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Jonson's Elegies of the Plague Years

The man who has emptied himself with giving
has the highest name. Lewis Hyde, *The Gift*

There are griefs that leave “unhealing wound[s].”¹ In what follows, essentially a kind of triptych on mourning and the memorializing of irreparable loss, my purpose is this: to explore in Jonson’s life and art, his conversations and his elegies on the deaths of his son and his close friend John Roe, his reliving of those griefs. Our story properly begins in Scotland, where Jonson confided his sorrows to an acquaintance he mistook for a friend. Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson’s reluctant host, neither understood the import of these confidences nor much valued them. He knew only that they made good copy, and so he included Jonson’s accounts of these deaths as anecdotal material in the notes he made of the visit. For Jonson, these memories had a different status altogether. As stories of obligations, trusts if you will, met or failed, and pain acutely remembered at moments when the daily pressures of work and career were suddenly relaxed, they caught him off-guard, returned to haunt him in his middle years when he was successful, admired, feared, and lonely. In Scotland, a self-destructive impulse to offer himself up whole (as it were) for Drummond’s inspection prevailed over good sense. Drummond wanted no part of this unsolicited gift, lacked the empathy that might have compensated for the absence of a shared history between the two men. If, as seems likely, Jonson thought his confessions could shortcircuit the process of making Drummond a friend and ally, he miscalculated badly. Jonson, taken whole, could be indigestible fare. Within months of the visit, Drummond would shake off whatever provisional sense of obligation the great man’s confidences had induced him to feel. The existence of the *Conversations* anticipates what the correspondence between the two poets would later confirm: that Drummond spurned Jonson’s overtures, betrayed the strangely vulnerable man who talked too much out of a need for human comfort. The emotional freight of these

recollections escaped Drummond. He recorded them as simple fact under the heading "Certain Informations and maners of Ben Jonsons."² Drummond's notes need to be interpreted, to be supplemented by a fuller knowledge of the circumstances of the deaths and particularly by a less defended sense of what the attachments Jonson had formed in his youth to his son and to John Roe meant to him. The *Conversations*, inevitably, bring us back to the years between 1603 and 1606. This was the period of Jonson's life that he remembered most vividly at Hawthornden. This was the period that became for him, more than a decade later in another country, the hour of lead.

The man who journeyed by foot to Edinburgh for an extended visit in 1618 enjoyed considerable favor at home and in Scotland as a writer of court masques, a fame cemented by the publication of his *Workes* only two years previously. Jonson could reasonably have relaxed into congeniality, masked more effectively his class origins. He had, after all, arrived. If Drummond expected to meet a grey-haired statesman from the south, he was quickly disillusioned. Little of the conversation Drummond recorded in his private notes suggests that Jonson was capable of taking the long view. The Jonson we encounter through Drummond's eyes is passionate, unreasonable, and often out of control. Evidently, the long struggle to legitimate his claim to eminence had permanently defined Jonson's character. His compulsion to look back in anger, to imagine rebuffs and slights, persists unabated, as though no wound to his self-esteem could ever be sufficiently avenged.

Drummond was unprepared for the satirist on holiday. Jonson attacked his rivals for the patronage James I awarded the lucky and the politic. He was compulsively irreverent about the courtly Elizabethan poets. Jonson could be savage, at times even childishly malicious. Sir Philip Sidney is quite literally defaced³ during one such moment of uninhibited spleen. The assault on Sidney's reputation begins with Jonson depicting the glamorous war hero and courtier as "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with Pimples" (*H&S*, I, 138-9). Jonson was eager to deny the stature of his precursor. He was not about to concede intellectual maturity to Sidney. Instead, he relegates his titled rival to a purgatory Dante was too much a gentleman to envision: acned pubescence. The satyr's impulse to denigrate the beautiful and the famous seems also to govern Jonson's table-talk when he turns to Sidney's mother. He chooses, characteristically, to inform Drummond of her humiliating disfigurement by smallpox, a disease which so eclipsed her charms that she never dared appear in court thereafter "bot Masked" (*H&S*, I, 142). Having dispensed with the Sidneys' pretensions to exceptional beauty, Jonson then undercuts the family's reverent regard for Sir Philip's literary achievements. He praises the Countess of Rutland as "nothing inferior to her Father . . .

in Poesie" (*H&S*, I, 138), a remark that seems intended as much to put Sidney out of contention for the highest laurels as to compliment him on his genes. Jonson concludes his running commentary on the family by repeating with glee James I's preference for John Taylor's doggerel over Sidney's polished poetry. It is a judgment so fundamentally unjust and tasteless, so shockingly bad, that it must have become a staple in Jonson's repertoire of cherished insults. The fact that Jonson includes so many members of Sidney's family in his revisionist attack is also significant. His own anxieties and disappointments in this area surface obliquely in his fascination with the afflictions suffered by the Sidneys, suggest in fact that Jonson's malice stems as much from the miseries of his family life as from the ingrained habit of emasculating literary rivals.

Many of his contemporaries fare no better in Scotland. Jonson's pithy evaluations of their character and their work focus typically on their relation to himself. Daniel, Drummond learned, was jealous of Jonson; Drayton feared him, Beaumont "loved too much himself & his own verses"; Sir William Alexander neglected him out of a misplaced partiality for Drayton; Markham was "but a base fellow," as were Day and Middleton; and Overbury "was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie" (*H&S*, I, 136-7). The list of those Jonson is willing to abuse in his restless *ad hominem* attacks includes men who offered generous tributes to his talents, most notably Beaumont and Marston. They are dismissed as rogues and fools, or cringing cowards easily trounced by Jonson's fists or his pen.

Why did Jonson assume his voluble abuse of other contenders for literary greatness would endear him to Drummond, gain a sympathetic hearing for the woes he would confide to this stranger? To air one's contempt or envy to outsiders as freely as Jonson did at Hawthornden is to invite retaliation. At the very least, unbridled malice of the kind Jonson indulged in produces unease in the wary listener, an embarrassment at revelations so fundamentally asocial. In a period less troubled by psychic conflict, Jonson reflected on this strain of petulance in his character:

A wise tongue should not be licentious, and wandring; but mov'd, and . . . govern'd with certain raines from the heart, and bottome of the brest: and it was excellently said of that Philosopher; that there was a Wall or Parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words (*H&S*, VIII, 574).

