

JOHN HALES'
FUNERAL ORATION FOR
SIR THOMAS BODLEY:
AN EDITED TRANSLATION

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By DANIEL BLANK

TRANSLATION

By LEAH WHITTINGTON

TWO LATIN FUNERAL ORATIONS were given to commemorate the death of Sir Thomas Bodley in 1613. The first was delivered in the Divinity School by Isaac Wake,¹ Public Orator to the University, and the second was delivered in Merton College Chapel by John Hales. Both Wake and Hales were Fellows of Merton, as Bodley himself had been; Hales had in fact inherited the Greek lectureship there that had once belonged to Bodley. Both men, too, had benefited at the hands of Bodley's close friend Sir Henry Savile, who had been instrumental in their recruitment to Merton and whose influence had repeatedly led them to various positions of gainful employment. Each worked on Savile's edition of Chrysostom, for example, and when Sir Dudley Carleton (Savile's stepson-in-law) was chosen as ambassador to Venice, Wake went along as his secretary; less than a decade later, Hales would attend the Synod of Dort as Carleton's chaplain.

But while their early paths display numerous points of overlap, their trajectories soon diverged. Wake's involvement in politics eventually led to his being named ambassador to Venice, while Hales' preference for scholarly seclusion resulted in his 'ever-memorable' post at Eton. And although they travelled in the same circles at Oxford, they were likely chosen to memorialize Bodley for reasons that were not entirely similar. Wake's official capacity as Public Orator rendered him an obvious choice, and he was certainly familiar with the duties involved in presiding rhetorically over important public ceremonies: in 1605 he had given a speech in Christ Church in honour of James I's visit to Oxford, and he had delivered a funeral oration for John Rainolds, also a Fellow of Merton, in 1607. Both speeches were later published, and that a man whose speaking abilities Anthony Wood would later call 'majestic' should be called upon to publicly eulogize Bodley is hardly surprising.²

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But if Wake enjoyed prominence mainly on the University stage, Hales enjoyed it within the walls of Merton College, where Savile had recruited him as a Fellow in 1606. Hales' contact with Bodley had begun the previous year, when Bodley hired him to record accessions to the new Library after having been informed (likely by Savile) that he was one 'that writeth faire and finely'.³ Hales remained in Bodley's employment until 1609, and the continuation of their relationship is evidenced by the numerous references to Hales in Bodley's letters to Thomas James, the Bodleian's first librarian. James Hinsdale Elson, whose 1948 biography of Hales remains the most extensive study of his life to date, takes these references to indicate that 'the two men became friends'.⁴ But the majority of Bodley's references to Hales focus upon items to be entered in the Register, and they cease nearly two years before Bodley's death. Elson's conclusion might be more soundly supported by the funeral oration itself, as the selection of Hales could be taken to indicate an intimacy with Bodley that extended beyond the sphere of employment. We might also conclude, however – no less significantly – that Hales' selection resulted from a reputation for rhetorical superiority amongst his fellow Mertonians, attesting to his prominence both as a public speaker and as a member of the Merton community.

The funeral oration became Hales' first published work, printed in the same year it was given, but it received little attention during his lifetime. It initially appeared at the end of a volume of commemorative verses to Bodley entitled *Bodleiomnema*, compiled by the members of Merton College and printed by Joseph Barnes, the University's first printer.⁵ The volume's 84 pages contain memorial poems from over 50 Mertonians, mostly in Latin and occasionally in Greek. Hales' oration is the triumphant culmination, occupying 18 pages at the volume's end, but it did not appear again in print until 1681, when it was included in William Bates' *Vitae selectorum aliquot Virorum*. Bates placed Hales' oration for Bodley immediately after Wake's, with Wake's occupying just five pages in comparison with Hales' eleven – making especially apparent the latter's 'being of no inconsiderable length'.⁶ Yet despite its copious substance, the oration did not receive notice in print again until Hales' complete works were finally compiled in 1765 by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, over a century after his death.

During his lifetime and beyond, Hales' funeral oration for Bodley was vastly overshadowed by his sermons and religious tracts. Four years after the oration was first published, Hales' second publication appeared, *A Sermon Preached at St. Maries in Oxford vpon Tvesday in Easter weeke, 1617*. Largely focusing upon the method of interpreting Scripture, the sermon does display some stylistic similarity to the funeral oration, most notably in Hales' characteristically frequent reference to both classical and Christian

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antiquity (a common feature of his later sermons as well). But the sermon's tone, which Elson describes as 'plain, informal discourse,' is a far cry from the elaborate panegyrics of the funeral oration.⁷ And while we must distinguish between these two rhetorical media, it is noteworthy that the capacity for rhetorical flourish reputedly absent in Hales' first published sermon – and which he has often been accused of having lacked altogether – can be seen in the funeral oration published four years earlier.

Several more of Hales' writings appeared during his lifetime, all of them religious, and at least one of which – *A Tract Concerning Schisme and Schismaticks* – was published in 1642 against his wishes. Yet despite its lack of authorial consent and its controversial reception, that tract was reprinted four times well into the nineteenth century. The posthumous *Golden Remains* volume, published three years after Hales' death, fared similarly well, being reprinted in 1673 and 1688; each edition included, amongst other miscellanies, several sermons and his letters from the Synod of Dort. A number of assorted collections of his treatises were also published in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. In short, although Hales was notoriously averse to (or, at least, uninterested in) publication, his texts were printed and reprinted during his lifetime and into the years that followed. It was beneath this body of primarily religious works that the funeral oration was eventually submerged, perhaps considered by his contemporary and posthumous devotees an irrelevant prelude to the more significant collection of Hales' theological writings.

But a return to the oration's text will demonstrate the extensive insight it offers for studies of both Hales and Bodley. Hales begins by constellating Bodley's death amongst the recent 'loss of learned men', though his international list of scholars and theologians – ranging from the Huguenot scholar Franciscus Junius to the Italian Protestant clergyman Girolamo Zanchi – is hardly limited to the literary sphere. Some of them number among Bodley's acquaintances: his friend and fellow Mertonian John Rainolds earns the first of two mentions in the oration here, as does his former teacher Théodore de Bèze. But the roll call of Bodley's prominent contemporaries is balanced with Hales' aforementioned references to antiquity, with which the speech is undeniably replete. Bodley is variously compared to literary characters (e.g. Nestor) and elsewhere with historical figures (e.g. Domitius Afer), and Hales interweaves his praises of Bodley with Greek and Latin quotations from Chrysostom and Quintilian, among numerous others, much in the same manner as his later sermons.

Contained within Hales' lofty and learned speech is an extensive biography of Bodley, beginning with a description of his family and his upbringing in Geneva. Hales speaks at length of his education at

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Jean Calvin's *Académie*, studying under such figures as Bérauld and Chevallier, Calvin and Bêze; we hear, too, of his subsequent return to Magdalen College, Oxford, under the presidency of the noted theologian Lawrence Humphrey. Hales praises the wide range of Bodley's knowledge, noting that 'the subtleties of Mathematics, the obscurities of Physics, the sublimities of Metaphysics – he did not simply taste, but thoroughly digested them'. General assertions are supported with specific examples, as in the case of Bodley's immense skill in Hebrew, which Hales expounds through an anecdote wherein Bodley was able to decipher a heavily deteriorated Hebrew manuscript with which others had struggled. 'When our man shone on [this document] with the light of his intelligence,' Hales recalls, 'what had been closed now lay open'.

Bodley's more public achievements are recounted as well, including the skillfulness with which he executed a Proctorship and subsequently the office of Deputy Public Orator, in which position 'he showed that he did not lack any of the speaker's equipment for that splendid panoply of all the arts: he was armed for besieging the ears'. Hales' description of Bodley's diplomacy is similarly ecstatic, praising his embassies to Denmark, Germany, and France. Yet Hales' biographical account remains remarkably personal, commenting extensively on Bodley's character as well as his achievements. He refuses to allow his 'admiration for Bodley's talent' to lead him 'to forget his morality and righteousness'. Bodley's ability to emerge 'from adolescence into maturity so pure' is compared with 'Themistocles and the Scipios', ancient paragons of moral virtue who, unlike Bodley, were not immune to the vices of youth. Hales' portrayal is unwaveringly human; he balances praise of Bodley's immense scholarly and stately capabilities with praise of his personal characteristics. 'His incredible sweetness of manner', he writes, 'the charm of his company and his whole bearing, and, as it were, his Attic simplicity, captured both the learned and the unlearned alike'.

The peak of Hales' oration is undoubtedly his discussion of Bodley's Library. Hales' description of the state of the library after the destruction and dispersal that occurred during the Reformation,⁸ 'overrun not merely with cockroaches and bookworms but with briars and crags and impassible rubble', is reminiscent of the condition in which Bodley recalls finding it in his autobiography: '[the Library] then in every part lay ruined and wast'.⁹ Bodley's heroic efforts of restoration, however, created a 'safe, secure haven for writers', a refuge to protect against those who in the current age 'swoop down on all the remains of antiquity and lay unspeakable force and violent hands on the monuments of famous men'. It is Bodley himself, though, who stands as the principal lasting monument, the only figure able

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to successfully oppose such destruction. Bodley's person and his accomplishments are, in the form of the Library, blended into eternity; he is memorialized finally as 'one of nature's great monuments', a man whom the University considers 'to be a living breathing library'.

Thus we find in Hales' oration an extensive account of the Bodleian Library's beginnings and the life of its founder from one with tremendous first-hand knowledge of both. We also see a young Hales, prior to his involvement in the religious controversies of the seventeenth century, preoccupied with learned matters and evidently well informed of the contemporary situation. As scholarly interest in Hales increases and as the 400th anniversary of Bodley's death approaches, our fresh translation attempts to provide renewed access to this often forgotten, yet greatly important, text.

Note on the Text

A complete English translation of Hales' funeral oration has never before appeared in print,¹⁰ and so in providing a new translation, we hope to increase this neglected document's accessibility in both English and Latin. With that goal in mind, we have relied primarily on the 1765 text as printed by Dalrymple, which is faithful to the original 1613 edition but reprinted with an eye towards readability. There are virtually no substantive changes, but all unnecessary accents have been eliminated and all contractions (including Greek ligatures) have been expanded; we have altered the long 's' in accordance with modern typography. Textual discrepancies of any other kind are noted. We have replaced Dalrymple's editorial glosses with our own.

Acknowledgements

We are indebted to William Poole and Nigel Smith for the suggestions and guidance they offered at various stages of this project, and to Nicholas Hardy for helpful feedback on the introduction and annotations. We are grateful to Julian Reid and the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for permission to consult archival materials. We also wish to thank Mary Clapinson, editor of *The Bodleian Library Record*, for her assistance in the preparation of this article.

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ORATIO FUNEBRIS

HABITA IN COLLEGIO MERTONENSI A

JOHANNE HALESIO,

MAGISTRO IN ARTIBUS,

ET EJUSDEM COLLEGII SOCIO,

ANNO M.DC.XIII. MARTII 29.

QUO DIE CLARISSIMO EQUITI

D. THOMAE BODLEIO

FUNUS DUCEBATUR.

