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Engl. 3002: English Renaissance Literature

Notes and Question on Thomas Nashe's *Pierce Penniless* and *The Unfortunate Traveller*

Modern One-Volume Editions of Selections (listed alphabetically by editor)

Nashe, Thomas. *The Unfortunate Traveller and Other Works*. Ed. J.B. Steane. Penguin Books, 1972 (and reprinted). (In paperback; most easily accessible to add to a personal library.)

Nashe, Thomas. [*Thomas Nashe:*] *Selected Writings*. Ed. Stanley Wells. Harvard UP, 1965.

Notes and Questions on *Pierce Penniless*, *His Supplication to the Devil*

Many critics consider Nashe's long fiction, *The Unfortunate Traveler*, to be his best long work, but your instructor more esteems and enjoys Nashe's nonfiction, particularly *Pierce Penniless*, *His Supplication to the Devil*. In the J.B. Steane edition, the work is on pp. 49-145, and is divided into 197 paragraphs; in the Wells edition, the work is on pp. 23-88, and is divided into 175 paragraphs.

The selections from *Pierce Penniless* in the NAEL (now transferred to the Norton Online Archive) fit into the following structure or organization of the work. Many of the English in Renaissance England considered the devil, devils, and witchcraft substantial realities, and believed that the devil or the devil's demonic henchmen (or henchwomen) could make appearances on earth, as in Marlowe's play *Dr. Faustus*. A satiric plot motif derived from these ideas – to be seen, for example, in Ben Jonson's *The Devil Is an Ass* – is that when the devil or devils appeared on earth he or they would be surpassed in their wickedness and conniving by the mortals already here. Such an idea underlies *Pierce Penniless*, whose titular spokesman finds himself out of work and proceeds to scour London in search of a job or at least in search of the devil to supply a job; Pierce winds up at Saint Paul's church, which in Renaissance times served as not only a place of worship but also a center for publishers, booksellers, spies and informers, and occupational placement services. At Saint Paul's church, Pierce proceeds to "vent" to a minor devil -- and a governmental informer -- named the Knight of the Post (referring to his hanging around St. Paul's) about the evils of English society and life – in Nashe's pungent, punchy satiric nonfiction prose.

The recurrent satiric counterattack on the Puritan attackers of literature can be traced in Sidney's *Defense of Poesy / Apology for Poetry*, Nashe's defenses of poetry and plays in *Pierce Penniless*, Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* (particularly in the scene in which Wagner fools about with two scholars [Sc. 2 (1604) / I.ii (1616) ]), Jonson's *Volpone*, some of Robert Herrick's lyric poems, and some passages in the short lyric poems by John Milton and Andrew Marvell.

Overall Outline of the Work

1. Pierce's complaint; the introduction (hard times, the educated Pierce can't get a job; walks to Westminster Hall [a location of the legal profession and attendant occupations -- an appropriate place to find the Devil (!), and then to St. Paul's Cathedral, which in Renaissance times served as a place for booksellers, an employment exchange, and spies -- another appropriate place to find the Devil (!)] in search of the Devil in order to ask for work; at St. Paul's Pierce meets a Devil's chief assistant who identifies himself as "The Knight of the Post" [booksellers and employers and others positioned themselves at the pillars of the church] and Pierce asks the Knight to deliver his letter or supplication, which follows in #2, below) (Wells, pages 26-31) (Steane 51-59)
2. Pierce's letter, supplication to the Devil – begging for changes in society, including work availability (Wells, pages, 31-68)(Steane 60-118)
  - a. Introduction (allegorical description of the House of Greediness and Niggardise) (Wells 32-34) (Steane 60-63)
  - b. Complaint of pride (Wells 34-44) (Steane 64-80)