The classical ideal of self-restraint rarely if ever governed Jonson's behavior. He posits discretion as a key virtue in a man precisely because he knew he transgressed the boundaries of taste so often in his

unguarded talk. Drummond's reserve, his silences, signalled his disapproval. A man less habitually egocentric than Jonson would have responded to the cue. Conversely, a man less needy of intimacy would have inspired a greater affection.

It is easy to find the vituperative talker Drummond offers up to us repellent. The defensiveness of Jonson's apologists, among them Herford and Simpson and most recently George Parfitt, is a measure of Drummond's challenge to those who would idealize Jonson. Accounts of the *Conversations* too often attempt to bring the contentious braggart and gossip Drummond met into line with the august scholar of *Discoveries*. As Parfitt suggests in an inadvertently revealing moment, Jonson's better side "is most conveniently studied in *Discoveries*."⁴ He terms Drummond's assessment more a caricature than a character. Herford and Simpson deny outright in their discussion of Jonson's son's death that the poet was "of the neurotic temperament favourable to visionary experiences," even though they acknowledge that the incident is "perfectly authenticated" (*H&S*, I, 32) by Drummond. In order to legitimate their version of Jonson, Herford and Simpson follow the timehonored practice of lawyers defending a client whose alibi is shaky: they belittle Drummond's credibility as a witness. The following remark testifies to their discomfort with Drummond's character of Jonson:

Drummond's apparent self-effacement is the result less of modesty than of the fact that, in his intercourse with Jonson, there was probably little self to efface (*H&S*, I, 80).

What Jonson's defenders and attackers alike seem to have overlooked is the basis on which he decided to unburden himself to Drummond: his conviction that he was sharing his personal experiences with a friend. We owe Drummond's document itself and its forthright content to Jonson's error in judgment. His sudden and rash intimacies, the malice he expected Drummond to applaud—to confirm him in—in fact doomed the relationship. Drummond was estranged by Jonson's confessional mode, appalled by his attacks on sacrosanct figures. Jonson miscalculated the impact his conversation would have on his listener; he assumed that Drummond could be persuaded to adopt his tastes, even his hit list. Jonson divined correctly that Drummond could be induced to be as ungenerous as he. Where he erred was in thinking himself exempt from the critical scrutiny his conversation subjected others to. Drummond's rectitude was lethal and Jonson the object it fixed upon. Drummond, to the chagrin of future biographers, succumbed to the natural impulse to tattle on the monologist who overstayed his welcome.

Despite his paeans to the "wise tongue," Jonson at Hawthornden ignored the cardinal rule of the successful slanderer. He forgot that malice is an ungenerous impulse best shared with friends. Drummond could not be trusted to safeguard his indiscretions; only friendship licenses these private moments, makes allowances for the aggression born of insecurity. Drummond was temperamentally incapable of making allowances. Humorless, and envious of his distance from the circle of poets and wits Jonson discussed so intimately, Drummond felt his own importance diminish, sensed his exclusion from a world whose quarrels he heard only second-hand. To his mind, and it must have been a galling reflection, Jonson thought "nothing well bot what either he himself, or some of his friends and Countrymen hath said or done" (*H&S*, I, 151). Even Jonson's mortal enemies were strangers to Drummond, who could therefore take little pleasure in anecdotes that belittled their talents. He also resented, and rightly, Jonson's insensitive slighting of his own. By depleting Drummond's wine cellar, Jonson compounded sins of commission and omission, ensuring for himself a poor character reference.

During or shortly after Jonson's visit, Drummond took his quiet revenge on the self-elected arbiter of contemporary taste. He began to take notes, to make a permanent record of his guest's dismissive judgments, his idiosyncracies, his fantasies, and even his dirty jokes. Jonson never suspected that his performance was being transcribed. By choosing to record the Englishman's opinionated views, Drummond breached a tacit code of friendship. The disclosures are revealingly one-sided. Drummond is markedly reticent about himself in the *Conversations*. While abusing the trust Jonson placed in him, the Scot respected his own privacy, neatly editing out of the record any self-revelations comparable to Jonson's confessions. In his smug summation, Drummond implies that he "answered" Jonson effectively, but these smart rejoinders are never put to the test. By suppressing his own contributions to the conversations, Drummond exposes and magnifies Jonson's follies. Snide, abusive and coarse slanders are given maximum exposure. Jonson's highhanded critical judgments are quoted piecemeal, out of context, a practice he would denounce in *Discoveries* as "an excellent way of malice" (*H&S*, VIII, 605).

Even more tellingly, Jonson's capacity for sustaining intense, unstinting friendships is transformed in Drummond's summation into evidence of his emotional imbalance: "he is passionately kynde and angry" (*H&S*, I, 151). Drummond's open hostility is a sign of the strain he must have felt in Jonson's company. He resented Jonson confiding in him, wanted to distance himself from the emotional vulnerability he sensed in the man. Jonson's very neediness posed a threat to Drum-

mond's emotional equilibrium, based as it was on a principle of reasonable attachments; and so he concluded that "fantasie" had always "mastered" and "oppressed" Jonson's reason. Drummond resisted incorporation into the Tribe of Ben, the group of writers presided over by the volatile, passionately gregarious drinker and raconteur. Jonson had overwhelmed greater men than Drummond, who feared that such proffered intimacy could be an intolerable burden. The history of Drummond's tactical withdrawal from Jonson's orbit of friendships has its own interest, its own pathos. For the moment, however, the other figures who complete the triptych of attachments under consideration, Benjamin Jonson and John Roe, have more.

ii.

Jonson found himself surprised at Hawthornden into self-revelations that seem entirely uncalculated. He had left London in the summer of 1618 to return only in March or early April of the following year. During this time, Jonson was without the saving focus of work, separated as well from the emotional support provided by his friends. Some of Jonson's talk has the sound of good one-liners stored up, indeed rehearsed, over the solitary walk to Scotland; his gibes at the Sidney family belong to this category. Other stories do not. At times, Jonson seems lost in memory, very much in need of a comfort beyond any Drummond could offer. Drummond was, we know, an unlikely candidate for the role of friend and father confessor. Jonson pressed him into service because he had to, because the impulse to divulge the most intimate of his thoughts required the fiction of a sympathizing auditor.