Ornatissime PROCANCELLARIE, Clarissimi, Doctissimi,
Venerabiles Viri;

Facietis mihi, uti spero, inauspicatae orationis veniam, si quod intus apud me diu sum commentatus, et tacito tantum praesagio divinabam, illud coram apud vos hodierno die praedicem: videri mihi et artium et caeterarum¹¹ rerum semper¹² legem esse, idemque, quod reliquis omnibus, Musis etiam literisque senium et interitum imminere. Non refricabo alicujus antiquioris seculi infortunia: ipsum hoc, quod agimus, incusabo aevum, reliquis impendio infelicius. Nam quam tandem aetatem majora literatorum dispendia afflixerunt? Aut quod unquam seculum tot tamque continua doctissimorum virorum busta funestarunt? Illam auream ubertatem, illam sylvam hominum in omni artium genere praestantissimorum, quam, non dico majorum aetas, sed pueritia nostra vidit florentissimam, eam pene omnem juvenus nostra vidit extinctam. Whitakerum, Bezam, Zanchium, Rainoldum, Junium, addo etiam alterius licet Musae, Scaligeros, Lipsiumque cum nondum per aetatem aestimare potuimus, (proh dolor!) amisimus. Scilicet in autumnum quendam incidimus multo infelicissimum, in quo necesse fuit tantam literarum et eruditionis segetem infringi, demeti, exarescere. Sed nondum penitus animis fracti concideramus: in mediis bustis, funeribus, et exequiis spem tamen aluimus impudentem. Nimirum subiit animum, nos homunculos,¹³ ubi salillum, quod habemus, animae expiraverit, totos perire: literas vero immortale fas habere, nullius aevi senio intermori, nulla invidia carpi, nulla oblivione sepeliri. Quippe supererant praestantissimi viri, et in rebus agendis nil nisi immortale cogitare soliti, qui in eo negotium, in eo otium, in eo vigilias, in eo etiam somnum reponerent suum, ut mortalitatem, quam literatis depellere

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non possent, ab ipsis tamen literis pulcherrimis consiliis et operibus propulsarent. Sed dum nobis faciles adblandiremur, et infelicium literarum miseram solitudinem cogitationibus istis solaremur: nescio quae solatiis nostris insidiata invidia, ut nihil amplius, non spei, non speculae, fieret reliquum, subito nobis subduxit hunc magnum Musarum patronum, et Academiae nihil praeter charissimi capitis triste desiderium reliquit. Ergo omnes illi benignissimae naturae flores, illi perennes inexhaustae munificentiae fontes exaruerunt? Ergo excellentis animi ornamenta, et vigorem immortalem, tot divinissimarum cogitationum foecundum, tot annorum virtutes dies una, hora, momentum abstulit? Certe. Potuit infirmitas et conditio mortalitatis nostrae, potuit incerta fortuna, certissima natura: ausim immutare verba mea, et sic melius errare: potuit incerta natura, certissima fortuna, quae nullo cum iudicio in rebus versatur, nullo ordine et examine miscet fata, confundit merita; potuit, inquam, aliorum ignobile et inutile senium improba vivacitate usque et usque fatigare: huic vero brevem exigui spiritus auraeque communis usum invidere, qui si annis Nestorem aequasset, nobis tamen fuisset in immaturis. Iis enim qui aeternitatem cogitant, et sese amplissimis operibus posteritati transmittunt, quae potest esse non immatura mors? Nam arcti et compressi pectoris mortales, quibus una cura brevem vitam caducis laboribus fatigare, ut vivendi causas quotidie finiunt, ita singulis diebus efferuntur: at vegeta et experrecta indoles, cui is labor, ea quies, meditari amplissima, et magnifice cogitata splendidissimis factis honestare; nulla illi mors non repentina est, ut quae fundantem arces et castella molientem opprimat, et inceptas turre, et imperfecta moenia, et semper inchoatum aliquid interrumpat. Erat hoc Bodleii nostri fatum iniquissimum: quem praeclarissimorum operum, aliorum quidem compotem, aliorum vero candidatum, oppressit ultima necessitas, coëgitque tot labores in sulco quasi et semine destituere. Nos vero quid aliud Divinam Majestatem votis votisque poposcimus, quam ut ipse longa pietate munus nutriret suum; quam ut sub ipsius, tanquam saluberrimi sideris aspectu laeta beneficii seges in aristam quasi et fructum maturesceret? Sed ita averso numine vota nuncupavimus, ut non modo nihil annorum apponeretur, sed nec, quae postrema solet esse defunctorum felicitas, accederet in funere laudator disertus. Nolebam equidem, Viri Gravissimi, et certe iniquissimum esse ducebam, illam ex omni bonarum artium ingenio collectam perfectionem, illam munificentiam, quam non modo moribus nostris non expressam, sed vix libris descriptam habemus, illas reliquas virtutes plane divinas, quas integras oportuit magnis et decoris ingeniis reservari, in unius ingenioli alea periclitari. Sed quoniam qui in hac tristissima rerum facie moeroris partes habent primas, silentii legem, quam luctui suo gravissimo indixerunt, meo non¹⁴ concedunt: solabor me

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obsequii necessitate, et quum vobis rem ipsam non potero, propensam tamen emetiar voluntatem.

Mihi vero, Summi Viri laudum immensum pelagus ingressuro, mirari subiit eos, qui quum in praeclarissimorum virorum laudibus versentur, atque omnes undique bonae famae auras ambiciosius colligant, nullis tamen libentius vela implent, quam quas aut fortunae, aut patriae, aut natalium splendor emittit. Equidem ego illum sterilem verae solidaeque laudis semper habui, ad cuius gloriae cumulum augendum, aut patriae celebritatem, aut familiae nobilitatem oportebat accedere. Neque enim praestantissimos viros minus honorifica cogitatione prosequi aequum est, quia Romae non nascantur, aut Athenis, aut quia familiae parentesque in honore famae et monumentis non legantur: ut nec solem et sidera minoris ducimus, quia puros illos coelestes orbes, qui illa nobis exhibent, oculorum acie non consequamur. Nam ut corpora sana et integri sanguinis ex iisdem speciem accipiunt, ex quibus vires: ita verus ille virtutum profectus non adscititio pigmento, sed illo ipso, quo alitur, succo nitet. Si quae tamen sint apud eruditos locorum privilegia, is profecto locus reliquis longe praeclucet omnibus, qui votis Academiae felicissimo illustrium ingeniorum proventu responderit. Atque haec Bodleii nostri patria fuit. Is enim terrarum angulus, cuius felicissima ubertas celeberrimos literarum triumviros, Juellum, Rainoldum, Hookerum, eduxit, Bodleium etiam nobis dedit; providentia quadam sic dispensante, ut quae patria tantos daret Marones, hunc etiam daret Maecenatem. Laudabunt ergo, alias terras amoena pratorum, laeta segetum,¹⁵ densa sylvarum: hanc vero reliquis omnibus literata fertilitas aeternum reddet beatiorum. In familiae Bodleianae praeconiis non tam gentilitiam dignitatem numerarim, (quanquam fuit illa perillustris) quam quod fuerit pietatis laude florentissima. Nam quum agerentur illa funestissima tempora, quum humanitatem, propriam illam religiosorum deam, nusquam magis quam apud religiosos desideraremus; cum aut subeundae essent aut adorandae cruces, et pietati nusquam esset nisi in fuga perfugium: linquenda censuit pientissimus vir, hujus Nostri pater, et domum et terras et placentia pignora, maluitque incertam exterorum humanitatem experiri, quam se certissimae domesticorum crudelitati committere. Fugientium parentum lateri haesit individuus comes Iulus hic; parvus Iulus, cui jam tum in literis regnum quoddam fata destinabant. Jam cuius est miraculi, religionis, cuius vix per aetatem sensum habuit, poenam subire? Cui demum animo, non dico molli et tenello, sed robusto plane et exercitato, calamitates illae frangendo non fuissent? Ille tamen frui miseris et exinde animos viresque recipere, et omni illo tristissimi exilii taedio ad praeclarissima incepta abuti. Frequentare nobilissima gymnasia, ambire illustrium hominum familiaritates, audire celeberrimos

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artium linguarumque professores, Beroaldum in Graecis, Chevalerium in Hebraeis, etiam in sanctiore illa et augustiore theologia Calvinum et Bezam, quorum auditoria jam duodecim annorum auditor implebat. Neque vero quisquam fingi a me Cyrum aliquem, potius quam tradi putet, et ad Bodleii virtutes exequendas, votum magis quam historiam commodari. Nam quid post natam injuriam factum est iniquius, quam ad suam imbecillitatem aliorum vires exigere? Sunt enim magnorum fluminum fontes navigabiles, et generosioris arboris statim planta cum fructu est. Recolligite potius animis omnia illa apud antiquos praematurae industriae miracula: Augustum jam annorum duodecim aviam pro rostris laudantem: Tarpam, Pliniumque jam annorum quatuordecim tragoedias scriptitantes: nam aut me fallit divini ingenii admiratio, aut nihil habent haec, unicae illi tot linguas percipiendi industriae comparandum. Nam cujus est laboris sermoni illi, quem jam nascentes hauriebant, aut rhetoricum cultum, aut poeticum nitorem dare? Imo omnis illa artium exercitatio, quid habet tot linguarum taedio par? Athenis una cum loquela artes ipsas arripiebant: Romae cum Latinis Graeca conjunxisse summa votorum erat. Nos, quibus patrii sermonis paupertas nihil praestat artium, nisi Latinis, Graecis, Hebraeis, Gallica, Italica, Hispanica addamus insuper, nihil egimus. Adeo nobis major exantlandus labor in aperiendis fontibus, quam illis in tranandis fluminibus: illis expeditius, universum artium iter absolvere, quam nobis primas semitas aditusque recludere.

Quamobrem Anglorum licet res saepe fuerint multumque turbatae, Bodleii tamen gloriae et emolumento nunquam magis compositae quietaeque iverunt. Sed quum domi tempestates et procellae detonuissent, et Serenissimae Principis divino beneficio, restinctis animorum incendiis, foro pax, templis sanctitas, juri integritas, omnibus salus esset restituta: protinus collecta est quae toto fuerat orbe sparsa ruina, cujus magna pars Bodleius noster. Reversus itaque Musarum alumnus et 'Centum puer artium,' nihil habuit antiquius, quam beneficum aliquod sidus experiri, cujus influentiae maturantis illapsu, commissa solo semina in segetem et solidam frugem adolescerent. Sinceram itaque et integram adolescentiam suscepit formandam magnus Theologorum Dux, Humfredus: illum intueri eruditus tyro, illum mirari, sub illo toto pectore artes honestas arripere: ut vel hinc satis esset conjecturae quanta mox cum gloria esset in Musarum castris versaturus, qui sub tantis Imperatoribus prima faceret stipendia; ad tanta exempla tenerum tyrocinium exigeret. Quid infinitum laborem, et quotidianam meditationem, et in omni artium genere exercitationes loquar? Etsi enim quod olim Seneca de Nilo, 'Nilus per septena ostia in mare emittitur, quodcunque ex his elegeris, mare est:' illud ego de septemplici artium Nilo dixerim, 'septenis canalibus tanquam ostiis in

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disciplinarum mare emittitur, quodcunque ex his elegeris mare est,' et solum omnibus tum temporis tum diligentiae momentis occupandis sufficit: ille tamen amplius quid divino molimine meditari. Non est visum satis uno artium rivulo tingi, sed universo literarum oceano imbui: non unam selegit artem, quam sibi tanquam sponsam jungeret, sed commune disciplinarum flumen tentavit, omnium artium pulcherrimo comitatu pectus implevit, et ut in aciem omnibus armis instructus, ita in scholas omnibus artibus armatus exiit. Hae magnificae cogitationes Bodleio auctores fuerunt, unicis Mertoni aedibus reliqua Musarum templa postponendi. Nam quum videret in reliquis amplissimum illud per singula spaciandi desiderium, angusto unius professionis gyro infringi, hic vero licere tanquam in latissimo aequore implere vela, et toto ingenio vehi: visum est hunc Mertoni campum aliorum semitis et convallibus, amputatae illi disciplinae et abscissae, latam hanc et magnificam et excelsam antepone. Fertur enim magni animi torrens, non ut fontes angustis fistulis, sed ut latissimi amnes totis convallibus; saxa devolvit, pontem indignatur, ripasque, nisi quas ipse sibi facit, agnoscit, nullas. Istis itaque aedibus inseri et ambivit et obtinuit, quarum castigatissimae disciplinae debentur totius Europae ingenia celeberrima. Nequeo temperare mihi quo minus matri meae felicissimam ubertatem gratuler. Cui enim debent literae, illa in omni disciplinarum genere clarissima lumina? in theologia, Wiclefum, Scotum, Occhamum? in optice Cantuariensem? in physicis Burlaeum et Suissetum? illum tum in humanis tum divinis aetatis suae facile principem Bradwardinum? Excipietis me forsitan aliquo aurium convitio, dicam tamen plane quod sentio. Politissima haec, quae fertur, aetas non tam veram literaturae faciem praestat, quam illa quae incultior audit et inornatior. Illam multarum linguarum scientiam, quod nostri seculi est palmarium, adjunctam licet habeat laudem praeclarissimam, ab ipsis tamen doctrinarum aris atque adytis arcendam censeo, nec ultra πρόναον¹⁶ admittendam. Quid enim? rerum scientia est, non vocularum. Illi fortibus, nos fulgentibus armis praeliamur. Apud illos cultissimum fundum, uberes oleas video, et verum robur: apud nos lilia et violas, hortorum amoenitates, quincuncem, sterilem platanum, tonsasque myrtos. Immo haec ipsa aetas, quae doctissima audire ambit, si quando veritatem remotis inanibus notis rerumque pompa investigandam habet, illos tanquam Democriti puteum consulit, apud illos omnem ubertatem et quasi sylvam sentiendi sapientique libens agnoscit. Ii enim in selectissimis tum theologis tum philosophis arcem tenent, non qui e philologiae spatiis, sed qui e scholarum officinis instructissimi prodierunt. Sed non est idem semper disciplinarum vultus. Nam ut reliqua omnia, ita et literae sua habent momenta, suas periodos, nec eadem omnium seculorum palato sapiunt. Agrestem illum et quasi

