

[Nash, Thomas]

Have with you to
Saffron-Walden. [1870]

828
N17h
1870

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Miscellaneous
Tracts

TEMP. ELIZ. & JAC. I.

16th February 1869



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INTRODUCTION.

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I ORIGINALLY intended to divide this answer, by Nash to Harvey's "Pierce's Supererogation", into two parts; but, upon reconsideration, I have thought it better to give the whole tract at once: Harvey's reply to Nash, under the pseudonome of Litchfield, the Barber of Cambridge, will conclude the famous literary controversy. There may, possibly, be some delay in procuring a transcript of the last, because I shall probably be obliged to make it myself, knowing nobody, in the depository where the sole exemplar is found, in whom I can perfectly confide for accuracy.

My reprint of Harvey's "Trimming of Thomas Nash" will be preceded by a succinct list of all the known tracts on both sides of the question, in the precise order in which they ought to be read by those who wish to obtain a knowledge of the origin and progress of the "flyting". Generally speaking, Nash has so much the better of his adversary in wit, ridicule, and satire, that we are hardly disposed to do justice to the varied learning and heavy arguments of Harvey: if Harvey had not liked himself so well, every body would have liked him better. Nash's style is all spirit and animation, while that of his antagonist is comparatively lumbering and clumsy, with here and there a laborious attempt at vivacity. If Harvey be at any time at all successful in this line, it is usually an imitation of the well-salted sallies of his younger adversary. Harvey at about fifty had

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certainly read more books than Nash at about five and twenty ; but such weapons as Nash possessed he used with uncommon dexterity, and thrust his venomous rapier into every crevice of his antagonist's unwieldy armour.

Although some little time may elapse before I am able to present my friends with Harvey's conclusion of the contest (when, in fact, it was terminated by the interposition of public authorities, owing partly to the coarse, and even dirty, personal abuse into which it was degenerating) I shall continue my present Yellow Series of "Miscellaneous Tracts" at only short intervals, relying upon the recipients for that pecuniary support, without which it will be impossible to proceed, and which, as hitherto, shall be regulated by the strictest economy. All I ever want is to save myself harmless, and to produce only as many copies as will pay the expense of print, paper, and transcript.

I have also determined to pass through the press "Churchyard's Chips" : he was a poet contemporary even with Surrey and Wyatt, and his miscellany, which appeared in 1575, contains various productions of a considerably earlier date ; but I shall not be able to reprint it, unless I am soon favoured with a remittance of £1 to be applied to this especial object. Perhaps this notice, though a little out of place here, may be sufficient.

The next issue of my Yellow Series will be a small, nearly unique, production by one of the humourists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, of whose abilities I have not yet supplied any specimen.

J. P. C.

E. Nash, Thomas

HAVE WITH YOU TO
SAFFRON-WALDEN:

OR,

GABRIELL HARVEYS HUNT IS UP.

*Containing a full Answer to the eldest sonne
of the Halter-maker:*

OR,

NASHE HIS CONFUTATION OF THE SINFULL
DOCTOR.

The Mott or Posie, in stead of *Omne tulit punctum,*

Pacis fiducia nunquam.

*As much to say, as I sayd I would speake with
him.*

Printed at London by *John Danter.*

1596.

828
N17h
1870

To the most Orthodoxall and reverent Corrector of staring haire, the sincere and *finigraphicall* rarifier of *prolixious rough barbarisme*, the thrice egregious and censoriall animadvertiser of vagrant moustachios, chiefe scavenger of chins, and principall Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells, speciall supervisor of all excrementall superfluties for Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a not able and singular benefactor to all beards in generall, Don Richardo Barbaroffa de Cæsario, Tho. Nashe wisheth the highest toppe of his contentment and felicitie, and the shortning of all his enemies.

Quasi conver-
fant about
heads.

A CUTE and amiable Dick, not *Dic mihi musa virum*, musing Dick, that studied a whole yeare to know which was the male and female of red herrings; nor *Dic obsecro*, Dick of all Dickes, that, in a church where the organs were defac'd, came and offred himselfe with his pipe and taber; nor old Dick of the Castle, that upon the newes of the losse of *Calis*, went and put a whole bird-spit in the pike of his buckler; nor Dick Swash, or desperate Dick, that's such a terrible cutter at a chyne of beefe, and devoures more meate at Ordinaries, in discoursing of his fraies and deep acting of his flashing and hewing, than would serve halfe a dozen brewers dray-men; nor *Dick of the Cow*, that mad demilance northren borderer, who plaid his prizes with the lord *Fockey*

fo bravely ; but paraphrafticall gallant patron Dick, as good a fellow as ever was Heigh fill the pot hostesse ; curteous Dicke, comicall Dicke, lively Dicke, lovely Dicke, learned Dicke, olde *Dicke of Lichfield*, *jubeo te plurimum salvere*, which is, by interpretation, I joy to heare thou hast fo profited in gibridge.

I am fure thou wondrest not a little what I meane, to come uppon thee fo fraungelye with fuch a huge dicker of Dickes in a heape altogether ; but that's but to shew the redundance of thy honorable familie, and how affluent and copious thy name is in all places, though *Erasmus*, in his *Copia Verborum*, never mentions it.

Without further circumstance, to make *short*, (which, to speake troth, is onely proper to thy trade,) the short and long of it is this :—There is a certaine kinde of Doct̄or of late very pittifully growen bald, and thereupon is to be shaven immediately, to trie if that will helpe him ; now, I know no fuch nimble fellow at his weapon in all *England* as thy selfe, who (as I heare) standst in election at this instant to bee chiefe *Crowner* or clipper of crownes in *Cambridge*, and yet no defacer of the queenes coyne neither : and it is pittie but thou shouldst have it, for thou hast long serv'd as a clarke in the *crowne* office, and concluded fyllogifmes in *barbaranie* time this sixteene yeare, and yet never metst with anie requitall, except it were some few *French crownes*, pild friers crownes, drye shaven, not so much worth as one of these Scottish horne crownes ; which (thy verie enemies must needs confesse) were but *bare wages*, (yea, as bare as my nayle, i faith,) for thy brave desert and dexteritie : and some fuch *thinne* gratuitie or *haire-loome* it may be the doct̄or may present thee with ; but how ever it *falls*, hath his

head or his hayre the falling sicknesse never so, without anie more delay, *of or on*, trimm'd hee must bee with a trice, and and there is no remedie, but thou must needes come and joyne with me to give him the terrible cut.

Wherefore (good *Dick*) on with thy apron, and arme thy selfe *to set him downe* at the first word: *stand to him*, I say, and *take him a button lower*: feare not to shew him a *knacke* of thy occupation, and once in thy life let it be said, that a doctor weares thy *cloth*, or that thou hast cauld him to doo pennance, and weare *haire-cloth* for his sinnes. Were he as he hath been (I can assure thee) he would clothe and adorne thee with manie gracious gallant complements; and not a rotten tooth that hangs out at thy shop window, but should cost him an indefinite Turkish armie of English *hexameters*. O! he hath been olde dogge at that drunken, staggering kinde of verse, which is all up hill and downe hill, like the way betwixt *Stamford* and *Beechfeeld*, and goes like a horse plunging through the myre in the deep of winter, now soust up to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tiptoes. Indeed, in old king Harrie sinceritie, a kinde of verse it is hee hath been enfeost in from his minoritie; for, as I have bin faithfully informed, hee first cryde in that verse in the verie moment of his birth; and when he was but yet a fresh-man in *Cambridge* he set up *Siquisses*, and sent his accounts to his father in those joulting heroicks. Come, come, account of him as you list, by *Poll* and *Aedipoll* I protest, your noble science of decision and contraction is immortally beholding to him, for twice double his patrimonie hath he spent in carefull cherishing and preserving his pickerdevant; and besides, a devine vicarly brother of his, called *Astrologicall Richard*, some few yeares since (for the benefit of his coun-

Barbers
knacking their
fingers.
Theyr lousy
naprie they
put about
mens neckes,
whiles they
are trimming.

Siquis, a bill
for any thing
lost.

For division
and contrac-
tion.

tre) most studiously compyled a *profound abridgement upon beards*, and therein copiously dilated of the true discipline of peakes, and no lesse frutelessly determined betwixt the swallowes taile cut, and the round beard like a rubbing brush. It was my chaunce (O thrice blessed chaunce!) to the great comfort of my Muse to peruse it, although it came but privately in print; and for a more rated pasport (in thy opinion) that I have read it and digested it, this title it beareth, *A Defence of short haire against Synesius and Pierius*; or rather, in more familiar English to expresse it, a dash over the head against baldnes, verie necessary to be observed of al the *looser* fort, or *loose* haire fort, of yong gentlemen and courtiers, and no lesse pleasant and profitable to be remembered of the whole common-wealth of the barbaras. The posie theretoo annexed, *Prolixior est brevitare sua*; as much to say, as burne bees and have bees, and haire the more it is cut the more it comes; lately devised and set forth by *Richard Harvey*, the unluckie prophet of prodigies. If this may not settle thy beleefe, but yet thou requirest a further token to make up even money, in the Epistle Dedicatorie thereof to a great man of this land, whom he calls *his verie right honourable good Lord*, he recounteth his large bounties bestowed upon him, and talkes of the secret favours which hee did him in his studie or closet at court.

Heare you Dick! marke you here what a jewell this learning is! how long will it be ere thou studie thy selfe to the like preferment? No reason I see why thou, being a barber, shouldst not bee as *hair-braind* as he. Onely for writing a booke of beards, in which he had no further experience, but by looking on his father when he made hairs, hair lines I meane, and yet not such *lines* of life as a hangman hath in

Therefore be-
like hee gave
it that title,
because it was
most of it
short haire his
father made
ropes of.

his hand, but haire lines to hang linnen on ; for that smal demerit (I fay) is he thus advanced and courted, and from astrological Dick raifed to be favorite Dick. And verie meete it is he should be so favored and raifd by high perfonages, for before he was as low a parson or vicar as a man could lightly fet ey on.

With teares be it spoken, too few fuch lowly parsons and preachers we have, who, laying aside all worldly encumbrances, and plesant converfing with Saint *Austen*, *Ferome*, *Chriftome*, wilbe content to read a lecture, as he hath done, *de lana caprina*, (almost as slender a caft subject as a catts fmelling haire,) or traverfe the fubtile diftinctions twixt *short cut and long taile*.

Fie ! this is not the fortieth dandiprat part of the affectionate *items* hee hath bequeathed on your myfterie : with five thoufand other doctinal devotions hath he adopted himfelfe more than a by founder of your trade, conjoyning with his aforefaid doctour brother in eighty eight browne bakers dozen of almanackes.

In everie of which famous annals of the foure windes unfallible rules are prefcribd for men to obferve the beft time to breed love-lockes in, and fo to ringle a thorough hayre for rooting, that it fhall never put foorth his fnayles hornes againe ; as alfo under what planet a man maye with leaft danger picke his teeth, and how to catch the fun in fuch a phifical figne, that one may fwear and be not a haire the worfe.

But thefe amplifications adjourned to another returne, all the devoyre, diamond Dick, which I am in this epiftle of thy daintie compofition to expoftulate, is no more but this : that fince under thy redoubted patronage and pro-

Some holde,
that any place
of a mans
chin, being
rubd with
a gold ring,
being heated,
will fo harden
the fkin, that
there fhall
never anie
haire grow
there more.

Bestellein, the
royallest Paffe
in Germanie
that may bee,
onely for
Dukes and
great princes.

A lance, an
instrument to
let bloud
with.

tection my workes are to have their royal *Bestellein*, and more than common safe conduct into the world, and that for the meridian of thy honour and magnificence they are chiefly elevated and erected, thou wouldst bravely mount thee on thy barbed steed, *alias* thy triumphant barbers chaire, and girding thy keene *Palermo* rasour to thy side, in stead of a trenchant Turkish semitorie, and setting thy sharpe pointed launce in his rest, be with them at a haire bredth that backbite and detract me.

Phlebothomize them, sting them, tutch them, Dick, tutch them; play the valiant man at *armes*, and let them bloud and spare not: the lawe allowes thee to doe it, it will beare no action; and thou, being a barber surgeon, art priviledgd to dresse flesh in Lent or anie thing.

Admit this be not sufficient to coole the heat of their courage, ferch them in another vaine, by discharging thy pocket dags against them, and let them smart for it to the prooffe.

Steele thy painted May-pole, or, more properly to tearme it, thy redoubted rigorous horfmans staffe (which at thy dore as a manifest *figne* thou hangst forth of thy martiall prowesse and hardiment) on their insolent creasts that maligne and despise me, and forbear not to bring forth all thy brasse peeces against them. It is well known thou hast been a commaunder and a souldier ever since *Tilbury Campe*, and earlie and late *walkt the round*, and dealt verie *short* and *round* with all those that come under thy fingers, strugle[d] through the *foamie* deepe, and skirmisht on the *downes*: wherefore, if thou tak'st them not downe soundlie, with a hey downe and a derry, and doost not shuffle and *cut* with them lustilie, *actum est de pudicitia*; I aske of God thou

maist light upon none but bald-pates till thou diest. But I trow thou wilt carry a better pate with thee, and not suffer any of these indigent old fashiond judgements to carry it away; whose wits were right stufte when those love-letters in rime were in request, and whose capacities never mended their pace, since *Pace*, the Duke of *Norfolkes* foole, died. As for the decaied Proctor of *Saffron-Walden* himself, if he wander within the precincts of thy indignation, I make no question but of thy owne accord, without any motion of mine, thou wilt be as ready as any *catchpoule*, out of all *scotch and notch*, to torment him, and deal as *snip snap* snappishly with him, as ever he was delt withall since he first dated letters from his gallerie in *Trinitie Hall*; not suffering a lowse that belongs to him to passe thy hands without a *powling* penny: and yet, as I shrewdly presage, thou shalt not finde many powling pence about him neither, except he rob *Peter* to pay *Powle*, empoverish his spirital vicar brother to helpe to pay for his powling; and he, alas! (dolefull foure nobles curate, nothing so good as the confessor of Tyburne, or superintendent of *Pancredge*.) hath nittifide himselfe with a dish, *rotundè profundè*, any time this fourteene yeare, to save charges of sheep-shearing; and, not to make of a thing more than it is, hath scarce so much ecclesiasticall living in all, as will serve to buy him cruell strings to his bookes, and haire buttons.

Wherefore I passe not if, in tender charitie and commiseration of his estate, I adde ten pound and a purse to his wages and stipend, canvaze him and his angell brother *Gabriell* in ten sheetes of paper, and so leave them to goe hang themselves; or outright to hang, draw, and quarter them al under one, I care not if I make it eighteen, on that con-

dition, in their laſt will and teſtament they bequeath me eighteene wiſe words in the way of anſwere betwixt them.

I dare give my word for them, they will never doe it; no, not although it were injoynd to them in ſtead of their neck-verſe, their whole ſtock of wit, when it was at the beſt, beeing but ten Engliſh hexameters and a *Lenvoy*. Wherefore, generous Dick, (without hum drum be it ſpoken) I utterly deſpaire of them; or not ſo much deſpaire of them, as count them a paire of poore ideots, being not only but alſo two brothers, two blockheads, two blunderkins, having their braines ſtuft with nought but balder-daſh, but that they are the verie botts and the glanders to the gentle readers, the dead paſſie and apoplexie of the preſſe, the *ſarpego* and the *ſciatica* of the ſeven liberall ſciences, the fu[r]ſetting vomit of Ladie Vanitie, the ſworne bands to one anothers vain-glorie; and, to conclude, the moſt contemptible *Mounſier Ajaxes* of excrementall conceits, and ſtinking kennel-rakt up invention that this or anie age ever afforded.

I pry thee, furmounting *Donzel Dick*, whiles I am in this heate of invective, let me remember thee to do this one kindnes more for me; *videlicet*, when thou haſt frizled and ſcrubd and tickled the haire ſweetly, and that thou haſt filcht thy ſelfe into an excellent honourable aſſembly of ſharpe judiciall fierie wits and fine ſpirits, bee it this winter at an evening tearme, or where ever, with all the thundring grace and magnanimous eloquence that thou haſt, put up this hieroycall grace in their behalfe, if thou bee not paſt grace.

A Grace put up in behalfe of the Harveys.

Supplicat reverentiis veſtris, per apoſtrophem, &c.

In English thus :

Most humblie sueth to your Reverences, the reprobate brace of brothers of the Harveys; to wit, witleffe Gabriell and ruffling Richard: That whereas for anie time this foure and twentie yeare they have plaicd the fantasticall gub-shites and goose-giblets in print, and kept a hatefull scribbling and a pamplenting about earth-quakes, conjunctions, inundations, the fearfull blazing starre, and the forsworne flaxe-wife; and tooke upon them to be false prophets, weather-wizards, fortune-tellers, poets, philosophers, orators, historiographers, mountebankes, ballet-makers, and left no arte undefamed with their filthie dull-headed practise; it may please your Worships and Masterships, these infidell premisses considered, and that they have so fully performed all their acts in absurditie, impudence, and foolerie, to grant them their absolute graces, to commence at Dawes Crosse, and with your general subscriptions confirm them for the profoundest Arcandums, Acarnanians, and dizards, that have been discovered since the deluge, and so let them passe throughout the Qucenes dominions.

Purposely that space I left, that as manie as I shall perfwade they are *Pachecoos*, *Poldavisses*, and *Dringles*, may fet their hands to their definitive sentence, and with the clarke helpe to crye *Amen* to their eternall unhandfoming.

Plie them, plie them uncessantly, *unico Dick*, even as a water-man plies for his fares; and insinuate and goe about the bush with them, like as thou art wont to insinuate and go about the grizlie bushie beard of some savage Saracen

butcher, and never furceafe flaunting and firking it in fustian, till under the Universities united hand and seale they bee enacted as *obfolate* a cafe of cockes-combes as ever he was in *Trinitie Colledge*, that would not carrie his tutors bow into the field because it would not edifie; or his fellow *qui quæ codshead*, that in the Latine tragedie of *K. Richard*, cride, *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs!* when his whole part was no more, but *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma!*

Shall I make a motion which I would not have thee thinke I induce to flatter thee neyther, thou being not in my walke, whereby I might come to wash my handes with thee a mornings, or get a sprinkling or a brushing for a brybe: wilt thou commence and make no more ado, since thou haft almost as much learning, and farre more wit, than the two brothers, or eyther of those profound *qui mihi discipulasses* above mentioned?

Now verely (I perswade-mee) if thou wouldst attempt it, not all the *Gabriels* betwixt this and *Godmanchester*, put together, wold make a more perpolite cathedral doctör than thy selfe; for all language at thy fingers ende thou haft as perfect as *Spruce*, and nere a *Dicke Harvey*, or cathedral doctör of them all, can read a more smooth succinct *Lipſian* lecture of short haire than thou over thy barbars chaire, if thou bee so disposed, nor stand and encounter all commers so constantly.

Dick, I exhort thee as a brother, be not a horse to forget thy own worth: thou art in place where thou maist promote thy selfe; do not close-prison and eclipse thy vertues in the narrow glasse lanthorne of thy barbers shop, but reflect them up and downe the realme, like to those prospective glasses which expresse not the similitudes they receive neere hand,

but cast them in the ayre a farre off, where they are more clerely represented.

Commence, commence, I admonish thee : thy merits are ripe for it, and there have been doctors of thy facultie, as doctor *Dodipowle* for example ; and here in *London*, yet extant *viva voce* to testifie, *doctor Nott and doctor Powle*, none of which in *notting* and *powling* go beyond thee. To utter unto thee my fancie as touching those neoterick tongues thou professest, in whose pronounciation old *Tooly* and thou varie as much, as *Stephen Gardineer* and Sir *John Cheeke* about the pronounciation of the Greeke tongue : loe ! for a testifying encouragement how much I wish thy encrease in those languages, I have here tooke the paines to nit and louze over the doctours booke, and though manie cholericke cookes about *London* in a mad rage have dismembred it, and thrust it piping hot into the oven under the bottomes of dowsets, and impiouly prickt the torne sheetes of it, for basting paper, on the outsides of geese and roasting beefe, to keepe them from burning ; yet have I naturally cherisht it and hugd it in my bosome, even as a carrier of *Bosomes Inne* dooth a cheefe under his arme, and the purest *Parmasen* magget phrases therein cull'd and pickt out to present thee with.

Read and peruse them over, as diligently as thou wouldst doo a charme against the tooth-ache ; for this I can gospelly avouch, no sleight paynes hath the doctour tooke in collecting them, consulting a whole quarter of a yeare with *Textors Epithites* (which he borrowd of a friend of mine in *Poules Churchyard*) onely to pounse them out more poetically.

Be not self-wild, but insift in my precepts, and I will tutour thee so Pythagoreanly how to husband them in al

companies, that even *Willington* himfelfe, thy fellow barber in *Cambridge*, (who hath long borne the bell for finicall de-fcanting on the *Crates*) fhallbe conftained to worfhip and offer to thee.

A rag borrowd
from his owne
dunghil.

Abruptly to breake into the bowels of this *index* of bald inkhornifme, what faift thou for all thou art reputed fuch an *enigmaticall linguift* (under the doctors *terme probatorie* licenfe bee it fpooken, being a terme with him as frequent as ftanding upon termes among lawiers), canft thou enter into the true nature of *villanie by connivence*? I hold a groate thou canft not confter it. A word it is, that the doctor lay a whole weeke and a day and a night, entranced on his bed, to bring forth, and on the Munday evening late caufd all the bells, in the parifh where he then fojourned, to be rong forth, for joy that he was delivered of it.

Repent, and be afhamed of thy rudeneffe; O! thou that haft made fo manie men winke whyles thou caft fuds in their eyes, and yet knoweft not what *connivence* meanes. Plodding, and dunftically like a clowne of *Cherryhinton*, bafely thou befeccheft them to winke, whiles thou mak'ft a tennis-court of their faces, by brick-walling thy clay-balls croffe up and downe their cheekes; whereas, if thou wert right orthographizd in the doctors elocution, thou wouldft fay, in ftead of, I pray, Sir, winke I muft wafh you, Sir, by your favour I muft require your *connivence*.

Againe: it is thy cuftome, being fent for to fome tall old finckauter, or ftigmaticall bearded mafter of arte, that hath been chin-bound ever fince *Charles* the Ninths maffacre in *France*, to rush in bluntly with thy wafhing bowle and thy nurfe-cloutes under thy cloake, and after a few fcraping ceremonies, to afke if his worfhip bee at leafure to be re-created?

A malo in pejus! that is the meanest salutation that ere I heard: utterly thou bewrayest thy *non-proficiencie* in the doctors Paracelsian rope-rhetorique. What a pestilence a yong braine, and so poore and penurious in *Conges*? Rayse thy conceit on the trees, or, rather than faile, new corke it at the heeles, before it should thus walke bare-foote up and downe the streetes.

Hence take thy Harveticall *exordium*, if thou wouldst have thy conceit the worlds favourite at first dash, *Omniscious and omnisufficient master Doctor*, (for so hee calls *Cornelius Agrippa*) *will it please you to bee cosmologizd and smirkt?*

Suppose a bishop come to the universitie, as the Bishop of *Lincolne* somtimes to visit *Kings Colledge*, and the Bishop of *Ely Saint Johns*, (whiles there was ever a bishop there,) a playne bishop (like *Martin*) at everie word thou wilt terme him, whereas if thou wert but one hower entred commons in *Harvey de Oratore*, *A great pontife or demy-god in omnisufficiencie* thou wouldst enstall him.

But to appose thee more dallyingly and familiarly. It is given out amongst schollers, that thou hast a passing singular good wit; now, to trie whither thou hast so or no, let me heare what change of phrafes thou hast to describe a good wit in, or how, in pedagogue *Tragotanto* doctors English, thou canst flourish upon it.

I feele thy pulses beat slowly alreadie, although thou beest fortie mile off from mee, and this impotent answere (with much adoe) droppes from thee, even as sweate from a leane man that drinkes facke; namely, that thou thinkest there cannot much extraordinarie descant be made of it, except it be to say, such a one hath an admirable capacitie, an incomparable quick invention, and a surmounting rich spirit

above all men. Hah ha! a destitute poore fellow art thou, and haft mist mee nine score: goe, goe, get thee a caudle and keepe thy selfe warme in thy bed, for, out of question, thy spirit is in a consumption.

A rich spirit quoth a? nay then a spirit in the way of honestie too: loe! this it is, to be read in nothing but in *Barnabe Riches* workes. Spend but a quarter so much time in mumping uppon *Gabrielisme*, and Ile be bound, bodie and goods, thou wilt not anie longer sneakingly come forth with a rich spirit and an admirable capacitie, but an *enthusiasticall spirit, and a nimble entelechy*. In the course of my booke a whole catalogue thou shalt finde of all these *Guiny* phrafes, to which, in zealous care of thy reformation, I referre thee.

Dii boni, boni! quid porto? What a large dioceffe of epifling have I here progreft through! The summons to a generall councill, with all the reasons mooving thereunto, or *Tindalls* Prologue before the New Testament, are but short graces before meate, in comparifon of this my immoderate dedication. But the best is, if it be too long, thou haft a combe and a paire of sciffers to curtall it; or, if thou list not stand so long about it, with a *Trinitie Colledge* rubber thou maist epitomize it extempore.

Marrie! if thou long to heare the reason why I have so stretcht it on the tenter-hookes, forfooth it is a garment for the woodcocke *Gabriel Harvey*, and fooles, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall fooles) are futed in long coates; whereupon I set up my reft to shape his garments of the same size, that I might be sure to fit on his skirts.

Dick, no more at this time, but *Nos-da diu catawhy*; and

all the recompence I can make thee for being, like a chancery declaration, so tiring troublesome unto thee, is this: if thou wilt have the doctour for an anatomic, thou shalt; doo but speake the word, and I am the man will deliver him to thee to be scotcht and carbonadoed, but in anie case speake quickly, for heere he lies at the laft gaspe of surrendering all his credit and reputation.

Thy Friend THO. NASHE,
if thou beest foe, DICK, *to*
all the generation of
the HARVEYS.

*To all Christian Readers, to whom these Presents
shall come.*

WELL said, my masters! I perceyve there cannot a new booke come forth but you will have a fling at it. Say, what are you reading? *Nashe* against *Harvey*. Fo! that's a stale jeast; hee hath been this two or three yeare about it. O! good brother *Timothie*, rule your reason; the miller gryndes more mens corne than one, and those that resolutely goe through with anie quarrell, must set all their worldly busines at a stay, before they draw it to the poynt. I will not gainfay but I have cherisht a purpose of perfecting this Liff-lander *Bogarian* so long time as ye speak of; and that like the long snouted beast (whose backe is castle prooffe) carrying her yong in her wombe three yere ere she be delivered, I have been big with childe of a common place of revenge, ever since the hanging of *Lopus*: but to say I plodded upon it continually, and used in all this space nothing but gall to make inke with, is a lye befitting a base swabberly lowfie sailer, who having been never but a month at sea in his life, and duckt at the maine yards arme twice or thrice for pilferie, when hee comes home sweares hee hath been seventeene yeares in the Turkes gallies.

Patientia vestra, there is not one pint of wine, more than the just bill of cofts and charges in setting forth, to be got by anie of these bitter-sauced invectives. Some foolish praise perhaps we may meete with, such as is afforded to ordinarie jesters that make sport, but otherwise we are like those fugitive priests in *Spaine* and *Portugall*, whom the

Pope (verie liberally) prefers to Irish Bishoprickes, but allows them not a pennie of anie living to maintaine them with, save onely certaine friers to beg for them.

High titles (as they of bishops and prelates, so of poets and writers) we have in the world, when, in stead of their begging friers, the fire of our wit is left as our onely last refuge to warme us.

Harvey and I (a couple of beggers) take upon us to bandie factions, and contend like the *Ursini* and *Coloni* in *Roome*, or as the *Turkes* and *Persians* about *Mahomet* and *Mortus Alli*, which should bee the greatest; and (with the *Indians*) head our inventions arrowes with vipers teeth, and steep them in the bloud of adders and ferpents, and spend as much time in arguing *pro* and *contra*, as a man might have found out the quadrature of the circle in, when all the controverfie is no more but this: he began with mee, and cannot tell how to make an end; and I would faine end or rid my hands of him, if he had not first begun.

I protest I doo not write against him because I hate him; but that I would confirme and plainly shew, to a number of weake beleivers in my sufficiencie, that I am able to answere him: and his friends, and not his enemies, let him thanke for this heavie load of disgrace I lay upon him, since theyr extreame difabling of mee in this kinde, and urging what a triumph he had over me, hath made me to ranfacke my standish more than I would.

This I will boldly say: looke how long it is since he writ against me, so long have I given him a leafe of his life, and he hath onely held it by my mercie.

His Booke, or *Magna Charta*, which against *M. Lilly* and me he address, I having kept idle by me, in a by settle out of fight amongst old shoes and bootes, almost this two

yere, and in meere pitie of him would never looke upon it but in some calme pleasing humor, for feare least, in my melancholy, too cruelly I should have martyrd him.

And yet, though vengeance comes not *Zephris and hirundine prima*, in the first springing prime of his schisme and herefie, let him not looke for one of frier *Tecelius* pardons, he that (as *Sleidane* reports) first stird up *Luther*, pronouncing from the Pope free salarie indulgence to anie man, though he had deflowred the Virgine *Mary*, and absolution as well for sinnes past as sinnes to come; for I meane to come upon him with a tempest of thunder and lightning, worse than the stormes in the West *Indies* cald the *Furicanoes*, and compleate arme more words for his confusion, than *Wezell* in *Germanie* is able to arme men, that hath absolute furniture for three hundred thousand at all times.

