

An Almond for a Parrot, or Cutbert Curry-knave's Alms.

Fit for the knave, Martin, and the rest of those impudent beggars that cannot be content to stay their stomachs with a benefice, but they will needs break their fasts with our bishops.

Rimarum sum plenus.

Therefore beware (gentle reader) you catch not the hicket with laughing.

Imprinted at a place not far from a place by the assigns of Signior Somebody, and are to be sold at his shop in Trouble-knave Street at the sign of the standish.

To that most comical and conceited cavalier, Monsieur du Kempe, jest-monger and vicegerent general to the ghost of Dick Tarleton, his loving brother Cutbert Curry-Knave sendeth greeting.

Brother Kempe, as many all hails to thy person as there be haycocks in July at Pancredge. So it is that, what for old acquaintance and some other respects of my pleasure, I have thought good to offer here certain spare stuff to your protection, which, if your sublimity accept in good part, or vouchsafe to shadow with the curtain of your countenance, I am yours till fatal destiny two years after doomsday. Many write books to knights and men of great place, and have thanks with promise of a further reward for their pains; others come off with a long epistle to some ruffling courtier that swears *Swounds and blood* (as soon as ever their back is turned), *a man cannot go in the streets for these impudent beggars*. To avoid, therefore, as well the worthless attendance on the one as the usual scorn of the other, I have made choice of thy amorous self to be the pleasant patron of my papers. If thou wilt not accept of it, in regard of the envy of some citizens that can not away with argument, I'll prefer it to the soul of Dick Tarleton, who, I know, will entertain it with thanks, imitating herein that merry man Rabelais, who dedicated most of his works to the soul of the old Queen of Navarre many years after her death, for that she was a maintainer of mirth in her life. Marry, God send us more of her making, and then some of us should not live so discontented as we do, for now-a-days a man cannot have a bout with a ballader, or write *Midas habet aures asininas* in great Roman letters, but he shall be in danger of a further displeasure. Well, come on it what will, Martin and I will allow of no such doings; we can crack half a score blades in a back lane, though a constable come not to part us. Neither must you think his worship is too pure to be such a swasher, for as Scipio was called Africanus, not for relieving and restoring but for subverting and destroying of Africa, so he and his companions are called Puritans, not for advancing or supporting of purity by their unspotted integrity, but of their undermining and supplanting it by their manifold heresies. And indeed therein he doth apply himself to that hope which his Holiness the pope and other confederate foreigners have conceived of his towardness. For coming from Venice the last summer, and taking Bergamo in my way homeward to England, it was my hap, sojourning there some four or five days, to light in fellowship with that famous francatrip', Harlequin, who, perceiving me to be an Englishman by my habit and speech, asked me many particulars of the order and manner of our plays, which he termed by the name of representations; amongst other talk he inquired of me if I knew any such parabolano here in London as Signior Chiarlatano Kempino. *Very well*, quoth I, *and have been oft in his company*. He, hearing me say so, began to embrace me anew, and offered me all the courtesy he could for his sake, saying although he knew him not, yet for the report he had heard of his pleasance, he could not but be in love with his perfections, being absent. As we were thus discoursing, I heard such ringing of bells, such singing, such shouting, as though Rhodes had been recovered, or the Turk quite driven out of Christendom; therewithal I might behold an hundred bonfires together, tables spread in the open streets, and banquets

brought in of all hands. Demanding the reason of him that was next me, he told the news was there (thanks be to God) that there was a famous schismatic, one Martin, new sprung up in England, who, by his books, libels, and writings had brought that to pass which neither the Pope by his seminaries, Philip by his power, nor all the Holy League by their underhand practices and policies could at any time effect, for whereas they lived at unity before, and might by no means be drawn unto discord, he hath invented such quiddities to set them together by the ears that now the temporality is ready to pluck out the throats of the clergy, and subjects to withdraw their allegiance from their sovereign, so that in short time it is hoped they will be up in arms one against another whiles we, advantaged by this domestical envy, may invade them unawares when they shall not be able to resist. I, sorry to hear of these triumphs, could not rest till I had related these tidings to my countrymen. If thou hast them at the second hand (fellow Kempe), impute it to the intercepting of my papers, that have stayed for a good wind ever since the beginning of winter. Now they are arrived, make much of them, and with the credit of thy clownery protect thy Cutbert from carpers.

Thine in the way of brotherhood, Cutbert Curry-Knave.

AN ALMOND FOR A PARROT

Welcome, Master Martin, from the dead, and much good joy may you have of your stage-like resurrection. It was told me by the undaunted pursuivants of your sons (and credibly believed in regard of your sins), that your grout-headed holiness had turned up your heels like a tired jade in a meadow, and snorted out your scornful soul like a measled hog on a muckhill, which, had it not been false (as the devil would have it), that long-tongued doctress, Dame Lawson, must have been fain (in spite of inspiration) to have given over speaking in the congregation, and employ her parrot's tongue instead of a wind-clapper to scare the crows from thy carrion. But profound Cliff, the ecclesiastical cobbler, interrupted from his morning exercise with this false alarum, broke up his brotherly love meeting abruptly when the spirit had but newly moved him, and betook him to his solitary shop abutting on the back side of a bulk. Nor was his souterly sorrow so hypocritically ingrateful but he determined, in the abundance of his tears that made a full tide in his blacking tub, to have stitched up your traitorship a tomb of untanned leather wherein, *tanquam culeolo insutus*, he might have sought his fortune in the seas. But, I know not how, this parricide's exequies were prorogued, insomuch as a brother in Christ of his at Northampton fetched a more thriftier precedent of funerals piping hot from the primitive church, which, including but a few words, and those passing well expounded, kept his wainscot from waste and his linen from wearing; sufficeth he tumbled his wife naked into the earth at high noon without sheet or shroud to cover her shame, breathing over her in an audible voice: *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return again*. Tut, tut, a thousand of these pranks make no discord in my young master's discipline, whose reformed fraternity quote scripture so confidently as if they had lately purchased a commission of *cum privilegio ad interpretandum solum* from Christ and His twelve apostles. And indeed, who knows whether Master Martin, being inspired (as erst one of his faction, who, hearing the waites play under his window very early, insulted most impudently that in the midst of his morning prayers he was presented with the melody of angels), so he, in like manner, should vaunt of some revelation wherein the full synod of Lucifer's ministers' angels assembled did parliament all their envy to the subversion of our established ministry, and then comes forth some more subtle spirit of hypocrisy which offers himself to be a false prophet in the mouths of our Martinists, to whom the whole sedition-house of hell condescending, break up their sessions and send this seducer into the world, where, finding no such mutinous seat as the heart of our second Pilate Marprelate, he

