
SUMMARY: The Harvey-Nashe quarrel had its origins in the bitter factionalism at court in 1578-9 over the Queen's proposed marriage to the Duke of Alencon. The Earl of Leicester and his allies, including his nephew and at that time heir apparent Philip Sidney, opposed the marriage, while Leicester's enemy, the Earl of Sussex, and his allies, including the 17th Earl of Oxford, supported it. On 30 July 1578, while negotiations for the French marriage were under way, Alencon's ambassadors, Bacqueville and Quissy, arrived in England (see Jameson, p.xvii). The Queen was on progress in Essex. Between the 26th and 31st of that month she stayed at Audley End near the town of Saffron Walden, an estate then in the occupation of Oxford's first cousin, Lord Henry Howard. On the 27th of July members of Cambridge university journeyed to Audley End and made various presentations, including a disputation in Leicester's private quarters at which the Queen was not in attendance. Nichols records that Harvey took part in this disputation (see Jameson, p.x). It is often stated that Harvey also made a speech of welcome or oration to the Queen at Audley End, but there is no historical evidence for that supposition, and Nashe expressly refutes it in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*: 'In fine, some disputations there were, and he made an oration before the Maids of Honour, and not before her Majesty, as heretofore I misinformedly set down'. A barbed comment by E.K. in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* indicates that Harvey did no more at Audley End than dedicate the manuscript of his forthcoming book to the Queen: 'Master Gabriel Harvey, of whose special commendation, as well in poetry as rhetoric and other choice learning, we have lately had a sufficient trial in divers his works, but specially in his *Musarum Lachrymae*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*, which book, in the progress at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majesty, afterward presenting the same in print unto her Highness at the worshipful Master Capel's in Hertfordshire'. In contextualizing Harvey's role at Audley End, it is important to keep in mind that in the summer of 1578, Harvey was briefly in Leicester's service as a secretary. In his 'book' dedicated to Leicester (see below), Harvey refers to Leicester as his 'lord', and otherwise indicates that he was in Leicester's employ, and was even expecting to be sent on a foreign mission as one of Leicester's representatives. It was doubtless due to the fact that he was in Leicester's service that Harvey managed to obtain a brief introduction to the Queen while she was at Audley End. Nashe recounted the circumstances almost two decades later in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*: 'By some better friends than he was worthy of and that afterward found him unworthy of the graces they had bestowed upon him, he was brought to kiss the Queen's hand, and it pleased her Highness to say (as in my former book I have cited) that he looked something like an Italian'. The fact that Harvey was in Leicester's service in the summer of 1578 also accounts for Harvey's having had the opportunity to engage in the gauche behaviour among the courtiers and the Queen's gentlewomen which Nashe describes so scornfully in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*. Jameson assumes that Harvey was travelling with the court, and did not arrive at Audley End on the 27th with the scholars from Cambridge (see p.xvii). It does seem likely that, as Leicester's secretary, Harvey would have been travelling with Leicester's retinue, particularly since his abilities as a linguist would have been useful to Leicester in dealings with the French ambassadors. Under these circumstances, it would have been incongruous for Harvey to have made a speech of welcome to the Queen the day after the court arrived had arrived at Audley End, and in fact it is to be noted that Harvey's title