Gentlemen, what think ye of this sober mortified stile? I dare say a number of ye have drawn it to a verdit alreadie; and as an elephants forelegs are longer than his hinder, so you imagine my former confutation wilbe better than my latter. Nay, then, *Aesopum non attrivistis*; you are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the true movings of *Mars*, which to this day they could never attaine too. For how ever, in the first setting forth, I march faire and softly, like a man that rides upon his owne horse, and like the *Caspian* sea seeme neither to ebbe nor flow, but keep a smooth plain forme in my eloquence, as one of the *Lacedemonian Ephori*, or *Baldwin* in his *Morrall Sentences* (which now are all snatched up for painters posies) yet you shall see me, in two or three leaves hence, crie, Heigh for our towne greene! and powre hot boyling inke on this contemptible heggledpegs barrain scalp,

as men condemned for stealing by *Richard de corde Lions* law, had hot boyling pitch powrd on their heads, and feathers strewd upon, that wheresoever they came they might be knowne.

I know I am too long in preparing an entrance into my text, *sed tandem denique* to the matter and the purpose.

The method I meane to use, in persecuting this *Peter Malvenda* and *Sinibaldo Crafsko*, is no more but this.

Memorandum, I frame my whole Booke in the nature of a dialogue, much like *Bullen* and his doctor *Tocrub*, whereof the Interlocuters are these :

Inprimis, *Senior Importunio*, the Opponent.

The second, *Grand Consiliadore*, chiefe Cenfor or Moderator.

The third, *Domino Bentivole* ; one that stands, as it were, at the line in a tennis-court, and takes everie ball at the volly.

The fourth, *Don Carneades de boone Compagniola*, who like a busie countrey justice sits on the Bench, and preacheth to theeves out of their own confessions: or rather, like a quarter-master or treasurer of *Bride-well*, whose office is to give so manie strokes with the hammer, as the publican unchaft offender is to have stripes, and by the same *Tuballs* musique to warne the blue-coate corrector when he should patience and surcease: so continually, when by *Senior Importunio* the doctor is brought to the crosse, *Don Carneades* sets downe what proportion of justice is to be executed upon him, and, when his backe hath bled sufficient, gives a signall of re-trayt.

Neither would I have you imagine that all these personages are fained, like *Americke Vesputius*, and the rest of the *Antwerpe* speakers in *Sir Thomas Mores Utopia*: for, as

true as *Bankes* his horse knowes a Spaniard from an Englishman, or there went up one and twentie maides to the top of *Boston* Steeple, and there came but one downe againe, so true it is that there are men which have dealt with me in the same humour that heere I shaddow. In some nooke or blind angle of the *Black-Friers* you may suppose (if you will) this honest conference to bee held, after the same manner that one of of these *Italianate* conferences about a *divell* is wont solemnly to be handled; which is, when a man, being specially toucht in reputation, or challenged to the field upon equal tearmes, calls all his friends together, and askes them their advice how he should carrie selfe in the action.

Him that I tearme *Senior Importunio* is a gentleman of good qualitie, to whom I rest manie waies beholding, and one (as the philosphers say of winde, that it is nothing but aire vehemently moov'd) so hath hee never ceast, with all the vehemence of winde or breath that he hath, to incite and moove me to win my spurres in this journey.

Under *Grand Confiliadore*, I allude to a grave reverend Gimnofhifft (*Amicorum amicissimus*, of all my friends the most zealous) that as *Aesculapius* built an oracle of the sunne at *Athens*, so is his chamber an oracle or convocation chappell of found counsaile, for all the better fort of the fannes of understanding about *London*, and (as it were) an usuall market of good fellowship and conference.

Hee also (as well as *Senior Importunio*) hath dealt with me verie importunately, to employ all my forces in this expedition, and as *Hippocrates* preserved the Citie of *Coos* from a great plague or mortalitie (generally dispersed throughout *Greece*) by perfwading them to kindle fires in publique places, whereby the aire might be purified; so

hath hee (in most fervent devotion to my well dooing) uncessantly perswaded me to preserve my credit from jadisht dying of the *scratches*, by powerfull through enkindling this *Pinego Rimos* everlasting fire of damnation.

For *Domino Bentivole* and *Don Carneades de bonne compagniola*, they be men that have as full shares in my love and affection as the former.

The antecedent of the two, besides true resolution and valure (wherewith he hath ennobled his name extraordinary) and a ripe pleasant wit in conversing, hath in him a perfect unchangeable true habit of honestie, imitating the arte of musique, which the professours thereof affirme to be infinite and without end.

And for the subsequest or hindermost of the paire, who likewise is none of the unworthiest retainers to Madame *Bellona*, hee is another *Florentine Poggius* for mirthfull sportive conceit and quick invention, *ignem faciens ex lapide nigro*, (which *Munster* in his *Cosmography* alledgeth for the greatest wonder of *England*) that is, wresting delight out of anie thing. And this over and above I will give in evidence for his praise, that though all the ancient records and preidents of ingenuous apothegs and emblemes were burnt, (as *Polidore Virgill* in *King Harry* the Eights time burnt all the ancient records of the true beginning of this our Ile, after hee had finished his chronicle) yet out of his affluent capacitie they were to be renewed and re-edified farre better.

These foure with myfelfe, whom I personate as the respondent in the last place, shall (according as God wil give them grace) clap up a *Colloquium* amongst them, and so schoole my gentle *comrade*, or neighbor, *Quiquisse* in some few short principles of my learning and industrie, that

(I doubt not) by that time they have concluded and difpatcht, with him, my *Gorboduck Huddle-duddle* will gladly (on his knees) refigne to mee his doctourship; and as *Antisthenes* could not beate *Diogenes* away from him, but he would needes be his scholler whether he would or no, fo shall I have him haunt me up and downe to be my prentife to learne to endite, and, doo what I can, I shall not be fhut of him.

This is once; I both can and wilbe fhut prefently of this tedious chapter of contents, leaft, whereas I prepared it as an antipaft to whet your ftomaks, it cleane take away your ftomackes, and you furfet of it before meate come: wherefore, onely giving you this one caveat to obferve in reading my booke, which *Aristotle* prefcribes to them that read hiftories, namely, that they bee not *nimis credulos aut incredulos*, too rash or too flow of beleefe; and earneftly commending me to *Qui cytharum nervis, et nervis temperat arcum*, the melodious God of *Gam ut are*, that is life and finnewes in everie thing; as alfo to *Jones* ancient truffie *Roger*, frifking come aloft fprightly *Mercury*, that hath wings for his mouftachies, wings for his ey-browes; wings growing out of his chinne like a thorough haire, wings at his armes, like a fooles coate with foure elbowes, wings for his riding bafes, wings at his heeles in ftead of fpures, and is true Prince of *Wingan-decoy* in everie thing, and defiring him to infpire my pen with fome of his nimbleft Pomados and Sommerfets, and be ftill clofe at my elbow, fince now I have more ufe of him than Alchumifts, in love and charitie I take my leave of you all, at leaft of all fuch as heere meane to leave and read no further, and haft to the launching forth of my Dialogue.

HAVE WITH YOU TO SAFFRON- WALDEN.

DIALOGUS.

Interlocutores, Senior Importuno, Grand Consiliadore, Domino Bentivole, Don Carneades de bonne compaigniola, Piers Pennileffe Respondent.

Importuno.

WHAT, Tom! thou art very welcome. Where hast thou bin this long time; walking in Saint *Faiths* church under ground, that wee never could see thee? Or hast thou tooke thee a chamber in *Cole-harbour*, where they live in a continuall myst betwixt two brew-houses?

Consili. Indeed, we have mist you a great while, as well spirituallly as corporally; that is, no lesse in the absence of your workes, than the want of your companie: but now, I hope, by your presence you will fully satisfie us in either.

Bentivole. Nay, I would he would but fully satisfie and paye one, which is the doctor; for this I can assure him, he is run farre in arrearages with expectation, and to recover himselfe it wilbe verie hard, except hee put twice dubble as much *aqua fortis* in his inke as he did before.

Carnead. No *aqua fortis*, if you love me, for it almost poysoned and spoyled the fashion of *Stones* the fooles nose; and would you have it be the destruction and defolation of

a doctour foole now? What! content your selfe: a messe of *Tewksbury* mustard, or a dramme and a halfe of *Tower-hill* vineger, will seeme a high festivall banquet, and make a famous coronation shew on this forlorne civilians hungry table.

Impor. Tush, tush! you are all for jest, and make him be more careles of his credit than he would be, by thus contemning and debasing his adverfarie. Will you heare what is the united voyce and opinion abroad? Confidently they say, he is not able to answere him, he hath deferd it so long; and if he doo answere him, howsoever it be, it is nothing since hee hath been a whole age about it, though I, for mine owne part, know the contrarie, and will engage my oath for him (if need be) that the most of this time they thinke him hovering over the neast, he hath sat hatching of nothing but toies for private gentlemen, and neglected the peculiar busines of his reputation, that so deeply concerne him, to follow vaine hopes and had I wist humours about Court, that make him goe in a thred-bare cloake, and scarce pay for boat hire. Often enough I told him of this, if he would have beleevd me; but at length I am sure he findes it, and repents it all too late. In no companie I can come, but everie minute of an howre (because they have taken speciall notice of my love towards him) they still will be tormenting me with one question or another, of what he is about, what meanes he to be thus retchles of his fame? or whether I am sure those things which are past under his name heretofore were of his owne dooing? or to get an opinion of wit hee used some other mans helpe under hande, that now hath utterly given him over and forsaken him? whether he be dead or no, or forbidden to write? or in regard he hath publisht a treatise in

divinitie makes a conscience to meddle any more in these controversies? with a thousand other like idle interrogatories: whereto I answere nothing else, but that he is idle and new fangled, beginning many things but soone wearie of them ere hee be halfe entred; and that hee hath too much acquaintance in London ever to doo any good, being like a curtezan that can deny no man, or a grave commonwealths fenatour that thinkes he is not borne for himselfe alone; but as old *Laertes* in *Homers Odissæa*, *Dum reliqua omnia curabat, seipsū negligebat*, caring for all other things else, sets his owne estate at fixe and seaven. Judge you, whom he takes for his best friends, what the end of this will be. A disgraced and condemned man he lives whiles *Harvey* thus lives unanswered, worse than he that hath peaceably and quietly put up an hundred bastinadoes, or suffred his face to be made a continual common wall for men to spit on. Spittle may be wip't off, and the print of a broken pate, or bruse with a cudgell quickly made whole and worne out of mens memories; but to be a villaine in print, or to be imprinted at London the reprobatest villaine that ever went on two legs, for such is *Gabriell Scurveies* (as in thy other booke thou termst him) his witles malicious testimony of thee, with other more rascally hedge rak't up termes, familiar to none but roguish mortis and doxes, is an attainder that will sticke by thee for ever. A blot of ignominie it is, which though this age or, at the utmost, such in this age as have converted or are acquainted with thee, hold light and ridiculous, and no more but as a bulls roaring and bellowing, and running horne mad at every one in his way, when he is wounded by the dogges, and almost bayted to death; yet there is an age to come, which, knowing neither thee nor

him, but by your severall workes judging of either, will authorise all hee hath belched forth in thy reproach for found Gospell; since as the proverbe is, *qui tacet consentire videtur*, thou holding thy peace, and not confuting him, seemes to confesse and confirme all whereof hee hath accused thee, and the innocent, unheard, doo perish as guilty. Deceive not thy selfe with the bad sale of his bookes; for though in no other mans handes, yet in his owne deske they may bee founde after his death, whereby, while printing lasts, thy disgrace may last, and the printer (whose copie it is) may leave thy infamie in legacie to his heyres, and his heyres to their next heyres, successively to the thirteenth and fourteenth generation, *cum privilegio*, forbidding all other to print those lewd lying recordes of thy scandall and contumely, but the lineall offspring of their race *in sempiternum*. Haft thou not heard howe *Orpheus* wrote in the 2700 age of the world, whereas it is now 5596, and yet his memorie is fresh, his verses are extant, whereas all the kings, that raignd and survivde at that time, have not so much as the first letter of their names to posterity commended: the very same is thy case with those in *Germanie*, which being executed are never buried. Consider and deliberate well of it, and if it worke not effectually with thee I know not what will. Neither, if thou beest so sencelesse that thou wilt not let it sinke into thee, doo I hold thee worthy to be any thing but the sinke of contempt, to be excluded out of all men of worths companies, and counted the abject scumme of all poets and ballet-makers.

Respond. So, you have said, sir. Now, let mee have my turne another-while, to counterbuffe and beate backe all those overthwart blowes wherewith you have charged me.

Benti. No reason to the contrarie; but in any case be not chollerick, since the most of those speeches he hath uttered my owne eares can witness to be true, when as at divers great meetings, and chiefe ordinaries, I have, champion-like, tooke thy part, and every one objected and articulated against thee, much after the same forme he hath expressed.

Respond. Will you have patience, and you shall heare me expressly and roundly give him his *quietus est*? To the first, wherein he concludes I am not able to answer him because I have deferred it so long, I answer that it follows not, in so much as many men, that are able to pay their debts, doo not alwaies discharge and pay them presently at one push; and secondly, or to the second lye, where he sayth, and I doo answer him it is nothing, since I have bene a whole age about it, if I list, I could prove his assertion to be under age: but that's all one; I am content my witte should take upon it antiquitie this once; and nothing else in my defence I will alledge, but *veritas temporis filia*, it is onely time that revealeth all things: wherefore, though in as short time as a man may learne to run at tilt, I could have gone thorough with invention inough to have run him thorough and confounded him, yet I must have some further time to get perfect intelligence of his life and conversation, one true point whereof, well set downe, wil more excruciate and commacerate him, than knocking him about the eares with his owne stile in a hundred sheetes of paper. And this let me informe the jury over and above, that age is no argument to make anie thing ill; and though graybeard drumbling over a discourse be no crime I am subject too, yet in the behalfe of the crazed wits of that stamp, I will uphold that it is no upright conclusion to say whatsoever is

long laboured is lowfie and not worth a straw; since by that reason you might conclude *Dianas* temple at *Ephesus* to have been a stinking dove-cote or a hog-sty, because it was 220 yere in building by the *Amazons*. Anie time this 17 yere my adverbary, *Frigius Pedagogus*, hath laid waste paper in pickle, and publisht some rags of treatifes against Master *Lilly* and mee, which I will justifie have lyne by him ever since the great matches of bowling and shooting on the *Thames* upon the yce. But, for my part, trie mee who will, and let anie man but finde mee meate and drinke, with the appurtenances, while I am playing the paper stainer, and fishing for pearle in the bottome of my tar-boxe, and but free me from those outward encumbrances of cares that over-whelme mee, and let this paraliticke quackfalver fill ten thousand tunnes with *scelerata sinapis*, shrewish snappish mustard, as *Plautus* calls it, or botch and cobble up as manie volumes as he can betwixt this and domefday, and he shall see I will have everie one of them in the nose straight, and give as suddaine extemporall answeres, as Pope *Silvesters* or Frier *Bacons* brazen head, which he would have set up on the Plain of *Salsbury*. As touching the vain hopes, and had I wist court humours, which you say I follow, there is no husbandman but tills and sows in hope of a good crop, though manie times hee is deluded with a bad harvest. Court humours, like cutting of haire, must either bee observed when the moone is new or in the full, or else no man will have his hands full that gleanes after them. Not unlikely it is they so question you about the cause of my long stay, and their wits being dull, frozen, and halfe dead for want of matter of delight, (whereof *Poules Church-yard* was never worfe fuelled) like those in *Florida* or divers

countreyes of the negroes, that kindle fire by rubbing two sticks one against another, so, to recreate and enkindle their decayed spirits, they care not how they set *Harvey* and mee on fire one against another, or whet us on to consume our selves. But this cock fight once past, I vow to turne a new leafe, and take another order with them, resolving to take up for the word, or *motto*, of my patience, *Perdere posse sat est*, it is enough that it is in my power to call a sessions and truffle him up when I list; concluding with the Poet, *Dum desint hostes, desit quoque causa triumphi*, as long as we have no enemies to trouble us, it is no matter for anie triumphs or bonfires: and as it was faide of the Blacke Princes souldiers, that they car'd for no spoyle but gold and silver, or feathers, so ever after I will care for no conquest or victorie, which carries not with it a present rich possibilitie of rayfing my decayed fortunes, and cavalier flourishing with a feather in my cappe (hey gallanta!) in the face of envie and generall worlds opinion. As newfangled and idle, and prostituting my pen like a curtizan, is the next *item* that you taxe me with; well, it may and it may not bee so, for neither will I deny it nor will I grant it: onely thus farre Ile goe with you, that twice or thrise in a month, when *res est angusta domi*, the bottome of my purse is turnd downeward, and my conduit of incke will no longer flowe for want of reparations, I am faine to let my plow stand still in the midst of a furrow, and follow some of these newfangled *Galiardos*, and *Senior Fantasticos*, to whose amorous *Villanellas* and *Quipassas*, I prostitute my pen in hope of gaine: but otherwise there is no newfanglednes in mee but povertie, which alone maketh mee so unconstant to my determined studies; nor idleneffe, more then discontented idle trudging from place

to place, too and fro, and prosecuting the meanes to keep mee from idlenesse. My Doctour *Vanderhulk*, peradventure, out of this my indigent confession may take occasion to work piteously: it is no matter, I care not, for many a faire day agoe have I proclaimed my selfe to the worlde *Piers Pennilessse*, and sufficient petigrees can I shewe to proove him my elder brother. What more remaineth behinde of the condemned estate I stand in, till this *Domine Dewse-ace* be swapped, and sent with a paire of new shooes on his feete, and a scrowle in his hand to Saint *Peter*, like a *Ruffian* when he is buried; as also of the immortality of the print, and how, though not this age, yet another age three yeares after the building up the top of Powles steeple, may baffull and infamize my name when I am in heaven, and shall never feele it, in foure words I will defeate and lay desolate. Forfooth (bee it knowne unto you) I have provided harping yrons to catch this great whale; and this *Gobin a grace ap Hannikin*, by Gods grace, shall be met and combatted. Yet this I must tell you, Sir, in the way of friendship twixt you and mee, your grave fatherly forecasting *foreasmuches*, and urging of posteritie, and after ages whose cradle-makers are not yet begot, that they may doo this, and they may do that, is a stale imitation of this heathen *Gregorie Huldricke*, my *antigonist*. And thus, I trust, all reckonings are even twixt you and mee.

Impor. Nay, I promise thee, thou hast given me my passport; and I know not what to say now thou sayst he shall be answerd.

Benti. I am very glad, for thy credits sake, that thou perseverst in that purpose, but more glad would I bee to see it abroad and publisht.

Resp. Content your felfe, fo you fhall ; although it hath gone abroad with his keeper any time this quarter of this yeare ; but as profounde a reafon as any I have alleag'd yet, of the long ftay and keeping it backe, was, that I might fulfill that olde, olde verfe in *Ovid*, *Ad metam properate fimul tunc plena voluptas* ; as much to fay as march together merrily, and then there will be lufty dooings and found fport : fo did I ftay for fome company to march with mee, that wee might have made round worke, and gone thorough ftitch ; but fince all this while they come not forward according to promife, but breake their daye, as the king of *Spaine* did with *Sebastian* king of *Portugall* about his meeting him at *Guandulopeia*, when they fhould have gone together to the battaile of *Alcazar*, *verah diabolo* Saint *George* ! and a tickling pipe of *tobacco*, and then pell mell, all alone have amongft them, if there were ten thoufand of them.

Carn. Faith, well faid ! I perceive thou fearft no colours.

Resp. Whatfoever I feare, Ile force *Jenkin Heyderry derry* both to feare and beare my colours, and fuite his cheekes (if there be one pimple of fhame in them) in a perfecter red than anie *Venice* dye.

Consil. Vengeance on that unluckie dye ! may hee crie, like a fwearing fhredded gamefter, that loofeth at one fet all that ever he is worth. But I prythee (in honeftie) if thou haft anie of the papers of thy booke about thee, fhew us fome of them that, like a great inqueft, we may deliver our verdit before it come to the *Omnigatherum* of towne and cuntry.

Respon. Then gather your felves together in a ring ; and, *Grand Consiliadore*, be you the grand commander of filence

(which is a chiefe office in the emperour of *Ruffiaes* court), for heere it is in my sleeve that will beslive him : yet, if I be not deceived, some part of the Epistle I have read to you heretofore.

Import. I, to the barber : such a thing I well remember ; but what barber it was, or where he dwelt, directly thou never toldst us.

Respon. Yes ; that I have both towld and boockt him to : nevertheles (for your better understanding) know it is one *Dick Litchfield*, the Barber of *Trinity Colledge*, a rare ingenious odde merry Greeke, who (as I have heard) hath translated my *Piers Pennileffe* into the *Macaronicall* tongue ; wherein I wish hee had been more tongue-tide, since, in some mens incensed judgements, it hath too much tongue already, being above 2 yeres since maimedly translated into the French tongue ; and in the English tongue so rashly printed and ill interpreted, as heart can thinke, or tongue can tell. But I cannot tell how it is grown to a common fashion amongst a number of our common ill livers, that whatsoever tongue (like a spaniels tongue) doth not licke their aged foares and sawne on them, they conclude it to be an adders tongue to sting them : and wheras wittie *Aesope* did buy up all the tongues in the market hee could spee, as the best meate hee esteemed of, they (by all meanes possible), even out of the buckles of theyr girdles, labor to plucke forth the tongs, for feare they should plucke in their unfasiate greedie paunches too straight.

Carn. O peace, peace ! exercise thy writing tongue, and let us have no more of this plaine English.

Resp. With a good will, agreed ; and, like *Mahomets* angels in the *Alcheron*, that are said to have eares stretch-

ing from one end of heaven to the other, let your attention be indefinite and without end, for thus I begin.

Mascula virorum, Saint *Mildred* and Saint *Agapite*! more letters yet from the doctor? nay then, we shall be sure to have a whole *Gravefend* barge full of newes, and heare foundly of all matters on both eares. Out uppon it! heere's a packet of epistling, as bigge as a packe of woollen cloth, or a stack of salt-fish. Carrier, didst thou bring it by wayne, or on horse-backe? By wayne, Sir; and it hath crackt me three axeltrees, wherefore I hope you will consider me the more. *Heavie* newes, *heavie* newes! take them againe, I will never open them. Ah! quoth he (deepe sighing) to mee, I wot, they are the heavieft, whose cart hath cryde creake under them fortie times everie furlong: wherefore, if you bee a good man, rather make mud walls with them, mend high wayes, or damme up quagmires with them, than thus they shuld endammage mee to my eternall undooing.—I, hearing the fellow so forlorne and out of comfort with his luggage, gave him his *Charons Naulum*, or ferry three half pence, and so dismist him to go to the place from whence he came, and play at *Lodum*. But when I came to unrip and unbumbast this *Gargantuan* bag-pudding, and found nothing in it but dogs-tripes, swines livers, oxe galls, and sheepes gutts, I was in a bitterer chafe than anie cooke at a long fermon when his meate burnes. Doo the philosphers (said I to my selfe) hold that letters are no burden, and the lightest and easiest houshold stufte a man can remoove? Ile be sworne upon *Anthonie Guevaras* golden epistles, if they will, there's not so much toyle in remooving the sledge from a towne, as in taking an inventorie furvay of anie one of them. Letters doo you terme them? they may

be letters patents well enough for their tediousnes, for no lecture at Surgeons Hall upon an anatomie may compare with them in longitude. Why, they are longer than the Statutes of Clothing, or the Charter of *London*. Will ye have the simple truth, without anie devices or playing upon it? *Gabriell Harvey*, my stale gull, and the onely pure Orator in senseles riddles, or *Packstonisme*, that ever this our litle shred or separate angle of the world suckled up, not content to have the naked scalp of his credit new covered with a false periwig of commendations, and so returne to his fathers house in peace, and there sustaine his hungry bodie with wythred scallions and greene cheefe, hath since that time deeply forsworne himself in an arbitrement of peace; and, after the ancient custome of Scottissh amitie, unawares proclaimed open warres a fresh in a whole *Alexandrian* librarie of waste paper. *Piers his Supererogation, or Nashes Saint Fame*, pretely and quirkingly he christens it; and yet not so much to quirke or crosse me thereby, as to blesse himselfe and make his booke sell, did hee give it that title; for having found, by much shipwrackt experience, that no worke of his, absolute under hys owne name, would passe, he used heretofore to draw *Sir Philip Sydney*, *Master Spencer*, and other men of higheest credit, into everie pild pamphlet he set forth; and now that he can no longer march under their ensignes, (from which I have utterly chac'd him in my *Four Letters intercepted*) he takes a new lesson out of *Plutarch*, in making benefit of his enemy, and borrows my name, and the name of *Piers Pennileffe* (one of my bookes), which he knew to be most saleable, (passing at the least through the pikes of fixe impressions) to helpe his bedred stuffe to limpe out of *Powles Churchyard*, that else would have laine unreprivably spittled at the chandlers. Such a huge drifat of

duncerie it is he hath dungd up against me, as was never seene since the raigne of *Averrois*. O! tis an unconscionable vast gorbellied volume, bigger bulkt than a Dutch hoy, and farre more boystrous and cumberfome than a payre of *Swissers* omnipotent galeaze breeches. But, it shuld seeme, he is asham'd of the incomprehenfible corpulencie thereof himselfe; for at the ende of the 199 page, hee beginnes with one 100 againe, to make it seeme little (if I lye you may look and convince mee), and in halfe a quire of paper besides hath left the pages unfigured. I have read that the giant *Antæus* shield askt a whole elephants hyde to cover it: *bona fide* I utter it, scarce a whole elephants hyde and a half would serve for a cover to this *Gogmagog*, Jewish *Thalmud* of absurdities. Nay, give the divell his due, and there an ende: the giant that *Magellan* found at *Caput Sanctæ Crucis*, or Saint *Christophers* picture at *Antwerpe*, or the monstrous images of *Sesostres*, or the *Aegyptian Rapsinates*, are but dwarffes in comparison of it. But one epistle thereof, to *John Wolfe* the printer, I tooke and weighed in an ironmongers scales, and it counterpoyfeth a cade of herring, and three Holland cheefes! You may beleeve me if you will, I was faine to lift my chamber doore off the hindges, onely to let it in, it was so fulsome a fat *Bonarobe* and terrible *Rouncevall*. Once I thought to have cald in a cooper, that went by and cald for worke, and bid him hoope it about like the tree at *Grays-Inne* gate, for feare it should burst, it was so beaftly; but then I remembered mee, the boyes had whoopt it sufficiently about the streetes, and so I let it alone for that instant. Credibly it was once rumord about the Court, that the guard meant to trie masteries with it before the Queene, and in stead of throwing the sledge or the hammer, to hurle it forth at the armes ende

for a wager. I, I, everie one maye hammer upon it as they please, but if they will hit the nayle on the head pat, as they should, to nothing so aptly can they compare it as *Africke*, which being an unbounded stretcht out continent, equivalent in greatnes with most quarters of the earth, yet nevertheles is (for the most part) over-spred with barraine sands: so this his Babilonian towre, or tome of confutation, swelling in dimension and magnitude, above all the prodigious commentaries and familiar epistles that ever he wrote, is, notwithstanding, more drie, barraine, and sandie in substance than them all. Peruse but the ballet, *In Sandon foyle as late befell*, and you will be more soundly edified by fixe parts: fixe and thirtie sheetes it comprehendeth, which with him is but fixe and thirtie full points; for he makes no more difference twixt a sheete of paper and a full point, than there is twixt two blacke puddings for a pennie, and a pennie for a paire of blacke puddings. Foule evill goe with it! I wonder you will prate and tattle of fixe and thirtie full points, so compendioufly trust up (as may bee) in fixe and thirtie sheetes of paper, when as those are but the shorrest proverbs of his wit; for he never bids a man good morrow, but he makes a speach as long as a proclamation; nor drinks to anie, but he reads a lecture of three howers long *De Arte bibendi*. O! tis a precious apothegmaticall pedant, who will finde matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of *Fy, fo, fum*, I smell the bloud of an English-man; and if hee had a thousand pound, hee hath vowd to consume it everie doyt, to discover and search foorth certaine rare mathematicall experimentes; as for example, that of tying a flea in a chaine, (put in the last edition of the great Chronicle) which if by anie industrie hee could atchieve, his owne name beeing so generally odious through-

out *Kent* and *Chrittendome*, hee would presently transforme and metamorphize it from doctour *Harvey* to doctour *Ty*, (of which ftile there was a famous mufition fome few yeres fince) refolving, as the laft caft of his maintenaunce, altogether to live by carrying that flea, like a monfter, up and downe the countrey; teaching it to doo trickes, Hey come aloft, Jack! like an ape over the chaine. If you would have a flea for the nonce, that you might keepe for a breeder, why this were a ftately flea indeede to get a brave race of fleas on: your fly in a boxe is but a drumble-bee in comparifon of it: with no expence at all (on your chin like a witches familiar) you might feed it, and let the chaine hang downe on your breaft, like a ftale, greafie courtiers chaine, with one ftrop. Alacke and weladay! too, too inconfiderately advifed was this our poeticall *Gabriell*, when, hexameterly entranced, he cride out,

O bleffed health, bleffed wealth, and bleffed abundance!

