

The Return of the renowned Cavaliero, Pasquil of England, from the other side of the seas, and his meeting with Marforius at London upon the Royal Exchange.

Where they encounter with a little household talk of Martin and Martinism, discovering the scab that is bred in England, and conferring together about the speedy dispersing of the golden legend of the *Lives of the Saints*.

If my breath be so hot that I burn my mouth, suppose I was printed by Pepper Alley.

Anno. Dom. 1589.

### PASQUIL'S RETURN TO ENGLAND

Pasquil and Marforius.

PASQUIL. Thou art the man, Marforius, I looked for, though I little thought to meet thee so suddenly upon the Exchange. MARFORIUS. Ever since you took shipping at Gravesend, I have had the disease of a merchant's wife, so lovesick in your absence that mine eye was never pulled from the weathercock and, longing like a woman for your return, I never saw gale of wind blow merrily out of the east, nor heard any ship shoot off her ordnance in the Thames, but I ran presently to the water-side to discover your coming in. I wonder how I missed you? PASQUIL. Never marvel at that; I have learned to mask it. While some of Martin's good friends stood watching for me at Lambeth bridge, I came to an anchor in Sandwich haven. But of fellowship tell me, how hath my *Countercuff* been entreated? MARFO. It requireth a summer's day and a winter's night to tell you all. It was very welcome to the court, thankfully received in both universities, the cities of the land do give you good speeches; as for the country, after the plainest manner, with heart and goodwill, they are ready to greet you with a cake and a cup of ale in every parish. This only is the thing that grieveth them, they know not what Pasquil is. They desire in all places of the realm to be acquainted with you, because they would bring you intelligence thick and threefold to further your volume of the *Lives of the Saints*. PASQ. I think I shall prove a state man; my packets come in so fast already that I begin to swell in books as big as Surius. If any desire to know what I am, tell them that I was once a barber in Rome (as some report), and every chair in my shop was a tongue full of news. Whatsoever was done in England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and other countries was brought to me. The high and secret matters of lords, ladies, kings, emperors, princes, popes, and monarchs of the world did ring every day as shrill as a basin about my doors. In memory whereof, as Mercury turned Battus to a stone for bewraying his theft, it is thought that one pope or other, mistrusting the slipperiness of my tongue, blest me into a stone to stop my mouth. Others affirm that the city of Rome, to requite me with honour when I died, erected me a little monument of stone, with a body, head, and hands thick and short, answerable to my stature, and set it up in the open street where, I assure you, I have stood many years in the rain; my face is so tanned with the sun, and my hide so hardened with the weather, that I neither blush when I bite any man, nor feel it when any man biteth me.

MARFO. I wonder how you were able to continue there? PASQ. To hear every man's talk that passed by was better than meat and drink to me. Instead of apparel, in summer I wore nothing but paper liveries, which many great men bestowed upon me to their great cost; in winter, I care for no cold, because I am a stone. MAR. I beseech you, sir, tell me, how came you into England? PAS. Being once somewhat busy with Signior Jacomo about a pretty wench kept at Frescata for the pope his father's tooth, Gregory the thirteenth, *terque quaterque*, shook his white beard at me with such a terrible look that I was afraid he would

have smit my head into Tiber with a thunderbolt. Nevertheless, the old man being of a mild disposition, and very merciful, I received a pardon for that fault. At the last, hearing the scholars of the English seminary merry as they returned from their vineyard, and full of fine tauntings when they talked of the sects and opinions sprung up in England, I stole out of Rome by night to make trial myself of the truth of their reports.

When I came to England, for the goodwill I carried to my old occupation, I entered at London into Sprignol's shop, where the first news I heard among two or three gentlemen as they were a-trimming was of a Martinist, a broker, not far from thence, which, with a face of religion, having gotten other men's goods into his hands, was but new run away. With this tidings I grew very inquisitive to know what Martin was. A knave, quoth one. A thief, quoth another; he teacheth the court a religion to rob the church. And some of the City that favour him, apt scholars to take such an easy lesson, begin to practise their cunning upon their neighbours. Having gotten this thread by the end, I never left winding till I came to the paper that made the bottom. I frequented the churches of the Pruritan preachers, that leap into the pulpit with a pitchfork to teach men before they have either learning, judgment, or wit enough to teach boys.

MARF. I pray you, sir, why do you call them Pruritans? PAS. *A pruritu*. They have an itch in their ears that would be clawed with new points of doctrine never dreamed of, and an itch in their fingers that would be noited with the gold *aenulatum* of the church. I know they are commonly called Puritans, and not amiss; that title is one of the marks they bear about them. They have a mark in the head; they are self-conceited. They take themselves to be pure when they are filthy in God's sight. They have a mark in the eye, their looks are haughty. They have a mark in the mouth, a very black tooth; they are *A generation that curse their father*. MAR. How now, Cavaliero, are you come to scripture? PAS. Dost thou think, Marforius, that Pasquil, having stood so many years in the streets of Rome, heard so many famous clerks, especially father Sware, the Spaniard, and the sifted Greek wit of Father Augustine, and having spent so much time in private reading the best books that might stir up my devotion, I would skip over the book of all books, the holy Bible? No, no, I have that volume in my hands when many a Martinist hugs a drab in his arms, as you shall perceive by the *Lives of the Saints*. I tarry but for one packet of information from Essex-side, and that work shall come out of the press like a bride from her chamber, spangled and trapped, with a full caparison of the ornaments of this present age. MAR. The *Owl's Almanac* is expected at your hands as well as that. PAS. That is a piece of service not to be neglected in his time. I have there set down all the upstart religions in this land. The Anabaptists, the Family of Love, the seven capital heresies for which some have been executed of late years in Suffolk, the diversities of Puritans and Martinists, with a number more which you shall hear of when that book is printed. A lamentable spectacle it will be, to see so many faces in one hood. But God knoweth (before Whom I stand) I desire not to cast it out as a block in the ways of men for any to stumble at, or to stand at defiance with all religion, but as a sea-mark to discover the quicksands of new religions.

