
Pap With An Hatchet,
alias
A Fig For My Godson,
or
Crack Me This Nut,
or
A Country Cuff, that is, a sound box of the
ear for the idiot Martin, to hold his peace,
seeing the patch will take no warning.

Written by one that dares call a dog a dog,
and made to prevent Martin's dog-days.

Imprinted by John-a-'noke and John-a-'stile for the
bailiff of Withernam *cum priuilegio perennitatis*,
and are to be sold at the sign of the crab-tree cudgel
in Thwack-Coat Lane.

A sentence:
Martin hangs fit for my mowing.

To the Father and the Two Sons,
Huff, Ruff, and Snuff,
the three tame ruffians of the church, which take pepper
in the nose because they cannot
mar prelates, Grating.

Room for a roister! So, that's well said. Itch a little further for a good-fellow. Now have at you all, my gaffers of the railing religion, 'tis I that must take you a peg lower. I am sure you look for *More Work*. You shall have wood enough to cleave. Make your tongue the wedge, and your head the beetle; I'll make such a splinter run into your wits as shall make them rankle till you become fools. Nay, if you shoot books like fools' bolts, I'll be so bold as to make your judgements quiver with my thunderbolts. If you mean to gather clouds in the commonwealth to threaten tempest, for your flakes of snow we'll pay you with stones of hail. If with an easterly wind you bring caterpillars into the church, with a northern wind we'll drive barrenness into your wits.

We care not for a Scottish mist, though it wet us to the skin; you shall be sure your coxcombs shall not be missed, but pierced to the skulls. I profess railing, and think it as good a cudgel for a Martin as a stone for a dog, or a whip for an ape, or poison for a rat.

Yet find fault with no broad terms, for I have measured yours with mine, & I find yours broader just by the list. Say not my speeches are light, for I have weighed yours and mine, and I find yours lighter by twenty grains than the allowance. For number you exceed, for you have thirty ribald words for my one, and yet you bear a good spirit. I was loath so to write as I have done, but that I learned that he that drinks with cutters must not be without his ale-dagger, nor he that buckles with Martin without his lavish terms.

Who would curry an ass with an ivory comb? Give the beast thistles for provender. I do but yet angle with a silken fly, to see whether Martins will nibble, and if I see that, why then I have worms for the nonce, and will give them line enough, like a trout, till they swallow both hook and line, and then, Martin, beware your gills, for I'll make you dance at the pole's end.

I know Martin will with a trice bestride my shoulders. Well, if he ride me, let the fool sit fast, for my wit is very kickish, which, if he spur with his copper reply, when it bleeds it will all-to besmear their consciences.

If a Martin can play at chess as well as his nephew the ape, he shall know what it is for a scaddle pawn to cross a bishop in his own walk. Such didappers must be taken up, else they'll not stick to check the king. Rip up my life, decipher my name, fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swell like a toad, hiss like an adder, bite like a dog, & chatter like a monkey, my pen is prepared and my mind, and if ye chance to find any worse words than you brought, let them be put in your dad's dictionary. And so farewell and be hanged, and I pray God ye fare no worse.

Yours at an hour's warning,
Double V.

To The Indifferent Reader

It is high time to search in what corner of the church the fire is kindled, being crept so far as that with the very smoke the consciences of divers are smothered. It is found that certain Martins, if no miscreants in religion (which we may suspect) yet without doubt malcontents (which we ought to fear), have thrown fire, not into the church porch, but into the chancel, and though not able by learning and judgement to displace a sexton, yet seek to remove bishops. They have scattered divers libels, all so taunting and slanderous as it is hard to judge whether their lies exceed their bitterness, or their bitterness their fables.

If they be answered by the gravity of learned prelates, they presently reply with railings, which argueth their intent to be as far from the truth of devotion as their writings from mildness of spirit. It is said that camels never drink till they have troubled the water with their feet, & it seems these Martins cannot carouse the sap of the church till by faction they make tumults in religion. Seeing then either they expect no grave reply, or that they are settled with railing to reply, I thought it more convenient to give them a whisk with their own wand than to have them spurred with deeper learning.

The Scythian slaves, though they be up in arms, must be tamed with whips, not swords, and these mutiners in church matters must have their mouths bunged with jests, not arguments.