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impexum prioris aevi horrorem, politioris aetatis lima reformavit. Secutum est doctrinarum varietatem Athenaeum nostrum, et huic etiam literarum elegantiae ornandae eduxit decora ingenia. Nam ut omittam eos, qui supersunt adhuc, et exornant seculi nostri gloriam, quorum laudibus libera posteritas plenum testimonium prolixè cumulateque reddet: ut omittam eos, quorum ingeniis si dignum theatrum, si scena accessisset, in primis locum habuissent; ut omittam etiam eos, qui magna cum gloria literario pulveri civiles sudores miscuerunt: vel unicus hic, quem lugemus defunctum, solus aedium nostrarum nomen famae insereret, si in hunc usque diem laudis et honoris luce caruisset. Quam enim ille artium regionem non magnis itineribus peragravit? Quo non penetravit illa ignea vis? Aut quis ita affectavit singula, ut is implevit universa? subtilia Matheseos, obscura Physices, sublimia Metaphysices non illi degustata leviter, sed penitus digesta. O incredibilem industriam, quae ita singulis inservire potuit, per universa districta, et universa suscipere in singulis occupata! Nec vero ille passus est divinum ingenium quendam quasi in opaco situm ducere. Nam vix exceperant aedes nostrae parturientem rosam, et illa statim in calathum fundi, et tota rubentium foliorum ambitione pandi. Sic enim oportuit consummatissimum juvenem famam ingredi: non differre tyrocinium in senectutem, sed fructum studiorum viridem et adhuc dulcem promere, et prima illa quasi gemmantis indolis ingeniique germina famae populoque ostendere. Quamobrem in ipsa quasi studiorum incude positus, et primarum tantum artium laurea conspicuus, ἀτοχειροτονητὸς effusissimo totius aedis concursu, Graecarum literarum professorem sese renunciavit. Non enim is est inani scientiae opinione subnixus, ut hodie nonnemo, qui si tria verba sapiat e Lexico, statim sibi Suidas videtur aut Hesychius: omnem dialectorum varietatem, illam incredibilem verborum et compositionum foecunditatem penitus memoria comprehenderat imbiberatque. Statim itaque exploratae utilitatis res adolevit in exemplum, quod ne in posterum interiret, prudentissimi viri praemiis et stipendiis caverunt. Sed enim industriae Bodleianae admiratio ita me totum occupavit, ut mihi prope morum et probitatis oblivionem induxerit. Videri solet multis, scio, inter haec tanta industriae et ingenii praeconia probitatis laus habere frigus quoddam. Mihi vero, etsi in omni vitae nostrae summa, primum in moribus ponendum calculum existimem, tamen nescio quo modo honestas, in illa sublimi et plena spiritus natura, lumen quoddam habere videtur et nitorem, qui in illis inferioris subsellii ingeniis non lucet. Probitas enim saepe simplicitate quadam naturae constat, improbitas ingenio. In illis enim quibus aut conditionis iniquitas occasiones subduxit, aut tenuis et angusta ingenii vena facultatem non ministrat, exilis laus esse moderatos, esse modestos:

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ii vero, queis ingenium, facultas, aetas, occasio lenocinantur, si intactos seculi contagio, si illibatos mores praestiterint, quos plausus merentur? quae praeconia? Atque haec laus Bodleio nostro fere peculiaris est. Nam sic profecto est: postquam omnia summorum virorum exempla evolverimus, vix millesimus quisque evasit adolescentiae senectaeque juxta integrae. Illi ipsi, quos non sine stupore legimus, Themistocles et Scipiones, aetatis suae integritatem non nisi praecerpam vitiis praeclorataeque, maximis rebus gerendis transmiserunt. Hic vero aetatis suae lubricum, quum nondum mores in tuto essent, adolescentiam, quae nulla unquam placuit sine venia, ad maxima obeunda munia illaesa et sacrosanctam conservavit. Quod si quid habeant coelestes cum mortalibus contubernii, si non prorsus veri vana magnorum effata auctorum ferantur, casta illa et nullis contacta vitiis pectora deos ipsos maxime habere familiares: quem praesidentes studiis divinae propius audirent? Cui magis artes suas aperiret familiare numen Minerva? Nunc tandem mirari desino ita pleno numine Musas ipsi affuisse. Itaque non modo Athenas, sed et totum illi Orientem indulerunt. Omnia enim illa seu sacra Hebraeorum, seu secreta Chaldaeorum, seu quicquid habet Syria reconditi, omnia illi quaesita, meditata, evigilataeque erant. Quanti vero studia ista etiam in aliis aestimarit, quamque fuerit eorum, qui hisce literis industriam suam consecrarint, sinus, portus, praemium, exemplum: ut aliis claris testimoniis saepe, ita insigni illo palam fecit, quo eruditum Drusium de his studiis notum, et accivit, et familiariter habuit, cujus et fovit studia, et necessitatibus subvenit, quem etiam discedentem amicissime viatico est prosecutus. Rem non eminentem quidem dicturus sum, sed tamen solida veraque cognitione maximam. Erat in Archivis nostris Hebraeis conscripta literis syngrapha, negotii olim cum Judaeis habiti testimonium. Erant literulae vacillantes illae et perversae Rabbiorum, et characteris morositati accesserat etiam temporis injuria, quae incertos tantum apices reliquerat, et ἐξίτηλὰ literarum capita. Diu itaque neglecta jacuit, ut Sibyllae folium, cui arbitri et interpretis lumen deesset. Ubi vero hic Noster ingenii quadam face illuxisset, statim patere clausa, lucere tenebrosa, et redire quasi evanescens scriptura, ut quae vix oculis olim, nunc prope manibus tenerentur. Est hoc fortassis minoris, sed tamen numeri. Quaedam enim minima quidem sunt, sed tamen non possunt nisi a maximis proficisci. Non enim illa solum pulcherrima, et omnibus expressa coloribus tabula, sed et minima linea Apellem loquitur: neque haec tantum maxima rerum compages, sed nec culices, nec formicae, nec vermiculi ab alio potuerunt, quam ab infinita illa majestate proficisci. Ego vobis, auditores, in illa praeclarissima vitae Bodleianae summa non talenta tantum, aut minas, sed, si liceret, singulos etiam sestertios numerarem. Equidem nihil dicam temere, ea tantum loquar, quae viri maximi aeternis

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literarum monumentis consignerunt. 'In hominibus praeclarissimis, non solum, quae speciosissima sunt, et omnium oculos convertunt, tenere nos debebant, sed et illa quotidianae necessitatis munia,' τί ἔφαγον, καὶ πότε ἔφαγον, πότε ἐκάθισαν καὶ ποῦ ἐβάδισαν; nam ut in omnibus intenta nervis cythara, ita in magnorum hominum actionibus, summa infimis incredibili quodam consensu concentuque respondent: et altae mentis, quae in maximis splendet, radius quidam et velut ἀπώγασμα in minimis elucet.

Sed quid ego pluvias, ut inquit Pindarus, aquas colligo, sese undique vivo gurgite offerente? Illa Bodleii industria plusquam humana, illa tot linguarum artiumque infinita comprehensio, doctos tantum egit in stuporem: at illa incredibilis morum suavitas, ille in congressibus gestuque toto lepos et veluti Attacismus quidam, doctos indoctosque juxta cepit. Sunt quibus lucubrationum intemperies et pertinacia quicquid est in moribus laetum carpit, et omnes amoenos ingenii succos ebibit. Tristes evadunt et difficiles, et dum se studiis humanitatis applicant, ipsi prope fiunt inhumani. Noster vero continuata studia, quorum perditus et pernox satagebat, infinita venustate quadam et quasi quinta parte nectaris imbuere; et cum se totum Musis consecrasset, luci tamen et amicis et congressibus dare nihilo secius. Unde et illa supervacua literarum et amoena artium diverticula discere, non habuit insuper: inspicere eos, quorum ars in manuum vultusque indicibus dijudicandis versatur, scire quicquid oneirocritici somniant de insomniis, istis demum in conventibus, tanquam honesta quadam, et festiva, et erudita alea lusitare. Hanc autem utramque quam induerat personam, ita summo egit cum iudicio, ut nihil severitati ejus hilaritate, nihil gravitati humanitate detraheretur: in illis vero quasi supremi coeli disciplinis, quantus fuerit, quam anquisite solliciteque prudentium consulta, Hippocratis oracula, divina Theologorum scrutatus fuerit, reverentius erit integrum illibatumque secretis vestris cogitationibus reservari, quam carptim breviterque perstringi. Illud vero intactum praeterire non possum, quo et altioris eruditionis gloriam, et amoeni ingenii laudem reportavit. Nam quum in exteris Academiis ingenii cultum caperet: et inaccesseret desiderium, hominum de se voluntates et iudicia explorandi, quantumque ipse posset in Juris scientia experiundi: placuit publice sui specimen exhibere, et in celeberrimo prudentium conventu aliquid controversi Juridicorum more discutere. Quam rem ita omnibus absolvit numeris; eo iudicio authorum expendit opiniones, eo acumine in intimos recessus penetravit, ea denique autoritate sententiam tulit, ut qui Scaevolae et Ulpiani audiebant, Bodleium purpura et supremis illius scientiae titulis et insignibus, propensissimis animis et suffragiis cuperent irentque ornatum. Sed non ego illa publici juris faciam, quae ipsi visum est

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sui tantum pectoris sacrario committere: honores illos attingam potius, in quibus libera tum Academiae tum reipublicae iudicia est expertus. Nam iudicii in rebus moderandis satis amplum testimonium dedit Universitas, cum eum incredibili omnium ordinum consensu Procuratoriae dignitatis ornamentis honestaret: literarum vero elegantiae multo amplissimum, cum illum Publici Oratoris munere ornaret, quo ille sic est perfunctus, ut sibi ad illam divinam omnium artium *πανοπλίαν* non defuisse ostenderet rhetorum vineas et pluteos, et reliquam eruditam vim et oppugnandarum aurium apparatus. Haec autem summa licet apud nos sint munera, quorum illa aetas capax, erant tamen pulcherrimis illis cogitationibus inferiora. Nam quum videret, quanta dignitas, quanta majestas, quantum denique numen esset civilis prudentiae, noluit ulterius in istis officiorum ludicris et umbra velitari, illosque ad veram pugnam natos lacertos, levitate jaculi aut jactu disci vanescere. Protinus ergo Germaniam, Galliam, Italiam peragrare, pulcherrimis exemplis imbui, inde prudentiae haustus bibere, inde civilium rerum usum sumere, quem mox in negotiis et consiliis praestaret. Neque vero illum divinae spes et cogitationes fefellerunt. Vix enim reversus est, et statim nobilissimas obire legationes, ad Fredericum serenissimum Daniae Regem, Julium Ducem Brunsvicensem, Gulielmum Hassiae Lantgravium, Henricum Christianissimum Galliarum Regem, funestissima illa Gallicanae reipublicae tempestate, qua Guisianorum scelere et furiis acta regia civitas clementissimum et immeritissimum Regem expulit, et pudendo exemplo ultima impulit rerum vitaeque suae discrimina experiri. Huc accedat celeberrimum illud apud Foederatarum Provinciarum Ordines actum quinquennium, quo turbatis pacem, dispersis ordinem dedit, quicquid flammaram incensi animi conceperant, extinxit, et si quas tempestates concitatae suspicionibus mentes portendebant, serenavit. Hoc illud tempus est, quo honoratissimo Viro per Serenissimam Principem et reliquam Procerum manum, quae ipsi assidebat ad gubernacula, amplissimum fidei prudentiaeque testimonium factum est. Nam quum illa Legatorum pene lex sit, ex praescripto tantum agere, et velut praeformatas infantibus literas persequi, et ut Graeci dicere solent, 'quem mater amictum dedit, sollicite custodire:' Ille solus nihil fere monitorum accipere, suis tantum niti radicibus, et dominus rerum temporumque, trahere consiliis omnia, non sequi. Haecine vobis levia aut ludicra videntur, induere regum personas, indutasque agere? Voluntates principum, quas intelligere, immo subodorari saepe nefas est, divinare et feliciter antecedere? At non est visum sic Honoratissimo Seni, qui tum temporum principis totiusque reipublicae gratia est subnixus. Ille unicum mirari Bodleium, summis apud principem laudibus ornare, dignissimum ferre, qui consiliis et secretis intersit, immo illud in animo moliri, ut