chose it instead of a worser, to be unto England as Zedekiah, son of Chenaanah, was unto Ahab. Bear with me, good master pistlemonger, if, in comparing thy knavery my full points seem as tedious to thy Puritan perusers as the Northern man's mile and a way-bit to the weary passenger, for I tell thee troth, till I see what market commission thou hast to assist any man's sentences, I will never subscribe to thy period prescission. And hearest thou, old Martin, did all thy libels jointly shroud so much substance of divinity in their outlandish letters as that one period of uniformity in T.C. directing to obedience, I would think God had been merciful to thee in inspiring thy soul with some one separate motion from reprobation, but when whole reams of paper are blotted with thy hyperbolical blasphemies, and religious matters of controversy more than massacred by thy profane scurrility, I can but suppose thy heart that house swept and garnished, into the which the foul spirit returned with other spirits worse than himself. Malicious hypocrite, didst thou so much malign the successful thrivings of the Gospel that thou shouldst filch thyself, as a new disease, into our government? Wert thou the last instrument of Satan's envy, that, as the abortive child of a chaos of heresies, thou shouldst adorn thy false dealing with the induments of discipline? Methinks I see thee smile from under thy double-faced hood to think how craftily thou hast crept into men's consciences, but wouldst thou observe how ill thy alarums have prospered in our peaceable ears, that make no more breach into our state than the iron horns of those honey-tongued prophets into the arrays of the Aramites (Chronicles 2. and tenth chapter), thou wouldst, with Achitophel, return to thy house (at least if thou hast any) and hang thyself in a melancholy, for that thy counsel was turned to folly. When I first saw thy books, I ascribed thy impudence to the Calabrian wonders of '88, but when '89 beheld thee in a new suit, I imagined the excess of our sins sent thee forth to give railing sentence against us, as Shimei against David in the 2. of Kings. Yet, seely sophister, wouldst thou return the sobriety of thy morning wits to this overworn simile, that the rod which was made to correct, *post destinatum finem*, is cast into the fire, thy despair would deem every dark hole the entrance into hell, thy soul being the city whereof the devil is made free by indenture. And be it true (which pitying report hath avouched), Herostratus' desire to be famous made thee to seal him a conveyance of it many years since, so that now thy notorious pamphlets having passed the press, it is to be feared he will come over thee for covenants, ere many years, to an end. It may be thou hast read Foxe's *Monuments* more idly, where, lighting on the example of Luther, that by his prayers' importunity made the devil to deliver up the obligation of his damnation that sold the joys of heaven for the inheritance of earth, thou hopest, in like manner, in the age of thine iniquities to be restored to eternity by the uncessant invocation of the church which thou termost antichristian. Deceive not thyself, thou man of security, for the enemy of Adam is no poetical Argus, that his eyes should be put out by thy arguments. I tell thee troth, he will bepistle thee so peevishly with allegations of unvenidal sins as though he were born within two houses of Battle Bridge. It is not thy despairing protestations can make thy peace with God, whose church thou hast sought to divide as did Herod's soldiers His garments; we'll give thee leave to tell us a smooth tale of the intercepting of thy treasons, and curry favour like a crafty fox with the civil magistrate in politic terms of fear and reverence, but thy heart is no more disguised in this hypocritical apparel than a trencher Aristippus in the coat of a parasite. Why discourse I so soberly with the mortal enemy of modesty, whenas the filth of the stews, distilled into ribaldry terms, cannot confectionate a more intemperate style than his pamphlets? Thou callest our bishops wicked by comparison, whereas (wert thou stricken, as thou protests, with the untoward events of thy villainies) thou shouldst find the defilings of the 7 deadly sins to have brought thee, by a pleasant pollution, within the positive degree of damnation. What talk I to him of hell or damnation whom Lucifer hath furnished to infection with the painted poison of snout-holy devotion, and all the powers of darkness have adorned as an intelligencer to their kingdom of the infirmities in our flourishing church of England? To this purpose have they inspired him with a most scurrile spirit of lying, that when his eagle-sighted envy can truly attract no argument of infamy, his *poetica licentia* may have a fresh supply of possibilities, that increase by continuance to a complete libel of

leasings. All you that be scholars, read but his last challenge, wherein he lays about him so lamely as though of his limping brother Paget he had lately learned to play at cudgels. But however his crazed cause goes on crutches that was erst so bravely encountered by Pasquin and Marforius, and not many months since most wittily scoffed at by the extemporal endeavour of the pleasant author of *Pap With A Hatchet*, yet is not the old cripple utterly discouraged, or driven clean from his dunghill, but he means to make the persecuted cobblers once more merry. Yet, by your leave, his other days' danger is not so fully digested that he should forget the sanctified martyrs, his brethren, those runagate printers, to whose revenge he bequeatheth a large pistle of railing epithets, and mistermeth our bishops' authority with a whole Textor of tyranny, a few of whose milder terms are of this making, *wicked priests, presumptuous priests, proud prelates, arrogant bishops, horse-leeches, butchers, persecutors of the truth, Lambethical whelps, Spanish Inquisitors*. Think you this miry-mouthed mate a partaker of heavenly inspiration, that thus abounds in his uncharitable railings? Yet are these nothing in comparison of his ancient burly-boned adjuncts, that so pester his former edition with their unwieldy phrase as no true syllogism can have elbow-room where they are, in which alphabet these that follow may be placed: *bouncing priests, terrible priests, venerable masters, proud and pontifical patriopolitans*. Gentle reader, I give you but a taste of them by the way, that you may know them the next time you meet them in your dish, and learn to discern a poisonous scorpion from wholesome fish. Martin, you must think, was moved when his gunpowder papers were fired about his ears, and the spendthrifts, his printers, haled to the prison with their patrimonies. Wherefore I cannot blame him, though he sends abroad his letters of supplication in behalf of his servants that did but his bidding. The church, the church is persecuted amongst you, my masters, and Martin gets ne'er a superintendentship by the shift, but let not Meg Lawson cry once more to the churchwardens for her food, lest she bring with her a camp-royal of scolds to scratch out your eyes. Oh, she will declaim bravely over a cuck-stool, and play the giant in a narrow lane with her distaff. Master Cooper shall have his stipend still at Paul's Chain, or else she will sweat for it. I like such a wench that will stand to her tackling; why, bishops are but men, and she will carry a Martin in her placard in despite of the proudest of them all. Learn of her, you London matrons, to make hoddypolls of your husbands, and lead them like good souls up and down the streets by the horns; let it be seen by your courages in scolding that women have souls, which a bald eloquent brother of yours denied not long since in his sermon at Lichfield. Aye, aye, my masters, you may mock on as you see cause, but I warrant you the good old truepenny Marprelate is not so merry; he sits ruminating under an oak, or in the bottom of a haystack, whose blood shall be first spilt in the reformation of the church. And not without cause, for he that hath so lately felt the pain of worming and lancing cannot but stand in awe of Bull's slicing tools one two months after. O, it is a hare-brained whoreson, and well seen in phlebotomy; if 'a but once take knife in hand, cha will as soon let out the seditious humours forth a Martinist's body as the best he in England that hath been twenty years practitioners in surgery. Good monkey-face Machiavel, show but thy head once, and try him at my request, and if he do it not more handsomely than those whom thou callest butchers and horse-leeches, then never trust an old lad whilst thou livest. However it happens, thou bearest thy resolution in thy mouth at high midnight, and hast scripture enough to carry thee to heaven, though thou wert hanged tomorrow. *We fear not men that can kill the body, quoth Martin, because we fear God, who can cast both body and soul into unquenchable fire*. Dost thou fear God indeed? I pray thee, good hedge-creeper, how shall we know that? What, by the smoothing of thy face, the simpering of thy mouth, or staring of thy eyes? Why, if that be to fear God, I'll have a spare fellow shall make me a whole quest of faces for three farthings. But thou wilt peradventure say, *by thy obedience unto him*. Then will I catechise thee more kindly with a few more Christian questions, the first whereof shall be this, *wherein thou placest obedience*, which, if thou answerest, *by doing that which God hath commanded in His word*, then would I know of thee whether that of Paul be canonical or apocrypha, *He that resisteth the magistrate, resisteth the ordinances of God*. And here I

