

Have With You To Saffron Walden,
or
Gabriel Harvey's Hunt Is Up

Containing a full answer to the eldest son
of the halter-maker,
or
Nashe, his confutation of the sinful Doctor.

The mot or posy, instead of *Omne tulit punctum*:

Pacis fiducia nunquam,

As much to say as, *I said I would speak with him.*

Printed at London by John Danter

1596

*Quasi-conversant about heads.

*To the most orthodoxal and reverent corrector of staring hairs, the sincere & finigraphical rarifier of prolixious rough barbarism, the thrice egregious and censorial animadvertiser of vagrant mustachios, chief scavenger of chins, and principal *head-man of the parish wherein he dwells, special supervisor of all excremental superfluities for Trinity College in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a notable and singular benefactor to all beards in general, Don Richardo Barbarossa de Caesario, Tho: Nashe wisheth the highest top of his contentment and felicity, and the shortening of all his enemies.*

Acute and amiable Dick, not *Dic mihi, Musa, virum*, Musing Dick, that studied a whole year to know which was the male and female of red herrings; not *Dic obsecro*, Dick of all Dicks, that in a church where the organs were defaced came and offered himself with his pipe and tabor; nor old Dick of the Castle, that upon the news of the loss of Calais went and put a whole bird-spit in the pike of his buckler; or Dick Swash, or Desperate Dick, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devours more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his frays, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers' draymen; nor Dick of the Cow, that mad demi-lance Northern borderer, who played his prizes with the Lord Jockey so bravely; but paraphrastical gallant Patron Dick, as good a fellow as ever was *Heigh, fill the pot, hostess*; courteous Dick, comical Dick, lively Dick, lovely Dick, learned Dick, old Dick of Lichfield, *Iubeo te plurimum saluere*, which is by interpretation, *I joy to hear thou hast so profited in gibberish*.

I am sure thou wonderest not a little what I mean, to come upon thee so strangely with such a huge dicker of Dicks in a heap altogether, but that's but to show the redundance of thy honourable family, and how affluent and copious thy name is in all places, though Erasmus in his *Copia verborum* never mentions it.

Without further circumstance, to make *short* (which, to speak troth, is only proper to thy trade), the short and long of it is this. There is a certain kind of Doctor of late very pitifully grown bald, and thereupon is to be shaven immediately, to try if that will help him. Now I know no such nimble fellow at his weapon in all England as thyself, who (as I hear) stand'st in election at this instant to be chief crowner or clipper of crowns in Cambridge, and yet no defacer of the Queen's coin neither, and it is pity but thou shouldst have it, for thou hast long served as a clerk in the *crown* office, and concluded syllogisms in *Barbara* any time this sixteen year, and yet never met'st with any requital, except it were some few *French crowns*, pilled friars' crowns, dry shaven, not so much worth as one of these Scottish horn crowns which (thy very enemies must needs confess) were but *bare wages* (yea, as bare as my nail, i' faith) for thy brave desert and dexterity, & some such *thin* gratuity or *hair-loom* it may be the Doctor may present thee with, but however it *falls*, hath his head or his hair the falling sickness never so, without any more delay, *off or on*, trimmed he must be with a trice, and there is no remedy but thou must needs come and join with me to give him the terrible cut.

'Barbers knocking heir fingers.

'Their lousy tapery they put about men's necks whiles they are rimming.

Wherefore (good Dick) on with thy apron, & arm thyself *to set him down* at the first word. *Stand to him*, I say, and *take him a button lower*; fear not to show him a **knack* of

thy occupation, and once in thy life let it be said that a Doctor wears thy **cloth*, or that thou hast caused him to do penance, and wear *haircloth* for his sins. Were he as he hath been (I can assure thee), he would clothe and adorn thee with many gracious gallant compliments, and not a rotten tooth that hangs out at thy shop-window but should cost him an indefinite Turkish army of English hexameters. O, he hath been old dog at that drunken staggering kind of verse, which is all uphill and downhill like the way betwixt Stamford and Bitchfield, and goes like a horse plunging through the mire in the deep of winter, now soused up to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tiptoes. Indeed, in old King Harry sincerity, a kind of verse it is he hath been enfeoffed in from his minority, for, as I have been faithfully informed, he first cried in that verse in the very moment of his birth, and when he was but yet a freshman in Cambridge, he set up **si quisses* & sent his accounts to his father in those jolting heroics. Come, come, account of him as you list, by *pol and aedepol* I protest, your noble science of **decision* and contraction is immortally beholding to him, for twice double his patrimony hath he spent in careful cherishing & preserving his picke-devant, and besides, a divine vicarly brother of his called Astrological Richard, some few years since (for the benefit of his country) most studiously compiled a *profound abridgment upon beards*, & therein copiously dilated of the true discipline of peaks, & no less fruitlessly determined betwixt the swallow's-tail cut & the round beard like a rubbing-brush. It was my chance (O thrice blessed chance), to the great comfort of my muse, to peruse it, although it came but privately in print, and for a more ratified passport (in thy opinion) that I have read it and digested it, this title it beareth, *A *Defence of Short Hair Against Synesius and Pierius*, or rather, in more familiar English to express it, a dash over the head against baldness, very necessary to be observed of all the *looser* sort, or *loose-haired* sort, of young gentlemen & courtiers, and no less pleasant and profitable to be remembered of the whole commonwealth of the barbers. The posy thereto annexed, *Prolixior est breuitate sua*, as much to say as *Burn bees and have bees*, & *hair, the more it is cut, the more it comes*, lately devised and set forth by Richard Harvey, the unlucky prophet of prodigies. If this may not settle thy belief, but yet thou requirest a further token to make up even money, in the epistle dedicatory thereof to a great man of this land, whom he calls *his very right honourable good Lord*, he recounteth his large bounties bestowed upon him, and talks of the secret favours which he did him in his study or closet at court.

'Si quis, a bill for
nything lost.

'For division &
ontraction.

'Therefore belike
ie gave it that title
because it was most
f it short hair his
ather made ropes
f.

Hear you, Dick; mark you here what a jewel this learning is. How long will it be ere thou study thyself to the like preferment? No reason I see why thou, being a barber, shouldst not be as *hair-brained* as he. Only for writing a book of beards, in which he had no further experience but by looking on his father when he made hairs, hair-lines I mean, and yet not such *lines* of life as a hangman hath in his hand, but hair-lines to hang linen on; for that small demerit (I say) is he thus advanced and courted, & from Astrological Dick raised to be favourite Dick. And very meet it is he should be so favoured and raised by high personages, for before he was as low a parson or vicar as a man could lightly set eye on.

With tears be it spoken, too few such lowly parsons & preachers we have, who, laying aside all worldly encumbrances & pleasant conversing with Saint Austin, Jerome, Chrysostom, will be content to read a lecture as he hath done, *de lana caprina*, (almost as

'Some hold that
my place of a
nan's chin, being
rubbed with a gold
ring being heated,
will so harden the
kin that there
hall never any
hair grow there
more.

'Bestellein, the
royallest pass in
Germany that may
be, only for Dukes
& great princes.

* A lance, an
instrument to let
blood with.

slender a cast subject as a cat's smelling-hairs), or traverse the subtle distinctions twixt *short cut and long-tail*.

Fie, this is not the fortieth dandiprat part of the affectionate items he hath bequeathed on your mystery; with five thousand other doctrinal devotions hath he adopted himself more than a by-founder of your trade, conjoining with his aforesaid Doctor brother in eighty-eight brown bakers' dozen of almanacs.

In every of which famous annals of the four winds, unfallible rules are prescribed for men to observe the best time to breed lovelocks in, and so to *ringle a through-hair for rooting that it shall never put forth his snail's horns again, as also under what planet a man may with least danger pick his teeth, and how to catch the sun in such a physical sign that one may sweat and be not a hair the worse.

But these amplifications adjourned to another return, all the devoir, Diamond Dick, which I am in this epistle of thy dainty composition to expostulate is no more but this, that since under thy redoubted patronage and protection my works are to have their royal **bestellein*, and more than common safe-conduct into the world, and that for the meridian of thy honour and magnificence they are chiefly elevated & erected, thou wouldst bravely mount thee on thy barbed steed, alias thy triumphant barber's chair, and girding thy keen Palermo razor to thy side instead of a trenchant Turkish scimitar, and setting thy sharp-pointed *lance in his rest, be with them at a hair's-breadth that backbite and detract me.

Phlebotomize them, sting them; touch them, Dick, touch them. Play the valiant man-at-arms, and let them blood and spare not. The law allows thee to do it; it will bear no action, and thou, being a barber-surgeon, art privileged to dress flesh in Lent, or anything.

Admit this be not sufficient to cool the heat of their courage, search them in another vein by discharging thy pocket-dags against them, and let them smart for it to the proof.

Steel thy pointed maypole, or more properly to term it, thy redoubted rigorous horseman's staff (which at thy door as a manifest *sign* thou hangest forth of thy martial prowess and hardiment) on their insolent crests that malign and despise me, and forbear not to bring forth all thy brass pieces against them. It is well known thou hast been a commander and a soldier ever since Tilbury camp, and early and late *walked the round*, and dealt very *short and round* with all those that come under thy fingers, struggled through the *foamy* deep, and skirmished on the *downs*, whereof, if thou tak'st them not down soundly, with a *hey down and a derry*, and dost not shuffle and *cut* with them lustily, *actum est de pudicitia*, I ask of God thou mayest light upon none but bald-pates till thou diest. But I trow thou wilt carry a better pate with thee, and not suffer any of these indigent old-fashioned judgments to carry it away, whose wits were right stuff when those love-letters in rime were in request, & whose capacities never mended their pace since Pace, the Duke of Norfolk's fool, died. As for the decayed proctor of Saffron Walden himself, if he wander within the precincts of thy indignation, I make no question but of thy own accord, without any motion of mine, thou wilt be as ready as any *catchpole* out of all *scotch & notch* to torment him, & deal as *snip-snap* snappishly with him as ever he was dealt

withal since he first dated letters from his gallery in Trinity Hall, not suffering a louse that belongs to him to pass thy hands without a *polling*-penny, and yet, as I shrewdly presage, thou shalt not find many polling-pence about him neither, except he rob *Peter* to pay *Paul*, impoverish his spiritual vicar brother to help to pay for his polling, and he, alas (doleful four-nobles curate, nothing so good as the confessor of Tyburn or superintendent of Pancras), hath nittified himself with a dish, *rotunde profunde*, any time this fourteen year to save charges of sheep-shearing &, not to make of a thing more than it is, hath scarce so much ecclesiastical living in all as will serve to buy him crewel strings to his books, and hair buttons.

Wherefore I pass not if, in tender charity and commiseration of his estate, I add ten pound & a purse to his wages and stipend, canvass him and his angel brother Gabriel in ten sheets of paper, and so leave them to go hang themselves, or outright to hang, draw and quarter them all under one, I care not if I make it eighteen, on that condition in their last will & testament they bequeath me eighteen wise words in the way of answer betwixt them.

I dare give my word for them, they will never do it, no, not although it were enjoined to them instead of their neck-verse, their whole stock of wit, when it was at the best, being but ten English hexameters and a l'envoy; wherefore, generous Dick (with humdrum be it spoken), I utterly despair of them, or not so much despair of them as count them a pair of poor idiots, being not only but also two brothers, two blockheads, two blunderkins, having their brains stuffed with naught but balderdash, but that they are the very botts & the glanders to the gentle readers, the dead palsy and apoplexy of the press, the serpigo and the sciatica of the 7 liberal sciences, the surfeiting vomit of Lady Vanity, the sworn bawds to one another's vainglory, &, to conclude, the most contemptible Monsieur Ajaxes of excremental conceits and stinking kennel-raked-up invention that this or any age ever afforded.

I pray thee, surmounting Donzel Dick, whiles I am in this heat of invective, let me remember thee to do this one kindness more for me, videlicet, when thou hast frizzled and scrubbed and tickled the hairs sweetly, and that thou hast filched thyself into an excellent honourable assembly of sharp judicial fiery wits and fine spirits, be it this winter at an evening term, or wherever, with all the thundering grace and magnanimous eloquence that thou hast, put up this heroical grace in their behalf, if thou be not past grace.

A grace put up in behalf of the Harveys.

Supplicat reuerentiis vestris, per Apostrophem, &c.

In English thus.

Most humbly sueth to your reverences the reprobate brace of brothers of the Harveys, to wit, witless Gabriel and ruffling Richard, that whereas for any time this four and twenty

year they have played the fantastical gubshites and goose-giblets in print, and kept a hateful scribbling and pamphleting about earthquakes, conjunctions, inundations, the fearful blazing star, and the forsworn flax-wife, and took upon them to be false prophets, weather-wizards, fortune-tellers, poets, philosophers, orators, historiographers, mountebanks, ballad-makers, and left no art undefamed with their filthy dull-headed practice, it may please your worships and masterships, these infidel premises considered, & that they have so fully performed all their acts in absurdity, impudence & foolery, to grant them their absolute graces to commence at Daw's Cross, and with your general subscriptions confirm them for the profoundest Arcandams, Acarnanians and dizzards that have been discovered since the Deluge, & so let them pass throughout the Queen's dominions.

[]

Purposely that space I left, that as many as I shall persuade they are pachecos, poldavises, and dringles may set their hands to their definitive sentence, and with the clerk help to cry Amen to their eternal unhandsoning.

Ply them, ply them uncessantly, *unico* Dick, even as a waterman plies for his fares, and insinuate and go about the bush with them like as thou art wont to insinuate and go about the grizzly bushy beard of some savage Saracen butcher, and never surcease flaunting and firking it in fustian till under the universities' united hand & seal they be enacted as *Obsolaete* a case of coxcombs as ever he was in Trinity College that would not carry his tutor's bow into the field because it would not edify, or his fellow *qui quae cod's-head*, that in the Latin tragedy of *K. Richard* cried, *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more but *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*.

Shall I make a motion -- which I would not have thee think I induce to flatter thee neither, thou being not in my walk whereby I might come to wash my hands with thee a-mornings, or get a sprinkling or a brushing for a bribe -- wilt thou commence, and make no more ado, since thou hast almost as much learning, and far more wit, than the two brothers, or either of those profound *qui mihi discipulasses* above mentioned?

Now verily (I persuade me), if thou wouldst attempt it, not all the Gabriels betwixt this and Godmanchester put together would make a more perpolite cathedral Doctor than thyself, for all languages at thy fingers'-end thou hast as perfect as Spruce, and ne'er a Dick Harvey or cathedral Doctor of them all can read a more smooth succinct Lipsian lecture of short hair than thou over thy barber's chair, if thou be so disposed, nor stand and encounter all comers so constantly.

Dick, I exhort thee as a brother, be not a horse to forget thy own worth. Thou art in place where thou mayest promote thyself; do not close-prison and eclipse thy virtues in the narrow glass lantern of thy barber's shop, but reflect them up and down the realm like to those prospective glasses which express not the similitudes they receive near hand, but cast them in the air afar off, where they are more clearly represented.

Commence, commence, I admonish thee. Thy merits are ripe for it, & there have been doctors of thy faculty, as Doctor Doddypoll, for example, and here in London yet extant *viua voce* to testify, Doctor Nott and Doctor Powell, none of which in *notting* and *polling* go beyond thee. To utter unto thee my fancy as touching those neoteric tongues thou professest, in whose pronunciation old Tooty and thou vary as much as Stephen Gardiner and Sir John Cheke about the pronunciation of the Greek tongue, lo, for a testifying encouragement how much I wish thy increase in those languages, I have here took the pains to nit and louse over the Doctor's book, and though many choleric cooks about London in a mad rage have dismembered it and thrust it piping hot into the oven under the bottoms of doucets, and impiously pricked the torn sheets of it for basting paper on the outsides of geese and roasting beef, to keep them from burning, yet have I naturally cherished it and hugged it in my bosom, even as a carrier of Bosom's Inn doth a cheese under his arms, and the purest Parmesan maggot phrases therein culled and picked out to present thee with.

Read and peruse them over as diligently as thou wouldst do a charm against the toothache, for this I can gosselly avouch, no slight pains hath the Doctor took in collecting them, consulting a whole quarter of a year with Textor's *Epithets* (which he borrowed of a friend of mine in Paul's Churchyard) only to pounce them out more poetically.

Be not self-willed, but insist in my precepts, and I will tutor thee so Pythagoreanly how to husband them in all companies that even Williamson himself, thy fellow barber in Cambridge (who hath long borne the bell for finical descanting on the crates) shall be constrained to worship and offer to thee.

Abruptly to break into the bowels of this index of bald inkhornism, what sayest thou, for all thou art reputed such an *enigmatical linguist (under the Doctor's *term probatory* licence be it spoken, being a term with him as frequent as standing upon terms among lawyers), canst thou enter into the true nature of *villainy by connivence*? I hold a groat thou canst not construe it. A word it is that the Doctor lay a whole week and a day & a night entranced on his bed to bring forth, and on the Monday evening late caused all the bells in the parish where he then sojourned to be rung forth, for joy that he was delivered of it.

Repent, and be ashamed of thy rudeness; O, thou that hast made so many men wink whiles thou cast suds in their eyes, and yet knowest not what *connivence* means. Plodding and dunstically, like a clown of Cherry Hinton, basely thou beseechest them to wink whiles thou mak'st a tennis-court of their faces by brickwalling thy clayballs cross up and down their cheeks, whereas if thou wert right orthographized in the Doctor's elocution, thou wouldst say -- instead of, I pray sir, wink; I must wash you -- Sir, by your favour, I must require your *connivence*.

Again, it is thy custom, being sent for to some tall old cinquanter or stigmatical-bearded Master of Art that hath been chin-bound ever since Charles the Ninth's massacre in

*A rag borrowed
from his own
dunghill.

France, to rush in bluntly with thy washing-bowl and thy nurse-clouts under thy cloak, and after a few scraping ceremonies, to ask if his worship be at leisure to be recreated.

A malo in peius; that is the meanest salutation that ere I heard. Utterly thou bewrayest thy non-proficiency in the Doctor's Paracelsian rope-rhetoric. What a pestilence, a young brain and so poor and penurious in *conges*? Raise thy conceit on the trees, or rather than fail, new cork it at the heels, before it should thus walk barefoot up and down the streets.

Hence take thy Harvetical exordium, if thou wouldst have thy conceit the world's favourite at first dash, *Omniscious and omnisufficient Master Doctor* (for so he calls Cornelius Agrippa), *will it please you to be cosmologized and smirk?*

Suppose a bishop come to the university, as the Bishop of Lincoln sometimes to visit King's College, and the bishop of Ely Saint Johns (whiles there was ever a bishop there), a plain bishop (like Martin) at every word thou wilt term him, whereas if thou wert but one hour entered commons in *Harvey de Oratore*, *A great pontiff or demigod in omnisufficiency* thou wouldst install him.

But to appose thee more dallyingly and familiarly. It is given out amongst scholars that thou hast a passing singular good wit; now to try whether thou hast so or no, let me hear what change of phrases thou hast to describe a good wit in, or how, in Pedagogue Tragotanto Doctor's English, thou canst flourish upon it.

I feel thy pulses beat slowly already, although thou beest forty mile off from me, and this impotent answer (with much ado) drops from thee, even as sweat from a lean man that drinks sack, namely that thou thinkest there cannot much extraordinary descant be made of it, except it be to say such a one hath an admirable capacity, an incomparable quick invention, and a surmounting rich spirit above all men. Ha, ha, a destitute poor fellow art thou, and hast missed me ninescore; go, go, get thee a caudle and keep thyself warm in thy bed, for out of question thy spirit is in a consumption.

A rich spirit, quoth a? Nay then, a spirit in the way of honesty too; lo, this it is to be read in nothing but in Barnabe Riche's works. Spend but a quarter so much time in mumping upon Gabrielism, and I'll be bound, body and goods, thou wilt not any longer sneakingly come forth with a rich spirit and an admirable capacity, but *an enthusiastical spirit & a nimble entelechy*. In the course of my book a whole catalogue thou shalt find of all these Guinea phrases, to which in zealous care of thy reformation, I refer thee.

Dii boni, boni quid porto? What a large diocese of epistling have I here progressed through? The summons to a general Council, with all the reasons moving thereunto, or Tyndale's *Prologue before the New Testament*, are but short graces before meat in comparison of this, my immoderate dedication. But the best is, if it be too long, thou hast a comb and a pair of scissors to curtail it, or if thou list not stand so long about it, with a Trinity College rubber thou mayest epitomize it extempore.

Marry, if thou long to hear the reason why I have so stretched it on the tenterhooks, forsooth it is a garment for the woodcock Gabriel Harvey, and fools, ye know, always for the most part (especially if they be natural fools) are suited in long coats, whereupon I set up my rest to shape his garments of the same size, that I might be sure to sit on his skirts.

Dick, no more at this time, but *Nos da, Duw cadw chwi*, and all the recompense I can make thee for being, like a Chancery declaration, so tiring troublesome unto thee is this, if thou wilt have the Doctor for an anatomy, thou shalt; do but speak the word, and I am the man will deliver him to thee to be scotched and carbonadoed, but in any case speak quickly, for here he lies at the last gasp of surrendering all his credit and reputation.

Thy friend, Tho: Nashe, if thou beest foe, Dick, to all the generation of the Harveys.

To all Christian readers to whom these presents shall come.

Well said, my masters, I perceive there cannot be a new book come forth but you will have a fling at it. Say, what are you reading? Nashe against Harvey. Fo, that's a stale jest; he hath been this two or three year about it. O, good brother Timothy, rule your reason; the miller grinds more men's corn than one, and those that resolutely go through with any quarrel must set all their worldly business at a stay before they draw it to the point. I will not gainsay but I have cherished a purpose of persecuting this Lifflander Bogarian so long time as ye speak of, and that, like the long-snouted beast (whose back is castle proof) carrying her young in her womb three year ere she be delivered, I have been big with child of a commonplace of revenge ever since the hanging of Lopez, but to say I plodded upon it continually, and used in all this space nothing but gall to make ink with, is a lie befitting a base swabberly lousy sailor, who, having been never but a month at sea in his life, and ducked at the main-yard's arm twice or thrice for pilfery, when he comes home swears he hath been seventeen years in the Turk's galleys.

Patientia vestra, there is not one pint of wine more than the just bill of costs and charges in setting forth to be got by any of these bitter-sauced invectives. Some foolish praise perhaps we may meet with, such as is afforded to ordinary jesters that make sport, but otherwise we are like those fugitive priests in Spain and Portugal, whom the Pope (very liberally) prefers to Irish bishoprics, but allows them not a penny of any living to maintain them with, save only certain friars to beg for them.

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

Harvey and I (a couple of beggars) take upon us to bandy factions, and contend like the Ursini and Coloni in Rome, or as the Turks and Persians about Mahomet and Mortus Ali, which should be the greatest, and (with the Indians) head our invention's arrows with vipers' teeth, and steep them in the blood of adders and serpents, and spend as much time in arguing pro & contra as a man might have found out the quadrature of the circle in, when all the controversy is no more but this: he began with me, and cannot tell how to make an end, and I would fain end, or rid my hands of him, if he had not first begun.

I protest, I do not write against him because I hate him, but that I would confirm and plainly show to a number of weak believers in my sufficiency that I am able to answer him, and his friends and not his enemies let him thank for this heavy load of disgrace I lay upon him, since their extreme disabling of me in this kind, & urging what a triumph he had over me, hath made me to ransack my standish more than I would.

This I will boldly say, look how long it is since he writ against me; so long have I given him a lease of his life, & he hath only held it by my mercy.

His book, or Magna Carta, which against M. Lyly & me he addressed, I have kept idly by me in a by-settle out of sight amongst old shoes and boots almost this two year, and in

mere pity of him would never look upon it but in some calm pleasing humour, for fear lest in my melancholy too cruelly I should have martyred him.

And yet, though vengeance comes not *Zephris & hirundine prima*, in the first springing prime of his schism and heresy, let him not look for one of Friar Tecelius' pardons, he that (as Sleidan reports) first stirred up Luther, pronouncing from the Pope free salary indulgence to any man, though he had deflowered the Virgin Mary, and absolution as well for sins past as sins to come, for I mean to come upon him with a tempest of thunder and lightning worse than the storms in the West Indies called the furicanos, and complete arm more words for his confusion than Wezel in Germany is able to arm men, that hath absolute furniture for three hundred thousand at all times.

Gentlemen, what think ye of this sober mortified style? I dare say a number of ye have drawn it to a verdict already, and as an elephant's forelegs are longer than his hinder, so you imagine my former confutation will be better than my latter. Nay then, *Aesopum non attriuitis*, you are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to. For however in the first setting forth I march fair and softly, like a man that rides upon his own horse, and like the Caspian Sea seem neither to ebb nor flow, but keep a smooth plain form in my eloquence, as one of the Lacedaemonian ephori, or Baldwin in his moral sentences (which now are all snatched up for painters' posies), yet you shall see me, in two or three leaves hence, cry Heigh, for our town green, and pour hot boiling ink on this contemptible heggledpeg's barren scalp, as men condemned for stealing by Richard de Coeur de Lion's law had hot boiling pitch poured on their heads, and feathers strewed upon, that wheresoever they came, they might be known.

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

The method I mean to use in persecuting this Peter Malvenda and Sinobaldo Crasco is no more but this:

Memorandum, I frame my whole book in the nature of a dialogue, much like Bullein and his Doctor Tocrub, whereof the interlocutors are these:

Imprimis, Seignior Importuno, the opponent.

The second, Grand Consiliadore, chief censor or moderator.

The third, Domino Bentivole, one that stands, as it were, at the line in a tennis-court, and takes every ball at the volley.

The fourth, Don Carneades de Boone Compagniola, who, like a busy country justice sits on the bench and preacheth to thieves out of their own confessions, or rather, like a quartermaster or treasurer of Bridewell, whose office is to give so many strokes with the hammer as the publican unchaste offender is to have stripes, and by the same Tubal's

music to warn the blue-coat corrector when he should patience and surcease, so continually, when by Seignior Importuno the Doctor is brought to the cross, Don Carneades sets down what proportion of justice is to be executed upon him, and when his back hath bled sufficient, gives a signal of retrait.