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Bodleium sibi in officio collegam renunciaret. Sed quum Illustrissimus Vir, qui in ea scena rerum in principis populique favore partes agebat multo maximas, Bodleium importunis ubique oneraret laudibus, quas non cessabant nimium ingeniose malevoli magis in aliorum praejudicium, quam in ipsius honorem conceptas interpretari: accendit ea res potentissimos aemulos, quibus obstinatum in posterum Bodleii honores infringere, et, si quid ipsi decerneretur honorifici, intercedere. Ego vero te, Bodleie, non illum magis auspiciatum puto egisse diem, quo Galliam, Daniam, Germaniam nobilissimis legationibus peragrare, quam quo libero de dignitate tua hominum maximorum iudicio fruerere. Tum enim omnes legationum et honorum titulos supergressus es. Ambire enim et gerere honores summos, pessimi et possunt, et saepe solent. At frui opinione optimorum, haberi omnibus titulis et honoribus par, is solus potest, quem vera virtus internis hominum conscientis fecit commendatissimum. Quamobrem cum eo jam cardine prudentissimus vir res suas verti comperisset, linquendas censuit incertas artes, et non semper sinceras magnatum amicitias, removendum se a sollicitudinibus et curis, et necessitate quotidie aliquid contra animum faciendi: statuitque in loca pura atque innocentia, et in aliquod pulcherrimum quietis Linternum concedere. Quod divinum Bodleii consilium postquam innotuisset, quam aegre? qua contentione? quo nisu obtinuit? quam ei pene patria manum iniecit? Iterum offerre sese celeberrimae legationes, iterum Gallia vocare, iterum Germania, nobilissima Bodleianae virtutis arena, iterum tituli et honores. Sed obduruerat contemptor ambitionis et infinitae cupiditatis fraenator animus, maluitque secretus et consecratus, liber ab invidia, procul a contentionibus, famam in tuto collocare, verumque honorem in hominum iudiciis, quam titulorum splendore reponere. Quantam vobis haec divinae mentis admirationem excitant? Nam post damnum temporis et spes deceptas impetu quodam et instinctu quaerere secretum, et hominum famam contemnere, cum te prius fama hominesque contempserint, facile est. Sed cum ambit et quasi procatur honor et secundus magnatum favor, deliberare et causas expendere, utque suaserit ratio, honoris aut secreti consilium capere vel ponere, ingentis animi est. Quamobrem te, Bodleie, ut actionis flore, ita et secessionis tuae opportunitate, divino consilio usum arbitror. Est enim illud sapientis viri et in omni optimi civis officio versati, finem quoque dignum optimo viro et opere sanctissimo facere, et scire quando desinendum. Merito sua riserunt secula Domitium Afrum, qui cum olim fori princeps fuisset, tandem vero senectute fractus quotidie aliquid autoritatis perderet, et versari tamen in orationibus et rostris vellet, opportuni scommatis occasionem fecit, ‘malle eum deficere, quam desinere.’ Nostro ergo curae fuit, priusquam in has aetatis veniret insidias,

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receptui canere, et in portum integra nave pervenire, et desinere cum desideraretur. Atqui insita illa coelestis vis nullo potuit secreto, nullo secessu infringi: sed ut nobiliora animalia, si caveis includas, effervescent magis; ita ignea mens eo magis incaluit, quo angustiore gyro coerceretur. Non enim otiosa res est aut quieta magnificus animus, nec quae importuna quadam modestia, et veluti probitate gaudeat. Inquies est, effraenata, contumax, mutat industriam, non intermittit; pascitur operibus, reficitur curis, et quod aliis labor, illi natura est. Rem itaque aggreditur Bodleius nec dicendam nec silendam sine cura. Nam cum memoria recoleret Academiam gentemque togatam, curas olim suas et amores; videretque vetustatem, non privatam aliquam partem, sed ipsa insignia atque infulas Academiae invasisse: et locum illum, quem Musae tam manifestae ac praesentes, quam Parnassum ac Heliconam insident, non modo blattas et tineas, sed prope vepres et cautes et avia occupasse: cogitavit non modo de hominibus, sed de tectis ipsis bene mereri, sistere ruinas, pellere solitudines, et ingentia opera, eodem quo extracta sunt animo, ab interitu vindicare, Musisque quas priorum temporum immanitas expulerat, quasi spiritum et sanguinem et patriam refundere. Jam vero quam hoc magni animi, quam augusti, non unum aliquem liberalitate demereri, sed totius literati orbis ambitu munificentiam terminare? Deum ipsum imitari, et beneficia non hominibus, sed humano generi praestare? simul omnia perfundere, utque sol et dies, non parte aliqua, sed statim totum, nec uni aut alteri, sed omnibus in commune proferri? Quinetiam ut regii tantum muneris erat viam hanc primo disciplinis aperuisse, librosque publice legendos exhibuisse: (sic enim literatis Pisisstratus, Xerxes, Seleucus, Ptolemaeus omnium primi consuluerunt) ita quoscunque accendit imitationis ardor tanta implere vestigia, regiae plane munificentiae erant et divinae. Patimini, obsecro, Academici doctissimi, me Mertonensibus meis iterum celeberrima famae gloriaeque nostrae lumina gratulari. Propemodum enim nostra est et peculiaris felicitas bibliothecas sumptibus excitare, et ingeniis implere. Nobis enim debetis Kempium illum magnum Archipraesulem, cujus gratissimam memoriam ad omnes aras et pulvinaria solenni pietate et officii prosequimini. Ille vobis in excelsa illa pyramidum et elegantissimi operis mole extruenda immensos sumptus exhaustit; nec in extruenda modo celeberrimam posuit operam, sed et quingentis insuper instruxit voluminibus, et intus argumenti scripturaeque pretio nobilissimis, et extra argento auroque operose fulgidis. Quae omnia cum in triumphum barbariae et inscitiae cessissent, hinc tanquam e Kempii cinere exortus Bodleius, ita omnia multo praestantioribus reponi curavit, ut ideo cecidisse videantur, ut hic egregius vindex et restitutor accederet. Cogitati operis gloriam celeritatis lenocinium commendavit. Nec enim is erat, apud quem longis et accuratis

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precibus erat utendum, aut qui promissa gravate praestaret, et imputanti similis. Illum, demerendis hominibus natum, quisquam ut hortetur? quisquam ut admoneat? ut instiget? eadem opera auras ut vigeant, ignes ut caleant, maria ut effluent, superfluous instigator admoneret. Ille enim statim communicare Academicis consilia, accersere peritos, et ne videretur beneficio pondus quaerere, statim aggredi. Memini, semperque meminero illius diei, cum revertentium a consilio publico majorum meorum sermonibus puer interesset; Quis tum erat omnium ardor? qui sermo? Venisse in consessum honoratissimum virum; orationem habuisse, qualem. Deus bone! quam magnificam? operam Academiae cumulatissime promississe, et immensos, quos undique infinitis sumptibus comparaverat, librorum thesauros coram Academiae donasse. Quae fuit illius diei laetitia? quis totius civitatis concursus? quae vota pene inferentium coelo manus? Sic enim affecti fuimus, quasi tum demum veram Academiae faciem intueremur, et nunquam antea. Nihil dicam ambitiosius augendae rei causa, utinamque non sim minuendae. Rei literariae rationibus nemo unquam melius, nemo opportunius ivit consultum. Nam qui in haec postrema incidimus tempora atque pessima, ut in rebus civilibus nihil vidimus usitatius quam inusitata flagitia, ita in disciplinis infandam sensimus tentari crudelitatem, et deterrimis nunquam auditam seculis. Parum scilicet in poenas notae crudelitatis fuit: non est satis damnatas esse ferro manus et pedes, terga flagris, cervices laqueo et securibus: in ea quae ab omni patientia rerum natura subduxit, in hominum ingenia, in disciplinarum monumenta saevire, nostrae aetatis specimen est. Nam qui pietati et sanctioribus literis abolendis sacramento dixerunt, postquam nihil fraudis artiumque infamium reliquerint intentatum, sentiunt tamen sese nihilosecius ita durissimis conflagere conditionibus atque ultimis, ut rebus non possint succurrere desperatis, nisi in omnia antiquitatis testimonia involent, et praeclarissimorum virorum monumentis infandam vim et manus inferant: pristina ingenia alia extinxerunt penitus, alia mutilarunt, alia faece et scoria infecerunt, omnia immundo contactu polluerunt. 'Dii talem terris avertite pestem.' Sed enim labes illa et funesta disciplinarum pestis, quae ubique praela occupaverat, irrepserat in Bibliothecas, nec jam secretis molitionibus, sed palam multitudine et autoritate munita volitabat, nullis potuit, ne Vulcaniis quidem armis penitus confodi, quam est per Bodleium, confecta atque trucidata, quum tutissimum illud scriptoribus asylum consecraret. Quamobrem grassentur quae volunt Possevinus et Gretserus, qui in corrumpendis libris dominantur: cudant, recudant, inhi-beant, corrigant, corrumpant, corrodant, Bodleii tamen immortalis munificentiae divinum munus inviolata antiquorum monumenta omni posteritati dabit. Sed dum vobis impensius faveo, quae

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ego et quanta praetermitto? Perpetuos illos et opimos redditus, quibus operis sui aeternitati prospexit: leges illas et saluberrima instituta, quibus, quantum erat humanae opis, hominum et temporum injuriis ivit obviam: reliqua illa, quae singula etiam dispensata justis voluminis instar exigunt? Facile enim sentio orationis meae taedium, et longae attentionis vestrae martyrium. Sed quid faciam? aut quem ego statuam orationi meae finem, quum hic beneficiis statuat nullum? Instat et onerat priora sequentibus, nec satis actum putat, nisi suis immensis sumptibus futurorum liberalitatem invitet. Nam quum amplissimum prioris seculi opus posteriorum munificentia feliciter angustum fecisset, regiis plane impensis amplissimo auxit frontispicio; cui cum ultimam manum imposuisset, Divina Majestas eum coelo vindicavit, ne post illud immortale factum, mortale aliquid faceret. Enimvero, Bodleie, fuerit haec maximo operi tuo debita veneratio, ut novissimum esset: fuerit etiam fortassis felicitatis tuae pulcherrimo operi immori: at quid reipublicae respondebimus, quam tractasti? quid Academiae, quam instaurasti, quae in mediis tuis Mausolaeis et monumentis et bibliothecis te cogitat, te desiderat: quae te ut insigne quoddam naturae monumentum suspexit, te omni artium supellectile instructissimum, ut vivam et spirantem bibliothecam semper habuit. Cui jam nostrum sudabit ingenium? Cui literulae nostrae placere gestient? quicquid dixerimus, quicquid meditabimur, quia ille non audit, mutum videtur. Monumenta illa quidem atque beneficia manent, aeternumque manebunt, nec ulla unquam labassent innumerabili annorum serie et fuga temporum. Sed admirabiles illos et spirantes amores, quibus Academiam prolixissime est amplexus, fidelibus icti desideriis quaerimus. Nam qui dissimulare possumus, quas ille curas in causis negotiisque academicis susceperit? Quam illa ultima deficientis spiritus momenta circa solam Academiam habuerit? Nam cum certus obeundi media jam morte teneretur, et de illa, quam scholis publicis imponere statuerat, coronide sermo incidisset: 'Ego,' inquit, 'si vixero, ipse praestabo, sin mihi aliquid accidat humanitus, testamento cavebo.' Atque hic cum aliquis ex intimis novas vires et longam salutem voto magis quam spe ominaretur: 'Immo vero, ego,' inquit, 'moriar. Nam quamdiu mihi cor vegetum mansit et erectum, vitae spem fovi: ac nunc mihi ipsum cor labascit, et mors certissima imminet.' Tibi cor ut labascit, Bodleie, aut unquam illud pulcherrimorum consiliorum domicilium frigus et torpor ut occupet? Tuumne, o praesidium nostrum et dulce decus, frigidum et exangue corpus tenemus, videmus, et charissimam nobis sanctissimamque memoriam postremis officiis hodierno die prosequimur? Tene, quem deum quandam et parentem statuimus fortunae, nominisque nostri, intuemur hodie sine nomine cadaver, truncum, cineres, nihil? Atque ille quidem, obiit, plenus

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annorum μετρητῶν ἀμετρήτωντε, plenus honorum, etiam illorum quos recusavit: candidatus aeternitatis et exempli, quod imitabitur nemo, etsi omnes fateantur imitandum. Vos vero, sanctae reliquiae et quicquid restat Bodleii, eruditi cineres, quos hodie postremum videmus, heu postremum videmus, salutamus, salvete aeternum, aeternumque valete.

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FUNERAL ORATION

DELIVERED IN MERTON COLLEGE BY

JOHN HALES,

MASTER OF ARTS,

AND FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE,

IN THE YEAR 1613 ON THE 29TH OF MARCH

ON WHICH DAY WAS CELEBRATED THE FUNERAL OF

SIR THOMAS BODLEY

KNIGHT.