I have heard that Bernardin Ochin, a man of great learning whom I knew in Rome to be the first founder of the order of the Capuchins, being once touched with the finger of God's spirit, began to detest the superstitions of the church of Rome, and fled to Geneva. The same man had a desire also to visit England, & during the time of his remaining here he found so many blind sects and religions within the land that he turned back like a dog to his own vomit, and in some sort he fell into the bias of Rome again. Unhappy man that, being once lightened, looked back to that Sicilian Aetna that spews up smoke and sulphur into the world to put out the eyes of men; unhappy England, that by the diversities of opinions in religion set so many hands on his shoulders to thrust him down, that was so ready with a turn to overturn. How these new-pampered factions at this day have shaken the hearts of many of her Majesty's loving people, and made them, chameleon-like, capable of any faith

save the right, I leave it to them that look to it. MAR. Take heed what you say; it is a common report that the faction of Martinism hath mighty friends.

That's a brag, Marforius; yet if there be any such, I shall find them in the end and, against the next Parliament, I will pick out a time to pepper them. Though they were as high as the mast, as sure as the tackling, as profitable as the fraught, and as necessary as the sails, when the ship is in danger, overboard with all. What meaning soever some men have in it, I am assured that it can neither stand with policy nor with religion to nourish any faction in civil matters, much less in matters belonging to the church. *Quid prodest si vos contineat una domus, et separet diuersa voluntas?* What availeth it (saith one), for men to be shrouded under one roof, if they be not of one heart? One secret faction in a realm doth more hurt than any general plague or open war.

The pestilence and the sword are two heavy scourges in God's hand that devour many thousands of men in little time, yet they reach no farther than the body, but a faction devours more, and sweeps away both body and soul together. Though the Jews at the siege of Jerusalem were pressed by their enemies without the walls, and punished with such a mortality within that the carcasses of the dead did dung the ground, yet they never went to the wall till they grew to be factious, & fell to taking one another by the throat. Give me leave a little, Marforius, to shift my sails and come towards Italy. They that were wise prophesied long before of the state of Rome that it should never decay but by division. Which came to pass. For when the factions of Sulla and Marius, Caesar and Pompey, Anthony and Lepidus brake forth, the flourishing city began to cast her leaf. The great empire of great Alexander, like a flame of fire in a heap of flax, when it was at the highest did shed itself suddenly in the air, and came to nothing by the dissensions of those that succeeded him. The proud neck of the Grecians, for all their wisdom, was after the like manner brought under the Persians and Macedonians. If we roll our eyes at one side into the bosom of our neighbour France, we shall perceive that, although it were many times invaded in the skirts of the country by the Romans, yet it remained invincible till Caesar took hold of the discords within the realm. My head is full of water and my cheeks be wet when I think upon Constantinople, whose particular jars laid her gates open to the Turk, under whose captivity she groaneth to this day.

A faction in a kingdom may well be compared to a spark of fire; it catcheth hold at the first in some obscure corner, in a shop, in a stable, or in a rick of straw, where it lieth covert a little time, but by little and little it gathers strength till it rear itself up to great houses, palaces, and prince's courts, and at last it rageth and overruns whole cities & countries, without quenching before they be utterly overthrown. In the time of Justinian the emperor, about the credit and advancement of two colours, blue and green, there grew in Constantinople two mighty factions which made such a head, the one against the other, that in one day it cost many thousands of men their lives, and the emperor himself was brought in great hazard both of his empire and his own person. Upon as light an occasion in the dukedom of Florence, for the two colours of black and white, very pestilent quarrels began there, and the factions of the Bianchi and the Neri, breaking forth like a lightning out of the clouds, scoured & wasted the country where they went. These were but little sparks in the rushes, that every man treadeth on, and very trifles at the first, yet you see how foul a cockatrice may be hatched of so small an egg. If I should rip up the stomachs of some in England, when we consider the brawls, the garboils, the tragical exclamations for church apparel, may we not say that England is fallen into that fantastical faction of Florence for black & white? Where had this brabble his first beginning but in some obscure corner, in the tip of the tongue of some blind parlour-preacher in the land, in shops, in stalls, in the tinker's budget, the tailor's shears, and the shepherd's tar-box? I doubt not, Marforius, but it will wither where it sprang, and end where it began, in shame and ignorance. Thou knowest that the surest prop of all princes is to promote true religion, and to keep it inviolable when it is

established, for this is the well-tempered mortar that buildeth up all estates. *He that honours Me* (saith God), *I will honour him*. But this chopping & changing of the religion of the land (which was acquitted of accusations in the time of the famous K. Edward the Sixth, and now advanced by the happy reign of the Queen's most excellent Majesty, & approved by the wisdom both spiritual & temporal of the whole realm, & confirmed by a general consent in the high court of Parliament), is nothing else but to pick out the mortar by little and little, that, at the next push, Martin and his companions might overthrow the state, and make the imperial crown of her Majesty kiss the ground.

Where there is a division fostered, there can be no continuance of the present state; God himself hath taught it us. Martin's chief practice, in the provinces of England where I have wandered, is to persuade the simple that her Majesty layeth such a log upon their consciences as they ought not bear, whereupon they presume to make a shrewd scruple of their obedience, and begin to bound like a colt that would cast his rider. Hath God poured so many blessings upon the church of England by the very often and very miraculous preservations of her sacred Majesty's royal person, and thereby given testimonies out of heaven to the religion of the land, and dares Martin attempt to make a doubt both of it and her? Credit me, Marforius, this bursting the sinew of people's obedience to their natural prince cannot be done but for a mischievous intent, what visor soever they set upon it. I would fain know what should be the reason that so many hundreds of thousands in this realm have hitherto humbled themselves at the feet of one person? Can it be because she is mightier than all they, she being but one, and they many millions, she a woman, and they men? Is it any terror, think you, of the big-bodied halberdiers that guard her Majesty? No, Marforius, if there were not some wonderful matter that withheld them also, even they might be given over to a reprobate sense, to bend every man the point of his halberd at her. If we search it till the world's end, we shall find no other cause of this sweet harmony of people's hearts, that remain faithful and flexible to the shaking of her princely finger, but only this, the religion of the land. When Martin shall be suffered to displace God, that now dwells in the bosom of her Majesty's loving people, & buzz slanders of religion into their ears, whereby they may conceive that her Highness, by the maintenance of the Gospel, hath shut up their salvation in close prison, and that it moves God in His wrath to draw the sword against her and the realm (as Martin himself avoucheth), what other consequent may we look for, but that every Pruritan, transported with the heat & ignorance of his zeal, will be as ready as a papist to lift up his hand against her, which mischief I beseech God to return into their bowels.