O that I had thefe three for the loffe of 30 Commensments!

When he fhould have exclaimd,

O that I had this flea for the loffe of 30 Commensments!

Peradventure, he thinkes thus flightly to ftiale away with a flea in his eare, but I muft flea his affes fkin over his eares a little handfomer, ere wee part. Thofe that bee fo difpofed to take a view of him, ere hee bee come to the full Midfommer Moone, and raging *calentura* of his wretchednes, here let them behold his lively counterfet and portraiture; not in the pantofles of his profperitie, as he was when he libeld againft my Lord of *Oxford*, but in the fingle-foald pumpes of his adverfitie, with his gowne caft off, untruffing,

and readie to beray himfelfe upon the newes of the going
in hand of my booke.

The picture of Gabriell Harvey as he
is readie to let fly upon Ajax.



Painters
sharp hand-
ling.

If you aske why I have put him in round hose, that usually weares Venetians? it is because I would make him looke more dapper and plump and round upon it, wheras otherwise he looks like a case of tooth-pikes, or a lute pin put in a fute of apparell. Gaze uppon him who list, for, I tell you, I am nor a little proud of my workmanship, and, though I say it, I have handled it so neatly, and so sprightly, and withall ouzled, gidumbled, muddled, and drizled it so finely, that I forbid ever a *Hanns Boll*, *Hanns Holbine*, or *Hanns Mullier* of them all (let them but play true with the face) to amend it, or come within fortie foote of it. Away, away! *Blockland*, *Truffer*, *Francis de Murre*, and the whole generation of them will sooner catch the murre and the pose tenscore times, ere they doo a thing one quarter so masterly. Yea, (without *Kerry merry buffe* be it spoken) put a whole million of *Fohannes Mabusiuses* of them together, and they shall not handle their matters at sharpe so handfomly as I.

Benti. From sharpe to come to the poynt: as farre as I

can learne, thou haft all the advantage of the quarell, fince both the firft and laft fire-brand of diffention betwixt you was toft by the Doctour.

Reſpond. Toffing (by your favour) is proper to the fea ; and fo (like the fea) doth hee toffe water, and not fire.

Benti. That is toft, or caft water on fire : if hee did fo, he is the wifer.

Reſpon. On a fire of fea-cole, you meane, to make it burne brighter.

Benti. A fire that the fea will coole, or *Harvey* find water enough to quench, if you looke not too it the better.

Reſpon. I warrant : take you no care ; Ile looke to his water well enough.

Imp. But me thought even now thou contemndft him, becauſe hee toft water and not fire ; whereas, in my judgement, there is not a hairs difference betwixt being burnd and being drown'd, ſince death is the beft of either, and the paine of dying is not more tedious of the one than of the other.

Reſpon. O ! you muft not conclude fo deſperate, for everie toffing billow brings not death in the mouth of it : beſides, if the worſt come to the worſt, a good ſwimmer may doo much, whereas fire *rapit omnia ſecum*, ſweepeth cleane where it feazeth.

Importun. I ; but have you not heard that broken peece of a vearſe, *Currenti cede furori* ; give place to fire of furie, and you ſhall quickly ſee it conſume it ſelfe.

Reſpon. A ſtale puddings end ! by that reaſon you may as well come upon mee with *Tempus edax rerum, quid non conſumitis anni* ? As though there is anie thing ſo eternall, and permanent, that conſumes and dies not after all his

fire of life is spent. For mee, I know I shall live, and not die, till I have digd the graves of all my enemies ; and that the fire of my wit will not bee spent, till (as amongst the *Samogetes* and *Chaldeans*) I get it to be worshipt as a god of those whom it most confounds : and as divers of the *Aethiopians* curse the funne when it rifeth, and worship it when it fetteth, so, however they curse and raile upon mee in the beginning, I will compell them to fall downe and worship mee ere I cease or make an end ; crying upon their knees *Ponuloi nashe*, which is, in the *Russian* tongue, Have mercie upon us ! But I will not have mercie or be pacifide, till I have left them so miserable, that very horses shall hardly abstaine from weeping for them, as they did for the death of *Cæsar* ; and if they have but ever a dog that lov'd them, he shall die for grieffe, to view his masters in that plight.

Consil. In anie case leave this big thunder of words, wherein thou vainly spendst thy spirits, before the push of the battaile ; and if thou hast anie such exhaled heat of revenge in the upper region of thy braine, let it lighten and flash presently in thy adversaries face, and not a farre off threaten thus idely.

Respon. Threaten idely, said you ? Nay sure, Ile performe as much as hee that went about to make the dyving boate twixt *Dover* and *Callis* ; and as lightning and thunder never lightly goe afunder, so in my stile will I temper them both together, mixing thunder with lightning, and lightning with thunder, that is, in dreadfull terror with stripes, and sound thrusts with loud threats. Tell mee, have you a minde to anie thing in the Doctors Booke ? speake the word, and I will helpe you to it upon the naile ; whether it bee his words, his metaphors, his methode, his matter, his

meeters. Make your choyce, for I meane to use you most stately.

Carn. Then, good gentle frend (if you will) let's have halfe a dozen spare-ribs of his rethorique, with tart fauce of taunts correspondent, a mightie chyne of his magnificentest elocution, and a whole furloyne of his substantiallest sentences and similes.

Resp. And shall: I am for you; Ile serve you of the best you may assure your selfe: with a continuat *tropologicall* speech I will astonish you, all to bee-spiced and dredged with sentences and allegories, not having a crum of any cost bestowed upon it more than the doctours owne cooquerie.

Import. *Tropologicall!* O embotched and truculent! No French gowtie leg, with a gamash upon it, is so gotchie and boystrous.

Conf. It sounds like the ten-fold echoing rebound of a dubble cannon in the aire; and is able to spoyle anie little mouth that offers to pronounce it.

Resp. Gentlemen, take God in your minde, and nere feare you this word *tropologicall*, for it is one of *Dick Harveys* sheepes trattells in his *Lambe of God*.

Imp. I, *Dick Harveys*, that may wel be; for I never heard there was more in him, than would hard and scant serve him to make a collation; but for the doctor, trie it who will, his stile is not easie to be matcht, being commended by divers (of good judgement) for the best that ere they read.

Respond. Amongst the which number, is a red bearded thrid-bare cavalier, who (in my hearing) at an ordinarie, as he sat fumbling the dice after supper, fell into these tearmes (no talke before leading him to it): There is such a

Booke of *Harveys* (meaning this his laft booke againft mee) as I am a fouldiour and a gentleman, I proteft I never met with the like contrived pile of pure Englifh. O! it is divine and moft admirable, and fo farre beyond all that ever he publifhed heretofore, as day-light beyond candle-light, or tinfell or leafe-gold above arfedine; with a great many more exceffive praifes he beftowed upon it: which authentically I fhould have beleevd, if immediately upon the nicke of it, I had not feene him shrug his fhoulders, and talk of going to the *Bathe*; and after, like a true Pandar (fo much the fitter to be one of *Gabriels* patrons), grew in commending, to yong gentlemen, two or three of the moft detefted loathfom whores about *London*, for peereles beauteous paragons, and the pleafingeft wenches in the world: wherby I gueft, his judgement might be infected as wel as his body; and he that wold not ftick fo to extoll ftale rotten lac'd mutton, will, like a true *Millanoys*, fucke figges out of an affes fundament, or doo anie thing. I more than halfe fufpect thofe whom you preferre for the beft judgements are of the fame ftampe; or if they be not, I wil fet a new ftampe on their judgments, having (to let them fee their dotage and error, and what his ftile is they make fuch a miracle of) mufterd together, in one galimafrie or fhort oration, moft of the ridiculous fenfeles sentences, finicall, flaunting phrafes, and termagant inkhorne tearmes throughout his booke, and fram'd it in his owne praife and apologie, becaufe I would cut his cloake with the wooll, though *Lilly* and *Nafhe* never fo cry *Non placet* thereat. Auditors! awake your attention, and here expect the cleare repurified foule of truth, without the leaft fhadow of fiction; the unflattered picture of pedantifme, that hath no one fmile or crinkle more than it

should, for I deeply avow, on my faith and salvation, if he were a doctor of gold, here in his owne clothes he shal appeare to you, and not so much as a knot to his winding sheete, or corner tip to the smallest selvage of his garments I will insert; only a needle and thred to trusse up his trinkets more roundly (uppon better advice) I am determined to lend him, in hope it may be his thred of life, and even by that single bountie dubble flitch him unto me to be my devoted beadsman till death; but not a pinnes head or a moath's pallet roome gets he of anie farther contribution. Hem! cleare your throates, and spit foundly; for now the pageant begins, and the stuffe by whole cart-loads comes in.

AN ORATION, INCLUDING MOST OF THE MISCREATED WORDS AND SENTENCES IN THE DOCTORS BOOKE.

Renowned and amicable Readers, from whom it is not concealed, that Silence is a slave in a chaine, and the Pen the hot shot of the musket.

Benti. Marke, marke! a fentence, a fentence!

Orati.

That when the caitife planet raigneth, of Punical war ther is no end, and of the counter-tenor of an offended firen, no ela.

Carne. Theres two: keepe tally.

Orati.

Tell mee (I pray you) was ever Pegafus a cow in a cage, Mercury a mouse in a cheefe, Dexteritie a dog in a doublet, Ledger-demaine a slow-worme, Vivacitie a lazy bones, Entelechie a slug-plum, Humanitie a spittle-man, Rhetorique a dummerell, Poetrie a tumbler, Historie a bangrout, Philosophie a broker?

Consili. I marry, now it workes.

Respon. I bely him not a word ; juſt as it is there, in his owne text it comes together.

Orati.

Why ſhould I, then, that have been an incorruptible Areopage,

Benti. Stay ! that fame *Areopage*, hee is a forreyner newe come over : let us examine him if hee bee the Queenes friend or no, ere he paſſe.

Orati.

without anie pregnant cauſe, be thus preſtigiously beſiedged, and marked with an aſterifke, by them that are ſuperſciſſall in theory ?

Carne. On my vertuous chaſtitie, and in veritie, pregnant, preſtigious, ſuperſciſſall and prettie !

Orati.

In manie extraordinarie remarkeable energeticall lines, and perfunctorie pamphlets, both in ambidexteritie and omnidexteritie, together with matters adiophorall, have I diſbalas'd my minde, and not let ſlip the leaſt occaſionet of advantage, to acquaint the world with my pregnant propoſitions, and reſolute aphoriſmes.

Consili. That word “aphoriſmes” *Greenes* exequutors may claime from him ; for while hee liv'd, he had no goods nor chattles in commoner uſe than it.

Import. Away, away ! I cannot be perſwaded hee wold ever come forth with anie one of theſe balductum baſtardly termes.

Respon. You cannot ? then cannot I be perſwaded that you cannot bee perſwaded ; ſince I have as much reaſon not to credit your bare aſſertion, where you ſay you are per-

swaded it is not so, as you to distrust my deep vehement protestations, wherein I would persuade you it is so. But if none of these persuasions or protestations may prevail with your incredulitie, bring me to the booke, if you please (the Doctours Booke *subintelligitur*) and that will soone resolve you.

Import. It shall not need; I beleve thee, since thou standst in it so seriously: yet I wonder thou setst not downe, in figures in the margent, in what line, page, and folio, a man might find everie one of these fragments, which would have much satisfied thy readers.

Respon. What! make an *errata* in the midst of my booke, and have my margent bescratcht (like a merchants booke) with these roguish arismetrique gibbets or flesh-hookes, and cyphers, or round oos, lyke pismeeres egges? Content your selfe, I will never do it: or if I were ever minded to doo it, I could not, since (as I told you some few leaves before) in more than a quarter of that his tumbrell of confutation he hath left the pages unfigured; foreseeing by devination (belike) that I should come to disfigure them.

Consil. I warrant thee I, thou hast figur'd him well enough as it is; and if thou hadst taken the paynes of quotations of figures, as he would have thee, I doubt whether there be anie would ever have bestowed so much paines to conferre or examine them.

Carnead. On! forward, good *Piers Respondent* with your oration, for I am hungrie upon it; and with this I have heard alreadie, my appetite is nothing stancht, but rather whetted.

Respond. Beare witnes, my masters, if hee dye of a fursset, I cannot doo withall, it is his owne seeking, not mine: as

long as I have it, I am no niggard of it: at all adventures I will fet it before him.

Oration.

Omitting (sicco pede) my encomiasticall orations, and mercuriall and martiall discourses of the terribilitie of war, in the active and chevalrous vaine every way comparable with the Cavalcads of Bellerophon, or Don Alphonso d'Avalos, my seraphicall visions in Queene Poetrie, quaint theorickes, melancholy projects, and pragmaticall discourses, whose beautifull, and rich æconomie, the inspiredest Heliconists and archpatrons of our new omniſcians, have not stickt to equipage with the ancient Quinquagenarians, Centurions, and Chiliarques: notwithstanding all which Idees of monstrous excellencie, some smirking singularists, brag reformists, and glicking remembrancers, (not with the multiplying spirite of the alchumist, but the villanist) seeke to be masons of infinite contradiction; they (I say) with their frumping contras, tickling interjections, together with their vehement incensives and allectives, as if they would be the onely A per se a's, or great A's of puissance, like Alexander, (whom yet some of our moderne worthies disdaine to have sceptred the est Amen of valure) commense redoubtable monomachies against mee, and the dead honnie-bee my brother.

Bentiv. *A per se, con per se, tittle, est, Amen!* Doſt thou not feele thy selfe ſpoyld? why, he comes uppon thee (man) with a whole horn-booke.

Import. What a supernaturall *Hibble de beane* it is, to call his brother a dead honnie-bee!

Consil. I laughd at nothing so much as that word *archpatrons*. Goe thy wayes, thought I: thou art a civilian, and maist well fetch metaphors from the Arches; but thou shalt never fish anie monie from thence whilest thou liv'ſt.

Carn. Troth, I would hee might for me (that's all the harme I wish him), for then we neede never wish the Playes at *Powles* up againe; but if we were wearie with walking, and loth to goe too farre to feeke sport, into the Arches we might step, and heare him plead, which would bee a merrier comedie than ever was old *Mother Bomby*. As for an instance: suppose hee were to follicite some cause against Martinists, were it not a jest as right sterling as might be, to see him stroke his beard thrice, and begin thus? *Grave Heliconists, seraphicall Omniscians, and the only Centurions, Quinquagenarians and Chiliarks of our time! May it please you to be advertised, how that certaine smirking Singularists, brag Reformists, and glicking Remembrancers, not with the multiplying spirit of the alchumist, but the villanist, have sought to be masons of infinite contradiction, and with their melancholy projects, frumping contras, tickling interjections, and vehement incensives and allectives, in all pragmaticall terribilitie commense redoubtable monomachies against you, and the beau-desert and Ideas of your encomiasticall Church government, and particular and peculiar æconomies.* One should have the proctors and registers as busie with their table-books as might bee to gather phrases, and all the boyes in the towne would be his clients to follow him. Marry! it were necessarie the Queenes Decypherer should bee one of the high Commissioners; for else other while he would blurt out such *Brachmannicall fuld de-fubs*, as no bodie should be able to understand him.

Respon. You make too long gloses on the text: attend how it followes.

Oration.

But Mercury sublimed is some-way a coy and stout fellow.

Ben. Verie true; for it is a good medicine for the itch.

Oration.

And spite as clofe a secretarie as a scummer,

Carnead. Secretarie Spite and Secretarie Scummer, give me your hands: I beseech you, what noble-men about court doo you belong too?

Oration.

Resolution a forward mate, and Valour a brave man;

Bentiv. O brave man! will you buy a brave dog?

Oration.

Impudencie and Slaunder, two arrant vagabonds.

Carnead. I crie you mercie; I alwaies tooke them for the two Brothers.

Oration.

The world never such a Scogin as now, and the divell never such a knave as now.

Bentiv. What a divell ayles he to rayle so uppon a poore painfull divell, that dooes for him all he can?

Respond. Whist! silence on everie hand; for here is the very *S. Georges* robes of rhetoricue, a speach that I have tooke up by the lumpe, as it lies in his Booke.

Oration.

What's the salvation of David Gorge? A Nullitie. What the deification of H. N.? A Nullitie. What the glorification of Ket? A Nullitie. What the sanctification of Browne? A Nullitie. What the communitie of Barrow? A Nullitie. What the plausibilitie of Martin? A Nullitie; yea and a wofull Nullitie, and a piteous Nullitie.

Carnead. What a piteous noyse, like a spirit in a wal, doth he here make with his nullities? I should sure run out of my wits, if one should come to my chamber doore at mid-

night, with nothing but such a dismall note of A Nullitie!
a Nullitie!

Oration.

*Nay, be you load-stones to exhale what I say. Martin is a
Guerra, Browne a browne-bill, and Barrow a wheel-barrow;
Ket a kight, H. N. an o. k.; and to conclude, as the wheele
was an ancient hieroglyphicke amongst the Aegyptians, so
some tooles are false prophets.*

Bentiv. That's the cause wee have so manie bad work-
men now a daies: put up a bill against them next Par-
liament.

Import. But if he had said, manie men have some tooles
that are little for their profit, he had hit the mark some-
what nearer.

Oration.

*Judas, the Gaulonite, in the raigne of Herod was a hot toast,
Carn.* It cannot choose but he lov'd ale well, then.

Oration.

*and present examples we have, as hot as fresh, that he that
hath time hath life.*

Consil. In good time be it spoken.

Import. A good admonition to musitions to keepe time
with their instruments, if they be desirous to live long.

Oration.

Duke Allocer on his lustie cock-horse is a hot familiar,

Carnead. Let him but live in London halfe a yeare, and
there be them that wil take him downe and coole him,
were he twice as hot.

Oration.

and no such arte memorative as the crab-tree deske:

Consil. No! what say you to a crab-tree cudgell? if it

were well husbanded about his shoulders, I thinke it would make him remember it time enough.

Oration.

for, under correction of the arte notorie be it spoken, envie is a soaking register, and mortall ferwde the claw of an adamant.

Import. Hath adamant such sharpe clawes? That makes it hold yron so fast, when it hath it.

Respon. Harke! harke, how hee praiseth *Sir Philip Sidney.*

Oration.

Sweete Sir Philip Sidney, he was the gentleman of curtesie, and the verie esquire of industrie!

Carnea. The esquire of industrie? O scabbed scald squire (*Scythian Gabriell*) as thou art, so under-foot to commend the cleereft myrrour of true nobilitie!

Consil. What a mischief does he taking anie mans name in his ulcerous mouth? that, being so festred and ranckled with barbarisme, is able to rust and canker it, were it never so resplendent.

Resp. In all his praises he is the most fore-spoken and unfortunate under heaven; and those whom he ferventeft strives to grace and honour, he most dishonors and disgraceth by some uncircumcised fluttish epithite or other: and even to talke treason he may be drawn unwares, and never have anie such intent, for want of discretion how to manage his words.

Bent. It is a common scoffe amongst us to call anie foolish prodigall yong gallant the gentleman or floure of curtesie; and (if it were wel scand) I am of the opinion, with the same purpose hee did it to scoffe and deride *Sir Philip Sidney*, in calling him *the Gentleman of curtesie, and the verie esquire of industrie.*

Respond. Poore tame-witted filly *Quirko!* on my conscience I dare excuse him, hee had never anie such thought, but did it in as meere earnest, as ever in commendation of himselfe and his brothers hee writ these two verses;

*Singular are these three, John, Richard, Gabriel Harvy,
For Logique, Philosophie, Rhetorique, Astronomie.*

As also, in like innocent innocent well meaning, added he this that enfues.

Oration.

His Entelechy was fine Greece, and the finest Tuscanisme in graine. Although I could tickle him with a contrarie president, where he casts Tuscanisme, as a horrible crime, in a noble-mans teeth.

Carnead. Bodie of mee! this is worfe than all the rest: he sets foorth *Sir Philip Sidney* in the verie style of a Diers Signe; as if hee should have said:

HEERE WITHIN THIS PLACE IS ONE
THAT DIETH ALL KINDE OF ENTELECHY
IN FINE GREECE, AND THE FINEST
TOSCANISME IN GRAINE THAT MAY
BEE, OR ANY COLOUR ELSE YE WOULD
DESIRE. AND SO GOD SAVE THE QUEENE!

Bentiv. More copie, more copie! we leefe a great deale of time for want of text.

Imp. Apace! out with it; and let us nere stand pausing or looking about, since we are thus far onward.

Oration.

But some had rather be a pol-cat with a stinking stirre, than a muske-cat with gracious savour.

Bentiv. I smell him, I smell him. The wrongs that thou haft offred him are so intollerable, as they would make a cat speake ; therefore looke to it, *Nashe*, for with one pol-cat perfume or another hee will poyson thee, if he be not able to answere thee.

Carnead. Pol-cat and muske cat ! there wants but a cat a mountaine, and then there would be old scratching.

Bentiv. I, but not onely no ordinarie cat, but a muske-cat ; and not onely a muske-cat, but a *muske-cat with gracious savour* (which founds like a princes stile *Dei gratia*). Not *Tibault* or *Ifegrim*, Prince of Cattes, were ever endowed with the like title.

Respon. Since you can make so much of a little, you shall have more of it.

Oration.

To utter the entrayles of a sphericall heart in few fillables, muske is a sweete curtezan, and sugar and honey daintie hypocrytes.

Bentiv. O sweeter and sweeter ! some bodie lend me a hand-kercher, that I may carrie some home in my pocket for my little god-sonne.

Carnead. Madame Muske, if you be a curtezan (as the Doctour informes us) sure you have drest a number of my friends sweetly, have you not ? But you were never otherwise like ; for mans apparaile and womans apparaile, all was one to you. And some mysterie there was in it, that they alwayes cride, Foh, what a stinke is heere ! and stopt their noses when you came neere them. For your worships, Master Sugar and Master Honie, (be you likewise such daintie hypocrytes as he gives testimonie) I doubt not but at one time or other we shall taste you.

Respond. Stay! let me looke upon it: I, it is the same, right *Isenborough* good, or never trust mee. A speech or sudden exclamation, which, after hee had been in a deadly sound for fixe or seaven houres (uppon what fear-procured sicknes I leave you to imagine) was the first words uppon his reviving he uttered.

Oration.

O Humanitie my Lullius, and Divinitie my Paracelsus!

Consil. As much to say as, all the humanitie he hath is gathered out of *Lullius*, and all his divinitie, or religion, out of *Paracelsus*.

Carnead. Let him call uppon *Kelly*, who is better than them both; and for the spirites and foules of the ancient alchumists, he hath them so close emprisoned in the fire purgatorie of his fornace, that for the welth of the king of *Spaines Indies*, it is not possible to release or get the third part of a nit of anie one of them, to helpe anie but himselfe.

Import. Whether you call his fire Purgatorie or no, the fire of Alchumie hath wrought such a purgation, or purgatory, in a great number of mens purses in *England*, that it hath clean fir'd them out of al they have.

Respond. Therefore, our Doctōr (verie well heere towards the latter end of his oration) comes in with a cooling card.

Oration.

Cordially I could wish, that the pelting horne of these sturres (according to the faciall law) were rebated, wherby our popu- lars might taste of some more plausible panegericall orations, fine theurgie, and profound essentiall god-full arguments.

Carnead. Soft! Ere I goe anie further, I care not if I draw out my purse, and change some odde peeces of olde English

for new coyne : but it is no matter ; upon the retourne from *Guiana* the valuation of them may alter, and that which is currant now be then copper. Onely this word *god-full* goes with mee, if it be but to court a widdow in Christ, or holy sifter of ours with, that weares *Thy spirit be with us* for the posie of her ring.

Oration.

But the arte of figges had ever a dappert wit, and a deft conceit : Saint Fame give him joy of his blacke cole, and his white chalke.

Consil. *Saint Fame* is one of the notorious nicke-names he gives thee, as also under *the arte of figges* (to cleave him from the crowne to the waste with a quip) he shadowes *Master Lilly* : but if betweene you you doo not so chalke him up for a *Crimme and Maniquenbecke*, and draw him in cole more artificially than the face in cole that *Michaell Angelo* and *Raphaell Urbin* went to buffets about, I would you might be cole carriers, or pioners in a cole-pit, whiles colliers ride upon collimol cuts, or there be any reprisalls of purfes twixt this and *Cole-brooke*.

Respond. Pacifie your conscience, and leave your imprecations ; wee will beare no coales, never feare you. As for him whom (so artlesse and against the [h]aire of aniefimilitude or coherence) he calls *the arte of figges*, he shall not need long to call for his figs, for hee will bee choakt soone inough with them ; they having lyne ripe by him readie gathered (wanting nothing but pressing) anie time this twelve month. For my owne proper person, if I doo not (in requitall of *S. Fame*) enfaint and canonise him for the famousest paliard and Senior *Penaquila*, that hath breathed since the raigne of *S. Tor*, let all the droppings of my pen bee feazed upon

by the queenes takers for tarre to dresse ships with. I tarry too trifling superfluously in the twittle cum-twattles of his text: take it, with a wennion, altogether, if you will have it.

Oration.

Embellishtly I can resolve them, here they shall not meete with chalke for cheese; and though some drinke oyle of prickes for a restorative, they shall have much adoo to void sirrups of roses: for it is not everie mans blab that casts a sheepes eye out of a calves head; and for ought I know, I see no reason why the wheel-wright may not be as honest a man and pregnant mæchanician as the cutler, the cutler as the drawer, the drawer as the cutler, and the writer as the printer. And so I recommend every one, and them all, to your curtesies.

Your mindfull debter,

GABRIELL HARVEY.

[*Carnead.*] Thou haft opprest us with an inundation of *Biscanisme*; and though we would faine have made him stand in a white sheet for his baudie oyle of pricks (a common receipt for the greene sicknes) as also examind his sirrups of roses, wherein *Rose Flowers* is best experimented, yet time and tide (that ftaies for no man) forbids us to tire any more on this carrion, being more than glutted with it already.

Biscanism the most barbarous Spanish; even as the Northren tung of the English.

Bentiv. But yet to give him this one comfort at the parting, it had not been amisse, that whereas he stands in such feare of casting his sheeps eye out of his calves head, thou never meantst it, but if it were an oxes hee should still keepe it, and rather thou wouldst enlarge it than empayre it.

Respond. I, make it up a paire (I fweare) rather than he

should bee unprovided. *Responde breviter, Senior Importuno*: have not I comprehended all the Doctors workes bravely, like *Homers Iliads* in the compasse of a nut-shell? Now where be our honorable cavaliers, that keepe such a prating and a gabrill about our *Gabriell* and his admirable stile, (nothing so good as *Littletons*, with his *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*) let them look to it I wold advise them; for the course they take in commending this course *Himpenhempen Stampamp*, this stale Apple-squire *Cockledemoy*, who, some 18 yeares since, when these Italionate carnation painted horse tayles were in fashion, in selfe same sort was about (if his chamber fellow had not over-rulde him) to have scutchaneled and painted his pickerdevant, to make it trave[lle]r-like antick: this jadish course, this javels course, this drumbling course, this dry braind course, if you persever and insist in, and on the toppe of asses buskind eares thus labour to build trophées of theyr praise, canonizing everie *Bcl-shangles*, the water-bearer, for a faint, and the contemptiblest worlds dish-cloute for a relique; inspiredly I prophecie, your endes will be ale and *Shorditch*, that all preferment and good spirits will abandon you: and more (to plague you for your *apostata* conceipts) ballets shalbee made of your base deaths, even as there was of *Cutting Ball*.

Consil. Ho, Ball, ho! in the name of God, whether wilt thou?

Respond. To *Saffron-Walden* as fast as I can, though I goe a little way about.

Import. Unfortunate *Gabriell*! I am sorry for him, for he hath been a man of good parts.

Respond. Good parts? Ile name you one of seaven times better parts than he, whom you and I, and every one heere, have knowen from our childhood.

Import. Who is that ?

Respond. In *speech*, with his eight parts. But without further *speech*, that you may throughly be resolv'd what those good parts are, you enable the Doctor for, here have I set downe his whole life from his infancie to this present 96; even as they use in the beginning of a booke to set downe the life of anie memorable ancient author. Dispenfe with it though it drink some inck, or prodigally dispend manie pages that might have been better employd; for if it yeeld you not sport for your money, at the same price shall you buye mee for your bond-slave, that my booke costs you.

Carnead. On that condition, wee will make thee a lease of our attention for three lives and a halfe, or a hundred lacking one.

THE LIFE AND GODLY EDUCATION FROM HIS CHILD-
HOOD OF THAT THRICE FAMOUS CLARKE, AND
WORTHIE ORATOR AND POET
GABRIELL HARVEY.

Gabriell Harvey, of the age of fortie eight or upwards, (*Turpe senex miles*, tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the swath-buckler) was borne at *Saffron Walden*, none of the obscurest townes in *Essex*. For his parentage, I will say, as *Polidore Virgill* faith of *Cardinall Wolfey*, *Parentem habuit virum probum, at lanium*, he had a reasonable honest man to his father, but he was a butcher; so *Gabriell Harvey* had one Good-man *Harvey* to his father, a true subject, that paid scot and lot, in the parish where he dwelt, with the best of them, but yet he was a rope-maker: *Id quod reminisci nolebat* (as *Polidore* goes forward) *ut rem*

utique persona illius indignam, that which is death to *Gabriell* to remember, as a matter everie way derogatorie to his person, *quare secum totos dies cogitabat, qualis esset, non unde esset*; wherefore from time to time he doth nothing but turmoile his thoghts how to raise his estate, and invent new petegrees, and what great noble-mans bastard hee was likely to bee, not whose sonne he is reputed to be.