One of these moments of self-reckoning startled Herford and Simpson: Jonson's account of his vision foretelling his son Benjamin's death during the plague epidemic of 1603. Another deeply personal loss Jonson dwelt on in Scotland was the death of his close friend John Roe. Roe died two years after Benjamin Jonson in circumstances that recalled the suddenness of the original bereavement. The *Conversations* reveal that these events were, in Jonson's mind, linked. Both deaths shattered him, continued to disturb him more than a decade later. In taking his leave of Hawthornden, Jonson joked that "if he died by the Way" (*H&S*, I, 150) he would make Drummond the executor of his unfinished papers. Jonson was forty-six and in perfect health. He was also a man who had watched his best friend die in his arms of the "pest," and the experience of witnessing Roe's suffering had left its mark. In 1619, if we can credit the evidence Drummond

offers us, Jonson smelled his own mortality, imagined his death in remembering the losses that had most affected him in his youth.

Drummond makes no connections between these episodes in Jonson's life. Benjamin Jonson's death is recounted under the heading "of his owne lyfe, education, birth, actions," while Roe's is described under the broad category of "Particulars of the actions of other Poets and apothegmes" (*H&S*, I, 137-9). The respective entries read:

When the King came in England, at that tyme the Pest was in London, he being in the Country at sr Robert Cottons house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone (yⁿ a child and at London) appear unto him w^t ye Marke of a bloodie crosse on his forehead as if it had been cutted w^t a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in ye morning he came to M^r. Cambdens chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie at which he sould not be disjected. in ye mean tyme comes yr letters from his wife of ye death of yt Boy in ye plague. he appeared to him he said of a Manlie shape & of yt Grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection (*H&S*, I, 139-40).

S^r John Roe was ane infinit Spender & used to Say when he had no more to spende he could die. he died in his armes of the pest & he furnished his charges 20 lb, which was given him back (*H&S*, I, 137).

So often Jonson's stories smack of performance and the determination to win at least provisional assent for his combative rhetorical stances. Here, however, he is introspective, as much his own audience as the narrator of the events. In the process of sharing these experiences with Drummond, he becomes wholly absorbed in making his bereavements intelligible to himself. Jonson introduces the topic of John Roe with a series of anecdotes illustrating Roe's high-spirits and his generosity. These are good stories, well within the boundaries of acceptable social talk; they serve presumably as a rite of passage initiating Drummond into the inner circle of Jonson's friends. This social impulse, however, collapses as soon as Jonson shifts from jest (Roe's spendthrift habits or his behavior at the court masque of 1604) to a blunt admission that Roe's death still affects him. He recalls "yt S^r John Roe loved him," (*H&S*, I, 136) recalls with pride and humility the part he played in his friend's illness. If Jonson initially protects Drummond from his grief by directing his emotions into safe channels, the need to sound the private sources of his pain *aloud* and to insist on its reality overcomes him. At these moments, Drummond has a rather different status for Jonson. His presence remains an important component of the retelling of the story, in fact makes it temporarily bearable; but he now provides a new context for Jonson to explore the meaning of his suffering, and the focus of the speaker is less on the listener than on the narrative itself.

Jonson rehearses himself telling Drummond of his dejection over the loss of his son. He relives turning to his mentor Camden for counsel and solace, only to have his parental anxieties confirmed by his wife's letters. These letters must have contained sharp reproaches if his description of her as a shrew has any justice to it, but reproaches would not have been necessary to stimulate Jonson's guilt. The extensive mention of the impact of Benjamin Jonson's death on his father in contemporary memoirs of the poet suggests just how far he was from being able to absolve himself of responsibility. Jonson wrests a measure of consolation from the thought that Benjamin will be resurrected, manly and having escaped "worlds and flesh's rage" (*Epi-grammes*, xlv). His vision understandably focuses on Benjamin's salvation, protects Jonson from imagining the full extent of his son's earthly suffering. What it cannot do is assuage the blame Jonson continues to attach to his absence during the critical illness.

In relating the vision to Drummond, Jonson acts on the same impulse that brought him to Camden's chamber fifteen years previously. He is again seeking reassurance that he was not at fault in his son's death. Drummond could hardly comfort where Camden had failed. Both could caution against morbid "fantasie," respond with robust scepticism to prophetic dreams, but neither could persuade Jonson not to grieve a decision that left his son fatherless during the plague.

Familial estrangement and dislocation were common symptoms of plague-panic. J.F.D. Shrewsbury remarks that "the disease excited such a state of terror that the ties of family affection and kinship were disrupted, and the plague-stricken were deserted by their nearest . . . kin."⁵ Furthermore, the court injunction of May 29, 1603 ordered all gentlemen to leave the city. While his family was exposed to the epidemic devastating London, Jonson spent these months in relative security himself at Cotton's house at Connington. The accident of talent and success elevated *his* class, allowed him to escape London with the gentry, the nobility, and the physicians. The same exemption did not extend to his family. Jonson's natural fears for the safety of his family, his concern above all for his namesake and heir, were compounded by class guilt, the knowledge that he could do nothing to ameliorate their situation while the plague claimed more than three thousand victims weekly in London's slums.

Jonson's absence, however, cannot be explained wholly by the phenomenon of plague-panic and the restrictions placed on travel during the epidemic. His neglect of his family while he was establishing his career is a matter of record. For fully five years, from 1602 to 1607, Jonson had "not bedded" with his wife Anne "but remained w^t my

Lord Aulbanie" (*H&S*, I, 139). By electing to separate from his wife, Jonson both diminished his chances of having legitimate heirs and isolated himself from the children who were yet living, Benjamin and possibly Joseph. It is probable that Benjamin's death in 1603 estranged his parents further, placed incalculable stress on a marriage that was already disintegrating into acrimony. Four years later, Jonson and his wife had another child, a second Benjamin. When he too died in 1611 at the age of three, the recurrent cycle of disappointments, of births and infant burials, had taken its toll. At Hawthornden Jonson speaks of his marriage in what could be called the past tense dismissive.