How odious and how dangerous innovations of religion are, secretary Machiavel, a politic not much affected to any religion, discloseth by the example of Friar Savonarol. He was a man like Martin, sprung up in such a time as Martin, when Spain, France, Rome, Aragon, and the Emperor entered into a league to make war altogether upon the Venetians. Savonarola boasted of revelations, & secret conferences, held between the Holy Ghost and him; Martin brags he is a special man, raised up on a sudden by the spirit of God for the good of England, as if God had been a stranger to us all this while. Savonarola made a bragging proffer, which he never performed, that he would pass through the fire for the confirmation of his doctrine; Martin hath vaunted he will seal his opinion with his heart-blood, but you may see, by the starting-holes he seeketh, that he never meant to keep his promise. Savonarola brought himself and his followers to confusion at last, and so will Martin. I muse how any state man can abide to hear of innovations in religion where the truth is preached? There is but one God, which cannot be divided; if He could, He were not God. All His graces tend to a gathering together of God's people in a unity of faith, not to a scattering into divers faiths, wherein the principal grace of a Martinist consisteth. Look unto the heathen; the accusers of Socrates made choice of this accusation above all others, as a matter very worthy of death in him, that he was a fellow that sought to set a new stamp of

his own upon their religion. One of the first laws that Romulus laid as a rib of iron into his government was *Deos peregrinos ne colunto*.

Take a pattern, if you will, from private families. What a pitiful thing is it to see two religions in one house; where the father and the son, the husband & the wife, the master and the servant, are of divers faiths, the joints of that house begin to gape, and the fall of that house is to be feared. The diversity of opinions, in so high a degree as is religion, cannot choose but diminish the love and respect that the one of them should carry unto the other. The son will be careless of his duty to his father, whom he takes to be a reprobate; the father will make but slender reckoning of the son that believes not as he believes. The wife will give little reverence to that husband whom she imagineth to be damned; the husband will be rough and rigorous to such a wife as obeys not him. The servant will never give due honour to his master when he judgeth him to be the bondslave of the devil; the master will as hardly protect that servant whose heart he perceives not to be with him.

As then the government of commonweals was first drawn from the government of private houses, so that which is the ruin of private houses grows in time to be the ruin of commonweals. I have taken a little pain to visit divers of the courts, benches, sessions, that are held in this land in her Majesty's name by virtue of her authority, but I never saw so bold, so open, so barbarous contempt of magistracy in any other part of the whole world as I have seen here -- such canvases made, such stales set, such trains laid, such platforms drawn by the factious to bring their superiors into contempt -- and yet they prove so ridiculous in every step they tread, that I am ready to stand on my nose when I trace them out.

I was once in Antwerp when great suit was made to the Masters of the English house (by a gentleman then employed in the Queen's affairs) for the entertaining a preacher among them, both to teach & to minister the sacraments there unto them. The request was soon granted, & Travers, a fellow that delighteth in obliquity, was the man that was brought thither; when he came, he had neither taken the orders of the ministry, nor any licence to preach, according to the government of the church of England, but ran into a corner among the French to receive it there. At last, one of the ministers of those churches came with him to the company, and made a solemn protestation before them all that he found Mast Travers a fit man for the dividing of the Word and delivery of the sacraments. *Hac oratione finita*, sweet Master Travers, *quem oneris causa nomino*, for I bear him on my back till my tale be ended, at the first jump read a statute made in Scotland (for church government) to the natural subjects of the Queen of England, and told them he would follow that. I would gladly be resolved in this place whether Travers did not begin very prettily to play the pope, in taking upon him to discharge her Majesty's subjects of the allegiance they owe to their natural prince, and in stealing away from the crown of England as many English hearts as would hearken to him, to translate them at his pleasure to a foreign power? As he laid his foundation in dissension when he began to be a builder in God's house, so hath his work unto this day prospered; the whole frame I perceive is fallen upon him. They that were discreet ventured courageously to set a lever at him, & never gave over till he was removed.

The chronicles of England, and the daily enclosures of commons in the land, teach us sufficiently how inclinable the simpler sort of the people are to routs, riots, commotions, insurrections, and plain rebellions when they grow brainsick or any new toy taketh them in the head; they need no Travers nor Martin to increase their giddiness. It should seem that the Grand Prior of France (a man now dead) had gotten some taste of their disposition when, in a sonnet that he made for his own pleasure to paint out the natures of all nations, he touched the pride, the wantonness, the mutability and the mutinies of the Spaniard, the Italian, the French, and the Scotchman and, to the shame of this nation, he gives the English a dash over the face with a black coal, and saith: *Traistre Angloi*, the Englishman is a traitor.

This is the ground the popes and the King of Spain, these many years, have chosen to themselves to work upon, and used the English in nothing more than in matters of high treason. Therefore I would wish the whole realm to judge uprightly who deserves best to be bolstered and upheld in these dangerous times, either they that have religiously & constantly preached obedience to her Majesty's loving people, or they that with a mask of religion discharge them of their obedience.

MAR. Speak softly, Cavaliero, I perceive two or three lay their heads at one side, like a ship under sail, and begin to cast about you; I doubt they have overheard you. This Exchange is vaulted and hollow, and hath such an echo as multiplies every word that is spoken; by arithmetic it makes a thousand of one, & imps so many feathers into every tale that it flies with all speed into every corner of the realm.

PAS. All the better for me; when I lack matter to talk of, I may resort hither to take up a little news at interest.