Confil. Give me leave before thou readst any further. I would not wish thee so to upbraid him with his birth, which if he could remedie it were another matter; but it is his fortune and natures, and neither his fathers fault nor his.

Respond. Neither as his fathers nor his fault doo I urge it, otherwife than it is his fault to beare himselfe too arrogantly above his birth, and to contemne and forget the house from whence he came; which is the reason that hath induced mee (aswell in this treatise as my former writings) to remember him of it, not as anie such hainous discredit simply of it selfe, if his horrible insulting pride were not:

*Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*

It is no true glorie of ours what our fore-fathers did, nor are we to answere for anie finnes of theirs. *Demosthenes* was the sonne of a cutler, *Socrates* of a midwife; which detracted neyther from the ones eloquence, nor the others wisedome: (farre be it that eyther in eloquence or wisedome I should compare *Gabriell* to either of them.) Marry, for *Demosthenes* or *Socrates* to be ashamed or take it in high derision (which they never did) the one to be said to have a cutler to his father, or the other that hee had a mid-wife to his mother (as *Harvey* doth to have himselfe or anie of his

brothers called the sonnes of a rope-maker, which by his own private confession to some of my friends, was the onely thing that most set him a fire against me) I wil justify it, might argue them or him more inferior and despicable, than anye cutler, mid-wife, or rope-maker. Turne over his two bookes he hath published against me (whereon he hath clapt paper gods plentie, if that would presse a man to death), and see if in the waye of answer, or otherwise, he once mention the word rope-maker, or come within fortie foot of it; except in one place of his first booke, where hee nameth it not neither, but goes thus cleanly to worke, (as heretofore I have set downe) though hee could finde no roome in the expence of 36 sheetes of paper to refute it: *and may not a good sonne have a reprobate to his father?* (a *Periphrasis* of a rope-maker, which (if should shryne my selfe) I never heard before). This is once: I have given him cause enough I wot to have stumbled at it, and take notice of it; for where, in his first booke, he casts the begger in my dish at everie third fillable, and so, like an emperour, triumphs over mee, as though he had the philosopher's stone to play at foot-bal with, and I were a poore alchumist new set up, that had scarce money to buy beechen coles for my fornace. In kind guerdon and requitall, I told him in *Piers Pennilesse* Apologie, *That he need not be so lustie, if (like the peacocke) he lookt downe to the foule feete that upheld him, for he was but the sonne of a rope-maker; and hee would not have a shoo to put on his feete, if his father had not traffique with the hangman.* And in another place, when he brought the towne seale or next justices hands (as it were) to witnes, that his father was an honest man; which no man denide or impaired anie further than saying, *He got his living backward,*

and that he had kept three sonnes at the Universitie a long time ; I joynd issue with them and confirmed it, and added, *Nay, which is more, three proud sonnes, that when they met the hang-man (their fathers best customer) would not put off their hatts to him,* with other by-glances to the like effect, which he silently over-skippeth, to withdraw men (lapwing-like) from his neast, as much as might bee. Onely hee tells a foolish twittle twattle boasting tale, (amidst his impudent brazen-fac'd defamation of Doctor *Perne*) of the funerall of his kinsman, *Sir Thomas Smith*, (which word *kinsman*, I wonderd, he cauld not to be fet in great capitall letters), and how in those obsequies he was a chiefe mourner. I wis his father was of a more humble spirit ; who, in gratefull lieu and remembrance of the hempen mysterie that hee was beholding too, and the patrons and places that were his trades chiefe maintainers and supporters, provided that the first letter each of his sonnes names began with should allude and correspond with the chiefe marts of his traffick, and of his profession and occupation : as *Gabriell*, his eldest sonnes name, beginning with a G for gallowes, *John* with a J for jayle, *Richard* with an R for rope-maker ; as much to say, as all his whole living depended on the jayle, the gallowes, and making of ropes. Another brother there is, whose name I have forgot, though I am sure it jumpes with this alphabet. Jumpe or jarre they with me as they see cause, this counsaile (if the case were mine) I would give them, not to bee daunted or blanckt anie whit, had they ten hundred thousand legions of *hangum tuums* or *per collum pendere debes* to their fathers, and any should twit them or gaule with it never so : but as *Agathocles* comming from a durt-kneading potter to be a king, would (in memorie of that his

first vocation) be served ever after, as well in earthen dishes as sumptuous royal plate; so, had they but one royall of plate or fixe pennie peece amongst them, they shuld plat (what ever their other cheere were) to have a salt eele, in resemblance of a ropes end, continuallye serv'd in to their tables; or if they were not able to be at such charges, let them cast but for a two-penny rope of onions everie day to be brought in, in stead of frute, for a closing up of their stomackes. It cannot doo amisse; it will remember them they are mortal, and whence they came, and whether they are to goe. Were I a lord (I make the Lord God a vow) and were but the least a kin to this breath-strangling linage, I would weare a chaine of pearle brayded with a halter, to let the world see I held it in no disgrace, but high glorie to bee discended howsoever: and as amongst the ancient *Aegyptians* (as *Maffarius de ponderibus* writes) there was an instrument called *Funiculus*, containing 60 furlongs, where-with they measured their fields and their vineyards, so from the plough harnessse to the slender hempen twist that they bind up their vines with, wold I branch my alliance, and omit nothing in the praise of it, except those two notable blemishes of the trade of rope-makers, *Achitophel* and *Judas*, that were the first that ever hangd themselves.

Bentiv. *Thereto the rope-makers were but accidentally accersarie, as any honest man may be, that lends a halter to a thiefe, wherewith (unwitting to him) he goes and steales a horse: wherefore, however, (after a sort) they may be said to have their hands in the effect, yet they are free and innocent from the cause.*

Respond. As though the cause and the effect (more than the superficies and the substance) can bee seperated, when in

manie things, *causa sine qua non* is both the cause and the effect, the common distinction of *potentia non actu*, approving it selfe verie crazed and impotent herein, since the premisses necessarily beget the conclusion, and so contradictorily the conclusion the premisses; a halter including desperation, and so desperation concluding in a halter; without which fatall conclusion and privation, it cannot truly bee termed desperation, since nothing is said to bee till it is borne, and despaire is never fully borne till it ceaseth to bee, and hath depriv'd him of beeing that first bare it and brought it forth. So that herein it is hard to distinguish which is most to be blamed, of the cause or the effect; the cause without the effect beeing of no effect, and the effect without the cause never able to have been. Such another paire of undiscernable twins and mutuall married correllatives are nature and fortune. As for example: if it be any mans fortune to hang himselfe and abridg his naturall life, it is likewise natural to him (or allotted him by nature) to have no better fortune.

Carnead. *Better or worse fortune, I pry thee let us heare how thou goest forward with describing the Doct̄or and his life and fortunes: and you, my fellow auditors, I beseech you, trouble him not (anie more) with these impertinent parentheses.*

Respond. His education I wil handle next, wherein he ran through *Didimus* or *Diomedes* 6000 books of the *Arte* of Grammar, besides learned to write a faire capitall Romane hand, that might well serve for a boone-grace to such men as ride with their face towards the horse taile, or set on the pillorie for counsage or perjurie. Many a copy-holder or magistrall scribe, that holds all his living by setting school-

boies copies, comes short of the like gift. An old Doctōr of *Oxford* shewd me Latine verses of his in that flourishing flantitantiing goutie *Omega* fist, which he presented unto him (as a bribe) to get leave to playe, when hee was in the heighth or prime of his *Puer es cupis atque doceri*. A good qualitie or qualification, I promise you truely, to keepe him out of the danger of the Statute gainst wilfull vagabonds, rogues, and beggers. But in his grammer yeares, (take me thus farre with you) he was a verie gracelesse litigious youth, and one that would pick quarrells with old *Gulielmus Lillies Sintaxis* and *Profodia*, everie howre of the daye: a desperate stabber with pen-knives, and whom he could not over-come in disputation, he would be sure to break his head with his pen and ink-horne. His father prophecye by that his ventrus manhood and valure, he would prove an other *S. Thomas a Becket* for the church; but his mother doubted him much, by reason of certaine strange dreames she had when she was first quicke with childe of him, which wel she hoped were but idle swimming fancies of no consequence, till beeing advifde by a cunning man (her frend, that was verie farre in her books) one time shee slept in a sheepes skinne all night, to the intent to dreame true, another time under a lawrell tree, a third time on the bare ground starke naked, and laft on a dead mans tomb, or grave-stone, in the church in a hot summers after-noone; when, no barrel better herring, she sped even as she did before. For first shee dreamed her wombe was turned to such another hollow vessell full of disquiet fiends, as *Salomons* brazen bowle, wherein were so manie thousands of divels; which (deepe hidden under ground) long after the *Babilonians* (digging for mettals) chaunced to light upon,

and mistaking it for treasure, brake it ope verie greedily, when, as out of *Pandoras* boxe of maladyes which *Epimetheus* opened, all manner of evils flew into the world; fo all manner of devills then broke loofe amongft humane kinde. Therein her drowfie divination not much deceiv'd her; for never wer *Empedocles* devils fo toft from the aire into the fea, and from the fea to the earth, and from the earth to the aire againe exhaled by the funne, or driv'n up by windes and tempefts, as his difcontented povertie (more difquiet than the Irifh feas) hath driv'n him from one profeffion to another. Devinitie (the heaven of all artes) for a while drew his thoughts unto it; but fhortly after the world, the flefh, and the divell with-drewe him from that, and needes he would be of a more gentleman-like luftie cut: whereupon hee fell to morrall epiftling and poetrie. He fell, I may well fay, and made the price of wit and poetrie fall with him, when hee firft began to be a fripler or broker in that trade. Yea, from the aire he fell to the fea, (that my comparifon may hold in everie point) which is, he would needs croffe the feas to fetch home two penniworth of Tufcanifme; from the fea to the earth againe he was toft, *videlicet* fhortly after hee became a roguifh commenter uppon earth-quakes, as by the famous epiftles (by his owne mouth onely made famous) may more largely appeare. *Ultima linea rerum*, his finall entrancing from the earth to the skies, was his key-colde defence of the cleargie in the tractate of *Pap-hatchet*, intermingled, like a fmall fleete of gallies, in the huge *Armada* againft me. The fecond dreame his mother had was, that ſhe was deliverd of a caliver or hand-gun, which in the difcharging burft. I pray God (with all my heart) that this caliver, or cavalier, of poetrie, this

hand-gun, or elder-gun, that shoots nothing but pellets of chewd paper, in the discharging burst not. A third time in her sleepe she apprehended and imagined, that out of her belly there grew a rare garden bed, over-run with garish weedes innumerable, which had onely one flip in it of herb of grace, not budding at the toppe neither, but, like the floure *Narcissus*, having flowres onely at the roote; whereby she augur'd and conjectur'd, how ever hee made some shew of grace in his youth, when he came to the top or heighth of his best prooffe, he would bee found a barrain stalk without frute. At the same time (over and above) shee thought that, in stead of a boye, (which she desired) she was deliverd and brought to bed of one of these kistrell birds, called a wind-fucker. Whether it be verifiable, or onely probably surmised, I am uncertaine, but constantly up and downe it is bruted, how he pist incke as soone as ever he was borne, and that the first cloute he fowld was a sheete of paper; whence some mad wits giv'n to descant, even as *Herodotus* held that the *Aethiopians* seed of generation was as blacke as incke, so haply they unhappely wold conclude, an *Incubus*, in the likenes of an incke-bottle, had carnall copulation with his mother when hee was begotten. Should I reckon up but one halfe of the miracles of his conception, that verie substantially have been affirmed unto me, one or other, like *Bodine*, wold start up and taxe mee for a miracle-monger, as hee taxt *Livy*, saying that he talkt of nothing else, save how oxen spake, of the flames of fire that issued out of the *Scipioes* heads, of the statues of the gods that swet, how *Jupiter*, in the likenes of a childe or yong-man, appeared to *Hanniball*, and that an infant of six months olde proclaimed triumph up and downe the streetes. But let him that hath

the poyson of a thousand gorgons, or stinging basiliskes, full crammed in his inke-horne, tamper with mee, or taxe mee in the way of contradiction never so little, and he shall finde (if I finde him not a toad, worthie for nought but to be stampd under foote) that I will spit fire for fire, fight divell fight dragon, as long as he will. No vulgar respects have I, what *Hoppenny Hoe* and his fellow *Hankin Booby* thinke of mee, so those whom arte hath adopted for the peculiar plants of her academie, and refined from the dull northerly drosse of our clyme, hold mee in anie tollerable account.

The woonders of my great grand-father *Harveys* progeniture were these.

In the verie moment of his birth there was a calfe borne in the same towne with a dubble tongue, and having eares farre longer than anie asse, and his feete turned backward, like certaine people of the *Tartars* that nevertheles are reasonable swift.

In the houre of his birth there was a most darksome eclipse, as though hel and heaven, about a consultation of an eternall league, had met together.

Those that calculated his nativitie said, that *Saturne* and the Moone (either of which is the causer of madnesse) were melancholy conjoynd together (contrarie to all course of astronomie) when into the world hee was produced. About his lips, even as about *Dions* ship, there flocked a swarme of waspes as soone as ever he was laid in his cradle. Scarce nine yeres of age he attaind too, when, by engrossing al ballets that came to anie market or faire thereabouts, he aspired to bee as desperate a ballet-maker as the best of them. The first frutes of his poettrie beeing a pittifull dittie in lamentation of the death of a fellow that, at

Queene *Maries* coronation, came downward, with his head on a rope, from the fpyre of *Powles* fteeple, and brake his necke. Afterward he exercised to write certaine graces in ryme dogrell, and verfes upon everie month, manie of which are yet extant in primers and almanackes. His father, with the extreame joy of his towardneffe, wept infinitely, and prophecide he was too forward witted to live long. His fchoole-mafter never heard him peirfe or confter, but he cryde out, *O acumen Carneadum! O decus addite divis!* and fwore by *Sufenbrotus* and *Taleus*, that he would proove another *Philo Fudæus* for knowledge and deep judgment, who in philofophie was preferd above *Plato*, and bee a more rare exchequer of the Mufes than rich *Gaza* was for wealth; which tooke his name of *Cambyfes*, laying all his treasure there when hee went to make warre againft *Aegipt*.

By this time imagin him rotten ripe for the Univerfitie, and that hee carries the poake for a meffe of porredge in *Chrifs Colledge*; which I doo not upbraid him with, as anie difparagement at all, fince it is a thing everie one that is fcholler of the houfe is ordinarily fubject unto by turnes, but onely I thruft it in for a periphrafis. Of his admiffion, or matriculation, I am fure you will be glad to heare well of him, fince hee is a youth of fome hope, and you have been partly acquainted with his bringing up.

In fadnes I would be loath to difcourage ye, but yet in truth (as truth is truth, and will out at one time or other, and fhame the divell) the coppie of his Tutors letter to his father I will fhew you, about his carriage and demeanour; and yet I will not pofitively affirme it his Tutors Letter neither, and yet you maye gather more than I am willing

to utter, and what you list not beleeve referre to after ages, even as *Paulus Jovius* did in his lying praises of the house of Medicis, or the importunate Dialogue twixt *Charles* the Fifth and him of *Expedire te oportet, et parare calamos*, or his tempestuous thunder-bolt invective against *Selimus*.

THE LETTER OF HARVEYS TUTOR TO HIS FATHER, AS
TOUCHING HIS MANNERS AND BEHAVIOR.

Emanuell.

Sir, Grace and peace unto you premised. So it is that your sonne, you have committed to my charge, is of a passing forward carriage, and profiteth very soundly.

Carnead. That is, beares himselfe very forward on his tip-toes (as he did ever) and profits or *battles* soundly, and is a youth of a good *size*.

Letter.

Great expectations we have of him, that hee will prove an other Corax or Lacedemonian Ctesiphon for rhetorique, who was banisht because he vaunted he could talke a whole day of anie thing.

Benti. I would our *Gurmo Hidruntum* were like wife banisht with him ; for he can hotch-potch whole decades up of nothing, and talks idley all his life time.

Letter.

And not much inferiour to Demosthenes, Aeschines, Demades, or the melodious recording Muse of Italy, Cornelius Mufa, Bishop of Bitonto, or the yet living mellifluous Panca-rola, who is said to cast out spirites by his powerfull divine cloquence.

Carnead. The spirit of foolery out of this *Archibald Ruppenrope* he shall never be able to cast, were the *nectar* of his eloquence a thousand times more superabundant, incessant founding.

Letter.

When I record (as I doo often) the strange untraffiqu't phrases by him now vented and unpackt, as of incendarie for fire, an illuminarie for a candle and lant-horne, an indument for a cloake, an under soote abject for a shooe or a boote, then I am readie (with Erasmus) to cry, Sancte Socrates! or (with Aristotle) Ens entium miserere mei! what an ingeny is heere? O! his conceipt is most delicate, and that right well he apprehendeth, having already propos'd high matters for it to worke on; for stealing into his study by chance the other day, there I found divers epistles and orations, purposely directed and prepared, as if he had been secretarie to her majestie for the Latine tongue; or against such a place should fall, he would be sure not to be unprovided: as also hee had furnisht himselfe (as if he made no question to be the Universitie Orator) for all congratulations, funerall elegiacall condolments of the death of such and such a Doctōr in Cambridge; and which is more, of everie Privy Counsailour in England. You are no schooller, and therefore little know what belongs to it; but if you heard him how sacredly hee ends everie sentence with esse posse videatur, you would (like those that arrive in the Phillipinas opprest with sweete odors) forget you are mortall, and imagine your selfe no where but in Paradise. Some there be (I am not ignorant) that upon his often bringing it in at the end of everie period, call him by no other name, but esse posse videatur; but they are such as were never endenizond in so much arte,

as similitur definens, and know not the true use of numerus rhetoricus. So upon his first manumission in the mysterie of logique, because he observ'd ergo was the deadly clap of the peece, or driv'n home stab of the syllogisme, hee accustomed to make it the faburden to anie thing hee spake; as if anie of his companions complained hee was hungrie, hee would straight conclude ergo, you must goe to dinner; or if the clocke had stroke or bell towld, ergo you must goe to such a lecture; or if anie stranger said he came to seeke such a one, and desir'd him he would shew him which was his chamber, he would forthwith come upon him with, ergo he must go up such a paire of staires: whereupon (for a great while) he was cald nothing but Gabriell Ergo up and downe the colledge. But a scoffe which longer dwelt with him than the rest, though it argued his extreame pregnancie of capacitie, and argute transferring dexteritie of paradoxisme, was that once he would needs defend a rat to be animal rationale, that is, to have as reasonable a soule as anie Academick, because she eate and gnawd his bookes, and, except she carried a braine with her, she could never digest or be so capable of learning. And the more to confirme it, because everie one laught at him for a common mountebanke rat-catcher about it, the next rat he seiz'd on hee made an anatomie of, and read a lecture of 3 dayes long upon everie artire or musckle in her, and after hangd her over his head in his studie, in stead of an apothecaries crocodile, or dride alligatur. I have not yet mentiond his poetrie, wherein hee surmounteth and dismounteth the most heroycallest Countes Mountes of that craft, having writ verses in all kindes; as in forme of a paire of gloves, a dozen of points, a paire of spectacles, a two-hand sword, a poynado, a coloffus, a pyramide, a painters eazill, a market

crossfe, a trumpet, an anchor, a paire of pot-hookees ; yet I can see no authors he hath, more than his owne naturall Genius or Minerva, except it bee Have with ye to Florida, The storie of Axeres and the worthie Iphijs, As I went to Walfingham, and In Creete when Dedalus ; a song that is to him food from heaven, and more transporting and ravishing than Platoes Discourse of the immortalitic of the soule was to Cato, who, with the verie joy he conceivd from reading thereof, wold needs let out his soule, and so stabd himselfe. Above Homers or all mens workes whosoever he doth prize it, laying it under his pillow (like Homers works) every night, and carrying it in his bosome (next his heart) everie day. From the generall discourse of his vertues, let mee digresse, and informe you of some few fragments of his vices ; as lihe a church and an ale-house, God and the divell, they manie times dwell neere together. Memorandum : his laundresse complains of him that hee is mightie fleshly given, and that there had lewdnes passed betwixt her daughter and him, if she had not luckely prevented it by searching her daughters pocket, whercin she found a little epitomizd Bradfords Meditations, no broader volum'd than a seale at armes, or a blacke melancholy velvet patch, and a three-pennie pamphlet of The Fall of Man he had bestowed on her, that he might stow her under hatches in his study, and do what he wold with her. In a wast white leafe of one of which bookes he had writ for his sentence, or posie, Nox et amor, as much to say as O for a pretie wench in the darke ! and underneath, Non sunt sine viribus artus, if thou comst, old lasse, I will tickle thee : and in the other, Leve fit quod bene fertur onus, that is, we must beare with one another, and Fœlices quibus usus adest, use in all things makes perfect. Secondly, he is beyond all reason,

or Gods forbod, distractedly enamoured of his own beautie, spending a whole forenoone everie day in spunging and licking himselfe by the glasse; and useth everie night after supper to walke on the market hill to shew himselfe, holding his gown up to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foote he hath in pumpes and pantoffles; and if they give him never so little an amorous regard, he presently boords them with a set speach of the first gathering together of societies, and the distinction of amor and amicitia out of Tullies Offices; which if it work no effect, and they laugh at, he will rather take a raison of the sunne, and weare it at his care for a favor, than it should bee said hee would goe away emptie. Thirdly, he is verie seditious and mutinous in conversation, picking quarrells with everie man that will not magnifie and applaud him, libelling most execrably and inhumanely on Jacke of the Falcon, for that he would not lend him a messe of mustard to his red herrings; yea, for a lesser matter than that on the Colledge dog he libeld, onely because he proudly bare up his taile as hee past by him. And fourthly and lastly, he useth often to be drunk with the sirrube or broth of stewd prunes, and eateth more bread, under pretence of swearing by it, than would serve a whole band in the Low Countries. These are the least portion of his veniall sinnes; but I forbear him, and proceed no further, because I love him: only I wold wish you (being his father) at anie hand to warne him of these matters privately betwixt him and you, and againe and againe cry out upon him to beware of pride; which I more than fatally prophecie will be his utter overthrow.

Yours assuredly, and so forth,

Johannes sine nomine; Anno Domini, what ye will.

Carnead. *What is your censure, you that bee of the common counsaile? May this Epistle passe or no without a demurre or proviso?*

Confil. *Passe in the way of pastime, and so foorth; it being no indecorum at all, to the Comedie we have in hand, to admit Piers himselfe for his tutor, for if he proceed in the severe discipline he hath begun, he is like to humble him, and bring him to more goodnes than anie tutor or master he ever had since he was borne.*

LIFE.

Leaving his childhood, which hath leave or a lawe of priviledge to be fond, and to come to the first prime of his pamphleting, which was much about the setting up of the bull by *Felton* on the bishop of *Londons* gate, or rather some prettie while before, when, for an assay or nice tasting of his pen, he capitulated on the births of monsters, horrible murders, and great burnings; and afterward, in the yeare when the earth-quake was, he fell to be a familiar epistler, and made *Powles Church-yard* resound, or crie twang againe, with foure notable famous Letters: in one of which he enterlaced his short, but yet sharpe judicall of earth-quakes, and came verie short and sharpe uppon my lord of *Oxford* in a rattling bundle of English hexameters. How that thriv'd with him some honest chronicler helpe me to remember, for it is not comprehended in my braines diarie or ephemerides; but this I can justifie, that immediately upon it he became a common writer of almanackes. Tis mervaile if some of you, amongst your unsatiable overturnings of libraries, have not stumbled on such an approved architect of calenders, as *Gabriel Frend*, the prognosticator. That *Frend* I not a little suspect (if a man should take occasion to try his *Frend*)

would be found to bee no *Frend*, but my constant approved mortall enemie *Gabriell Harvey*. Well, I may say to you, it is a difficult rare thing in these dayes to finde a true *Frend*; but the probable reasons which drive me to conjecture that it is a false *Frend* which deludes us with these durtie astronomically predictions, and that *Gabriell Harvey* is this *Frend* in a corner, which no man knowes of, be these that follow. First, he hath been noted, in manie companies where hee hath been, very suspitiouly to undermine, whither any man knew such a fellow as *Gabriell Frend*, the prognosticator or no? or whether they ever heard of anie that ever saw him or knew him? Wheretoo, when they all aunswered with one voyce, not guiltie to the seeing, hearing, or understanding of anie such *starry* nounce substantive up starts me he (like a proud school-master, when one of his boyes hath made an oration before a countrey Maior that hath pleafd) and bites the lip, and winkes and smiles privily, and looks pertly upon it, as who should say, *Coram quem queritis adsum*: and after some little coy bridling of the chin, and nice simpering and wrything his face 30 waies, tels them flatly that upon his credit and knowledge (both which are hardly worth a candles end to helpe him to bed with) there is no such *Quartermaster*, or master of the 4 quarters, or writer in redde letters, as that supposed flower of *frend*-ly curtesie, *Gabriell Frend*, the prognosticator; but, to use plaine dealing amongst frends, a frend of his it is he must conceale, who thought good to shroud himselfe under that title. Now, if ye will allow of my verdit in this behalfe, I hold *unusquisque proximus ipse sibi*, every man is the best *Frend* to himself; and that he himself and no other, is that *Frend* of his he must conceale. The 2 argument that confirms me in this

strong article of my creede is, for none is privy to a *blank* maintenance he hath ; and some maintenance of necessity he must have, or else how can he maintaine his peak in true christendome of rose-water everie morning? By the civil law, peradventure you will alleage, he fetches it in: nay, therein ye are deceivd, for he hath no law for that. I will not deny but his mother may have su'd *in forma pauperis*, but he never sollicited in form of papers in the Arches in his life. How then doth he fetch it aloft with his poetrie? *Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista suæ*: I pray God he never have better lands or living till he die. Shall I discharge my conscience, being no more than (on my foule) is most true? The printers and stationers use him as he were the *Homer* of this age, for they say unto him, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras*: *Harvey* if ye bring no mony in your purse, ye get no books printed here. Even for the printing of this logger-head legend of lyes, which now I am wrapping up hot spices in, hee ran in debt with *Wolfe*, the printer, 36 pound, and a blue coate which he borrowed for his man ; and yet *Wolfe* did not so much as brush it when hee lent it him, or presse out the print where the badge had been. The storie at large, a leafe or two hence, you shall heare. The last refuge and sanctuarie for his exhibition (after his lands, law, and poetrie are confiscated) is to presume he hath some privy benefactors or patrons that holde him up by the chin. What hee hath had of late my intelligence failes me, but for a number of yeares past, I dare confidently depose, not a bit nor cue of anie benefactor or patron he had, except the butler or manciple of *Trinitie Hall* (which are both one) that trusted him for his commons and sizing ; so that when I have toyled the utmost that I can to save his credite and

honestie, the best wit-craft I can turn him too, to get three pence a weeke, and keepe the paper soales and upper leather of his pantoffles together, is to write prognostications and almanackes ; and that alone hath beene, and must bee, his best philosophers stone till hys laft destiny.