Most excellent PRO-CHANCELLOR; most distinguished,
learned and reverend men;

You will grant me, I hope, the pardon due to an inauspicious speech, if I make known before you today what I long considered within myself and anticipated only with silent foreboding: it seems to me to be a law of the arts, as of all things, that decay and destruction hang down over the Muses and the world of learning just as over everything else. I will not pick at the scabs of some more ancient age: I will direct my indignation at the very age in which we now live, so much more to be pitied than every other. For what generation has been afflicted by a greater loss of learned men? What age has been defiled by the deaths of so many luminaries in the world of letters, so quickly in succession? That golden cornucopia, that forest of men outstanding in every branch of learning, which we as children (I need not add our fathers) saw in full bloom, now as young men we have seen almost entirely destroyed. We have lost, alas, Whitaker, Beza, Zanchi, Rainolds, Junius,¹⁷ and (even though they belong to another Muse) the Scaligers and Lipsius¹⁸ – all when we were not yet old enough to appreciate them. A most unhappy autumn has fallen upon us, in which this rich crop of learning and erudition has been cut down, harvested, burned to the ground. But though broken in spirit we had not yet surrendered completely: in the midst of the pyres, corpses, and funeral processions, we continued to nourish a brazen hope. We knew, of course, that when this brief time that is ours expires, we paltry little men perish utterly; but learning has an everlasting right never to be destroyed by age, never to be eroded by envy, never to be entombed in forgetfulness. Indeed, the best men were still alive – those accustomed in their affairs to consider only the highest ends, who carried out their work,

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their leisure, their wakefulness, and even their sleep in such a way that with their beautiful thoughts and deeds they drove off mortality from the fruits of learning, even if they could not save the learned themselves. But while we willingly flattered ourselves and were consoled about the miserable state of learning with thoughts like these, some envious power (I don't know what), taking advantage of our complacency so that no hope remained either great or small, took from under our feet this great patron of the Muses, and left the University with nothing but melancholy longing for the dearest of men. Well, then, are all the flowers of that most generous nature, the eternal springs of that inexhaustible liberality, dried up? Has one day, one hour, one minute stolen away the ornaments of his superb mind, his extraordinary vitality, teeming with so many heavenly thoughts, the virtues he practiced over so many years? Certainly. The frailty of our mortal nature is capable of that; fortune in all her unpredictability is capable of that; nature is sure to do it. Indeed, I would dare to change my words and err more accurately: nature in all her unpredictability is capable of that, and fortune is certain to do it – fortune that handles our affairs without discretion, arranges our destiny with no design or purpose, and without a moment's thought confounds our deserts. Fortune, I say, has prolonged the old age of other men – ignoble and useless though it be – with an unbecoming will to live, but she begrudged this man the brief use of his shallow breath and common air – this man whose death would have seemed premature to us, even if he had equalled Nestor in years. For men whose thoughts are set on eternity, who bequeath themselves to posterity in great works, what death is not untimely? Mortal men of narrow and limited understanding are concerned only to consume their short lives with short-lived labours; each day they exhaust the reasons for living, and they die a daily death. But a man with an energetic, lively nature, whose work and leisure is to think on great things and to ennoble lofty thoughts with lofty deeds – for him death always comes too suddenly. It overtakes him as he is laying the foundations of a citadel and building castles; it interrupts towers and walls only just begun; something is always left undone. This was our Bodley's most unjust fate: death overtook him at a time when he commanded many grand projects, and was striving after others. It forced him to abandon his labour, as it were, in the furrow and in the seed. As for us, we prayed God's Majesty for nothing other than that he be able to carry out his labours with lasting devotion; that under his influence, as under a healthful star, the seedlings of his bountiful generosity might grow and mature, as it were, into wheat and fruit. But we made our supplications to a god so hostile that not only was he granted no more years, but what is more, no skilled eulogist (the last happiness of the dead) came forward at his funeral. For indeed, most venerable men, I did

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not wish (and I certainly thought it most unjust) to hazard on the dice of one small mind the perfection he achieved through knowledge of all the good arts; his generosity, which we have scarcely ever seen in books, much less in everyday life; and all his other virtues – clearly God-given – which ought to have been reserved for greater and more suitable intellects. But since those who claim the first place of mourning at this sad occasion do not allow me to observe the same law of silence which they have imposed on their own grief, I will comfort myself with the necessity of compliance, and even though I will not be able to give you the man himself, nevertheless I offer a willing heart.

But as I embark upon the immense sea of this great man's praise, I am astonished at those who concern themselves with praising the most eminent men, who look to gather all the winds of good report, and yet still insist on filling their sails with gusts blown by the glory of fortune or country or birth. I myself have always considered a man to be undeserving of genuine praise if his merits must be exaggerated with the fame of his fatherland or the nobility of his family. For it is not right to treat outstanding men less honourably simply because they were not born at Rome, or at Athens, or because the names of their families and relatives do not appear on monuments or in the roll call of fame. Just as we do not value the sun and the stars less because our eyes are not able to perceive their pure celestial orbs, but only the light they reveal to us; just as healthy bodies with sound blood take their appearance from the same source as they take their strength; so the true profit of virtue shines not with added nutrients but with the very nectar by which it is nourished. But if place has any privilege among learned men, then that place far outshines all others which responded to the prayers of the University with the most abundant supply of outstanding minds. And this was our Bodley's home.¹⁹ This corner of the earth, whose bounteous fruitfulness brought forth a triumvirate of learned men – Jewel, Rainolds, and Hooker²⁰ – also gave us Bodley. Providence ensured that the county which produced so many Maros also gave us this Maecenas.²¹ Other lands will be praised for their lovely meadows, fertile crops, thick forests: Devonshire will be forever more blessed than all other lands for the richness of its letters. In celebrating Bodley's family, I do not wish to discuss the dignity of its rank (although it was very illustrious) so much as its reputation for piety. For during those fateful times, when we looked for humanity – the true goddess of religion – nowhere more than among the religious; when crosses had to be either mounted or adored, and there was no refuge for godliness except in exile, that most pious man, Bodley's father, determined to leave everything behind – home, country, and sustenance – preferring to try the uncertain humanity of foreigners rather than to resign

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himself to certain cruelty at home.²² Our little Iulus clung tightly to the side of his fleeing parents; little Iulus, for whom the fates were already preparing a kingdom in the world of letters.²³ What a miracle, what religious devotion (which at that age he scarcely understood) to undergo such suffering! What spirit, not soft and tender but robust and disciplined, would not have been broken by these trials? But he made use of his afflictions. He recovered his strength and spirit, and turned the sad ordeals of exile into a glorious beginning. He frequented the most noble gymnasia; he gained the friendship of illustrious men; he listened to the most celebrated professors of arts and languages – Beroaldus in Greek, Chevalerius in Hebrew,²⁴ and in that holier and more honourable discipline of theology, Calvin²⁵ and Beza, whose lectures he began to attend when he was twelve years old.²⁶ But no one should imagine that I am inventing a Cyrus rather than describing one; or that in enumerating Bodley's virtues, I am recounting the youth I wish he had been rather than relating the facts. For aside from conscious harm what is more unjust than to measure a man's weakness by other men's strengths? For you can sail a great river at its source; the sapling of a noble tree bears mature fruit. Consider all the signs of precocious talent among the ancients: Augustus praising his grandmother at the rostrum when he was twelve;²⁷ Tarpa²⁸ and Pliny writing tragedies at fourteen.²⁹ Either my admiration for Bodley's divine genius deceives me or they have nothing to compare with his singular talent for languages. For what difficulty is there in adding rhetorical polish or poetic shine to a language imbibed at birth? In the whole course of a literary education, what can rival the weariness of learning so many languages? At Athens they took in the arts at the same time as language itself. At Rome it was the highest aspiration to unite Greek with Latin. As for us, the poverty of our native tongue can supply us with none of the arts, so we have accomplished nothing unless we add French, Italian, and Spanish to Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. We must expend more effort in finding springs than in swimming rivers. It is easier for others to travel the entire journey of the arts than it is for us to discover the trailhead.

For this reason, although the affairs of the English people were often in turmoil, for Bodley's glory and profit they were never more composed or quiet. But when the storms and tempests at home had ceased to rage, and by the divine grace of our Most Serene Prince, passions were calmed, peace was restored to the forum, holiness to the churches, integrity to the law, and safety to all things, then the pieces scattered throughout the world began to reassemble, and our Bodley was among them. Returning as a pupil of the Muses and a 'boy of a hundred arts',³⁰ he considered nothing more important than to find some benevolent star, under whose rising influence the seeds which had been sown might mature into a plentiful and substantial

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crop. And so Humphrey,³¹ our leading theologian, took it upon himself to mold Bodley into an honest and upright young man. The learned novice watched him, wondered at him, and under his tutelage devoted himself to the good arts with all his heart. Even then it could be guessed that he would win glory in the camp of the Muses, since he performed his first military service under such great generals, and he carried out his first campaign according to their example. Why should I speak of his tireless toil, his daily reflection, his exertions in every discipline of the arts? For just as Seneca once said of the Nile – ‘the Nile flows into the sea through seven mouths, and whichever of these you choose, it is the sea’³² – I would say the same thing of the Nile of the arts – ‘it flows into the sea of the disciplines through seven mouths, as it were, and whichever of them you choose, it is the sea’, – and this alone was enough to consume every moment of time and energy. But he had something in mind even greater than these lofty ambitions. It was not enough for him to dip into one little stream of the arts; he wanted to be immersed in the whole ocean of letters. He did not choose one of the arts to take as his bride, but instead he tested the waters of every discipline. He filled his heart with a magnificent company of all the arts; like a man equipped for battle with every weapon, he went out into the schools armed with every branch of learning. These grand aspirations were responsible for Bodley’s decision to set aside other temples of the Muses in favour of the halls of Merton. For when he saw that in the rest the desire to wander through each branch of learning was constrained by the narrow confines of one profession, but that here it was possible to fill his sails, as it were, on open water, and put out to sea with his whole intellect, it seemed best to choose the broad plain of Merton instead of the alleys and byways of other places, where knowledge of the disciplines was limited and curtailed. For the torrent of a great mind does not flow like a spring through narrow pipes but like a wide river through spacious valleys; it tumbles down rocks, disdains bridges, and recognizes no banks except those it makes for itself. So he aspired – and succeeded – in being brought to the halls, which trained the most celebrated minds of all Europe. I cannot keep myself from praising the fertile abundance of my *alma mater*. To what institution is learning more indebted for the great luminaries in every branch of knowledge? In theology, Wyclif, Scotus, Ockham;³³ in optics, Pecham of Canterbury;³⁴ in physics, Burley and Swineshead;³⁵ Thomas Bradwardine,³⁶ the prince of his age in both human and divine studies? Perhaps you will mock me, but I will speak plainly what I feel. This age of refinement, as it is called, does not possess the essence of literature as truly as that more unpolished and uncultivated age. Although this generation has added the knowledge of many languages – the envy of our time – I believe that the highest praise should be

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kept within the altars and sacred places of learning, and not be allowed beyond the *pronaos*. What then? Knowledge is of things, not of words. The men of earlier generations went to battle with the strongest possible weapons; ours merely glitter. In their hands, I see a cultivated farm, olive trees laden with fruit, and an oak of true strength; we have lilies, violets, the pleasures of the garden, the quincunx, sterile planes, pruned myrtles. Indeed if this age, which presumes to call itself the most learned, should wish to search for truth, absent all empty marks of distinction and ostentation, it would consult those men like the well of Democritus,³⁷ and willingly recognize in them every richness and, as it were, the prime matter of thinking and knowing. For the men who have achieved the highest place among theologians and philosophers come not from the grand arcades of philology but from the workshops of the schools. But the face of knowledge is not always the same. Letters, just like all other things, have their moments, their seasons. The same style does not please the palate of every age. The file of a more polished era smoothed away the rough and, as it were, dishevelled awe of the previous age. Our Athenaeum has sought out a variety of disciplines, and has produced minds capable of literary elegance. For passing over those who stand as living ornaments to the glory of our age (posterity will leave a bountiful account of their praises); passing over those, who would have taken their place in the first ranks, if a theatre or a stage worthy of their genius had come along; passing over those, who have gloriously mixed civic sweat with the dust of learning: this man alone, whom we mourn dead, he alone would carry on reputation of the college, if up to now it had lacked the light of praise and honor. For what region of the arts did he not travel? Into what recesses did his fiery intellect not penetrate? Who so grasped the details as he encompassed the totality? The subtleties of Mathematics, the obscurities of Physics, the sublimities of Metaphysics – he did not simply taste, but thoroughly digested them. O incredible versatility, to pay attention to the particulars while engaged in the entirety, to understand the whole while being immersed in the parts. Nor did he allow his God-given intellect to rest idle, as it were, in the shade. Our halls had scarcely received this budding rose, when it began to flower and blossom with all the reddening leaves of ambition. This accomplished young man had to enter upon his fame: not to prolong his apprenticeship into old age, but to bring forth the fruit of his studies while he was still green and sweet. He needed to show, as it were, the seeds of his budding intellect to the world. For this reason, while he was still in the very forge of learning, distinguished only by the laurel of the first arts, he was *self-elected*, and proved himself a professor of Greek letters before a huge crowd in the college.³⁸ He did not rely on empty opinion, as some do today, who if they know three words from