Neither would I have you imagine that all these personages are feigned, like Amerigo Vespucci & the rest of the Antwerp speakers in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, for, as true as Banks his horse knows a Spaniard from an Englishman, or there went up one and twenty maids to the top of Boston steeple and there came but one down again, so true it is that there are men which have dealt with me in the same humour that here I shadow. In some nook or blind angle of the Blackfriars you may suppose (if you will) this honest conference to be held, after the same manner that one of these Italianate conferences about a duel is wont solemnly to be handled, which is when a man, being specially touched in reputation, or challenged to the field upon equal terms, calls all his friends together, and asks their advice how he should carry himself in the action.

Him that I term Seignior Importuno is a gentleman of good quality, to whom I rest many ways beholding, and one (as the philosophers say of wind, that it is nothing but air vehemently moved), so hath he never ceased, with all the vehemence of wind or breath that he hath, to incite and move me to win my spurs in this journey.

Under Grand Consiliadore I allude to a grave reverend gymnosophist (*Amicorum amicissimus*, of all my friends the most zealous), that as Aesculapias built an oracle of the sun at Athens, so is his chamber an oracle or convocation chapel of sound counsel for all the better sort of the sons of understanding about London, and (as it were) an unusual market of good-fellowship and conference.

He also (as well as Seignior Importuno) hath dealt with me very importunately to employ all my forces in this expedition, and as Hippocrates preserved the city of Cos from a great plague or mortality (generally dispersed throughout Greece) by persuading them to kindle fires in public places, whereby the air might be purified, so hath he (in most fervent devotion to my well-doing) uncessantly persuaded me to preserve my credit from jadish dying of the scratches by powerful through enkindling this Pinego Riminalos' everlasting fire of damnation.

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

The antecedent of the two, besides true resolution and valure (wherewith he hath ennobled his name extraordinary) and a ripe pleasant wit in conversing, hath in him a perfect unchangeable true habit of honesty, imitating the art of music, which the professors thereof affirm to be infinite and without end.

And for the subsequent or hindermost of the pair, who likewise is none of the unworthiest retainers to Madame Bellona, he is another Florentine Poggius for mirthful sportive conceit & quick invention, *ignem faciens ex lapide nigro* (which Munster in his

Cosmography allegeth for the greatest wonder of England), that is, wresting delight out of anything. And this over and above I will give in evidence for his praise, that though all the ancient records and precedents of ingenuous apophthegms and emblems were burnt (as Polydore Vergil in King Harry the Eighth's time burned all the ancient records of the true beginning of this, our isle, after he had finished his chronicle), yet out of his affluent capacity they were to be renewed and re-edified far better.

These four, with myself, whom I personate as the respondent in the last place, shall (according as God will give them grace) clap up a colloquium amongst them, and so school my gentle comrade or neighbour Quiquise in some few short principles of my learning and industry that (I doubt not) by that time they have concluded and dispatched with him, my Gorboduc Huddle-duddle will gladly (on his knees) resign to me his doctorship, and as Antisthenes could not beat Diogenes away from him, but he would needs be his scholar whether he would or no, so shall I have him haunt me up and down to be my prentice to learn to indite, and, do what I can, I shall not be shut of him.

This is once, I both can and will be shut presently of this tedious chapter of contents, lest, whereas I prepared it as an antepast to whet your stomachs, it clean take away your stomachs, and you surfeit of it before meat come, wherefore, only giving you this one caveat to observe in reading my book, which Aristotle prescribes to them that read histories, namely, that they be not *nimis credulos aut incredulos*, too rash or too slow of belief, and earnestly commending me to *Qui cytharam neruis, & neruis temperat arcum*, the melodious god of *gamut are*, that is life and sinews in everything, as also to Jove's ancient trusty Roger, frisking come aloft sprightly Mercury, that hath wings for his mustachios, wings for his eyebrows, wings growing out of his chin like a through-hair, wings at his arms like a fool's coat with four elbows, wings for his riding-bases, wings at his heels instead of spurs, and is true Prince of Wingandecoy in everything, and desiring him to inspire my pen with some of his nimblest pomados and somersets, & be still close at my elbow, since now I have more use of him than alchemists, in love and charity I take my leave of you all, at least of all such as here mean to leave and read no further, and haste to the launching forth of my dialogue.

Have With You To Saffron Walden

Dialogus

Interlocutors: Seignior Importuno, Grand Consiliadore, Domino Bentivole, Don Carneades de Boone Compagniola, Pierce Penillesse, Respondent.

Importuno: What, Tom, thou art very welcome. Where hast thou been this long time? Walking in Saint Faith's Church Underground, that we never could see thee? Or hast thou took a chamber in Coal-Harbour, where they live in a continual mist betwixt two brewhouses?

Consili: Indeed, we have missed you a great while, as well spiritually as temporally, that is, no less in the absence of your works than the want of your company, but now, I hope, by your presence you will fully satisfy us in either.

Bentivole: Nay, I would he would but fully satisfy and pay one, which is the Doctor, for this I can assure him, he is run far in arrearages with expectation, & to recover himself it will be very hard, except he put twice double as much aquafortis in his ink as he did before.

Carnead: No aquafortis, if you love me, for it almost poisoned and spoiled the fashion of Stone the fool's nose, and would you have it be the destruction and desolation of a Doctor Fool now? What, content yourself; a mess of Tewkesbury mustard or a dram and a half of Tower Hill vinegar will seem a high festival banquet, and make a famous coronation show on this forlorn civilian's hungry table.

Impor: Tush, tush, you are all for jest, & make him be more careless of his credit than he would be, by thus contemning and debasing his adversary. Will you hear what is the united voice and opinion abroad? Confidently they say he is not able to answer him, he hath deferred it so long, & if he do answer him, howsoever it be, it is nothing, since he hath been a whole age about it, though I, for mine own part, know the contrary, & will engage my oath for him (if need be) that the most of this time they think him hovering over the nest, he hath sat hatching of nothing but toys for private gentlemen, & neglected the peculiar business of his reputation, that so deeply concern him, to follow vain hopes and had-I-wist humours about court, that make him go in a threadbare cloak, and scarce pay for boat hire. Often enough I told him of this, if he would have believed me, but at length I am sure he finds it, and repents it all too late. In no company I can come, but every minute of an hour (because they have taken special notice of my love towards him) they still will be tormenting me with one question or another, of what he is about, what means he to be thus reckless of his fame, or whether I am sure those things which are passed under his name heretofore were of his own doing, or to get an opinion of wit he used some other man's help underhand, that now hath utterly given him over and forsaken him, whether he be dead or no, or forbidden to write, or in regard he hath published a treatise in divinity makes a conscience to meddle anymore in these controversies, with a thousand other like idle interrogatories, whereto I answer nothing else but that he is idle and newfangled, beginning many things but soon weary of them ere he be half entered, and that he hath too much acquaintance in London ever to do any good, being like a courtesan that can deny no man, or a grave commonwealth's senator that thinks he is not born for himself alone, but, as old Laertes in Homer's *Odyssaea*, *Dum reliqua omnia curabat, seipsum negligebat*, caring for all other things else, sets his own estate at six and seven. Judge you, whom he takes for his best friends, what the end of this will be. A disgraced and condemned man he lives whiles Harvey thus lives unanswered, worse than he that hath peaceably and quietly put up an hundred bastinadoes, or suffered his face to be made a continual common wall for men to spit on. Spittle may be wiped off, and the print of a broken pate or bruise with a cudgel quickly made whole and worn out of men's memories, but to be a villain in print, or to be imprinted at London the reprobatest villain

that ever went on two legs, for such is Gabriel Scurvy's (as in thy other book thou term'st him) his witless malicious testimony of thee, with other more rascally hedge raked up terms, familiar to none but roguish mortis and doxes, is an attainder that will stick by thee forever. A blot of ignominy it is, which though this age, or, at the utmost, such in this age as have conversed or are acquainted with thee, hold light and ridiculous, and no more but as a bull's roaring and bellowing and running horn-mad at everyone in his way when he is wounded by the dogs and almost baited to death, yet there is an age to come which, knowing neither thee nor him, but by your several works judging of either, will authorize all he hath belched forth in thy reproach for sound gospel, since, as the proverb is, *qui tacet consentire videtur*, thou holding thy peace and not confuting him, seems to confess and confirm all whereof he hath accused thee, and the innocent, unheard, do perish as guilty. Deceive not thyself with the bad sale of his books, for though in no man's hands, yet in his own desk they may be found after his death, whereby, while printing lasts, thy disgrace may last, & the printer (whose copy it is) may leave thy infamy in legacy to his heirs, and his heirs to their next heirs successively to the thirteenth and fourteenth generation, *Cum priuilegio*, forbidding all other to print those lewd lying records of thy scandal and contumely but the lineal offspring of their race *in sempiternum*. Hast thou not heard how Orpheus wrote in the 2700. age of the world, whereas it is now 5596, and yet his memory is fresh, his verses are extant, whereas all the kings that reigned and survived at that time have not so much as the first letter of their names to posterity commended? The very same is thy case with those in Germany, which, being executed, are never buried. Consider and deliberate well of it, and if it work not effectually with thee, I know not what will. Neither, if thou beest so senseless that thou wilt not let it sink into thee, do I hold thee worthy to be anything but the sink of contempt, to be excluded out of all men of worth's companies, & counted the abject scum of all poets and ballad-makers.

Respond: So you have said, sir. Now let me have my turn another-while, to counterbuff and beat back all those overthwart blows wherewith you have charged me.

Benti: No reason to the contrary, but in any case be not choleric, since the most of those speeches he hath uttered my own ears can witness to be true, whenas at divers great meetings and chief ordinaries I have champion-like took thy part, and everyone objected and articulated against thee, much after the same form he hath expressed.

Respond: Will you have patience, and you shall hear me expressly and roundly give him his *quietus est*? To the first, wherein he concludes I am not able to answer him because I have deferred it so long, I answer that it follows not, insomuch as many men that are able to pay their debts do not always discharge and pay them presently at one push, and secondly, or to the second lie, where he saith and I do answer him it is nothing since I have been a whole age about it, if I list, I could prove his assertion to be under-age, but that's all one; I am content my wit should take upon it antiquity this once, and nothing else in my defence I will allege but *Veritas temporis filia*, it is only time that revealeth all things, wherefore though in as short time as a man may learn to run at tilt I could have gone through with invention enough to have run him through & confounded him, yet I must have some further time to get perfect intelligence of his life and conversation, one

true point whereof, well set down, will more excruciate & commacerate him than knocking him about the ears with his own style in a hundred sheets of paper. And this let me inform the jury over and above, that age is no argument to make anything ill, & though greybeard drumbling over a discourse be no crime I am subject to, yet in the behalf of the crazed wits of that stamp, I will uphold that it is no upright conclusion to say whatsoever is long laboured is lousy and not worth a straw, since by that reason you might conclude Diana's temple at Ephesus to have been a stinking dovecote or a hogsty because it was 220 year in building by the Amazons. Any time this 17 year my adversary, Frigius Pedagogus, hath laid waste-paper in pickle, and published some rags of treatises against Master Lyly and me which I will justify have lien by him ever since the great matches of bowling and shooting on the Thames upon the ice. But for my part, try me who will, and let any man but find me meat and drink, with the appurtenances, while I am playing the paper-stainer and fishing for pearl in the bottom of my tar-box, and but free me from those outward encumbrances of cares that overwhelm me, and let this paralytic quacksalver fill ten thousand tuns with *scelerata sinapis*, shrewish snappish mustard, as Plautus calls it, or botch and cobble up as many volumes as he can betwixt this and doomsday, and he shall see I will have every one of them in the nose straight, and give as sudden extemporal answers as Pope Silvester's or Friar Bacon's brazen head, which he would have set up on the plain of Salisbury. As touching the vain hopes and had-I-wist court humours which you say I follow, there is no husbandman but tills and sows in hope of a good crop, though many times he is deluded with a bad harvest. Court humours, like cutting of hair, must either be observed when the moon is new or in the full, or else no man will have his hands full that gleans after them. Not unlikely it is they so question you about the cause of my long stay, and their wits being dull frozen and half dead for want of matter of delight (whereof Paul's Churchyard was never worse fuelled), like those in Florida or divers countries of the Negroes, that kindle fire by rubbing two sticks one against another, so, to recreate and enkindle their decayed spirits, they care not how they set Harvey and me on fire one against another, or whet us on to consume ourselves. But this cock-fight once past, I vow to turn a new leaf, and take another order with them, resolving to take up for the word or motto of my patience, *Perdere posse sat est*, it is enough that it is in my power to call a sessions and truss him up when I list, concluding with the poet, *Dum desint hostes, desit quoque causa triumphi*, As long as we have no enemies to trouble us, it is no matter for any triumphs or bonfires, and as it was said of the Black Prince's soldiers that they cared for no spoil but gold and silver, or feathers, so ever after I will care for no conquest or victory which carries not with it a present rich possibility of raising my decayed fortunes, and cavalier flourishing with a feather in my cap (hey gallanta) in the face of envy and general world's opinion. As newfangled and idle, and prostituting my pen like a courtesan is the next item that you tax me with, well, it may and it may not be so, for neither will I deny it nor will I grant it, only thus far I'll go with you, that twice or thrice in a month, when *res est angusta domi*, the bottom of my purse is turned downward, & my conduit of ink will no longer flow for want of reparations, I am fain to let my plow stand still in the midst of a furrow, and follow some of these newfangled galiardos and Seignior Fantasticos, to whose amorous villanellas and quipassas I prostitute my pen in hope of gain, but otherwise there is no newfangledness in me but poverty, which alone maketh me so unconstant to my determined studies, nor idleness, more than discontented idle trudging from place to

place, to and fro, and prosecuting the means to keep me from idleness. My Doctor Vanderhulk, peradventure, out of this, my indigent confession, may take occasion to work piteously. It is no matter; I care not, for many a fair day ago have I proclaimed myself to the world Pierce Penilesse, and sufficient pedigrees can I show to prove him my elder brother. What more remaineth behind of the condemned estate I stand in, till this Domine Deuce-Ace be conswapped, & sent with a pair of new shoes on his feet and a scroll in his hand to Saint Peter, like a Russian when he is buried, as also of the immortality of the print, & how, though not this age, yet another age three years after the building up the top of Paul's steeple, may baffle and infamize my name when I am in heaven & shall never feel it, in four words I will defeat and lay desolate. Forsooth (be it known unto you), I have provided harping-irons to catch this great whale, and this Gobin a Grace ap Hannikin, by God's grace shall be met and combated. Yet this I must tell you, sir, in the way of friendship twixt you & me, your grave fatherly forecasting forasmuch, and urging of posterity and after-ages whose cradle-makers are not yet begot, that they may do this, and they may do that, is a stale imitation of this heathen Gregory Huldrick, my Antigonist [sic?]. And thus I trust all reckonings are even twixt you and me.

Impor: Nay, I promise thee, thou hast given me my passport, and I know not what to say, now thou say'st he shall be answered.

Benti: I am very glad, for thy credit's sake, that thou perseverest in that purpose, but more glad would I be to see it abroad and published.

Resp: Content yourself, so you shall, although it hath gone abroad with his keeper any time this quarter of this year, but as profound a reason as any I have alleged yet of the long stay and keeping it back was that I might fulfill that old verse in Ovid, *Ad metam properate simul; tunc plena voluptas*, as much to say as march together merrily, and then there will be lusty doings and sound sport; so did I stay for some company to march with me, that we might have made round work, and gone through-stitch, but since all this while they come not forward according to promise, but break their day, as the King of Spain did with Sebastian, King of Portugal about his meeting him at Guandulopeia, when they should have gone together to the Battle of Alcazar, *Veiah diabolo*, Saint George, and a tickling pipe of tobacco, and then pell-mell, all alone have amongst them, if there were ten thousand of them.

Carn: Faith, well said; I perceive thou fear'st no colours.

Resp: Whatsoever I fear, I'll force Ienken Hey-derry-derry both to fear and bear my colours, and suit his cheeks (if there be one pimple of shame in them) in a perfecter red than any Venice dye.

Consil: Vengeance on that unlucky die, may he cry, like a swearing shredded gamester, that loseth at one set all that ever he is worth, but I prithee (in honesty), if thou hast any of the papers of thy book about thee, show us some of them, that, like a great inquest, we may deliver our verdict before it come to the omnigatherum of town and country.

Respon: Then gather yourselves together in a ring, and Grand Consiliadore, be you the grand commander of silence (which is a chief office in the Emperor of Russia's court), for here it is in my sleeve that will beslive him; yet, if I be not deceived, some part of the epistle I have read to you heretofore.

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

Respon: Yes, that I have, both tolled and booked him too; nevertheless (for your better understanding), know it is one Dick Lichfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek, who (as I have heard) hath translated my *Pierce Penillesse* into the macaronical tongue, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied, since in some men's incensed judgments it hath too much tongue already, being above 2 years since maimedly translated into the French tongue, and in the English tongue so rascally printed and ill interpreted as heart can think or tongue can tell. But I cannot tell how it is grown to a common fashion amongst a number of our common ill livers, that whatsoever tongue (like a spaniel's tongue) doth not lick their aged sores and fawn on them, they conclude it to be an adder's tongue to sting them, and whereas witty Aesop did buy up all the tongues in the market he could spy, as the best meat he esteemed of, they (by all means possible), even out of the buckles of their girdles, labour to pluck forth the tongues, for fear they should pluck in their unsatiate greedy paunches too straight.

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

Resp: With a good will, agreed, & like Mahomet's angels in the Alcoran, that are said to have ears stretching from one end of heaven to the other, let your attention be indefinite & without end, for thus I begin.

Mascula virorum, Saint Mildred and Saint Agapite! More letters yet from the Doctor? Nay, then we shall be sure to have a whole Gravesend barge full of news, and hear soundly of all matters on both ears. Out upon it, here's a packet of epistling as big as a pack of woollen cloth, or a stack of salt-fish. Carrier, didst thou bring it by wain, or on horse-back? By wain, sir, & it hath cracked me three axle-trees, wherefore I hope you will consider me the more. Heavy news, heavy news, take them again, I will never open them. Ah, quoth he (deep sighing), to me, I wot, they are the heaviest, whose cart hath cried creak under them forty times every furlong, wherefore, if you be a good man, rather make mud walls with them, mend highways, or dam up quagmires with them, than thus they should endamage me to my eternal undoing. I, hearing the fellow so forlorn and out of comfort with his luggage, gave him his Charon's naulum, or ferry three halfpence, & so dismissed him to go to the place from whence he came, and play at loadum. But when I came to unrip and unbombast this gargantuan bag-pudding, and found nothing in it but dogs' tripes, swines' livers, ox-galls, and sheep's guts, I was in a bitterer chafe than any cook at a long sermon when his meat burns. Do the philosophers (said I to myself) hold that letters are no burden, & the lightest and easiest household-stuff a man can remove?

I'll be sworn upon Anthony Guevara's *Golden Epistles*, if they will, that there's not so much toil in removing the siege from a town, as in taking an inventory survey of any one of them. Letters, do you term them? They may be letters patents well enough for their tediousness, for no lecture at Surgeon's Hall upon an anatomy may compare with them in longitude. Why, they are longer than the statutes of clothing, or the Charter of London. Will ye have the simple truth, without any devices or playing upon it? Gabriel Harvey, my stale gull, & the only pure orator in senseless riddles or Packstonism that ever this our little shred or separate angle of the world suckled up, not content to have the naked scalp of his credit new covered with a false periwig of commendations, and so return to his father's house in peace and there sustain his hungry body with withered scallions and green cheese, hath since that time deeply forsworn himself in an arbitrament of peace, &, after the ancient custom of Scottish amity, unawares proclaimed open wars afresh in a whole Alexandrian library of waste-paper. *Pierce his Supererogation, or Nashe's Saint Fame*, prettily & quirkily he christens it, and yet not so much to quirk or cross me thereby, as to bless himself and make his book sell, did he give it that title, for having found, by much shipwrecked experience, that no work of his, absolute under his own name, would pass, he used heretofore to draw Sir Philip Sidney, Master Spenser, and other men of highest credit into every pilled pamphlet he set forth, and now that he can no longer march under their ensigns (from which I have utterly chased him in my *Four Letters Intercepted*), he takes a new lesson out of Plutarch in making benefit of his enemy, & borrows my name, and the name of *Pierce Penilesse* (one of my books), which he knew to be most saleable (passing at the least thorough the pikes of six impressions), to help his bedrid stuff to limp out of Paul's Churchyard, that else would have lain unreprievably spittled at the chandler's. Such a huge dryfat of duncery it is he hath dunged up against me, as was never seen since the reign of Averrois. O, 'tis an unconscionable vast gorbellied volume, bigger bulked than a Dutch hoy, & far more boisterous and cumbersome than a pair of Swissers' omnipotent galiass-breeches. But it should seem he is ashamed of the incomprehensible corpulency thereof himself, for at the end of the 199th page he begins with one 100 again, to make it seem little (if I lie you may look, and convince me), & in half a quire of paper besides hath left the pages unfigured. I have read that the giant Antaeus' shield asked a whole elephant's hide to cover it; bona fide I utter it, scarce a whole elephant's hide & a half would serve for a cover to this Gogmagog Jewish Talmud of absurdities. Nay, give the devil his due, and there an end, the giant that Magellan found at Caput Sanctae Crucis, or Saint Christopher's picture at Antwerp, or the monstrous images of Sesostris, or the Egyptian Rapsinates, are but dwarfs in comparison of it. But one epistle thereof, to John Wolfe, the printer, I took and weighed in an ironmonger's scales, and it counterpoiseth a cade of herring and three Holland cheeses. You may believe me if you will, I was fain to lift my chamber-door off the hinges only to let it in, it was so fulsome a fat bona-roba and terrible rouncival. Once I thought to have called in a cooper that went by and called for work, and bid him hoop it about like the tree at Gray's Inn gate, for fear it should burst, it was so beastly, but then I remembered me the boys had whooped it sufficiently about the streets, and so I let it alone for that instant. Credibly it was once rumoured about the court that the Guard meant to try masteries with it before the Queen, and, instead of throwing the sledge or the hammer, to hurl it forth at the arm's end for a wager. Aye, aye, everyone may hammer upon it as they please, but if they will hit the nail on the head pat,

as they should, to nothing so aptly can they compare it as Afric, which being an unbounded stretched out continent, equivalent in greatness with most quarters of the earth, yet nevertheless is (for the most part) overspread with barren sands, so this, his Babylonian tower or tome of confutation, swelling in dimension & magnitude above all the prodigious commentaries and familiar epistles that ever he wrote, is notwithstanding more dry, barren and sandy in substance than them all. Peruse but the ballad *In Sandon soil as late befell*, and you will be more soundly edified by six parts. Six and thirty sheets in comprehendeth, which with him is but six and thirty full points, for he makes no more difference twixt a sheet of paper and a full point than there is twixt two black-puddings for a penny, and a penny for a pair of black-puddings. Foul evil go with it, I wonder you will prate and tattle of six and thirty full points so compendiously trussed up (as may be) in six and thirty sheets of paper, whenas those are but the shortest proverbs of his wit, for he never bids a man good morrow but he makes a speech as long as a proclamation, nor drinks to any but he reads a lecture of three hours long *De arte bibendi*. O, 'tis a precious apophthegmatical pedant, who will find matter enough to dilate a whole day of the first invention of *Fy, fa, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman*, and if he had a thousand pound, he hath vowed to consume it every doyt, to discover and search forth certain rare mathematical experiments, as, for example, that of tying a flea in a chain (put in the last edition of the great *Chronicle*), which if by any industry he could achieve, his own name being so generally odious throughout Kent and Christendom, he would presently transform & metamorphize it from Doctor Harvey to Doctor Tye (of which style there was a famous musician some few years since), resolving, as the last cast of his maintenance, altogether to live by carrying that flea, like a monster, up and down the country, teaching it to do tricks, hey, come aloft, Jack, like an ape over a chain. If you would have a flea for the nonce that you might keep for a breeder, why this were a stately flea indeed to get a brave race of fleas on; your fly in a box is but a drumble-bee in comparison of it. With no expense at all, on your chin (like a witch's familiar) you might feed it, and let the chain hang down on your breast, like a stale greasy courtier's chain with one strop. Alack and welladay, too too inconsiderately advised was this our poetical Gabriel when, hexameterly entranced, he cried out,

*O blessed health, blessed wealth, and blessed abundance,
O, that I had these three for the loss of 30 commencements.*

when he should have exclaimed,

O, that I had this flea for the loss of 30 commencements.

Peradventure he thinks thus slightly to steal away with a flea in his ear, but I must flay his ass's skin over his ears a little handsomer ere we part. Those that be so disposed to take a view of him ere he be come to the full midsummer moon and raging calentura of his wretchedness, here let them behold his lively counterfeit and portraiture, not in the pantofles of his prosperity, as he was when he libelled against my Lord of Oxford, but in the single-soled pumps of his adversity, with his gown cast off, untrussing, and ready to bewray himself upon the news of the going in hand of my book.

If you ask why I have put him in round hose, that usually wears Venetians, it is because I would make him look more dapper & plump and round upon it, whereas otherwise he looks like a case of toothpicks, or a lute-pin put in a suit of apparel. Gaze upon him who list, for I tell you, I am not a little proud of my workmanship, and, though I say it, I have handled it so neatly, and so sprightly, and withal ouzled, gidumbled, muddled and drizzled it so finely that I forbid ever a Hans Boll, Hans Holbein, or Hans Mullier of them all (let them but play true with the face) to amend it, or come within forty foot of it. Away, away, Blockland, Trusser, Francis de Murre, and the whole generation of them will sooner catch the murr and the pose tenscore times ere they do a thing one quarter so masterly. Yea (without cherry-merry buff be it spoken), put a whole million of Iohannes Mabusiususes of them together, and they shall not handle their matters at *sharp so handsomely as I.