I was sure, I was sure, at one time or other I should take him napping. O eternall jest! (for Gods sake helpe me to laugh). What a grave Doctor, a base *John Doleta*, the almanack-maker, Doctor *Deuse-ace* and Doctor *Mery-man*? Why from this day to proceed, Ile never goe into *Powles Church-yard* to enquire for anie of his workes, but (where ever I come) looke for them behinde the doore, or on the backe-side of a screene (where almanackes are set usually) ; or at a barbers or chandlers shop never to misse of them. A maker of almanackes, quoth a? God forgive me, they are readier money than ale and cakes, and are more familiar read than *Tullies* familiar epistles, or the discourse of debtor or creditor, especially of those that ordinar[il]y write letters, or have often occasion to paye money. They are the verie dials of dayes, the sunnes gheffes ; and the moones months-mind. Here in *London* streets, if a man have busines to enquire for anie bodie, and he is not well acquainted with the place, he goes filthely halpering, and asking, cap in hand, from one shop to another, where's such a house and such a signe? But if we have busines to speake with anie in the skie, buy but one of *Gabriell Friend* or *Gabriell Harveys* almanacks, and you shall carry the signe and house in your pockets, whether *Jupiters* house, *Saturnes* house, *Mars* hys house, *Venus* house, or anie hot-house or baudyhouse of them all. To conclude ; not the poorest walking-mate, or thred-bare cut-purse in a countrey, that can well be without

them, be it but to know the faires and markets when they fall: and against who dare I will uphold it, that theres no such neccessarie book of *common* places in the earth as it. As for example, from *London* to *Yorke*, from *Yorke* to *Barwicke*, and so backwardes. It is a strange thing I should be so skilfull in phisiognomie and never studied it. I alwaies saw in the doctors countenance he greedily hunted after the high way to honour, and was a busie chronicler of high wayes, he had such a number of ugly wrinckled high wayes in his visage. But the time was, when he would not have given his head for the washing, and would have tooke foule scone that the best of them all should have out-fac'd him. I have a tale at my tungs-end, if I can happen upon it, of his hobby-horfe-revelling and dominerig at *Audley-end*, when the Queene was there; to which place, *Gabriell* (to doo his countrey more worship and glory) came ruffling it out, huffty tuffty, in his suite of velvet. There be then in *Cambridge* that had occasion to take note of it; for he stood noted, or scord, for it in their bookes manie a faire day after: and if I take not my markes amiffe, *Raven*, the botcher by *Pembrook-hal*, (whether he be alive or dead I know not) was as privie to it, everie *patch* of it from top to toe, as hee that made it; and if everie one would but mend one as often as hee hath mended that, the world would bee by 200 parts honefter than it is; yet be he of the mending hand never so, and *Gabriell* never able to make him amends, he may bleffe the memorie of that wardrobe, for it will be a good while ere hee meete with the like customer as it was to him, at least 14 yere together, falling into his hands twice a yere, as sure as a club, before every batchelors and masters commensment; or if it were above, it was a generall *item* to

all the Univerfitie, that the doctör had some jerking hexameters or other shortly after to passe the stampe, hee never in all his life (till lately he fel a wrangling with his sifter in law) having anie other busines at *London*. The rotten mould of that worme eaten relique (if hee were well searcht) he weares yet, meaning when he dies to hang it over his tombe for a monument; and in the meane time, though it is not his lucke to meete with ever a substantiall baudie case (or booke case) that carries *rem in re*, meate in the mouth in it (a miserable, intollerable case, when a yong fellow and a yong wench cannot put the case together, and doo with their owne what they list, but they shalbe put to their booke to confesse, and be hideously perplext) yet I say daily and hourelly doth he deale upon the case notwithstanding. You will imagine it a fable, percase, which I shall tell you, but it is x times more unfallible than the newes of the Jewes rising up in armes to take in the Land of Promise, or the raining of corne this summer at *Wakefield*. A gentleman (long agoe) lent him an old velvet saddle, which when he had no use for, since no man else would trust him for a bridle, and that he was more accustomed to be ridden than to ride, what does me he, but deeming it a verie base thing for one of his standing in the Univerfity to be said to be yet dunsing in *Sadolet*, and with all, scorning his chamber, shuld be employed as an ofstry presse to lay up jades riding jackets and trusses in, presently untruffeth, and pelts the out-side from the lining, and, under *benedicite* here in private be it spoken, dealt verie cunningly and covertly in the case; for with it he made him a case, or cover, for a dublet, which hath cased and covered his nakednes ever since: and to tell yee no lye, about two yeare and a halfe past,

he credited *Newgate* with the same metamorphized costly vestment. As good cheape as it was deliverd to mee (at the second hand) you have it. *Nil habeo præter auditum*; I was not at the cutting it out, nor will I binde your consciences too strictly to embrace it for a truth, but if my judgement might stand for up, it is rather likely to be true than false, since it vanished invisible and was never heard of; and, besides, I cannot devise how he should behave him to consume such an implement, if he confiscated it not to that use, neither lending it away nor selling it; nor how hee should otherwise thrust himselfe into such a moth-eaten weed, having neyther money nor friends to procure it. Away, away! never haue nor pause upon it, for without all par-anters it is so; and let them tattle and prate till their tongues ake, were there a thousand more of them, and they should set their wit to his, he would make them set besides the saddle, even as he did the gentleman. A man in hys case hath no other *shift*, or appaile, which you will, but he must thus shift otherwise for his living, especially living quiet as he dooth without anie crosses (in his purse *subaudi*) and being free from all covetous incumbrances: yet in my shallow foolish conceipt, it were a great deale better for him if he were not free, but *crost* soundly, and committed prisoner to the Tower, where, perhaps once in his life, he might be brought to look upon the Queenes coine in the Mynt, and not thus be alwaies abroad, and never *within*, like a begger. I must beg patience of you, thogh I have been somewhat too tedious in brushing his velvet; but the Court is not yet remov'd from *Audley-end*, and we shall come time enough thether to learne what rule he keeps.

There did this our *Talatatmana*, or Doctour *Hum*, thrust

himselfe into the thickest rankes of the noblemen and gallants; and whatsoever they were arguing of, he would not misse to catch hold of, or strike in at the one end, and take the theame out of their mouths, or it should goe hard. In selfe same order was hee at his pretie toyes and amorous glaunces and purposes with the damfells, and putting baudy riddles unto them. In fine, some disputations there were, and he made an Oration before the Maids of Honour, and not before her Majestie as heretofore I misinformedly set down, beginning thus :

*Nux mulier asinus simili sunt lege ligata,
Hæc tria nil rectè faciunt, si verbera defunt.*

*A nut, a woman, and an asse are like,
These three doo nothing right, except you strike.*

Carnead. *He would have had the maids of honor thriftely cudgeld belike, and lambeakt one after another.*

Respond. *They understood it not so.*

Bentiv. *No, I thinke so, for they understood it not at all.*

Confil. *Or if they had, they would have driv'n him to his guard.*

Carnead. *Or had the guard driv'n him downe the staires, with Deiu vous garde, monsieur, goe and prate in the yard Don Pedant; there is no place for you here.*

LIFE.

The proces of that Oration was of the same woofe and thrid with the beginning; demurely and maidenly scoffing, and blushingly wantoning, and making love to those soft skind foules and sweete nymphes of *Helicon*, betwixt a kinde of carelesse rude ruffianisme, and curious finicall com-

plement; both which hee more exprest by his countenance, than anie good jests that hee uttered. This finished (though not for the finishing or pronouncing of this) by some better friends than hee was worthie of, and that afterwards found him unworthie of the graces they had bestowed upon him, he was brought to kisse the Queenes hand; and it pleased her Highnes to say (as in my former booke I have cyted), that he lookt something like an Italian. No other incitement he needed to rouze his plumes, pricke up his eares, and run away with the bridle betwixt his teeth, and take it upon him (of his owne originall ingrafted disposition theretoo he wanting no aptnes); but now he was an insulting monarch, above *Monarcha*, the Italian, that ware crownes on his shooes; and quite renounst his naturall English accents and gestures, and wrested himselfe wholly to the Italian *puntilijs*, speaking our homely Iland tongue strangely, as if he were but a raw practitioner in it, and but ten daies before had entertained a schoole-master to teach him to pronounce it. Ceremonies of reverence to the greatest states (as it were not the fashion of his cuntry) he was very parsimonious and niggardly of, and would make no bones to take the wall of *Sir Philip Sidney*, and another honourable knight (his companion), about Court yet attending, to whom I wish no better fortune than the forelockes of fortune he had hold of in his youth, and no higher fame than hee hath purchast himselfe by his pen; being the first (in our language) I have encountred, that repurified poetrie from arts pedantisme, and that instructed it to speake courtly. Our Patron, our *Phæbus*, our first *Orpheus*, or quintessence of invention he is; wherefore, either let us jointly invent some worthy subject to eternize him, or let warre call back barbarisme

from the *Danes*, *Pictes*, and *Saxons*, to suppress our frolicke spirits, and the least sparke of more elevated sense amongst us finally be quenched and die, ere we can set up brazen pillars for our names, and sciences, to preserve them from the Deluge of Ignorance. But to returne from whence I strayed. *Dagobert Coppenhagen* in his jollitie persisteth, is haile fellow well met with those that looke highest, and to cut it off in three syllables, follows the traine of the delicatest favorites and minions, which by chaunce being withdrawne a mile or two off, to one Master *Bradburies*, where the late deceased countesse of *Darbie* was then harbingered. After supper they fell to dancing, every one choosing his mate as the custome is; in a trice so they shuffled the cards of purpose (as it wer to plague him for his presumption) that, will he nill he, must tread the measures about with the foulest, foulest ugly gentlewoman or fury that might be, (then wayting on the foresaid countesse) thrice more deformed than the woman with the horne in her head. A turne or two hee mincingly pac't with her about the roome, and solemnly kist her at the parting; since which kisse of that squinteyd *Lamia* or *Gorgon*, as if she had been another *Circe* to transforme him, he hath not one houre beene his owne man. For whilst yet his lips smoakt with the steame of her scortching breath, that partcht his beard like fun-burnt grasse in the dog-dayes, he ran headlong violently to his study as if he had bin born with a whirl-winde, and strait knockt me up together a poem, calde his *Aedes Valdinenses*, in prayse of my L. of *Leycester*, of his kissing the Queenes hand, and of her speech and comparison of him, how he lookt like an Italian: what, *vide*, sayth he in one place; Did I see her Majesty, quoth a? *Imo, vide ipse lo-*

quentem cum Snaggo, I saw her conferring with no worfe man then Maſter Snagge. The hungerlieſt yearfes they were that ever were ſcande, beeing moſt of them hought, and cut off by the knees, out of *Virgill* and other authors. This is a patterne of one of them: *Wodde, meusque tuusque juusque Britannorumque fuorumque*, running through all the pronounes in it, and jumpe imitating a verſe in *As in presenti*, or in the demeanes or adjacents I am certaine. I had forgot to obſerve unto you, out of his firſt ſoure familiar Epiftles, his ambitious ſtratagem to aſpire, that whereas two great Pieres beeing at jarre, and their quarrell continued to bloudſhed, he would needs, uncald and when it lay not in his way, ſteppe in on the one ſide, which indeede was the fafer ſide (as the ſoole is crafty enough to ſleepe in a whole ſkin) and hewe and flaſh with his hexameters; but hewd and flaſht he had beene as ſmall as chippings, if he had not played ducke Fryer, and hid himſelfe eight weeks in that noblemans houſe, for whome with his pen hee thus bladed. Yet nevertheleſſe Syr *James a Croft*, the olde Controwler, ferrited him out, and had him under hold in the Fleete a great while, taking that to be aimde and leveld againſt him, becauſe he cald him his olde Controwler, which he had moſt venomouſly belched againſt Doctour *Perne*. Uppon his humble ſubmiſſion, and ample expoſition of the ambiguous text, and that [at] his forementioned *Mecenas* mediation, matters were diſpenſt with and quallified, and ſome light countenance, like ſunſhine after a ſtorme, it pleaſed him after this to let fall upon him, and ſo diſpatcht him to ſpurre cut backe againe to Cambridge. Where, after his arrivall, to his affociates and companions he privatly vaunted what redoubled rich brightnes to his

name this short eclipse had brought, and that it had more dignified and raisd him, than all his endeavours from his childhood. With such incredible applaude and amazement of his judges hee bragd hee had cleard himselfe, that every one that was there ran to him and embrast him, and shortly hee was promist to be cald to high preferment in court, not an ace lower than a secretariship, or one of the clarks of the councill. Should I explaine to you howe this wrought with him, and how, in the itching heate of this hopefull golden worlde and hony moone, the ground would no longer beare him, but to Sturbridge Fayre, and up and downe *Cambridge*, on his foot-cloth majestically he would pace it, with manie moe madde trickes of youth nere plaid before, in ftead of making his heart ake with vexing, I should make yours burft with laughing. Doctör *Perne* in this plight, nor at anie other time, ever met him, but he would shake his hand and crie *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*, Vanitie of vanities, and all things is vanitie!

His father he undid to furnish him to the Court once more, where presenting himselfe in all the colours of the raine-bow, and a paire of mouftachies like a black horse taylor tyde up in a knot, with two tufts sticking out on each side, he was askt by no meane personage, *Unde hæc insania?* whence proceedeth this folly or madnes? and he replied with that wether-beaten peice of a verse out of the Grammer, *Semel insanivimus omnes*, once in our dayes there is none of us but have plaid the ideots; and so was he counted and bad stand by for a *nodgscombe*. He that most patronizd him, prying more searhingly into him, and finding that he was more meete to make sport with, than anie way deeply to be employd, with faire words shooke

him off, and told him he was fitter for the Univerfitie, than for the Court or his turne, and fo bad God prosper his ftudies, and fent for another fecretarie to *Oxford*.

Readers, be merry; for in me there fhall want nothing I can doo to make you merry. You fee I have brought the Doct̄or out of request at Court, and it fhall coft me a fall, but I will get him howted out of the Univerfitie too, ere I give him over. What will you give mee when I bring him upon the ftage in one of the principalleft Colledges in *Cambridge*? Lay anie wager with me, and I will; or if you laye no wager at all, Ile fetch him aloft in *Pedantius*, that exquisite comedie in *Trinitie Colledge*, where, under the cheife part, from which it tooke his name, as namely the concife and firking finicaldo fine fchool-mafter, hee was full drawn and delineated from the foale of the foote to the crowne of his head. The juft manner of his phrafe in his Orations and Difputations they ftufft his mouth with, and no ruffianifme throughout his whole bookes but they bolsterd out his part with; as thofe ragged remnaunts in his foure familiar Epiftles twixt him and *Senior Immerito*, *raptim fcripta, nofti manum et ftylum*, with innumerable other of his rabble-routs: and scoffing his *Mufarum Lachrymæ* with *Flebo amorem meum, etiam Mufarum lachrymis*; which, to give it his due, was a more collachrymate wretched treatife than my *Piers Pennileffe*, being the pittifulleft pangs that ever anie mans Mufe breathd foorth. I leave out halfe; not the carrying up of his gowne, his nice gate on his pantoffles, or the affected accent of his fpeech, but they perfonated. And if I should reveale all, I thinke they borrowd his gowne to playe the part in, the more to flout him. Let him denie this (and not damne himfelfe)

for his life, if hee can. Let him denie that there was a shewe made at *Clare-hall* of him and his two brothers, called,

*Tarrarantantara turba tumultuosa Trigonum,
Tri-Harveyorum, Tri-harmonia.*

Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow his Brother, *Dodrans Dicke*, at *Peter-house*, called,

Duns furens. Dick Harvey in a frensie.

Whereupon *Dick* came, and broke the Colledge glaffe windowes ; and Doctor *Perne* (being then either for himselfe or deputie Vice-chancellour) caused him to be fetcht in, and fet in the stockes till the shew was ended, and a great part of the night after.

The first motive, or caller fourth, of *Gabriels* English hexameters was his falling in love with *Kate Cotton*, and *Widdowes* his wife, the Butler of *Saint Johns*. And this was a rule inviolate amongst the fraternitie of them ; *Gabriell* was alwayes in love, *Dick* still in hate, either with *Aristotle*, or with the great Beare in the firmament which he continually bayted, or with religion, against which in the publique schooles he fet up atheistical questions, and besides compared his beard to *Porphirian* blasphemously, as I am afraid the earth would swallow me if I should but rehearse. It fell to my lot to have the perusing of a letter of his to Doctor *Fulke*, then lying at a preachers house neere Criplegate, in *London*, as touching his whole perfecution by the fellows of the house about it, and how, except he had mercie on him, he were expulst and cast away without redemption.

The third brother (*John*) had almost as ill a name as the Spittle in *Shorditch*, for the olde reakes hee kept with the wenches in *Queenes Colledge Lane*; and if *M. Wathe* his ancient over-wharter (betwixt whom and him there was such deadly emulation) had bin furnisht with those instructions therof which I could have lent him, he had put him downe more handsmoothe than he did, though at a commensment dinner in *Queenes Colledge* (as apparantly as might be) he graveld, and set a ground both him and his brother *Gabienus*. This *John* was hee, that beeing entertained in Justice *Meades* house (as a schoole-master) stole away his daughter, and to pacifie him, dedicated to him an Almanacke; which daughter (or *Johns* wife) since his death, *Gabriell* (under pretence of taking out an administration, according as she in every court exclaimes) hath gone about to circumvent [her] of al she hath: to the which effect (about 3 yere agoe) there were three declarations put up against him, and a little while after I heard there were attachments out for him: whether he hath compounded since or no, I leave to the jurie to enquire.

Pigmei Dicke aforefaid, that looks like a pound of gold-smiths candles, is such another Venetian steale placard as *John* was, being like to commit folly the last yeare in the house where he kept (as a friend of his verie soberly informed me) with a milke-maid; and if there had not bin more government in her than in him (for all his divinitship) the thing you wote of, the blowe that never smarteth had been stroke, and she carried away to *Saffron-walden*, he sending for her to one *Philips* his house, at the signe of the Bel in *Bromley*, and there feasting her to that end. Fast and pray, luxurious vicar, to keepe under thy unruly

members, and wrap thee in a monkes cowle, which (they say) is good to mortifie; or drinke of the water of *Saint Ives*, by *John Bale* (out of Romish authors) produced to be good against the temptations of the petticoate; or (which exceedeth them both) trie *Master Candishes* roote hee brought out of the Indies, giv'n him by a venerable hermit, with this *probatum est*, or vertue, that he which tasted it should never lust after: by that token he could meet with none about Court, or in *London*, that was content to be an eunuch for the kingdome of Heaven, or lov'd his pleasure so little as to venture upon it. I have not yet seald and shakt hands with him for making two such false prophets of *Saturne* and *Jupiter*, out of whose jumbling in the darke, and conjunction copulative, he denounced such oracles and alterations to ensue, as if (like another *Thebit Bencorat*) he had liv'd 40 yere in a mountain to discern the motion of the eighth orbe; but as he (for all his labour) could not attaine to it, no more could *Dick* (with his predictions) compasse anie thing but derision, being publicly preacht against for it at *Powles Crofse* by the Bishop of *London* that then was; who (according to arte, if such a conjunction had chanc'd) disproov'd the revolutions to bee cleane contrarie: and, besides, a singular scholler, one *Master Heath*, (a follower of the right honorable and worthie *Lord of Hunsdon* that now is) set upon it, and answered it in print, pell mell, *cape a pee*, by probable reason, and out of all authors perspicuously demonstrating what a lying *Ribaden*, and *Chinklen Kraga* it was, to constellate and plannet it so portentously. I am none of the *Cashiers*, or *Providitores*, for lame souldiours, or men of desert; but were I one, as the *Athenians* (in the noblest schoole of their academy) erected to *Berosus*,

the astrologer, a statue with a golden tongue, for his predictions were true ; so would I largely disburse toward the building him a statue on *Sophisters Hills*, by *Cambridge*, with a tongue of copper, or ockamie (neerely counterfetting silver) such as organ pipes and serjeants maces are made of, because his predictions are false and erroneous. And so lightly are all the trade of them, never foretokinging or foretelling anie thing, till after it be come to passe : and then, if it bee a warrior, or conqueror, they would flatter, who is luckie and succesfull in his enterprises, they say he is borne under the auspicious signe of *Capricorne*, as *Cardan* faith *Cosmo de Medicis*, *Selimus*, *Charles* the fifth, and *Charles Duke of Bourbon* were ; albeit, I dare be sworne, no wizardly astronomer of them all ever dreamd of anie such calculations, till they had shewd themselves so victorious, and their prosperous raignes were quite expired. On the other side, if he be disastrous or retrograde in hys courses, the malevolent starres of *Medusa* and *Andromeda*, inferring suddaine death or banishment, predominated his nativitie. But (I thank heaven) I am none of their credulous disciples, nor can they coufen or seduce me with anie of their jugling conjecturalls, or winking, or tooting through a six penny *Jacobs Staffe* : their spels, their characters, their anagrams, I have no more perfwasion of, than I am perswaded, that under the inverfed denomination or anagram of this word *September*, (as some of our late devines and aunient Hebrue rabbines would enforce upon us) is included the certaine time of the worlds first creation ; or that he which is born under *Aries* shall never goe in a thrid bare cloake, or be troubled with the rheume, because the sunne, arriving in that poynt, cloatheth the earth with a new fleece, and fucks

up all the winters superfluous moyfture ; or that he which is borne under *Libra* fhall bee a judge or juftice of peace, becaufe the funne in that figne equally poyzeth the daies and nights alike. *Heilding Dicke* (this our ages *Albumazar*) is a temporift that hath faith inough for all religions, even as *Thomas Deloney*, the balletting filke-weaver, hath rime inough for all myracles, and wit to make a *Garland of Good-will* more than the premisses, with an epiftle of *Momus* and *Zoylus* ; whereas his mufe, from the firft peeping foorth, hath ftood at livery at an ale-houfe wifpe, never exceeding a penny a quart, day nor night ; and this deare yeare, together with the filencing of his looms, fcarce that ; he being conftained to betake him to carded ale : whence it proceedeth that, fince *Candlemas* or his jigge of *John for the King*, not one merrie dittie will come from him, but *The Thunder-bolt againft Swearers*, *Repent England*, *repent*, and *Strange judgements of God*. No more will there from *Dick quibus in terris*, *Dick*, paftor of *Chefelhurft*, that was wont to pen Gods judgements upon fuch and fuch and one, as thicke as watermen at *Westminster-bridge*. The miracles of the burning of *Brufstur* with his wench in adulterie, he writ for *Binneman* ; which a villaine (*Brufsturs* owne kinfman) long afterward at the gallowes tooke upon him, and fhewed what ninnies a vayne pamphleter (one *Richard Harvey*) had made of the world, imputing it to fuch a wonderfull vengeance of adulterie, when it was nought but his murdrous knaverie. Dead fure they are in writing againft the dead ; dauncing *Morifcoes* and *Lavaltoes* on the filent graves of *Plato*, *Buchanan*, *Sinefius*, *Pierius*, *Aristotle*, and the whole petigree of the *Peripatecians*, *Sophifters*, and *Sorbonifts* ; the moft of whofe mouthes clods had bungd up

many *Olimpiades* since, yet seeke they to stifle and choak them again with waste paper, when (in thys innovating selfe-love age) it is disputable, whether they have anie frends or no left to defend them. This is that *Dick*, that set *Aristotle*, with his heeles upward, on the schoole gates at *Cambridge*, and asses eares on hys head ; a thing, that in *perpetuam rei memoriam*, I will record and never have done with. This is that *Dick*, that comming to take one *Smiths* (a yong batchelour of *Trinitie Colledge*) questions, and they being such as he durst not venture on, cride, *Aquila non capit muscas*, an eagle catcheth no flies ; and so gave them him againe : wheretoo, the other (beeing a lustie big board fellow, and a *Golias*, or *Behemoth*, in comparison of him) frait retorted it upon him, *Nec elephas mures*, no more doth an elephant stoope to myce ; and so they parted. This is that *Dick*, of whom *Kit Marloe* was wont to say, that he was an asse, good for nothing but to preach of the iron age : dialoguizing *Dicke*, *Io Pæan Dicke*, *Synesian* and *Pierian Dick*, *Dick* the true *Brute*, or noble *Trojan*, or *Dick* that hath vowd to live and die in defence of *Brute*, and this our ifles first offspring from the *Trojans* : *Dick* against baldnes, *Dick* against *Buchanan*, little and little witted *Dicke*, *Aquinas Dicke*, *Lipsian Dick*, heigh ! light a love a *Dick*, that lost his benefice and his wench both at once ; his benefice for want of sufficiencie, and his wench for want of a benefice or sufficient living to maintaine her ; *dilemma Dick*, diffentious *Dick*. With *abi in malam crucem*, that is, get all thy frends in their prayers to commend thee, I shut up the congested *Index* of thy redundant approby, and hast backe to the right worshipfull of the lawes, *Master D. Garropius*, thy brother, (as in everie letter that thou writ'st to him thou tearmst him,)

Therefore Lipsian Dicke, because lamely and lubberly hee strives to imitate and bee another English Lipsius, when his lippes hang so in his light, as hee can never come neere him.

who, for all he is a civill lawier, will never be *lex loquens*, a lawier that shall lowd throate it with, Good, my lord, consider this poor mans case! But thogh he be in none of your courts Licentiate, and a courtier otherwise hee is never like to be: one of the Emperour *Fustinians* courtiers (the civill lawes chiefe founder) *malgre* he will name himselfe; and a quarter of a yeare since, I was advertised, that aswell his workes, as the whole body of that law compleat, (having no other employment in his facultie) hee was in hand to tourne into English hexameters; and if he might have had his will, whiles he was yet resident in *Cambridge*, it should have been severely enacted throughtout the Universtie, that none should speake or ordinarily converse, but in that cue. For himselfe, hee verie religiously observ'd it, never meeting anie doctor or friend of his, but he would salute him, or give him the time of the day in it most heroically, even as hee saluted a phisition of speciall account in these tearmes,

Nere can I meet you, sir, but needs must I veile my bonnetto.

Which he (loth to be behinde with him in curtesie) thus turnd upon him againe,

Nere can I meet you, sir, but needs must I call ye knavetto.

Once hee had made an hexameter verse of seaven feete, whereas it would lawfully beare but fixe; which fault a pleasant gentleman having found him with, wrapt the said verse in a peece of paper, and sent a lowse with it, inserting underneath, *this verse hath more feet than a lowse*. But to so dictionarie a custome it was grown with him, that after supper if he chaunst to play at cards, and had but one queen of harts light in his hand, he would, *extempore*, in that kinde

of verfe, runne uppon mens hearts and womens hearts all the night long, as,

Stout heart and sweet hart, yet stoutest hart to be stooped.

No may-pole in the streete, no wether-cocke on anie church steeple, no garden, no arbour, no lawrell, no ewe tree, that he would overslip without haylsing after the same methode. His braynes, his time, all hys maintenance and exhibition upon it he hath consumed, and never intermitted, till such time as he beganne to epistle it against mee, since which I have kept him a work indifferently; and that in the deadeft season that might be, hee lying in the ragingest furie of the last plague, when there dyde above 1600 a week in *London*, inck-fquittring and printing against me at *Wolfes in Powles Church-yard*. Three quarters of a yere thus cloystred and immured hee remained, not beeing able almost to step out of dores, he was so barricadoed up with graves, which besiedged and undermined his verie threshold; nor to open his window evening or morning, but a dampe (like the smoake of a cannon) from the fat manured earth with contagion (being the buriall place of five parishes) in thick rousing clouds would strugglingly funnell up, and with a full blast puffe in at his casements. Supply mee with a margent note, some bodie that hath more idle leasure than I have at the post haft hudling up of these presents, as touching his spirites yearning empasionment, and agonizd fiery thirst of revenge, that neglected foule and bodies helth to compasse it, the helth of his bodie in lying in the hell mouth of infection, and his soules health in minding any other matters than his soul; nay, matters that were utter enemies to his soul (as his first offering of wrong, and then

profecuting of it), when his foule and bodie both, everie hower wer at the hazard poynt to be seperated. The argument (to my great rejoycing and folace) from hence I have gathered, was, that my lynes were of more smarting efficacie than I thought, and had that steele and mettall in them, which pierst and stung him to the quick, and drove him, upon the first searching of the wounds I had giv'n him, to such raving impatience, as he could rest no where, but through the poysonfullest jawes of death, and fire and water, he would burst to take vengeance, and not onely on the living but the dead also, (as what will not a dogge doo that is angerd, bite and gnarle at anie bone or stone that is neere him): but rather I deeme that from the harsh grating in his eares, and continuall crashing of sextens spades against dead mens bones (more dismall musique to him than the voyce or ghofts hearse), he came so to be incenst and to inveigh against the dead, therewith they exasperating, and setting his teeth on edge, more than hee would. But let that rest, which would not let him rest: at *Wolfes* he is billeted, sweating, and dealing upon it most intentively; and for he would (as nere as was possible) remove all whatsoever encumbrances, that might alienate, or withdraw, him from his studie, hee hath vow'd (during his abode there) not to have a denier in his purse, or see money, but let it run on the score, and goe to the divell if it will: he is resolute, and means to trouble himselfe with none of this trash: and yet it is a world to heare how malicious tongues will flander a man with truth, and give out, how of one *Mighell*, (sometimes *Dexters* man in *Powles Churchyard*, though now he dwells at *Exceter*) he should borrow ten shillings to buy him shooes and stockings, and when it came to repayment,

or that he was faine to borrow of another to satisfie and paye him (as he will borrow so much favor of him he nere saw before) no lesse than halfe a crowne out of that ten shillings he forswore, and rebated him for usurie. Content your self, it was a hard time with him ; let not *Mighel* and *Gabriell* (two angels) fall out for a trifle : those that be his friends will consider of it and beare with him, even as *Benjamin*, the Founders father who dwels by *Fleete-bridge*, hath borne with him this foure yere for a groat which he owes him for plaisters ; and so *Trinitie Hall* hath borne with him more than that, he being (as one that was fellow of the same house of his standing informd mee) never able to pay his commons, but from time to time borne out in almes amongst the rest of the Fellowes, how ever he tells some of his friends he hath an out-brothership, or beards mans stipend, of ten shillings a yeare there still comming to him, and a library worth 200 pound. *John Wolfe* sayes nothing, and yet hee beares with him asmuch as the best ; and if hee had borne a little longer, he would have borne till his back broke, though *Gabriell* lookes big upon it, and protests by no bugges, he owes him not a dandiprat, but that *Wolfe* is rather in his debt than hee in his, all reckonings justly cast. In plaine truth and in verity, some pleasures he did *Wolfe* in my knowledge. For first and formost he did for him that eloquent *post-script* for the Plague Bills, where he talkes of the series, the classes and the premisses, and presenting them with an exacter methode hereafter, if it please God the plague continue. By the style I tooke it napping, and smelt it to be a pig of his *sus Minervaam*, the sow his Muse, as soone as ever I read it, and since the printer hath confest it to mee. The vermilion *wrinkle de*

crinkledum hop'd (belike) that the plague would proceed, that he might have an occupation of it. The second thing wherein he made *Wolfe* so much beholding to him was, that if there were ever a paltrie *Scrivano*, betwixt a lawiers clark and a poet, or smattring pert boy whose buttocks were not yet coole since he came from the grammer, or one that hovers betwixt two crutches of a scoller and a traveller, when neither will helpe him to goe upright in the worlds opinion, and shuld stumble in there with a pamphlet to sell, let him or anie of them but have conjoyn'd with him in rayling against mee, and feed his humor of vaine-glorie, were their stuffe by ten millions more *tramontane* or *transalpine* barbarous than balletry, he would have prest it upon *Wolfe*, whether he would or no, and giv'n it immortall allowance above *Spencer*. So did he by that Philistine poem of *Parthenophill and Parthenope*, which to compare worse than it selfe, it would plague all the wits of *France*, *Spaine*, or *Italy*. And when hee saw it would not sell, hee cald all the world asses a hundred times over, with the stampingest cursing and tearing he could utter it, for that he having giv'n it his passe, or good word, they obstinately contemnd and mislik'd it. So did he by *Chutes Shores Wife*, and his *Procris and Cephalus*, and a number of *pamphlagonian* things more, that it would rust and yron spot paper to have but one sillable of their names breathed over it. By these complots and carefull purveyance for him, *Wolfe* could not choose but bee a huge gainer, a hundred marke at least, over the shoulder: and which was a third advantage to hoyft or raise him, besides the Doctors meate and drinke, which God payd for, and it is not to be spoken of, he set him on the score for sack *centum pro cente*, a hun-

dred quarts in a seven-night, whiles he was thus faracently sentencing it against mee. Towards the latter end, he grew weary of keeping him and so manie asses (of his procuring) at livery, and would grumble and mutiny in his hearing of want of money. Tut, man! mony, would he say, is that your discontent? Plucke up your spirites and bee merry, I cannot abide to heare anie man complaine for want of moneey. Twice or thrice hee had set this magnificent face upon it; and ever *Wolfe* lookd when hee would have terrifide the table with a found knock of a purffe of angels, and sayd, There's for thee, paye mee when thou art able; but with him there was no such matter, for he put his hand in his pocket but to scrub his arme a little that itcht, and not to pluck out anie cash, which with him is a stranger shape than ever *Cacus* shrowded in his den, and would make him, if he should chop on anie such churlish lumpe unawares, to admire and bleffe himselfe, with

You must consider it was the dog daies, and he did it to coole him.