MAR. I marvel, Cavaliero, that you press not the Martinists with much scripture; they are great quoters of commonplaces, if you mark them. PAS. Therein they are like to a stale courtesan that, finding herself to be worn out of credit, borroweth the gesture of a sober matron, which makes her, to everyone that knows her, the more abominable, for the common sort whistle at her for her pride, and the graver sort spit at her for her impudency. How whorishly scriptures are alleged by them, I will discover (by God's help) in another new work which I have in hand, and entitled it *The May-game of Martinism*, very deftly set out, with poms, pageants, motions, masks, scutcheons, emblems, impresas, strange tricks and devises between the ape and the owl, the like was never yet seen in Paris garden. Penry the Welshman is the fore-gallant of the morris, with the treble bells, shot through the wit with a woodcock's bill. I would not for the fairest horn-beast in all his country that the church of England were a cup of metheglin, and came in his way when he is overheated; every bishopric would prove but a draught when the mazer is at his nose. Martin himself is the Maid Marian, trimly dressed up in a cast gown and a kercher of Dame Lawson's, his face handsomely muffled with a diaper napkin to cover his beard, and a great nosegay in his hand of the principallest flowers I could gather out of all his works. Wigginton dances round about him in his cotton coat, to court him with a leathern pudding and a wooden ladle. Paget marshaleth the way with a couple of great clubs, one in his foot, another in his head, & he cries to the people with a loud voice, *Beware of the man whom God hath marked*. I cannot yet find any so fit to come lagging behind, with a budget on his neck to gather the devotion of the lookers-on, as the stock-keeper of the Bridewell house of Canterbury; he must carry the purse to defray their charges, and then he may be sure to serve himself.

MAR. Peace, Cavaliero, your tongue will be slit if you take not heed; I have heard some say you should wring for this gear if the Queen were dead. PAS. Tush, thou art but a craven, Marforius, if thou fear that; hadst thou but one drop of that water in thine eye which the servant of Elisha the prophet had when he discovered so many chariots of fire about his master, thou shouldst see the prayers of the church of England fly up into heaven for her Majesty, and return again with olive-branches in their mouths (like the dove that was sent out of the ark) to bring tidings of peace and long life unto her Highness. These wonderful preservations of her royal person which the eyes of this land every day behold are evident tokens that God hath a work for her to do; there is a nail to be knocked into Sisera's head before she be called from the earth. But when extremity of age shall end her days, I am of the mind of many thousands in this land. MAR. What is that? PAS. He shall do me a pleasure that cuts my throat. MAR. I perceive your abode in England hath made you participate with the nature of an Englishman; where you set down your rest you are very resolute, and it appeareth by your conceit you were able to range a fair battle of scriptures to charge your enemies if you were driven to lead your forces out.

PAS. It grieves me, Marforius, to behold that, by reason of this new faction crept into the hearts of the most unlearned of all the ministry, the preachers of England begin to strike and agree like the clocks of England, that never meet jump on a point together. Whereby either the hearers of these contentions should say, as the auditors of the philosophers did in times past, that the truth is buried in a pit where it cannot be found, or else be persuaded at the last that God hath mocked them, and left the way of salvation unto men as uncertain as the way of Hannibal in the Alps. It is very strange that, the Gospel having been planted in this land by those reverend bishops that are gone to God, men that watered their labours with their own blood, Christ seeing this pernicious impugning of all that which by His saints and holy martyrs He hath left unto us, He should be now compelled to come over our shins with the same rebuke that He gave to Philip and the rest of His disciples, *Have I been so long with you, and have you not known Me?* Hath Christ been so long, so freely, so learnedly, so zealously preached in this land, and must we now on a sudden (as if God had showed us a juggling cast) grope for Him again in a Puritan's budget, stuffed full of railing & reviling pamphlets? I am sure the apostle teacheth me that the wisdom which is of God is pure and peaceable; if it be pure, it cannot communicate with that tart taste of the devil's tongue which is a slanderer by his occupation. If it be peaceable, it is without faction, & never runs into the dangerous gainsaying of Core, whose sin could not choose but be very great because the punishment thereof was very great. But I feel by the pulse of a Puritan when I touch him that his disease is the very apoplexy of the Donatists, *Quod volumus sanctum est*. Whatsoever they like is apostolical, be it never so bad, and what they dislike is diabolical, be it never so good.

I shall never forget that man of God, Master John Foxe, who, though he neither sought benefice nor bishopric in the land, yet when some of the faction came unto him with a Scottish minister, and brought him certain articles of religion (coined in a mint among themselves), desiring him to set his hand unto them, the tears rolling down plentifully upon his face, he rejected them all with a sharp reproof. Another time, when Paget fawned upon him, full of play like a wanton whelp whose worm was not taken out of his tongue, the good father encountered him in London in an open street with this greeting, *God send thee a right mind to thy crooked gait*. A good prayer, believe me, for this dogged generation, that is ever barking against the moon, and as men that are troubled with sore eyes, they think any light or religion better & wholesomer than that they have, because they want learning to discern & judge of that they have. Yet they think, I warrant you, to carry all away with censorical looks, with goggling the eye, with lifting up the hand, with vehement speeches, when the wine which they broach unto the people is the very poison of dragons and the gall of asps, pressed from a bitter grape that never came out of God's vintage.

Aquitanicus Prosper found this to be the cause of all contention in the schools of philosophers and rhetoricians, *Seipsis ducibus utebantur*. Everyone that had a whirligig in his brain would have his own conceit to go current for as good payment as any infallible ground of art, and I perceive the privy train that gives fire unto all this gun-shot that hath been so lately discharged at God and good men in the church of England is an overweening that Martin hath of himself, when he would have that to be the meaning of the Holy Ghost that his mastership imagines. It pleaseth his worship, in his proem to his cockish conclusions, to make himself merry with the Bishop of Winchester for saying, *I am not of opinion that Una semper debet esse aconomia Ecclesiae*, yet presently he fetcheth his feeze himself, and leaps very boldly over head and ears, when he avoucheth that Christ, His apostles and holy martyrs are of opinion that the government of the church should always and in all places be one &c., without setting down any one testimony of Christ, or apostle, or holy martyr in that behalf. Good bishop, his opinion must be refused, and Martin's opinion must be received; every goose of Mast Martin must go for a swan, and whatsoever he speaks must be canonical.