'Painters' sharp
handling.

Benti: From sharp to come to the point; as far as I can learn, thou hast all the advantage of the quarrel, since both the first and last fire-brand of dissension betwixt you was tossed by the Doctor.

Respond: Tossing (by your favour) is proper to the sea, and so (like the sea) doth he toss water, and not fire.

Benti: That is, tossed or cast water on fire; if he did so, he is the wiser.

Respon: On a fire of sea-coal, you mean, to make it burn brighter.

Benti: A fire that the sea will cool, or Harvey find water enough to quench, if you look not to it the better.

Respon: I warrant, take you no care; I'll look to his water well enough.

Imp: But methought even now thou contemned'st him because he tossed water and not fire, whereas, in my judgment, there is not a hair's difference betwixt being burned and being drowned, since death is the best of either, and the pain of dying is not more tedious of the one than of the other.

Respon: O, you must not conclude so desperate, for every tossing billow brings not death in the mouth of it; besides, if the worst come to the worst, a good swimmer may do much, whereas fire *rapit omnia secum*, sweepeth clean where it seizeth.

Importun: Aye, but have you not heard that broken piece of a verse, *Currenti cede furori*, give place to fire or fury, and you shall quickly see it consume itself?

Resp: A stale pudding's end; by that reason you may as well come upon me with *Tempus edax rerum, quid non consumitis anni?* As though there is anything so eternal and permanent, that consumes and dies not after all his fire of life is spent. For me, I know I shall live, and not die, till I have digged the graves of all my enemies, and that the fire of my wit will not be spent till (as amongst the Samogetes and Chaldeans) I get it to be

worshipped as a god of those whom it most confounds, and as divers of the Ethiopians curse the sun when it riseth, and worship it when it setteth, so, however they curse and rail upon me in the beginning, I will compel them to fall down and worship me ere I cease or make an end, crying upon their knees *Ponuloi nashe*, which is, in the Russian tongue, *Have mercy upon us*, but I will not have mercy or be pacified till I have left them so miserable that very horses shall hardly abstain from weeping for them, as they did for the death of Caesar, and if they have but ever a dog that loved them, he shall die for grief, to view his masters in that plight.

Consil: In any case, leave this big thunder of words, wherein thou vainly spendst thy spirits before the push of the battle, and if thou hast any such exhaled heat of revenge in the upper region of thy brain, let it lighten and flash presently in thy adversary's face, and not afar off threaten thus idly.

Respon: Threaten idly, said you? Nay, sure, I'll perform as much as he that went about to make the diving boat twixt Dover and Calais, and as lightning and thunder never lightly go asunder, so in my style will I temper them both together, mixing thunder with lightning, and lightning with thunder, that is, in [sic?] dreadful terror with stripes, & sound thrusts with loud threats. Tell me, have you a mind to anything in the Doctor's book? Speak the word, and I will help you to it upon the nail, whether it be his words, his metaphors, his method, his matter, his metres. Make your choice, for I mean to use you most stately.

Carn: Then, good gentle friend (if you will), let's have half a dozen spare-ribs of his rhetoric, with tart sauce of taunts correspondent, a mighty chine of his magnificentest elocution, and a whole sirloin of his substantiallest sentences and similes.

Resp: And shall; I am for you. I'll serve you of the best, you may assure yourself; with a continue tropological speech I will astonish you, all-to-bespiced & dredged with sentences and allegories, not having a crumb of any cost bestowed upon it more than the Doctor's own cookery.

Import: *Tropological!* O embotched and truculent. No French gouty leg with a gamash upon it is so gotchy and boisterous.

Consi: It sounds like the ten-fold echoing rebound of a double cannon in the air, and is able to spoil any little mouth that offers to pronounce it.

Resp: Gentlemen, take God in your mind, & ne'er fear you this word *tropological*, for it is one of Dick Harvey's sheep's trattles in his *Lamb of God*.

Imp: Aye, Dick Harvey's, that may well be, for I never heard there was more in him than would hard and scant serve him to make a collation, but for the Doctor, try it who will, his style is not easy to be matched, being commended by divers (of good judgment) for the best that e'er they read.

Respond: Amongst the which number is a red-bearded threadbare cavalier, who (in my hearing) at an ordinary, as he sat fumbling the dice after supper, fell into these terms (no talk before leading him to it): there is such a book of Harvey's (meaning this, his last book against me) as I am a soldier and a gentleman, I protest, I never met with the like contrived pile of pure English. O, it is divine and most admirable, & so far beyond all that ever he published heretofore as daylight beyond candlelight, or tinsel or leaf-gold above arsedine, with a great many more excessive praises he bestowed upon it, which authentically I should have believed if, immediately upon the nick of it, I had not seen him shrug his shoulders, and talk of going to the bath, and after, like a true pander (so much the fitter to be one of Gabriel's patrons), grew in commending to young gentlemen two or three of the most detested loathsome whores about London for peerless beauteous paragons, & the pleasingest wenches in the world, whereby I guessed his judgment might be infected as well as his body, & he that would not stick so to extol stale rotten laced mutton will, like a true Milanese, suck figs out of an ass's fundament, or do anything. I more than half suspect those whom you prefer for the best judgments are of the same stamp, or if they be not, I will set a new stamp on their judgments, having (to let them see their dotage and error, and what his style is they make such a miracle of) mustered together, in one gallimaufry or short oration, most of the ridiculous senseless sentences, finical flaunting phrases and termagant ink-horn terms throughout his book, and framed it in his own praise and apology because I would cut his cloak with the wool, though Lyly and Nashe never so cry *Non placet* thereat. Auditors, awake your attention, and here expect the clear repurified soul of truth without the least shadow of fiction, the unflattered picture of pedantism, that hath no one smile or crinkle more than it should, for I deeply vow, on my faith and salvation, if he were a Doctor of gold, here in his own clothes he shall appear to you, & not so much as a knot to his winding-sheet, or corner tip to the smallest selvage of his garments I will insert, only a needle and thread to truss up his trinkets more roundly (upon better advice) I am determined to lend him, in hope it may be his thread of life, and even by that single bounty double stitch him unto me to be my devoted beadsman till death, but not a pin's-head or a moth's pallet room gets he of any farther contribution. Hem, clear your throats, and spit soundly, for now the pageant begins, and the stuff by whole cart-loads comes in.

An oration, including most of the miscreated words and sentences in the Doctor's book.

Renowned and amicable readers, from whom it is not concealed that silence is a slave in a chain, and the pen the hot shot of the musket,

Benti: Mark, mark, a sentence, a sentence.

Orati:

that, when the caitiff planet reigneth, of Punical war there is no end, & of the counter-tenor of an offended sire, no ela.

Carne: There's two; keep tally.

Orati:

Tell me (I pray you), was ever Pegasus a cow in a cage, Mercury a mouse in a cheese, dexterity a dog in a doublet, legerdemain a slow-worm, vivacity a lazy-bones, entelechy a slugplum, humanity a spittle-man, rhetoric a dummerell, poetry a tumbler, history a bankrupt, philosophy a broker?

Consili: Aye, marry, now it works.

Respon: I belie him not a word; just as it is there, in his own text it comes together.

Orati:

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

Benti: Stay that same Aeropage. He is a foreigner new come over; let us examine him if he be the Queen's friend or no, ere he pass.

Orati:

without any pregnant cause be thus prestigiously besieged and marked with an asterisk by them that are superficial in theory?

Carne: On my virtuous chastity & verity, pregnant, prestigious, superficial and pretty.

Orati:

In many extraordinary remarkable energetical lines and perfunctory pamphlets, both in ambidexterity and omnidexterity, together with matters adiaphoral, have I disbalassed my mind, & not let slip the least occasionet of advantage, to acquaint the world with my pregnant propositions and resolute aphorisms.

Consili: That word *aphorisms* Greene's executors may claim from him, for while he lived he had no goods nor chattels in commoner use than it.

Import: Away, away, I cannot be persuaded he would ever come forth with any one of these balductum bastardly terms.

Respon: You cannot? Then cannot I be persuaded that you cannot be persuaded, since I have as much reason not to credit your bare assertion, where you say you are persuaded it is not so, as you to distrust my deep vehement protestations, wherein I would persuade you it is so, but if none of these persuasions or protestations may prevail with your incredulity, bring me to the book, if you please (the Doctor's book, subintelligenter), and that will soon resolve you.

Import: It shall not need; I believe thee, since thou stand'st in it so seriously, yet I wonder thou set'st not down, in figures in the margent, in what line, page & folio a man might find every one of these fragments, which would have much satisfied thy readers.

Respon: What, make an errata in the midst of my book, and have my margent bescratched (like a merchant's book) with these roguish arithmetic gibbets or flesh-hooks and ciphers or round O's, like pismire's eggs? Content yourself, I will never do it, or if I were ever minded to do it, I could not, since (as I told you some few leaves before), in more than a quarter of that, his tumbril of confutation, he hath left the pages unfigured, foreseeing by divination (belike) that I should come to disfigure them.

Consil: I warrant thee, I, thou hast figured him well enough as it is, and if thou hadst taken the pains of quotations or figures, as he would have thee, I doubt whether there be any would ever have bestowed so much pains to confer or examine them.

Carnead: On, forward, good Pierce Respondent, with your oration, for I am hungry upon it, and with this I have heard already, my appetite in nothing stanch'd, but rather whetted.

Respond: Bear witness, my masters, if he die of a surfeit, I cannot do withal; it is his own seeking, not mine. As long as I have it, I am no niggard of it; at all adventures I will set it before him.

Oration:

Omitting (sicco pede) my encomiastical orations and mercurial and martial discourses of the terribility of war, in the active & chivalrous vein, every way comparable with the cavalcades of Bellerophon, or Don Alphonso d'Avalos, my seraphical visions in Queen Poetry, quaint theoricis, melancholy projects and pragmatistical discourses, whose beau-desert and rich economy the inspired Heliconists & arch-patrons of our new omniscians have not sticked to equipage with the ancient quinquagenarians, centurions and chiliarchs, notwithstanding all which idees of monstrous excellency, some smirking singularists, brag reformists and gleeking remembrancers (not with the multiplying spirit of the alchemist, but the villainist) seek to be masons of infinite contradiction; they (I say) with their frumping contras, tickling interjections, together with their vehement incensives and allectives, as if they would be the only A per se a's, or great A's of puissance, like Alexander (whom yet some of our modern worthies disdain to have sceptred the est Amen of valure), commence redoubtable monomachies against me, and the dead honey-bee, my brother.

Bentiv: *A per se, con per se, tittle est Amen!* Dost thou not feel thyself spoiled? Why, he comes upon thee (man) with a whole horn-book.

Import: What a supernatural Hibble de Bean it is, to call his brother a dead honey-bee!

Consil: I laughed at nothing so much as that word *arch-patrons*. Go thy ways, thought I, thou art a civilian, and may'st well fetch metaphors from the Arches, but thou shalt never fish any money from thence whilst thou liv'st.

Carn: Troth, I would he might for me (that's all the harm I wish him), for then we need never wish the plays at Paul's up again, but if we were weary with walking, and loath to go too far to seek sport, into the Arches we might step, and hear him plead, which would be a merrier comedy than ever was old *Mother Bomby*. As, for an instance, suppose he were to solicit some cause against Martinists, were it not a jest as right sterling as might be, to see him stroke his beard thrice, & begin thus? *Grave Heliconists, seraphical omniscians, & the only centurions, quinquagenarians and chiliarchs of our time, may it please you to be advertised how that certain smirking singularists, brag reformists and gleeking remembrancers, not with the multiplying spirit of the alchemist, but the villainist, have sought to be masons of infinite contradiction, and with their melancholy projects, frumping contras, tickling interjections and vehement incensives & allectives, in all pragmatistical terribility, commence redoubtable monomachies against you & the beau-desert & idees of your encomiastical church government, and particular & peculiar economies.* O, we should have the proctors and registers as busy with their table-books as might be, to gather phrases, and all the boys in the town would be his clients to follow him. Marry, it were necessary the Queen's decipherer should be one of the High Commissioners, for else otherwhile he would blurt out such Brahminical full-de-fubs as nobody should be able to understand him.

Respon: You make too long glozes on the text; attend how it follows.

Oration:

But Mercury sublimed is someway a coy & stout fellow,

Ben: Very true, for it is a good medicine for the itch.

Oration:

and spite as close a secretary as a scummer,

Carnead: Secretary Spite and Secretary Scummer, give me your hands, I beseech you; what noblemen about court do you belong to?

Oration:

resolution a forward mate, and valour a brave man,

Bentiv: O brave man, will you buy a brave dog?

Oration:

impudency and slander, two arrant vagabonds,

Carnead: I cry you mercy, I always took them for the two brothers.

Oration:

the world never such a Scogan as now, and the devil never such as knave as now.

Bentiv: What a devil ails he to rail so upon a poor painful devil, that does for him all he can?

Respond: Whist, silence on every hand, for here is the very St. George's robes of rhetoric, a speech that I have took up by the lump, as it lies in his book.

Oration:

What's the salvation of David Gorge? A nullity. What the deification of H.N.? A nullity. What the glorification of Kett? A nullity. What the sanctification of Browne? A nullity. What the community of Barrow? A nullity. What the plausibility of Martin? A nullity, yea, and a woeful nullity, and a piteous nullity.

Carnead: What a piteous noise, like a spirit in a wall, doth he here make with his nullities? I should sure run out of my wits if one should come to my chamber-door at midnight with nothing but such a dismal note of *A nullity, a nullity.*

Oration:

Nay, be you loadstones to exhale what I say. Martin is a Guerra, Browne a brown bill, & Barrow a wheelbarrow, Kett a kite, H.N. an o.k., and, to conclude, as the wheel was an ancient hieroglyphic amongst the Egyptians, so some tools are false prophets.

Bentiv: That's the cause we have so many bad workmen now-a-days; put up a bill against them next Parliament.

Import: But if he had said, many men have some tools that are little for their profit, he had hit the mark somewhat nearer.

Oration:

Judas the Gaulonite in the reign of Herod was a hot toast,

Carn: It cannot choose but he loved ale well, then.

Oration:

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

Consil: In good time be it spoken.

Import: A good admonition to musicians to keep time with their instruments, if they be desirous to live long.

Oration:

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

Carnead: let him but live in London half a year, and there be them that will take him down and cool him, were he twice as hot.

Oration:

and no such art memorative as the crab-tree desk,

Consil: No? What say you to a crab-tree cudgel? If it were well husbanded about his shoulders, I think it would make him remember it time enough.

Oration:

for, under correction of the art notory be it spoken, envy is a soaking register, and mortal feuds the claw of an adamant.

Import: Hath adamant such sharp claws? That makes it hold iron so fast when it hath it.

Respon: Hark, hark, how he praiseth Sir Philip Sidney.

Oration:

Sweet Sir Philip Sidney, he was the gentleman of courtesy and the very esquire of industry.

Carnea: The esquire of industry? O scabbed scald squire (Scythian Gabriel) as thou art, so underfoot to commend the clearest mirror of true nobility.

Consil: What a mischief does he taking any man's name in his ulcerous mouth, that being so festered and rankled with barbarism is able to rust and canker it, were it never so resplendent.

Respon: In all his praises he is the most forspoken and unfortunate under heaven, & those whom he ferventest strives to grace and honour he most dishonors and disgraceth by some uncircumcised sluttish epithet or other, and even to talk treason he may be drawn unwares, and never have any such intent, for want of discretion how to manage his words.

Bent: It is a common scoff amongst us to call any foolish prodigal young gallant *the gentleman or flower of courtesy*, & (if it were well scanned) I am of the opinion with the same purpose he did it to scoff and deride Sir Philip Sidney in calling him *the gentleman of courtesy, and the very esquire of industry*.

Respond: Poor tame-witted silly Quirko, on my conscience I dare excuse him; he had never any such thought, but did it in as mere earnest as ever in commendation of himself and his brothers he writ these two verses:

*Singular are these three, John, Richard, Gabriel Harvey,
For logic, philosophy, rhetoric, astronomy,*

as also, in like innocent well-meaning, added he this that ensues:

Oration:

His entelechy was fine Greece, and the finest Tuscanism in grain.

Although I could tickle him with a contrary precedent, where he casts Tuscanism, as a horrible crime, in a nobleman's teeth.

Carnead: Body of me, this is worse than all the rest; he sets forth Sir Philip Sidney in the very style of a dyer's sign. As if he should have said:

HERE WITHIN THIS PLACE
IS ONE THAT DYETH ALL KIND
OF ENTELECHY IN FINE GREECE,
AND THE FINEST TUSCANISM
IN GRAIN THAT MAY BE, OR ANY
COLOUR ELSE YE WOULD DESIRE,
AND SO GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Bentiv: More copy, more copy, we leese a great deal of time for want of text.

Imp: Apace, out with it, and let us ne'er stand pausing or looking about, since we are thus far onward.

Oration:

But some had rather be a polecat with a stinking stir than a musk-cat with gracious favour.

Bentiv: I smell him, I smell him; the wrongs that thou hast offered him are so intolerable as they would make a cat speak; therefore look to it, Nashe, for with one polecat perfume or another he will poison thee, if he be not able to answer thee.

Carnead: Polecat and musk-cat? There wants but a catamountain, and then there would be old scratching.

Bentiv: Aye, but not only no ordinary cat, but a musk-cat, and not only a musk-cat, but a musk-cat with gracious favour (which sounds like a prince's style *Dei gratia*); not Tybalt or Isegrim, Prince of Cats, were ever endowed with the like title.

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

Oration:

To utter the entrails of a spherical heart in few syllables, musk is a sweet courtesan, and sugar and honey dainty hypocrites.

Bentiv: O, sweeter and sweeter; somebody lend me a handkerchief, that I may carry some home in my pocket for my little godson.

Carnead: Madam Musk, if you be a courtesan (as the Doctor informs us), sure you have dressed a number of my friends sweetly, have you not? But you were never otherwise like, for man's apparel & woman's apparel, all was one to you, and some mystery there was in it, that they always cried, Foh, what a stink is here, and stopped their noses when you came near them. For your worships, Master Sugar & Master Honey (be you likewise such dainty hypocrites as he gives testimony), I doubt not but at one time or other we shall taste you.

Respond: Say, let me look upon it; aye, it is the same, right Isenborough good, or never trust me. A speech or sudden exclamation, which, after he had been in a deadly sound for six or seven hours (upon what fear-procured sickness I leave you to imagine), was the first words upon his reviving he uttered.

Oration:

O humanity, my Lullius, and divinity, my Paracelsus.

Consil: As much to say, as all the humanity he hath is gathered out of Lullius, and all his divinity or religion out of Paracelsus.

Carnead: Let him call upon Kelly, who is better than them both, and for the spirits and souls of the ancient alchemists, he hath them so close imprisoned in the fiery purgatory of his furnace, that for the wealth of the King of Spain's Indies it is not possible to release or get the third part of a nit of any one of them to help any but himself.

Import: Whether you call his fire purgatory or no, the fire of alchemy hath wrought such a purgation or purgatory in a great number of men's purses in England that it hath clean fired them out of all they have.

Respond: Therefore our Doctor (very well here towards the latter end of his oration), comes in with a cooling card.

Oration:

Cordially I could wish that the pelting horn of these stirs (according to the fetial law) were rebated, whereby our populars might taste of some more plausible panegyricical orations, fine theurgy, and profound essential Godful arguments.

Carnead: Soft, ere I go any further, I care not if I draw out my purse, and change some odd pieces of old English for new coin, but it is no matter; upon the return from Guiana the valuation of them may alter, and that which is current now be then copper. Only this word *Godful* goes with me, if it be but to court a widow in Christ or holy sister of ours with, that wears *Thy spirit be with us* for the posy of her ring.

Oration:

But the art of figs had ever a dapper wit and a deft conceit; Saint Fame give him joy of his black coal & his white chalk.

Consil: Saint Fame is one of the notorious nicknames he gives thee, as also under *the art of figs* (to cleave him from the crown to the waist with a quip) he shadows Master Lyly, but if, between you, you do not so chalk him up for a Crimme & Manikinbeck, and draw him in coal more artificially than the face in coal that Michelangelo and Raphael Urbin went to buffets about, I would you might be coal-carriers or pioneers in a coal-pit whiles colliers ride upon collymull cuts, or there be any reprisals of purses twixt this and Colebrook.

Respond: Pacify your conscience, and leave your imprecations; we will bear no coals, never fear you. As for him whom (so artless and against the hair of any similitude or coherence) he calls *the art of figs*, he shall not need long to call for his figs, for he will be choked soon enough with them, they having lien ripe by him ready gathered (wanting nothing but pressing) any time this twelve month. For my own proper person, if I do not (in requital of St. Fame) ensaint and canonize him for the famousest palliard and Seignior Penaquila that hath breathed since the reign of St. Tor, let all the droppings of my pen be seized upon by the Queen's takers for tar to dress ships with. I tarry too trifling superfluously in the twittle-cum-twattles of his text; take it, with a wanion, altogether, if you will have it.

Oration:

Embellishedly I can resolve them, here they shall not meet with chalk for cheese, and though some drink oil of pricks for a restorative, they shall have much ado to void syrup of roses, for it is not every man's blab that casts a sheep's eye out of a calf's head, and for aught I know, I see no reason why the wheelwright may not be as honest a man and

pregnant mechanician as the cutler, the cutler as the drawer, the drawer as the cutter, and the writer as the printer. And so I recommend every one, and them all, to your courtesies.

Your mindful debtor, Gabriel Harvey.

Biscayanism, the most barbarous Spanish, even as the northern tongue of the English.

Carnead: Thou hast oppressed us with an inundation of *Biscayanism, and though we would fain have made him stand in a white sheet for his bawdy oil of pricks (a common receipt for the green sickness), as also examined his syrup of roses, wherein Rose Flowers is best experimented, yet time & tide (that stays for no man) forbids us to tire any more on this carrion, being more than glutted with it already.

Bentiv: But yet, to give him this one comfort at the parting, it had not been amiss that, whereas he stands in such fear of casting his sheep's eye out of his calf's head, thou never meant'st it, but if it were an ox's he should still keep it, and rather thou wouldst enlarge it than impair it.

Respond: Aye, make it up a pair (I swear) rather than he should be unprovided. *Responde brevitur, Seignior Importuno*, have not I comprehended all the Doctor's works bravely, like Homer's *Iliads* in the compass of a nutshell? Now where be our honourable cavaliers, that keep such a prating and a gabrill about our Gabriel and his admirable style (nothing so good as Littleton's, with his John-a-'nokes and John-a-'stiles)? Let them look to it, I would advise them, for the course they take in commending this coarse himpen-hempen slampamp, this stale apple-squire cockle-demois, who, some 18 years since when these Italianate carnation-painted horse-tails were in fashion, in selfsame sort was about (if his chamber-fellow had not overruled him) to have scutchaneled and painted his picke-devant to make it traverlike [sic?] antic; this jadisish course, this javel's course, this drumbling course, this dry-brained course, if you persevere and insist in, and on the top of asses' buskined ears thus labour to build trophies of their praise, canonizing every Belshangles the water-bearer for a saint, and the contemptiblest world's dish-clout for a relic, inspiredly I prophesy, your ends will be ale and Shoreditch, that all preferment and good spirits will abandon you, and more (to plague you for your apostata conceits) ballads shall be made of your base deaths, even as there was of Cutting Ball.

Consil: Ho, Ball, ho; in the name of God, whither wilt thou?

Respond: To Saffron Walden, as fast as I can, though I go a little way about.

Import: Unfortunate Gabriel, I am sorry for him, for he hath been a man of good parts.

Respond: Good parts? I'll name you one of seven times better parts than he, whom you and I and everyone here have known from our childhood.

Import: Who is that?

Respond: *In Speech* with his eight parts. But without further speech, that you may thoroughly be resolved what those good parts are you enable the doctor for, here have I set down his whole life from his infancy to this present '96, even as they use in the beginning of a book to set down the life of any memorable ancient author. Dispense with it, though it drink some ink or prodigally dispend many pages that might have been better employed, for if it yield you not sport for your money, at the same price shall you buy me for your bonds slave, that my book costs you.

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

The life and godly education from his childhood of that thrice famous clerk and worthy orator and poet, Gabriel Harvey.

Gabriel Harvey, of the age of forty-eight or upwards (*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an old fool to leave playing the swashbuckler), was born at Saffron Walden, none of the obscurest towns in Essex. For his parentage, I will say, as Polydore Vergil saith of Cardinal Wolsey, *Parentem habuit virum probum, at lanium*, he had a reasonable honest man to his father, but he was a butcher, so Gabriel Harvey had one goodman Harvey to his father, a true subject, that paid scot and lot in the parish where he dwelt with the best of them, but yet he was a rope-maker, *Id quod reminisci nolebat* (as Polydore goes forward) *ut rem utique persona illius indignam*, that which is death to Gabriel to remember, as a matter every way derogatory to his person, *quare secum totos dies cogitabat, qualis esset, non unde esset*, wherefore from time to time he doth nothing but turmoil his thoughts how to raise his estate, and invent new pedigrees, and what great nobleman's bastard he was likely to be, not whose son he is reputed to be.

Consil: Give me leave, before thou read'st any further. I would not wish thee so to upbraid him with his birth, which if he could remedy, it were another matter, but it is his fortune, and nature's, & neither his father's fault nor his.