Quis novus his nostris successit sedibus hospes.

Jesu! how comes this to passe? heere is such geere as I never saw! So, bleffe himselfe he could not, but beeing a little more roundly put to it, he was faine to confesse, that he was a poore impecunious creature, and had not traffiquit a great while for anie of these commodities of *Santa Cruz*, but as soone as ever his rents came up, which he expected everie howre (though I could never heare of anie he had, more than his ten shillings a yeare at *Trinitie Hall*, if he have that) he would most munificently congratulate, correspond, and simpathize with him in all interchangeable vicissitude of kindness; and let not the current of time seeme too protractive, extended, or breed anie disunion be-

twixt them, for he would accelerate and festinate his procraftinating ministers and commissaries in the countrey, by letters as expedite as could bee. I give him his true dialect and right varnish of elocution, not varying one I tittle from the high straine of his harmonious phrase, wherein he puts downe *Hermogenes* with his Art of Rhetorique, and so farre out-ftrips over-tunged Beldam *Roome*, or her superdelicate bastard daughter ceremonious dissembing *Italy*, as *Europe* puts down all the other parts of the world in populous societies and fertilenes. A gentleman, a friend of mine, that was no stranger to such bandyings as had past betwixt us, was desirous to see how he lookt since my strapadoing and torturing him; in which spleene he went and enquired for him: answer was made he was but new risen, and if it wold please him to stay, he would come down to him anon. Two howres good by the clocke he attended his pleasure, while he (as some of his fellow-inmates have since related unto mee) stood acting by the glasse, all his gestures he was to use all the day after, and currying and smudging and pranking himselfe unmeasurably. *Post varios casus*, his case of tooth-pikes, his combe case, his case of head-brushes and beard-brushes run over, *et tot discrimina rerum*, rubbing cloathes of all kindes, downe he came, and after the *bazelos manus*, with amplifications and complements hee belaboured him till his eares tingled, and his feet ak'd againe. Never was man so surfettted and overgorged with English, as hee cloyd him with his generous spirites, remuneration of gratuities, stopping the posternes of ingratitude, bearing the launcier too severe into his imperfections, and traversing the ample Forrest of interlocution. The gentleman swore to mee, that upon his first

apparition (till he disclosed himselfe) he tooke him for an usher of a dancing schoole ; neither doth he greatly differ from it, for no usher of a dauncing schoole was ever such a *Bassia Dona* or *Bassia de umbra de umbra des los pedes*, a kisser of the shadow of your feetes shadow, as he is. I have perused yeares of his, written under his owne hand to *Sir Philip Sidney*, wherein he courted him as he were another *Cyparissus* or *Ganimede* ; the last *Gordian* true loves knot, or knitting up of them is this :

*Sum jecur ex quo te primùm Sydnee vidi,
Os oculósq; regit, cogit amare jecur.*

*All liver am I, Sidney, since I saw thee ;
My mouth eyes rules it, and to love doth draw mee.*

Not halfe a yeare since, comming out of *Lincolnshyre*, it was my hap to take Cambridge in my waye, where I had not been in fixe yeare before, when by wonderfull destenie, who (in the same inne and very next chamber to mee, parted but by a wainscot doore that was naild up, either unwitting of other) should be lodged but his *Gabrielship*, that, in a manner, had liv'd as long a pilgrim from thence as I. Everie circumstance I cannot stand to reckon up, as how wee came to take knowledge of one anothers being there, or what a stomacke I had to have scratcht with him, but that the nature of the place hindred mee ; where it is as ill as pettie treason, to look but awry on the sacred person of a doctour, and I had plotted my revenge otherwise ; as also of a meeting, or conference, on his part desired, wherein all quarrells might be discuft and drawne to an attonement : but *non vult fac*, I had no fancy to it ; for once before I had bin so

coufend by his colloging, though personally we never met face to face, yet by trouch-men and vant-curriers betwixt us, nor could it fettle in my confcience to loofe fo much paines I had tooke in new arraying and furbuffing him, or that a publique wrong in print was to be fo fleightly flubberd over in private, with Come, come, give me your hand, let us bee friends, and thereupon I drinke to you. And a further doubt there was if I had tafted of his beife and porredge at *Trinity Hal* as he desired, (*notandum est*, for the whole fortnight together that he was in *Cambridge* his commons ran in the colledge detriments, as the greateft curtefie hee could doo the houfe, whereof he was, to eate up their meate and never pay anie thing); if I had (I fay) rufht in my felfe, and two or three hungrie fellowes more, and cryde, Doo you want anie gueftes? What! nothing but bare commons? it had beene a queftion (confidering the good-will that is betwixt us) whether he wold have lent me a precious dram more than ordinarie, to helpe difgeftion: he may be fuch another craftie mortring druggeir, or Italian porredge feafoner, for anie thing I ever faw in his complexion. That word complexion is dropt foorth in good time, for to defcribe to you his complexion, and compofition, entred I into this tale by the way, or tale I found in my way riding up to *London*. It is of an aduft, fwarth, chollericke dye, like reftie bacon, or a dride fcate-fifh; fo leane and fo meagre, that you wold thinke (like the Turks) he obferv'd 4 Lents in a yeare; or take him for the gentlemans man in *The Courtier*, who was fo thin cheekd and gaunt and ftarv'd, that as he was blowing the fire with his mouth, the fmoke tooke him up, like a light ftrawe, and carried him to the top or funnell of the chimney, where he had flowne out God

knowes whether, if there had not bin croffe barres overwhart that stayde him : his skin riddled and crumpled like a peice of burnt parchment ; and more channels and creases he hath in his face, than there be fairie circles on *Salsburie Plaine* ; and wrinkles and frets of old age, than characters on Christs sepulcher in *Mount Calvarie*, on which everie one that comes scrapes his name, and fets his marke, to shewe that hee hath been there : so that whosoever shall behold him,

Esse putet Borcæ triste furentis opus,

will sweare on a booke I have brought him lowe, and shrowdly broken him : which more to confirme, look on his head and you shall finde a gray haire for everie line I have writ against him ; and you shall have all his beard white too, by that time hee hath read over this booke. For his stature, he is such another pretie *Facke a Lent* as boyes throw at in the streete, and lookes in his blacke sute of velvet, like one of these jeat droppes which divers weare at their eares in stead of a jewell. A smudge peice of a handsome fellow it hath beene in his dayes, but now he is olde and past his best, and fit for nothing but to be a noble mans porter, or a Knight of *Windsor*, cares have so crazed him, and disgraces to the verie bones consumed him ; amongst which hys missing of the Universtie Oratorship, wherein doctor *Perne* besteaded him, wrought not the lightliest with him ; and if none of them were, his course of life is such as would make anie man looke ill on it, for he wil endure more hardnes than a camell, who in the burning sands will live foure dayes without water, and feeds on nothing but thiftes and wormewood, and such lyke : no more doth he feed on anie thing, when he is at *Saffron-Walden*, but trotters, sheepes pork-

nells, and butterd rootes ; and other-while in an hexameter meditation, or when hee is inventing a new part of *Tully*, or hatching such another paradoxe, as that of *Nicholaus Copernicus* was, who held, that the sun remains immoveable in the center of the world, and that the earth is moov'd about the sunne, he would be so rapt that hee would remaine three dayes and neither eate nor drinke, and within doores he will keepe seaven yeare together, and come not abroad so much as to church. The like for seaven and thirtie weekes space together he did, while he lay at *Wolfes* copying against mee, never stirring out of doores or being churched all that while ; but like those in the West countrey, that after the *Paulin* hath cald them, or they have seene a spirit, keep themselves darke 24 howres : so after I had plaid the spirit in hanting him in my 4 Letters Confuted, he could by no means endure the light, nor durst venter himself abroad in the open aire for many months after, for feare he should be fresh blasted by all mens scorne and derision. My instructions of him are so over-flowing and numberlesse, that except I abridge them, my book will grow such a bouncer, that those which buy it must bee faine to hire a porter to carry it after them in a basket. For brevitie sake I omit twentie things, as the conflict betwixt my hostesse of the dolphin in *Cambridge*, and him at my beeing there, about his lying in her house a fortnight, and keeping one of the best chambers, yet never offering to spend a penie ; the hackney-mens of *Saffron-Waldens* pursuing him for their horses, he hiring them but for three dayes and keeping them fiftene, and telling him very flatly, when he went about to excuse it, that they could not spare them from their cart so long, they being cart horses which they fet him on. The description

of that poore *John a Droynes* his man, whom he had hyred for that journey, a great big boand thresher, put in a blue coate too short wasted for him, and a fute made of the inner linings of a fute turnd outward, being white canvas pinkt upon cotton; his intollerable boasting at *Wolfes* to such as wold hold him chat, and he could draw to talk with him, that he thought no man in *England* had more learning than himselfe; hys threatning anie noble-man whatsoever, that durst take my part, and vowing he would do this and that to him if he should; his incensing my L. Mayor against me that then was, by directing unto him a perswasive pamphlet to persecute mee, and not to let slip the advantage hee had against mee, and reporting certaine words I shuld speake against him that Christmas at a taverne in *London*, when I was in the *Ile of Wight* then and a great while after; his inciting the preacher at *Poules Crosse*, that lay at the same house in *Wood-streete* which hee did, to preach manifestly against *Master Lilly* and mee, with, *Woe to the printer, woe to the seller, woe to the buyer, woe to the author!* But in none of these will I insist, which are remnants in comparison of the whole peice I have to shew; only I will have a short tutch at *Wolfes* and his parting, and so make an end of an old song, and bid god night to this historie.

Pierces Supererogation printed, the charge whereof the Doctour had promist to defray and be countable to *Wolfe* for, amounting (with his diet) to 36 poundes, from *Saffron-walden* no argent would be heard of; wherefore, downe he must go amongst his tenaunts, as he pretended (which are no other than a company of beggers, that lye in an out barne of his mothers sometimes) and fetch up the grand summes, or *legem pone*. To accomplish this, *Wolfe* procur'd

him horfes and money for his expences, lent him one of his prentifes (for a ferving creature) to grace him, clapping an olde blue coate on his backe, which was one of my Lord of *Harfords* liveries (he pulling the badge off) and fo away they went. *Saint Christopher* be their speed, and fend them well backe againe! but fo prayes not our *Dominico Civilian*, for he had no fuch determination; but as foone as ever he had left London behinde him, he infinuated with this *Juventus*, to run away from his mafter, and take him for his good lord and fupporter. The page was eafily mellowd with his attractive eloquence, as what heart of adamant, or enclosed in a crocodyles skin (which no yron will pierce) that hath the power to withstand the Mercurian heavenly charme of hys rhetorique? With him he stayes halfe a yere, rubbing his toes, and following him, with his fprinkling glaffe and his boxe of kissing comfets, from place to place, whiles his mafter, fretting and chafing to be thus colted of both of them, is readie to fend out proceffe for the Doctour, and get his novice cride in everie market towne in *Effex*: but they prevented him, for the impe or ftripling, being almoft starv'd in this time of his beeing with him, gave him warning he would no longer ferve him, but wold home to his mafter what ever shift he made. *Gabriell* thought it not amiffe to take him at his word, becaufe his clothes were all greafie and worne out, and hee is never wont to keepe anie man longer than the fute lafteth he brings with him, and then turne him to graffe and get one in newe trappings; and ever picke quarrells with him before the yeares end, becaufe hee would be fure to pay him no wages: yet in his provident forecast, he concluded it better policie for him to fend him backe to his mafter,

than he should goe of his owne accord ; and whereas he was to make a journey to *London* within a weeke or such a matter, to have his blue coate (being destitute of ever another trencher-carrier) credit him up, though it were thrid bare. So considered, and so done, at an Inne at *Islington* hee alights, and there keepe him aloofe, *London* being too hot for him. His retinue (or attendaunt), with a whole cloke-bag full of commendations to his master, he dismisseth, and in stead of the 36 pounds hee ought him, wild him to certifie him, that verie shortly hee would send him a couple of hennes to shrove with. *Wolfe*, receiving this meffage, and holding himselfe palpablye flouted therein, went and feed baylies, and gets one *Scarlet* (a friend of his) to goe and draw him forth, and hold him with a tale whiles they might steale on him and arrest him. The watch-word giv'n them when they should feaze upon him, was *Wolfe* (*I must needes say*) *hath usde you verie grosely* : and to the intent he might suspect nothing by *Scarlets* comming, there was a kind letter fram'd in *Wolfes* name, with *To the right worshipfull of the Lawes*, in a great text hand, for a supercription on the out-side ; and underneath at the bottome, *Your worships ever to commaund, and prest to doo you service*, John Wolfe. The contents of it were about the talking with his lawier, and the eager proceeding of his sifter in law against him. This letter deliverd and read, and *Scarlet* and he (after the tasting of a cup of dead beere, that had stood pawling by him in a pot three dayes) descending into some conference, he began to finde himselfe ill apaid with *Wolfes* encroaching upon him, and asking him money for the printing of his booke, and his diet, whiles he was clofe prisoner, attending and toyling about it, and objecting how

other men of lesse desert wer liberally recompensd for their paines, whereas he (whose worth over-balaunst the proudest) must be constrained to hire men to make themselves rich. I appeale to you (quoth hee) whether ever anie mans workes sold like mine? I, even from a childe, good master Doctour, replide *Scarlet*, and made a mouth at him over his shoulder; so foothing him on forward till the baylies cue came of *Wolfes abusing him verie grosely*, which they not failing to take at the first rebound, stept into the roome boldly (as they were two well bumbasted swaggering fat bellies, having faces as broad as the backe of a chimney, and as big as a towne bag-pudding) and clapping the Doctour with a lusty blow on the shoulder that made his legs bow under him, and his guts cry quag againe, By your leave, they said unto him (in a thundring yeoman ushers *diapason*) in Gods name and the Queenes wee doo arrest you. Without more pause away they hurried him, and made him beleve they wold carry him into the citie, where his creditor was; when comming under *Newgate*, they told him they had occasion to goe speake with one there; and so thrust him in before them for good manners sake, because he was a Doctour, and their better, bidding the keeper, as soone as ever he was in, to take charge of him. Some lofty tragicall poet helpe mee, that is dayly conversant in the fierce encounters of Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and whose pen, like the plowes in Spayne that often stumble on golde vaines, still splits and stumpes itselfe against olde yron and raking ore, battred armour and broken truncheons, to recount and expresse the more than *Herculean* fury he was in, when hee sawe hee was so notably betrayd, and bought and solde. Hee sumde, he stampt,

he buffeted himselfe about the face, beat his head against the walls, and was ready to byte the flesh off his armes, if they had not hindred him. Out of doores he would have gone (as I cannot blame him) or hee swore hee would teare downe the walls and set the house on fire, if they resisted him: Whither, quoth he, you villaines, have you brought mee? To Newgate, good Master Doctour, with a lowe legge they made answer. I knowe not where I am. In Newgate, agayne replied they, good Master Doctour. Into some blinde corner you have drawne me to be murdred: to no place (replied they the third time) but to Newgate, good Master Doctour. Murder! murder! (he cryed out): some body breake in, or they will murder mee! No murder, but an action of debt, sayd they, good Master Doctour. O you prophane *plebeyans!* exclaymed hee, I will massacre, I will crucifie you for presuming to lay hands thus on my reverent person. All this would not serve him, no more than *Hackets* counterfet madnesse would keepe him from the gallows, but up he was had and shewed his lodging where hee should lye by it, and willed to deliver up his weapon. That wrung him on the withers worse than all the rest. What! my armes, my defence, my weapon, my dagger? quoth hee: my life then, I see, is conspired against, when you seek to bereave me of the instruments that should secure it. They ratled him up soundly, and told him if he would be conformable to the order of the prison so it was, otherwise hee should bee forc't: force him no forces, no such mechanickal drudges should have the honor of his artillery; marry, if some worthy majestrate came, as their master or mistresse, it might be upon good conditions, for his lifes safetie and preservation hee would surrender. The mistresse of the

houfe (her husband beeing abſent) underſtanding of his folly, came up to him, and went about to perſwade him. At her fight ſomewhat calm'd hee was, as it is a true amorous knight, and hath no power to deny any thing to ladies and gentlewomen, and he told her if ſhe would command her ſervants forth (whom hee ſcornd ſhould have theyr eyes ſo much illuminated as to beholde any martiall engin of his) hee would, in all humility, diſpoyle himſelfe of it. Shee ſo farre yeelded to him; when, as ſoone as they were out, he runs and ſwaps the doore to, and drawes his dagger upon her with, O, I will kill thee! what could I doo to thee nowe? And ſo extremely terrified her, that ſhee ſcritcht out to her ſervants, who burſt in in heapes, as thinking he would have raviſht her. Never was our *Taphartharath* (though hee hath run through manie briers) in the like ruthfull pickle hee was then, for to the bolts he muſt, amongſt theeves and rogues, and taſt of the widdowes almes for drawing his dagger in a priſon: from which there was no deliverance, if baſely hee had not falne uppon his knees, and aſkt hir forgiveness. Dinner being readie, he was cald downe, and there beeing a better man than hee preſent, who was plac'd at the upper end of the boord, for very ſpite that hee might not fit higheſt, he ſtraight flung to his chamber againe, and vowd by heaven and earth and all the fleſh on his backe, he would famiſh himſelfe, before he would eate a bit of meate as long as hee was in *Newgate*. How inviolably hee kept it, I will not conceale from you. About two howres after, when he felt his craw emptie, and his ſtomacke began to wamble, hee writ a ſupplication to his hoſteſſe, that he might ſpeak with her; to whome (at her approaching) hee recited what a raſh vow he had made, and what a commotion

there was in his entrayles, or pudding-houfe, for want of food; wherefore if ſhe would ſteale to him a byt ſecretly, and let there be no words of it, hee would, I marry would hee (when hee was releaſt) perfourme mountaines. She (in pittie of him) feeing him a brain-ſicke bedlam, and an innocent that had no ſenſe to governe himſelfe, being loth he ſhould be damnd and go to hell for a meales meate, having vowd, and through famine readie to breake it, got her husband to go forth with him out of doores, to ſome cookes ſhop at *Pye-corner* there-aboutſ, or (as others will have it) to the tap-houſe under the priſon; where having eaten ſufficient his hungrie bodie to ſuſtaine, the divell a ſcute had he to pay the reckoning, but the keepers credite muſt goe for it. How he got out of this Caſtle Dolorus, if anie be with childe to know, let them enquire of the miniſter then ſerving at *Saint Albanes* in *Wood-ſtreet*, who in Chriſtian charitie, onely for the names ſake (not being acquainted with him before) entered bond for him to anſwere it at law, and ſatiſfied the houſe for his lodging and *mangerie*. But being reſtored to the open aire, the caſe with him was little altdred; for no rooſe had he to hide his noddle in, or whither he might go to fet up his reſt, but in the ſtreets under a bulk he ſhould have been conſtraind to have kenneld, and chalkt out his cabbin, if the ſaid miniſter had not the ſecond time ſtood his friend, and preferd him to a chamber at one *Rolfes*, a ſerjeants in *Wood-ſtreet*: whom (as I take it) he alſo procured to be equally bound with him for his new couſens apparance to the law; which he never did, but left both of them in the lurtch for him; and running in debt with *Rolfe* beſide for houſe-roome and diet, one day when he was from home, he cloſely convoid away his truncke forth of doores,

and shewde him a fayre paire of heeles. At *Saffron-walden* (for the most part) from that his flight to this present hath hee mewd and coopt up himfelfe invisible, being counted for dead and no tidings of him, till I came in the winde of him at *Cambridge*. And so I winde up his thrid of life, which, I feare, I have drawne out too large, although in three quarters of it (of purpose to curtall it) I have left defcant, and taskt me to plaine song: whereof that it is anie other than plaine truth let no man distrust, it being by good men and true (word for word as I let it fly amongst you) to mee in the feare of God uttred, all yet alive to confirme it. Wherefore fettle your faith immoveably, and now you have heard his life, judge of his doctrine accordingly.

Carnead. His life and doctrine may both be to us an example, for since the raigne of Queen Gueniver was there never seene worse.

Import. Yet for all he is such a vaine Basilisco, and Capitaine Crack-stone, in all his actions and conversation, and swarmeth in vile canniball words, there is some good matter in his booke against thee.

Respond. We will trie that matter immediately; for my minde ever giving mee, that wee should have you, and such like humorists of your faction, runne from one matter to another, and from the matter to the manner, and from the manner to the forme, and from the forme to the cause, and from the cause to the effect, I provided to match you at all weapons. And here, next his life, I have drawn an abridgement, or inventorie, of all the materiall tractates and contents of hys booke.

Import. Then thou hast done well; for it is it that I all this while lookt for. I pray thee, let me read it my selfe.

A SUMMARIE, OR BREIFE ANALYSIS, OF SUCH MATTERS
AS ARE HANDLED IN THE DOCTORS BOOKE.

Inprimis, one epistle, of a sheete and more of paper, to his gentle and liberall frends, *Master Barnabe Barnes*, *Master John Thorius*, *Master Anthonie Chute*, and everie favourable reader.

Carnead. *O ho ! those whom hee calls the three orient wits. Mine eyes are partly accessarie unto it. It is to thanke them for their curteous letters and commendatorie sonnets, writ to him from a farre, as namely, out of the hall into the kitchin at Wolfes, where altogether at one time they lodged and boarded : with a great manie maidenly excuses of, Tis more of your gentlenes than my deserving, and I cannot, without blushing, repeate, and without shame remember. Then he come[s] upon thee with, I'le, I'le, I'le.*

Respond. What should I say, *I will and commaund*, like a Prince ? hee might as well write against *Poules* for having three iles in it.

Carnead. *Hee calls thee the greene popinjay, and saies thou art thine owne idoll.*

Respond. Let him either shew how or wherein, or I will not beleeve him ; and my negative (in any ground in *England*) is as good as his affirmative.

Carnead. *And so proceeds with complement and a little more complement, and a crust of quippes, and a little more complement after that ; then he falls in exhorting those his three patrons to goe forward in maturitie, as they have begun in pregnancie ; whose Parthenophils and Parthenopes embelished, and Shores Wife eternized, shall everlastingly testifie what they are.*

Respond. And so have I testified for them what they are, which will last time enough.

Carnead. *Hee bids* Barnabe of the Barnes, *bee the gallant poet like* Spencer, *or the valiant souldiour like* Baskerville; *and ever remember his French service under such a generall.*

Respond. What his soldiourship is I cannot judge, but if you have ever a chaine for him to runne awaye with, as hee did with a noble-mans stewards chayne at his Lords enstalling at *Windsore*; or if you would have anie rymes to the tune of *stink-a-pisse*, hee is for you; in one place of his *Parthenophill and Parthenope*, wishing no other thing of Heaven, but that hee might bee transformed to the wine his mistres drinks, and so passe thorough her.

Bentiv. *Therein he was verie ill advise; for so the next time his mistres made water, he was in danger to be cast out of her favour.*

Respond. Of late he hath fet fourth another booke, which hee entitles no lesse than *A devine Centurie of Sonets*, and prefixeth for his posie,

Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo?

As much to say, as why may not my muse bee as great an *Apollo*, or god of poetrie, as the proudest of them? but it comes as farre short, as *Paris Garden* cut of the height of a cammell, or a cocke-boate of a Carricke; such another device it is as the godly ballet of *John Carelesse*, or the song of *Greene Sleeves* moralized.

Carnead. *For his cavaliership, since thou art not instructed in it, let mee tell thee, it is lewder by nine score times than his poetry, since his doughtie service in France five yeares agoe, I not forgetting him: where, having followed the campe for a*

weeke or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queenes peace, but a man might have his braines knockt out, and no justice or cunstable neere hand to send foorth precepts, and make hue and crie after the murdrers; without farther tarrying or consultation, to the Generall he went, and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kinde of life; and common occupation of murdring, wherein (without anie jurie or triall, or giving them so much leave as to saye their praiers) men were run thorough, and had their throats cut, both against Gods lawes, her majesties lawes, and the lawes of all nations: wherefore hee desir'd license to depart, for hee stood everie howre in feare and dread of his person, and it was alwaies his praier, From suddain death, good Lord, deliver us. Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights and principall captaines, who, rather than they would bee bereav'd of his pleasant companie, offred to picke out a strong guard amongst them, for the safe engarisoning and better shielding him from perrill. Two stept foorth and presented themselves as muskettiers before him, a third and fourth as targettiers behinde him, a fifth and sixt vowd to trie it out at the push of the pike before the malicious foe should invade him. But home hee would; nothing could stay him, to finish Parthenophil and Parthenope, and write in praise of Gabriell Harvey.

Confil. Hee was wise, hee lov'd no blowes. But what said the doct̃or to his other two copesmates?

Carnead. Why, thus: Be thou, John, the many tungd linguist, like Andrewes, or the curious intelligencer, like Bodley; and never forget thy Netherlandish traine under him, that taught the prince of Navarre, now the valorous king of France.

Respond. Of this *John Thorius* more sparingly I will speake, because hee hath made his peace with mee, and there bee in him fundrie good parts of the tungs and other-wise, though thirtie parts comming behinde and limping after Doctor *Androwes*: who (if it bee no offence so to compare him) is *tanquam Paulus in cathedra*, powerfull preaching like *Paul* out of his chaire; and his church another *Pantheon*, or *templum omnium deorum*, the absoluteft oracle of all found devinitie heere amongft us; hee, mixing the two severall properties of an orator and a poet both in one, which is not onely to perfwade, but to win admiration. *Thorius*, being of that modestie and honeftie I ascribe to him, cannot but bee irksomly ashamed, to bee resembled so hyperborically, and no lesse agreev'd than master *Bodley* (a gentleman in our common-wealth of singular desertive reckoning and industrie, beeing at this present her majesties agent in the Low Countries) ought he to bee at the hellish detested *Judas* name of an intelligencer, which the doctor in the way of friendship hath throwne upon him. Master *Bodley* calls him rascall and villaine for his labour, and before his going over was mad to know where he might hunt him out to bee revengd: which both hee and *Thorius* have reason for, since but to be covertly suspected for an intelligencer, (much more to be publikely registred in print for such a flearing false brother or *ambodexter*) is to make eyther of them worse pointed and wondered at than a cuckold or wittall, and set them up as common marks for everie jackanapes prentise to kicke, spit, or throw durt at. To bee an intelligencer is to have oathes at will, and thinke God nere regards them; to frame his religion and alleageance to his prince, according to everie companie he comes

in: a Jew he is, that but for the spoile loves no man; a curre that flatters and fawns upon everie one, low crouching by the ground like a tumbler, till hee may spie an advantage, and pluck out his throate; an ingratefull slave, that there spendeth the bitterest of his venome, where hee hath received most benefites; a hang-man, that dispatcheth all that come under his hands; a drunken ferjeant, or funner, that could not live, if (like the divell) hee did not, from time to time, enquire after the finnes of the people; a necessarrie member in a state to bee usde to cut off unnecessarrie members. Such fame hath he preferd Master *Bodley* too, and wisheth *Thorius* to emulate. By his Netherlandish trayne under him, that taught the prince of *Navarre*, now the valorous king of *France*, is not to bee gathered that hee was schoole-fellow to the king of *France*, as he would faine put the world in a fooles paradice, because hee hath sonnetted it in hys praise, but that hee was doctour *Coranus* sonne, of *Oxford*, who was tutor to the said king, as well he might bee, and that no argument his sonne should be so well improov'd as he is.