Despite his deep attachment to his children, Jonson was an ambivalent father. Repeatedly shamed in the 1590's by jokes about the bricklayer who was his stepfather, Jonson struggled to rise above the stigma of his class origins. He attached himself to academic fathers, adopted literary sons whose taste and education (and deference to his superior talents) confirmed him in his elected identity. Neither his wife nor his family could be included in this elevation. The guilty wish to be free of family, to cut his ties to the bricklayer and later to children who were living reminders of how little he could give them, spare from the resources needed to surmount the formidable class barriers to his success, made biological paternity an unhappy venture for Jonson. This is perhaps what Thomas Fuller meant when he claimed that Jonson "was not very happy in his children, and most happy in those which died first, though none lived to survive him."⁶ Fuller's is a callous if shrewdly perceptive response to the poignant epitaphs commemorating the brief lives of Jonson's children. For Jonson, the successive deaths of his heirs proved an intolerable confirmation of personal failure. Father Ben, as Dryden fondly styled him, located his deepest disappointments in family life. His sense of inadequacy as a parent led him to seek consolation in another kind of attachment, one which would compensate him for the devastations he had suffered. The bereaved father, denied one outlet for his affectional needs, would be a passionate friend.

Jonson's most nurturing and tender relationships characteristically took the form of intense bonds to other men adopted as fathers or sons. The closeness of the attachment between Jonson and John Roe suggests that Roe became one of the first of these surrogate sons, a friend whose proven manliness embodied Jonson's fondest hopes for the children he had lost. I want, however, to introduce a key distinction here. If Jonson found it hard to resist extending the language of kinship ties outwards to include mentors and proteges, and if his friendships can on one level be described as a restless search *for* family, his praise of Roe reveals that Jonson most often gained the emotional

sustenance he craved in attachments free of the fretful ties that bind. Roe's friendship offered him an alternative to the conflicts of his marriage, his diminishing hopes of biological paternity. He once described the younger man as more than a father to him ("Nec prior est mihi parens Amico"), a remarkable tribute from someone as obsessed with paternity as Jonson was (*H&S*, VIII, 663). To be more than a father is, one senses, to be savingly other. Unrelatedness can be a source of profound pleasure to a man not very happy in his children.

Jonson praised Roe in the same breath as his "amico probatissimo," and Roe seems to have permanently defined for him the high standards by which true friendship would be tested. Unlike family ties, friendships are voluntary "contracts of the heart . . . sustained by bonds of affection alone."⁷ Because these bonds exist independent of the strains and accidents of kinship, intimacy co-exists with distance, a distance that enables friends to imagine possibilities of starting fresh, of forging through that tie a new, finer self: trustworthy, generous, and loyal. Jonson became the self he most wanted to be in Roe's company. He remembered in Scotland as distinct from the vexations of his struggle for literary dominance that "S^r John Roe loved him," had championed his cause as his own. "Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend, / And so me" Roe had written him after both were ejected for jeering the court masque of 1604: "Friends are our selves."⁸ As a friend, Roe had a gift for giving. His partisanship was addictive, and it inspired Jonson to comparable sacrifices.

Not surprisingly, the bond between the two men, which had always been close, deepened at the end. Roe had been an "infinite Spender" of his inheritance in the service of his country. His courage had been tested in military campaigns in Ireland and the Low Countries. In Flanders, he was one of only four men resolute enough to charge 400 Italians, while the rest of the allied troops, numbering 1200 Dutch and Englishmen, fled ignominiously. Roe's willingness to sacrifice himself, to offer up his body to "bleed" in expiation for an England "bogg'd in vices" (*Underwood*, xvii) was apparently unqualified. Lewis Hyde reminds us that "when male life is treated as a gift," as with Roe's self-sacrifice, "the tendency is to give the body itself" (Hyde, p. 98). Roe suffered a severe headwound during his miraculous escape from his Italian captors, recovered from his injury only to succumb to disease back home. Jonson likewise exhibited great courage, risking infection to nurse his dying friend. Whether Roe died of the plague or its "winter alias,"⁹ typhus fever, one inference is inescapable: Jonson willingly jeopardized his own life to ease Roe's final suffering.

Jonson's memory of Roe's death and burial gains a special resonance in the context of his guilt over having abandoned his son to an

excruciatingly painful, terrifying end. Roe's death was a boon to the father denied the opportunity to care for his biological son. The signal fact of the story in Drummond's version of it is Jonson's *presence* at his friend's death-bed. This is doubtless an accurate reflection of Jonson's stress in the telling; Drummond would not invent the striking image of Roe expiring in Jonson's arms or the considerable cost of the funeral. In recounting the event to Drummond, Jonson is recalling "the best he had ever done."¹⁰ Underlying the pleasure he takes in that memory is a gratitude for having been blessed with a rare opportunity, the chance to give back unstintingly, without thought of personal danger or public reward. He had failed in the first instance to give enough. Now he had a second chance to exhibit the kind of courage such situations demand: the courage it took to witness a loved one's unmediated pain in the full knowledge that he could do little to relieve it. Jonson shared Roe's suffering, expended his meagre resources to bury him well. When he tells Drummond that the charges of Roe's funeral were "given him back," he means not only that Roe's family recompensed him for the expenses he had incurred, but that the worth of his friend surpassed any monetary calculation—that he had already been repaid.

I do not wish to minimize the sense in which Jonson felt Roe's death as a double bereavement. Dying in his arms, Roe became a second Benjamin, confirmation of Jonson's inability to protect those he loved. Still, what defines the event for Jonson is less the proof of the limits of his own power than the fact that he was presented with a unique occasion to act selflessly. Jonson's risk-taking was unquestioning and instinctive, his loyalty to Roe unconditional when it counted most. If he reflects on his behavior with pride, and if that memory sustains him in later years, his pride is subsumed by something finer and less tangible, Jonson's awe at having miraculously been there to affirm his love for his friend. Roe's last act of generosity, from this perspective, was to free Jonson from some part of the burden of guilt he had carried since his son's death. Roe had emptied himself with giving all his life. His death at the age of twenty-four, by providing Jonson with a saving opportunity to emulate his infinite spending, was also a gift, the kind of selfless donation that defines in retrospect the essence of an entire life.

iii.