Respond: Neither as his father's nor his fault do I urge it, otherwise than it is his fault to bear himself too arrogantly above his birth, and to contemn and forget the house from whence he came, which is the reason that hath induced me (as well in this treatise as my former writings) to remember him of it, not as any such heinous discredit simply of itself, if his horrible insulting pride were not:

*Nam genus & proavos, & quae non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*

It is no true glory of ours what our forefathers did, nor are we to answer for any sins of theirs. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler, Socrates of a midwife, which detracted neither from the one's eloquence nor the other's wisdom (far be it that either in eloquence or wisdom I should compare Gabriel to either of them). Marry, for Demosthenes or Socrates to be ashamed, or take it in high derision (which they never did), the one to be

said to have a cutler to his father, or the other that he had a midwife to his mother (as Harvey doth to have himself or any of his brothers called the sons of a rope-maker, which, by his own private confession to some of my friends, was the only thing that most set him afire against me), I will justify it, might argue them or him more inferior & despicable than any cutler, midwife or rope-maker. Turn over his two books he hath published against me (whereon he hath clapped paper God's plenty, if that would press a man to death), and see if in the way of answer, or otherwise, he once mention the word *rope-maker*, or come within forty foot of it, except in one place of his first book, where he nameth it not neither, but goes thus cleanly to work (as heretofore I have set down), though he could find no room in the expense of 36 sheets of paper to refute it: *And may not a good son have a reprobate to his father?* (a periphrasis of a rope-maker, which (if I should shrive myself), I never head before). This is once: I have given him cause enough, I wot, to have stumbled at it, and take notice of it, for where, in his first book, he casts the beggar in my dish at every third syllable, and so like an emperor triumphs over me as though he had the philosophers' stone to play at football with, & I were a poor alchemist new set up, that had scarce money to buy beechen coals for my furnace, in kind guerdon and requital, I told him, in *Pierce Penilesse'* apology, *That he need not be so lusty, if (like the peacock) he looked down to the foul feet that upheld him, for he was but the son of a rope-maker, and he would not have a shoe to put on his feet if his father had not traffic with the hangman.* And in another place, where he brought the town seal or next justice's hands (as it were) to witness that his father was an honest man, which no man denied or impaired any further than saying *He got his living backward, & that he had kept three sons at the University a long time*, I joined issue with them and confirmed it, & added, *Nay, which is more, three proud sons, that when they met the hangman (their father's best customer), would not put off their hats to him*, with other by-glances to the like effect, which he silently overskipeth, to withdraw men (lapwing-like) from his nest, as much as might be. Only he tells a foolish twittle-twattle boasting tale (amidst his impudent brazen-faced defamation of Doctor Perne), of the funeral of his kinsman, Sir Thomas Smith (which word *kinsman* I wondered he caused not to be set in great capital letters), and how in those obsequies he was a chief mourner. I wis his father was of a more humble spirit, who, in grateful lieu and remembrance of the hempen mystery that he was beholding to, and the patrons and places that were his trade's chief maintainers and supporters, provided that the first letter each of his son's names began with should allude and correspond with the chief marts of his traffic, & of his profession & occupation, as Gabriel, his eldest son's name, beginning with a G for gallows, John with a J for Jail, Richard with an R for Rope-maker, as much to say as all his whole living depended on the jail, the gallows, & making of ropes. Another brother there is, whose name I have forgot, though I am sure it jumps with this alphabet. Jump or jar they with me as they see cause, this counsel (if the case were mine) I would give them, not to be daunted or blanked any whit, had they ten hundred thousand legions of *hangum tuums* or *per collum pendere debes* to their fathers, and any should twit them or gall them with it never so, but as Agathocles, coming from a dirt-kneading potter to be a king, would (in memory of that, his first vocation) be served ever after as well in earthen dishes as sumptuous royal plate, so, had they but one real of plate or sixpenny piece amongst them, they should plat (whatever their other cheer were) to have a salt eel, in resemblance of a rope's end, continually served in to their tables, or, if they were not able to be at such charges, let

them cast but for a twopenny rope of onions every day to be brought in instead of fruit, for a closing up of their stomachs. It cannot do amiss; it will remember them they are mortal, & whence they came, & whither they are to go. Were I a lord (I make the Lord a vow), and were but the least akin to this breath-strangling lineage, I would wear a chain of pearl braided with a halter, to let the world see I held it in no disgrace, but high glory, to be descended howsoever, and as amongst the ancient Egyptians (as Massarius de ponderibus writes) there was an instrument called *funiculus*, containing 60 furlongs, wherewith they measured their fields and their vineyards, so from the plow-harness to the slender hempen twist that they bind up their vines with would I branch my alliance, and omit nothing in the praise of it, except those two notable blemishes of the trade of rope-makers, Achitophel and Judas, that were the first that ever hanged themselves.

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

Respond: As though the cause and the effect (more than the superficies and the substance) can be separated, when in many things *causa sine qua non* is both the cause and the effect, the common distinction of *potentia non actu* approving itself very crazed and impotent herein, since the premises necessarily beget the conclusion, and so, contradictorily, the conclusion the premises, a halter including desperation, and so desperation concluding in a halter, without which fatal conclusion and privation it cannot truly be termed desperation, since nothing is said to be till it is born, and despair is never fully born till it ceaseth to be, and hath deprived him of being that first bare it and brought it forth. So that herein it is hard to distinguish which is most to be blamed, of the cause or the effect, the cause without the effect being of no effect, and the effect without the cause never able to have been. Such another pair of undiscernable twins and mutual married correlatives are nature and fortune. As for example, if it be any man's fortune to hang himself, and abridge his natural life, it is likewise natural to him (or allotted him by nature) to have no better fortune.

Carnead: Better or worse fortune, I prithee, let us hear how thou goest forward with describing the Doctor and his life and fortunes, and you, my fellow auditors, I beseech you, trouble him not (any more) with these impertinent parentheses.

Respond: His education I will handle next, wherein he ran through Didimus' or Diomedes' 6000 books of the art of grammar, besides learned to write a fair capital Roman hand, that might well serve for a bongrace to such men as ride with their face towards the horse' tail, or set [sic?] on the pillory for cozenage or perjury. Many a copyholder or magistral scribe, that holds all his living by setting schoolboys' copies, comes short of the like gift. An old Doctor of Oxford showed me Latin verses of his, in that flourishing flantitancing gouty Omega fist, which he presented unto him (as a bribe) to get leave to play, when he was in the height or prime of his *Puer es, cupis atque doceri*. A good quality or qualification, I promise you truly, to keep him out of the danger of the statute gainst wilful vagabonds, rogues and beggars. But in his grammar years (take me

thus far with you) he was a very graceless litigious youth, and one that would pick quarrels with old Gulielmus Lyly's *Syntaxis and Prosodia* every hour of the day. A desperate stabber with penknives, and whom he could not overcome in disputation, he would be sure to break his head with his pen and ink-horn. His father prophesied, by that his venturous manhood and valure, he would prove another St. Thomas a Becket for the church. But his mother doubted him much, by reason of certain strange dreams she had when she was first quick with child of him, which well she hoped were but idle swimming fancies of no consequence, till, being advised by a cunning man (her friend, that was very far in her books), one time she slept in a sheep's skin all night, to the intent to dream true, another time under a laurel-tree, a third time on the bare ground stark naked, and last on a dead man's tomb or gravestone in the church in a hot summer's afternoon, when, no barrel better herring, she sped even as she did before. For first she dreamed her womb was turned to such another hollow vessel full of disquiet fiends as Solomon's brazen bowl wherein were shut so many thousands of devils, which (deep hidden underground) long after the Babylonians (digging for metals) chanced to light upon, and mistaking it for treasure, brake it ope very greedily, when, as out of Pandora's box of maladies which Epimetheus opened, all manner of evils flew into the world, so all manner of devils then broke loose amongst humankind. Therein her drowsy divination not much deceived her, for never were Empedocles' devils so tossed from the air into the sea, & from the sea to the earth, and from the earth to the air again exhaled by the sun, or driven up by winds & tempests, as his discontented poverty (more disquiet than the Irish seas) hath driven him from one profession to another. Divinity (the heaven of arts) for a while drew his thoughts unto it, but shortly after the world, the flesh and the devil withdrew him from that, and needs he would be of a more gentlemanlike lusty cut, whereupon he fell to moral epistling and poetry. He fell, I may well say, & made the price of wit and poetry fall with him, when he first began to be a fripler or broker in that trade. Yea, and from the air he fell to the sea (that my comparison may hold in every point), which is, he would needs cross the seas to fetch home two pennyworth of Tuscanism; from the sea to the earth again he was tossed, videlicet, shortly after he became a roguish commentator upon earthquakes, as by the famous epistles (by his own mouth only made famous) may more largely appear. *Ultima linea rerum*, his final entrancing from the earth to the skies was his key-cold defence of the clergy in the tractate of *Pap-Hatchet*, intermingled, like a small fleet of galleys, in the huge Armada against me. The second dream his mother had was that she was delivered of a caliver or handgun, which in the discharging burst. I pray God (with all my heart) that this caliver or cavalier of poetry, this handgun or elder-gun that shoots nothing but pellets of chewed paper, in the discharging burst not. A third time in her sleep she apprehended and imagined that out of her belly there grew a rare garden-bed overrun with garish weeds innumerable, which had only one slip in it of herb of grace, not budding at the top neither, but like the flower narcissus having flowers only at the root, whereby she augured and conjectured, however he made some show of grace in his youth, when he came to the top or height of his best proof, he would be found a barren stalk without fruit. At the same time (over and above), she thought that, instead of a boy (which she desired), she was delivered and brought to bed of one of these kestrel birds called a windfucker. Whether it be verifiable, or only probably surmised, I am uncertain, but constantly up and down it is bruited how he pissed ink as soon as ever he was born, and that the first clout

he fouled was a sheet of paper, whence some mad wits given to descant, even as Herodotus held that the Ethiopians' seed of generation was as black as ink, so haply they unhappily would conclude an incubus in the likeness of an ink-bottle had carnal copulation with his mother when he was begotten. Should I reckon up but one half of the miracles of his conception that very substantially have been affirmed unto me, one or other, like Bodin, would start up and tax me for a miracle-monger, as he taxed Livy, saying that he talked of nothing else save how oxen spake, of the flames of fire that issued out of the Scipios' heads, of the statues of the gods that sweat, how Jupiter, in the likeness of a child or young man, appeared to Hannibal, and that an infant of six months old proclaimed triumph up and down the streets. But let him that hath the poison of a thousand Gorgons or stinging basilisks full crammed in his ink-horn tamper with me, or tax me in the way of contradiction never so little, and he shall find (if I find him not a toad, worthy for naught but to be stamped underfoot), that I will spit fire for fire, fight devil, fight dragon, as long as he will. No vulgar respects have I what Hoppenny Hoe & his fellow Hankin Booby think of me, so those whom art hath adopted for the peculiar plants of her Academy, and refined from the dull northernly dross of our clime, hold me in any tolerable account.

The wonders of my great-grandfather Harvey's progeniture were these.

In the very moment of his birth there was a calf born in the same town with a double tongue, and having ears far longer than any ass, and his feet turned backward, like certain people of the Tartars, that nevertheless are reasonable swift.

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

Those that calculated his nativity said that Saturn and the moon (either of which is the causer of madness) were melancholy conjoined together (contrary to all course of astronomy) when into the world he was produced. About his lips, even as about Dion's ship, there flocked a swarm of wasps as soon as ever he was laid in his cradle. Scarce nine years of age he attained to, when, by engrossing of ballads that came to any market or fair thereabouts, he aspired to be as desperate a ballad-maker as the best of them, the first fruits of his poetry being a pitiful ditty in lamentation of the death of a fellow that, at Queen Mary's coronation, came downward, with his head on a rope, from the spire of Paul's steeple, and brake his neck. Afterward he exercised to write certain graces in rime doggerel, and verses upon every month, many of which are yet extant in primers and almanacs. His father, with the extreme joy of his towardness, wept infinitely, and prophesied he was too forward-witted to live long. His schoolmaster never heard him parse or construe but he cried out, *O acumen Carneadum! O decus addite diuis!* and swore by Susenbrotus and Taleus that he would prove another Philo Judaeus for knowledge and deep judgment, who in philosophy was preferred above Plato, and be a more rare exchequer of the Muses than rich Gaza was for wealth, which took his name of Cambyses laying all his treasure there when he went to make war against Egypt.

By this time imagine him rotten-ripe for the university, and that he carries the poke for a mess of porridge in Christ's College, which I do not upbraid him with as any disparagement at all, since it is a thing everyone that is scholar of the house is ordinarily subject unto by turns, but only I thrust it is for a periphrasis of his admission or matriculation. I am sure you will be glad to hear well of him, since he is a youth of some hope, and you have been partly acquainted with his bringing up.

In sadness I would be loath to discourage ye, but yet in truth (as truth is truth, and will out at one time or other, and shame the devil), the copy of his tutor's letter to his father I will show you, about his carriage and demeanour, and yet I will not positively affirm it his tutor's letter neither, and yet you may gather more than I am willing to utter, and what you list not believe, refer to after-ages, even as Paulus Jovius did in his lying praises of the house of Medici, or the importunate dialogue twixt Charles the Fifth and him, of *Expedire te oportet, & parare calamos*, or his tempestuous thunderbolt invective against Selimus.

The letter of Harvey's tutor to his father, as touching his manners and behaviour.

Emanuel.

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

Carnead: That is, bears himself very forward on his tiptoes (as he did ever), & profits or *battles* soundly, and is a youth of a good *size*.

Letter.

Great expectation we have of him, that he will prove another Corax or Lacedaemonian Ctesiphon for rhetoric, who was banished because he vaunted he could talk a whole day of anything,

Benti: I would our Gurmo Hydruntum were likewise banished with him, for he can hotch-potch whole decades up of nothing, and talks idly all his lifetime.

Letter.

and not much inferior to Demosthenes, Aeschines, Demades, or the melodious recording muse of Italy, Cornelius Musa, Bishop of Bitonto, or the yet living mellifluous Pancarola, who is said to cast out spirits by his powerful divine eloquence.

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

Letter.

When I record (as I do often) the strange untrafficked phrases by him new vented and unpacked, as of incendiary for fire, an illuminary for a candle and lantern, an indument for a cloak, an underfoot abject for a shoe or a boot, then I am ready (with Erasmus) to cry, Sancte Socrates, or (with Aristotle), Ens entium miserere mei, What an ingeny is here! O, his conceit is most delicate, and that right well he apprehendeth, having already proposed high matters for it to work upon. For stealing into his study by chance the other day, there I found divers epistles and orations purposely directed and prepared, as if he had been secretary to her Majesty for the Latin tongue, or against such a place should fall, he would be sure not to be unprovided, as also he had furnished himself (as if he made no question to be the university orator) for all congratulations, funeral elegiacal condolments of the death of such and such a Doctor in Cambridge, and, which is more, of every Privy Councillor in England. You are no scholar, & therefore little know what belongs to it, but if you heard him, how sacredly he ends every sentence with esse posse videatur, you would (like those that arrive in the Philippines, oppressed with sweet odours) forget you are mortal, and imagine yourself nowhere but in paradise. Some there be (I am not ignorant) that, upon his often bringing it in at the end of every period, call him by no other name but esse posse videatur, but they are such as were never endenized in so much art as similiter desinens, and know not the true use of numerus rhetoricus. So upon his first manumission in the mystery of logic, because he observed ergo was the deadly clap of the piece, or driven home stab of the syllogism, he accustomed to make it the faburden to anything he spake, as, if any of his companions complained he was hungry, he would straight conclude, Ergo, you must go to dinner, or if the clock had struck or bell tolled, Ergo, you must go to such a lecture, or if any stranger said he came to seek such a one, he would forthwith come upon him with Ergo, he must go up such a pair of stairs, whereupon (for a great while) he was called nothing but Gabriel Ergo up and down the college. But a scoff which longer dwelt with him than the rest, though it argued his extreme pregnancy of capacity and argute transpiercing dexterity of paradoxism, was that once he would needs defend a rat to be animal rational, that is, to have as reasonable a soul as any academic, because she eat and gnawed his books, and, except she carried a brain with her, she could never digest or be so capable of learning. And the more to confirm it, because everyone laughed at him for a common mountebank rat-catcher about it, the next rat he seized on he made an anatomy of, and read a lecture of 3 days long upon every artery or muscle in her, and after hanged her over his head in his study, instead of an apothecary's crocodile, or dried alligator. I have not yet mentioned his poetry, wherein he surmounteth and dismounteth the most heroicallest countes mountes of that craft, having writ verses in all kinds, as in form of a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, a pair of spectacles, a two-hand sword, a poignado, a colossus, a pyramid, a painter's easel, a market cross, a trumpet, an anchor, a pair of pot-hooks, yet I can see no authors he hath, more than his own natural genius or Minerva, except it be Have With Ye To Florida, The Story Of Axeres and the Worthy Iphis, As I Went To Walsingham, and In Crete When Daedalus, a song that is to him food from heaven, and more transporting and ravishing that Plato's discourse of the immortality of the soul was to Cato, who, with the very joy he conceived from reading thereof, would needs let out his soul, and so stabbed himself. Above Homer's or all men's

works whosoever he doth prize it, laying it under his pillow (like Homer's works) every night, and carrying it in his bosom (next his heart) every day. From the general discourse of his virtues let me digress, and inform you of some few fragments of his vices, as, like a church and an ale-house, God and the devil, they many times dwell near together. Memorandum, his laundress complains of him that he is mighty fleshly given, and that there had lewdness passed betwixt her daughter and him, if she had not luckily prevented it by searching her daughter's pocket, wherein she found a little epitomized Bradford's Meditations, no broader volumed than a seal at arms, or a black melancholy velvet patch, and a threepenny pamphlet of The Fall Of Man he had bestowed on her, that he might stow her under hatches in his study, & do what he would with her. In a waste white leaf of one of which books he had writ for his sentence or posy, Nox & amor, as much to say as, O, for a pretty wench in the dark, and underneath, Non sunt sine viribus artus, If thou comest, old lass, I will tickle thee, and in the other, Leue fit quod bene fertur onus, that is, We must bear with one another, and Foelices quibus vsus adest, Use in all things makes perfect. Secondly, he is, beyond all reason or God's forbode, distractedly enamoured of his own beauty, spending a whole forenoon every day in sponging and licking himself by the glass, and useth every night after supper to walk on the market hill to show himself, holding his gown up to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foot he hath in pumps and pantofles, and if they give him never so little an amorous regard, he presently boards them with a set speech of the first gathering together of societies, and the distinction of amor and amicitia out of Tully's Offices, which, if it work no effect, & they laugh at, he will rather take a raisin of the sun and wear it at his ear for a favour, than it should be said he would go away empty. Thirdly, he is very seditious and mutinous in conversation, picking quarrels with every man that will not magnify and applaud him, libelling most execrably and inhumanely on Jack of the Falcon, for that he would not lend him a mess of mustard to his red herrings, yea, for a lesser matter than that, on the college dog he libelled, only because he proudly bare up his tail as he passed by him. And fourthly and lastly, he useth often to be drunk with the syrup or broth of stewed prunes, and eateth more bread, under pretence of swearing by it, than would serve a whole band in the Low Countries. These are the least part of his venial sins, but I forbear him, & proceed no further, because I love him; only I would wish you (being his father) at any hand to warn him of these matters privately betwixt him and you, and again and again cry out upon him to beware of pride, which I more than fatally prophesy will be his utter overthrow.

*Yours assuredly, and so forth,
Johannes sine nomine,
Anno Domini what ye will.*

Carnead: What is your censure, you that be of the common council; may this epistle pass or not without demur or proviso?

Consil: Pass it in the way of pastime, and so forth, it being no indecorum at all to the comedy we have in hand to admit Pierce himself for his tutor, for if he proceed in the

severe discipline he hath begun, he is like to humble him and bring him to more goodness than any tutor or master he ever had since he was born.

Life.

Leaving his childhood, which hath leave or a law of privilege to be fond, & to come to the first prime of his pamphleting, which was much about the setting up of the bull by Felton on the Bishop of London's gate, or rather some pretty while before, when, for an assay or nice tasting of his pen, he capitulated on the births of monsters, horrible murders and great burnings, and afterward, in the year when the earthquake was, he fell to be a familiar epistler, & made Paul's Churchyard resound or cry twang again with four notable famous *Letters*, in one of which he interlaced his short but yet sharp judicial of earthquakes, & came very short and sharp upon my Lord of Oxford in a rattling bundle of English hexameters. How that thrived with him some honest chronicler help me to remember, for it is not comprehended in my brain's diary or ephemerides, but this I can justify, that immediately upon it he became a common writer of almanacs. 'Tis marvel if some of you, amongst your unsatiable overturning of libraries, have not stumbled on such an approved architect of calendars as Gabriel Frennd, the prognosticator. That Frennd I not a little suspect (if a man should take occasion to try his Frennd) would be found to be no Frennd, but my constant approved mortal enemy, Gabriel Harvey. Well, I may say to you, it is a difficult rare thing in these days to find a true Frennd. But the probable reasons which drive me to conjecture that it is a false Frennd which deludes us with these dirty astronomical predictions, & that Gabriel Harvey is this Frennd in a corner, which no man knows of, be these that follow. First, he hath been noted, in many companies where he hath been, very suspiciously to undermine whether any man knew such a fellow as Gabriel Frennd, the prognosticator, or no, and whether they ever heard of any that ever saw him or knew him. Whereunto, when they all answered with one voice, not guilty to the seeing, hearing or understanding of any such starry noun substantive, up starts me he (like a proud schoolmaster, when one of his boys hath made an oration before a country mayor that hath pleased), and bites the lip, and winks and smiles privily, and looks prettily upon it, as who should say, *coram quem queritis adsum*, and, after some little coy bridling of the chin and nice simpering and writhing his face 30 ways, tells them flatly that upon his credit and knowledge (both which are hardly worth a candle's-end to help him to bed with), there is no such quartermaster, or master of the 4 quarters, or writer in red letters, as that supposed flower of Frenndly courtesy, Gabriel Frennd, the prognosticator, but, to use plain dealing amongst friends, a friend of his it is he must conceal, who thought good to shroud himself under that title. Now if ye will allow of my verdict in this behalf, I hold *unusquisque proximus ipse sibi*, Every man is the best Frennd to himself, & that he himself, & no other, is that Frennd of his he must conceal. The 2nd argument that confirms me in this strong article of my creed is, for none is privy to a blank maintenance he hath, & some maintenance of necessity he must have, or else how can he maintain his peak in true Christendom of rose-water every morning? By the civil law peradventure you will allege he fetches it is; nay, therein ye are deceived, for he hath no law for that. I will not deny but his mother may have sued *in forma pauperis*, but he never solicited in form of papers in the Arches in his life. How then? Doth he fetch it

aloft with his poetry? *Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista suae.* I pray God he never have better lands or living till he die. Shall I discharge my conscience, being no more than (on my soul) is most true? The printers and stationers use him as he were the Homer of this age, for they say unto him, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras,* Harvey, if ye bring no money in your purse, ye get no books printed here. Even for the printing of this loggerhead Legend of Lies which now I am wrapping up hot spices in, he ran in debt with Wolfe, the printer, 36 pound & a blue coat which he borrowed for his man, and yet Wolfe did not so much as brush it when he lent it him, or press out the print where the badge had been. The story at large a leaf or two hence you shall hear. The last refuge and sanctuary for his exhibition (after his lands, law, & poetry are confiscated) is to presume he hath some privy benefactors or patrons that hold him up by the chin. What he hath had of late my intelligence fails me, but for a number of years past, I dare confidently depose, not a bit nor cue of any benefactor or patron he had, except the butler or manciple of Trinity Hall (which are both one), that trusted him for his commons & sizing, so that when I have toiled the utmost that I can to save his credit and honesty, the best wit-craft I can turn him to, to get threepence a week and keep the paper soles and upper leather of his pantofles together, is to write prognostications and almanacs, and that alone hath been, and must be, his best philosophers' stone till his last destiny.