Carnead. *The last of them is Chute, to whome hee thus dilateth: Be thou Anthonie the flowing oratour, like Dove, and the skilfull herald, like Clarencius; and ever remember thy Portugall voyage under Don Anthonio.*

Respond. Chute! is hee such a high clarke in hys bookes? I knew when hee was but a low clarke, and carried an atturnies bookes after him. But this I will say for him, though hee bee dead and rotten, and by his obsequies hath prevented the vengeaunce I meant to have executed upon him, of a youth that could not understand a word of Latine, hee lov'd lycoras, and drunke possfet curd, the best

that ever put cuppe to mouth : and for his oratorſhip, it was ſuch, that I have ſeene him *non plus* in giving the charge at the creating of a new knight of *tobacco* ; though, to make amends ſince, he hath kneaded and daub'd up a commedie, called The Transformation of the King of *Trinidadoes* two Daughters, Madame *Panachea* and the Nympe *Tobacco* : and to approve his heraldrie, ſcutchend out the honorable armes of the ſmoakie ſocietie. His voyage under *Don Anthonio* was nothing ſo great credit to him, as a French varlet of the chamber is ; nor did he follow *Anthonio* neither, but was a captaines boye that ſcorned writing and reading, and helpt him to ſet downe his accounts, and ſcore up dead payes. But this was our *Graphiel Hagiels* tricke of *Wily Beguily* herein, that whereas he could get no man of worth to crie *Placet* to his workes, or meeter it in his commendation, thoſe worthleſſe whip-pets and Jack Strawes hee could get, hee would ſeeme to enable and compare with the higheſt. Hereby hee thought to connycatch the ſimple world, and make them beleeve, that theſe and theſe great men, everie waye futable to Syr *Thomas Baſkervile*, Maſter *Bodley*, Doctour *Andrewes*, Doctour *Dove*, *Clarencius* and Maſter *Spencer*, had ſeperately contended to outſtrip *Pindarus* in his *Olympicis*, and fly aloft to the higheſt pitch, to ſtellite him above the cloudes, and make him ſhine next to *Mercury*. Here ſome little digreſſion I muſt borrow, to revenge his baſe alluſion of Sir *Thomas Baſkervile*, even as I have done of Doctour *Andrewes* ; neither of them being men that ever ſaluted mee, or I reſt bound unto in anie thing, otherwiſe than by Doctour *Andrewes* own deſert, and Maſter *Lillies* immoderate commending him, by little and little I was drawne on to be an

auditor of his: since when, whensoever I heard him, I thought it was but hard and scant allowance that was giv'n him, in comparifon of the incomparable gifts that were in him. For Sir *Thomas Baskerville*, *France*, *England*, the *Low Countries*, and *India*, acknowledgeth him; and though it was never my hap, but once in a young knights chamber in the *Strand* (none of my coldest well-wifhers) to light in his companie, yet for Syr *Roger Williams* testimonie of him (a noble gentleman that a yeare and a halfe before his death, I was exceffively beholding too, and on whom I have vowd, when my busines are a little overcome, to bestow a memoriall epitaph, such as *Plato* would in no more but foure verses to bee fet upon the graves of the dead) downe his throate I will thrust this turn-broach comparifon of a chicken and a chrifome with one of the most tryed fouldiours of Christendome. Doctour *Dove* and *Clarencius* I turne loofe to bee their owne arbitratours and advocates; the one being eloquent inough to defend himfelfe, and the other a vice roy and next heyre apparant to the king of heralds, able to emblazon him in his right colours, if hee finde hee hath sustained any losse by him: as also, in like fort, Mafter *Spencer*, whom I do not thrust in the lowest place, because I make the lowest valuation of, but as wee use to fet the *summ' tot'* alway underneath, or at the bottome, he being the *sum' tot'* of whatsoever can be said of sharpe invention and schollerfhip.

Confil. *Of the Doctor it may be said, as Ovid sayth of the scritch owle,*

Aliifque (dolens) fit causa dolendi.

Hec cannot bee content to bee miserable himfelfe, but hee must

draw others to miscarrie with him. And as Plato had his best beloved boy Agatho, Socrates his Alcibiades, Virgill his Alexis, so hath hee his Barnabe and Anthony for his minions and sweet-harts: though therein I must needs tell him (as Fabritius the Romane consull writ to Pirrhus when hee sent him back his phisition that offred to poyson him) hee hath made as ill choyce of friends as of enemies; seeking, like the panther, to cure himselfe with mans dung, and with the verie excrements of the rubbishest wits that are, to restore himselfe to his bloud, and repaire his credit and estimation.

Bentiv. If his patrons bee such Peter Pingles and Moun-dragons, hee cannot chuse but bee sixtie times a more poore Slavonian arse-worme.

*Respond. Tender itchie brainde infants! they car'd not what they did, so they might come in print; and of that straine are a number of mushrumpes more, who pester the world with pamphlets before they have heard of Terence Pamphilus, and can construe and pearse Proh dii immortales; being like those barbarous people in the hot countries, who, when they have bread to make, doo no more but clap the dowe upon a poaft on the out-side of their houses, and there leave it to the funne to bake: so their indigested conceits (farre rawer than anie dowe) at all adventures upon the poastes they clap, pluck them off who's will; and if (like the funne) anie man of judgement (though in scorne) do but looke upon them, they thinke they have strooke it dead, and made as good a batch of poetrie as may be. Neither of these princockeesses (*Barnes* or *Chute*) once cast up their noses towards *Powles Church-yard*, or so much as knew how to knock at a printing house dore, till they comforted themselves with *Harvey*, who infected them within one fortnight*

with his owne spirit of bragganifme ; which after fo increased and multiplied in them, as no man was able to endure them. The first of them (which is *Barnes*), presently upon it, because hee would bee noted, getting him a strange payre of Babilonian britches, with a codpisse as big as a *Bolognian* fawcedge, and so went up and downe towne, and shewed himself in the prefence at Court, where he was generally laught out by the noble-men and ladies : and the other (which is *Chute*) because *Harvey* had praised him for his oratorship and heraldry, to approve himselfe no lesse than hee had giv'n his word for him, sets his mouth of a new key, and would come forth with such *Kenimnawo* compt metaphors and phrafes, that *Edge* was but a botcher to him ; and to emblazon his heraldrie, he painted himself like a curtizan, which no stationers boy in *Poules Church-yard* but discovered and pointed at. One of the best articles against *Barnes* I have overslipt, which is, that he is in print for a braggart in that univerrall applauded Latine poem of master *Campions* ; where, in an epigram entituled *In Bar-num*, beginning thus,

Mortales decem tela inter Gallica cæfos,

he shewes how he bragd, when he was in *France*, he flue ten men, when (fearfull cowbaby) he never heard peice shot off but hee fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat varie.

Carnead. Alloune, alloune ! *let us march ; and from armes and skirmishing, cast thy selfe in the armes of a sweete gentlewoman, that here, at the end of the epistle, stands readie to embrace thee.* Gabriell calls her the excellent gentlewoman, his *patroneffe, or rather championeffe, in this quarrell,* meeter

by nature, and fitter by nurture, to bee an inchaunting angell with a white quill, than a tormenting furie with her blacke incke.

Respond. What! is he like a tinker, that never travailes without his wench and his dogge? or like a *Germane*, that never goes to the warres without his *Tannakin* and her cocke on her shoulder? That gentlewoman (if she come under my fists) I will make a gentle-woman, as Doctor *Perne* saide of his mans wife,

*Tunc plena voluptas,
Cum pariter victi fœmina vir que jacent.*

Then it is sport worth the seeing, when he and his woman lye crouching for mercie under my feete. I will bestow more cost in belabouring her, because, throughout the whole pawnc of his booke, hee is as infinite in commending her, as Saint *Ferome* in praise of Virginitie; and oftener mentions her, than *Virgill* and *Theocritus Amarillis*. In one place he calls her *the one shee*, in another *the credible gentlewoman*, in a third *the heavenly plant*, in the fourth *a new starre in Cassiopeia*, in the fifth *the heavenly creature*, in the sixth *a lion in the field of Minerva*, in the seventh *a right bird of Mercuries winged chariot*, with a hundred such like: he saith, *shee hath read Homer, Virgill, the divine architipes of Hebrue, Greeke, and Romane valour, Plutarch, Polien, Agrippa, Tyraquell.*

Bentiv. *I have found him; I have the tract of him: hee thinkes in his owne person if hee should raile grosely, it will bee a discredit to him, and therefore hereafter hee would thrust forth all his writings under the name of a gentlewoman; who, howsoever shee scolds and playes the vixen never so, wilbe*

borne with: and to prevent that he be not descride by his allcadging of authors (which it will hardly bee thought can proceed from a woman) hee casts forth this Item, that she hath read these and these books, and is well seene in all languages.

Confil. Shall we have a hare of him then? a male one yeare, and a female another; or, as Pliny holds there is male and female of all things under heaven, and not so much but as of trees and precious stoanes, so cannot there be a male confuter, but there must be a female confuter too; a Simon Magus, but hee must have his whoore Silenes; an Aristotle that sacrificed to his harlot Hermia, but euerie Silius Poeta must imitate him? Doth he, when his owne wits faile, crie Da Venus consilium! Holy Saint Venus inspire mee! But as Benvivole hath wel put in, Pars minima est ipsa puella fui. I beleeve it is but a meere cobby of his countenaunce, and onely hee does it to breed an opinion in the world, that he is such a great man in ladies and gentlewomens bookes, that they are readie to run out of their wits for him; as in the Turkes Alchoron it is written, that 250 ladies hanged themselves for the love of Mahomet, and that, like another Numa Pompilius, he doth nothing without his nymph Egeria.

Imp. Nay, if Jupiter joynd with the Moone, Harvey (and his gentlewoman) conspire against thee, and that, like another Messier Gallan, the hangman of Antwerp, he hath a whole burdeil under his governement, it cannot chuse but goe hard with thee. She will say, as the Italian lady did, Kill my children as long as thou wilt, here is the mould to make more.

Confil. We read that Semiramis was in love with a horse, but for a gentlewoman to bee in love with an asse is such a tricke as never was.

Respond. It would doo you good to heare how he gallops on in commending her: hee sayes shee envies none, but art in perfon and vertue incorporate; and that she is a *Sappho*, a *Penelope*, a *Minerva*, an *Arachne*, a *Funo*, yeelding to all that use her and hers well; that she stands upon masculine and not feminine termes; and her hoateft furie may be resembled to the passing of a brave careere by a *Pegasus*; and wisheth hartily that he could dispose of her recreations.

Carnead. *Call for a beadle and have him away to Bridewell, for in every fillable he commits letchery.*

Resp. He threats shee will strip my wit into his shirt, were that fayre body of the sweetest *Venus* in print; and that it will then appeare, as in a cleare urinall, whose wit hath the greene sicknes.

Bent. *If she strip thee to thy shirt, if I were as thee, I wold strip her to her smocke.*

Carnead. *That were to put that fayrest body of Venus in print, indeede, with a witnes; and then shee never need to have her water cast in an urinall for the greene sicknes.*

Respond. She may be queene *Didoes* peere for honestie, for anie dealings I ever yet had with her; but anie gentlemans name put in his mouth, it is of more force to discredite it than *Licophrons* penne was to discredite *Penelope*, who, notwithstanding *Homers* praises of her, faith shee lay with all her wooers.

Confil. *Whether shee bee honest or no, he hath done enough to make her dishonest; since as Ovid writes to a Leno, Vendibilis culpa facta puella sua est, he hath set her commonly to sale in Poules Church-yard.*

Import. *Let us on with our index or catalogue, and descant no more of her, since I am of the minde that, for all the*

stormes and tempests Harvey from her denounceth, there is no such woman; but tis onely a fiction of his, like Menanders fable or comedie, cald Theffala, of women that could pluck back the moone when they listed; or Ennius invention of Dido, who, writing of the deedes of Scipio, first gave life to that legend. The Epistle Dedicatorie past, the gentlewomans demurre, or prologue, staggers next after, the first line whereof is stolne out of the ballet of Anne Askew; for as that begins,

I am a woman poore and blinde,

so begins this,

O Mufes, may a woman poore and blinde,

and goes on,

Ist possible for puling wench to tame

The furibundall champion of fame?

Bids thee hazard not panting quill thy aspen selfe, calls thee bombard-goblin, and most railipotent for everie raine; then followeth shee with a counter sonnet, or correction of her owne preamble, where there is nothing but braggardous affronts, white liverd trouts, where doth the uranie or furie ring, pulcrow implements, Danters scar-crow preffe; and endes with, Ultrix accincta flagello.

Respond. Yea, Madam *Gabriela*, are you such an old jerker? then, hey ding a ding, up with your petticoate, have at your plum-tree! But the style bewraies it, that no other is this goodwife *Megara* but *Gabriel* himself; so doth the counter-sonnet and the correction of preambles, which is his methode as right as a fiddle. I will never open my lips to confute anye rag of it, it confuting it selfe sufficiently in the verie rehearfall. And so doth that which is annexed

to it, of her olde comedie new intituled, where she saith *her prose is as resolute as Bevis sword*, calls mee *rampant beast in formidable hide*, with I wot not what other *Getulian* slabberies; scarre-bugges mee with a comedie which shee hath scrawld and scribeld up against mee. But wee shall lenvoy him, and trumpe and poope him well enough if the winde come in that doore, and he will needes fall a comedizing it. Comedie upon comedie he shall have; a morall, a historie, a tragedie, or what hee will. One shal bee called *the Doctors dumpe*; another, *Harvey and his excellent Gentlewoman, Madame Whipsidoxy*; a third, *the Triumphes of Saffron-walden, with the merrie conceipts of Wee three*; or, *the three Brothers*; a fourth, *Stoope Gallant, or the Fall of Pride*; the fifth and last, *a pleasant Enterlude of No Foole to the Old Foole*, with a jigge at the latter ende in English hexameters of, *O Neighbour Gabriell! and his wooing of Kate Cotton*. More than half of one of these I have done already, and in *Candlemas Tearme* you shal see it acted; though better acted than hee hath been at *Cambridge* hee can never bee, where upon everie stage hee hath beene brought for a sicophant and a sow-gelder.

Bent. *Wilt thou have nere a plucke at him for Danter's scar-crow presse, and so abusing thy printer?*

Resp. In pudding time you have spoken: my printer, who ever, shall sustaine no damage by me; and where hee tearmeth his presse a *scar-crow presse*, he shall find it will *scare and crow* over the best presse in *London*, that shall print a reply to this. Hee that dares most, let him trie it (as none will trie it that hath a care to live by his trade, not a hundred of anie impression of the Doctors bookes ever selling). My printers wife, too, hee hath had a twitch at in two or

three places about the midst of his booke, and makes a *maulkin* and a shoo-clout of her; talkes of her *moody tung*, and *that she wil teach the storme winde to scolde English*: but let him looke to himselfe, for though in all the time I have lyne in her houfe, and as long as I have knowen her, I never saw anie such thing by her; yet since hee hath giv'n her so good a cause to find her tung, and so unjustly and despitefully provokt her, shee will tell him such a tale in his eare, the next time shee meetes him, as shall bee worse than a northern blast to him, and have a hand-full of his beard (if hee defend not himselfe the better) for a *maulkin*, or wifpe, to wye her shoes with.

Import. *The Gentlewoman having taken her lenvoy or farewell*, Barnabe Barnes *steps in with*, An Epistle to the right worshipfull his especiall deare Friend, M. *Gabriell Harvey*, Doctor of the Law.

Respo. It were no booke else, if one or other were not drawne in to call him *right worshipfull*; and when hee hath no bodie to help him, he gets one of his brothers to epistle it to him; or, in their absence, faines an epistle in their names, where his stile to the ful shalbe fet in great letters, like a bill for a house to be let; and uppon paine of excommunication, with bell book and candle, none of his brothers must publish anie thing, but to his dottrel-ship they must frame the like dedication.

Import. *The tenure of that scrimpum scrapum of Barneses is no more but this, to exhort the sweet Doctor (as hee names him) to confound those viperous criticall monsters, whereto hee is manifestly urged; though he bee fitter to encounter some more delicate Paranympbes, and honour the Urany of Du Bartas. Hee hath a sonet with it, wherein hee invokes*

and conjures up all Romes learned orators, sweete Grecian prophets, philosophers, wisest states-men, reverend generall councill, all in one, to behold the Doctors ennobled arts, as precious stones in gold. At the foote of that (like a right pupill of the Doctors bringing up) hee inserteth his post-script or correction of his preamble, with a counter-sonnet, superscribed Nash, or the confuting Gentleman: in which he besmeares and reviles thee with all the cut purse names that is possible, and sayes hee cannot bethinke him of names ill enough, since thou raylst at one, whom Bodine and Sidney did not flatter.

Respond. No more will I flatter him, hee may build upon it. Thus it is: there was sometimes some prety expectation of this *Patter-wallet* and *Megiddo*, that now I am a falting and poudring of; and then Sir *Philip Sidney* (as he was a naturall cherisher of men of the least towardnes in anie arte whatsoever) held him in some good regard, and so did most men; and (it may be) some kinde letters hee writ to him, to encourage and animate him in those his hopefull courses he was entred into: but afterward, when his ambitious pride and vanitie unmaskt it felse so egregiously, both in his lookes, his gate, his gestures, and speaches, and hee would do nothing but crake and parret it in print, in how manie noble-mens favours hee was, and blab everie light speach they uttred to him in private, cockering and coying himselfe beyond imagination; then Sir *Philip Sidney* (by little and little) began to looke askance on him, and not to care for him, though utterly shake him off hee could not, hee would so fawne and hang upon him. For M. *Bodines* commendation of him, it is no more but this: one complementarie letter asketh another; and *Gabriell* first writing

to him, and seeming to admire him and his workes, hee could doo no leffe in humanitie (beeing a scholler) but returne him an answere in the like nature. But my yong Master *Barnabe* the bright, and his kindnes (before anie desert at all of mine towards him might plucke it on or provoke it) I neither have, nor will bee unmindfull of.

Import. *Here is another sonet of his, which hee calls Harvey, or The Sweete Doctour, consisting of Sidney, Bodine, Hatcher, Lewen, Wilfon, Spencer; that all their life time have done nothing but conspire to lawd and honour poet Gabriell.*

Respond. Miserum est fuisse fœlicem! It is a miserable thing for a man to be said to have had frends, and now to have nere a one left.

Import. *What saist thou to the Printers Advertisement to the Gentleman Reader?*

Respond. I say, ware you breake not your fhins in the third line on *preambles* and *postambles*; and that it is not the Printers, but *Harveys*.

Imp. *In it he makes mention of Thorius and Chutes sonets to bee added, prefixed, inserted or annexed at the latter ende.*

Respond. The latter ende? but the beginning of the tyde, it may bee, for the flowing.

Import. *As also a third learned French gentlemans verses, Monsieur Fregeville Gautius, who, both in French and Latine, hath publisht some weightie treatises.*

Respond. Were they weightie treatises? the printers purfe never so; but in this respect they might bee tearmd to be weightie, that they were so heavie, they would nere come out of *Poules Church-yard*. I will have a found lift at him anone, for all his mathematical devices of his owne

invention, wherewith hee hath acquainted Ma. Doctour *Harvey*, nothing so good as a knife with prickles in the haft, or these boyes paper-dragons that they let fly with a pack-thrid in the fields.

Import. *His booke*—

Respond. Hand off! there is none but I will have the un-clasping of that, because I can doo it nimblest. It is divided into foure parts; one against mee, the second against M. *Lilly*, the third against *Martinists*, the fourth against D. *Perne*. Neither are these parts severally distinguished in his order of handling, but, like a Dutch stewd-pot, jumbled altogether, and linsiey-wolfsey woven one within another. But one of these parts falleth to my share, I being bound to answer for none but my selfe; yet if I speake a good word now and then for my friends by the way, they have the more to thanke mee for.

Incipit caput primum.

I was ever unwilling to undertake anie thing, &c.

You ly, you ly, *Gabriell*: I know what you are about to saye, but Ile fhred you off three leaves at one blowe. You were most willing to undertake this controversy, for els you would never have first begun it: you wold never have lyne writing against mee here in *London*, in the verie hart of the plague, a whole summer; or after (through your frends in-treatie) we were reconcilde, popt out your booke against me. Now say what you will of *being urgd, loosing of time, impudencie and slander*, and *another table philosophie* that ye fancy, for there is not a dog under the table that will beleeve you.

Sa ho! hath *Apuleius* ever an attorney here? One *Apu-*

leius (by the name of *Apuleius*) he endites to be an engroffer of arts and inventions, putting downe *Plato*, *Hippocrates*, *Aristotle*, and the *paragraphs* of *Justinian*. *Non est inventus*: there's no such man to be found; let them that have the commiffion for the concealments looke after it, or the man in the moone put for it. *Gabriell* casts a vile learing eye at me, as who should faye, he quipt me fecretly under it, if he durst utter fo much. Also, in that which fucceedeth of *One that is a common contemner of God and man*, *stampes and treads under his foote the reverenest old and new Writers*, *oppofeth himfelfe againft Universities, Parliaments, and Generall Councells*, *enclofeth all within his owne braine*, and is a *changer, an innovater, a cony-catcher, a rimer, a rayler, that out-faceth heaven and earth*.—But foft you now! how is all this or anie part of this to bee prov'd? Make account he will (upon his oath) denie it. Hath he spoken, printed, written, contrived, or imagined anie thing againft thefe? or exprest in his countenance the leaft wincke of diflike of them? Let fome instance of that be produced, and he be not able to refute it. Ile undertake for him (which is the moft ignominious imposition he can tie himfelfe to) he shall give thee his tung for a rag to wye thy taile with, and have his right hand cut off for thy mother to hang out for an ale houfe figne. Cannot a man declaime againft a *Catalonian* and a *Hethite*, a *Moabite Gabriell*, and an *Amorite Dicke*, but all the ancient fathers, all the renoumed philofophers, oratours, poets, historiographers, and old and new excellent writers must bee difparaged and trode under foote, God and man contemned and fet at nought? Universities, Parliaments, Generall Councells oppugned? And he must be another *Romane Palemon*, who vaunted all fcience

began and ended with him? a changer, an innovater, a cony-catcher, a railer, an out-facer of heaven and earth!

Is there such high treason comprehended under calling a foppe a foppe, and cudgelling a curre for his snarling? Or is it thus, our iracundious *Stramutzen Gabriell*, standing much upon his reading, and that all the libraries of the auncient fathers, renowned philofophers, poets, orators, historiographers, and olde and new excellent writers, are hoorded up in the *Amalthæas* horne of his braine, with whatsoever constitutions and decretalls of Generall Councells and Parliaments? and for he hath commenst in both Univerfities, therefore he concludes, he which writes against him must write against them all, and so (*per consequens*) vaunt him above all; and if he vaunts him above them all, he is a *changer, an innovater, an impostor, a railer at all, and confounds heaven and earth*. This is the tydiest argument he can frame to make his matter good, though it followes no more, than that a man should bee helde a traitor, and accused to have abusde the Queene and Counsaile, and the whole ftate, for calling a fellowe knave that hath read the Booke of Statutes, since by them all in generall they were made.

Carn. *Thou art unwise to canuaze it so much, for hee thrust it in but for a rhetoricall figure of amplification.*

Respond. Rhetoricall figure! and if I had a hundred fonnes, I had rather have them disfigur'd, and keep them at home as cyphers, than fend them to schoole to learn to figure it after that order.

Carnead. *You may have them worse brought up; for so you should be sure never to have them counted lyers, since rhetoricians, though they lye never so grosely, are but said to have a*

luxurious phrase, to bee eloquent amplifiers, to bee full of their pleasant hyperboles, or speake by ironies: and if they raise a slander upon a man of a thing done at home, when hee is a 1000 mile off, it is but Profopopeya, personæ fictio, the supposing or faining of a person; and they will alledge Tully, Demosthenes, Demades, Aeschines, and shew you a whole Talæus and Ad Herennium of figures for it, foure and fiftie times more licentious. These arithmetique figurers are such, like jugling transformers, lying by addition and numeration, making frayes and quarrelling by division, getting wenches with childe by multiplication, stealing by subtraction; and if in these humors they have consumed all, and are faine to breake, they doo it by fraction.

Respond. That last part of arithmetique (which is fraction, or breaking,) I intend to teach *Gabriel*; thogh to all the other, as addition, devision, rebating, or subtraction, of his owne ingrafted disposition hee is apt inough; and so hee is to multiplication too, hee having, since I parted with him, last got him a gentlewoman.

Bentiv. Both thou and hee talke much of that gentlewoman, but I would we might know her, and see her unbuskt and naked once, as Paris, in Lucians Dialogues, desires Mercury hee might see the three goddeses naked that strove for the golden ball.

Carnead. The Venus shee is that would win it from them all, if the controversie were now afloate againe: and, which thou pretermittedst before, hee puts her in print for a Venus, yet desires to see her a Venus in print; publisheth her for a strumpet (for no better was Venus) and yet he would have her a strumpet more publique.

Respond. By that name had hee not so publisht her, yet

his peacocke-pluming her like another *Pandora*, (from poets too parasiticall commending of whome first grew the name of *Pandare*, though Sir *Philip Sidney* fetcheth it out of *Plautus*) through his incredible praising of her, I say, (wherein one quarter of his book is spent,) he hath brought all the world into a perswasion, that shee is as common as rubarbe among phisitions; since (as *Thucidides* pronounceth) shee is the honestest woman, of whose praise, or dispraise, is least spoken. My pen, he prodigally insulteth, shee shall pumpe to as drie a sponge as anie is in *Hosier Lane*, and wring our braines like emptie purses. *Idem per idem* in sence he speakes, though it be not his comparifon, and, *Tamburlain*-like, hee braves it indefinitely in her behalfe, setting up bills, like a bear-ward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meete me at.

Con. *Fafilia*, the daughter of *Pelagius*, king of Spain, was torne in peices by a beare; and so I hope thou wilt tear her and tug with her, if she begin once to playe the devill of *Dowgate*: but as there was a woman in *Roome*, that had her childe slaine with thunder and lightning in her wombe ere she was deliverd, so it is like inough hers will bee, and prove an embrion, and we shall never see it: or if wee doo, looke for another armed *Pallas* issuing out of *Joves* braine, or an Amazonian *Hippolite*, that will bee good inough for *Thefeus*; or the female of the *Aspis*, who (if her mate be kild by any passenger in the way) thorough fire, thorough the thickest assembly she will pursue him, or anie thing but water.

Bentiv. In some countreys no woman is so honourable as she that hath had to doo with most men, and can give the lustiest striker oddes by 25 times in one night, as *Messalina* did; and so it is with this his bratche, or bitch-foxe.

Confil. Agelaftus, grand-father to Craffus, never laught but once in his life, and that was to see a mare cate thistles ; fo this will be a jest to make one laugh that lyes a dying, to see a Gillian draggell taile run her taile into a bushe of thornes, because her nailes are not long inough to scratch it, and play at wasters with a quil for the britches.

Carn. Multi illum juvenes, multæ petiere puellæ, boyes, wenches, and everie one pursue him for his beauty.

Non caret effectū, quod voluere duo,

Thou canst never hold out, if thou wert Hercules, if two to one encounter thee.