- c. Complaint of envy (Wells 44-47) (Steane 80-84)
  - d. Complaint of wrath (Wells 47-55) (Steane 84-98) [the section where the NAEL selection comes from -- in the Norton Online Archive -- in defense of poetry, with a sample of how language skills improve invective; Wells 250-55; Steane 89-94]
  - e. Complaint of gluttony (Wells 55-59) (Steane 98-104)
  - f. Complaint of drunkenness (Wells 59-62) (Steane 104-109)
  - g. Complaint of sloth (Wells 62-67) (Steane 109-116) [where the NAEL selection in defense of plays comes from; Wells 64-66; Steane 112-116]
  - h. Complaint of lechery (Wells 67-68) (Steane 116-118)
3. The Knight of the Post's explanation of hell and the reality of devils (Wells 68-71) (Steane 118-122)
  4. The Knight's fable of the bear, fox, and chameleon (Wells 71-75) (Steane 122-127)
  5. The Knight's discussion of devils (Wells 75-84) (Steane 127-139)
    - a. Types of devils (Wells 75-81) (Steane 127-136)
    - b. Power of and charms against devils (Wells 81-83) (Steane 136-38)
    - c. The Knight's farewell (Wells 84) (Steane 139)
  6. Nashe's justification of the literary work (that is, the whole prose work or pamphlet) (Wells 84-85) (Steane 139-41)
  7. Nashe's compliments to the patron (Wells 86-88) (Steane 141-145)

Pierce's Opening (Below is printed the opening of *Pierce Penniless*; after this opening, Pierce launches into section 2, as outlined above):

HAVING spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, & address my endeavors to prosperity. But all in vain I sate up late, and rose early, contented with the cold, and conversed with scarcity: for all my labors turned to loss, my vulgar Muse was despised & neglected, my pains not regarded or slightly rewarded, and I myself (in prime of my best wit) laid open to poverty. Whereupon (in a malcontent humor) I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers, and raged in all points like a madman. In which agony tormenting myself a long time, I grew by degrees to a milder discontent, and pausing a while over my standish, I resolved in verse to paint forth my passion: which best agreeing with the vaine [= vein] of my unrest, I began to complain in this sort.

*Why is't damnation to despair and die,  
 When life is my true happiness disease?  
 My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me flie  
 The faulty means, that might my pain appease.  
 Divines and dying men may talk of hell,  
 But in my heart, her several torments dwell.  
 Ah worthless Wit, to train me to this woe,  
 Deceitful Arts that nourish Discontent:  
 Ill thrive the Folly that bewitched me so,  
 Vain thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.  
 And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,  
 Since none takes pity of a Scholar's need.  
 Forgive me God, although I curse my birth,  
 And ban the air, wherein I breathe a Wretch:*

*Since Misery hath daunted all my mirth,  
And I am quite undone through promise-breach.  
Oh friends, no friends, that then ungently frown,*

*When changing Fortune casts us headlong down.  
Without redress complains my careless verse,  
And Mydas-ears relent not at my moan:  
In some far Land will I my griefs rehearse,  
Mongst them that will be mold when I shall groan.  
England (adieu) the Soil that brought me forth,  
Adieu unkind, where skill is nothing worth.*

These Rhymes thus abruptly set down, I tost my imagination a thousand ways to see if I could find any means to relieve my estate: But all my thoughts consorted to this conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, & I ordained to be miserable. Thereby I grew to consider how many base men that wanted those parts which I had, enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command: I called to mind a Cobbler, that was worth five hundred pound, an Hostler that had built a goodly Inne & might dispense forty pounds yerely by his Land, a Carre-man in a lether pilche, that had whipt out a thousand pound out of his horse taile: and have I more wit than all these (thought I to my selfe) am I better borne? am I better brought up? yea and better favored? and yet am I a beggar? What is the cause? how am I crost? or whence is this curse? Even from hence, that men that should employ such as I am, are enamoured of their own wits, and thinke what ever they do is excellent, though it be never so scurvy: that Learning (of the ignorant) is rated after the value of the inke and paper: & a Scrivener better paid for an obligation, than a Scholler for the best Poeme he can make; that every grosse braind Idiot is suffered to come into print, who if he set fourth a Pamphlet of the praise of Pudding-pricks, or write a Treatise of *Tom Thumme*, or the exploits of *Untrusse*; it is bought up thicke and threefold, when better things lie dead. How then can we chuse but be needy, when ther are so many Droans amongst us? or ever prove rich that toyle a whole yeare for faire lookes? Gentle *Sir Phillip Sidney*, thou knewst what belonged to a Scholler, thou knewst what paines, what toyle, what travel conduct to perfection: wel couldst thou give every Vertue his encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert: cause none more vertuous witty, or learned than thy selfe. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the Sons of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty, which thy bounty erst planted.