"My life closed twice before it closed," Dickinson wrote in a lyric that could have served as the epigraph to this essay: "Parting is all we know of heaven,/ And all we need of hell." For Jonson, as for Dickinson, a formal feeling came after great pain, a reticence that can be mis-

construed as impersonality by readers who prize more overtly confessional literature. Jack D. Winner argues that Jonson's speaker in the epitaphs "tends to contain emotion rather than generate it and to pay tribute to the dead rather than mourn them."¹¹ It is true that Jonson rarely obtrudes himself into these elegies as mourner. He seems, if only in his poetry, to be capable of what Dickinson calls "the letting go." Even so, the distinction Winner makes between paying tribute and mourning would need to be qualified. Can we really say that to memorialize a man's heroism is not to mourn the loss of that quality, to feel its absence keenly as both a private and a social diminishment? Earl Miner has observed that Jonson "speaks in a tone appropriately overheard by others."¹² In the context of the elegies, what this means is that Jonson is aware of an audience beyond the perimeters of his own grief. At Hawthornden Jonson initially cast his memories into brief narratives to protect Drummond from having to acknowledge the extent of his pain. The same impulse operates with far stricter controls in the poetry, dictates a certain formality to lyrics occasioned by his experience of loss. The restraint that many readers have remarked upon derives in part from Jonson's commitment to a social mode of address. Dickinson's "After great pain" suggests another, psychological dimension operating as an aesthetic principle in Jonson's elegies for Roe or his children. These poems record the kind of pain always "remembered, if [ever] outlived," the terminal pain associated with the closing of a life. Only a formal feeling adequately conveys, makes provisionally bearable, that remembered grief.

Jonson came to associate parenthood with the premature closing of his life. In "To Heaven," he speaks of himself as a man whose griefs have been so unremitting that "there scarce is ground, / Upon my flesh t'inflict another wound" (*Forrest*, xv). That Jonson's wounds include the deaths of his children is made clear by his pun on "flesh," which recalls the final couplet of his epitaph on his daughter: "This grave partakes the fleshly birth, / Which cover lightly, gentle earth" (*Epigrammes*, xxii). Of all the griefs Jonson alludes to in *Forrest* xv, Benjamin's sudden death came as the hardest blow of all. When his infant daughter Mary died at six months, the grieving father was a "father, lesse," felt he had buried his youth with his first child. With Benjamin's burial, Jonson lost "all father," and in that all his hopes for earthly joys.

In the *Epigrammes* retribution is demanded of the vicious for their sins. The poet warns Fine Grand to "pay me quickly", or Ile pay you" in Epigram lxxiii or, in another example, the lecherous Lieutenant Shift, who disowns his debts with the offhand phrase "god payes," is in turn "paid" for his bad faith with the loan of a diseased whore (*Epi-*

“honor of leading forth so many good, and great names . . . to their remembrance with posteritie” (*H&S*, VIII, 25-6). To be “rich in issue” is to have another, equally vital lease on an afterlife. Chuff, however, sees in his heirs only his own prospective impoverishment, the diminishment of the power he has so carefully hoarded. His punishment will be the loss of his name, for “all his race” are destined for the “blacker floods” of hell and extinction. This punishment, nothing less than oblivion, is anticipated by his bestial status in the *Epigrammes*. The true identities of the vicious are buried with them; their lives go unrecorded and their deaths unmourned. In Jonson’s book, we “know them by their visards” (*H&S*, VIII, 26), not as individuals but as types of vice to be owned in secret shame.

Chuff the crow has his counterpart in Corvino, the crow of *Volpone*, and affinities with Volpone himself, the true father of them all. This whole cast of vultures, kites, ravens and crows gape for legacies. They view their progeny not as gifts but as threats, confirmation of the mortality they dread above all else. In the scene in which Corvino and the parasite Mosca debate the scavenger’s chances of inheriting Volpone’s vast wealth, Corvino approves the magnifico’s unnatural treatment of his bastard children. Corvino’s and Mosca’s imaginings, their illicit fantasy of freedom from attachment and obligation, prove to be as repulsive as Chuff’s dream of “loosing all father.”

- Mosca. Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he [Volpone] remember.
- Corvino. Has he children?
- Mosca. Bastards,
- Mosca. Some dozen or more that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was
drunk.
- Knew you not that, sir? ’Tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch are all his.
He’s the true father of his family
In all, save me; but he has given ’em nothing.
- Corvino. That’s well, that’s well (1.5.42-49).

Lawrence Danson is surely right in claiming that this scene, where the dupe Corvino revels in Volpone’s indifference to the fate of his carelessly-begotten offspring, portrays the isolated self as a “nightmare of incompleteness.”¹⁴ In Jonson’s world, chattels, goods, a man’s name retain their worth only when they are passed on. Wealthy men and parents rich in issue are merely the trustees of their gifts. To hoard them is to lose them. Chuff, like Volpone, will pay for his wish to defraud his heirs. His name, his small lease on immortality, will die with him, obliterated first by the satirist’s just pen and stricken posthumously from the *Book of Life*.

Jonson's ambivalent attitudes towards parenthood surface in these portraits of malignant fathers. The value he placed on the son entrusted or loaned to him was so high, and his standards for discharging that obligation so rigid that the failure to measure up was well nigh inevitable. His own punishment surpassed those he meted out to the miserly fathers of the *Epigrammes* and *Volpone*. Their harsh judgments—the confiscation of Volpone's "substance," the vengeance with which he is sentenced to lie "cramped with irons" in prison (5.12.119-23)—can be understood, I think, as the reflex action of Jonson's guilt, the process by which the satirist exposes private sin, including his own, to public revulsion and contempt. His own torment is greater because internalized. "I know my state," he writes in "To Heaven." "I feele my griefes too." The sinner's self-reproaches, the double burden of knowing and feeling his losses, separate Jonson from the nightmare images of his displaced guilt. If he is confident that Benjamin is assured of resurrection, Jonson nonetheless blames himself for his son's just fate, vows that henceforth "what he loves may never like too much." Jonson would carry this burden with him all his life.

The elegies on John Roe's death, as Jonathan Z. Kamholtz observes, "work steadily to find a language with which Jonson can transcend . . . [their] devastating occasion."¹⁵ He cites as an example Epigram xxxii, "On Sir John Roe," an elegy which follows a satiric epigram on usury and precedes poems entitled "To The Same" and "Of Death." Of this group of inter-related poems, only "Of Death" seems to me free of grief and doubt.

HE that feares death, or mournes it, in the just,
Shewes of the resurrection little trust (*Epigrammes*, xxxiii).