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the dictionary, think themselves a Suidas or Hesychius.³⁹ Bodley learned and absorbed by heart all the various dialects and an incredible number of words and figures. And so something whose utility was well-known grew in exemplary fashion: the wisest men rewarded him so that his example would not be lost to posterity. But my admiration for Bodley's talent so completely consumes me that it almost leads me to forget his morality and righteousness. To many people, I know, the praise of righteousness has a certain coldness in the midst of a celebration of intellect and intelligence. And even though I believe that in summing up a life, morality should be counted first, nevertheless virtue seemed to shine (I don't know how) in the sublime and bountiful nature of his spirit with a brightness that does not shine in lesser minds. Godliness often appears in the simple-minded, while evil resides in brilliant minds. For men hardly deserve praise for temperance or honesty if the iniquity of their condition in life or the slender vein of their narrow intelligence does not provide any occasion for temptation. But if those who are tempted with intelligence, talent, time, and opportunity preserve their morals unstained, untouched by the contagion of the world, what applause do they deserve? What commendation? And this praise is nearly unique to our Bodley. For truly when we go over the examples of all the most accomplished men, scarcely one in a thousand has emerged from adolescence into maturity so pure. Even Themistocles and the Scipios, about whom we read with awe, did not pass into the fullness of age without being plagued, even deflowered, by vices. But this man, realizing that his integrity was not yet secure, preserved that slippery age – adolescence (which is never pleasant without needing pardon) – unharmed and untouched in order to take on the greatest duties. If the heavenly beings have any intercourse with mortals, if the words of great authors do not come down to us entirely empty of truth, then the gods themselves keep company with the chaste hearts that are touched by no vice. To whom would the goddesses that preside over studies be more likely to listen? To whom would Minerva, that friendly goddess, be more likely to open her arts? Now at last I cease to wonder that the Muses were present to him so fully, why they bestowed upon him not only Athens, but the whole East. The sacred writings of the Hebrews, the secrets of the Chaldees, Syria's hidden mysteries – all these he investigated, explored, and poured over. What is more, he valued these studies so much in other men, that he was the bay, harbour, prize, and pedestal of those who devoted their talents to them. Many famous cases bear witness to this, but especially the occasion when he summoned the learned Drusius,⁴⁰ renowned for his learning in this field, befriended him, encouraged his efforts, looked after his needs, and when he was leaving kindly provided supplies for the journey. Indeed I will recount a story not at all lofty but

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nevertheless full of truth and understanding. There was in our archives a contract written in Hebrew, evidence of business once conducted with the Jews. It was written with the little wavy and backwards letters of the Rabbis, and the ill-treatment of time, which had left only uncertain vowel points and faded heads of letters, added to the obscurity of the script. And so for a long time these writings were neglected, like the leaves of the Sibyl, lacking the illumination of an interpreter. When our man shone on them with the light of his intelligence, what had been closed now lay open, things in darkness grew clear, and the writing that was fading away, that once could scarcely be perceived by the eyes, was now in our hands.⁴¹ This is perhaps of lesser importance, but it is significant none-the-less. For small things cannot but derive from greatness. It was not only beautiful painting and vivid colours but also the smallest brushstroke that bespoke Apelles. Nor is this the only possible comparison: neither gnats, nor ants, nor letters are able to come from anything other than from infinite greatness. I want to describe for you not only Bodley's talents at the celebrated apex of his career, not only the *minae*, but, if it is possible, even the individual *sesterces*.⁴² I will say nothing rash; I will mention only what great men have consigned to the eternal monuments of letters. 'In very famous men, we must pay attention not only to what is most beautiful and captures everyone's eye, but also the performance of his daily needs', that is to say, *what he ate, and when he ate, when he sat, and where he walked*.⁴³ For just as all the strings of a guitar must be tuned, so in the actions of great men, the loftiest correspond to the lowliest with a marvellous resonance. The rays and beams of a lofty mind that shine in the greatest things also shine in the smallest.

But why do I gather rainwater, as Pindar says, when a living flood offers itself all around?⁴⁴ Bodley's superhuman industry, his infinite comprehension of so many languages and arts, inspired awe only in the learned; but his incredible sweetness of manner, the charm of his company and his whole bearing, and, as it were, his Attic simplicity, captured both the learned and the unlearned alike. There are men whose excessive lucubration and perseverance plucks whatever is delightful in their nature and drinks up all the pleasant juices of their intellect. They turn out to be morose and difficult. Even as they apply themselves to humanistic studies, they themselves become almost inhuman. But our man embarked on his studies – and his hands were full of them day and night – with a kind of delicacy, and with, as it were, a fifth part of nectar. Although he had consecrated himself wholly to the Muses, nevertheless he gave himself no less often to pleasure, to friends, and to society. He had no contempt for learning non-bookish things and to engage in the pleasant diversions of the arts: to watch men whose art consists in discerning the signs of the hands and face, to know

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what dream-readers think about nightmares, and finally to play with his colleagues as at a wholesome, festive, and learned game of dice. But whichever mask he put on, he performed it with such skill that no severity detracted from his hilarity, no gravity from his humanity. But how great he was in the higher, more heavenly disciplines, how thoroughly and carefully he investigated the decisions of wise men, the Hippocratic oracles, the divine knowledge of theologians – it is more respectful to keep this subject wholly intact for your private thoughts rather than to glance at it selectively and in passing. But I cannot continue without mentioning how he won the glory of lofty erudition and the praise due to an agreeable mind. For when he was studying at foreign Universities, and he wanted to investigate the choices and judgments men make about themselves, and to find out how much he was capable of doing in the science of law, he decided to make a public example of himself and to debate some legal controversy before a gathering of wise men. He carried it off so well, weighed the opinions of the authorities with such discernment, penetrated the deepest recesses of knowledge with such acuity, and finally delivered his judgment with such authority that those Scaevolus and Ulpianus who were listening desired, with ready minds and votes, to put Bodley in purple, and they went on to decorate him with the highest titles and honours of that science. But I will not trespass on those matters of public law that he thought best to entrust only to the sacred chamber of his heart. Instead I will touch on the honours that won him the good opinion of both the University and the Republic. For the University gave sufficiently ample testimony of his ability to handle public affairs when it honoured him with the ornaments of the Proctorship with a marvellous consensus of all the orders. It gave a much greater testimony to the eloquence of his oratory, when it adorned him with the office of Public Orator, which he performed so well that he showed that he did not lack any of the speaker's equipment for that splendid panoply of all the arts:⁴⁵ he was armed for besieging the ears. But although for us these are the highest rewards the world can give, nevertheless they were inferior to his sublime thoughts. For when he saw what dignity, what majesty, what divinity there was in civil jurisprudence, he did not wish to skirmish in the games of duty any longer. He did not want the muscles born for real fighting to disappear with the hurl of the javelin or throw of the discus. Therefore straightaway he travelled through Germany, France, and Italy, and surrounded himself with the best examples. He drank the draughts of wisdom and took up the practice of civil law, in which he would soon excel both in practice and in counsel. Nor did his high hopes or aspirations deceive him. He had only just returned, when he set out again as an ambassador to Frederick King of Denmark, to Julius Duke of Brunswick,

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to William Landgrave of Hesse, to Henry the most Christian King of France – all at a calamitous time for the French republic,⁴⁶ when that royal state, driven by the wicked madness of the Guise family, in a shameful spectacle forced the king to submit to the final trial of his life.⁴⁷ To this let me add the five years he spent in the Netherlands and in Belgium, where he brought peace to those in turmoil and order to those who were dispersed. He put out whatever flames had been kindled in their burning hearts, and he calmed the tempests that minds swirling with mistrust threatened to unleash. This was the time when the greatest testimony of the loyalty and prudence of this most honourable man was given by the Most Serene Prince and the remaining group of nobles who sat with him at the helm. For although it is nearly a law of ambassadors to act only according to the appropriate rules of conduct and to follow, as it were, letters pre-formed for infants, and as the Greeks are accustomed to say, ‘take care to look out for the cloak your mother gave’:⁴⁸ he alone received almost no advice, he was held up by his own roots. As a master of all times and occasions, he took the lead with his own ideas, he never followed. Do you think it is a matter of no consequence to put on the masks of kings and then to act the part? To accurately divine the desires of kings, which it is often a crime to understand, or even suspect? But it did not seem thus to that Most Honourable Old Man,⁴⁹ who at that time relied on Bodley for the sake of the prince and the whole commonwealth. He admired Bodley alone. He decorated him with the highest princely honours. He considered him worthy to be present at councils and private meetings. He even considered how he could name Bodley as his colleague in office. But when that great man, who was playing many great roles on that stage to the satisfaction of the prince and the people – when he burdened Bodley with importune praises, which his enemies did not cease to interpret as a sign rather of prejudice against other men than an indication of his respect for Bodley – it inflamed his powerful rivals, who determined to destroy Bodley’s honour for posterity, and to protest against whatever honours were decreed to him. But as for me, Bodley, I do not think you spent a more auspicious day than when you journeyed through France, Denmark, and Germany with those noble ambassadors; than when you enjoyed the good opinion of great men concerning your dignity. It was then that you out-travelled all ambassadors and surpassed all honourable titles. For wicked men both can and do wear the highest honours. But he alone is able to enjoy the good opinion of the best men, to be considered equal to all titles and honours, who has won men’s hearts with his virtue. So when our most prudent man perceived that his affairs were hanging in the balance, he decided to leave uncertainty behind and the insincere friendships of great men; to remove himself from all anxieties and cares, and from the necessity

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of doing something every day against his conscience. He decided to retire to an honest, innocent place, to some beautiful Linternum of peace and rest. What splendid plan of Bodley's could have become known later, and with what difficulty? With what effort, with what struggle did he persevere? How was it that his country laid hands, as it were, on him? Again he was sought out for an ambassadorship, again France called, again Germany (that noble scene of Bodley's virtue), again he was offered titles and honours. But he stood firm, disdaining ambition and holding back ceaseless desire. He preferred solitude and sanctity, to be free from envy, far from contention, to gather fame in safety, and to place his hope of true honour in the judgment of men rather than in the splendour of titles. These signs of a godly mind – do they not arouse your admiration? It is easy to seek out retirement after time has been lost and hopes deceived. It is easy to despise the fame of men when fame and men have first despised you. But when honour beckons and the great men court you with their favour, it is a sign of a great soul to reflect and weigh various considerations, as reason persuades, and to make a plan for an honourable retirement. For this reason, I believe that you had the benefit of divine guidance, Bodley, both in the flower of your career and on the occasion of your withdrawal from public life. For it is the mark of a wise man who has been active in every duty that belongs to a great citizen, to make an end worthy of his greatness and of his holy work – to know when to cease. Domitius Afer was ridiculed (and rightly so) by his contemporaries: for although he had once been the first man of the forum, at the end of his life he was broken by old age, and even though his authority dwindled day by day he still insisted on taking part in speeches and public debate and gave occasion for the opportune jest 'that he preferred to fail rather than to cease'.⁵⁰ It was our Bodley's desire, therefore, to sound the retreat before he fell into the ambushes of old age; to arrive into the harbour with his ship intact, and to stop when he wished. But that inborn celestial intellect could be broken by no retreat, by no withdrawal. Just as noble animals, if you put them in cages, seethe more fiercely, so his fiery mind grew hotter, the narrower the space that contained it. For a great soul is not a quiet or peaceful thing. It does not take pleasure in untimely modesty or false righteousness. It is restless, unrestrained, bold; it reorients its efforts but does not stop them. It feeds on labour, is refreshed by anxiety. What is work for others is effortless for him. So Bodley took up a task that I cannot speak or be silent about without careful consideration. For when his memory wandered back to the University and the race wearing the toga (once objects of his care and love); when he saw that decrepit old age had invaded not some remote corner of the University but its very standards and temples; and when he saw that the place where the Muses had resided

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so manifestly and propitiously – as if it were another Parnassus or Helicon – was overrun not merely with cockroaches and bookworms but with briars and crags and impassable rubble, he thought to deserve well not only of men but of the buildings themselves, to stop the destruction, to clear away the wilderness, to rescue those huge works from ruin with the same devotion with which they had been built; and, as it were, to pour the spirit and life blood back into learning, to give a home to the Muses who had been driven out by the barbarity of earlier generations. How magnanimous, how august is the man who benefits not one individual with his generosity but fixes the limits of his bounty at the ends of the whole world of learning? Who imitates God himself, performing good works not for men but for the entire human race? Who pours forth all his gifts at once, who like the sun and the day, delivers the whole not in parts but all at the same time, not for one man or another but for all men in common? Indeed, just as it was once the office of a king to open the road of knowledge, and to provide a public place for books to be read (Pisistratus, Xerxes, Seleucus, and Ptolemy⁵¹ gave their attention to learning), so whenever the desire of imitation inflames anyone to fill such great footprints, surely that generosity is regal and divine. Allow me, I beseech you, most learned men of the University, again to congratulate my Mertonians on those celebrated lights of our fame and glory. It was our singular good fortune to build a library with our resources and to fill it with works of genius. For you owe to us Archbishop Kemp,⁵² whose worthy memory you honour with solemn piety at every altar and holy sanctuary. He used up his immeasurable resources to construct that lofty pile of pyramids and splendid ornament; nor did he devote his best work to the building itself, but he also furnished it with five hundred volumes, priceless on the inside because of their thoughts and writing, and radiant on the outside with gold and silver craftsmanship. When all this had fallen to pieces in a triumph of barbarism and ignorance, Bodley, as if rising from Kemp's ashes, took care that everything be replaced with objects so much more beautiful that they seem to have been destroyed precisely so that this remarkable avenger and restorer might come to their rescue. The allurements of swiftness added to the glory of the work as he conceived it. He was not the kind of man who needed to be plied with long and carefully-phrased petitions; nor was he someone who made promises readily, like an accountant. Who can encourage a man born to benefit men? Who can stir him to act? Surely it would be superfluous to command the winds to blow, fire to be hot, seas to swell. He immediately communicated his ideas to the University, summoned learned men, and moved ahead with his plans, lest he seem to be seeking influence with his kindness. I remember, and I will always remember, the day when I heard as a boy the conversations of my

