future, especially since I am surrounded by young men of such remarkable talent), have attained such refined and charming copiousness, richness, grace and elegance of speech. Let us ask an impartial judge. Will he not credit all these things to Genesis, and praise with notable commendation the constant and painstaking writing by which these men have attained so remarkable a name? Will he not rule that thanks should be given to that pen, which is by far the best and most learned teacher of speaking? And what of Analysis? Let us ask the same judge.

Will the wise man not respond that the most exquisite artists of all in this field have become what they are almost entirely because of Analysis? I am speaking not only of the ancient orators, but even of a number of moderns, the most respected men in living memory, and worthy to share in the immortal glory of our ancestors, and especially Peter Ramus, Omer Talon, Antoine Foclin, Johann Thomas Freige, Heinrich Schor, and Guilhelmus Roding, as well as many others. Has not their interpretation of earlier writers made some almost superior in writing, and won them entry into the household of those who are regarded as the scions of Eloquence herself? Have many not ascended, by their commentaries, notes and expositions, as if by stair steps, to the lofty summit, and I might almost say the heaven of rhetoric, and there joined the ranks of the divine orators, as though the immortal angels? And yet, to speak freely (let the truth be told), I feel there is clearly no one, either of these men or the other outstanding practitioners of the art, who has won such great and exceptional glory and honor by his talent, art and industry, that I do not suspect that almighty God has not still in reserve the palm for one of you, or some others destined to descend from heaven.

Analysis is very powerful. Genesis is very powerful. When each tool is applied properly and used frequently, and when there is lacking neither the instrument of training, nor that brilliant talent which Nature seems to have showered upon many of you, they at length by God will produce something divine, the equal of all marvels and miracles.

But I don't want to assail your ears with a long harangue, for they are now surely weary, and almost exhausted from listening. You are keen and quick by nature. You do not lack the precisely formulated principles of art. You have the skillful and systematic treatise of Omer. You have the splendid writings of other rhetoricians, to which you can devote your exceptional energies. Finally, you even seem to me to be burning with a certain singular ardor for Practice (which is the most important thing), and to count among the highest goods those things that I set before you a while ago, those "instruments of instruments"<sup>1</sup> (for that's what that philologist friend of mine used to call them).

**1. instruments of instruments.** See above, page 66 and note.

You have all you need. I expect of you perseverance; if necessary, I will even demand it. And you will derive some benefit, I hope, from our humble analysis of Cicero's *Oration to the Roman People upon his Return*, a speech that no one has yet illuminated with rhetorical or dialectical explications, or indeed, as far as I know, explications of any kind. And especially so if you apply Genesis, and write much and often, as Crassus bids. But we will put off till the morrow the beginning of that analysis. For I see that my time is now up.

Printed in London by the printer Henry Bynneman,  
in the year 1577 in the month of November:  
at the request of that most distinguished gentleman,  
B. Clerke, Doctor of Law.