This gnomic credo is the culmination of a cluster of poems searching to locate the meaning of Roe's sudden death. In "Of Death," Jonson lets Roe go, turns from the dead to address the living. His assurance here reveals that as a moralist he has always known what man can and should "say/In a little" (*Epigrammes*, cxxiii). Reaching that point of ethical certainty and epigrammatic closure has, however, involved Jonson in an intense struggle with his self-regarding grief, a grief the Stoic in him feels compelled to repudiate.

The transcendence Kamholtz speaks of is unavailable to Jonson until he has confronted the psychological impediments to consolation raised in "Of Death." The epigram defines retrospectively what has shaken his trust in providential justice: his own fear of death, made more acute by having witnessed Roe's, and his very human reluctance to part with the just man who was his friend. The preceding poems test Jonson's willingness to consign Roe to his "blest fate," to see beyond

the bitter ironies of earthly injustice which allows vicious usurers and their kin to prosper while the good spend all for others only to die as Roe did, prematurely, without natural issue, so utterly impoverished that the charges of his funeral fell to his friend.

The grammatical inversions of "On Sir John Roe" and the complexity of its syntax signal not resolution but psychic conflict as Jonon recalls the circumstances of this heroic soldier's death.

WHAT two brave perills of the private sword
 Could not effect, not all the furies doe,
 That selfe-divided *Belgia* did afford;
 What not the envie of the seas reach'd too,
 The cold of *Mosco*, and fat *Irish* ayre,
 His often change of clime (though not of mind)
 What could not worke; at home in his repaire
 Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
 Which shewes, where ever death doth please t'appeare,
 Seas, serenes, swords, shot, sicknesse, all are there
 (*Epigrammes*, xxxii).

Herford and Simpson's commentary on this epigram includes the information that William Gifford, whose edition of Jonson's works appeared in 1816, was so puzzled by the obscurity of the insistent inversions ("What could not worke" and so forth) that he suggested corrections. The three inversions, a striking contrast to the syntactical clarity of "Of Death," serve deliberately to obfuscate, postpone, and even to deny the epigram's subject. Death is cruelly arbitrary in the form its "sicknesse" takes. Because the cause of Roe's death is both hidden and unexpected, it is only in the closing couplet that the relative pronoun "What" is revealed to signify death. We are prepared for the revelation to some extent by the litany of negatives that precede, the five "nots" which sound, inevitably, a final naught. Gifford is nevertheless right to feel disturbed by Jonson's grammatical inversions. We would expect Roe's hazards to be presented as alternatives, neither-nor constructions. Instead Jonson anticipates the list of the final line, where all forms of morbidity are identified as the same, by the cumulative negatives of the quatrains. What Jonson achieves through his knotty grammatical structures is a felt sense of tension, of energy frustrated and threatened with negation. The key verbs might appear to associate Roe with the activity of striving, but their emphatic placement at the end of lines ("doe," "reach'd too") becomes ironic when we link them back to the beginning of the noun clauses: "What *not*." Furthermore, while the agent of the activity remains grammatically unspecified in the quatrains, it is death and not the soldier whom

we “find”—with Jonson—to be the force controlling the fate of this virtuous yet oddly passive man.

Jonson is concerned in “On Sir John Roe” to convey the sudden turns of his friend’s earthly fortunes. The elegy is weighted by means of syntactical units of unpredictable length to emphasize the element of surprise, to jolt us, as Jonson was shocked, with the unexpected: Roe meets his death “at home in his repaire.” Roe must have returned to England to repair his fortunes; like his friend Sir Henry Cary, Roe dared “fight, and not for pay” (*Epigrammes*, lxvi). In a darker irony not lost on Jonson, or on contemporaries who knew of Roe’s and Cary’s reckless courage in the Netherlands debacle where Cary was captured and Roe badly injured, Roe came home to restore (“repaire”) his health after miraculously eluding his captors. From this perspective, it is hard indeed to see Roe’s fate as “blest.” The bleak closure of this poem, where death is experienced as an annihilating force that eclipses Roe’s most valiant efforts acknowledges this truth, as does Jonson’s admission in Epigram xxvii, also addressed to Roe, that “if any friends teares could restore, his would.” Although Jonson is sincere in claiming that Roe had been blessed, Epigram xxxii overwhelms its readers with the miseries of man’s brief life span and swifter dissolution. We are meant to be disturbed by a resolution that offers nothing by way of consolation, that affirms only that death has many noxious guises: “Seas, serenes, swords, shot, sicknesse.”

Jonson frames his elegy for Roe with a satiric epigram “On Banck The Usurer.” As though to disconcert readers who yet remain sanguine about their society, Jonson offers an alternative to Roe’s “brave perills” and selfless generosity. In a twist so characteristic of the satirist’s blade, he presents us with the diabolical usurer.

BANCK feeles no lamenesse of his knottie gout,
 His monyes travaile for him, in and out,
 And though the soundest legs goe every day,
 He toyles to be at hell, as soone as they (*Epigrammes*, xxxi).

Roe treated his property like his life as a gift, to be shared, consumed, even flung away. Banck is, by contrast, capitalism incarnate. The usurer profits from another man’s needs, “converts generosity into a market exchange” (Hyde, p. 114) which replaces the feeling-bonds between men. His activities are as unnatural—his instinct is to hoard or accumulate metal dross in his greed—as his spitefully protracted existence.

The embodiment of disease, Banck’s “sicknesse” is of a different order than Roe’s. His spiritual paralysis is imaged in his knotty gout, a conventional enough association but one that is felt more deeply in this

sequence of epigrams because Jonson has juxtaposed Banck's immobility against Roe's "often change of clime," Roe's private ventures against a sedentary life where money, not the man, travels/travails and toils, circulating to increase its owner's riches. There is an echo of Persius' *Satire V* in Jonson's portrait of the goutty Banck, and in that echo an oblique and entirely personal allusion to the passion Jonson shared with Roe for the works of that minor poet. The "knottie gout" recalls Persius on the subject of old age: "set cum *lapidosa cheragra* fecerit articulos veteris ramalia fagi, tunc crassos transisse dies," which the Loeb edition translates as "but when once the knotty gout has broken up their joints till they are like the boughs of an old beech tree, they lament that their days have been passed in grossness."¹⁶ Banck is, of course, too obdurately wedded to his sin to feel his lameness. "He toyles to be at hell" where his debts to society ("hell" is a pun on debtor's prison) will be exacted. Dying too poor to afford the scutcheons that should have decked his hearse (*Epigrammes*, xxvii), Roe had nevertheless discharged all debt. His reward, Jonson both comes to know and to believe, could only lie elsewhere.