Beleeve me Gentlemen, for some crosse mishapes have taught me experience, ther is not that strict observation of honour, which hath beene heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merite, to have their names eternizde by Poets, & whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up in their sleeves, and scarce give him thanks that presents it. Much better is it for those golden Pens, to raise such ungratfull Peasants from the Dung-hil of obscurity, and make them equal in fame to the Worthies of olde, when their doting selfe-love shall challenge it of dutie, and not onely give them nothing themselves, but impoverish liberality in others.

This is the lamentable condition of our Times, that men of Arte must seeke almes of Cormorantes, and those that deserve best, be kept under by Dunces, who count it a policie to keepe them bare, because they should follow their bookes the better: thinking belike, that as preferment hath made themselves idle, that were earst painefull in meaner places, so it would likewise slacken the endeavours of those Students that as yet strive to excell, in hope of advauncement. A good policy to suppress superfluous liberalitie. But had it beene practised when they were promoted, the Yeomandry of the Realme had beene better to passe than it is, and one Droane should not have driven so many Bees from the hony-combes.

I, I, weele give losers leave to talke, it is no matter what *Sic probo* and his pennillesse companions prate, whilst we have the gold in our coffers: this is it that will make a knave an honest man, and my neighbour *Cramptons* stripling a better Gentleman than his Grandsier. O it is a trim thing, when Pride the sonne goes before, Shame the father followes after. Such presidents there are in our Common-wealth a great many: not so much of them whome Learning and Industry hath exalted, (whome I preferre before *Genus* and *proavos*) as of Carterly upstarts, that

out-face Towne and Country in their Velvets, when Sir *Rowland Russet-coat* their Dad, goes sagging every day in his round Gascoynes of whyte cotton, and hath much a doo (poore penny-father) to keepe his unthrift elbowes in reparations. Marry happy are they (say I) that have such fathers to worke for them whilst they play, for which other men turne over many leaves to get bread and cheese in their old age, and study twenty yeeres to distill golde out of inke; our young maisters doe nothing but devise how to spend and aske counsaile of the Wine and Capons, how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies. As for me, I live secure from all such perturbations: for (thankes be to God) I am *vacuus viator*, and care not though I meete the Commissioners of *Newmarket-heath* at high midnight, for any Crosses, Images, or Pictures that I carry about me more than needes.

Than needes (quoth I) nay I would be ashamed of it, if *Opus* and *Usus* were not knocking at my doore twenty times a weeke when I am not within; the more is the pittie, that such a franke Gentleman as I, should want: but since the dice runne so untowardly on my side, I am partly provided of a remedy. For whereas those that stand most on their honour, have shut up their purses, and shifte us off with court-holy-bread: and on the other side, a number of hypocriticall hot-spurres, that have God alwayes in their mouthes, will give nothing for Gods sake; I have clapt up a handsome Supplication to the Diuell, and sent it by a good fellow, that I know will deliver it.

And because you may beleve me the better, I care not if I acquaint you with the circumstance. I was informde of late dayes, that a certaine blind Retayler called the Divell, used to lend money upon pawnes, or any thing, and would lette one for a needle have a thousand pounds uppon a Statute Merchant of his soule: or if a man plide him thoroughly, would trust him uppon a Bill of his hande without any more circumstance. Besides, he was noted for a privy Benefactor to Traitors and Parasites, and to advance fooles and Asses far sooner than any, to be a greedy pursuer of newes, and so famous a Politician in purchasing, that Hel (which at the beginning was but and obscure Village) is now become a huge Citty, whereunto all Countries are tributary.

These manifest coniectures of Plenty, assembled in one common-place of ability; I determined to clawe Avarice by the elbowe, till his full belly gave mee a full hande, and lette him bloud with my penne (if it might be) in the veyne of liberalty: and so (in short time was this Paper-monster *Pierce Penillesse* begotten.

But written and all, here lies the question; where shal I finde this olde Asse, that I may deliver it? Masse thats true, they say the Lawyers have the Divell and all; and it is like enough he is playing Ambodexter amongst them. Fie, fie, the Divell a driver in Westminster hall, it can never be.

Now I pray what doe you imagine him to bee? perhaps you thinke it is not possible he should be so grave. Oh then you are in an error, for hee is as formall as the best Scrivener of them all. marry he doth not use to weare a night-cap, for his hornes will not let him: and yet I know a hundred as well headed as he, that will make a iolly shift with a Court-cup on their crownes if the weather be colde.