am sure to be had by the ears with a Geneva note of the distinction of magistrates, but all that shall not serve your turns, for I'll drive you from your *Dic Ecclesiae* ere I have done. Ware the unmasking of Martin; when it comes, 'tis like to be a shrewd pistle, I can tell you. Prepare your arguments as you will, for Mar-Martin Junior means to make such havoc of you in that, his next piece of service, as all your borrowed weapons of *simple T.C.* shall not be able to withstand. For your old soaking Demonstrationer, that hath scraped up such a deal of scripture to so little purpose, I'll leave his confusion to the vacant leisure of our graver divines who, I know, did they but once set pen to paper, would grind his discipline to powder. Thou art the man, old Martin of England, that I am to deal withal, that strives to outstrip all our writers in wit, and justle our government forth of doors with a jest. What, we must not let you pass with such favourable terms as our grave Fathers have done; your books must be looked over, and you beaten like a dog for your lying. I think, I think I shall have occasion to close with you sweetly in your Hay Any Work For A Cooper, and cut off the trains of your tedious syllogisms, that now have no less than seven or eight termini waiting on them. Fortify your ruinous buildings betimes, and say he was your friend that bade you, for I can tell you thus much, a whole host of Pasquils are coming upon you who will so beleaguer your paper walls as that not one idle word shall escape the edge of their wit. I give thee but a bravado now, to let thee know I am thine enemy, but the next time you see Mar-Martin in arms, bid your sons and your family provide them to Godward, for I am eagerly bent to revenge, and not one of them shall escape, no, not T.C. himself, as full as he is of his miracles. But to pursue Master Protestationer in his commonplace of persecution. I remember we talked even now of a dudgeon distinction from which my Bedlam brother Wigginton and polt-foot Paget, with the rest of those patches, strive to derive their discipline disobedience. Our ecclesiastical government and governors, say they, are wicked and unlawful. Why? because Sir Peter and Sir Paul were never Archbishops of Canterbury, London, or York. They were fishermen, and were not able. When Caesar's officers demanded their tribute to make five groats amongst them, then what reason is it our bishops should enjoy their five hundreds, nay, that which is more, their thousand and two thousands? They were none of these carter-caps, graduates, nor doctors, therefore why should we tie our ministry to the profane studies of the university? What is logic but the highway to wrangling, containing in it a world of bibble-babble? Need we any of your Greek, Latin, Hebrew, or any such gibberish when we have the word of God in English? Go to, go to, you are a great company of vain men, that stand upon your degrees and tongues, with tittle-tattle I cannot tell what, whenas (if you look into the matter as you ought) the apostles knew ne'er a letter of the book. Iwis it were not two pins' hurt if your colleges were fired over your heads, and you turned a-begging forth your fellowships like friars and monks, up and down the country. Aye, marry, sir, this is somewhat like; now Martin speaks like himself. I dare say for him, good man, he could be contented there were ne'er a Master of Art, Bachelor of Divinity, doctor or bishop in England, on that condition he pressed fishermen, scullers, coopers, stitchers, weavers, and cobblers into their places. You talk of a *Harmony of the Churches*, but here would be a consort of knavery worth the publishing to all posterity. Would you not laugh to see Cliff the cobbler and Newman the souter jerking out their elbows in every pulpit? Why, I am sure Lady Lawson would fast man's flesh a whole month together but she would give either of them a gown-cloth on that condition. Myself do know a zealous preacher in Ipswich that, being but awhile ago a stage-player, will now take upon him to brandish a text against bishops as well as the best Martinist in all Suffolk. Why, I pray you go no farther than Batter; have we not there a reverend pastor of Martin's own making that understands not a bit of Latin, nor ne'er did so much as look towards the university in his life? Yet you see for a need he can help discipline out of the dirt, and come over our clergy very handsomely with an *here is to be noted*. Oh, he is old dog at expounding, and dead sure at a catechism, always provided that it be but half a sheet long, and he be two years about it. And well too, my masters, for such a one that vaunts himself to be, as he is, as good a gentleman every inch of him as any is in all Staffordshire. Be what he will, one thing I wot, he is seldom without a good cheese in his study, besides

apples and nuts, although his wife can never come at them. I heard not long since of a stout conference he had with a young scholar who, taking my desk-man somewhat tardy in his disputations, told him he was inspired with too much logic. Whereunto he replied with this solemn protestation, *I thank God all the world cannot accuse me of that art.* I hope anon, Master Martin, I shall be meetly even with you for your knavery, if I go but two mile further in your ministry. It is not the primitive church shall bear out the vicar of Little Down in Norfolk in groping of his own hens like a cotqueen; I am to come over him, when I have more leisure, for his ten shillings sermons at Thetford, wherein if he rave as he was wont to do, I'll make him wish that he had been still usher of Westminster. Well, to the purpose. You say bishops are no magistrates because they are no lawful magistrates. Is it even so, brother Timothy? Will it never be better? Must I ever lead you up and down antiquity by the nose like an ass? May neither scriptures nor Fathers go for payment with you, but still you will be reducing us to the precedent of the persecuted church, and so confound the discipline of war and peace? If you will needs make us the apes of all your extremities, why do not you urge the use of that community wherein Ananias and Sapphira were unfaithful? Persuade noblemen and gentlemen to sell their lands and lay the money at your feet; take away the title of mine and thine from amongst us, and let the world know you hereafter by the name of Anabaptists. Admit that the authority of bishops were as unlawful as you would make it, yet since it is imposed unto them by the prince's own mouth, and ratified by the approbation of so many kings and emperors, as well in their particular parliaments as general councils, you are bound in conscience to reverence it, and in all humility to regard it, insomuch as Christ denied not tribute to Caesar, an usurper, nor appealed from Pilate, a pagan, who occupied that place by the intrusion of tyranny. Were the Israelites in captivity any whit exempted from the obedience of subjects in that they lived under the sceptre of Nebuchadnezzar, an idolater, who had blasphemed their God, defaced their temple, and defiled their holy vessels? Nay, are they not expressly commanded by the Lord's own mouth to honour him as their king? How can they then escape the damnation of contempt, that, being private subjects to such a virtuous sovereign as is zealous of God's glory, will control her disposing of honours, and oppose unto public derision those the especial pillars and ornaments of her state, whom she hath graced from their infancy with so many sundry ascents of dignities? But were this all, then should not treason be such a branch of your religion as it is. Have not you and your followers undermined her Grace's throne as much as traitors might? Call to mind the bad practice of your brother the bookbinder and his accomplices at Bury, who, being as hot-spirited as your worships in the schismatical subject of reformation, and seeing it would not come off half kindly to their contentment, made no more ado, but added this new posy to her Majesty's arms: *Those that be neither hot nor cold, I'll spew them out of my mouth, saith the Lord.* Deny this, and I'll bring a whole assizes as *Obsignatos testes* of your treachery. To come nearer to thee, Brother Martin. Hast not thou in thy first book against Doctor Bridges, as also in *Hay Any Work For Cooper*, excluded her Highness from all ecclesiastical government, saying she hath neither skill nor commission, as she is a magistrate, to substitute any member or minister in the church? And in another place, that there is neither use nor place in the church for members, ministers, or officers of the magistrate's making? If this will not come in compass of treason, then farewell the title of supremacy, and welcome again unto popery. By this time, I think, goodman Puritan, that thou art persuaded that I know (as well as thy own conscience) thee, namely Martin Makebate of England, to be a most scurvy and beggarly benefactor to obedience & *per consequens*, to fear neither men nor that God who can cast both body and soul into unquenchable fire. In which respect I neither account you of the church nor esteem of your blood otherwise than the blood of infidels. Talk as long as you will of the joys of heaven or pains of hell, and turn from yourselves the terror of that judgment how you will, which shall bereave blushing iniquity of the fig-leaves of hypocrisy, yet will the eye of immortality discern of your painted pollutions as the ever-living food of perdition. The humours of my eyes are the habitations of fountains, and the circumference of my heart the enclosure of tearful contrition, when I think how many souls at that moment shall carry

the name of Martin on their foreheads to the vale of confusion, in whose innocent blood thou, swimming in hell, shalt have the torments of ten thousand thousand sinners at once inflicted upon thee. There will envy, malice and dissimulation be ever calling for vengeance against thee, and mercy will say unto thee, *I know thee not*, and repentance, *What have I to do with thee?* All hopes shall shake the head at thee and say, *There goes the poison of purity, the perfection of impiety, the serpentine seducer of simplicity.* Zeal herself will cry out upon thee, and curse the time that ever she was masked by thy malice who, like a blind leader of the blind, sufferedst her to stumble at every step in religion, and madest her seek, in the dimness of her sight, to murder her mother, the church, from whose paps thou, like an envious dog, but yesterday pluckest her. However, proud scorner, thy whorish impudency may happen hereafter to insist in the derision of these fearful denunciations and sport thy jester's pen at the speech of my soul, yet take heed lest despair be predominant in the day of thy death, and thou, instead of calling for mercy to thy Jesus, repeat more oftener to thyself, *Sic morior damnatus ut Iudas.* And thus much, Martin, in the way of compassion, have I spoke for thy edification, moved thereto by a brotherly commiseration, which, if thou be not too desperate in thy devilish attempts, may reform thy heart to remorse and thy pamphlets to some more profitable theme of repentance. But now, have at thee for the goodness of the cause, of which thou sayest: *We must not reason from the success.* Trust me, therein thou hast spoke wiser than thou art aware of, for if a man should imagine of fruit by the rottenness, of garments by the moth frets, of wine by the sourness, I warrant him forever being good costard-monger, broker, or vintner whiles he lives. Therefore we must not measure of Martin as he is allied to Elderton or tongued like Will Tony, as he was attired like an ape on the stage or sits writing of pamphlets in some spare outhouse, but as he is Marprelate of England, as he surpasseth king and collier in crying, *So ho ho, brother Bridges. Wo ho ho, John a London. Ha ha he, Doctor Copcot.* Do this, and I warrant you for savouring of the flesh, though you take the opportunity of the spirit with every sister in Christ. Behold the state of the Low Countries, since your plaintiff pistler will needs make the comparison; suppose Martin to be the map of *Belgia dilacerata*, whose chief provinces, as they are wholly possessed with Spaniards, so think his heart and soul inhabited with spite; they Romists in the matter of religion, and he a papist in supremacy's contradiction; her inward parts possessed with Anabaptists and Lutherans, and his more private opinions polluted with the dregs of them both; her farthest borders of Holland and Zeeland peopled, God wot, with a small number of unperfect Protestants, and the furthest and fewest of his thoughts taken up with some odd true points of religion. How now, Father Martin, have not I hit your meaning pat in this comparison? Say, will you have any more such interpretations? If you say Amen to it, I'll also reconcile your allegorical induction of France to the present constitution of your frowardness, but that shall not need, since the misery of the one is the mirror of the other, and the reader must suppose that Martin would ne'er have compared himself to Flanders nor France but as they reflect by allusion the distraction of his factious faith. However you take him at the worst, yet is his Welshness persuaded that the Lord hath some special purpose, by preventing of his press, to try who they be that are hypocrites, and what they be that are innocent. And not unlike, too, for having interrupted the traffic of honesty so long as thou hast with thy counterfeit knavery, 'tis more than high time thy underhand treachery were brought to the touchstone of authority. You think we know not how prettily your printers were shrouded under the name of saltpetre men, so that who but Hodgkins, Tomlyns, and Simms at the undermining of a house and undoing of poor men by digging up their floors and breaking down their walls. No, no, we never heard how orderly they pretended the printing of accidents when my Lord of Derby's men came to see what they were a-doing. What though they damned themselves about the denial of the deed; is perjury such a matter amongst Puritans? Tush, they account it no sin as long as it is in the way of protestation, being in the mind of a good old fellow in Cambridge, who, sitting in St. John's as senior at the fellows' election, was reprehended by some of his betters for that he gave his voice with a dunce like himself, contrary to oath, statute, and conscience: *Why*, quoth he, *I neither respect oath, statute, nor*