names his home town of Saffron Walden, not Audley End. In Jameson's translation, the title of Harvey's 'book' to the Queen reads: 'Gabriel Harvey's Hail, or the first book of Walden greeting, to the most magnificent Sovereign and august Queen, Elizabeth, royally entertained at Audley End'. All the evidence thus supports E.K.'s statement that Harvey merely dedicated the manuscript of his forthcoming book in writing to the Queen at Audley End, and that he secured a brief introduction to her through Leicester's patronage, not that Harvey addressed a speech of welcome or an oration to the Queen at Audley End. Harvey's objective seems from the outset to have been to bring himself to public notice and advance his career by means of a printed book addressed to the Queen and her courtiers. The Queen's visit to Audley End, so close to Harvey's home town of Saffron Walden, provided Harvey with the perfect pretext for such a book. By mid-September, within three weeks of the events at Audley End, Harvey had published his manuscript under the title *G. Harveii Gratulationum Valdinensium Libri quatuor*. As the Latin title indicates, the printed volume consists of four 'books', the first addressed to the Queen, the second to Leicester, the third to Lord Burghley, and the fourth to Oxford, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Philip Sidney. Despite the fact that Oxford had bestowed 'angels' on Harvey while Harvey was a student at Cambridge, given Harvey's employment by Leicester, and the rivalry between Leicester and Sussex over the French marriage, it is not surprising to find that Harvey sought to curry favour with Leicester by mocking and insulting Oxford (under cover of extravagant praise) in the 'book' dedicated to Oxford, Hatton and Sidney, urging Oxford to abandon literature and to throw away his 'bloodless pen' in order take up military pursuits at a time when England was at peace, and when the Queen had refused Oxford any employment, either military or otherwise. As E.K. indicates in his note in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, Harvey presented a copy of his printed book to the Queen in mid-September, while she was staying at the home of Arthur Capel in Hertfordshire, and it is not unreasonable to infer that Harvey also presented printed copies as well to Leicester, Burghley, Oxford, Hatton and Sidney at that time. The copy of Harvey's speech to Oxford below was prepared from Jameson, Thomas Hugh, *The "Gratulationes Valdinenses" of Gabriel Harvey*, Unpublished Yale University dissertation (1938). See also Jameson's introduction for a discussion of the French marriage negotiations as a background to the events at Audley End.

G. HARVEII XAIPE,
Vel, Gratulationis Valdinensis
Liber Quartus

Ad Nobilissimum, praeclarissimumque
Dominum, Comitem Oxoniensem, magnum Angliae Camerarium,

Ad Honoratissimum & Amplissimum virum Christophorum Hattonum,
Equitem auratum atque Regia Maiestatis Consiliarum,

Ad Clarissimum, Nobilissimumque Iuvenem, Philippum Sidneum,
Henrici proregis Hibernici, Filium

Londoni
Ex officina Typographica Henrici Binnemani
Anno cio. io. Lxxviii
Mense Septembri

A dialogue on the picture of the most noble Earl of Oxford and on his most elegant motto,
Naught verier than Vere

Spectator. Painter.

Sp. Is it a picture of Vere? P. Verily. S. Nothing is verier. Pa. Nothing's verier than this. S. That's its merit and yours. Sp. Whence his name? P. Because he embraces verity and hates what's false, verily loving his king and his God. Sp. Very is the love of a Vere, who holds in esteem Verity, king, God, country, and the very honor of his country. Pa. Go now, tell the Earl Vere that nothing's verier than he, not the goddess who is held the child of father Time! Blue, says the herald, is the veriest color of them all; how well does he now agree with his boar! Let others have their eagles, their bears, and their lions; what will best suit Vere is the figure of a blue boar!

Another dialogue on the much desired coming of the same

Guest. Courtier.

Gu. Is it verity that Vere has come here with the sovereign?

Co. Verily; there's nothing verier than that same verity.

Gu. But that can't be; it can't be verier than Vere himself; this same Vere is more verily very than your Verity is.

Co. That is his name and always has been, just as if it were his essence; thus Vere was a veracious conqueror.

Gu. This is a very subject, and was verily a conqueror, yet each was equally a very cultivator of his country.

Co. Who is not pleased with this omen, may he be not pleased either with the name or the veracious glory of his land!