MAR. But for all that, though Martin forgot himself suddenly in that strain, being somewhat eager of his game, when he tossed the learned father's opinion like a ball with the racket, and made full account to bandy the whole bishopric away, yet in other places he quotes scripture. PAS. He coteth scriptures indeed, for he is light of foot, & overruns them, Marforius, in every place. *Qui in Evangelio quod vultis creditis, vobis potius quam Evangelio creditis.* They that believe whatsoever they lust in holy scriptures are a generation that give more credit to themselves than to the scriptures; therefore it were good (saith a godly father) for such people to tell the world plainly that they make no reckoning at all of any scriptures. And I assure thee, if that man may be taken for a fugitive and a rebel that runs to the enemy and forsakes his prince, those simple creatures may worthily be denounced to be runagates from God and from her Majesty that forsake this sweet government under which they have many years enjoyed the true preaching of the Gospel to bespeak them a new fashion of religion at Martin's shop. Yet is there nothing so familiar in their mouths as *templum Domini*, and *Verbum Domini*, the temple of the Lord, and the Word of the Lord; they take the Word by the nose with a pair of pinchers, & lead it whither soever it pleaseth them. But there will be a day of account when God (by Whose finger the Word was written) shall revenge the forcible entries they have made into His possessions, & punish every furrow they have plowed upon His back. They are the very spawns of the fish sepia; where the stream is clear, and the scriptures evidently discover them, they vomit up ink to trouble the waters, and labour to bring religion to this pass that, as Appio the Grammarian reports of himself, he called forth Homer out of his grave only to ask him what countryman he was, and who was his father. So now we must either burn all the books and famous libraries in the world, and take Martin's assertions for undoubted maxims, or else fetch up the apostles by conjuration to demand of them whether we be right or no.

As I came through France, Marforius, I was desirous to ride from the one end to the other of Clara Vallis, where I found the last will and testament of S. Bernard, standing in this form upon his tomb. *Tria vobis fratres, obseruanda relinquo, quae ut potui obseruauit. Primo. Nemini scandalum feci, si quando incidit sedauit ut potuit. Secundo. Minus semper sensui meo quam alterius credidi. Tertio. Laesus de laedente nunquam vindictam petii. Ecce charitatem, humilitatem, patientiam, vobis relinquo.* Brethren (saith he) there be three things that I bequeath unto you to be observed, which as well as I could I have observed myself. First, I never gave scandal unto any person; if I did, I pacified the matter to my power. Secondly, I stood upon mine own conceit less than I did upon other men's. Thirdly, when I was wronged, I never sought revenge. Behold, charity, humility, and patience I bequeath unto you. This good father shall rise up in judgment to condemn Martin. Had he been fearful of giving any scandal unto the world, his uncharitable pamphlets had never seen the sun; had he given less credit to his own censures and opinions than to the censures and opinions of better men, so many good scriptures had never been wrested, so many flowers in God's garden had never been defaced. Had he been ready to suffer wrong without wringing of revenge out of God's hand, he would never have thundered and lightened at so many rare men, whose learning and virtue is a prick in his eye, and a strong watch that intercepts every passage unto his hierarchy. Let him swell while he burst, with the Word in his mouth; so long as he breaketh the rule of charity, and cares not whom he strike, so the edge of his tusk may have a lighting-place, we may easily see what is within him. *Infelix lolium & steriles dominantur auenae.* Scripture is often in the tip of his tongue, but cockle is the grain we reap with him. It is the property of Martin & his followers to measure God's mouth by their own mouth, as you shall see in the *May-game* that I have promised you, for there you shall have a number of strange notes upon the text, some of them gathered from William Dyke at S. Alban's, in his clerkly paraphrases upon S. Luke and S. John, some have been brought me from other places, & some I gathered myself, in an assembly of the brotherhood at Ashford in Kent. I went thither with a student of Cambridge to a solemn exercise and, coming in the habit of scholars, we pressed somewhat boldly into their



company to dine with them, assuring ourselves to find some new service at their table. When the dinner was done, one of them read a chapter, every man keeping his place still; the room was full of artificers, men and women, that sat round about upon stools and benches to hearken to it. The chapter was the I. Cor. 3 which, being read, the reader began first to utter his conceit upon the text, in short notes; then it came to his next neighbour's course, and so in order glosses went a-begging and expositions ran apace through the table till they came to me, whom they desired to open my mouth among the rest. I utterly refused to undertake the task; notwithstanding, I was so wonderfully urged that I could not any way shift them off, and somewhat I spake among them. When I came to the end of my career, my companion was requested to prick it for company with his friends. I needed no minstrel to make me merry; my heart tickled of itself when it came to his turn, because I knew him to be a gentleman well studied in philosophy, but he had not yet meddled with divinity. He chose the thirteenth verse of the chapter to discourse upon, where the apostle saith, *Every man's work shall be tried by fire*. But to see how bravely he trotted over all the meteors bred in the highest region of the air, to see how lovingly he made the sense of the apostle and Ovid's fiction of Phaeton's firing of the world to kiss before they parted, and then how soldierlike he made an end of his manage with a double rest, was sport enough for us to beguile the way as we travelled back again from thence to Canterbury.

I have brought many a proper note out of that meeting, for every man's spirit at the table had two bouts with the apostle before he left him, and one, whilst another spake, had a breathing-time given him to whisper with the Holy Ghost, to know what should be put into his head to utter against it came about to his course again.

MAR. Trust me, Cavaliero, I take this to be the oddest piece of work of all that hitherto you have spent your time in; I travail like a woman with child till this be out. But have you not heard Cooper at Paul's Chain, and the rest of the men that are commended to your ears by Martin Senior? PAS. I have followed them also, and I find them fit to preach upon bellows, and bagpipes, and blown bladders; they are so full of ventosity that I cannot come at their matter for wind and words. MAR. What say you to Dyke of S. Alban's; how like you him? PAS. *He is an ass, he is an ass*, quoth a learned gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, that went thither to hear him at the last assizes, and found him so bald, so bare, and yet so bold to fly into heaven with a few sick feathers that *Mouit Cornicula risum*. This generation hath a little smack of one of the plagues of Egypt; they skip very lustily into private houses, and fill our ears full of croaking like the frogs of Egypt. MAR. What should be the cause of these new sect-masters? PAS. This mischief hath many fountains, which I will reduce for thy sake into a little compass. One cause I find to be mere ignorance. God's church is compared to an army, well ordered and set in good array. In an army you have many commanders, corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, and colonels, yet not all of equal authority, but all under the direction of one general, for the better leading in and out of the whole forces, and in God's church, as it hath grown great, companies coming daily in unto it out of every tongue, and tribe, and country, and nation, so all ecclesiastical and Christian histories and antiquities teach us that there hath been a diversity of learned and skilful leaders, some higher, some lower than others in their places, and all under the controlment of one general, Christ Himself, for the greater terror of heretics & enemies of the church, and for the grace, the beauty, and order of every cornet and ensign in the same, which is a thing glorious in God's eye, because he is the God of order. But the Martinists (silly wretches) ignorant and unlearned men, unfit for any eminent charge in the church themselves, seek to draw every place in this camp-royal to an equality with themselves, a preposterous humour noted in the ecclesiastical histories; divers that were set beside the cushion when bishoprics were a-dealing sought to make bishops equal with every minister. In this dangerous attempt, I find the three plagues that God threateneth for people's sins to be poured out at this day upon the church of England. First, *The sword is upon the right eye, and the right hand*; whatsoever is right in the church of England is wounded by the