conscience, but only the glory of God. Men are but men and may err; yea, goodman Spe. himself in Paul's Churchyard, although he saith he hath no sin. What marvel is it then, though some corruption cleave unto our aged gentleman by his own confession? Learn of me to judge charitably, and think that nature took a scouring purgation when she voided all her imperfections in the birth of one Martin, which, if it be so, he is not to be blamed, since, as Aristotle says, *vitia naturae non sunt reprehendenda*. Gibe on, gibe on, and see if your father, Mar-Martin, will bear you out in it or no. You think the good sweet-faced prelate, Mass Martin, hath never broke sword in ruffians' hall; yes, that he hath, more than one or two if the truth were known, and fought for his wench as bravely as the best of them all. Therefore take heed how you come in his way lest he belabour you with his crab-tree style for your lustiness, and teach you how to look into a Martin's nest again while you live. Alas, you are but young, and never knew what his bumfegging meant, for, if you did, you would think five hundred fists about your ears were more than physic in a frosty morning. Write or fight, which you will, our champion is for you at all weapons; whether you choose the word or the sword, neither comes amiss to him. He never took his domestical dissension in hand to leave it soon. All England must be up together by the ears before his pen rest in peace, nor shall his rebellious mutinies, which he shrouds under the age of Martinism, have any *intermedium* till religion's prosperity and our Christian liberty, mistermed of him by the last year of Lambethism, do perish from amongst us and depart to our enemies; then shall you see what seditious buildings will arise on the unfortunate foundations of his folly, and what contentious increase will come from the school of contempt.

If they will needs overthrow me, let them go in hand with the exploit, etc.

Holla, holla, brother Martin, you are too hasty; what, winter is no time to make wars in. You were best stay till summer, and then both our brains will be in a better temperature, but I think ere that time your wit will be well-nigh worn threadbare, and your bankrupt invention clean out at the elbows. Then are we well holpen up with a witness if the aged champion of Warwick do not lay to his shoulders and support discipline, ready to lie in the dust, with some or other *Demonstration*. I can tell you, Philip Stubbs is a tall man also for that purpose. What, his *Anatomy of Abuses*, for all that, will serve very fitly for an antepast before one of Egerton's sermons; I would see the best of your Traverses write such a treatise as he hath done against short-heeled pantofles. But one thing, it is great pity of him that, being such a good fellow as he is, he should speak against dice so as he doth; nevertheless, there is some hope of him, for as I heard not long since, a brother of his, meeting him by chance (as thieves meet at the gallows), after many Christian questions of the welfare of his persecuted brethren and sistern, asked him when they should have a game at tables together. *By the grace of God, the next Sabbath, quoth Philip, and then, if it shall so seem good to His providence, have at you for ambs-ace and the dice.* I forget to tell you what a stir he keeps against dumb ministers, and never writes nor talks of them but he calleth them minstrels, when his mastership in his minority played the reader in Cheshire for five mark a year and a canvas doublet, covenanted besides that in consideration of that stipend he make clean the patron's boots every time he came to town. What need more words to prove him a Protestant? Did not he behave himself like a true Christian when he went a-wooing for his friend Clarke? I warrant you, he said not *God save you*, or *God speed you*, with *Good even* or *Good morrow*, as our profane wooers are wont, but stepped close to her with *Peace be with you* very demurely, and then told her a long tale, that insomuch as widowhood was an unclean life and subject to many temptations, she might do well to reconcile herself to the church of God in the holy ordinance of matrimony. Many words passed to this purpose, but I wot well the conclusion was this, that since she had hitherto conversed with none but unregenerate persons, and was utterly careless of the communion of saints, she would let him, that was a man of God, put a new spirit into her by carnal copulation, and so engraft her into the fellowship of the faithful, to which, that she

might more willingly agree, he offered her a spick and span new Geneva Bible, that his attendant Italian had brought with him, to make up the bargain. But for all the scripture he could allege, it should not bee; Philip Stubbs was no meat for her tooth. God wot he could not get a pennyworth of lechery on such a pawn as his Bible was; the man behind the painted cloth marred all, and so, O grief, a good Sabbath day's work was lost. Stand to it, Mar-Martin Junior, and thou art good enough for ten thousand of them; tickle me my Philip a little more in the flank and make him winch like a resty jade whereto a dreaming divine of Cambridge, in a certain private sermon of his, compared the wicked. Sayest thou me so, good heart, then have at you, master compositor, with the construction of *Sunt oculos clari qui cernis sydera tanquam*. If you be remembered, you were once put to your trumps about it in Wolfe's printing-house, whenas you would needs have *clari* the infinitive mood of a verb passive, which determined, you went forwards after this order. *Sunt*, there are, *oculos*, eyes, *qui*, the which, *cernis*, thou dost see, *clari*, to be clear, *tanquam sydera*, as the stars. Excellent well done of an old Master of Art, yet why may not he by authority challenge to himself for this one piece of work the degrees he never took? Learning is a jewel, my masters, make much of it, and Philip Stubbs a gentleman every hair of his head, whom, although you do not regard according as he deserves yet I warrant you Martin makes more account of him than so, who hath substituted him long since (if the truth were well bolted out) amongst the number of those privy Martinists which he threatens to place in every parish. I am more than half weary of tracing to and fro in this cursed commonwealth, where sinful simplicity, puffed up with the pride of singularity, seeks to pervert the name and method of magistracy. But as the most of their arguments are drawn from our grave fathers' infirmities, so all their outrageous endeavours have their offspring from affected vainglory, agreeing with the saying of Hugo: *Innobedientiae morbus ex superbiae tumore procedit, sicut sanies ex ulcere*, The disease of disobedience proceeds from the swelling of pride, as madness from some intolerable ulcer. The cause whereof Gregory thus expresseth: *Dum plus exquirunt, saith he, contemplando quam capiunt, usque ad peruersa dogmata erumpunt, & dum veritatis discipuli esse negligunt, humiliter magistri erroris fiunt*, Whiles by study they search out more than they understand, they break forth into perverse opinions, and whiles they neglect to be the scholars of truth, they most basely become the schoolmasters of error. For such is the boldness of our boyish divines that they will leap into the pulpit before they have learned *Stans puer ad mensam*, and talk very desperately of discipline before they can construe *Qui mihi discipulus*. *Qui venit institui, saith Cassiodorus, antequam instituatur, alios instituere cupit, etc.* The novice that comes to be informed desireth to inform others before he be informed himself, and to teach before he be taught, to prescribe laws before he hath read Littleton, & play the subtle philosopher before he knows the order of his syllables; he will needs have subjects before he can subjugate his affections, and covets the office of a commander before he hath learned to stoop to the admonitions of his elders, and beginneth to instruct and persuade before he be instructed and persuaded in any kind of art, which [sic?] their folly, once fuelled with frowardness of blind zeal, makes them confound contempt with God's true worship, & open their mouths against His ordinance, as did the prophets against Jeroboam's hill-altars. T.C. in Cambridge first invented this violent innovation whenas his mounting ambition went through every kind of *ambitus* to compass the office of the vice-chancellorship. But after he saw himself disfavoured in his first insolence, and that the suffrages of the university would not descend to his dissentious indignities, his seditious discontent devised the means to discredit that government which he, through his ill behaviour, might not aspire to. Then began his inveterate malice to undermine the foundations of our societies and reduce our colleges to the schools of the prophets, to discard all degrees of art as antichristian, to condemn all decency in the ministry as diabolical, and exclude all ecclesiastical superiority forth the church as apocrypha. No sooner had these newfangled positions entered the tables of young students but singularity, the eldest child of heresy, consulted with malcontented melancholy how to bring this misbegotten schism to a monarchy. To which purpose hypocritical zeal was addressed as a pursuivant into all places of Suffolk, Norfolk,