Gu. Long live, noble Earl Vere, may Verity herself favor you, and the daughter of Verity, a veracious goddess! May she often, may she often offer you her honeyed lips; O how precious, how great a goddess is Veraciousness! Her alone revere, her, most veracious Vere, carry ever in your mind, in your eyes, your heart and your mouth! To her not Juno, not Pallas, not any single Grace, nor mother Venus is equal; Themis is not to be so venerated. What wonder, if so great a Hero should serve so great a Heroide? what wonder if you, too, a goddess cherishes? Go in that strength, Earl; plant everywhere the tracks of Veracious deeds; nothing is more very, nor will it be! Now hail, and if there is naught verier than the Veres, surpass them and you will surpass others of equal rank.

Gabriel Harvey's Apostrophe to the Same

This is my "Hail"; thus, thus it pleased me to say Welcome to you and the other nobles, though your splendid fame asks, great Earl, a more grandiloquent poet than I. Your virtue

does not creep the earth, nor is it confined to a song; it wondrously penetrates the aetherial orbs! Up and away! with that mind and that fire, noble heart, you will surpass yourself, surpass others; your great glory will everywhere spread beyond the frozen ocean! England will discover in you its hereditary Achilles. Go, Mars will see you in safety and Hermes attend you; aegis-sounding Pallas will be by and will instruct your heart and spirit, while long since did Phoebus Apollo cultivate your mind with the arts. Your British numbers have been widely sung, while your Epistle testifies how much you excel in letters, being more courtly than Castiglione himself, more polished. I have seen your many Latin things, and more English are extant; of French and Italian muses, the manners of many peoples, their arts and laws you have drunk deeply. Not in vain was Sturmius himself known to you, nor so many Frenchmen and polished Italians, nor Germans. But, O celebrated one, put away your feeble pen, your bloodless books, your impractical writings! Now is need of swords! Steel must be sharpened! Everywhere men talk of camps, everywhere of dire arms! You must even deal in missiles! Now war is everywhere, everywhere are the Furies, and everywhere reigns Enyo. Take no thought of Peace; all the equipage of Mars comes at your bidding. Suppose Hannibal to be standing at the British gates; suppose even now, now, Don John of Austria is about to come over, guarded by a huge phalanx! Fated events are not known to man, for the Thunderer's counsels are not plain; what if suddenly a powerful enemy should invade our borders? if the Turk should arm his immense cohorts against us? What if the terrible trumpet should now resound the "Taratantara"? You are being observed as to whether you would care to fight boldly. I feel it; our whole country believes it; your blood boils in your breast, virtue dwells in your brow, Mars keeps your mouth, Minerva is in your right hand, Bellona reigns in your body, and Martial ardor, your eyes flash, your glance shoots arrows: who wouldn't swear you Achilles reborn? Up, great Earl, you must feed that hope of courage. It befits a man to keep the horrid arms of Mars busy even in peace; " 'Tis wise to accustom oneself", and "Use is worth everything". You, O you can be most mighty! Though there be no war, still warlike praise is a thing of great nobility; the name of Leader suits the great. It is wise to watch for effects and to see what threatens beforehand, like the prince who in time of peace strolling the fields with his family: "Tell me (he said), if the enemy were to hold this hill or maybe that hump, what would you do? Which of you'd be better protected? Which side would have the honor to win on its right? In what manner would you attack? With what strategies would you advance? Which is our safest position? Which is unsafe for them? If retreat's the thing, if delay, if force or impetuosity, whence would show our best escape or entry? Suppose these humps here or these streams were in the way; here hostile cities and troops of the enemy opposed you: many are the chances, the uncertain dangers of wars! Battles are doubtful; everything has to be anticipated in the mind first; neither our advantages nor disadvantages should seem to have been poorly explored. Tell me, what would you do? what occurs to you, my good Pyrrhus? What to you, veteran? You speak sagely, but the thing is difficult. But pluck up, Fortune favors the brave. The only fear is lest the enemy should judge by those documents of your leisure; we should do cunningly whatever we approach. May God favor so great daring, but let us imitate that god who looks in both directions."