I was sure, I was sure at one time or other I should take him napping. O eternal jest (for God's sake help me to laugh). What, a grave Doctor a base John Doleta, the almanac-maker, Doctor Deuce-ace and Doctor Merryman? Why, from this day to proceed, I'll never go into Paul's Churchyard to enquire for any of his works, but (wherever I come) look for them behind the door, or on the backside of a screen (where almanacs are set usually), or at a barber's or chandler's shop never to miss of them. A maker of almanacs, quoth a, God forgive me, they are readier money than ale and cakes, and are more familiar read than Tully's familiar epistles, or *The Discourse of Debtor & Creditor*, especially of those that ordinary write letters, or have often occasion to pay money. They are the very dials of days, the sun's guesses, and the moon's month's mind. Here in London streets, if a man have business to enquire for anybody, and he is not well acquainted with the place, he goes filthily halpering and asking, cap in hand, from one shop to another, where's such a house and such a sign? But if we have business to speak with any in the sky, buy but one of Gabriel Frend or Gabriel Harvey's almanacs, and you shall carry the sign & house in your pockets, whether Jupiter's house, Saturn's house, Mars his house, Venus' house, or any hot-house or bawdy-house of them all. To conclude, not the poorest walking-mate or threadbare cut-purse in a country that can well be without them, be it but to know the fairs & markets when they fall, &, against who dare, I will uphold it that there's no such necessary book of commonplaces in the earth as it, as for example, from London to York, from York to Berwick, and so backwards. It is a strange thing I should be so skilful in physiognomy and never studied it. I always saw in the Doctor's countenance he greedily hunted after the highway to honour, and was a busy chronicler of highways, he had such a number of ugly wrinkled highways in his visage. But the time was when he would not have given his head for the washing, and would have took foul scorn that the best of them all should have outfaced him. I have a tale at my tongue's end, if I can happen upon it, of his hobby-horse revelling & domineering at Audley End when the Queen was there, to which place Gabriel (to do his

country more worship & glory) came ruffling it out, hufty-tufty, in his suit of velvet. There be them in Cambridge that had occasion to take note of it, for he stood noted or scored for it in their books many a fair day after, and, if I take not my marks amiss, Raven, the botcher by Pembroke Hall (whether he be alive or dead I know not), was as privy to it, every patch of it from top to toe, as he that made it, and if everyone would but mend one as often as he hath mended that, the world would be by 200 parts honester than it is; yet be he of the mending hand never so, and Gabriel never able to make him amends, he may bless the memory of that wardrobe, for it will be a good while ere he meet with the like customer as it was to him at least 14 year together, falling into his hands twice a year, as sure as a club, before every Bachelors' and Masters' Commencement, or, if it were above, it was a general item to all the university that the Doctor had some jerking hexameters or other shortly after to pass the stamp, he never in all his life (till lately he fell a-wrangling with his sister-in-law) having any other business at London. The rotten mould of that worm-eaten relic (if he were well searched) he wears yet, meaning when he dies to hang it over his tomb for a monument, and in the meantime, though it is not his luck to meet with ever a substantial bawdy case (or book-case) that carries *rem in re*, meat in the mouth in it (a miserable intolerable case, when a young fellow & a young wench cannot put the case together, and do with their own what they list, but they shall be put to their book to confess, and be hideously perplexed), yet I say daily and hourly doth he deal upon the case notwithstanding. You will imagine it a fable, percase, which I shall tell you, but it is 10 times more unfallible than the news of the Jews rising up in arms to take in the Land of Promise, or the raining of corn this summer at Wakefield. A gentleman (long ago) lent him an old velvet saddle, which when he had no use for, since no man else would trust him for a bridle, and that he was more accustomed to be ridden than to ride, what does me he, but deeming it a very base thing for one of his standing in the university to be said to be yet duncing in his Sadolet, & withal scorning his chamber should be employed as an hostry press to lay up jades' riding-jackets and trusses in, presently untrusseth, & pelts the outside from the lining, and, under *benedicite* here in private be it spoken, dealt very cunningly and covertly in the case, for with it he made him a case or cover for a doublet which hath cased and covered his nakedness ever since, and, to tell ye no lie, about two year and a half past he credited Newgate with the same metamorphized costly vestiment. As good cheap as it was delivered to me (at the second hand), you have it. *Nil habeo praeter auditum*, I was not at the cutting it out, nor will I bind your consciences too strictly to embrace it for a truth, but if my judgment might stand for up, it is rather likely to be true than false, since it vanished invisible and was never heard of, and besides, I cannot devise how he should behave him to consume such an implement if he confiscated it not to that use, neither lending it away nor selling it, nor how he should otherwise thrust himself into such a moth-eaten weed, having neither money nor friends to procure it. Away, away, never hawk nor pause upon it, for without all peradventures it is so, and let them tattle and prate till their tongues ache, were there a thousand more of them and they should set their wit to his, he would make them set besides the saddle, even as he did the gentleman. A man in his case hath no other *shift*, or apparel, which you will, but he must thus shift otherwhile for his living, especially living quiet as he doth, without any crosses (in his purse, *subaudi*), and being free from all covetous encumbrances, yet in my shallow foolish conceit it were a great deal better for him if he were not free, but *crossed* soundly,

& committed prisoner to the Tower, where perhaps once in his life he might be brought to look upon the Queen's coin in the Mint, & not thus be always abroad and never *within*, like a beggar. I must beg patience of you, though I have been somewhat too tedious in brushing his velvet, but the court is not yet removed from Audley End, and we shall come time enough thither to learn what rule he keeps.

There did this, our *Talatatmana* or Doctor *Hum*, thrust himself into the thickest ranks of the noblemen and gallants, and whatsoever they were arguing of, he would not miss to catch hold of, or strike in at the one end, and take the theme out of their mouths, or it should go hard. In selfsame order was he at his pretty toys and amorous glances and purposes with the damsels, & putting bawdy riddles unto them. 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, beginning thus:

*Nu x, mulier, asinus simili sunt lege ligata,
Haec tria nill recte faciunt, si verbera desunt.*

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

Carnead. He would have had the Maids of Honour thriftily cudgelled, belike, and lambacked one after another.

Respond. They understood it not so.

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

Consil. Or, if they had, they would have driven him to his guard.

Carnead. Or had the Guard driven him down the stairs, with *Dieu vous garde*, Monsieur; go and prate in the yard, Don Pedant, there is no place for you here.

Life.

The process of that oration was of the same woof and thread with the beginning: demurely and maidenly scoffing, and blushingly wantoning & making love to those soft-skinned souls & sweet nymphs of Helicon, betwixt a kind of careless rude ruffianism and curious finical compliment, both which he more expressed by his countenance than any good jests that he uttered. This finished (though not for the finishing or pronouncing of this), 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. No other incitement he needed to rouse his plumes, prick up his ears, and run away with the bridle betwixt his teeth, and take it upon him (of his own original engrafted disposition thereto he wanting no aptness), but now he was an

insulting monarch above Monarcha, the Italian that wore crowns on his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents & gestures, & wrested himself wholly to the Italian punctilios, speaking our homely island tongue strangely, as if he were but a raw practitioner in it, & but ten days before had entertained a schoolmaster to teach him to pronounce it. Ceremonies of reverence to the greatest states (as it were not the fashion of his country) he was very parsimonious and niggardly of, & would make no bones to take the wall of Sir Philip Sidney and another honourable knight (his companion) about court yet attending, to whom I wish no better fortune than the forelocks of Fortune he had hold of in his youth, & no higher fame than he hath purchased himself by his pen, being the first (in our language) I have encountered that repurified poetry from art's pedantism, & that instructed it to speak courtly. Our patron, our Phoebus, our first Orpheus or quintessence of invention he is, wherefore either let us jointly invent some worthy subject to eternize him, or let war call back barbarism from the Danes, Picts and Saxons to suppress our frolic spirits, and the least spark of more elevated sense amongst us finally be quenched and die ere we can set up brazen pillars for our names and sciences, to preserve them from the deluge of ignorance. But to return from whence I have strayed, Dagobert Copenhagen in his jollity persisteth, is hail fellow well met with those that look highest, and, to cut it off in three syllables, follows the train of the delicatest favourites and minions, which by chance being withdrawn a mile or two off, to one Master Bradbury's, where the late deceased Countess of Derby was then harbingered, after supper they fell to dancing, everyone choosing his mate as the custom is; in a trice so they shuffled the cards of purpose (as it were to plague him for his presumption) that, will he nill, he must tread the measures about with the foulest ugly gentlewoman or fury that might be (then waiting on the foresaid Countess), thrice more deformed than the woman with the horn in her head. A turn or two he mincingly paced with her about the room, & solemnly kissed her at the parting, since which kiss of that squint-eyed lamia or Gorgon, as if she had been another Circe to transform him, he hath not one hour been his own man. For whilst yet his lips smoked with the steam of her scorching breath, that parched his beard like the sunburnt grass in the dog-days, he ran headlong violently to his study, as if he had been borne with a whirlwind, and straight knocked me up together a poem called his *Aedes Valdinenses*, in praise of my Lord of Leicester, of his kissing the Queen's hand, and of her speech & comparison of him, how he looked like an Italian. What vidi? saith he in one place, Did I see her Majesty? Quoth a, *Imo, vidi ipse loquentem cum Snaggo*, I saw her conferring with no worse man than Master Snagge. The bungierliest verses they were that ever were scanned, being most of them houghed and cut off by the knees out of Virgil and other authors. This is a pattern of one of them, *Wodde, meusque tuusque suusque Britannorumque suorumque*, running through all the pronouns in it, and jump imitating a verse in *As in presenti*, or in the demesnes or adjacents, I am certain. I had forgot to observe unto you, out of his first four familiar epistles, his ambitious stratagem to aspire, that whereas two great peers being at jar, and their quarrel continued to bloodshed, he would needs, uncalled and when it lay not in his way, step in on the one side, which indeed was the safer side (as the fool is crafty enough to sleep in a whole skin) and hew and slash with his hexameters, but hewed and slashed he had been as small as chippings if he had not played duck friar and hid himself eight weeks in that nobleman's house for whom with his pen he thus bladed. Yet nevertheless Sir James a Croft, the old Controller, ferreted him out, and had him under hold in the Fleet a great

while, taking that to be aimed & levelled against him, because he called him his *old controller*, which he had most venomously belched against Doctor Perne. Upon his humble submission, and ample exposition of the ambiguous text, and that his forementioned Maecenas' mediation, matters were dispensed with and qualified, & some light countenance, like sunshine after a storm, it pleased him after this to let fall upon him, and so dispatched him to spur cut back again to Cambridge. Where after his arrival, to his associates and companions he privately vaunted what redoubled rich brightness to his name this short eclipse had brought, and that it had more dignified and raised him than all his endeavours from his childhood. With such incredible applause and amazement of his judges he bragged he had cleared himself, that everyone that was there ran to him and embraced him, and shortly he was promised to be called to high preferment in court, not an ace lower than a secretaryship, or one of the clerks of the Council. Should I explain to you how this wrought with him, and how, in the itching heat of this hopeful golden world and honeymoon, the ground would no longer bear him, but to Sturbridge Fair, and up and down Cambridge, on his foot-cloth majestically he would pace it, with many more mad tricks of youth ne'er played before, instead of making his heart ache with vexing, I should make yours burst with laughing. Doctor Perne in this plight, nor at any other time, ever met him but he would shake his hand and cry, *Vanitas, vanitatum, omnia vanitas*, Vanity of vanities, and all things is vanity.

His father he undid to furnish him to the court once more, where presenting himself in all the colours of the rainbow, and a pair of mustaches like a black horse-tail tied up in a knot, with two tufts sticking out on each side, he was asked by no mean personage, *Unde haec insania?* Whence proceedeth this folly or madness? & he replied with that weather-beaten piece of a verse out of the *Grammar, Semel insaniuimus omnes*, Once in our days there is none of us but have played the idiots, and so was he counted, and bade stand by for a nodgecomb. He that most patronized him, prying more searchingly into him, and finding that he was more meet to make sport with than any way deeply to be employed, with fair words shook him off, & told him he was fitter for the university than for the court or his turn, and so bade God prosper his studies, & sent for another secretary to Oxford.

Readers, be merry, for in me there shall want nothing I can do to make you merry. You see I have brought the Doctor out of request at court, & it shall cost me a fall but I will get him hooted out of the university too, ere I give him over. What will you give me when I bring him upon the stage in one of the principallest colleges in Cambridge? Lay any wager with me, and I will, or, if you lay no wager at all, I'll fetch him aloft in *Pedantius*, that exquisite comedy in Trinity College, where, under the chief part from which it took his name, as namely the concise and firking finicaldo fine schoolmaster, he was full drawn & delineated from the sole of the foot to the crown of his head. The just manner of his phrase in his orations and disputations they stuffed his mouth with, & no buffianism throughout his whole books but they bolstered out his part with, as those ragged remnants in his four familiar epistles twixt him and Senior Immerito, *Raptim scripta, Nostrum manum & stylum*, with innumerable other of his rabble routs, and scoffing his *Musarum Lachrymae* with *Flebo amorem meum, etiam Musarum Lachrymis*, which, to give it his due, was a more collachrymate wretched treatise than my *Pierce Penilesse*,

being the pitifullest pangs that ever any man's muse breathed forth. I leave out half; not the carrying up of his gown, his nice gait on his pantofles, or the affected accent of his speech, but they personated. And if I should reveal all, I think they borrowed his gown to play the part in, the more to flout him. Let him deny this (and not damn himself) for his life, if he can. Let him deny that there was a show made at Clare Hall of him and his two brothers called,

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

Let him deny that there was another show made of the little minnow, his brother, Dodrans Dick, at Peterhouse, called

Duns furens. Dick Harvey in a frenzy.

Whereupon Dick came and broke the college glass windows, and Doctor Perne (being then, either for himself or deputy, Vice-Chancellor) caused him to be fetched in and set in the stocks till the show was ended, and a great part of the night after.

The first motive or caller forth of Gabriel's English hexameters was his falling in love with Kate Cotton, and Widow his wife, the butler of St. John's. And this was a rule inviolate amongst the fraternity of them: Gabriel was always in love, Dick still in hate, either with Aristotle or with the Great Bear in the firmament, which he continually baited, or with religion, against which in the public schools he set up atheistical questions, and besides compared his beard so Porphyrian blasphemously as I am afraid the earth would swallow me if I should but rehearse. It fell to my lot to have the perusing of a letter of his to Doctor Fulke, then lying at a preacher's house near Cripplegate in London, as touching his whole persecution by the Fellows of the House about it, & how, except he had mercy on him, he were expelled and cast away without redemption.

The third brother (John) had almost as ill a name as the Spittle in Shoreditch for the old reaks he kept with the wenches in Queen's College Lane, and if M. Wathe, his ancient overthwarter (betwixt whom & him there was such deadly emulation) had been furnished with those instructions thereof which I could have lent him, he had put him down more handsmooth than he did, though at a Commencement dinner in Queen's College (as apparently as might be) he gravelled and set aground both him and his brother Gabienus. This John was he that, being entertained in Justice Mead's house (as a schoolmaster), stole away his daughter, and, to pacify him, dedicated to him an almanac, which daughter (or John's wife), since his death, Gabriel (under pretence of taking out an administration, according as she in every court exclaims) hath gone about to circumvent of all she hath, to the which effect (about 3 year ago) there were three declarations put up against him, & a little while after I heard there were attachments out for him; whether he hath compounded since or no, I leave to the jury to inquire.

Pygmy Dick aforesaid, that looks like a pound of goldsmith's candles, is such another Venerian steal-placard as John was, being like to commit folly the last year in the house

where he kept (as a friend of his very soberly informed me) with a milkmaid, & if there had not been more government in her than in him (for all his divinityship), the thing you wot of, the blow that never smarteth, had been struck, and she carried away to Saffron Walden, he sending for her to one Philips' house, at the sign of the Bell in Bromley, & there feasting her to that end. Fast and pray, luxurious vicar, to keep under thy unruly members, and wrap thee in a monk's cowl, which (they say) is good to mortify, or drink of the water of Saint Ives, by John Bale (out of Romish authors) produced to be good against the temptations of the petticoat, or (which exceedeth them both) try Master Cavendish's root he brought out of the Indies, given him by a venerable hermit with this probatum est or virtue, that he which tasted it should never lust after, by that token he could meet with none about court or in London that was content to be an eunuch for the kingdom of heaven, or loved his pleasure so little as to venture upon it. I have not yet sealed and shaken hands with him for making two such false prophets of Saturn & Jupiter, out of whose jumbling in the dark and conjunction copulative he denounced such oracles and alterations to ensue, as if (like another Thebit Bencorat) he had lived 40 year in a mountain to discern the motion of the eighth orb, but as he (for all his labour) could not attain to it, no more could Dick (with his predictions) compass anything but derision, being publicly preached against for it at Paul's Cross by the Bishop of London that then was, who (according to art, if such a conjunction had chanced) disproved the revolution to be clean contrary, and besides, a singular scholar, one Master Heath (a follower of the right honourable worthy Lord of Hunsdon that now is) set upon it, and answered it in print, pell-mell, cap-a-pie, by probable reason, and out of all authors perspicuously demonstrating what a lying Ribaden and Chicklen Kraga it was, to constellate and planet it so portentously. I am none of the cashiers or proveditors for lame soldiers or men of desert, but were I one, as the Athenians (in the noblest school of their Academy) erected to Berosus the astrologer a statue with a golden tongue, for his predictions were true, so would I largely disburse toward the building him a statue on Sophister's Hills by Cambridge, with a tongue of copper or occamy (nearly counterfeiting silver), such as organ-pipes & sergeants' maces are made of, because his predictions are false & erroneous. And so, lightly, are all the trade of them, never foretoking or foretelling a thing till after it be come to pass, and then, if it be a warrior or conqueror they would flatter who is lucky and successful in his enterprises, they say he is born under the auspicious sign of Capricorn, as Cardan saith Cosimo de Medici, Selimus, Charles the Fifth and Charles, Duke of Bourbon were, albeit I dare be sworn no wizardly astronomer of them all ever dreamed of any such calculations till they had showed themselves so victorious, and their prosperous reigns were quite expired. On the other side, if he be disastrous or retrograde in his courses, the malevolent stars of Medusa and Andromeda, inferring sudden death or banishment, predominated his nativity. But (I thank heaven) I am none of their credulous disciples, nor can they cozen or seduce me with any of their juggling conjecturals, or winking or tooting through a sixpenny Jacob's staff; their spells, their characters, their anagrams I have no more persuasion of than I am persuaded that under the inversed denomination or anagram of this word September (as some of our late divines and ancient Hebrew rabbins would enforce upon us) is included the certain time of the world's first creation, or that he which is born under Aries shall never go in a threadbare cloak or be troubled with the rheum because the sun, arriving in that point, clotheth the earth with a new fleece, and sucks up all the winter's superfluous moisture, or

that he which is born under Libra shall be a judge or justice of peace because the sun in that sign equally poise the days & nights alike. Hilding Dick (this our age's Albumazar) is a temporist that hath faith enough for all religions, even as Thomas Deloney, the ballading silk-weaver, hath rime enough for all miracles, & wit to make a *Garland of Goodwill* more than the premises, with an epistle of Momus and Zoilus, whereas his muse, from the first peeping forth, hath stood at livery at an alehouse wisp, never exceeding a penny a quart, day nor night, and this dear year, together with the silencing of his looms, scarce that, he being constrained to betake him to carded ale, whence it proceedeth that, since Candlemas, or his jig of *John For The King*, not one merry ditty will come from him, but the *Thunderbolt Against Swearers, Repent, England, Repent, & The Strange Judgments Of God*. No more will there from Dick quibus in terris, Dick, Pastor of Chislehurst, that was wont to pen God's judgments upon such and such and [sic?] one, as thick as watermen at Westminster Bridge. The miracles of the burning of Brewster with his wench in adultery he writ for Binnemann, which a villain (Brewster's own kinsman) long afterward at the gallows took upon him, and showed what ninnies a vain pamphleter (one Richard Harvey) had made of the world, imputing it to such a wonderful vengeance of adultery when it was naught but his murderous knavery. Dead sure they are in writing against the dead, dancing Moriscos & lavoltas on the silent graves of Plato, Buchanan, Sinesius, Pierius, Aristotle & the whole pedigree of the peripatetians, sophisters & Sorbonists, the most of whose mouths clods had bunged up many Olympiads since, yet seek they to stifle and choke them again with waste-paper, when (in this innovating self-love age) it is disputable whether they have any friends or no left to defend them. This is that Dick that set Aristotle, with his heels upward, on the school gates at Cambridge, and asses' ears on his head, a thing that, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, I will record and never have done with. This is that Dick that, coming to one Smith's (a young bachelor of Trinity College) questions, and they being such as he durst not venture on, cried *Aquila non capit muscas*, An eagle catcheth no flies, and so gave them him again, whereto the other (being a lusty big-boned fellow, & a Goliath or behemoth in comparison of him) straight retorted it upon him, *Nec elephas mures*, No more doth an elephant stoop to mice, and so they parted. This is that Dick of whom Kit Marlowe was wont to say that he was an ass, good for nothing but to preach of the Iron Age, dialoguizing Dick, Io Paeon Dick, Synesian and Pierian Dick, Dick the true Brute or noble Trojan, or Dick that hath vowed to live and die in defence of Brute and this our isle's first offspring from the Troyans, Dick against baldness, Dick against Buchanan, little and little-witted Dick, Aquinas Dick, *Lipsian Dick, heigh light a love a Dick, that lost his benefice & his wench both at once, his benefice for want of sufficiency, and his wench for want of a benefice or sufficient living to maintain her, dilemma Dick, dissentious Dick, with *abi in malam crucem*, that is, get all thy friends in their prayers to commend thee, I shut up the congested index of thy redundant opprobry, and haste back to the right worshipful of the laws, Master D. Goropius, thy brother (as in every letter that thou writ'st to him thou term'st him) who, for all he is a civil lawyer, will never be *lex loquens*, a lawyer that shall loud-throat it with Good my Lord, consider this poor man's case. But though he be none of your courts licentiate, and a courtier otherwise he is never like to be, one of the Emperor Justinian's courtiers (the civil law's chief founder) malgre he will name himself, and a quarter of a year since, I was advertised that as well his works as the whole body of that law complete (having no other employment in his

'Therefore Lipsian
Dick because
amely & lubberly
he strives to imitate
and be another
English Lipsius,
when his lips hang
o in his light as he
can never come
near him.

faculty) he was in hand to turn into English hexameters, and if he might have had his will while he was yet resident in Cambridge, it should have been severely enacted throughout the University that none should speak or ordinarily converse but in that cue. For himself, he very religiously observed it, never meeting any doctor or friend of his but he would salute him or give him the time of the day in it most heroically, even as he saluted a physician of special account in these terms:

Ne'er can I meet you, sir, but needs must I vale my bonetto.

Which he (loath to be behind with him in courtesy) thus turned upon him again:

Ne'er can I meet you, sir, but needs must I call ye knavetto.

Once he had made an hexameter verse of seven feet, whereas it would lawfully bear but six, which fault a pleasant gentleman having found him with, wrapped the said verse in a piece of paper & sent a louse with it, inserting underneath, This verse hath more feet than a louse. But to so dictionary a custom it was grown with him that after supper, if he chanced to play at cards, and had but one Queen of Hearts light in his hand, he would extempore in that kind of verse run upon men's hearts and women's heats all the night long, as,

Stout heart & sweet heart, yet stoutest heart to be stooped.

No maypole in the street, no weathercock on any church steeple, no garden, no arbour, no laurel, no yew tree that he would overslip without hailing after the same method. His brains, his time, all his maintenance & exhibition upon it he hath consumed, and never intermitted till such time as he began to epistle it against me, since which I have kept him a-work indifferently, and that in the deadest season that might be, he lying in the ragingest fury of the last plague, when there died above 1600 a week in London, ink squittering and printing against me at Wolfe's in Paul's Churchyard. Three-quarters of a year thus cloistered and immured he remained, not being able almost to step out of doors, he was so barricadoed up with graves which besieged and undermined his very threshold, nor to open his window evening or morning but a damp (like the smoke of a cannon) from the fat manured earth with contagion (being the burial place of five parishes) in thick rolling clouds would strugglingly funnel up, & with a full blast puff in at his casements. Supply me with a margent note, somebody that hath more idle leisure than I have at the post-haste huddling up of these presents, as touching his spirit's yearning impassionment and agonized fiery thirst of revenge, that neglected soul & body's health to compass it, the health of his body in lying in the hell-mouth of infection, & his soul's health in minding any other matters than his soul, nay, matters that were utter enemies to his soul (as his first offering of wrong, & then prosecuting of it), when his soul and body both, every hour, were at the hazard point to be separated. The argument (to my great rejoicing & solace) from hence I have gathered was that my lines were of more smarting efficacy than I thought, & had that steel and metal in them which pierced & stung him to the quick, and drove him, upon the first searching of the wounds I had given him, to such raving impatience as he could rest nowhere, but through the poisonfullest jaws of death,

and fire and water, he would burst to take vengeance, and not only on the living but the dead also (as what will not a dog do that is angered? bite and gnarl at any bone or stone that is near him), but rather I deem that from the harsh grating in his ears & continual crashing of sextons' spades against dead men's bones (more dismal music to him than *The Voice, or Ghost's Hearse*) he came so to be incensed & to inveigh against the dead more than he would. But let that rest, which would not let him rest; at Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and dealing upon it most intently, and, for he would (as near as was possible) remove all whatsoever encumbrances that might alienate or withdraw him from his study, he hath vowed (during his abode there) not to have a denier in his purse, or see money, but let it run on the score and go to the devil if it will, he is resolute, and means to trouble himself with none of this trash, and yet it is a world to hear how malicious tongues will slander a man with truth, and give out how, of one Mighel (sometimes Dexter's man in Paul's Churchyard, though now he dwells at Exeter) he should borrow ten shillings to buy him shoes and stockings, and when it came to repayment, or that he was fain to borrow of another to satisfy and pay him (as he will borrow so much favour of him that he ne'er saw before), no less than half a crown out of that ten shillings he forswore & rebated him for usury. Content yourself, it was a hard time with him. Let not Mighel and Gabriel (two angels) fall out for a trifle; those that be his friends will consider of it & bear with him, even as Benjamin the founder's father who dwells by Fleet Bridge hath borne with him this four year for a groat which he owes him for plasters, and so Trinity Hall hath borne with him more than that, he being (as one that was Fellow of the same house of his standing informed me) never able to pay his commons, but from time to time borne out in alms amongst the rest of the Fellows, however he tells some of his friends he hath an out-brotherhood or beadsman's stipend of ten shillings a year there still coming to him, and a library worth 200 pound. John Wolfe says nothing, and yet he bears with him as much as the best, and if he had borne a little longer, he would have borne till his back broke, though Gabriel looks big upon it, and protests by no bugs he owes him not a dandiprat, but that Wolfe is rather in his debt than he in his, all reckonings justly cast. In plain truth and in verity, some pleasures he did Wolfe to my knowledge. For, first and foremost, he did for him that eloquent postscript for the plague-bills where he talks of the series, the classes & the premises, & presenting them with an exacter method hereafter, if it please God the plague continue. By the style I took it napping, and smelt it to be a pig of his Sus Minervam, the sow his muse, as soon as ever I read it, and since the printer hath confessed it to me. The vermilion Wrinkle de Crinkledum hoped (belike) that the plague would proceed, that he might have an occupation of it. The second thing wherein he made Wolfe so much beholding to him was that if there were ever a paltry scrivano betwixt a lawyer's clerk & a poet, or smattering pert boy whose buttocks were not yet cool since he came from the grammar, or one that hovers betwixt two crutches of a scholar and a traveller when neither will help him to go upright in the world's opinion, & should stumble in there with a pamphlet to sell, let him or any of them but have conjoined with him in railing against me, and fee his humour of vainglory, were their stuff by ten millions more tramontane or transalpine barbarous than balladry, he would have pressed it upon Wolfe, whether he would or no, and given it immortal allowance above Spenser. So did he by the philistine poem of *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, which to compare worse than itself, it would plague all the wits of France, Spain or Italy. And when he saw it would not sell, he called all the world asses a hundred times over, with the stampingest

You must
consider it was the
log-days, and he
lid it to cool him.

cursing and tearing he could utter it, for that he having given it his pass or good word, they obstinately condemned and misliked it. So did he by Chute's *Shore's Wife*, and his *Procris and Cephalus*, and a number of other Pamphlagonian things more that it would rust & iron-spot paper to have but one syllable of their names breathed over it. By these complots and careful purveyance for him, Wolfe could not choose but be a huge gainer, a hundred mark at least over the shoulder, &, which was a third advantage to hoist or raise him, besides the Doctor's meat and drink, which God paid for and it is not to be spoken of, he set him on the score for sack, centum pro cento, a hundred *quarts in a seven-night whiles he was thus Saracently sentencing it against me. Towards the latter end, he grew weary of keeping him and so many asses (of his procuring) at livery, and would grumble and mutiny in his hearing of want of money. Tut, man, money? would he say. Is that your discontent? Pluck up your spirits and be merry. I cannot abide to hear any man complain for want of money. Twice or thrice he had set this magnificent face upon it, and ever Wolfe looked when he would have terrified the table with a sound knock of a purse of angels, and said, There's for thee; pay me when thou art able. But with him there was no such matter, for he put his hand in his pocket but to scrub his arm a little that itched, and not to pluck out any cash, which with him is a stranger shape than ever Cacus shrouded in his den, and would make him, if he should chop on any such churlish lump unawares, to admire & bless himself, with:

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?