Essex and Middlesex, with express commandment from the synod of saints to proclaim T.C. supreme head of the church. This passed on thus while the sword of justice slept in his scabbard, whose unprovident eye, neglecting the beginning of such burnings, hath added a more confirmed fury to the flame which hath now taken hold on the buildings of our bishoprics. How it hath raged in those quarters before mentioned, to the utter impoverishment of the allegiance of the commonalty and lamentable undoing of the estimation of divers other knights and gentlemen, the whole course of the High Commission may testify. Neither was this plague of apostasy undeserved of their inconstancy who forsook the true service of God to worship the idol of Warwick. Put case his reading be great and his malice more, that he hath plodded through ten cart-load of paper and been the death of ten thousand pound of candles, yet, as Gregory saith, *perit omne quod agitur, si non humilitate custodiat*, Whatsoever is done doth vanish to infamy if it be not upholden by humility. What child doth not see into the pride of his heart that first entertained the impudency of controlling antiquity, and preferred the poison of his own perverse opinions before the experience of so many churches, councils and fathers? *Quae maior superbia*, saith Bernard, *quam ut unus homo toti congregationi iudicium suum preferat, tanquam ipse solus habeat spiritus Dei?* What greater pride than that one man should advance his judgment above the sentence of a whole congregation, as if he alone had the spirit of God? Pride overthrew the tower of Babel, prostrated Goliath, hung up Haman, killed Nicanor, consumed Herod, destroyed Antiochus, drowned Pharaoh, subverted Sennacherib &, I hope, will also confound arrogant T.C. and all his accomplices in the Lord's good time. And now that I have unburdened my shoulders of the weight of his learning, I'll rib-roast my brother Martin a little for objecting to my Lord Archbishop the not answering of his books. Therefore first would I know of sweet Martin Sauce-Malapert whether he would have the care of the commonwealth and foreseeing consultation of domestical and foreign affairs resigned to the retorting of T.C. his unreverent railings? Next, what such equal proportion his mastership finds in their places, that the gravity and mildness of the one should stoop his attention so low as the jangling levity of the other? Were there no other thing to refrain his Grace from combating with a common barrator than this, that *in discordia nemo benedicit Dominum*, it were sufficient to plead his absence from this inferior fight. But when he considers that saying of Augustine, *Nullus est modus inimicitias, nisi ob tempus obtemporemus iratis*, there is no mean of malice unless for a time we give place to the furious, & that which another says, *Sicut nihil est deformius quam respondere furiosis, ita nihil utilius quam tacere prouocatis*, As there is nothing more unseemly than to answer the froward, so there is nothing more profitable than silence to such as are provoked. Let him use the liberty of his speech as he please, and detract from his learning in what terms he see cause, yet will all Christendom admire his perfection when T.C. his singularity shall go a-begging up and down the Low Countries. I will not gainsay but your reverend pastor may have as knavish a vein in writing as yourself, and fasten a slander on the saints of heaven as soon as any of your sect, for *nil tam facile est*, as Jerome saith, *quam ociosum & dormientem de aliorum labore & vigiliis disputare*, There is nothing so easy for a man that is sluggish and idle as to call in question other men's watchings and labours. *Mens praua*, saith Gregory, *semper in laboribus est, quia aut molitur mala quae inferat, vel metuit ne sibi ab aliis inferantur, & quicquid contra proximos cogitat, hoc contra se a proximis cogitari formidat*, A wicked mind lives in continual toil because it either meditates the injuries which he is about to infer, or fears some reproach to be inferred by others, and whatsoever he pretends against his neighbour, the same he mistrusts to be pretended against himself. If T.C. hath made thee his attorney to urge the not answering of his books, then I pray thee be my Mercury this once, and tell him thus much from Mar-Martin, that he hath undone more printers with his piebald pamphlets than his dish-clout discipline will set up again this seven years. Much ink-horn stuff hath he uttered in a jarring style, and intruded a great deal of trash to our ears by a dainty figure of *idem per idem*, but for any new piece of art he hath showed in those idle editions, other than that his famous adversary hath beforetime confuted, he may well enough bequeath it to Duncie or Dorbel, whence his

blundering capacity is lineally descended. What, master T.C., you think no man dare touch you because you have played the scurvy scold any time these thirty years, but I'll so hamper your holiness for all the offences of your youth as all jeering Puritans shall have small cause to insult and rejoice at my silence. Then see whether I dare stand to the defence of your defame or no. Take heed, goodman Howliglass, that I make not such a hole in your coat the next term as Martin and his sons shall not sew up in haste; I tell you, I am a shrewd fellow at the uncasing of a fox, and have cat's-eyes to look into every corner of a Puritan's house. I warrant you my brother Paget will say so by that time I have talked with him a little, who, although he be none of the straightest men that ever God made, yet hath he as good skill in milch-bullocks as any housewife within forty miles of his head. Let him alone, and if he do not know by a cow's water how many pints of milk she will give in a year, then will he never help his wife to make cheese again whiles he lives, and without offence to his pastorship be it spoken, he will say prettily well to a hen if she be not too old, always provided she have a nest of clean straw in his study, and he grope her with his own hands evening and morning. Then see if he do not make three pounds a year of her, over and above all costs and charges; aye, marry, sir, is not this a husband indeed that, besides the multiplying of the church of God in his household ministry, will keep his wife and family by cross-bargains a whole twelve month? What would he do, my masters, if he had two good legs, that will thus bestir him in his vocation with one and a stump? The world may say he is lame and so forth, but he that had seen him run from Houns. the other day for getting his maid with child would never think so. I marvel with what face our bishops could deprive such a man of God, that, being known to be a most heavenly whoremaster, a passing zealous worldling, and a most mortified schismatic was fitter, iwis, to teach men than boys. Be ruled by Martin, and send him home into Devonshire, or else he will wrap all your clergy once again in Lazarus' winding-sheet. Which favour, if he obtain contrary to desert, I would wish him, as a friend, ne'er more to urge fathers to swear at the font that the children that are brought thither to be christened are of none but their own begetting, lest old Ragdale ply him, as he did in times past, about the shoulders with his plow-staff. Have with you, Giles Wigginton, to Sedbergh, and let us have you make another sermon of Sedgewick's pack-pricks, or such another prayer as you did of three hours long, whenas a friend of yours (that best knew your arms) cast in the ram's horns at your window. If you be remembered, it was the same time when you cried, *Come wife, come servants, let us fall on our knees and pray to the Lord God to deliver us from all evil temptation, for the devil is even now gone by, and look where he hath thrown in his horns at the window.* Giles, Giles, I have to talk with you for your sauciness with the right honourable, the Earl of Huntington, in whose presence you (though of all other unworthy) then being, when, conversant with other gentlemen, he called for a bowl of beer, which brought and set down by him, and he yet busy in talk, you took very orderly from before him and trilled it off without any more bones, bidding his man, if he would, go fill him another. And what of all this, I pray you? Was that such a wondrous matter? Doth Giles care for any of your lords, earls, barons or bishops? No, no, no barrel better herring with him; we are all made of one and the selfsame mould, and Adam signifieth but red earth. I could tell you a tale worth the hearing that would countervail Glibbery of Hawstead, were it not that it would make Master Wigginton as choleric as when he burst in the church, maugre excommunication, & knocked the keys about the sexton's head for not opening unto him. Come on it what will, in spite of midsummer moon, you shall have it as it is; therefore attend, good people, to the unfortunate sequel. Giles Wigginton of Wigginton house in the land of Little Witham, chosen to the place & function of a pastor by those reverend elders of the church, Hick, Hob and John, Cutbert Cliff the cobbler and Newman the broom-seller, *cum multis aliis que nunc prescribere longum est*, at length seized (after many years' straggling) on the superintendentship of Sedbergh, where, having worn out three or four pulpits with the unreasonable bouncing of his fists, it was his chance on a time to have one quarrel more to another of them; so that no sooner mounted on her back but he began to spur her with his heels, to box her about the ears with his elbows, and piteously misuse her in every part as would have grieved any heathen joiner to the heart