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elders coming from the public council. What ardour in everyone! What talk! That the most honourable man had come into the chamber; that he had made a speech, of such a kind – good God! – so grand! That over and over again he had promised a building for the University, and before the eyes of the people, he had given vast treasure-troves of books, which he had acquired with his endless wealth. What happiness was there that day! What animation in the whole city! What prayers of those reaching their hands to heaven? For we were so deeply moved, it was as if we were at last beholding the true face of the University, and never before. I don't say this either to exaggerate or diminish. No one ever took better care of literary studies, or at a more crucial moment. As for us who have fallen into these present dark times, just as we see nothing more frequently in civil affairs than scandal, so in the field of learning we are used to terrible cruelty, of the sort never heard of even in the worst of times. It is not enough that there is unprecedented severity in punishment; it is not enough that hands and feet are condemned with iron, backs with whips, necks with the noose and axes. The distinction of our age is that we brutalize men's minds and learning's monuments – the very things that nature tried to remove from all suffering. There are men who have sworn to destroy religion and sacred letters once there is no deceit or desecration left to perpetrate on the arts. They believe they are battling against such harsh and desperate conditions that they cannot bring help to a dire situation unless they swoop down on all the remains of antiquity and lay unspeakable force and violent hands on the monuments of famous men. Some of the oldest minds they completely extinguished; they mutilated others; others they defiled with scum and dross; they fouled everything with their unclean touch. 'May the gods turn this pestilence from the land.'⁵³ But rot, that deadly bane of learning, which had taken over printing houses everywhere, and had crept into the library, and was flying around not in secret conclaves, but with the open support of the masses and the authorities, was able to be demolished and destroyed by no one – not even by the weapons of Vulcan – as it was by Bodley when he established a safe, secure haven for writers. So let Possevino and Gretser⁵⁴ (those master book-destroyers) thrash, smash, curb, correct, corrupt, and gnaw away. The heaven-sent gift of Bodley's everlasting munificence will leave the monuments of antiquity intact for all posterity. But while I expend my energy for your benefit, there are so many great things that I am skipping over! Those lasting and sumptuous renovations with which he provided for the immortality of his work; the laws and flourishing institutions, with which he confronted – as much as is possible with human effort – the injuries inflicted by time and men. Indeed, I feel the oppressive tedium of my speech – your attention is waning. But what can I do? What end can I

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make to my oration, when he made no end to his kindness? He stands at our heels, burdening the past with what is to come. He does not think a deed is done unless he uses his enormous wealth to encourage the generosity of future ages. For when he had made the ample work of the previous generation seem small in comparison with the liberality of the next, he used his almost royal fortune to add a splendid frontispiece. When he had put his last hand to the work, God's Majesty took him to heaven so that after that immortal act he could do nothing mortal. Therefore, Bodley, this work of yours deserves veneration for this reason: that it was the last. Perhaps you would have wished to die in your beautiful work. But what will we say to the commonwealth you took in hand? What will we say to the University you restored, which thinks of you, longs for you in the midst of your monuments and memorials and libraries, which looked up to you like one of nature's great monuments, which admired you for being endowed with every ornament of the arts, which always considered you to be a living breathing library? For whom now will our minds sweat? Whom will our little scraps of learning long to please? Whatever we say, whatever we think, will seem mute because he did not hear it. His monuments and benefits remain, and they will remain for eternity. Not one will ever diminish in the course of numberless years or in the headlong flight of time. But moved by faithful longing, we seek out those wonderful breathing caresses with which he embraced the University so freely. For how can we conceal the cares he took up in performing his academic duties? How at the last moment of his failing breath he was surrounded only by the University? For when he was on the brink of death, certain that he was going to die, the conversation fell on the last touches he had decided to give to the public schools: 'If I live,' he said, 'I myself will be responsible for it; but if something happens to me after the nature of mankind, I will avoid a last will and testament.' And when one of his intimates predicted his renewed strength and long health more with prayers than hope: 'No indeed,' he said, 'I am dying. For as long as my heart remained lively and upright, I cherished hope of life. But now my heart grows weak, and certain death is looming.' Could your heart, Bodley, grow weak, or cold torpor ever possess that most beautiful domicile of counsel? Are we holding, are we seeing your numb and bloodless body, O protector, O sweet glory? Are we honouring your dearest and most holy memory with these final rites this day? Is it you we declared to be a god and the father of our fortune and fame? Are we looking today upon a corpse without a name, a trunk, ashes, nothing? He died, full of years 'measured and unmeasured',⁵⁵ full of honour, even the honours which he refused. Clothed in the white garments of eternity, an example that no one can imitate even if everyone declares he should be imitated. But you, holy remains, whatever is left of

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Bodley, learned ashes, which today we see for the last time, alas, for the last time, hail for eternity and for eternity farewell.

¹ This speech is sometimes attributed (most likely incorrectly) to Richard Corbet, the Deputy Public Orator at that time. Such is the case in Anthony à Wood's thorough account of Thomas Bodley's funeral in *The History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford* (John Gutch, ed., 2 vols. (Oxford, 1796), ii, 313–14), although his earlier *Athenae Oxonienses* places the published version of the speech under Wake's bibliography (Philip Bliss, ed., 4 vols. (London, 1815), ii, 540). This inconsistency may have originated with William Fulman, whose unfinished 17th-century biography of Hales records that the speech was made 'by Richard Corbet the Junior Proctor' (Corpus Christi College, Oxford, MS. 306, fol. 74^r). Falconer Madan points out that Corbet also receives credit in 'the British Museum printed Catalogue, and the Catalogue of English Books in the Museum up to 1640' (Falconer Madan, *Oxford Books: The Early Oxford Press, 1468–1640* (Oxford, 1895), p. 92). This discrepancy may have occurred because the speech was initially attributed in print to the Public Orator, rather than referring to Wake by name; or, perhaps, because Wake only returned to England between October/November 1612 and April 1613 amid lengthy trips abroad (Vivienne Larmine, 'Sir Isaac Wake' in *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 2004)). Whatever the reason, there is little compelling evidence that this speech was delivered by anyone other than Wake, who was the University's Public Orator at the time of its delivery and subsequent publication, and who is known to have been residing in Oxford in March 1613.

² Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, ii, 539.

³ *Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley to Thomas James*, G.W. Wheeler, ed. (Oxford, 1926), p. 134.

⁴ James Hinsdale Elson, *John Hales of Eton* (New York, 1948), p. 12.

⁵ A second memorial verse collection, entitled *Iusta Funebria Ptolemaei Oxoniensis Thomae Bodleii Equitis aurati celebrata in Academia Oxoniensi*, was also printed in 1613 by Joseph Barnes, comprised of contributions from members of the University at large. That sizeable volume contains Isaac Wake's funeral oration as well as poems from nearly 200 contributors, mostly in Latin but with several in Greek, Hebrew, and Italian, and one in English. Wake's funeral oration was also printed separately in the same year under the title *Oratio funebris habita in Schola Theologica ab Oratore Publico, in Obitu Clarissimi Equitis Thomae Bodleii*.

⁶ Augustine Birrell, *In the Name of the Bodleian, and Other Essays* (New York, 1905), p. 16.

⁷ Elson, *John Hales*, p. 17. Elson's assessment fails to recognize the polemical nature of Hales' sermon; the best (though brief) account of the inflammatory potential of Hales' discourse can be found in Jean-Louis Quantin, *The Church of England and Christian Antiquity: The Construction of a Confessional Identity in the 17th Century* (Oxford, 2009), pp. 209–13. We quote here from Elson only to illustrate that, while the rhetorical force of Hales' religious output has been underestimated, the tone of his sermons themselves lacks the rhetorical flourish of his earlier funeral oration, making the difference in style particularly noteworthy.

⁸ For a full account of the Library's initial foundation and its subsequent deterioration in the sixteenth century, see Ian Philip, *The Bodleian Library in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (Oxford, 1983), pp. 1–22.

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⁹ *The Autobiography of Sir Thomas Bodley*, William Clennell, ed., (Oxford, 2006), p. 52. The numerous resemblances between Hales' account of Bodley's life and Bodley's own (as reflected in our annotations to the oration) indicate that Hales almost certainly gathered details of Bodley's life from this source. Although it was not published until 1647, Anthony Wood relates that the original manuscript, from which Hales may well have worked, dated from 1609 (Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, ii, 126).

¹⁰ The Rev. Canon Skrine delivered a rudimentary English translation of roughly half of the oration on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of Bodley's death in 1913. Skrine's translation was later published in the *Oxford Times* and reprinted in an obscure pamphlet entitled *Sir Thomas Bodley: Commemoration Service in Merton College Chapel* (Oxford, 1913).

¹¹ 'Ceterarum' in 1613 edition.

¹² 'Siremps' in 1613 edition.

¹³ 'Humunculos' in 1765 edition.

¹⁴ 'Non' erroneously appears twice in the 1765 edition; we have emended the text.

¹⁵ 'Segetem' in 1765 edition, which appears to be an error.

¹⁶ 'Pronaum' in 1613 text. It is unclear why this single word was originally transliterated from Greek.

¹⁷ William Whitaker (c. 1547–95), theologian and head of St John's College, Cambridge; Théodore de Bèze (1519–1605), French theologian and successor to Jean Calvin whose divinity lectures Bodley attended at Calvin's *Académie* in Geneva; Girolamo Zanchi (1516–90), clergyman of the Protestant Reformation in Italy; John Rainolds (1549–1607), theologian and head of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, under whose tenure Hales had studied as an undergraduate; Franciscus Junius the elder (1545–1602), French theologian and Huguenot scholar.

¹⁸ Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609), French scholar and theologian, son of Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484–1558), Italian classical scholar; Justus Lipsius (1547–1606), Netherlandish humanist and classical scholar.

¹⁹ Thomas Bodley was born on 2 March 1545 in Exeter, which lies within the county of Devon.

²⁰ John Jewel (1522–71), bishop of Salisbury, born in Berrynarbor, Devon on 24 May 1522; Rainolds was born on 29 September 1549 in Pinhoe, Devon; Richard Hooker (1554–1600), philosopher and theologian, born in early April 1554 in Exeter.

²¹ Publius Virgilius Maro (70 BC–19 BC) was supported by Gaius Cilnius Maecenas (c. 70 BC–8 BC), whose name serves as an eponym for those who patronize the arts.

²² John Bodley (c. 1520–91), father of Thomas Bodley and supporter of the Protestant cause. He fled England sometime after the accession of Mary I, travelling first to Germany around 1555 and eventually arriving with his wife and children in Geneva in May 1557. The fullest account of his life is available in Frances B. Rose Troup, *Sir Thomas Bodley's Father and Kindred* (Ottery St. Mary, 1903).

²³ Hales compares Bodley to Iulus, or Ascanius, the son of Aeneas whose rescue from the burning Troy by his father is depicted in Virgil's *Aeneid*. According to Livy, Iulus went on to become the first king of Alba Longa and gave his name to the *gens Iulia*.

²⁴ Francois Bérauld (fl. 1549–92), or Beroaldus, was Professor of Greek at Lausanne before arriving in Geneva in 1559. Antoine Rodolphe Chevallier (1523–72), or Chevalerius, was an Hebraist who held various teaching positions before moving to Geneva in 1559.

²⁵ Jean Calvin (1509–64), French theologian and reformer.

²⁶ Although he does not appear to have been formally enrolled, Bodley attended lectures at Calvin's *Académie* in Geneva, founded in June 1559. He relates this experience in his autobiography: 'I was at that time of twelve years age, but through my Fathers cost and care, sufficiently instructed to become an Auditour of Chevalerius in Hebrew, of Berealdus in

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Greeke, of Calvin and Beza in Divinity, and of some other Professours in that University.' Clennell, *Autobiography*, p. 38.

²⁷ Suetonius, *Lives of the Caesars*, II. viii. 1. 'Duodecimum annum agens aviam Iuliam defunctam pro contione laudavit' ('In his twelfth year he delivered a funeral oration to the assembled people in honour of his grandmother Julia'). See Suetonius, *Lives of the Caesars*, trans. J. C. Rolfe (Cambridge, Mass., 1998), pp. 158–9.

²⁸ Spurius Maecius Tarpia, appointed by Pompey as the licenser of drama in Rome in the 1st century BC. Mentioned by Horace, *Satires*, I. x. 38 and *Ars Poetica*, 386–7; mentioned also by Cicero, *Letters to Friends*, VII. i. 1. It is unclear why Hales includes him here, as Tarpia is not known to have authored any plays.

²⁹ Pliny, *Letters*, VII. iv. 2. Pliny writes in his letter to Pontius Allifanus: 'Numquam a poetice (altius enim repetam) alienus fui; quin etiam quattuordecim natus annos Graecam tragoediam scripsi' ('To start at the beginning, I was always interested in poetry and wrote a Greek tragedy at the age of fourteen.'). See Pliny, *Letters and Panegyricus*, trans. Betty Radice (Cambridge, Mass., 1969), pp. 490–1.