Martinists, a crooked generation, that loves to swim sidelong with the crab. Secondly, *Like people, like priest*, begins now to be verified; the preachers of the faction (like puppets in a motion) begin to snap and to turn, and to speak what, and when, and howsoever the people will at whose tables they are fed, like geese in the Capitol, to gaggle at every man that is against them. Thirdly, *Beauty and bands*, the two staves that God uses like a shepherd to guide his people, are knapped in sunder. Beauty is burst, for our order is turned into confusion; bands are burst also, for our unity is fallen into dissension. The main post whereupon the bucklers, the armour, the imaginary trophies of the faction is hanged up for the simple to gaze and wonder at, is only this, *The church of England hath committed fornication with the church of Rome, and tripped out her foot like a strumpet to every devise of man's brain that hath passed by her.*

Herein I see the church's case is Susanna's case; this accusation of incontinency is framed against her by such as have sought to be incontinent with her themselves. Had Susanna prostituted her body to the elders, her credit had never been called into question by her accusers; had the church of England given up the keys of her coffers to bawds, beggars, and bankrupts, the reverend elders of Martinism had never put up any bill of indictment against her the last Parliament. But as the story saith, that Daniel was raised by God to acquit her, and convince every scatterer of false reports, I think before I end Signior Pasquil of England will prove the man that must set a gag in the mouth of Martin the great, and cut up an anatomy of all his knavery. Methought Vetus Comaedia began to prick him at London in the right vein when she brought forth Divinity with a scratched face, holding of her heart as if she were sick, because Martin would have forced her, but, missing of his purpose, he left the print of his nails upon her cheeks, and poisoned her with a vomit which he ministered unto her, to make her cast up her dignities and promotions.

This indeed is the mark that Martin shoots at, whereby you may see that one cause of Martinism is a collop that dropped out of Midas' nose, a desire of gold. This is the root of all the mischief; by this many men are fast locked in the devil's snares, many souls are thrust through with many sorrows. This being the ground Master Martin hath made his choice of, when he casts his accounts and surveys how little wit and how little might he hath to go through with his building, like a furious beast wrapped in the cords where he cannot stir, after many a vain plunge which he gives to break away, when he sees his labour lost, transported with a rage, he roars and he foams, and sets himself down in the scorner's chair.

Though babies and fools stagger, and stand amazed to behold their new pranks, yet almost the meanest in God's school knows it is no strange thing that the church should be vexed with such enemies. In the time of holy David the King, the church was assaulted by a kind of people whose mouths were as quivers, and their tongues as shafts, that did shoot very secretly at the best men. Unto this kind of people, holy men of God have given sundry titles, and thereby, as it were, clapped many bands upon their backs to make them known to be rotten sheep of the devil's fold. They are termed to be bulls of Bashan, foxes, serpents, vipers, wolves, spiders, thieves, fiery-ovens, false-joys, & a great many names more of like honour they have won in the field, and borne away the prize in every age.

A year would scarce suffer me to discover them all at large. Yet that I may touch at every coast which I have descried, they are called *bulls* because they doss out their horns against the truth. *Foxes*, because their conspiracies, and incontinencies, their unchaste and disordered life, shows them to be tied together by the tails like Samson's foxes, but their heads be loose, they shake off their obedience to their natural prince. *Serpents*, because they glide upon their bellies; *No sin* among some of them, *from the navel downward*. *Vipers*, to give light and estimation unto themselves, they tear open the bowels of their own dam, and live by the death of her that bred them. *Wolves*, in outward appearance they are like to the dog, and make a show to the world they would keep the sheep, but all their desire

is to kill the sheep. *Spiders*, because they suck out their malice from very good herbs, and spin with great study an unprofitable web, good for nothing but to catch flies. *Thieves*, they break in by night into God's house, and would spoil though it were with the blood of the saints. *Fiery-ovens*, they have a scorching breath, and when they are drawn, they deliver a batch for the devil's tooth. And to wind up their virtues in a word or two, they are *false-joys*, their substance is brittle, and their books be glass; give them but a fillip, they run to powder. What ground they have given by their practices among the witless I need not tell you, seeing Martin senior is so forward to tell you himself that he hath a hundred thousand in the land, ready to lift up a new presbytery with private hands. Though I know that he lieth loudly, yet it were not amiss *Magna componere paruis*, and to look to his fingers, that he be not as ready, when he spies his time, to life up a new prince.

After God had once brought His church out of Egypt by the hand of Moses, there wanted neither Jebusite nor enemy a long time to fly in her face, and to hinder her passage to the land of promise, and since God led His church in this land out of the bondage of Rome by the conduct of her excellent Majesty, there never yet wanted papist, atheist, Brownist, Barrowist, Martinist, Anabaptist, nor Family of Love to bid them battle, that their course to God's kingdom might be stopped. But in all their attempts it fareth with them as it doth with the wrestler within the lists; he wins now and then, not because he is strong or impossible to be overcome, but because the match that he deals withal is weak. Martin hath made some head in some parts of her Majesty's dominions, not because his worship is invincible, but because he hath closed with the clouted shoe, and got a little credit by men's infirmities.