To proceede with my tale, to Westminster hall I went, and made a search of Enquiry, from the blacke gown to the buckram bagge, if there were any such Sergeant, Bencher, Counsellor, Attorney, or Pettifogger, as *Signior Cornuto Diablo*, with the good face. But they al (*una voce*) affirmed, that he was not there: marry whether he were at the Exchange or no, amongst the rich Merchantes, that they could not tell: but it was likelier of the two, that I should meet with him, or heare of him at the least in those quarters. I faith, and say you so quoth I, and Ile bestowe a little labour more, but Ile hunt him out.

Without more circumstance, thither came I, and thrusting my selfe, as the manner is, amongst the confusion of languages, I asked, (as before) whether he were there extant or no? But from one to another, *Non novi Dæmonem* was all the answer I could get. At length (as Fortune served) I lighted upon an old stradling Usurer, clad in a damaske cassocke edged with Fox fur, a paire of trunke slops, sagging down like a Shoemakers wallet, and a shorte thrid-bare gown on his backe, fac't with moatheaten budge, upon his head he wore a filthy course biggen, and next it a garnish of night-caps, which a sage batten-cap, of the forme of a cow-sheard over spread very orderly: a fat chuffe it was I remember, with a gray beard cut short to the stumps, as though it were grimde, and a huge woorme-eaten nose, like a cluster of grapes hanging downe-wardes. Of him I demaunded if hee could tell m[e] any

tidings of the party I sought for.

By my troth quoth he stripling, (and then he cought) I saw him not lately, nor know I certanely where he keeps: but thus much I heard by a Broker a friend of mine, that hath had some dealings with him in his time, that he is at home sicke of the gout and will not bee spoken withal, under more than thou art able to give, some two or three hundred angels at least, if thou hast any sute to him: & then parhapes hele straine curtesy with his legges in childe-bed, and come forth and talke with thee: but otherwise, *Non est domi*, hee is busy with *Mammon*, and the prince of the North, how to build up his kingdome, or sending his spirites abroad to undermine the maligners of his government.

I hearing of this cold comfort, tooke me leave of him very faintly, and like a carelesse malecontent that knew not which way to turne, retired me to Paules to seeke my dinner with Duke *Humfrey*: but when I came there, the olde souldier was not up: he is long a rising thought I, but thats all one: for he that hath no mony in his purse, must go dine with sir Iohn Best-betrust, at the signe of the chalk and the Post.

Two hungry turnes had I scarce fetcht in this wast gallery, when I was encountred by a neat pedantical fellow, in forme of a Cittizen: who thrusting himselfe abruptly into my company like an Intelligencer, began very earnestly to question with me about the cause of my discontent, or what made me so sad, that seemed too yoong to be acquainted with sorrow. I nothing nice to unfold my estate to any whatsoever, discourst to him the whole circumstance of my care: and what toyle and paines I had tooke in searching for him that would not be heard of. Why sir (quoth he) had I been privy to your purpose before, I could have easd you of this travell: for if it be the divell you seeke for, I know I am his man. I pray sir how might I call you? A knight of the Post quoth he, for so I am tearmed: a fellowe that will sweare you any thing for twelve pence, but indeed I am a spirite in nature and essence, that take upon me this humaine shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell.

Now trust me a substantiall trade, but when doe you thinke you could send next to your maister? why every day: for there is not comorant that dies, or Cut-purse that is hanged, but I dispatch letters by his soule to him, and to all my friends in the low-cuntries: wherefore, if you haue any thing that you would haue transported: give it me, and I will see it delivered. Yes marry have I (quoth I) a certaine Supplication here unto your Maister, which you may peruse if it please you. With that he opened it, and read as followeth. [What immediately follows is #2 on the Prinsky outline of the work, above.]

#### Questions on the Excerpts of *Pierce Penniless*

1. Under which one of the seven deadly sins do you suppose “[An Invective Against Enemies of Poetry]” (in the Norton Online Archive, which should be downloaded) was placed in the whole work? (Hint: Pierce alludes to the section, in passing, in one of the paragraphs).

2. Under which one of the seven deadly sins do you suppose “[The Defense of Plays]” (selection in the Norton Online Archive) was placed? (Hint: much of the general content of the section relates pretty clearly to one of the seven sins.)

3. (A) How do several of Pierce's (and Nashe's) arguments in the two sections coincide with Philip Sidney's defenses of poetry and literature in Sidney's *Apology for Poetry / Defense of Poesy*? (B) What same contemporary social, political, and religious group are both Sidney and Nashe responding to in the *Apology* and the selections from *Pierce Penniless*? (C) What additional or new ideas beyond Sidney's *Apology / Defense* does Pierce (or Nashe) bring up in defending literature against certain critics?