Respo. Quis nisi mentis inops teneræ declamat amicæ.
Who but an ingram coffet would keepe such a courting of a courtezan, to have her combat for him ; or doo as *Dick Harvey* did, (which information piping hot in the midft of this line was but brought to mee) that, having preacht and beat downe three pulpits in inveighing against dauncing, one Sunday evening, when hys wench, or friskin, was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and foote in, and as busie as might be at *Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the flowers of the broom, Pepper is black, Greene sleeves, Peggie Ramsay*, he came sneaking behinde a tree and lookt on, and though hee was loth to be seene to countenance the sport, having laid Gods word against it so dreadfully, yet to shew his good-will to it in hart, hee sent her 18 pence, in higger mugger, to pay the fiddlers : let it sink into ye, for it is true and will be vereside. Let *Gabriel* veresie anie one thing fo against mee, and not thinke to carrie it away with hys *generall extenuatings, ironical amplifications, and declamatorie exclamations.* Nor let him muckehill up so manie

pages in faying he lookt for *termes of aqua fortis*, and *gun-powder*, and that *I have thundred and giv'n out tragically*, when nought appears but the *sword of cats-meate*, and the *fire-brand of dogs-meate*, and, *Aut nunc aut nunquam*, and *two staves and a pike*. But let him shew what part of that his first booke I have not, from the crowne to the little toe, confuted, and laid as open as a custard, or a cowsheard; and if my booke bee *cats-meate and dogs-meate*, his is much worfe, since on hys mine hath his whole foundation and dependance, and I doo but paraphrase upon his text. Something that he grounds this *cats-meate and dogs-meate* on, I will not with-stand but I have lent him; as in my Epistle to *Apis lapis*, where I wish him *to let Chaucer be new scourd against the day of battaile*, and *Terence but come in now and then with the snuffe of a sentence and Dictum puta, wee'l strike it as dead as a doore-naile*, *haud teruntii estimo*, *we have cats-meate and dogs-meate inough for these mungrels*. Hence, as if I had continually harpt uppon it, in everie tenth line of my book he faith, I do nothing but affaile him with *cats-meat and dogs-meat*, when there is not anie more spoken of it than I have shewd you. So, *Aut nunc aut nunquam* he brings in for a murdring shot, beeing never my posie, but, *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice*, at the latter end of my *Foure Lettters*; speaking to him, that he shuld not go about to answere me, except he set it foundly on; for otherwise, with a sound counterbuffe I would make his eares ring againe, and have at him with two staves to a pike, which was a kinde of old verfe, in request before he fell a rayling at *Tuberville* or *Elderton*. Some *Licosthenes* reading (which shoves plodding and no wit) he hath giv'n a twinckling glimps of, and like a

school-boy laid over his gear to his unckles and kinsfolk, and tels what authours he hath read, when he floted in the sea of encounters ; which, for ought he hath alleadgd out of them, he may have stolne by the whole sale out of *Ascanius*, or *Andrew Maunsells* English Catalogue. No villaine, no atheist, no murdrer, no traitor, no Sodomite, hee ever read of but he hath likend mee to, or in a superlative degree made me a monster beyond him, for no other reason in the earth, but because I would not let him go beyond me, or be won to put my finger in my mouth, and crie mumbudget, when he had baffuld mee in print throughout *England*. The victorionst captaines and warriours, the invinciblest *Cæsars* and conquerours, the satyricallest confuters, and *Luthers* (like whom the *Germanes* affirme never anie in their tung writ so forcible) in an alphabet he trowles up, and sayes I out-strip them all, I set them all too schoole. The *quorsum*, or *quare*, if you demaund, is this ; I have out-strippt and set him to schoole, and he is sure he is a better man than anie of them. The verie guts and garbage of his note-book he hath put into this tallow loafe, and not left anie Frezeland, Dutch, or Almain scribe (where they commence, and doo their actes, with writing bookes) that hath but squibd foorth a Latin *Puerilis* in print, or set his name to a Catechisme, uncompered or uncoard. A true pellican he is, that peirceth his breast and lets out all his bowels to give life to his yong. No author but himselfe and *Nashe* hereafter he can cyte, which hee hath not stellified worfe than *Sapiens dominabitur astris*, the ordinarie posie for all almanackes, or the presenting of *Artaxerxes* with a cup of water, usde in everie epistle dedicatorie ; and those two hee hath wrought reasonably upon, having worne the first

(which is himfelfe) napleffe, and the other owes him nothing. Against blasphemous *Servetus*, or *Muretus*, or *Sunius*, that have been fo bold with her Majesty and this ftate, was thys invective of his firft armd and advanced ; which (uppon the miffing his preferment, or advauncement, in Court) he fuppreft, and in the bottom of a ruftie hamper let it lye afleepe by him, (even as he did the advertisement againft *Paphatchet* and *Martin*, which he hath yoakt with it, by his own date, ever fince 89,) and now, with putting in new names here and there of *Nafhe* and *Piers Pennileffe*, he hath fo pannyerd and drest it that it feemes a new thing, though there be no new thing in it that claimes anie kindred of mee, more than a dozen of famifht quips, but like a lofe French caffock, or gabberdine, would fit any man. Thofe more appropriate blowes over the thumbe are thefe : *my praifing of Aretine* ; fo did he before me, the verie words whereof I have fet downe in my other booke : *my excepting againft his doctourfhip* ; better doctours than ever he wil be put it in my head, and if therein I mifreport, I erre by authoritie : *my calling him a fawne-gueft messenger betwixt M. Bird and M. Demetrius, in the companie of one of which he never din'd nor fupt this 6 yeres ; and for the other he never drunke with to this day* : He may be a fawn-gueft in his intent nevertheles, and if he neither eate nor drunck at M. *Demetrius*, why did he fo familiarly write to him, *M. Demetrius, in your abfence I found your wife verie curteous* ? For a great trespaffe he layes it to me, in that *I have praifed her Majesties affabilitie towards f[c]hollers, and attributed to noble-men fo much pollicy and wifdome as to have a privy watch word in their praifes, and crossing his sleight opinion of invectives and satyres*. Like fophifticall difputers that

onely rehearse, not answere, he runs on telling how *I have fatherd on him a new part of Tully, which he fetcht out of a wall at Barnwell, even as Poggius in an old monasterie found out a new part of Quintillian, after it had bin manie hundred yeres lost; my taking upon me to be Greenes advocate; my threatning so incessantly to haunt the civilian and the devine, that to avoid the hot chase of my fierie quill, they shall be constrained to enskonse themselves in one of their phisition brothers old urinall cases; my calling him butter-whore, and bidding him, Rip, rip, you kitchin-stufte wrangler; my accusing him of carterly derisions and milk-maids girds, as, Good beare bite not, A man's a man thogh he hath but a hose on his head. Pulchre mehercule dictum, sapienter, lautè, lepidè, nil suprâ, nothing so good as the jests of the Councill table affe, Richard Clarke.*

Carnead. *Yes; that he doth more than rehearse, for he maintains them to be the Ironies of Socrates, Aristophanes, Epicharmus, Lucian, Tully, Quintillian, Sanazarius, K. Alphonfus, Cardan, Sir Th. Moore, Ifocrates: looke the first 156 page of his booke, and ye shal finde it so.*

Bentiv. *What, had they no better jests than Good beare bite not, or A man is a man though he hath but a hose on his head: Pulchre mehercule dictum! O, dishonor to the house from whence they come!*

Resp. *Hee chargeth mee, to have derided and abused the most valorous mathematicall arts; let him shewe me wherein, and I will answere: of palpable atheifne he condemnes me, for drinking a cup of lambswool to the health of his brothers booke, cald The Lamb of God and his Enemies: then, what atheifsts are they that turne it to wast paper, and goe to the privy with it? as to no other uses it is converted, it lying*

dead and never felling: and againe with the *atheist* he spurgals mee, in that *I jested at heaven, calling it the haven where his deceased brother is arrived.*

Carnead. *Is it a jest that his brother is arriv'd in heaven? he is in hell then belike.*

Confil. *A more likelier peice of atheisme thou maist urge against him, where he saith in one lease, that one acre of performance is worth twentie of the Land of Promise; as though God had not performd to the children of Israel the Land of Promise he vowd to them.*

Resp. The deepe cut out of my grammer rules, *Astra petit disertus*, he hits me with: I am forry for it I slanderd him so, for he was never eloquent; if he bee not above the starres, I would hee were. Hee complaines *I doo not regard M. Bird, M. Spencer, Mounsieur Bodin.* In any thing but in praising him, and therin as *Aristotle non vidit verum in spiritualibus*, nor *Barnard* all things; so they may have theyr eyes dazeled. To a bead-roll of learned men and lords hee appeales, *whether he be an asse or no*, in the forefront of whom he puts *M. Thomas Watson*, the poet. A man he was that I dearely lov'd and honor'd, and for all things hath left few his equalls in *England*: he it was that, in the company of divers gentlemen one night at supper at the Nags head in *Cheape*, first told me of his vanitie, and those hexameters made of him,

*But O! what newes of that good Gabriell Harvey,
Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a
rimer?*

For the other grave men, they all speak as their fore-man. *His imprisonment in the Fleete, he affirmes, is a lewd sup-*

posfall (the hexameter verse before proves it) as also his writing *the welwillers Epistle* in praise of himselfe, before his first *Four Letters* a yeare ago. The compositor that set it, swore to mee it came under his owne hand to bee printed. *Hee bids the world examine the Preamble before the Supplication to the Divell, and see if I doo not praise my selfe; and that the tenour of the stile, and identity of the phrase proves it to be mine.* He needed not go so far about to sent me out by my *stile* and my *phrase*, for if he had ever overlookt it he would have seene my name to it; and besides, another argument that he never read it is (which whosoever shal peruse it wil finde) it is altogether in my owne dispraise and disabling, and grieving at the imperfect printing and misinterpreting of it: let him shewe mee but one tittle or letter in it tending to any other drift. *Hee upbraides me by the poore fellow my fathers putting me to my scribbling shifts, and how I am beholding to the printing-house for my poore shifts of appaile:* My father put more good meate in poore mens mouthes, than all the ropes and living is worth his father left him, together with his mother and two brothers; and (as another scholler) he brought me up at *S. Johns*, where (it is well known) I might have been Fellow if I had would: and for deriving my maintenaunce from the printing-house, so doo both univerties, and whosoever they be that come up by learning, out of printed bookes gathering all they have; and would not have furre to put in their gownes, if it, or writing were not. But if hee meane that from writing to the presse, I scrape up my exhibition, let him scrape it out for a lye, till the impresson of this book, I having got nothing by printing these three yeres. But when I doo

play my prizes in print, Ile be paid for my paines, that's once ; and not make my selfe a gazing stocke and a publique spectacle to all the world for nothing, as he does, that gives money to be seene and have his wit lookt upon, never printing booke yet for whose impressiõ he hath not either paid or run in debt. Printers (above all the rest) have nothing to thanke him for, in his *Praise of the Assè*, he putting in the *presse for the arrantest assè of all*, because it is such a meanes to preffe him to death, and confound him. *Danters* preffe fwears after three forme a day, since he hath given it the preffe and disgrac't them it will (how ever others neglect it) never have done beating upon him ; nor hath it acquitted him for calling me *Danters gentleman*, who is as good at all times as *Wolfes right worshipfull Gabriell*, or the gentleman he brings in reading a chapter (colledge fashion at dinner time) *against Piers and his proceedings*, and *the approbation of his docterly reincounter*. Applaud and partake with him who list, this is my definitive position ; which *Anaxandrides*, a comick poet, saied of the Aegyptian superstition, *Maximam anguillam, quam Deum putant, comedo ; canem quem colunt verbero* : they worship the great eele for a god, which I eate or disgest ; and the dog they adore, I spurne or drive out of dores. *Hidras* heads I should go about to cut off, (as *Tacitus* saies of them that thinke to cut off all discommodities or inconveniences from the lawes) if I should undertake to run throughtout all the foolish frivolous reprehensions and cavils he hath in his booke. I will take no knowledge of his *tale of ten eggs for a penny, and nine of them rotten ; a gormandizing breakfast*, he saies, *I was at of eggs and butter* ; which if he can name, where, when, or with whom, I will give him an annuitie of eg-pyes. No

Printers beating with inke balles.

more will I of his calling me *Captaine of the boyes*, and *Sir Kil-prick*; which is a name fitter for his *Piggen de wiggen*, or gentlewoman : or els, because she is such a hony sweetikin, let her bee *Prick-madam*, of which name there is a flower ; and let him take it to himselfe, and raigne intire *Cod-pisse Kinks*, and *Sir Murdred* of placards, *durante bene placito*, as long as he is able to please, or give them gear. Like-wife the captainship of the boyes I tosse backe to him, he having a whose band of them to write in his praise : but if so he terme me in respect of the minoritie of my beard, he hath a beard like a crow, with two or three durtie strawes in her mouth, going to build her neaft. See him and see him not I will, about that his meazild invention of *the good-wife my mothers finding her daughter in the oven, where she would never have sought her, if she had not been there first her selfe* : (a hackny proverb in mens mouths ever since *K. Lud* was a little boy, or *Belinus, Brennus* brother, for the love hee bare to oysters built *Billingsgate*) : therefore there is no more to be said to it, but if he could have told how to have made a better lye he would. I will not present into the Arches, or Commiffaries Court, what *prinkum prankums* gentlemen (his nere neighbors) have whispred to me of his sifter, and how shee is as good a fellow as ever turnd belly to belly ; for which she is not to be blam'd, but I rather pitie her, and thinke she cannot doo withall, having no other dowrie to marie her. Good Lord, how one thing brings on another ! Had it not bin for his baudy sifter, I should have forgot to have answerd for the *baudie rymes* he threapes upon me. Are they *rimes* ? and are they *baudie* ? and are they *mine* ? Well it may be so that it is not so ; or if it be, men in their youth (as in their sleep) manie times doo

something that might have been better done, and they do not wel remember.

O yes! Be it knowen unto all men by these presents, that whatfoever names of *Duns, Affe, or Dorbell* I have giv'n *Gabriel Harvey*, or of a *kitchin stufte wrangler*, and *reading the Lecture of Ram alley*, I will still perfever and infist in; as also, that I wilbe as good as my word in defending any (but abhominable atheifts) that shall write againft him; that I wil still maintaine *there is in Court but one true Diana*, and fo wil all that are true fubjects to her Majeftie; that I think as reverently of *London* as of any citie in *Europe*, though I doo not cal it the *Madam Towne of the Realme*, as he hath done, and that I hold no place better governed, how ever in fo great a fea of all waters there cannot chufe but be fome quickfands and rockes and fhelves; that I never fo much as in thought detracted from *Du Bartas, Buchanan*, or anie generall allowed moderne writer, howere *Gnimelfe Hengift* here gives out, without naming time, place, or to whome I did, how *I vowd to confute them all*; that Maft. Lilly never procur'd Greene or mee to write againft him, but it was his own firft seeking and beginning in *The Lamb of God*, where he and his brother (that loves dauncing fo well) fcummerd out betwixt them an *Epiftle to the Readers* againft all Poets and Writers; and M. Lilly and me by name he be ruffianizd and berafcald, compar'd to *Martin*, and termd us *piperly make-plaies and make-bates*, yet bad us *holde our peace and not be fo hardie as to anfwere him, for if we did, he would make a bloodie day in Poules Church-yard, and splinter our pens, til they stradled again as wide as a paire of compafses*. Further be

He might as well have cald it the Counteffe or Duches Towne.

it knowen unto you, that before this *I praisde him* (after a fort) in an *Epistle* in Greenes Menaphon.

Bentiv. *But didst thou so?*

Respon. O! what do you meane to hinder my proclamation? I did, I did, as unfainedly and sincerely as, in his first butter-fly pamphlet against *Greene*, he praisd me for *that proper yong man*, Greenes fellow writer, whom (in some respects) *he wisht well to*; as also in hys booke he writ against *Greene* and mee he raild uppon me under the name of *Piers Penniless*, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him praisd me, and reckond me (at the latter end) amongst the famous schollers of our time, as *S. Philip Sidney*, *M. Watson*, *M. Spencer*, *M. Daniell*, whom he hartily *thantk*, and promised to *endow with manie complements for so enriching our English tongue*.

Confil. *Then, what an asse is hee to call thee an asse for praising him, and after thou hadst praisd him (though it was but pretie and so, for a Latine poet after others) upon a good turn done him (and no injurie fore-running) to build the foundation of a quarrell.*

Resp. Further than further bee it knowne (since I had one further before) I never abusd *Marloe*, *Greene*, *Chettle* in my life, nor anie of my frends that usde me like a frend; which both *Marlowe* and *Greene* (if they were alive) under their hands would testifie, even as *Harry Chettle* hath in a short note here.

I hold it no good manners (M. Nashe), beeing but an artificer, to give D. Harvey the ly, though he have deserv'd it, by publishing in print you have done mee wrong, which privately I never found: yet to confirme by my art in deed, what his

calling forbids me to affirme in word, your booke being readie for the presse, Ile square and set it out in pages, that shall page and lackey his infamie after him (at least) while he lives, if no longer.

Your old Compofiter,

Henry Chettle.

Impo. Yes, Greene *he convinces thee to have abused, in that thy defence of him is a more biting commendation than his reproofe.*

Respond. It is so hereticall a falsifier, a man had not need talke with him without a Bible in the roome; for it may be he hath some care of his oath, if it be not in a matter of reconciliation, or repaying of money, as to *Dexters* man: but his *ipse dixit*, his report otherwise, is nothing so currant as beggers about the Courts remove. Nere tell me of this or that he sayes I spake or did, except he particularize and stake downe the verie words, and, catching them by the throate like a theefe, say, these are they that did the deed; I arrest you, and I charge you all, gentle readers, to aid me. What truly might be spoken of *Greene* I publisht, neither discommending him, nor too much flattering him (for I was nothing bound to him); whereas it maye be alleadgd against *Gabriel*, as it was against *Paulus Jovius*, *Quæ verissime scribere potuit noluit, et quæ voluit non potuit*: those things which hee might have related truely hee would not, and those which he would hee could not, for want of good intelligence. How he hath handled *Greene* and *Marloe*, since their deaths, those that read his bookes may judge: and where, like a jakes barreller and a *Gorbolone*, he girds me *with imitating of Greene*, let him understand, I more scorne it, than to have so foule a jakes for my groaning

stoole as hys mouth ; and none that ever had but one eye, with a pearle in it, but could discern the difference twixt him and me ; while he liv'd (as some stationers can witnes with me) hee subscribing to me in any thing but plotting plaies, wherein he was his crafts master. Did I ever write of conycatching ? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones ? or apprentifd my selfe to running of the letter ? If not, how then doo I imitate him ? A hang-by of his (one *Valentine Bird*, that writ against *Greene*) imitated me, and would embezill out of my *Piers Pennileffe* fixe lines at a clap, and use them for his owne. Nay, he himselfe hath purloyned something from mee, and mended his hand in confuting by fifteen parts, by following my prefidents. There is two or three mouth fulls of my *Oo yes !* yet behinde, which, after I have drawne out at length, you shall seeme (like a crier, that when he hath done kire-elofoning it, puts of his cap, and cries God save the Queene ! and so steps into the next ale-house) steale out of your companie before you bee aware, and hide my selfe in a clofet, no bigger than would holde a church Bible, till the beginning of *Candlemas Terme*; and then, if you come into *Poules Church-yard*, you shall meete mee.

Oo yes ! be it knowne, I can ryme as wel as the Doctör, for a sample whereof, in stead of his

Noddy Nash, whom everie swash, and his *occasionall admonitionative Sonnet*, his *Apostrophe Sonnet*, and tynie titmouse *Lenvoy*, like a welt at the edge of a garment, his goggle-eyde *Sonnet of Gorgon*, and the *Wonderfull Yeare*, and another *Lenvoy* for the chape of it, his *Stanza declarative*, *Writers post-script in meeter*, his *knitting up cloase*, and a *third Lenvoy*, like a fart after a good stoole ; in stead of

all these (I say) here is the tufft or labell of a rime or two, the trick or habit of which I got by looking on a red nose ballet-maker that reforted to our printing-houfe. They are to the tune of *Labore dolore*, or the Parliament tune of a pot of ale and nutmegs and ginger, or *Eldertons* ancient note of *meeting the divell in Conjure House Lane*. If you hit it right, it will go marvellously sweetly :

*Gabriel Harvey, fames duckling,
hey noddie, noddie, noddie :
Is made a gosling and a suckling,
hey noddie, noddie, noddie.*

Or that's not it ; I have a better.

*Dilla, my Doctor deare,
sing dilla, dilla, dilla :
Nashe hath spoyled thee cleare
with his quilla, quilla, quilla.*

What more have I in my Proclamation to yalp out? No more but this ; that in both my bookes I have objected some perticular vice more against him than *pumps and pantofles*, which those that have not faith inough to beleeve, may toote and supervise when they have any literall idle leysure. *The Tragedie of Wrath*, or *Priscianus Vapulans*, promised in the epilogue Sonnet of my *Foure Letters*, (three or foure words wherof, as *Awayte and paint*, and *tread no common path*, he mumbles and chews in his mouth like a peece of allom, or the stone of a horse plum, to sucke off all the meate of it) let him take this for it, whereby I am out of his debt, if not over-plus. And where he terrefies mee with insulting *hee was Tom Burwels the*

*Fencers scholler, and that he will squeeze and mazer me whensoever he met me, why did hee not when hee met me at Cambridge, we lying backe to backe in the same inne, and but two or three square trenchours of a waincot dore betwixt us? By our reconciliation he cannot excuse it, since the law-day was out, and the feude open againe by his breach of truce, and my defiance to him in an Epistle to the Reader in Christs Tears. But let him henceforth provide him of two or three sturdie plow men (such as his swines fac't blue-coate was) when I legerd by him in the Dolphin; for otherwise not all the fence he learnd of Tom Burwell shall keepe mee from cramming a turd in his jawes (and no other bloud will I draw of him): I have bespoken a boy and a napkin already to carry it in. Last of all, there is nothing I have bragd of my writing in all humors, no not so much as of his fleshly humours, but shall be anvilde for true steele on his standish, I making an indenture twixt God and my soule, to consume my bodie as slender as a stilt or a broome-staffe, and my braine as poore and compendius as the pummell of a Scotch saddle, or pan of a tobacco pipe, but as the elephant and the rinoceros never fight but about the best pastures, so will I winne from him his best patrons, and drive him to confesse himselfe a *connum-drum*, who now thinks he hath learning inough to proove the salvation of *Lucifer*; apologize it for him as many *Chutes*, *Barneses*, or vile friggers, or *Fregeuiles*, as there will.*

Bentiv. *Thou promisedst to have a dead list at that Fregeuile.*

Resp. I: here I am come to his verses, but let mee take them in order as they lie. *Thorius* is first, with a *Letter* and *Sonnet*, and *Post-script* of *Chutes*.

Carnead. *More post-scripts and preambles! Hath he (as with his Thrafonisme) infected them all with his methode of Lenvoyes, Post-scripts and Preambles?*

Respond. From Master *Thorius* I have a letter under his owne hand, which hee sent mee to be printed, utterly disclaiming the wrong which the Doctour (under his name) hath thrust out against mee. This is the counterpaine of it.

To my very good friend M. *Nashe*.

Master *Nashe*: *I pray you to let my carriage towards you alwaies beget but thus much in your opinion, that I would never have beene led with so much indiscretion as to raile against any man unprovoked, or to offer him wrong that never offended mee. Truly, upon the sight of five or six sheets of Doctor Harveys Booke, I wrote certaine verses in his commendation; but that Sonnet which in his booke is subscribed with my name is not mine, and I gesse at the mistaking of it. Indeed the Stanzaes are, though altred to your disgrace in some places. To use many words were vaine, and to ende writing and leave you unsatisfied, were to write to no end, and to leave my selfe discontented. But if you consider how I was as much offended with the unjust vaine-glorious print as your selfe, wee shall both rest contented. Little did I think the booke should have had so famous a title, or so many prefaces, or so many letters and preambles; amongst which some of mine, blushing to looke uppon so contemptible a person they were directed too, could not but be exceedingly ashamed to bee presented to the eyes of a whole world. I could mislike other things, but I will leave them as trifles. Farewell.*

Yours to use,

L. Thorius.

Chute, that was the bawlingest of them all, and that bobd me with nothing but *Rhenish furie*, *Stilliard clyme*, *oyster whore phrase*, *claret spirit*, and *ale-house passions*, with talking so much of drinke, within a yere and a halfe after died of the dropie, as divers printers that were at his buriall certefide mee. Beeing dead, I would not have reviv'd him, but that the Doctour (whose patron he was) is alive to answer for him. *Mounseur Fregusius*, or *Mounseur Fregeville Gautius*, that prating weazell fac'd vermin, is one of the pipers in this confort, and he is at it with his *Apologie of the thrice learned and thrice eloquent Doctour Harvey*, befooles and befots mee in everie line, pleads *the Doctors innocence*, and *the lawfulness of his proceedings*, praiseth his moderate stile, faies he is forie he is so unjustly pusht at, and, being pusht at, glad he hath so acquitted him, and that his answer is reasonable and eloquent.

I am forie I have no more roome to reason the matter with him; for if I had, I did not doubt but to make him a fugitive out of *England* as well as he is out of his owne cuntry; and in this great dearth in *England* we have no reason but to make him a fugitive or banish him, since he is the ravenousest sloven that ever lapt porridge; and out of two noblemens houses he had his mittimus of Ye may be gone, for he was such a perverse *ramisticall* heretike, a busie reprove of the principles of all arts, and fower of feditious paradoxes amongst kitchen boyes.

My clue is spun, the tearme is at an end; wherefore here I wil end and make vacation: but if you wil have a word or two of Doctour *Perne* and Maister *Lilly*, in ftead of one of *Gabriels* Apoftrophe Sonnets or Lenvoyes by *Struthio Bellivecento de Compasso Callipero*, and the contents of it, I protest and adjure you shall.

Against Doctor *Perne* our *Poditheck*, or *Tolmach*, hath in his booke twilted and sticht in a whole penny-worth of paper, which his gossipship, that had the naming of the child, dubs *The Encomium of the Foxe*. In it he endorfeth him *the puling Preacher of Pax vobis and humilitie*, (to both of which *Gabriell* alwaies was an enemy, even as Doctor *Perne* was to his love-locks and his great ruffles and pantofles) *the triangle turne-coate*, (I wold he had anie coat to turne but that he weares!) and for triangles, one angle or corner he wilbe glad of to hide him in after this Booke is out, and brickil and oven up his stinking breath, (which smells like the greasie snafe of a candle) that I maye not come within eleven-teene score nose length of it. *He brings in his coffin to speake*; what a wooden jest is that! *An apostata, an hypocryte, a Machavill, a counsner, a jugler, a letcher hee makes him*, and faies *he kept a cubbe at Peter-houise*; that *his hospitalitie was like Ember weeke or good Friday*: and if a man should have writ against *Sergius*, that was the first fetter up of *Mahomet*, he could not have parbraked more vilenes than he hath done against him. *Vincit qui patitur* he saith (or a great counseller that gives that posie) *can unrip the whole packet of his knaverie*, making him a broker to his scutcherie. The whole quire thanks you hartily. Doctor *Perne* is cast up in lead, and cannot arise to plead for himselfe: wherefore this (as dutie to those some way bindes mee that were somewhat bound to him) I wil commit to inke and paper in his behalfe. Few men liv'd better, though, like *David* or *Peter*, he had his falls; yet the Universitie had not a more carefull father this 100 yere; and if no regard but that a chiefe father of our common-wealth lov'd him, (in whose house he died) hee might have spar'd and forborne him.

His *hospitalitie* was as great as hath bin kept before, or ever since, upon the place he had; and for his wit and learning, they that mislike want the like wit and learning, or else they would have more judgement to discern of it. For Master *Lillie* (who is halves with me in this indignitie that is offred) I will not take the tale out of his mouth, for he is better able to defend himselfe than I am able to say he is able to defend himselfe, and in as much time as hee spends on taking *tobacco* one weeke, he can compile that which would make *Gabriell* repent himselfe all his life after. With a blacke fant he meanes shortly to bee at his chamber window, for calling him *the fiddlestick of Oxford*. In that he twatleth, *it had bin better to have confuted Martin by Reverend Cooper* than such levitie, tell mee why was hee not then confuted by Reverend *Cooper*, or made to hold his peace, till Master *Lillie*, and some others, with their pens drew upon him? A day after the faire when he is hand *Harvey* takes him in hand, but if he had bene alive now, even as he writ *More Worke for the Cooper*, so would hee have writte *Harveys* whoope *diddle*, or *the non-futing, or uncausing of the animadvertiser*. I have a laughing hickocke to heare him saye, *hee was once suspected for Martin*, when there is nere a pursivant in England, in the pulling on his boots, ever thought of him or imputed to him so much wit. The bangingest thinges which I can picke out, wherein he hath festered *Martin*, or defended bishops, are these: *For a polished stile few goe beyond Cartwright; his rayling at mee, for speaking against Beza, the grand Champion against Bishops; his malicious defamation of Doctour Perne; where, after hee hath polluted him with all the scandale hee could, hee saies, The clergie never wanted*

*excellent fortune-wrights, and he was one of the cheefest; as though the Church of England were upheld and atlassed by corruption, Machavelisme, apostatisme, hipocrysie and treacherie: in all these hee, making him notorious in the highest kinde, dooth give out, that he was one of the Churches cheife fortune-wrights; and besides (to mend the matter) he asks, What bishop or politician in England was so great a temporiser as hee? I hope there be some bishops within the compasse of the two metropolitaine seas, that can fish out a shamefull meaning out of this word temporiser, and doo disdaine their high calling should be so gnathonically compar'd; for such is a temporiser, and with their profession it stands to bee no state politicians, but onely to meddle with the state of heav'n. Then he hath a tale out of Pontane against Bishops, for their riding upon horses, and not asses as Christ did: aswel he might restrain them to ride upon mares, as John Bale saith our English bishops wer limited too heretofore. Such another tale of a horse hee hath of Gelo, a Tyrant of Sicily, whom he termes the politique tyrant, for bringing in his great horse, instead of a harper, into his banquetting-house, to dung and stale amongst his guests. It is a stale stinking Apotheg; but *Benè olet hostis interfectus* (as *Vitellius* said); the sweete faver of an enemie slaine takes away the smell of it.*

More battring engins I had in a readines prepared to shake his walles, which I keepe backe till the next Tearme, meaning to insert them in my Four Letters Confuted, which then is to be renewed and reprinted againe.

So be your leave God be with you. I was bold to call in, Spectatores, the faults escaped in the printing; I wish [they] may likewise escape you in reading. In the Epistle Dedicatorie

correct Willington, and put in Williamson: in the midst of the Booke vide make vidi: about the latter end stellified stali-fied, and Sunius Surlus: with as many other words, or letters too much, or too wanting, as ye will.

The Paradoxe of the Ass, M. Lilly hath wrought upon; as also to him I turne over the Doctors Apothecarie tearmes he hath used throughout, and more especially in his last Epistle of notable Contents.

Herewith the Court breakes up and goes to dinner, all generally concluding with Trajan, The Gods never suffer anie to be over-come in battail, but those that are enemies to peace.

Tu mihi criminis

Author.

FINIS.



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