These things and more this leader used to inculcate in his friends' minds with frequent discourses, and thus to inflame their brave minds and kindle Mars within them. It was no time of war; he had not anticipated an enemy; among pleasant scenes and through delightful meadows he held imitation battles and pondered a bitter business. And often, indeed, he (but perhaps it was another; it matters little) read the illustrious testimonials of great deeds, and putting before his eyes every act of some pre-eminent chief, he would keep it there for imitation. This (he would say) plumed Achilles used to do, and this, too, Ajax did, the mighty lord of the seven-fold shield. These were the wiles of Diomedes, thus stern Ulysses raged at the Greeks; but those were the counsels of Palamedes, and that was the opinion of savage Stheneleus. Paledean Neoptolemus, and even Menelaus himself pronounced thus and so. Not Jupiter could repress this one's daring, nor the Mavortian repress that one's spirits; nor Fortune overrule this other. Than he there was no one more cautious, than he no one more prudent in council-place; how mighty this, how brave of heart and hand! how resourceful this one! how unterrified stood that in any discomfiture! how this old soldier gained none of his hoped-for goals! what towns taken, what disaster dealt! O celestial power of the everlasting ones, with what terror shook he in his fury the dejected enemy! Do you see how he unleashes all the reins of his ire? how the other rules his indomitable spirit? how with strength and cunning he reduces obstacles and saves land and walls by undying effort, eludes the snares and pitfalls of the enemy, and keeps all from invincible Mars. May God favor me; it is settled that I imitate the deeds of this man; but I shall follow others, too, and outdo the beginnings of other leaders. I shall make my deeds be everywhere sung; I shall seize all chances to win, following all arts of the war-like, observing causes and effects in old happenings, watching the time, the hour, and the place, and meditating single examples: hardly shall I fear to accumulate greater trophies myself. This will be the use, that the fruit of my study. O sagacious man! who from such a king would withhold any praise? who would not deem him worthy of honor from the gods? What soldier would not serve him?: what general? "A provident man is hardly ever wretched." In peace it behooves us to endure toil and thirst and hunger and cold and irksome heat and watches, both day and night; to brandish menacing weapons with a terrible right hand. Let your enemies trifle, the opponent enjoy his rest; let the sluggish indulge in the allurements of the moment and in the blandishments of sportive peace. To me there is the noble oracle of a great Prince: "One is happy (so all persuade who are guided by Minerva) by as much as he has been careful." O voice worthy the Thunderer! The Prince of Physicians, too, warns that when well and free from taint of disease, I should fortify my body against the same and assiduously practise all the precepts of health, thus repressing each evil apparition. So persuaded that old poet that it was a great disgrace: "Truly, ye youths, ye have the spirits of women!" I delight too, have always delighted, and will always, in, "Whether Hera wants you or me to rule, whatever Fate intends, let us prove it with courage" -- the resolve of Pyrrhus, resolve worthy the great-souled Aecus's fury. O Earl, O Hero, more courageous than Pyrrhus himself, you too meditate such thoughts. Better things can befall and will befall you. The greatest pleasure in peace is to occupy your mind with camps, skirmishes, and warlike shields, to deal in destructive balls and dire missiles. And I warn you to be awake; you, with Mars and Mercury propitious, may combine the merits of the camp and city. Where your great courage calls you, go, with lucky foot! Be indulgent, I pray: whosoever asks to surpass what you now do, by inciting you to acts foretells and

approves them. It was that I might not seem to have talked and said nothing, and that my "Hail" might be somewhat more congenial to you, that I chose material to suit such ardor as yours. Would that the land would salute you in the same tones; how, great-hearted Hero, you ought to save yourself for war and return safe to mother Peace! That is the care of men in command; that agrees with Nobility. The stars hate the inactive; they station the brave on the throne of glory and crown them with honor. Proceed, proceed with sense alert, noble heart; Heaven itself will attend your ventures, and Aether will smile and applaud them; great Jupiter will give you all happiness! O, think before dismissing lightly such praise. And now once more, noble one, Farewell; none more loved, none dearer is present. Each and all say you joy.