4. (a) How are the stylistic devices of alliteration (occasionally, assonance), figurative language, specificity in diction or detail, parallelism, and antithesis used to convey Pierce's (and Nashe's) combativeness, energy, argumentation, satire, irony, and humor? (b) Punches in boxing are termed “hook,” “uppercut,” “straight

right/left," "roundhouse," and "jab." Which one of these most accurately describes Nashe's repeated alliteration?

5. What are Nashe's several arguments in favor of the practice and study of poetry in "[An Invective Against Enemies of Poetry]"?

6. What are Nashe's several arguments in favor of the English drama in "[The Defense of Plays]"?

#### Notes and Questions on *The Unfortunate Traveller*

##### Summary

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER; *Type of work:* Novel ; *Author:* Thomas Nash (1567-1601) ; *Type of plot:* Picaresque romance ; *Time of plot:* Reign of King Henry VIII ; *Locale:* England and Europe ; *First published:* 1594

*Principal characters:* JACK WILTON, a page for King Henry VIII and a soldier of fortune ; DIAMANTE, a rich widow, later Jack's wife ; THE EARL OF SURREY, Jack's friend and benefactor ; HERACLIDE DE IMOLA, hostess to Jack and Diamante in Rome

##### *Critique:*

*The Unfortunate Traveller, Or, The Life of Jack Wilton* was written almost a hundred and fifty years too early to be classified as a novel. Not a novel in the generally accepted sense of that term, the book is, however, an important forerunner of the English novel as it was to develop in the eighteenth century. *The Unfortunate Traveller*, along with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, was one of the high points of the literature of the last years of the sixteenth century. Nash's realism in this work is high, yet he catered also to the Elizabethan taste for the romantic and far-fetched, especially in dealing with Italy and the Italians. Seldom has a work, even in the twentieth century, described in such detail the horrors of public torture and execution, and the incidents of a rape and a looting. Throughout life a very witty satirist, Nash could not, even in this work, resist the opportunity to find fault; he does so with the stupidity of professional military men and with the inability of the universities to entertain royalty satisfactorily.

##### *The Story:*

Jack Wilton was a page serving in the army of King Henry VIII of England when his adventures began. While the English troops were encamped near Tur-win, in France, Jack, pretending that he had overheard the king and his council planning to do away with a certain sutler, convinced the sutler that he ought to give away all his supplies to the soldiers and then throw himself on the king's mercy. The sutler, completely fooled, did just that. The king, enjoying the prank, gave him a pension and forgave Jack.

Shortly after that escapade Jack fell in with a captain who forced Jack to help him get rich by throwing dice. Jack, tiring of his subservience to the captain, persuaded the officer that the best means of getting ahead in the army was to turn spy and seek out information valuable to the king. The gullible captain, entering the French lines, was discovered by the French and almost killed before he was sent hustling back to the English camp. The campaign over, Jack found himself back in England once again. When the peacetime duties of a page began to pall, he left the king's household and turned soldier of fortune. After crossing the English Channel to find some means of making a livelihood, he reached the French king too late to enter that monarch's service against the Swiss, and so he traveled on to Munster, Germany. There he found John Leiden leading the Baptists against the Duke of Saxony.

He observed a notorious massacre, in which the Baptists were annihilated because they refused to carry the weapons of war into battle. After the battle Jack met the Earl of Surrey, who was on the continent at the time. Surrey, having been acquainted with Jack at court, was glad to see the page and confided to him his love for

Geraldine, a lovely Florentine. Surrey proposed that Jack travel with him to Italy in search of the woman. Jack, having no future in sight, readily consented to accompany the earl.

Jack and Surrey then proceeded southward out of Germany into Italy. As they traveled Surrey proposed to Jack that they exchange identities for a time, so that the nobleman could behave in a less seemly fashion. Jack, pleased at the prospect of being an earl, even temporarily, agreed.

Upon their arrival in Venice, on the way to Florence, they were taken up by a courtesan named Tabitha, who tried to kill the man she thought was the Earl of Surrey, with the true earl as her accomplice. Surrey and Jack, turning the tables on her, caused her and her pander to be executed for attempting to conspire against a life. In turning the tables, however, Jack came into possession of some counterfeit money. When they used the coins, Jack and the earl were seized as counterfeiters and sentenced to death.