³⁰ Horace, *Odes*, IV. i. 15. The phrase refers to Paulus Fabius Maximus, the object of the poet's praise.

³¹ Laurence Humphrey (c. 1526–1605), devout Protestant and President of Magdalen College, Oxford (1561–89). He was also Regius Professor of Divinity (1560–89) and Vice-Chancellor of the University (1571–6).

³² Seneca, *Naturales Quaestiones*, IVA. ii. 12.

³³ John Wyclif (d. 1384), philosopher and theologian, master of Balliol College, Oxford by 1360 and warden of Canterbury College, Oxford, 1365–7; John Duns Scotus (c. 1265–1308), Franciscan friar and theologian, lectured at Oxford c. 1300–2 on the first three books of Peter Lombard's *Sentences* and c. 1303–4 on the fourth book; William Ockham (c. 1287–1347), philosopher and theologian, heavily influenced by the writings of Duns Scotus, delivered lectures on the *Sentences* at Oxford c. 1317–19. For each Mertonian figure, see A. B. Emden, *A Biographical Register of the University of Oxford to A.D. 1500*, 3 vols. (Oxford, 1957–1959) and, for a contextualized account, G. H. Martin and J. R. L. Highfield's chapter on 'Metaphysicians, Mathematicians, and Others' in *A History of Merton College, Oxford* (Oxford, 1997), pp. 46–73. These first three in Hales' roster were only tenuously connected with Merton: Wyclif was Bachelor of Arts by 1356, but he left the College upon completion of a year-long probationary fellowship; the sometime belief that Duns Scotus was a Fellow of Merton, based entirely in 15th-century accounts, is no longer accepted by scholars. See Martin and Highfield, *History of Merton*, pp. 53–4, who confirm that both Duns Scotus and Ockham were 'appropriated to Merton by later generations'. With specific reference to Ockham, George C. Brodrick notes that his status as a Mertonian 'seems to rest almost entirely on the authority of Sir Henry Savile, who cites an entry in a College MS. which Kilner [Samuel Kilner, 18th-century Bursar of Merton] failed to find', strongly implying that the 1586 Catalogue of Fellows traditionally attributed to Savile was the primary source of Hales' list of Mertonians (George C. Brodrick, *Memorials of Merton College* (Oxford, 1885), p. 194). It must be noted that, as Julian Reid has pointed out to me, the attribution to Savile has been questioned more recently by H. W. Garrod, librarian of Corpus Christi College, Oxford in the early twentieth century, who claimed that the volume's original hand was not that of Savile; and by Neil Ker, renowned 20th-century palaeographer, who identified the original hand as that of John Whetcombe, Fellow of Merton from 1565. This question of authorship casts doubt only upon the document's origins, however, and not Hales' probable use of it.

³⁴ John Pecham (c. 1230–92), Archbishop of Canterbury and Franciscan friar who played an active role in the Averroist controversy. His numerous treatises on optics were heavily influenced by the work of his fellow Franciscan friar Roger Bacon (c. 1214–92),

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whose lectures Pecham may have attended at the University of Paris in the 1240s. Pecham's connection with Merton stems entirely from his tenure as Archbishop, in which capacity he supervised the College through a series of injunctions, continuing the practice set forth by his predecessor, Robert Kilwardby (c.1215–79): see Martin and Highfield, *History of Merton*, pp. 50–2.

³⁵ Walter Burley (c.1274–1344), philosopher and commentator on Aristotle, Master of Arts by 1301 and Fellow of Merton College by 1305. He claims to have heard Duns Scotus lecture at Oxford and may indeed have studied theology alongside William Ockham (M. C. Sommers, 'Walter Burley' in *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 2004)), against whose work his final commentary on Aristotle's *Physics* is directed. Richard Swineshead (fl. c.1340–54), natural philosopher, best known in physics for his work on falling bodies. He attended Oxford and was certainly a Fellow of Merton by 1344, possibly by 1340.

³⁶ Thomas Bradwardine (c.1300–49), theologian and Archbishop of Canterbury, Fellow of Merton College by 1323. The 1618 printed edition of Bradwardine's most prominent work, *De causa Dei contra Pelagium*, was edited by Henry Savile.

³⁷ Democritus (c.460 BC–370 BC), ancient Greek philosopher known for his theories on the Earth and the universe. Hales' language is reminiscent of the 1578 English edition of Jacques Yver's *A Courtlie controuersie of Cupids Cautels*, edited and translated by Henry Wotton (friend of Savile and later Provost of Eton College), in which we find: 'I shall conduct you with this scepter vnto the Mansion where the truth so long hidden dothe inhabite, the which sage *Democritus* searched in the bottome of a well' (London, 1578), p. 90.

³⁸ Bodley became Merton's first lecturer in Greek in 1565.

³⁹ Suidas was the author of a 10th-century Greek lexicon known as the *Suda*; Hesychius of Alexandria compiled an extensive lexicon of obscure Greek words sometime around the 5th century.

⁴⁰ Jan van den Driesche (1550–1616), or Drusius, Dutch scholar and Protestant divine with whom Bodley studied Hebrew at Merton. Drusius himself had learned Hebrew from Chevallier, at whose house he lodged in Cambridge. He became Professor of Oriental languages at Leiden in 1577 and was appointed Professor of Hebrew at Franeker in 1585; his 1591 *Aphorismata Ebraeorum ac Arabum* is dedicated to Bodley.

⁴¹ For an extremely thorough discussion of Bodley's skill in Hebrew, see Cecil Roth, 'Sir Thomas Bodley – Hebraist', *Bodleian Library Record*, volume vii, no. 5 (July 1966), 242–51. Regarding the Hebrew works acquired in the early days of Bodley's Library, see G. W. Wheeler, *The Earliest Catalogues of the Bodleian Library* (Oxford, 1928), pp. 117–20.

⁴² The *sesterce* was a unit of Roman currency and the *mina* was a unit of Greek currency; however, the *mina* and other units of Greek currency were sometimes adopted by the Romans to express equivalencies.

⁴³ Dalrymple glosses this passage as 'Chrysost. in prooem. in Ep. ad Philemonem', correctly indicating that it derives from the Argument of Saint John Chrysostom's Homily on the Epistle to Philemon. The Greek is an exact reprint of the text found in Savile's edition of Chrysostom, printed at Eton between 1610 and 1613. See Saint John Chrysostom, *Tou en Hagiois Patros Hēmōn Ioānnou Archiepiskopou Kōnstantinoupoleōs tou Chrysostomou tōn heuriskomenōn*, 8 vols. (Eton College, 1610–13), iv, 411, ll. 39–40.

⁴⁴ Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, X. i. 109–10: 'Non enim pluvias, ut ait Pindarus, aquas colligit, sed vivo gurgite exundat, dono quodam providentiae genitus in quo totas vires suas eloquentia experiretur' ('He does not, as Pindar says, "collect the rainwater," but wells forth with a living flood; for he was born, by the favour of Providence, to be the man in whom eloquence could try out all her powers'). Quintilian is here praising Cicero; the cited passage from Pindar is no longer extant. See Quintilian, *The Orator's Education*, ed. and trans. Donald A. Russell (Cambridge, Mass., 2001), iv, 312–13.

John Hales' Funeral Oration for Sir Thomas Bodley

⁴⁵ Bodley was elected Proctor in 1569 along with John Bereblock (*fl.* 1557–72), a Fellow of Exeter College. He served as Deputy for Arthur Atye (d. 1604), also a Fellow of Merton College, who held the Public Oratorship from 1572 to 1582. See Clennell, *Autobiography*, p. 40.

⁴⁶ Frederick II of Denmark (1534–88); Julius, Duke of Brunswick (1528–89); William IV, Landgrave of Hesse (1532–92); Henri IV, King of France (1553–1610). In April 1585, Bodley undertook a three-month emissary mission to Frederick II, Julius Duke of Brunswick, and William IV, along with other German princes, to try to join forces against Spain. The Queen sent him, in his own words, to 'draw them to joine their forces with hers, for giving assistance to the King of Navarre now Henry the fourth King of France,' but his mission was unsuccessful (Clennell, *Autobiography*, p. 41). Bodley's instructions for this mission survive, as does some of his correspondence: see Sophie Crawford Lomas, ed., *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series*, August 1584–August 1585, 23 vols. (London, 1916), xix, pp. 433–4 and 508–12, respectively.

⁴⁷ In May 1588, Bodley was sent to relay the support of Elizabeth to Henry III, King of France (1551–89), who had been forced to flee Paris by Henry I, Duke of Guise; Henry III was assassinated on 1 August 1589. See Clennell, *Autobiography*, pp. 15–17 for a succinct and helpful summary of these various diplomatic excursions, and pp. 40–2 for Bodley's own account of them.

⁴⁸ Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, V. xiv. 31.

⁴⁹ Dalrymple glosses 'Honoratissimo Seni' as 'D. Gulielmo Cecilio.' This is the royal councillor William Cecil (*c.* 1520–98), 1st Baron Burghley, whose extensive correspondence with Bodley from 1585 to 1597 can be seen as part of *The Diplomatic Correspondence of Thomas Bodley (1585–1597)*, Centre for Editing Lives and Letters <<http://cell.livesandletters.ac.uk/Bodley/index.php?option=author#Thomas%20Bodley>>

⁵⁰ Domitius Afer (d. 59), noted in Tacitus and Quintilian as the Roman orator who continued to speak in public even after his rhetorical skills had failed him. The excerpted phrase originates in Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, XII. xi. 3.

⁵¹ These figures were all involved in the creation or development of ancient libraries. Pisistratus (*c.* 600–527 BC), tyrant ruler of Athens who founded the city's first public library; Xerxes I of Persia (519 BC–465 BC) had fostered the development of the famed Library at Persepolis, built by his predecessor Darius the Great (522 BC–486 BC); Seleucus I Nicator (*c.* 358 BC–281 BC), founder of Antioch, where a great library was later built, possibly as early as the 3rd century BC; Ptolemy I (*c.* 367–283 BC), Egyptian ruler who founded the Great Library of Alexandria. See *The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 4th edition, Simon Hornblower, Antony Spawforth, and Esther Eidinow, eds. (Oxford, 2012). On the date of the library at Antioch, see John Walden, *The Universities of Ancient Greece* (New York, 1910), p. 50.

⁵² Thomas Kemp (*c.* 1414–89), Bishop of London who may well have studied at Merton; Anthony Wood claims, apparently without authority, that he 'was bred in this House, but not in the condition of a Fellow' (Emden quoting Wood, *Biographical Register*, ii, 1032). His financial contribution to the early University library allowed for the completion of the Divinity School: see William Dunn Macray, *Annals of the Bodleian Library*, Oxford (Oxford, 1890), p. 11, who also cites Hales' funeral oration for Bodley. It is possible that Hales has confused Thomas Kemp's title with that of his uncle, John Kemp (*c.* 1380–1454), Archbishop of York and of Canterbury and Chancellor of England, who was a Fellow of Merton from 1395 to 1407.

⁵³ Virgil, *Aeneid*, III. 620.

⁵⁴ Jacob Gretser (1562–1625) and Antonio Possevino (1534–1611) were two Jesuit controversialists who had been active supporters of the Counter Reformation. Hales' objection is in reference to their dispute with Thomas James, whose *Ecloga Oxonio-Cantabrigiensis*

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(printed in 1600) was attacked by Antonio Possevino in the second volume of his *Apparatus sacer* (dated 1606). James responded to the accusations of both Possevino and Gretser in his *A Treatise of the Corruption of Scripture*, first printed in 1611. There are numerous references to Possevino and Gretser in Bodley's correspondence with James; see, in particular, *Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley to Thomas James*, G. W. Wheeler, ed. (Oxford, 1926), pp. 154–5. A brilliant account and larger contextualization of the controversy can be found in Paul Nelles, 'The Uses of Orthodoxy and Jacobean Erudition: Thomas James and the Bodleian Library' in *History of Universities* 22.1 (2007), 21–70.

⁵⁵ Dalrymple's gloss reads 'Naz. in funere Fratris,' attributing the passage to Gregory of Nazianzus' funeral oration for his brother Caesarius, but it seems instead to derive from his autobiographical poem *ΤΕΠΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΑΥΤΟΥ ΒΙΟΝ* ('Concerning his own life'), l. 1575, where we find: 'πλήρης μετρητῶν τῶν τ' ἀμετρήτων ἐτῶν' ('a man full of measurable and immeasurable years') in reference to the death of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch (d. 381). See Gregory of Nazianzus, *Autobiographical poems* ed. and trans. Carolinne White (Cambridge, 1996), pp. 126–7. Henry Savile published Gregory's *In Julianum invectivae duo* (edited by Richard Montagu) at Eton in 1610 while preparing his edition of Chrysostom, although he abandoned plans to prepare an edition of Gregory's complete works: see Sir Robert Birley, *One Hundred Books in Eton College Library* (Eton College, 1970), p. 26, and Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte, K. C. B., *A History of Eton College (1440–1910)* (London, 1911), pp. 190–1.