The inequity of earthly rewards is, however, starkly dramatized for us in these polarized portraits of Roe and Banck. The juxtaposition of satiric and eulogistic epigrams in Jonson's book is not accidental. The same organizational principle governed his decision to pair his elegy on his son with a satire denouncing "Chuffe, Bancks The Usurer's Kinsman." This epigram explicitly links the vicious (Chuff and Banck) through kinship ties and implicitly, by its place in the collection, asks us to entertain the thought that Benjamin Jonson and John Roe are likewise kin—kin in their shared virtue and in their close bond to the maker of the book. One further speculation seems warranted. The satiric epigrams give us access to the speaker's asocial or 'inappropriate' emotions: hostility, rage, guilt, the ambivalent tangle of responses that challenge the moral mandate of Jonson's rhetorical art. The elegies seek to cherish the memories of his dead. They cannot properly address the poet's unhealing wounds; to do so would be an affront to Roe and Benjamin Jonson, an act of "ungracious self-dramatization."¹⁷ Jonson remains reticent in the elegies, committed to consoling truths. The pain and the angry reflections that cannot be contained by the eulogistic poems are objectified, externalized, given a voice by the satires, epigrams that reveal the bitterness of the unreconstructed mourner.

The ordering of the *Epigrammes* insists on a single unsettling truth: good and vicious men co-exist in a world whose temporal rewards are anything but just. Banck the parasite prospers; Roe's generosity costs him his life. Death claims an apparently frivolous victory over the

unfortunate soldier whose service to his country has been so exceptional. As if spitefully to deny him a hero's death, with its public accolades, death "pleases" to take Roe "at home in his repaire." Jonson means us to be conscious of the chilling contrast between these lives, to feel his righteous anger at vice like Banck's, which can neither be reformed nor eradicated. Roe's self-sacrifice, its seeming futility, tests Jonson's capacity for resignation. The injustice of that death is made all the more intolerable by Jonson's reminder that Banck and his kin live on, actively pursuing their own self-aggrandizement, unmoved by the singular sacrifices of less worldly men.

Jonson knows that justice will be meted out by a higher court and fortune's arbitrary verdict reversed, but a part of him—the satirist and the bereaved friend—protests the earthly sentence, protests the cost to society of losing "more vertue, then doth live" (*Epigrammes*, cxxiii). While "the soundest legs goe every day," the vicious bleed the commonwealth dry with their avarice. Jonson's anger over the unfairness of Roe's death has another source. By conquering so many perils, combat, shipwreck, and the multiple hazards associated with a military life, Roe had in Jonson's mind earned immunity from disease. The special cruelty of his sudden death so shortly after he had returned to England was the way in which it invalidated all of the unspoken codes voluntary soldiers and other gamblers live by, made unbearable the thought of his sacrifices. The Stoic might accept this hard lot for himself. In his love, Jonson could not bear to accept it for his friend.

Roe's vulnerability, then, not his triumph, is the true subject of Epigram xxxii. Jonson praises Roe for enduring misfortune, just as he will urge Henry Cary, captured in battle, to "Love thy great losse." "No foe," he continues in the epigram to Cary, could "conquer thee, but chance, who did betray" (*Epigrammes*, lxvi). The words are as relevant to Roe as they are to the other true soldier who exhibited great courage in the Netherlands; but if Jonson's praise of Cary's fortitude in defeat is both heartfelt and awkward, his elegy for Roe seems even more strained. Neither he nor his readers can experience Roe's fate as blessed when the poet himself focusses on the injustice of his suffering to the exclusion of all else.

Jonson resolves this impasse by beginning again. The blank space between "On Sir John Roe" and "To The Same" serves as a period of reflection and introspection that occasion a shift in the speaker's attitude. Reading the next epigram in the sequence, we discover that the subject both is and is not the same.

Ille not offend thee with a vaine teare more,
Glad-mention'd ROE: thou art but gone before,

Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
 Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.
 Which if most gracious heaven grant like thine,
 Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine (*Epigrammes*, xxxiii).

Beyond the brief allusion to "our hard lot," there has been until now no talk of tears, or private sorrow. The emotional investment of the poet in his friendship, held in check throughout Epigram xxxii, is here suddenly, painfully acknowledged. Jonson shifts to direct address, to the intimacy of "I" and "thou." Previously, he had attempted to ward off the immediacy of his anguish by distancing Roe to the third person and by prematurely incorporating others less close to Roe in "our hard lot." In "To The Same" Jonson can no longer evade the personal stake he has in Roe's friendship. Reluctantly, he admits to a terrible private loss, a loss conveyed in his despair over man's powerlessness before misfortune in the preceding epigram but never allowed to surface in the personal form it now takes.

In a line whose brevity and yes, formal feeling move more surely than a narrative of their friendship ever could, Jonson writes, "Ile not offend thee with a vaine teare more." It is a pledge of honor made with deep gravity by one true soldier to another, made by a friend who recognizes—with the force of instantaneous conviction—the selfishness of his own grief. Jonson does not regard his tears as unmanly ("Take better ornaments, my teares, and verse") but the very moment when his grief is most *present* to him, when he acknowledges how unabated his grief is, brings him a resolve to do Roe better justice in the future. Jonson's tears offend against the faith he ought to have in Roe's salvation; they show "of the resurrection little trust." Remembering Roe alive, reflecting on his friend's life-affirming optimism rather than the circumstances of his death, Jonson accepts Roe's death, accepts in that the thought of his own: "Which if most gracious heaven grant like thine,/ Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine."

Rare friends deserve rare poems.

iv.

"For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vows be such,/ As what he loves
 may never like too much."
 "Ile not offend thee with a vaine teare more."

Jonson's pledges, his resolve to cherish what he had been given or better, loaned, reverberate in the mind. These are the vows that cannot be kept. Suffering of the kind Jonson experienced fades only to resurface with equal acuteness at some later date of self-reckoning, often when success and public acclaim bring with them their own

burden of solitude. The conversations of Hawthornden confirm that no Stoic precept could assuage Jonson's grief. He went in and out of mourning for his son and for John Roe, continued to feel his griefs intensely. His capacity to respond to the promptings of his own emotional needs made him vulnerable to rejection, led him to misread Drummond's curiosity for affection and to confuse tact with warmth.