While languishing in prison, Jack met Diamante, the wife of a goldsmith who had imprisoned her because he suspected her of infidelity. The page made her his mistress after assuring her that thereby she revenged herself on the husband who thought little of her chastity.

After a few weeks Jack and the earl were released through an English gentleman who had heard of their plight and had secured the efforts of the poet Aretine to prove to the court that Tabitha and her procurer had been the real counterfeiters. Aretine also saw to it that Diamante was released from prison to become the mistress of Jack once again. Within a few weeks Diamante's husband died of the plague. Jack married Diamante and, in view of his new fortune, decided to travel.

He left the Earl of Surrey in Venice, but the pleasure of bearing the nobleman's title was so great that Jack kept it. After some time Surrey heard that there was another earl by the same name and went to investigate. Learning that the double was Jack, Surrey forgave him, and they started once again on their interrupted trip to Florence. Upon their arrival the earl, wishing to do battle to prove his love for Geraldine, issued a challenge to all the knights and gentlemen of the city. The tourney was a great success, with Surrey carrying off all the honors of the day. After that event Surrey and Jack parted company. Jack, still accompanied by Diamante, went on to Rome.

There they lived with Johannes and Heraclide de Imola. During the summer Signer de Imola died of the plague. Shortly after his death and before his corpse could be removed from the house, bandits broke in and raped Heraclide de Imola and Diamante. Jack, overpowered by the bandits, was unable to help the women. Heraclide killed herself after the attack. When police broke into the house they blamed Jack for what had happened. He was unable to clear himself because the only other witness was Diamante, whom the bandits had kidnaped.

A banished English earl, appearing in time to save Jack from the hangman's noose, produced witnesses to show that one of the bandits had made a deathbed confession clearing the page of any part in the crimes. Released, Jack went in search of Diamante. While searching for her he fell through an unbarred cellar door into the house of a Jew, and there he found Diamante making love to an apprentice. The Jew, roused by the noise of the fall and Jack's anger at Diamante, came into the cellar and accused them both of breaking into his house and corrupting his apprentice. Under the law, they became the Jew's bond servants. Jack was turned over to another Jew, the pope's physician, to be used in a vivisection.

He was saved from that horrid death when one of the pope's mistresses fell in love with him and used her influence to secure his person for herself. Diamante also fell into the woman's hands. Jack and Diamante, keeping their previous relations a secret, hoped in that way to be able to escape from the house. One day, when the woman went to a religious festival, they escaped, taking with them as much loot as they could carry. Traveling northward, Jack went to Bologna, where he saw a famous criminal executed. The assassin, Cutwolfe, had confessed to murdering the bandit who had led the assault on Heraclide de Imola and Diamante months before. Moving on into France, Jack found the English armies once again in the field and returned to King Henry's service.

Notes and Questions on the Norton Online Archive excerpts from Nashe's *The Unfortunate Traveler*

1. The excerpt in the Norton Online Archive -- "[Roman Summer]" -- represents pars. 148-155 (pp. 327-331) in J.B. Steane's edition (233 paragraphs for the whole novel), and pars. 145-151 (pp. 245-248) in Stanley Wells' edition. How Jack ended up in Italy is indicated in the summary, above.

2. One way of dividing up all discourse, especially prose, is by the "four modes": narration, description, exposition, and argumentation (or persuasion). Obviously, a novel will automatically focus on narration (telling a story; chronological organization); but in the excerpt of the novel given in the NOA, how is there a focus on one of the other three modes (description, exposition, argumentation) as well? Description is usually organized spatially (describing someone or something in space, from left to right, front to back, inside to outside, etc.); exposition is organized logically (by some logical structure or organization -- e.g., greater to lesser, lesser to greater, cause to effect, effect to cause), while argumentation focuses on arguing a point (including stating and refuting the "con" side, as well as stating and proving the "pro" side, being argued). How does the NOA excerpt seem to be organized?

3. (a) What symbolism can be found in particular objects that Jack notes? (b) What positive elements does Jack find in Rome, and Italy? (c) What negative elements does Jack find in Rome, and Italy? (d) How are the subjects of Art, Nature, and their interrelation manifested in the excerpt?

4. How does Italy turn up as a subject in Roger Ascham's "[The Italiat Englishman]" and in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, in the NAEL?