to behold. Nor could his text contain him in this choler, or plead any pardon or pity for this poor pulpit, but he would needs ride her to death from one diocese to another, from York to London, from London to Canterbury, from Canterbury to Winchester, and all without a bait, insomuch that, tired in his way homeward to his text, he had stuck in the mire for any more matter he had, had not John a Borhead come into the church as he did. Whom he espying in good time, crossed the midway of a sentence to let fly at him in this manner: *As for the discipline which those wretches do hinder -- Look, look, good people where that vile whoremaster John a Borhead comes in piping hot from Claypham's wife.* Whose very sight put him so clean beside himself that he could neither go forward nor backward, but still repeated *John a Borhead, John a Borhead, that vild whoremaster John a Borhead, to whom with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost be all honour and praise both now and forever.* Ah ha, master Martin, what get you now by your red cap? Whether was Claypham's wife or John a Borhead more in fault for marring this good sermon? If John a Borhead, then is it not best for him to come in my brother Wigginton's way, lest he stab him, as he did the drum once for playing after service. However it was, may it please you, lords of the spirituality, in consideration of these laudable premises, to send him home to his charge, that he may once more preach in the yew-tree. My brother Udall of Kingston thinks I'll spare him for his wife's sake, that is reported to be as good a wench as ever played her prizes at Pancrudge, although she is not altogether such a giantess as my brother Wigginton's female, but *forma fragilis*, and ale is not worth a button if it be too stale. Wherefore prepare you, good neighbour Udall, to undergo the cross of persecution. Martin hath vaunted you to be a venturous knight, and I do mean to break a lance with you ere you and I part. Wherefore, what say you now to the matter, is Christ descended of bastardism or no, as you gave out in the pulpit? Would you not have your tongue cut out for your blasphemy if you were well served? Are you a notable preacher of the word of God and a vehement reprover of sin, that thus seek to discredit the fleshly descent of our Saviour? I thought you such another when I first saw you emblazoned in Martin's books. 'Tis you that are so holy that you will not, forsooth, be seen to handle any money, nor take gold, though it should filch itself into your purse, but if God moved the hearts of any of your brethren of sistren in the Lord to bring in pots, beds, or household stuff into your house, you would go out of doors of purpose whiles it was brought in, and then if any man asked you how you come so well stored, your answer is that you know not how, but only by the providence of God. I must belabour you, when all is done, for your backbiting & slandering of your honest neighbours, and open inveighing against the established government in your sermons. Help him, Martin, or else his upbraided absurdities will make thee repent that ever thou beliedst or disgraced Hone, Cottington or Chatfield in his cause. May it please you, therefore, that are in authority, considering how reverently he hath abused Christ's birthright, to restore him to preach, that the blocks, stocks and stones of Kingston do not cry out against you. I follow the rivers of folly whiles the fountains of infection do propagate their poison. Martin all this while thinks himself in league with obscurity whiles Phoebus, the discoverer of Mars & Venus' adultery, hath streamed his bright daylight into the net where he danceth. Blush, squint-eyed caitiff, since thy covert no more will contain thee. *Coelum te contegit, non habes urnam.* Therefore let all posterity that shall hear of his knavery attend the discovery which now I will make of his villainy. Penry, John Penry, Welsh Penry, Penry the Protestationer, Demonstrationer, Supplicationer, Appellationer, Penry the father, Penry the son, Penry Martin Junior, Martin Martinus, Penry the scholar of Oxford to his friend in Cambridge, Penry *totum in toto, & totum in qualibet parte*, was sometimes (if I be not deceived), a scholar of that house in Cambridge whereof Dr. Perne was master. Where, what his estimation was, the scorn wherein he lived can best relate. For the constitution of his body, it was so clean contrary to all physiognomy of fame that a man would have judged, by his face, God and nature, devising our disgrace, had enclosed a close-stool in skin, and set a serpentine soul, like a counterfeit diamond, more deep in dung. Neither was this monster of Cracovia unmarked from his bastardism to mischief, but as he was begotten in adultery and conceived in the heat of lust, so was he brought into the world

on a tempestuous day, and born in that hour when all planets were opposite. Predestination, that foresaw how crooked he should prove in his ways, enjoined incest to spawn him splay-footed. Eternity, that knew how awkward he should look to all honesty, consulted with conception to make him squint-eyed, and the Devil, that discovered by the heavens' disposition on his birthday how great a limb of his kingdom was coming into the world, provided a rusty superficies wherein to wrap him as soon as ever he was separated from his mother's womb; in every part whereof these words of blessing were most artificially engraven, *Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, limine lustus*. To leave his nativity to the church-porch, where the parish found him, & come to his riper years, that now had learned *Puerilis* of the poor man's boy, and ne'er as prettily entered in Ave Maria English as any parish clerk in those parts, I am to tell you how laudably he behaved himself in Peterhouse during the time of his subsistership. First, therefore, he began with his religion at his first coming thither, *Hoc scitote viri*, that he was as arrant a papist as ever came out of Wales. I tell you, John a Penry in those days would have run a false gallop over his beads with any man in England, and helped the priest for a shift to say Mass at high midnight, which, if need were, I doubt not but he would do at this hour. It was not for nothing, my masters, that he so bebaited his betters for showing the people of the relic of Our Lady's smock in his sermon, & open detecting of all their other blind superstition. Say what you will, he is a close lad, & can carry a ring in his mouth though all the world see it not. What though he now dissemble with the time, & disguise his Spanish heart in a Precisian's habit? May not he hereafter prove a necessary member in conspiracy's commonwealth, & advantage the Holy League as much in this means of sedition as all Philip's power by invasion? Simple Englishmen, that cannot see into policy before it surprise your peace, nor interrupt the ambition of treachery before it hath besieged your prosperity, do you behold whiles innovations bud, & do not you fear lest your children and family be poisoned with the fruit? The Scythians are barbarous, yet more foreseeing than you, who so detested all foreign innovations tending to the derogation of their ancient customs that they killed Anacharsis for no other cause but for that he performed the rites of Sibyl after the manner of the Grecians. What should I upbraid your simplicity with the Epidaurians' provident subtlety, who, fearing lest their countrymen should attract innovations from other nations, & especially from their riotous neighbours, the Illyrians, interdicted their merchants from all traffic with them or travel unto them, but lest they should be utterly destitute of their commodities, they chose a grave man amongst them, known to be of good government and reputation, who dealt continually for the whole country in the way of exchange, and marvellously augmented their wealth by the reverence of his wisdom. But you, fond men, as in garments so in government continually affecting new fashions, think no man can be saved that hath not been at Geneva. Your belief, forsooth, must be of that Scottish kind, & your Bibles of the primitive print, else your consciences, God wot, are not of the canonical cut, nor your opinions of the Apostles' stamp. Penry, with Pan, hath contended with Apollo, and you, like Midases, have overprized his music. Good God, that a Welsh harp should enchant so many English hearts to their confusion, especially having ne'er a string belonging to it but a treble. Had a siren sung, & I drowned in listening to her descant, I would have bequeathed my bane to her beauty, but when Cerberus shall bark and I turn back to listen, then let me perish without pity in the delight of my living destruction. Deceit hath took up his seat in a dunce, & you think him a saint because he comes not in the shape of a devil. We know Master Penry *intus & in cute*, first for a papist, then for a Brownist, next for an Anabaptist, & last for that blasphemous Martin whose spirit is the concrete compound of all these unpardonable heresies. But had not the frantic practice of his youth throughly founded his confirmed age in this fury, I would have imagined his upstart spite a wonder above usual speech, whereas now the conjectures drawn from his cradles detract from his malice all marvels. For whiles he was yet a freshman in Peterhouse, and had scarce tasted, as we say, of Seton's *modalibus*, he began to affect factions in art, & show himself openly a studious disgracer of antiquity. Who then such an unnatural enemy to Aristotle, or such a newfangled friend unto Ramus? This one thing I am sure of, he never went for other than