MAR. By your leave, Cavaliero, they say Martin hath great upholders. PAS. It may be so, too; some few that are as ready as himself to rob the church. Though he stand in their bosoms like the grass upon the house to scape the clergy's sickles, Pasquil will have a hook to pull him down. In the mean season, his state is as the grass upon the house; they that are wise and religious do pass by him, but they never bless him, as men do the crop upon the ground. Curses I have read and heard of many that have followed their humours, that have affected any pillage of the church. When Simon the mutinous (upon a particular grudge he bare to Onias the high priest) had informed Seleucus, the King of Asia, of the church's treasure, the King sent Heliodorus his treasurer to seize it to the crown; Heliodorus came like a fox, to visit and reform the disorders of Caelosyria and Phaenice. When the high priest perceived that reformation was his errand, but gold he sought, the grave countenance of Onias was stricken down, and the people, beholding their father heavy, ran some to the temple, some to the city gates, some stood in their windows looking out, some gadded up and down the streets, like Bacchus' frows, frantic for the time, and all jointly lifted up their hands, their eyes, and their voice to heaven, for the defence of the church treasure. Heliodorus was no sooner entered the treasury to take the spoil, but there appeared to him a terrible man in complete armour of gold, mounted on a barbed horse, which ran fiercely at the king's treasurer, and trampled him underfoot. Therewithal appeared also two men of excellent strength and beauty, whipping and beating him with so many stripes that he was carried out of the place speechless, and without any hope of life at all.

But because Martin will say the books of the Macchabees are apocrypha, and Sprignol's man told me (as he trimmed me the other day) that there is a new barber in London about to shave the Bible, wherein he finds somewhat that he would have clean discarded, I will deal with such scriptures as prevent them of all evasions. How dangerous it is to geld the church goods, the end of Ananias and Sapphira shall witness for me, for though their death was the punishment of their sin in lying, yet I trust Martin will grant me that they were drawn to that sin by the cord of sacrilege. And if a greedy desire of withholding that from the church which themselves had given was of force to open such a window to the devil that they were presently given over as a prey to the jaws of hell, to lie and dissemble with the Holy Ghost, how many foul sins and how many grievous plagues are to be feared in this land which

already hang at the end of the line of Martinism, and would speedily be pulled upon our heads if we should but begin to take that from the church which we never gave? It may be Mast Martin will flap me in the mouth with his politic reasons, that it is good for the realm to maintain their wars by the church revenues because foreign invasions are daily looked for. But to meet with his wisdom at the half-sword, I remember that Egypt in the time of Joseph the patriarch felt so extreme a famine that the fifth part of the land was sold to relieve the land, yet the patriarch in all this care he had, both of the country and the king, to succour the one & enrich the coffers of the other, never attempted any sale of the land of the priests, nor once diminished the same. If the holy patriarch, in so great extremity, never ventured to alienate the possessions of idolatrous priests, though it were to the relief of a whole kingdom, with what face dares any politic in the world curtail the maintenance of the church of God, and untile the houses that by religious princes have been consecrated to God's service?

Let us see the good that ensueth of their devices, & let England be warned by the precedents of other nations. Celce, the Constable of Gertrund, King of Burgonie, having under the authority of the King, his master, enriched himself with the goods of the church, was one day in the church at his devotion, and as he heard the prophet read that proclaims a woe unto them that join house to house, and land to land, he gave a shrike suddenly in the congregation, and cried out, *This is spoken to me, this curse is upon me, and upon my posterity*, and afterward died miserably. In France, Louis the Sixth, surnamed the Great, was once a protector of the privileges of the church, for, perceiving that the Conte de Clerimont, the Lord de Roussi, the Lord de Meugn, the Lord de Beuvieu, and others had rifled the bishoprics and churches within the realm, he carried arms in the defence of the church against them, and compelled them to restore their robberies to the church again. The same King Louis the Great, urged with extreme necessity in his age, began, at the last, to pull the church himself. But S. Bernard (one of the lamps of the church of God in those days) solicited the king with divers letters, exhorting him fatherly to give over that course; at the last, perceiving that neither entreaty nor reproof was able to withdraw him, he began to dart out the thunderbolts of the church, and to threaten him that he should shortly feel the judgment of God upon him, which suddenly came to pass, for by the sudden death of the young prince, his eldest son, the staff of his age was broken.

MAR. You have made, Signior Cavaliero, a sad discourse, yet I fear all this will not save the bishopric of Ely from shivering itself into many pieces. PAS. What remedy, Marforius? Though I be but a stone, I am not so senseless to presume, like a Martinist, to teach her excellent Majesty how to wear a crown. Her Highness, being so richly furnished with so rare and high graces from above, and knowing which way to hold the sceptre of the defenders of the faith better by her own experience than by the wisdom that is every day poured into her bosom by the counsels of others, for Pasquil to come in now with any advice for her were to cast (God wot) one little drop of water into the sea. Therefore whatsoever I have already spoken in this behalf, or shall utter hereafter, when Martin or his master provokes me to single combat, I couch it here with all duty and humility at her Majesty's sacred feet.

I know the humour of a Martinist to be such as David described long ago, *Our tongues are our own, who is Lord over us?* An ambitious desire to sit in the doors of every mouth, to be seen and talked of, hath made them surfeit, and shaken them with many cold fits of the fever of Euthydimus. He was a wrangling logician, that had rather say anything than seem to be conquered in disputation, which made him, as a man mad and impudent, to maintain by argument that *his dog was his father, and the father of all the world*. He grew so perverse and so slippery in his conclusions that he proved as quick as an eel in every quirk; the harder he was griped, the sooner he slipped out of every hand. But Pasquil is made of another temper; he acknowledgeth the least magistrate in the land to be lord of his tongue, &

the laws of this country to be the curb that God & her Majesty have made for unruly mouths, lest her people should gore one another like brute beasts. Pasquil offereth his back to S. Bernard's discipline; far from the contentions of Martin and Euthydimus, he giveth less credit and authority to his own wit than to the least of all those that he finds to be men of more learning and judgment than himself.

Martin cries out (as if he had already poisoned the spring's-head where the whole realm should fetch water), *Let the court alone*; he saith he knows what a wonderful working the hope of gain and of gold hath in that place. Yet Pasquil is resolved that her excellent Majesty (as hitherto she hath done) will continue still her princely favour to the privileges of the church of England, and give the blessing to it that Moses gave to the priesthood of the tribe of Levi, and pray for them, first, *That the Urim and Thummim may be among them*, wisdom and knowledge for the people's good, and that when they offer unto the Lord, *The work of their hands may be accepted*, next, that God in His mercy would *Bless their substance, and smite their enemies quite through the loins, that they may never rise again*.