To have confided as much of one's troubles to a stranger as Jonson did to Drummond is to experience a peculiar form of humiliation. Jonson must have sensed later, after his return to London, that these confidences had been shared with a man incapable of valuing them. In Scotland, however, Jonson was too lonely to appraise Drummond's response. It would have demanded more distance and a greater control than Jonson could then muster to take a hardnosed look at the dynamic between them, would indeed have added self-contempt to his other woes.

Furthermore, Drummond encouraged Jonson to think of him as a friend. Copies exist of four letters, one a draft version later altered, that Drummond wrote Jonson between January 17 and July 1, 1619. The correspondence between the two poets shows that Drummond dissembled, out of politeness or a more politic instinct, his dislike of the man. Whatever his private reservations, Drummond took care not to alienate Jonson. Like many others who feared Jonson's "raling in verse, or prose, or boeth"¹⁸—the words are Isaac Walton's—Drummond noted that his voluble friend's quarrels tended to erupt into print.

The first letter was composed just two days before he completed his account of Jonson's table-talk with a stinging denunciation of the Englishman's shortcomings. Drummond writes with all of the enthusiasm of an apparent convert: "If there by any other Thing in this Country (unto which my Power can reach) command it; there is nothing I wish more, than to be in the Calendar of them who love you." It is signed "Your loving friend" (*H&S*, I, 204-5). In April of that year Drummond is pleased, or relieved, to hear of Jonson's fond memories of Scotland "and particularlie (such is your kyndnesse) mee," to which Jonson replied in a letter sent from London ten days later that he was Drummond's "*most true Friend and Lover*" (*H&S*, I, 206-7; Jonson's stress). The formality of Drummond's letter of July 1 conveys his actual reservations. Here protestations of friendship, carefully drafted in the earlier letters, are replaced by the inflated currency of the marketplace. For the language of the heart, Drummond substituted flattery.

SIR,

The uncertainty of your abode was a cause of my silence this time past. I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place either of the City or Court where he shall not be found out (*H&S*, I, 208).

Drummond may well have tired of the deceit an enforced intimacy with Jonson had propelled him into. In the last extant letter between the two men he tactfully severed the bond, announced his independence from Jonson's orbit of friendships. The de-escalation in felt emotional connectedness these letters trace tells a familiar story. Drummond bribes Jonson with a sop to his fame; he withdraws affection and warmth, omits references to the shared intimacies of Hawthornden. Wishing to free himself from Jonson's need for a "true Friend and Lover," wishing also to avoid an open breach, Drummond signalled to his correspondent that the Jonson he was willing to accept, to know, was the illustrious Londoner prized by James I's court. The other Jonson, the belligerent, petulant and curiously needy man who emerges from the *Conversations* Drummond preferred not to acknowledge. That Jonson, over time, can inspire a tender regard. He deserves to be acknowledged for he is a man worth knowing.

NOTES

1. "You know what the death of a child means to a family, I don't quite know why it leaves such an unhealing wound but it does." Katherine Anne Porter, quoted by John Givner, *Katherine Anne Porter: A Life* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1982), p. 410.
2. William Drummond, *Conversations in Ben Jonson*, ed. C.H. Herford, and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52), 1: 132. References to the *Epigrammes*, *Forrest* or the *Underwood* will be cited parenthetically by number; references to other works of Jonson will be cited parenthetically using the abbreviation *H&S*, followed by volume and page number. I have retained the original spelling, normalizing only i/j and u/v. References to *Volpone* are to the Revels edition, ed. R.B. Parker (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1983) and will be cited parenthetically by act, scene and line numbers.
3. Ronald Huebert, "A Shrew Yet Honest: Manliness in Jonson," *Renaissance Drama* 15 (1984): 34.
4. George Parfitt, *Ben Jonson: Public Poet and Private Man* (London: J.M. Dent, 1976), p. 23.
5. J.F.D. Shrewsbury, *A History of Bubonic Plague in the British Isles* (London: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1970), p. 46.
6. Thomas Fuller, *The Worthies of England*, ed. John Freeman (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1952), p. 383.
7. Lewis Hyde, *The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property* (New York: Random House, 1979), p. 88. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically.
8. Sir John Roe, "To Ben. Johnson, 6 Jan. 1603," in *The Poems of John Donne*, ed. Sir Herbert Grierson (1933: rpt. London, Oxford Univ. Press, 1960), pp. 383-4. Roe's poem, which Jonson quoted in part to Drummond using his stay at Hawthornden, was initially attributed to John Donne. See further on Roe's life the fine article by Alvaro Ribeiro, "Sir John Roe: Ben Jonson's Friend," *Review of English Studies* 24 n.s., No. 94 (1973): 153-64.

9. J.F.D. Shrewsbury, p. 303.
10. Janet Hamilton, *Sagacity* (Toronto: Anansi Press, 1981), pp. 66-7. I wish to thank Janet Hamilton and Jeanie Watson for their generous support of this project and specifically for editorial assistance at several stages. The essay has benefitted from their conversation.
11. Jack D. Winner, "The Public and Private Dimensions of Jonson's Epitaphs," in *Classic and Cavalier: Essays on Jonson and the Sons of Ben*, ed. Claude J. Summers and Ted-Larry Peabworth (Pittsburgh: Univ. of Pittsburgh Press, 1982), p. 111.
12. Earl Miner, *The Cavalier Mode from Jonson to Cotton* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1971), p. 306.
13. Lawrence Danson, "Jonsonian Comedy and the Discovery of the Social Self," *PMLA* ((March 1984): 187.
14. Danson, p. 187.
15. Jonathan Z. Kamholtz, "Ben Jonson's *Epigrammes* and Poetic Occasions," *SEL* 23 (Winter 1983): 89.
16. Persius, *The Satires of Persius in Juvenal and Persius*, trans. by G.G. Ramsay (1918; rpt. Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1961), pp. 1374-5.
17. S.P. Zitner, "Truth and Mourning in a Sonnet by Surrey," *ELH* 50 (Fall 1983): 523.
18. Isaac Walton, *Note, H&S*, 1: 181.