Jesu, how comes this to pass? Here is such gear as I never saw. So bless himself he could not, but being a little more roundly put to it, he was fain to confess that he was a poor impecunious creature, & had not trafficked a great while for any of these commodities of Santa Cruz, but as soon as ever his rents came up, which he expected every hour (though I could never hear of any he had, more than his ten shillings a year at Trinity Hall, if he have that), he would most munificently congratulate, correspond and sympathize with him in all interchangeable vicissitudes of kindness, & let not the current of time seem too protractive extended, or breed any disunion betwixt them, for he would accelerate & festinate his procrastinating ministers and commissaries in the country by letters as expedite as could be. I give him his true dialect and right varnish of elocution, not varying one I [sic?] tittle from the high strain of his harmonious phrase, wherein he puts down Hermogenes with his *Art of Rhetoric*, and so far outstrips over-tongued Beldam Rome, or her super-delicate bastard daughter, ceremonious dissembling Italy, as Europe puts down all the other parts of the world in populous societies and fertility. A gentleman, a friend of mine, that was no stranger to such bandyings as had passed betwixt us, was desirous to see how he looked since my strappadoing and torturing him, in which spleen he went and inquired for him; answer was made he was but new risen, and if it would please him to stay, he would come down anon. Two hours good by the clock he attended his pleasure, whiles he (as some of his fellow inmates have since related unto me) stood acting by the glass all his gestures he was to use all the day after, and currying & smudging and pranking himself unmeasurably. Post varios casus, his case of toothpicks, his comb-case, his case of head-brushes and beard-brushes, run over, & tot discrimina rerum, rubbing cloths of all kinds, down he came, and after the beso las manos, with amplifications and compliments he belaboured him till his ears tingled and

his feet ached again. Never was man so surfeited and overgorged with English as he cloyed him with his generous spirits, renumeration of gratuities, stopping the posterns of ingratitude, bearing the lancer too severe into his imperfections, and traversing the ample forest of interlocutions. The gentleman swore to me that upon his first apparition (till he disclosed himself) he took him for an usher of a dancing-school, neither doth he greatly differ from it, for no usher of a dancing-school was ever such a *bassia dona*, or *bassia de umbra de umbra des los pedes*, a kisser of the shadow of your feet's shadow, as he is. I have perused verses of his, written under his own hand to Sir Philip Sidney, wherein he courted him as he were another *Cyparissus* or *Ganymede*; the last Gordian true-love's knot or knitting up of them is this:

*Sum iecur ex quo te primum Sydnee vidi,
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare iecur.*

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

Not half a year since, coming out of Lincolnshire, it was my hap to take Cambridge in my way, where I had not been in six year before, when by wonderful destiny, who (in the same inn and very next chamber to me, parted but by a wainscot door that was nailed up, either unwitting of other) should be lodged but his *Gabrielship* that, in a manner, had lived as long a pilgrim from thence as I? Every circumstance I cannot stand to reckon up, as how we came to take knowledge of one another's being there, or what a stomach I had to have scratched with him, but that the nature of the place hindered me, where it is as ill as petty treason to look but awry on the sacred person of a Doctor, and I had plotted my revenge otherwise, as also of a meeting or conference on his part desired, wherein all quarrels might be discussed and drawn to an atonement, but *non vult fac*, I had no fancy to it, for once before I had been so cozened by his colloquing, though personally we never met face to face, yet by truchmen and vaunt-couriers betwixt us, nor could it settle in my conscience to lose so much pains I had took in new arraying & furbishing him, or that a public wrong in print was to be so slightly slubbered over in private, with *Come, come, give me your hand, let us be friends, and thereupon I drink to you*. And a further doubt there was, if I had tasted of his beef and porridge at Trinity Hall, as he desired (*notandum est*, for the whole fortnight together that he was in Cambridge, his commons ran in the college detriments, as the greatest courtesy he could do the house whereof he was, to eat up their meat and never pay anything) -- if I had (I say) rushed in myself, and two or three hungry Fellows more, and cried, *Do you want any guests? What, nothing but bare commons? it had been a question (considering the goodwill that is betwixt us) whether he would have lent me a precious dram more than ordinary to help digestion; he may be such another crafty mortaring druggier or Italian porridge seasoner for anything I ever saw in his complexion. That word complexion is dropped forth in good time, for to describe to you his complexion & composition entered I into this tale by the way, or tale I found in my way riding up to London. It is of an adust swarth choleric dye like resty bacon or a dried skate fish, so lean and so meagre that you would think (like the Turks) he observed 4 Lents in a year, or take him for the gentleman's man in *The Courtier*, who was so thin-cheeked and gaunt and starved that, as he was blowing the fire with his*

mouth, the smoke took him up like a light straw, and carried him to the top or funnel of the chimney, where he had flown out God knows whither if there had not been cross-bars overthwart that stayed him, his skin rideled and crumpled like a piece of burnt parchment, & more channels & creases he hath in his face that there be fairy-circles on Salisbury Plain, and wrinkles & frets of old age than characters on Christ's Sepulchre in Mount Calvary, on which everyone that comes scrapes his name and sets his mark to show that he hath been there, so that whosoever shall behold him:

Esse putet Boreae triste furentis opus,

will swear on a book I have brought him low, and shrewdly broken him, which more to confirm, look on his head, and you shall find a grey hair for every line I have writ against him, and you shall have all his beard white, too, by that time he hath read over this book. For his stature, he is such another pretty Jack-a-Lent as boys throw at in the street, and looks, in his black suit of velvet, like one of those jet drops which divers wear at their ears instead of a jewel. A smudge piece of a handsome fellow it hath been in his days, but now he is old and past his best, and fit for nothing but to be a nobleman's porter or a Knight of Windsor, cares have so crazed him and disgraces to the very bones consumed him, amongst which his missing of the university oratorship, wherein Doctor Perne bestaded him, wrought not the lighliest with him, and if none of them were, his course of life is such as would make any man look ill on it, for he will endure more hardness than a camel, who in the burning sands will live four days without water, & feeds on nothing but thistles and wormwood & suchlike; no more doth he feed on anything, when he is at Saffron Walden, but sheeps' trotters and porknells and buttered roots, and otherwhile in an hexameter meditation, or when he is inventing a new part of Tully, or hatching such another paradox as that of Nicholas Copernicus was, who held that the sun remains immovable in the centre of the world & that the earth is moved about the sun, he would be so rapt that he would remain three days and neither eat nor drink, and within doors he will keep seven year together, and come not abroad so much as to church. The like for seven and thirty weeks' space together he did, while he lay at Wolfe's copying against me, never stirring out of doors or being churched all that while, but like those in the West Country, that after the Paulin hath called them, or they have seen a spirit, keep themselves dark 24 hours; so after I had played the spirit in haunting him in my *4 Letters Confuted*, he could by no means endure the light, nor durst venture himself abroad in the open air for many months after, for fear he should be fresh blasted by all men's scorn and derision. My instructions of him are so overflowing and numberless that, except I abridge them, my book will grow such a bouncer that those which buy it must be fain to hire a porter to carry it after them in a basket. For brevity's sake I omit twenty things, as the conflict betwixt my hostess of the Dolphin in Cambridge and him, at my being there, about his lying in her house a fortnight, and keeping one of the best chambers, yet never offering to spend a penny; the hackney men's of Saffron Walden's pursuing him for their horses, he hiring them but for three days and keeping them fifteen, & telling him very flatly, when he went about to excuse it, that they could not spare them from their cart so long, they being cart horses which they set him on. The description of that poor John-a-droynes, his man, whom he had hired for that journey, a great big-boned thresher, put in a blue coat too short-waisted for him, & a suit made of the inner linings of a suit turned

outward, being white canvas pinked upon cotton; his intolerable boasting at Wolfe's to such as would hold him chat & he could draw to talk with him, that he thought no man in England had more learning than himself; his threatening any nobleman whatsoever that durst take my part, and vowing he would do this and that to him if he should; his incensing my L. Mayor against me that then was, by directing unto him a persuasive pamphlet to persecute me, and not to let slip the advantage he had against me, and reporting certain words I should speak against him that Christmas at a tavern in London, when I was in the Isle of Wight then and a great while after. His inciting the preacher at Paul's Cross, that lay at the same house in Wood Street which he did, to preach manifestly against Master Lyly and me, with Woe to the printer, woe to the seller, woe to the buyer, woe to the author. But in none of these will I insist, which are remnants to comparison of the whole piece I have to show; only I will have a short touch at Wolfe's and his parting, and so make an end of an old song, and bid good night to this history.

Pierce's Supererogation printed, the charge whereof the Doctor had promised to defray and be countable to Wolfe for, amounting (with his diet) to 36 pounds, from Saffron Walden no argent would be heard of, wherefore down he must go amongst his tenants, as he pretended (which are no other than a company of beggars that lie in an out-barn of his mother's sometimes) and fetch up the grand sums, or legem pone. To accomplish this, Wolfe procured him horses and money for his expenses, lent him one of his prentices (for a serving creature) to grace him, clapping an old blue coat on his back, which was one of my Lord of Hereford's liveries (he pulling the badge off), & so away they went. Saint Christopher be their speed, and send them well back again, but so prays not our Dominico Civilian, for he had no such determination, but as soon as ever he had left London behind him, he insinuated with this Juventus to run away from his master, and take him for his good lord and supporter. The page was easily mellowed with his attractive eloquence, as what heart of adamant or enclosed in a crocodile's skin (which no iron will pierce) that hath the power to withstand the Mercurian heavenly charm of his rhetoric? With him he stays half a year, rubbing his toes and following him with his sprinkling-glass & his box of kissing comfits from place to place, whiles his master, fretting & chafing to be thus colted of both of them, is ready to send out process for the Doctor, and get his novice cried in every market town in Essex, but they prevented him, for the imp or stripling, being almost starved in this time of his being with him, gave him warning he would no longer serve him, but would home to his master, whatever shift he made. Gabriel thought it not amiss to take him at his word because his clothes were all greasy and worn out, & he is never wont to keep any man longer than the suit lasteth he brings with him, and then turn him to grass and get one in new trappings, and ever pick quarrels with him before the year's end because he would be sure to pay him no wages, yet in his prudent forecast he concluded it better policy for him to send him back to his master than he should go of his own accord, and whereas he was to make a journey to London within a week or such a matter, to have his blue coat (being destitute of ever another trencher-carrier) credit him up, though it were threadbare. So considered, and so done, at an inn of Islington he alights, and there keeps him aloof, London being too hot for him. His retinue (or attendant), with a whole cloak-bag full of commendations to his master, he dismisseth, and, instead of the 36 pounds he ought him, willed him to certify him that very shortly he would send him a couple of hens to shrove with. Wolfe,

receiving this message, and holding himself palpably flouted therein, went and feed bailies, and gets one Scarlet (a friend of his) to go and draw him forth, & hold him with a tale whiles they might steal on him & arrest him. The watchword given them when they should seize upon him was *Wolfe (I must needs say) hath used you very grossly*, and to the intent he might suspect nothing by Scarlet's coming, there was a kind letter framed in Wolfe's name, with To the right worshipful of the laws in a great text-hand for a superscription on the outside, and underneath at the bottom, Your worship's ever to command, and pressed to do you service, John Wolfe. The contents of it were about the talking with his lawyer, and the eager proceeding of his sister-in-law against him. This letter delivered and read, and Scarlet and he (after the tasting of a cup of dead beer that had stood palling by him in a pot three days) descending into some conference, he began to find himself ill apaid with Wolfe's encroaching upon him, and asking him money for the printing of his book, and his diet whiles he was close prisoner, attending and toiling about it, & objecting how other men of less desert were liberally recompensed for their pains, whereas he (whose worth overbalanced the proudest) must be constrained to hire men to make themselves rich. I appeal to you (quoth he) whether ever any man's works sold like mine. Aye, even from a child, good master Doctor, replied Scarlet, and made a mouth at him over his shoulder, so soothing him on forward till the bailie's cue came of Wolfe's abusing him very grossly, which they not failing to take at the first rebound, stepped into the room boldly (as they were two well bombasted swaggering fat-bellies, having faces as broad as the back of a chimney, and as big as a town bag-pudding), and clapping the Doctor with a lusty blow on the shoulder that made his legs bow under him & his guts cry quag again, By your leave, they said unto him, (in a thundering yeoman's diapason), in God's name and the Queen's, we do arrest you. Without more pause, away they hurried him, & made him believe they would carry him into the city where his creditor was, when, coming under Newgate, they told him they had occasion to go speak with one there, and so thrust him in before them for good manners' sake, because he was a Doctor and their better, bidding the keeper, as soon as ever he was in, to take charge of him. Some lofty tragical poet help me, that is daily conversant in the fierce encounters of raw-head and bloody bones, and whose pen, like the plows in Spain that often stumble on gold veins, still splits and stumps itself against old iron and raking o'er battered armour and broken truncheons, to recount and express the more than Herculean fury he was in when he saw he was so notably betrayed and bought and sold. He fumed, he stamped, he buffeted himself about the face, beat his head against the walls, and was ready to bite the flesh off his arms if they had not hindered him; out of doors he would have gone (as I cannot blame him) or he swore he would tear down the walls and set the house on fire if they resisted him. Whither, quoth he, you villains, have you brought me? To Newgate, good master Doctor, with a low leg they made answer. I know not where I am. In Newgate, again replied they, good master Doctor. Into some blind corner you have drawn me to be murdered. To no place (replied they the third time) but to Newgate, good master Doctor. Murder, murder (he cried out); somebody break in, or they will murder me. No murder but an action of debt, said they, good master Doctor. O, you profane plebeians, exclaimed he, I will massacre, I will crucify you for presuming to lay hands thus on my reverent person. All this would not serve him, no more than Hackett's counterfeit madness would keep him from the gallows, but up he was had and showed his lodging where he should lie by it, and willed to deliver up his weapon. That wrung him

on the withers worse than all the rest. What, my arms, my defence, my weapon, my dagger, quoth he; my life, then, I see, is conspired against, when you seek to bereave me of the instrument that should secure it. They rattled him up soundly, and told him if he would be conformable to the order of the prison, so it was; otherwise he should be forced. Force him no forces, no such mechanical drudges should have the honour of his artillery; marry, if some worthy magistrate came, as their master or mistress, it might be, upon good conditions for his life's safety and preservation, he would surrender. The mistress of the house (her husband being absent), understanding of his folly, came up to him and went about to persuade him. At her sight somewhat calmed he was, as it is a true amorous knight, and hath no power to deny anything to ladies & gentlewomen, & he told her if she would command her servants forth (whom he scorned should have their eyes so much illuminated as to behold any martial engine of his), he would in all humility despoil himself of it. She so far yielded to him; when, as soon as they were out, he runs and swaps the door to, & draws his dagger upon her with, O, I will kill thee; what could I do to thee now? and so extremely terrified her that she scritch'd out to her servants, who burst in in heaps, as thinking he would have ravished her. Never was our Taphartharath (though he hath run through many briers) in the like ruthless pickle he was then, for to the bolts he must, amongst thieves and rogues, and taste of the widow's alms for drawing his dagger in a prison, from which there was no deliverance, if basely he had not fallen upon his knees and asked her forgiveness. Dinner being ready, he was called down, & there being a better man than he present who was placed at the upper end of the board, for very spite that he might not sit highest, he straight flung to his chamber again, and vowed by heaven and earth and all the flesh on his back he would famish himself before he would eat a bit of meat as long as he was in Newgate. How inviolably he kept it, I will not conceal from you. About a two hours after, when he felt his craw empty, and his stomach began to wamble, he writ a supplication to his hostess that he might speak with her, to whom (at her approaching) he recited what a rash vow he had made, and what a commotion there was in his entrails or pudding-house for want of food, wherefore, if she would steal to him a bit secretly and let there be no words of it, he would, aye marry, would he (when he was released), perform mountains. She (in pity of him), seeing him a brainsick bedlam and an innocent that had no sense to govern himself, being loath he should be damned and go to hell for a meal's meat, having vowed and through famine ready to break it, got her husband to go forth with him out of doors to some cook's shop at Pie Corner thereabouts, or (as others will have it) to the tap-house under the prison, where having eaten sufficient his hungry body to sustain, the devil a scute had he to pay the reckoning, but the keeper's credit must go for it. How he got out of this Castle Dolorous, if any be with child to know, let them enquire of the minister then serving at Saint Alban's in Wood Street, who, in Christian charity, only for the name's sake (not being acquainted with him before), entered bond for him to answer it at law, & satisfied the house for his lodging and mangery. But being restored to the open air, the case with him was little altered, for no roof had he to hide his noddle in or whither he might go to set up his rest, but in the streets under a bulk he should have been constrained to have kennelled & chalked out his cabin if the said minister had not the second time stood his friend, and preferred him to a chamber at one Rolfe's, a sergeant's in Wood Street, whom (as I take it) he also procured to be equally bound with him for his new cousin's appearance to the law, which he never did, but left both of them in the lurch for him, and

running in debt with Rolfe beside for house-room and diet, one day when he was from home, he closely conveyed away his trunk forth of doors, and showed him a fair pair of heels. At Saffron Walden (for the most part) from that his flight to this present hath he mewed and cooped up himself invisible, being accounted for dead, with no tidings of him till I came in the wind of him at Cambridge. And so I wind up his thread of life, which I fear I have drawn out too large, although in three-quarters of it (of purpose to curtail it) I have left descant and tasked me to plainsong, whereof that it is any other than plain truth let no man distrust, it being by good men and true (word for word as I let it fly amongst you) to me in the fear of God uttered, all yet alive to confirm it, wherefore settle your faith immovably, and now you have heard his life, judge of his doctrine accordingly.

Carnead: His life and doctrine may both be to us an ensample, for since the reign of Queen Guinevere was there never seen worse.

Import: Yet, for all he is such a vain Basilisco and Captain Crack-stone in all his actions & conversation, & swarmeth in vile cannibal words, there is some good matter in his book against thee.

Respond: We will try that matter immediately, for my mind ever giving me that we should have you and suchlike humourists of your faction run from one matter to another, & from the matter to the manner, and from the manner to the form, and from the form to the cause, and from the cause to the effect, I provided to match you at all weapons. And here, next his life, I have drawn an abridgment or inventory of all the material tractates and contents of his book.

Import: Then thou hast done well, for it is it that I all this while looked for. I pray thee, let me read it myself.

A summary or brief analysis of such matters as are handled in the Doctor's book.

Imprimis, one epistle, of a sheet and more of paper, to his gentle & liberal friends, Master Barnabe Barnes, Master John Thorius, Master Anthony Chute, and every honourable reader.

Carnead: Oho, those whom he calls the three orient wits. Mine eyes are partly accessory unto it. It is to thank them for their courteous letters and commendatory sonnets writ to him from afar, as namely out of the hall into the kitchen at Wolfe's, where altogether at one time they lodged and boarded. With a great many maidenly excuses of 'Tis more of your gentleness than my deserving, and I cannot without blushing repeat, and without shame remember. Then he comes upon thee with I'll, I'll, I'll.

Respond: What should I say, *I will and command*, like a prince? He might as well write against Paul's for having three I'lls to it.

Carnead: He calls thee the green popinjay, & says thou art thine own idol.

Respond: Let him either show how or wherein, or I will not believe him, & my negative (in any ground in England) is as good as his affirmative.

Carnead: And so proceeds with compliment and a little more compliment, and a crust of quips, and a little more compliment after that; then he falls in exhorting those his three patrons to go forward in maturity, as they have begun in pregnancy, whose *Parthenophils and Parthenopes* embellished, and *Shore's Wife* eternized, shall everlastingly testify what they are.

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

Carnead: He bids Barnabe of the Barnes *be the gallant poet like Spenser, or the valiant soldier like Baskerville, and ever remember his French service under such a general.*

Respond: What his scholarship is, I cannot judge, but if you have ever a chain for him to run away with, as he did with a nobleman's steward's chain at his lord's installing at Windsor, or if you would have any rimes to the tune of stink-a-piss, he is for you, in one place of his *Parthenophil and Parthenope* wishing no other thing of heaven but that he might be transformed to the wine his mistress drinks, and so pass through her.

Bentiv: Therein he was very ill advised, for so the next time his mistress made water, he was in danger to be cast out of her favour.

Respond: Of late he hath set forth another book, which he entitles no less than *A Divine Century of Sonnets*, and prefixeth for his posy:

Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit & alter Apollo?

As much to say as, why may not my muse be as great an Apollo, or god of poetry, as the proudest of them? But it comes as far short as Paris Garden Cut of the height of a camel, or a cock-boat of a carrack; such another device it is as the godly *Ballad of John Careless*, or the song of *Greensleeves* moralized.

Carnead: For his cavaliership, since thou art not instructed in it, let me tell thee it is lewder by ninescore times than his poetry, since his doughty service in France five years ago, I not forgetting him, where, having followed the camp for a week or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queen's peace, but a man might have his brains knocked out, and no justice or constable near hand to send forth precepts, and make hue and cry after the murderers, without further tarrying or consultation to the general he went, and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kind of life, and common occupation of murdering, wherein (without any jury or trial, or giving them so much leave as to say their prayers) men were run through and had their throats cut, both against God's laws, her Majesty's laws, & the laws of all nations, wherefore he desired licence to depart, for he stood every hour in fear and dread of his person, and it was always his prayer, From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us. Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights

and principal captains who, rather than they would be bereaved of his pleasant company, offered to pick out a strong guard amongst them for the safe engarrisoning and better shielding him from peril. Two stepped forth and presented themselves as musketeers before him, a third and fourth as targeteers behind him, a fifth and sixth vowed to try it out at the push of the pike before the malicious foe should invade him. But home he would, nothing could stay him, to finish *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, and write in praise of Gabriel Harvey.

Consil: He was wise; he loved no blows. But what said the Doctor to his other two copesmates?

Carnead: Why, thus: *Be thou, John, the many-tongued linguist like Andrews, or the curious intelligencer like Bodley, & never forget thy Netherlandish train under him that taught the Prince of Navarre, now the valorous king of France.*

Respond: Of this Thorius more sparingly I will speak, because he hath made his peace with me, & there be in him sundry good parts of the tongues and otherwise, though thirty parts coming behind & limping after Doctor Andrews, who (if it be no offence so to compare him) is *tanquam Paulus in cathedra*, powerful preaching like Paul out of his chair, and his church another pantheon or *templum omnium deorum*, the absolutest oracle of all sound divinity here amongst us, he mixing the two several properties of an orator and a poet both in one, which is not only to persuade, but to win admiration. Thorius, being of that modesty and honesty I ascribe to him, cannot but be irksomely ashamed to be resembled so hyperborically, and no less aggrieved than Master Bodley (a gentleman in our commonwealth of singular desertive reckoning & industry, being at this present her Majesty's agent in the Low Countries) ought he to be at the hellish detested Judas name of an intelligencer, which the Doctor in the way of friendship hath thrown upon him. Master Bodley calls him rascal & villain for his labour, and before his going over was mad to know where he might hunt him out to be revenged, which both he and Thorius have reason for, since but to be covertly suspected for an intelligencer (much more to be publicly registered in print for such a fleering false brother or ambodexter) is to make either of them more pointed and wondered at than a cuckold or wittol, and set them up as common marks for every jackanapes prentice to kick, spit or throw dirt at. To be an intelligencer is to have oaths at will, and think God ne'er regards them, to frame his religion and allegiance to his prince according to every company he comes in. A Jew he is, that but for the spoil loves no man, a cur that flatters & fawns upon everyone, low crouching by the ground like a tumbler till he may spy an advantage and pluck out his throat. An ingrateful slave, that there spendeth the bitterest of his venom where he hath received most benefits, a hangman that dispatcheth all that come under his hands, a drunken sergeant or sumner that could not live if (like the devil) he did not from time to time inquire after the sins of the people, a necessary member in a state to be used to cut off unnecessary members. Such fame hath he preferred Master Bodley to, and wisheth Thorius to emulate. By his *Netherlandish train under him that taught the Prince of Navarre, now the valorous King of France*, is not be gathered that he was schoolfellow to the King of France, as he would fain put the world in a fool's paradise because he hath sonnetted it in his praise, but that he was Doctor Coranus' son of Oxford, who was tutor

to the said King, as well he might be, and that no argument his son should be so well improved as he is.