MAR. Enough, Cavaliero, the clock strikes eleven, and the merchants come in to the Exchange apace; I think it were best to talk no longer here. And seeing Martin's matters begin to be whust, it were good in my judgment to suppress your volume of the *Lives of the Saints*. PAS. Nay, Marforius, I must have three courses of the lance with Th. Cartwright before I leave. Hath Martin made him his God, and thinketh he to escape my fingers? I will be with him to bring, from the very first rocking of his cradle to the last penny that he paid for purchasing. What, shall I never take the faction without hypocrisy? Would a man think this companion were persecuted by the church of England, that in the heat of his persecution is so brave a purchaser? Go to, brother Thomas, tell your neighbours about you, Rogers of Byfield, Fenn of Coventry, and the rest, that I keep a register of all the Puritan purchasers in the realm, & I mean to be clerk of their audit for these seven years; my patent is already sealed. MAR. Seeing you will forwards with the works you have taken in hand, give me some direction for the privy dispersing them when they come out. PAS. I would have thee principally to drop some of them down at Penry the Welshman's haunt. MAR. Where is that? PAS. Tut, I perceive you know nothing. At the sign of the silver fork and the toasted cheese, where the painter, to bewray both his abuse of the scriptures & his malice against the church, hath drawn him his word with a text-pen, *Zelus domus tuae comedit me*. A speech holy David did use, when the zeal of the church did eat up the court, and a speech now describing the spirit of Penry, that would fain turn the church of the land to a toasted cheese, that the zeal of the court might eat up her. MAR. You said in the end of your *Countercuff* that you would send us a commentary upon Martin Junior; I forgot till now to ask you what is become of that? PAS. I fell one night into a trance, wherein methought I saw a very golden wit perform that matter, with so keen a tooth, and such a pleasant grace, that I gave over to him, and farthered the *Lives of the Saints* as much as my leisure would give me leave. And credit me, when I came to the life of the mincing Dame of Rochester with the golden locks, whose conceit was so quick that she caught a child whilst her husband was from her, as her clap was so sudden that nobody knows how it came, or how it went, for since she was delivered (pass & repass) the child was never heard of, so my pen was as swift as the post-horse of the town; I ran a great deal of ground in a little time about her causes. But who cometh yonder, Marforius, can you tell me?

MAR. By her gait and her garland, I know her well; it is *Vetus Comaedia*. She hath been so long in the country that she is somewhat altered; this is she that called in a council of physicians about Martin, and found by the sharpness of his humour, when they had opened the vein that feeds his head, that he would spit out his lungs within one year. And I promise you she prophesied very truly of him; you may see, by the books that he set forth last, that his strength is spent. PAS. I have a tale to tell her in her ear of the sly practice that was used in restraining of her. In the mean season, Marforius, I take my leave of thee, charging

thee upon all our old acquaintance, and upon my blessing, to set up this bill at London Stone. Let it be done solemnly with drum and trumpet, and look you advance my colours on the top of the steeple right over against it, that every one of my solders may keep his quarter.

#### Pasquil's Protestation Upon London Stone

*I, Cavaliero Pasquil, the writer of this simple hand, a young man of the age of some few hundred years, lately knighted in England with a beetle and a bucking-tub, to beat a little reason about Martin's head, do make this, my protestation unto the world, that if any man, woman, or child have anything to say against Martin the great, or any of his abettors, of what state or calling soever they be, noble or ignoble, from the very court-gates to the cobbler's stall, if it please them these dark winter nights to stick up their papers upon London Stone, I will there give my attendance to receive them, from the day of the date hereof, to the full term and revolution of seven years next ensuing. Dated 20. Octobris. Anno Millimo, Quillimo, Trillimo, Per me venturous Pasquil the Cavaliero.*

MAR. Bravamente, Signior. This device (I persuade me) will have his working; assure yourself, I will put it in execution. Is there anything else you would have me do? PAS. Yes, if I thought you were at leisure; you have been very busy, I perceive, about Martin's death, and though he live yet, it may be you prophesy of his end. Yesternight late, old Martin's *Protestation* in octavo was brought unto me; I see, by the volume, he languisheth every day more and more; the pride of his flesh is so much fallen that you may tell every bone in his body now. I pray thee, Marforius, after the *Soldatescha bravura* of displaying my banners upon London stone, send this pistle to Martin by the next post.

Cavaliero Pasquil of England, to Martin the great, wisheth more wit and learning, and a better mind.

May it please your masterdom to understand that, by the last butterfly you sent abroad, you tell me a tale of a dry summer, and protest that you seek not to staunch the hot thirst of any covetous courtier with the bishoprics of the land, but to share them amongst the ministry. Fie, fie, do not you know that a liar must have no shittle memory? If you look either to your former works, where you urge the spoil of the church for the maintenance of wars, or to your son Martin senior, a man that hath slept in his father's bosom and knows your mind, in exhorting his younger brother to resign the care of church revenues to the court, you shall find yourself taken with an overture. Pasquil is not so blind but he sees Martin to be a man that goes two manner of ways, and peradventure he followed your last pack of books to the very gates where they were carried in. A chip of ill chance, you have lost your juggling-stick; your conveyance is such that you shatter, and carry not half so clean as your friends would have you. You say this quarrel will never be determined but by blood. All the better, say I; Pasquil will be the first that will lay down his life upon the cause. God hath hardened my face against the faces of men. I have already made up my reckoning of every danger that may ensue. It is neither loss of living nor life, nor so blind a bob as BLIND ASS, that will scare a cavaliero from this honourable fight he hath undertaken. The wise & learned (to whose judgments I appeal) shall censure us both. To meet with your affixes at every great post & place of concourse, by God's help I will hang such a pair of pendants at both your ears, before it be long, that whosoever beholds you shall say, *Don Diego di Martin hath an idle brain*. You brag you have given M.D. Bancroft such a slive over the shoulders as the credit of his chaplainship shall not recover. Though the learning and honesty of the man do very much credit him with all that are either learned or honest of themselves, yet seeing you come to his chaplainship, I cannot forbear you, but tell you plain, that half a look of his honourable master shall give him more credit in England in one day than Martin or all his

crew shall be able to rob him of while the world stands, though they swell at him with envy like a nest of foul toads till their bodies split and pour out their bowels upon the earth. I have many other things to lay to your charge, which I purpose to wink at until your dialogue be ended, but then, sir, because you tell me you are yet unmarried, I will take down your breeches for altogether. Cavaliero Pasquil.