an ass amongst his companions and equals, yet such a mutinous blockhead was he always accounted that through town and college he was commonly called the seditious dunce. For one while he would be libelling against Aristotle and all his followers he knew, another while he would all to-berime Doctor Perne for his new statutes, & make a byword of his bald pate; yea, had the dean, president or any other officer never so little angered him, they were sure ere the week went about to have heard of it in some libel or other. This humour held him at that time, when, by conversing with Frenchmen near Christ's College, of a papist he became a Brownist; how afterwards from a Brownist he fell to be an Anabaptist, I refer it to those that knew his after behaviour in Oxford. But for his last descent, *a malo in peius*, from an Anabaptist to be that infamous Martin, impute it to the age of his heresies, that are now in their harvest. Neither would I have you think there was no more heads in it than his own, for I can assure you to the contrary that most of the Puritan preachers in Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Suffolk and Norfolk have either brought stone, straw or mortar to the building of this Martin. Only *Pen.* found nothing but *ry*, which the last part of his name affordeth sufficiently. You may see what it is for a nest of hornets to hive together. Oh, they will make brave combs to choke bees withal if they be let alone but one quarter; not so much as T.C. himself but will have the help of his fellow brethren if he hath anything to write against bishops. Were not all the elected in Cambridge assembled about the shaping of the confutation of the Rhemish Testament? O, so devoutly they met every Friday at Saint Lawrence his monastery, where the councils and fathers were distributed amongst several companies, & every one of the reformed society sent their combined quotations week by week in a cap-case to my brother Thomas, yet wandering beyond sea; such a chaos of commonplaces no apophthegmatical Lycosthenes ever conceited. Bishops were the smallest bugs that were aimed at in this extraordinary benevolence; God shield the court have escaped their collections. Something it would prove in the end if it were published, that is powdered with the brains of so many Puritan springals, and polluted with the pains of such an infinite number of asses. Much good do it you, Master Martin. How like you my style? Am not I old *Ille ego qui quondam* at the besleeving of a sycophant? Alas, poor idiot, thou thinkest no man can write but thyself, or frame his pen to delight except he strain courtesy with one of thy Northern figures, but if authority do not moderate the fiery fervence of my inflamed zeal, I'll assault thee from term to term with Archilochus in such a complete armour of iambics as the very reflexcy of my fury shall make thee drive thy father before thee to the gallows for begetting thee in such a bloody hour. O God, that we two might be permitted but one quarter to try it out by the teeth for the best benefice in England; then would I distil my wit into ink, and my soul into arguments, but I would drive this Danus [sic?] from his dunghill and make him fawn like a dog for favour at the magistrate's feet. But it is our English policy to advantage our enemies by delays, and resist a multitude with a few, which makes sedition seed before the harvesters of our souls suppose it in the blade. It is not the spirit of mildness that must moderate the heart of folly; dogs must be beaten with staves & stubborn slaves controlled with stripes. Authority best knows how to diet these bedlamites, although Signior Penry in his last waste paper hath subscribed our magistrates infants. Repent, repent, thou runagate losel, and play not the seminary any longer in corners, lest thy chiefest benefactors forsake thee and recover the poverty of their fines by bringing the pursuivants to thy form. I hear some underhand whisperers and green-headed novices exclaim against our bishops for not granting thee disputation. Alas, alas, brother Martin, it may not be; for thou art known to be such a stale hackster with thy Welsh hook that no honest man will debase himself in buckling with such a bragger. But suppose we should send some crepundio forth our schools to beat thee about the ears with *ergo*. Where should this *sillogistica concertatio* be solemnized? What, in our university schools at Oxford, or in *puluere Philosophico* at Cambridge? No, they were erected in time of popery, and must be new built again before they can give an access to his arguments. Truly, I am afraid that this general council must be holden at Geneva when all is done, for I know no place in England holy enough for their turn, except it be some barn or outhouse about Bury, or some odd blind cottage in the heart of Warwickshire,

and thither, peradventure, these good honest opponents would repair without grudging, provided always that they have their horse-hire and other charges allowed them out of the poor man's box, or else it is no bargain. All this fadges well yet, if we had once determined who should be father of the act. Why, what a question is that, when we have so many persecuted elders abroad. The blind, the halt, or the lame, or any serves the turn with them, so he hath not on a cloak with sleeves, or a cap of the university cut. Imagine that place to be furnished; where shall we find moderators, that may deal indifferently twixt both parts? Machivell is dead many a year ago, or else he had been a fit man for this May-game; therefore, whom shall we have now, since it must be neither yours nor ours? Some upstart country gentleman, that hath undone all his tenants by oppression, even such a one as Scar. of Warwickshire, that, being a noted Martinist, befriended his poor copyholder Criar, & turned him out of all that ere he had very orderly. How think you, my lay brethren? Is not here a trim convocation towards? But mark the end of it, and then you mayhaps see odd buffeting with the buttoned books, and battering down bishoprics. Giles of Sedbergh will off with his gown at least, & make demonstrations of logic with his fists like Zeno. What though he be low, and cannot reach so high as an archbishop; may not he stand like a jackanapes on his wife's shoulders, & scold for the best game with all that come? He is, saving a reverence, a spritish disputer, and a pestilence fellow at an unperfect syllogism. Nay, mark me well, & take me at my words, he shall speak false Latin, forge a text, abuse a bishop, or make a lie of Revelation for more than I speak of with any man in England. Neither do I flatter him herein, for he hears me not; if I did, it were no matter, considering that *virtus laudata crescit*.

From jest to earnest, I appeal to you, gentlemen, how ridiculous in policy this disputation would prove if it were granted. First, for their Bibles, the touchstone of all controversies, they must be of their favourites' translation, or else they will deny their authority as frivolous. Admit they go to the original (which but few of them understand), they will have every man his sundry interpretation. Let our divines allege any text, they will expound it as they list, say the Fathers or other ancient writers what they will. For such is the growth of their arrogancy that they are not ashamed to compare themselves with Jerome or Austin, and in their tedious sermons preach against them as profane. If this then be any betraying of the wretchedness of our cause (as they call it), not to dispute with them that deny all principles, not to contend with them that will be tried by none but themselves, I refer it to all considerate judgments that have no more experience in the actions of peace than a reasonable soul may afford. The more pacified sort of our Puritans would needs persuade the world that it is nought but a learned ministry which their champion Martin endeavours; were it no otherwise, his pardon were easily sealed, but those that know the treason of his books can report of his malice against bishops. One thing I am persuaded, that he neither respects the propagation of the Gospel, nor the prosperity of the church, but only the benefit that may fall to him and his bolsterers by the distribution of bishoprics. Beshrew me but those church-livings would come well to decayed courtiers. O, how merrily the dice would run if our lusty lads might go to hazard for half a dozen of these dioceses. Not a page but would have a fling at some or other impropriation or parsonage, and, in conclusion, those livings which now maintain so many scholars and students would in two or three years be all spent in a tavern amongst a consort of queans and fiddlers, that might carouse on their wine-bench to the confusion of religion. Well to proceed in this text of reformation; is not this thy meaning, Martin, that thou wouldst have two and fifty thousand pastors for two and fifty thousand parish churches in England and Wales? If thou sayest the word, we will have a place in both universities; begin in Oxford first with the freshmen, and so go up to the heads of the university, and then count how many thou canst make. Our beadles, that know the number best, would needs persuade us that of all sorts there is not full three thousand; in Cambridge they say there is not so many by a thousand. Then call thy wits together, and imagine with thyself, out of these three thousand and two thousand of all gatherings, how many good preachers may be mustered; some four hundred, as I guess. Peradventure thou