Carnead: The last of them is Chute, to whom he thus dilateth: *Be thou, Anthony, the flowing orator like Dove, and the skilful herald like Clarencius, and ever remember thy Portugal voyage under Don Antonio.*

Respond: Chute, is he such a high clerk in his books? I knew when he was but a low clerk, and carried an attorney's books after him. But this I will say for him, though he be dead and rotten, and by his obsequies hath prevented the vengeance I meant to have executed upon him, of a youth that could not understand a word of Latin, he loved lycoras and drunk posset-curd the best that ever put cup to mouth, and for his oratorship, it was such that I have seen him non plus in giving the charge at the creating of a new Knight of Tobacco, though to make amends since he hath kneaded and daubed up a comedy called *The Transformation of the King of Trinidad's Two Daughters, Madame Panachaea and the Nymph Tobacco* and, to approve his heraldry, scutcheoned out the honourable arms of the smoky society. His voyage under Don Antonio was nothing so great credit to him as a French varlet of the chamber is, nor did he follow Antonio neither, but was a captain's boy that scorned writing and reading, and helped him to set down his accounts and score up dead pays. But this was our Graphiel Hagiell's trick of wily beguily herein, that whereas he could get no man of worth to cry placet to his works, or metre it in his commendation, those worthless whippets and jack-straws he could get, he would seem to enable and compare with the highest. Hereby he thought to cony-catch the simple world, and make them believe that these and these great men, every way suitable to Sir Thomas Baskerville, Master Bodley, Doctor Andrews, Doctor Dove, Clarencius and Master Spenser had separately contended to outstrip Pindaris in his *Olympics*, and sty aloft to the highest pitch to stellify him above the clouds, and make him shine next to Mercury. Here some little digression I must borrow to revenge his base allusion of Sir Thomas Baskerville, even as I have done of Doctor Andrews, neither of them being men that ever saluted me, or I rest bound unto in anything otherwise than, by Doctor Andrews' own desert and Master Lyly's immoderate commending him, by little and little I was drawn on to be an auditor of his, since when, whensoever I heard him, I thought it was but hard and scant allowance that was given him in comparison of the incomparable gifts that were in him. For Sir Thomas Baskerville, France, England, the Low Countries & India acknowledgeth him, and though it was never my hap but once in a young knight's chamber in the Strand (none of my coldest well-wishers) to light in his company, yet for Sir Roger Williams' testimony of him (a noble gentleman that a year and a half before his death I was excessively beholding to, & on whom I have vowed, when my business are a little overcome, to bestow a memorial epitaph such as Plato would in no more but four verses to be set upon the graves of the dead), down his throat I will thrust this turnbroach comparison of a chicken and chrisom with one of the most tried soldiers of Christendom. Doctor Dove and Clarencius I turn loose to be their own arbitrators and advocates, the one being eloquent enough to defend himself, and the other a viceroy & next heir apparent to the king of heralds, able to emblazon him in his right colours if he find he hath sustained any loss by him, as also, in like sort, Master Spenser, whom I do not thrust in the lowest place because I make the lowest valuation of, but as

we use to set the *sum' tot'* alway underneath or at the bottom, he being the *sum' tot'* of whatsoever can be said of sharp invention and scholarship.

Consil: Of the Doctor it may be said, as Ovid saith of the scritch-owl:

Aliisque (dolens) fit causa dolendi:

He cannot be content to be miserable himself, but he must draw others to miscarry with him. And as Plato had his best-beloved boy, Agatho, Socrates his Alcibiades, Virgil his Alexis, so doth he his Barnabe and Anthony for his minions and sweethearts, though therein I must needs tell him (as Fabritius the Roman consul writ to Pyrrhus when he sent him back his physician that offered to poison him) he hath made as ill choice of friends as of enemies, seeking, like the panther, to cure himself with man's dung, and, with the very excrements of the rubbishest wits that are, to restore himself to his blood, and repair his credit and estimation.

Bentiv: If his patrons be such Peter Pingles and Moundragons, he cannot choose but be sixty times a more poor Slavonian arse-worm.

Respond: Tender itchy-brained infants, they cared not what they did, so they might come in print, and of that strain are a number of mushrooms more who pester the world of pamphlets before they have heard of Terence' Pamphilus & can construe & parse *Proh Dii immortales*, being like those barbarous people in the hot countries who, when they have bread to make, do no more but clap the dough upon a post on the outside of their houses, and there leave it to the sun to bake, so their indigested conceits (far rawer than any dough) at all adventures upon the posts they clap, pluck them off who's [sic?] will, and if (like the sun) any man of judgment (though in scorn) do but look upon them, they think they have struck it dead, and made as good a batch of poetry as may be. Neither of these princoxes (Barnes or Chute) once cast up their noses towards Paul's Churchyard, or so much as knew how to knock at a printing-house door, till they consorted themselves with Harvey, who infected them within one fortnight with his own spirit of bragganism, which after so increased and multiplied in them as no man was able to endure them; the first of them (which is Barnes) presently upon it, because he would be noted, getting him a strange pair of Babylonian britches, with a cod-piece as big as a Bolognan sausage, and so went up and down town, and showed himself in the presence at court, where he was generally laughed out by the noblemen and ladies, and the other (which is Chute) because Harvey had praised him for his oratorship & heraldry, to approve himself no less than he had given his word for him, sets his mouth of a new key, and would come forth with such Kenimnawo-compt metaphors and phrases that Edge was but a botcher to him, and to emblazon his heraldry, he painted himself like a courtesan, which no stationers' boy in Paul's Churchyard but discovered and pointed at. One of the best articles against Barnes I have overslipped, which is that he is in print for a braggart in that universal applauded Latin poem of Master Champion's where, in an epigram entitled *In Barnum*, beginning thus:

Mortales decem tela inter Gallica caesos,

he shows how he bragged when he was in France he slew ten men, when (fearful cow-baby) he never heard piece shot off but he fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat vary.

Carnead: Allons, allons, let us march, and from arms and skirmishing cast thyself in the arms of a sweet gentlewoman, that here at the end of the epistle stands ready to embrace thee. Gabriel calls her *the excellent gentlewoman, his patroness, or rather championess in this quarrel, meeter by nature and fitter by nurture to be an enchanting angel with a white quill than a tormenting fury with her black ink.*

Respond: What, is he like a tinker, that never travels without his wench and his dog, or like a German, that never goes to the wars without his Tannakin and her cock on her shoulder? That gentlewoman (if she come under my fists) I will make a gentlewoman, as Doctor Perne said of his man's wife:

*Tunc plena voluptas,
Cum pariter victi foemina virq. iacent;*

Then it is sport worth the seeing, when he and his woman lie crouching for mercy under my feet. I will bestow more cost in belabouring her because, throughout the whole paunch of his book, he is as infinite in commending her as Saint Jerome in praise of virginity, and oftener mentions her than Virgil & Theocritus Amaryllis. In one place he calls her *the one she*, in another *the credible gentlewoman*, in a third *the heavenly plant*, and the fourth *a new star in Cassiopeia*, in the fifth *the heavenly creature*, in the sixth *a lion in the field of Minerva*, in the seventh *a right bird of Mercury's winged chariot*, with a hundred suchlike; he saith she hath read Homer, Virgil, the divine archetypes of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman valour, Plutarch, Polyen, Agrippa, Tyraquel.

Bentiv: I have found him, I have the tract of him. He thinks in his own person if he should rail grossly, it will be a discredit to him, and therefore hereafter he would thrust forth all his writings under the name of a gentlewoman, who, howsoever she scolds and plays the vixen never so, will be borne with, and to prevent that he be not descried by his alleging of authors (which it will hardly be thought can proceed from a woman), he casts forth this item, that she hath read these and these books, and is well seen in all languages.

Consil: Shall we have a hare of him, then, a male one year and a female another, or, as Pliny holds, there is male and female of all things under heaven, and not so much but as of trees and precious stones, so cannot there be a male confuter but there must be a female confuter too, a Simon Magus but he must have his whore Selenes, an Aristotle that sacrificed to his harlot Hermia, but every Silius Poeta must imitate him? Doth he, when his own wits fail, cry *Da, Venus, consilium*, Holy Saint Venus, inspire me? But as Bentivole hath well put in, *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui*. I believe it is but a mere copy of his countenance, and only he does it to breed an opinion in the world that he is such a great man in ladies' and gentlewomen's books that they are ready to run out of their wits for him, as in the Turk's Alcoran it is written that 250 ladies hanged themselves

for the love of Mahomet, and that, like another Numa Pompilius, he doth nothing without his nymph Egeria.

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

Consil: We read that Semiramis was in love with a horse, but for a gentlewoman to be in love with an ass is such a trick as never was.

Respond: It would do you good to hear how he gallops on in commending her; he says she envies none but art in person and virtue incorporate, and that she is a Sappho, a Penelope, a Minerva, an Arachne, a Juno, yielding to all that use her and hers well, that she stands upon masculine and not feminine terms, & her hottest fury may be resembled to the passing of a brave career by a Pegasus, and wisheth heartily that he could dispose of her recreations.

Carnead: Call for a beadle and have him away to Bridewell, for in every syllable he commits lechery.

Resp: He threatens she will strip my wit into his shirt, were that fair body of the sweetest Venus in print, & that it will then appear, as in a clear urinal, whose wit hath the green sickness.

Bent: If she strip thee to thy shirt, if I were as thee, I would strip her to her smock.

Carnead: That were to put that fairest body of Venus in print indeed with a witness, and then she never need to have her water cast in an urinal for the green sickness.

Respond: She may be Queen Dido's peer for honesty for any dealings I ever yet had with her, but any gentlewoman's name put in his mouth, it is of more force to discredit it than Lycophron's pen was to discredit Penelope, who, notwithstanding Homer's praises of her, saith she lay with all her woers.

Consil: Whether she be honest or no, he hath done enough to make her dishonest, since, as Ovid writes to a leno, *Vendibilis culpa facta puella sua est*, He hath set her commonly to sale in Paul's Churchyard.

Import: Let us on with our index or catalogue, and descant no more of her, since I am of the mind that, for all the storms & tempests Harvey from her denounceth, there is no such woman, but 'tis only a fiction of his, like Menander's fable or comedy called Thessala, of women that would pluck back the moon when they listed, or Ennius' invention of Dido, who, writing of the deeds of Scipio, first gave life to that legend. The epistle dedicatory

past, the gentlewoman's demur or prologue staggers next after, the first line whereof is stolen out of the ballad of Anne Askew, for, as that begins,

I am a woman poor and blind,

so begins this:

O muses, may a woman poor and blind,

and goes on,

*Is't possible for puling wench to tame
The furibundal champion of fame?*

Bids thee *hazard not, panting quill, thy aspen self*, calls thee *bombard-goblin*, and *most railipotent for every reign*, then followeth she with a *counter-sonnet or correction of her own preamble*, where there is nothing but *braggardous affronts, white-livered tronts, where doth the Urany or Fury ring, pull-crow implements, Danter's scarecrow press*, and ends with *Ultrix accincta flagello*.

Respond: Yea, Madame Gabriela, are you such an old jerker? Then, hey ding a ding, up with your petticoat, have at your plum-tree. But the style bewrays it, that no other is this goodwife Megaera but Gabriel himself, so doth the counter-sonnet and the correction of preambles, which is his method as right as a fiddle. I will never open my lips to confute any rag of it, it confuting itself sufficiently in the very rehearsal. And so doth that which is annexed to it, of her *old comedy new entitled*, where she saith *her prose is as resolute as Bevis' sword*, calls me *rampant beast in formidable hide*, with I wot not what other Getulian slabberies, scare-bugs me with a comedy which she hath scrawled and scribbled up against me. But we shall lenvoy him, and trump and poop him well enough if the wind come in that door, and he will needs fall a-comedizing it. Comedy upon comedy he shall have, a moral, a history, a tragedy, or what he will. One shall be called *The Doctor's Dump*; another *Harvey And His Excellent Gentlewoman, Madame Whipsidoxy*; a third *The Triumphs Of Saffron Walden, With The Merry Conceits Of We Three, or The Three Brothers*; a fourth *Stoop Gallant, or The Fall of Pride*; the fifth and last *A Pleasant Interlude Of No Fool To The Old Fool*, with a jig at the latter end in English hexameters of *O Neighbour Gabriel, And His Wooing Of Kate Cotton*. More than half of one of these I have done already, and in Candlemas term you shall see it acted, though better acted than he hath been at Cambridge he can never be, where upon every stage he hath been brought for a sycophant and a sow-gelder.

Bent: Wilt thou have ne'er a pluck at him for Danter's scarecrow press, and so abusing thy printer?

Resp. In pudding time you have spoken; my printer, whoever, shall sustain no damage by me, & where he termeth his press a scarecrow press, he shall find it will scare & crow over the best press in London that shall print a reply to this. He that dares most, let him

try it (as none will try it that hath a care to live by his trade, not a hundred of any impression of the Doctor's books ever selling). My printer's wife too he hath had a twitch at in two or three places about the midst of his book, and makes a malkin & a shoe clout of her, talks of her moody tongue, and that she will teach the storm wind to scold English, but let him look to himself, for though in all the time I have lien at her house, and as long as I have known her, I never saw any such thing by her, yet since he hath given her so good a cause to find her tongue, and so unjustly & despitefully provoked her, she will tell him such a tale in his ear, the next time she meets him, as shall be worse than a Northern blast to him, and have a handful of his beard (if he defend not himself the better) for a malkin or wisp to wipe her shoes with.

Import: The gentlewoman having taken her l'envoy or farewell, Barnabe Barnes steps in with an epistle to the right worshipful, his especial dear friend, M. Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of the Law.

Respo: It were no book else, if one or other were not drawn in to call him right worshipful, & when he hath nobody to help him, he gets one of his brothers to epistle it to him, or, in their absence, feigns an epistle in their names, where his style to the full shall be set in great letters like a bill for a house to be let, and, upon pain of excommunication with bell, book & candle, none of his brothers must publish anything, but to his Dotterelship they must frame the like dedication.

Import: The tenor of that scrimpum scampum of Barnes's is no more but this, to exhort the sweet Doctor (as he names him) to *confound those viperous critical monsters*, whereto he is manifestly urged, though he be fitter to *encounter some more delicate paranympths*, and *honour the Urany of du Bartas*. He hath a sonnet with it wherein he invokes and conjures up *all Rome's learned orators, sweet Grecian prophets, philosophers, wisest statesmen, reverend general councils, all in one, to behold the Doctor's ennobled arts as precious stones in gold*. At the foot of that (like a right pupil of the Doctor's bringing up) he inserteth his postscript or correction of his preamble, with a counter-sonnet, superscribed *Nashe, or The Confuting Gentleman*, in which he besmears & reviles thee with all the cutpurse names that is possible, and says he cannot bethink him of names ill enough, since thou rail'st at one whom Bodin & Sidney did not flatter.

Respond: No more will I flatter him; he may build upon it. Thus it is: there was sometimes some pretty expectation of this patter-wallet & Megiddo that now I am a-salting and powdering of, and then Sir Philip Sidney (as he was a natural cherisher of men of the least towardness in any art whatsoever) held him in some good regard, and so did most men, & (it may be) some kind letters he writ to him, to encourage and animate him in those his hopeful courses he was entered into, but afterward, when his ambitious pride and vanity unmasked itself so egregiously, both in his looks, his gait, his gestures and speeches, and he would do nothing but crake and parrot it in print in how many noblemen's favours he was, and blab every light speech they uttered to him in private, cockering & coying himself beyond imagination, then Sir Philip Sidney (by little and little) began to look askance on him, and not to care for him, though utterly shake him off

he could not, he would so fawn & hang upon him. For M. Bodin's commendation of him, it is no more but this: one complimentary letter asketh another, & Gabriel first writing to him, and seeming to admire him and his works, he could do no less in humanity (being a scholar) but return him an answer in the like nature. But my young Master Barnabe the bright and his kindness (before any desert at all of mine towards him might pluck it on or provoke it), I neither have nor will be unmindful of.

Import: Here is another sonnet of his which he calls *Harvey, or The Sweet Doctor*, consisting of Sidney, Bodin, Hatcher, Lewen, Wilson, Spenser, that all their lifetime have done nothing but conspire to laud and honour poet Gabriel.

Respond: *Miserum est fuisse foelicem*. It is a miserable thing for a man to be said to have had friends, and now have ne'er a one left.

Import: What say'st thou to *The Printer's Advertisement to the Gentleman Reader*?

Respond: I say, ware you break not your shins in the third line on preambles and postambles, and that it is not the printer's but Harvey's.

Imp: In it he makes mention of Thorius & Chute's sonnets to be *added, prefixed, inserted or annexed at the latter end*.

Respond: The latter end? But the beginning of the tide it may be for the flowing.

Import: As also a *third learned French gentleman's verses, Monsieur Fregeville Gautius, who, both in French and Latin hath published some weighty treatises*.

Respond: Were they weighty treatises? The printer's purse never so. But in this respect they might be termed to be weighty, that they were so heavy they would ne'er come out of Paul's Churchyard. I will have a sound lift at him anon, for all his *mathematical devices of his own invention wherewith he hath acquainted Master Doctor Harvey*, nothing so good as a knife with prickles in the haft, or these boys' paper-dragons that they let fly with a packthread in the fields.

Import: His book --

Respond: Hands off! There is none but I will have the unclasping of that, because I can do it nimblest. It is divided into four parts, one against me, the second against M. Lyly, the third against Martinists, the fourth against Dr. Perne. Neither are these parts severally distinguished in his order of handling, but like a Dutch stewed-pot, jumbled altogether, and linsey-woolsey woven one within another. But one of these parts falleth to my share, I being bound to answer for none but myself, yet if I speak a good word now & then for my friends by the way, they have the more to thank me for.

Incipit Caput primum.

I was ever unwilling to undertake anything, etc.

You lie, you lie, Gabriel. I know what you are about to say, but I'll shred you off three leaves at one blow. You were most willing to undertake this controversy, for else you would never have first begun it; you would never have been writing against me here in London, in the very heart of the plague, a whole summer, or after (through your friends' entreaty) we were reconciled, popped out your book against me. Now say what you will of *being urged, losing of time, impudency and slander, & another table philosophy that ye fancy*, for there is not a dog under the table that will believe you.

Sa ho [sic?], hath Apuleius ever an attorney here? One Apuleius (by the name of Apuleius) he indites to be an engrosser of arts and inventions, putting down Plato, Hippocrates, Aristotle, and the paragraphs of Justinian. *Non est inventus*: there's no such man to be found; let them that have the commission for the concealments look after it, or the man in the moon put for it. Gabriel casts a vile leering eye at me, as who should say he quipped me secretly under it, if he durst utter so much. Also in that which succeedeth of one that is a common contemner of God and man, stamps and treads under his foot the reverentest old and new writers, opposeth himself against universities, parliaments and general councils, encloseth all within his own brain, and is a changer, an innovator, a cony-catcher, a rimer, a railer, that outfaceth heaven and earth. But soft you now, how is all this, or any part of this, to be proved? Make account he will (upon his oath) deny it. Hath he spoken, printed, written, contrived or imagined, or caused to be spoken, written, printed, contrived or imagined, anything against these, or expressed in his countenance the least wink of dislike of them? Let some instance of that be produced, and he be not able to refute it, I'll undertake for him (which is the most ignominious imposition he can tie himself to) he shall give thee his tongue for a rag to wipe thy tail with, and have his right hand cut off for thy mother to hang out for an ale-house sign. Cannot a man declaim against a Catalonian and a Hethite, a Moabite Gabriel and an Amorite Dick, but all the ancient fathers, all the renowned philosophers, orators, poets, historiographers and old & new excellent writers must be disparaged and trod underfoot, God and man contemned and set at naught, universities, parliaments, general councils oppugned, and he must be another Roman Palemon, who vaunted all science began and ended with him, a changer, an innovator, a cony-catcher, a railer, and outfacer of heaven and earth?

Is there such high treason comprehended under calling a fop a fop, & cudgelling a cur for his snarling? Or is it thus: our iracundious Stramutzen Gabriel, standing much upon his reading, and that all the libraries of the ancient fathers, renowned philosophers, poets, orators, historiographers and old and new excellent writers are hoarded up in the Amalthea's horn of his brain, with whatsoever constitutions and decretals of general councils and parliaments, and for he hath commenced in both universities, therefore he concludes he which writes against him must write against them all, & so (per consequens) vaunt him above all, and if he vaunts him above them all, he is *a changer, an innovator, an impostor, a railer at all, & confounds heaven and earth*. This is the tidiest argument he can frame to make his matter good, though it follows no more than that a man should be held a traitor, and accused to have abused the Queen and Council

and the whole state, for calling a fellow knave that hath read the book of statutes, since by them all in general they were made.

Carn: Thou art unwise to canvas it so much, for he thrust it in but for a rhetorical figure of amplification.

Respond: Rhetorical figure? And if I had a hundred sons, I had rather have them disfigured, & keep them at home as ciphers, than send them to school to learn to figure it after that order.

Carnead: You may have them worse brought up, for so you should be sure never to have them counted liars, since rhetoricians, though they lie never so grossly, are but said to have a luxurious phrase, to be eloquent amplifiers, to be full of their pleasant hyperboles, or speak by ironies, and if they raise a slander upon a man of a thing done at home, when he is a 1000 mile off, it is but prosopopeia, personae fictio, the supposing or feigning of a person, and they will allege Tully, Demosthenes, Demades, Aeschines, and show you a whole *Talaeus & Ad Herennium* of figures for it, four and fifty times more licentious. These arithmetic figurers are suchlike juggling transformers, lying by addition and numeration, making frays and quarrelling by division, getting wenches with child by multiplication, stealing by subtraction, and if in these humours they have consumed all, and are fain to break, they do it by fraction.

Respond: That last part of arithmetic (which is fraction, or breaking) I intend to teach Gabriel, though to all the other, as addition, division, rebating or subtraction, of his own engrafted disposition he is apt enough, and so he is to multiplication too, he having, since I parted with him last, got him a gentlewoman.

Bentiv: Both thou and he talk much of that gentlewoman, but I would we might know her, and see her unhuked and naked once, as Paris, in Lucian's *Dialogues*, desires Mercury he might see the three goddesses naked, that strove for the golden ball.

Carnead: The Venus she is that would win it from them all if the controversy were now afloat again, and, which thou pretermittedst before, he puts her in print for a Venus, yet desires to see her a Venus in print, publisheth her for a strumpet (for no better was Venus) and yet he would have her a strumpet more public.

Respond: By that name had he not so published her, yet his peacock-pluming her like another Pandora (from poets' too parasitical commending of whom first grew the name of Pandar, though Sir Philip Sidney fetcheth it out of Plautus), through his incredible praising of her, I say, (wherein one quarter of his book is spent), he hath brought all the world into a persuasion that she is as common as rhubarb among physicians, since (as Thucydides pronounceth) she is the honestest woman of whose praise or dispraise is least spoken. My pen, he prodigally insulteth, she shall pump to as dry a sponge as any is in Hosier Lane, and wring our brains like empty purses. *Idem per idem* in sense he speaks, though it be not his comparison, and, Tamburlaine-like, he braves it indoesinently in her

behalf, setting up bills like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have and what weapons she will meet me at.

Con: Fasilia, the daughter of Pelagius, King of Spain, was torn in pieces by a bear, & so I hope thou wilt tear her, and tug with her, if she begin once to play the devil of Dowgate, but as there was a woman in Rome that had her child slain with thunder and lightning in her womb ere she was delivered, so it is like enough hers will be, and prove an embryo, and we shall never see it, or if we do, look for another armed Pallas issuing out of Jove's brain, or an Amazonian Hippolyte that will be good enough for Theseus, or the female of the aspis, who (if her mate be killed any passenger in the way) through fire, through the thickest assembly she will pursue him, or anything but water.

Bentiv: In some countries no woman is so honourable as she that hath had to do with most men, and can give the lustiest striker odds by 25 times in one night, as Messalina did, and so it is with this his brach or bitch-fox.

Consil: Agelastus, grandfather to Crassus, never laughed but once in his life, and that was to see a mare eat thistles; so this will be a jest to make one laugh that lies a-dying, to see a Gillian draggle-tail run her tail into a bush of thorns because her nails are not long enough to scratch it, & play at wasters with a quill for the britches.

Carn: *Multi illum iuvenes, multae petiere puellae*, Boys, wenches and everyone pursue him for his beauty.

Non caret effectu, quod voluere duo,

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

Respo: *Quis nisi mentis inops tenerae declamat amicae?* Who but an ingram cosset would keep such a courting of a courtesan to have her combat for him, or do as Dick Harvey did (which information piping hot in the midst of this line was but brought to me) that, having preached and beat down three pulpits in inveighing against dancing, one Sunday evening, when his wench or friskin was footing it aloft on the green, with foot out and foot in, and as busy as might be at *Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the Flowers of the Broom, Pepper is Black, Greensleeves, Peggie Ramsey*, he came sneaking behind a tree and looked on, and though he was loath to be seen to countenance the sport, having laid God's word against it so dreadfully, yet to show his goodwill to it in heart, he sent her 18 pence in hugger-mugger to pay the fiddlers? Let it sink into ye, for it is true, & will be verified. Let Gabriel verify any one thing so against me, and not think to carry it away with his *general extenuatings, ironical amplifications and declamatory exclamations*. Nor let him muckhill up so many pages in saying he looked for *terms of aquafortis and gunpowder*, and that I have *thundered and given out tragically, when naught appears but the sword of cat's-meat and the fire-brand of dog's-meat, and Aut nunc aut nunquam, and two staves and a pike*, but let him show what part of that, his first book, I have not, from the crown to the little toe, confuted, and laid as open as a custard or a cow-shard, and if my book be cat's-meat and dog's-meat, his is much worse, since on

his mine hath his whole foundation and dependence, and I do but paraphrase upon his text. Something that he grounds this cat's-meat and dog's-meat on I will not withstand but I have lent him, as in my epistle to *Apis lapis*, where I wish him to *let Chaucer be new scoured against the day of battle, and Terence but come in now and then with the snuff of a sentence and Dictum puta, we'll strike it as dead as a door-nail, Haud teruntii estimo, we have cat's-meat & dog's-meat enough for these mongrels*. Hence, as if I had continually harped upon it in every tenth line of my book, he saith I do nothing but assail him with cat's-meat & dog's-meat, when there is not any more spoken of it than I have showed you. So *Aut nunc aut nunquam* he brings in for a murdering shot, being never my posy, but *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice*, at the latter end of my *Four Letters*, speaking to him that he should not go about to answer me except he set it soundly on, for otherwise, with a sound counterbuff I would make his ears ring again, and have at him with two staves & a pike, which was a kind of old verse in request before he fell a-railing at Turberville or Elderton. Some Lycosthenes reading (which shows plodding, & no wit) he hath given a twinkling glimpse of, &, like a schoolboy, said over his gear to his uncles & kinsfolk, and tells what authors he hath read when he floated in the sea of encounters, which, for aught he hath alleged out of them, he may have stolen by the wholesale out of Ascanius, or Andrew Maunsell's English Catalogue. No villain, no atheist, no murderer, no traitor, no sodomite he ever heard of but he hath likened me to, or in a superlative degree made me a monster beyond him, for no other reason in the earth but because I would not let him go beyond me, or be won to put my finger in my mouth & cry mumbudget when he had baffled me in print throughout England. The victorousest captains and warriors, the invinciblest Caesars and conquerors, the satiricallest confuters and Luthers (like whom the Germans affirm never any in their tongue writ so forcible) in an alphabet he trolls up, and says I outstrip them all, I set them all to school. The *quorum* or *quare*, if you demand, is this: I have outstripped and set him to school, and he is sure he is a better man than any of them. The very guts and garbage of his note-book he hath put into this tallow-loaf, & not left any Frieseland, Dutch or Almain scribe (where they commence and do their acts with writing books) that hath but squibbed forth a Latin puerilis in print, or set his name to a catechism, compared or unscored. A true pelican he is, that pierceth his breast & lets out all his bowels to give life to his young. No author but himself and Nashe hereafter he can cite which he hath not stalified worse than *Sapiens dominabitur astris*, the ordinary posy for all almanacs, or the presenting of Artaxerxes with a cup of water, used in every epistle dedicatory, and those two he hath wrought reasonably upon, having worn the first (which is himself) napless, & the other owes him nothing. Against blasphemous Servetus or Muretus or Surlius, that have been so bold with her Majesty and this state, was this invective of his first armed and advanced, which (upon the missing his preferment or advancement in court) he suppressed, and in the bottom of a rusty hamper let it lie asleep by him (even as he did the *Advertisement Against Pap-Hatchet & Martin*, which he hath yoked with it, by his own date, ever since 89), and now, with putting in new names here and there of Nashe & Pierce Penilesse, he hath so panniered and dressed it that it seems a new thing, though there be no new thing in it that claims any kindred of me more than a dozen of famished quips, but like a loose French cassock or gaberdine, would fit any man. Those more appropriate blows over the thumbs are these. *My praising of Aretine*: so did he before me, the very words whereof I have set down in my other book. *My excepting against his*

doctorship: better doctors than ever he will be put it in my head, and if therein I misreport, I err by authority. *My calling him a fawnguest messenger betwixt M. Bird and M. Demetrius, in the company of one of which he never dined nor supped this 6 years, & for the other, he never drunk with to this day*: he may be a fawnguest in his intent nevertheless, and if he neither eat nor drunk at M. Demetrius', why did he so familiarly write to him, *M. Demetrius, in your absence I found your wife very courteous?* For a great trespass he lays it to me in that I have *praised her Majesty's affability towards scholars, and attributed to noblemen so much policy & wisdom as to have a privy watchword in their praises, and crossing his slight opinion of invectives & satires*. Like sophisticated disputers that only rehearse, not answer, he runs on telling how I have *fathered on him a new part of Tully, which he fetched out of a wall at Barnwell, even as Poggius in an old monastery found out a new part of Quintilian after it had been many hundred years lost; my taking upon me to be Greene's advocate; my threatening so incessantly to haunt the civilian & the divine that, to avoid the hot chase of my fiery quill, they shall be constrained to ensconce themselves in one of their physician brother's old urinal cases; my calling him butter-whore, & bidding him, Rip, rip, you kitchen-stuff wrangler; my accusing him of carterly derisions and milkmaid's girds, as Good bear, bite not, A man's a man, though he hath but a hose on his head. Pulchre mehercule dictum, sapienter, laute, lepide, nil supra, nothing so good as the jests of the council table ass,* Richard Clarke.

Carnead: Yes, that he doth more than rehearse, for he maintains them to be the ironies of Socrates, Aristophanes, Epicharmus, Lucian, Tully, Quintilian, Sanazarius, K. Alphonsus, Cardan, Sir Th. More, Isocrates; look the first 156 page of his book, & ye shall find it so.

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

Resp: He chargeth me to have derided and abused the most valorous mathematical arts; let him show me wherein, and I will answer. Of palpable atheism he condemns me, for drinking a cup of lamb's-wool to the health of his brother's book called *The Lamb Of God & His Enemies*; then what atheists are they that turn it to waste-paper and go to the privy with it, as to no other uses it is converted, it lying dead & never selling, and again with the atheist he spur-galls me, in that I jested at heaven, calling it the haven where his deceased brother is arrived.

Carnead: Is it a jest that his brother is arrived in heaven? He is in hell then, belike.

Consil: A more likelier piece of atheism thou mayest urge against him, where he saith in one leaf that one acre of performance is worth twenty of the Land of Promise, as though God had not performed to the Children of Israel the Land of Promise he vowed to them.

Resp: The deep cut out of my grammar rules, *Astra petit disertus*, he hits me with. I am sorry for it I slandered him so, for he was never eloquent; if he be not above the stars, I

would he were. He complains I do not regard M. Bird, M. Spenser, Monsieur Bodin. In anything but in praising him, and therein as *Aristotle non vidit verum in spiritualibus*, nor Bernard all things, so they may have their eyes dazzled. To a bead-roll of learned men and lords he appeals, *whether he be an ass or no*, in the forefront of whom he puts M. Thomas Watson, the poet. A man he was that I dearly loved and honoured, and for all things hath left few his equals in England; he it was that, in the company of divers gentlemen one night at supper at the Nag's Head in Cheap, first told me of his vanity, and those hexameters made of him,

*But, o, what news of that good Gabriel Harvey,
Known to the world for a fool, and clapped in the Fleet for a rimer?*

For the other grave men, they all speak as their foreman.

His imprisonment in the Fleet he affirms *is a lewd supposal* (the hexameter verse before proves it), as also his writing the well-willer's epistle in praise of himself before his first *Four Letters* a year ago. The compositor that set it swore to me it came under his own hand to be printed. He bids the world *examine the preamble before the Supplication to the Devil, and see if I do not praise myself, and that the tenor of the style & identity of the phrase proves it to be mine*. He needed not go so far about to scent me out by my style and my phrase, for if he had ever overlooked it, he would have seen my name to it, and besides, another argument that he never read it is (which whosoever shall peruse it will find) it is altogether in my own dispraise and disabling, and grieving at the imperfect printing and misinterpreting of it; let him show me but one tittle or letter in it tending to any other drift. He upbraids me by *the poor fellow my father's putting me to my scribbling shifts*, and how I am *beholding to the printing-house for my poor shifts of apparel*. My father put more good meat in poor men's mouths than all the ropes & living is worth his father left him together with his mother and two brothers, and (as another scholar) he brought me up at St. John's where (it is well known) I might have been Fellow if I had would, and for deriving my maintenance from the printing-house, so do both universities and whosoever they be that come up by learning, out of printed books gathering all they have, and would not have fur to put in their gowns if it, or writing, were not. But if he mean that from writing to the press I scrape up my exhibition, let him scrape it out for a lie, till the impression of this book I having got nothing by printing these three years. But when I do play my prizes in print, I'll be paid for my pains, that's once, & not make myself a gazing stock and a public spectacle to all the world for nothing, as he does, that gives money to be seen and have his wit looked upon, never printing book yet for whose impression he hath not either paid or run in debt. Printers (above all the rest) have nothing to thank him for, in his Praise of the Ass he putting in the press for *the arrantest ass of all*, because it is such a means to press him to death, and confound him. Danter's press swears after three form a day, since he hath given it the press and disgraced them, it will (however others neglect it) never have done *beating upon him, nor hath it acquitted him for calling me *Danter's gentleman*, who is as good at all times as Wolfe's *right worshipful Gabriel*, or the gentleman he brings in reading a chapter (college-fashion at dinner-time) *against Pierce & his proceedings*, and the *approbation of his doctorly re-encounter*. Applaud and partake with him who list, this is

*Printers beating
with ink-balls.

my definitive position, which Anaxandrides, a comic poet, said of the Egyptian superstition, *Maximam Anguillam, quam Deum putant, comedo; canem quem colunt verbero*, They worship the great eel for a god, which I eat or digest, and the dog they adore, I spurn or drive out of doors. Hydra's heads I should go about to cut off (as Tacitus says of them that think to cut off all discommodities or inconveniences from the laws) if I should undertake to run throughout all the foolish, frivolous reprehensions & cavils he hath in his book. I will take no knowledge of his *tale of ten eggs for a penny, and nine of them rotten*, a *gormandizing breakfast* he says I was at of eggs and butter, which, if he can name where, when or with whom, I will give him an annuity of egg-pies. No more will I of his calling me *captain of the boys*, and *Sir Kill-prick*, which is a name fitter for his piggen de wigger or gentlewoman, or else, because she is such a honey sweetikin, let her be prick-madam, of which name there is a flower, & let him take it to himself, and reign entire Cod-piece Kinko, and Sir Murdred of placards, *durante bene placito*, as long as he is able to please or give them gear. Likewise the captainship of the boys I toss back to him, he having a whole band of them to write in his praise, but if so he term me in respect of the minority of my beard, he hath a beard like a crow with two or three dirty straws in her mouth, going to build her nest. *See him & see him not* I will, about that his measled invention of the goodwife my mother's finding her daughter in the oven, where she would never have sought her if she had not been there first herself (a hackney proverb in men's mouths ever since K. Lud was a little boy, or Belinus, Brennus' brother, for the love he bare to oysters, built Billingsgate); therefore there is no more to be said to it but if he could have told how to have made a better lie, he would. I will not present into the Arches or Commissaries' Court what prinkum-prankums gentlemen (his near neighbours) have whispered to me of his sister, and how she is as good a fellow as ever turned belly to belly, for which she is not to be blamed, but I rather pity her, and think she cannot do withal, having no other dowry to marry her. Good Lord, how one thing brings on another; had it not been for his bawdy sister, I should have forgot to have answered for the bawdy rimes he threaps upon me. Are they *rimes*? And are they *bawdy*? And are they *mine*? Well, it may be so that it is not so, or, if it be, men in their youth (as in their sleep) many times do something that might have been better done, & they do not well remember.

Oyez. Be it known unto all men by these presents that whatsoever names of Duns, ass or Dorbel I have given Gabriel Harvey, or of a *kitchen-stuff wrangler*, and *reading the lecture of Ram Alley*, I will still persevere and insist in, as also that I will be as good as my word in defending any (but abominable atheists) that shall write against him; that I will still maintain *there is in court but one true Diana*, & so will all that are true subjects to her Majesty; that I think as reverently of London as of any city in Europe, though I do not call it the **madam town of the realm*, as he hath done, and that I hold no place better governed, however in so great a sea of all waters there cannot choose but be some quicksands and rocks & shelves; that I never so much as in thought detracted from Du Bartas, Buchanan, or any general allowed modern writer, howe'er Gnimelf Hengist here gives out, without naming time, place or to whom I did, how I *vowed to confute them all*; that Mast. Lyly never *procured Greene or me to write against him*, but it was his own first seeking and beginning in *The Lamb Of God*, where he and his brother (that loves dancing so well) scumbered out betwixt them an epistle to the readers against all poets

He might as well
have called it the
countess or duchess
own.

and writers, and M. Lyly & me by name he beruffianized & berascalld, compared to Martin, & termed piperly make-plays and makebates, yet bade hold our peace & not be so hardy as to answer him, for if we did, he would make a bloody day in Paul's Churchyard, & splinter our pens till they straddled again as wide as a pair of compasses. Further be it known unto you, that before this I praised him (after a sort) in an epistle in Greene's *Menaphon*.

Bentiv: But didst thou so?

Respond: O, what do you mean to hinder my proclamation? I did, I did, as unfeignedly and sincerely as, in his first butterfly pamphlet against Greene, he praised me for *that proper young man, Greene's fellow-writer, whom in some respects he wished well to*, as also in his book he writ against Greene and me he railed upon me under the name of Pierce Penillesse, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him, praised me, and reckoned me (at the latter end) amongst the famous scholars of our time, as S. Philip Sidney, M. Watson, M. Spenser, M. Daniel, whom he heartily thanked, & promised to endow with many compliments for so enriching our English tongue.

Consil: Then what an ass is he to call thee an ass for praising him, & after thou hadst praised him (though it was but pretty and so, for a Latin poet after others), upon a good turn done him (& no injury forerunning), to build the foundation of a quarrel.

Resp: Further than further be it known (since I had one further before) I never abused Marlowe, Greene, Chettle in my life, nor any of my friends that used me like a friend, which both Marlowe and Greene (if they were alive) under their hands would testify, even as Harry Chettle hath in a short note here.

I hold it no good manners (M. Nashe), being but an artificer, to give D. Harvey the lie, though he have deserved it by publishing in print you have done me wrong, which privately I never found, yet to confirm by my art indeed what his calling forbids me to affirm in word, your book being ready for the press, I'll square & set it out in pages that shall page and lackey his infamy after him (at least) while he lives, if no longer,

Your old compositor,

Henry Chettle

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

Respond: It is so heretical a falsifier, a man had not need talk with him without a Bible in the room, for it may be he hath some care of his oath if it be not in a matter of reconciliation, or repaying of money, as to Dexter's man, but his *ipse dixit*, his report, otherwise is nothing so current as beggars' about the court's remove. Ne'er tell me of this or that he says I spake or did, except he particularize and stake down the very words, and catching them by the throat like a thief, say: These are they that did the deed, I arrest you,

and I charge you all, gentle readers, to aid me. What truly might be spoken of Greene I published, neither discommending him nor too much flattering him (for I was nothing bound to him), whereas it may be alleged against Gabriel, as it was against Paulus Jovius, *Quae verissime scribere potuit noluit, & quae voluit non potuit*, Those things which he might have related truly, he would not, and those which he would, he could not, for want of good intelligence. How he hath handled Greene and Marlowe since their deaths those that read his books may judge, and where, like a jakes-barreller and a Gorbolone, he girds me with *imitating of Greene*, let him understand I more scorn it than to have so foul a jakes for my groaning-stool as his mouth, & none that ever had but one eye with a pearl in it but could discern the difference twixt him & me, while he lived (as some stationers can witness with me), he subscribing to me in anything but plotting plays, wherein he was his craft's master. Did I ever write of cony-catching? Stuffed my style with herbs & stones? Or apprenticed myself to running of the letter? If not, how then do I imitate him? A hang-by of his (one Valentine Bird, that writ against Greene) imitated me, & would embezzle out of my Pierce Penillesse six lines at a clap, and use them for his own. Nay, he himself hath purloined something from me, and mended his hand in confuting by fifteen parts by following my precedents. There is two or three mouthfuls of my oyez yet behind, which, after I have drawn out at length, you shall see me (like a crier, that when he hath done kyrie-eleisoning it, puts off his cap and cries God save the Queen, & so steps into the next ale-house) steal out of your company before you be aware, and hide myself in a closet no bigger than would hold a church Bible till the beginning of Candlemas term, and then, if you come into Paul's Churchyard, you shall meet me.

Oyez, be it known I can rime as well as the Doctor, for a sample whereof, instead of his

Noddy Nashe, whom every swash,

and his occasional admonitionative sonnet, his apostrophe sonnet, and tiny titmouse l'envoy, like a welt at the edge of a garment, his goggle-eyed sonnet of *Gorgon And The Wonderful Year*, and another l'envoy for the chape of it, his stanza declarative, writer's postscript in metre, his knitting-up close, and a third l'envoy, like a fart after a good stool; instead of all these (I say) here is the tuft or label of a rime or two, the trick or habit of which I got by looking on a red-nose ballad-maker that resorted to our printing-house. They are to the tune of *Labore Dolore*, or the parliament tune of a pot of ale and nutmegs and ginger, or Elderton's ancient note of meeting the devil in Conjure House Lane. If you hit it right, it will go marvellous sweetly.

*Gabriel Harvey, fame's duckling,
hey noddy, noddy, noddy,
Is made a gosling and a suckling,
hey noddy, noddy, noddy.*

Or that's not it, I have a better:

*Dilla, my Doctor dear,
sing dilla, dilla, dilla;*

*Nashe hath spoiled thee clear,
with his quilla, quilla, quilla.*

What more have I in my proclamation to yawp out? No more but this, that in both my books I have objected some particular vice more against him than *pumps and pantofles*, which those that have not faith enough to believe may toot & supervise when they have any literal idle leisure. The tragedy of wrath, or *Priscianus vapulans*, promised in the epilogue sonnet of my *Four Letters* (three or four words whereof, as *await* and *paint* and *tread no common path* he mumbles and chews in his mouth like a piece of alum, or the stone of the horse-plum to suck off all the meat of it), let him take this for it, whereby I am out of his debt, if not overplus. And where he terrifies me with insulting he was Tom Burwell's the fencer's scholar, and that he will squeeze and mazer me whensoever he met me, why did he it not when he met me at Cambridge, we lying back to back in the same inn, and but two or three square trenchers of a wainscot door betwixt us? By our reconciliation he cannot excuse it, since the law-day was out, and the feud open again by his breach of truce, and my defiance to him in an epistle to the reader in *Christ's Tears*. But let him henceforth provide him of two or three sturdy plowmen (such as his swine's-faced blue-coat was) when I leaguered by him in the Dolphin, for otherwise not all the fence he learned of Tom Burwell shall keep me from cramming a turd in his jaws (and no other blood will I draw of him); I have bespoken a boy and a napkin already to carry it in. Last of all, *there is nothing I have bragged of my writing in all humours*, no, not so much as of his fleshly humours, but shall be anvilled for true steel on his standish, I making an indenture twixt God and my soul to consume my body as slender as a stilt or a broomstaff, and my brain as poor and compendious as the pommel of a Scotch saddle, or pan of a tobacco-pipe, but as the elephant and the rhinoceros never fight but about the best pastures, so will I win from him his best patrons, and drive him to confess himself a conundrum, who now thinks he hath learning enough to prove the salvation of Lucifer, apologize it for him as many Chutes, Barneses, or vile friggers or Fregevilles as there will.

Bentiv. Thou promised'st to have a dead lift at that Fregeville.

Resp: Aye, here I am come to his verses, but let me take them in order as they lie; Thorius is first, with a letter and sonnet, and postscript of Chute's.

Carnead: More postscripts and preambles; hath he (as with his Thrasonism) infected them all with his method of l'envoys, postscripts and preambles?

Respond: From Master Thorius I have a letter under his own hand, which he sent me to be printed, utterly disclaiming the wrong which the Doctor (under his name) hath thrust out against me. This is the counterpane of it.

To my very good friend, M. Nashe.

Master Nashe, I pray you to let my carriage towards you always beget but thus much in your opinion, that I would never have been led with so much indiscretion as to rail

against any man unprovoked, or to offer him wrong that never offended me. Truly, upon the sight of five or six sheets of Doctor Harvey's book, I wrote certain verses in his commendation, but that sonnet which in his book is subscribed with my name is not mine, and I guess at the mistaking of it. Indeed the stanzas are, though altered to your disgrace in some places. To use many words were vain, and to end writing and leave you unsatisfied were to write to no end, and to leave myself discontented. But if you consider how I was as much offended with the unjust vainglorious print as yourself, we shall both rest contented. Little did I think the book should have had so famous a title, or so many prefaces, or so many letters and preambles, amongst which some of mine, blushing to look upon so contemptible a person they were directed to, could not but be exceedingly ashamed to be presented to the eyes of a whole world. I could mislike other things, but I will leave them as trifles. Farewell.

Yours to use,

J. Thorius.

Chute, that was the bawlingest of them all, & that bobbed me with nothing but *Rhenish fury, Steelyard clime, oyster-whore phrase, claret spirit and ale-house passions*, with talking so much of drink, within a year and a half after died of the dropsy, as divers printers that were at his burial certified me. Being dead, I would not have revived him but that the Doctor (whose patron he was) is alive to answer for him. Monsieur Fregusius, or Monsieur Fregeville Gautius, that prating weasel-faced vermin, is one of the pipers in this consort, and he is at it with his *Apology Of The Thrice-Learned And Thrice-Eloquent Doctor Harvey*, befools and besots me in every line, pleads the Doctor's innocence and the lawfulness of his proceedings, praiseth his moderate style, says he is sorry he is so unjustly pushed at, and, being pushed at, glad he hath so acquitted him, and that his answer is reasonable and eloquent.

I am sorry I have no more room to reason the matter with him, for if I had, I did not doubt but to make him a fugitive out of England as well as he is out of his own country, & in this great dearth in England we have no reason but to make him a fugitive or banish him, since he is the ravenousest sloven that ever lapped porridge, and out of two noblemen's houses he had his mittimus of Ye may be gone, for he was such a perverse Ramistical heretic, a busy reprover of the principles of all arts, and sower of seditious paradoxes amongst kitchen-boys.

My clew is spun, the term is at an end, wherefore here I will end and make vacation, but if you will have a word or two of Doctor Perne and Master Lyly, instead of one of Gabriel's apostrophe sonnets or l'envoys by Struthio Bellivecento de Compasso Callipero, and the contents of it, I protest and adjure, you shall.

Against Doctor Perne our Poditheck or Tolmach hath in his book twilted and stitched in a whole pennyworth of paper, which his gossipship, that had the naming of the child, dubs *The Encomium of the Fox*. In it he endorseth him *the puling preacher of pax vobis & humility* (to both of which Gabriel always was an enemy, even as Doctor Perne was to his

lovelocks & his great ruffs and pantofles), *the triangle turncoat* (I would he had any coat to turn but that he wears, and for triangles, one angle or corner he will be glad of to hide him in after this book is out, & brick-kiln & oven up his stinking breath (which smells like the greasy snast of a candle) that I may not come within eleventeen score nose-length of it). He *brings in his coffin to speak*; what a wooden jest is that? An apostata, an hypocrite, a Machiavel, a cozener, a juggler, a lecher he makes him, and says he kept a cub at Peterhouse, that his hospitality was like ember-week or Good Friday, & if a man should have writ against Sergius, that was the first setter-up of Mahomet, he could not have parbreaked more vileness than he hath done against him. *Vincit qui patitur*, he saith (or a great Councillor that gives that posy) can unrip the whole packet of his knavery, making him a broker to his scutchery. The whole choir thanks you heartily. Doctor Perne is casked up in lead, and cannot arise to plead for himself, wherefore this (as duty to those someway binds me that were somewhat bound to him) I will commit to ink & paper in his behalf. Few men lived better, though like David or Peter he had his falls, yet the university had not a more careful father this 100 year, and if in no regard but that a chief father of our commonwealth loved him (in whose house he died), he might have spared and forborne him.

His hospitality was as great as hath been kept before or ever since upon the place he had, and for his wit & learning, they that mislike want the like wit and learning, or else they would have more judgment to discern of it. For Master Lyly (who is halved with me in this indignity that is offered), I will not take the tale out of his mouth, for he is better able to defend himself than I am able to say he is able to defend himself, and in as much time as he spends in taking tobacco one week, he can compile that which would make Gabriel repent himself all his life after. With a black sant he means shortly to be at his chamber-window for calling him the fiddlestick of Oxford. In that he twattleth it had been better to have confuted Martin by Reverend Cooper than such levity, tell me why was he not then confuted by Reverend Cooper, or made to hold his peace, till Master Lyly and some others with their pens drew upon him? A day after the fair, when he is hanged, Harvey takes him in hand, but if he had been alive now, even as he wrote *More Work For The Cooper*, so would he have writ *Harvey's Whoopdiddle, or The Non-suiting Or Uncasing Of The Animadvertiser*. I have a laughing hickock to hear him say he was once suspected for being Martin, when there is ne'er a pursuivant in England, in the pulling on his boots, ever thought of him or imputed to him so much wit. The hangingest things which I can pick out, wherein he hath festered Martin or defended bishops, are these: *For a polished style few go beyond Cartwright*; his railing at me for speaking against Beza, the grand champion against bishops; his malicious defamation of Doctor Perne, where, after he hath polluted him with all the scandal he could, he says, *The clergy never wanted excellent fortune-wrights, and he was one of the chiefest*, as though the church of England were upheld and atlasted by corruption, Machiavellism, apostatism, hypocrisy and treachery, in all these he making him notorious in the highest kind, doth give out that he was one of the church's chief fortune-wrights, and besides (to mend the matter) he asks, *What bishop or politician in England was as great a temporizer as he?* I hope there be some bishops within the compass of the two metrapolitan sees that can fish out a shameful meaning out of this word *temporizer*, and do disdain their high calling should be so gnathonically compared, for such is a temporizer, and with their profession it stands to be no state

politicians, but only to meddle with the state of heaven. Then he hath a tale out of Pontan against bishops, *for their riding upon horses, & not asses as Christ did*; as well he might restrain them to ride upon mares, as John Bale saith our English bishops were limited to heretofore. Such another tale of a horse he hath of Gelo, a tyrant of Sicily, whom he terms *the politic tyrant, for bringing in his great horse, instead of a harper, into his banqueting-house*, to dung and stale amongst his guests. It is a stale stinking apophthegm, but *Bene olet hostis interfectus* (as Vitellius said), The sweet savour of an enemy slain takes away the smell of it.

More battering-engines I had in a readiness prepared to shake his walls, which I keep back till the next term, meaning to insert them in my *Four Letters Confuted*, which then is to be renewed and reprinted again.

So, be your leave, God be with you, I was bold to call in. Spectatores, the faults escaped in the printing I wish may likewise escape you in reading. In the epistle dedicatory correct *Willington* and put in *Williamson*; in the midst of the book, *vide* make *vidi*; about the latter end, *stellified*, *stalified*, and *Sunius*, *Surius*; with as many other words or letters too much or too wanting as ye will.

The paradox of the ass, M. Lyly hath wrought upon, as also to him I turn over the Doctor's apothecary terms he hath used throughout, & more especially in his last *Epistle Of Notable Contents*.

Herewith the court breaks up and goes to dinner, all generally concluding with Trajan: *The gods never suffer any to be overcome in battle but those that are enemies to peace.*

Tu mihi criminis

Author.

FINIS