mayest rebate them to some fifty or threescore because there is no more open-mouths of thy profession in both universities. How far this fifty is from fifty thousand, a farthing worth of arithmetic will teach you; where wilt thou have then a competent number to fill up those defects of dumb ministers? Inspiration, I perceive, must help to patch up your knavery, and then well fare the cobbler of Norwich, that, being one morning something early at Saint Andrew's, and the preacher not come before the psalm was ended, stepped up into the pulpit very devoutly, and made me a good thrifty exhortation in the praise of plain dealing. If this be not true, ask the mayor that committed him to prison for his labour. Such another doctor would he prove that, standing in election of a living that was then in her Majesty's bestowing, came to be examined by men of gravity in the circumstance of his sufficiency, who, descending eftsoons into his unschooled simplicity, gave him this little English to be made in Latin: *There be three creeds, the Nicene Creed, Athanasius' Creed, and the Apostles' Creed, all which ought to be believed upon pain of damnation.* The good simple superintendent, that saw himself so hardly beset, craved respite to compass this vulgar, which granted, after some deliberation, he began thus to go forward, *Tria sunt Creda, unum Niceni, alterum Athanasii, tertium Apostolorum, quae omnes debent esse creditum, sub poena condemnationis.* Aye, marry, sir, here is a piece of scholarship of the new cut, which for the goodness of the Latin might have borne a part in the Pewterers' pageant. I keep a register of ten thousand such knacks. Why, there is not a Precisian in England that hath abused art, or mistaken a metaphor, but I have his name in black and white. What say you to that zealous sheep-biter of your own edition in Cambridge, that said the wicked had a scab, a brawn, and a crust on their conscience, being so full of their wily gilies that we that are the true children of God cannot tell how to concern them? Or was not he a sound card that, talking of the majesty and authority of the scriptures, said they were the sweetmeats of saints, the household-stuff of heaven, and the homespun cloth of the Lord's own looms, being delivered from the stone-bow of His mouth when he appeared in glory on Mount Sinai? But this is nothing to the good sport of that is behind. What, I must tell you of a fellow that trolls in his rhetoric like Martin in his riddles. This horse-holy father, preaching on a time in Saint Mary's in Oxford, came off with this unmannerly comparison: There is an ugly and monstrous beast, in our tongue called a hog, and this ugly and monstrous beast, in boisterous and tempestuous weather lifts up his snout into the air and cries *wrough, wrough*; even so (dear people) the children of God in the troublesome time of temptations, cry, *Our help is in the name of the Lord.* Such another woodcock was he of Yarmouth that said openly in the pulpit whosoever wears a veil is an whore without exception, and on another time, two women coming to be churched, whereof the one wore a veil, the other went without, he began his thanksgiving in this form: *Let us give God thanks for the safe delivery of one of our sisters; for the other let us not give God thanks, for she is a stranger, and we have nothing to do with her; I take her to be Dinah the harlot, that sat by the highway side, for she hath a veil over her face.* In the next place to him shall he be put that, railing on the papists in his sermon, alleged this argument to confute their religion, Nay (saith he) you may gather what a wicked and spotted religion this papistry is, for Campion himself, that was accounted their chiefest pillar, was reported to have had the pox. I have another in my tables that, handling that place of Joshua where Rahab entertained his spies, would needs conclude all innkeepers to be harlots because Rahab the harlot was an innkeeper. I shall run my pen out of breath if I articulate all the examples of their absurdities that I could. Have not Trinity Hall men in Cambridge a preaching brother in Bury yet in suit for saying all civilians were papists? To let him pass for a patch, that, being master of none of the meanest colleges in Cambridge and, by the oath of his admission, bound to take no money for preferments, made answer to one that offered him forty marks to make his son fellow: *God forbid I should take any money, for it is against my oath, but if you will give me it in plate, I'll pleasure him in what I may.* This is the dreamer, if you be advised, that is indebted above two thousand hours to the university, which he hath borrowed by three and four at a time upon several Sundays' preaching as it came to his course. It is a shame for him that he doth not pay them, professing such purity as he doth. Martin, thou seest I come not

abruptly to thee like a red-nosed jester, that in the pride of his pottle-pots curries over a revelling ruffraff of tapsterly taunts and coarse hempen quips such as our brokerly wits do filch of out Bull the hangman's budget, but I speak plain English, and call thee a knave in thine own language. All the generation of you are hypocrites and belly-gods, that devour as much good meat in one of your brotherly love meetings as would well-nigh victual the Queen's ships a whole month. It is a shame for you to exclaim so against cards, and play thus unreasonably at maw as you do. Gaff Martin, do you remember whom you upbraided by primero? Well, let not me take you at nobby any more, lest I present you to the parish for a gamester; this is the ninth set that you have lost, and yet you will not leave off. Beware Anthony Munday be not even with you for calling him Judas, and lay open your false-carding to the stage of all men's scorn. I marvel Pasquil comes not away with his *Legends*, considering that the date of his promise is more than expired. It seems he stays for some saints that are yet to suffer, and wants none but Martin to make up his *Legend of Martyrs*; if it be so, I would thou wouldst come aloft quickly, that we might have this good sport altogether, and not live ever in expectation of that which is not. O, I could furnish him to the proof with such a packet of male and female professors as the world might not pattern. A good old Dunstable doctor here in London should be the foremost of them, that said his wife was as good as Our Lady, and another time, quarrelling with one of his neighbours that was a saddler about setting up of the organs, in a good zeal he lift up his fist and struck out two of his fore-teeth, like a right man of peace. Where have you lived, my brethren, that you have not heard of that learned presbyter that, talking how Adam fell by eating of the apple, discoursed thus: *Adam eat the apple and gave it to his wife, whereby is to be noted that the man eat and the woman eat. The man eat, but how? a snap and away; the woman eat, but how? she laid her thumb on the stalk and her finger on the core, and bit it overthwart, in which biting it overthwart she broke all the commandments, insomuch that under ten green spots the ten commandments in every apple are comprised, and besides that corrupted her five senses, from whence we may gather this observation, that a woman always eats an apple overthwart.* Why, this is sound divinity, and apt for to edify, *Sed abeundum est mihi*, and from the clergy must I leap to the laity. Wherefore God even, goodman Davy of Canterbury, and better luck betide thee and thy limbs than when thou dancedst a whole Sunday at a wedding, and afterward repenting thyself of thy profane agility, thou enteredst into a more serious meditation against what table thou hadst sinned, or what part was the principal in this antic iniquity. The eyes, they were the foremost in this indictment, but the legs (O, those lewd legs), they brought him thither, they kept him there, they leapt, they danced, and, aye, lavaltd to the viols of vanity; wherefore, what didst thou but, like a true Christian, chastised them accordingly? The scripture saith, *If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out*; Davy saith, *My hose and shoes have offended me; therefore will I pluck them off.* This text thus applied, off went the woolen stockings with a trice, and they, with the good neats-leather shoes, were cast both into the bottom of a well. The sinners thus punished, and all parties pleased, home went the pilgrim Davy barefoot and bareleg. And now, since wind and tide serves, now I care not if I cut over to Ipswich; there is a cow-dresser there that I am sure will entertain me if she be not dead, great Jane of Ipswich, they call her, one that hath been a tender mother to many a Martinist in her time, and hath a very good insight in a can of strong wine. A good virtuous matron is she, and a wise, having no fault but this, that she will be drunk once a day, and then she lies her down on her bed and cries, *O my God, my God, thou knowest I am drunk, and why I should offend thee, my God, by spewing thus as I do.* I have not been in Essex yet, but I'll set in my staff there as I go home, for I have a petition for my brother that made the sermon of repentance to deliver up for me to the Council, but it must not be such a one as he delivered for himself to my Lord Treasurer, beginning with, *O sweet Margery, could thy eyes see so far, thy hands feel so far, or thy ears hear so far, etc.*, for then every serving-man will mock us, but it must be of another tune, with most pitifully complaining that a man cannot call an ass, *ass*, but he shall be had *coram nobis*. In this vein enough, because actions of the case are chargeable, and guildmen uncharitable. If the dog, Martin, bark again, I'll hold him tug for two or three courses, and

then beware my black book you were best, for I have not half embowelled my register. Amend, amend, and glory no more in your hypocrisy, lest your pride and vainglory betray our prosperity to our enemies, and procure the Lord's vengeance to dwell in the gates of our city. The simple are abused, the ignorant deluded, & God's truth most pitifully prevented, and thou art that most wretched seducer that under wolves' raiment devourest widows' houses. Visions are ceased, and all extraordinary revelation ended, although a good fellow in Cambridge, hearing all things might be obtained by prayer, prayed two days and two nights for visions; wherefore broach no more heresies under colour of inspiration. If thou dost, thou art like to hear of me by the next carrier. And so *bon nute* to your noddyship.

Yours to command as your own for two or three cudgellings at all times. Cutbert Curry-Knave the younger.