I seldom use to write, and yet never writ, anything that in speech might seem undecent, or in sense dishonest; if here I have used bad terms, it is because they are not to be answered with good terms, for whatsoever shall seem lavish in this pamphlet, let it be thought borrowed of Martin's language. These Martins were hatched of addle eggs, else could they not have such idle heads. They measure conscience by their own yard, and like the thieves that had an iron bed in which all that were too long they would cut even, all that were too short they would stretch out, and none escaped unracked or unsawed that were not just of their bed's length, so all that are not Martins, that is, of their peevish mind, must be measured by them. If he come short of their religion, why he is but a cold Protestant, he must be plucked out to the length of a Puritan. If any be more devout than they are, as to give alms, fast, and pray, then they cut him off close by the works, and say he is a papist. If one be not cast in Martin's mould, his religion must needs mould. He saith he is a courtier; I think no courtier so perverse that, seeing the straight rule of the church, would go about to bend it. It may be he is some jester about the court, and of that I marvel, because I know all the fools there, and yet cannot guess at him. Whatever he be, if his conscience be pinned to his cognizance I will account him more politic than religious, and more dangerous for civil broils than the Spaniard for an open war. I am ignorant of Martin and his maintainer, but my conscience is my warrant to care for neither. For I know there is none of honour so careless, nor any in zeal so peevish, nor of nature any so barbarous, that will succour those that be suckers of the church, a thing against God and policy -- against God, in subverting religion; against policy, in altering government -- making in the church the feast of the Lapiths, where all shall be thrown on another's head because every one would be the head. And these it is high time to tread underfoot, for who would not make a threshold of those that go about to make the church a barn to thresh in. *Itaque sic disputo.*

FINIS

Pap With An Hatchet

Good-morrow, goodman Martin, good-morrow; will ye any music this morning? What, fast asleep? Nay, faith, I'll cramp thee till I wake thee. *O, whose tat?* Nay, guess, old knave and odd knave, for I'll never leave pulling till I have thee out of thy bed into the street, and then all shall see who thou art, and thou know what I am.

Your knaveship brake your fast on the bishops by breaking your jests on them, but take heed you break not your own neck. Bastard Junior dined upon them, and crammed his maw as full of malice as his head was full of malapertness. Bastard Senior was with them at supper, and I think took a surfeit of cold and raw quips. *O*, what queasy girds were they towards the fall of the leaf. Old Martin, never entail thy wit to the eldest, for he'll spend all he hath in a quire of paper.

Now sirs, knowing your bellies full of bishops' bobs, I am sure your bones would be at rest, but we'll set up all our rests to make you all resty. I was once determined to write a proper new ballad entitled *Martin And His Malkin*, to no tune, because Martin was out of all tune. Elderton swore he had rimes lying a-steep in ale which should mar all your reasons; there is an old hacker that shall take order for to print them. *O*, how he'll cut it when his ballads come out of the lungs of the liquor. They shall be better than those of Bonner, or the *Jerks For A Jesuit*. The first begins, *Come tit me, come tat me, come throw a halter at me*.

Then I thought to touch Martin with logic, but there was a little wag in Cambridge that swore by Saint Seton he would so swinge him with syllogisms that all Martin's answers should ache. The vile boy hath many bobs, and a whole fardel of fallacies. He begins,

*Linquo coax ranis, cros coruis, vanaque vanis.
Ad Logicam pergo, quae Martin's non timet ergo.*

And says he will ergo Martin into an ague. I have read but one of his arguments:

*Tyburn stands in the cold,
But Martins are a warm fur,
Therefore Tyburn must be furred with Martins.*

O (quoth I), boy, thou wilt be shamed; 'tis neither in mood nor figure. *All the better, for I am in a mood to cast a figure that shall bring them to the conclusion*. I laughed at the boy, and left him drawing all the lines of Martin into syllogisms, every conclusion being this: Ergo, Martin is to be hanged.

Nay, if rime and reason be both forestalled, I'll rail, if Martin have not barrelled up all rake-hell words; if he have, what care I to knock him on the head with his own hatchet? He hath taken up all the words for his obscenity. Obscenity? Nay, now I am too nice; scurrility were a better word. Well, let me alone to squirrel them.

Martin, thinkest thou thou hast so good a wit as none can outwangle thee? Yes, Martin, we will play three a vies wits. Art thou so backed that none dare blade it with thee? Yes, Martin, we will drop vie stabs. Martin swears I am some gamester. Why, is not gaming lawful? I know where there is more play in the compass of an Hospital than in the circuit of Westchester. One hath been an old stabber at passage. The one that I mean thrust a knife into one's thigh at Cambridge; the quarrel was about cater-trey, and ever since he hath quarrelled about catercaps.

He swears by his mazer that he will make their wits wet-shod if the ale have his swift current.

I thought that he which thrust at the body in game would one day cast a foin at the soul in earnest. But he works closely and sees all; he learned that of old Vidgin the cobbler, who wrought ten years with spectacles, and yet swore he could see through a dicker of leather. He hath a wanton spleen, but we will have it stroked with a spurn. Because his eyes are bleared, he thinks to blear all ours, but let him take this for a warning, or else look for such a warming as shall make all his devices as like wood as his spittle is like woodsear. **Take away the sack, and give him some cinnamon-water; his conscience hath a cold stomach.** Cold? Thou art deceived; 'twill digest a cathedral church as easily as an estrich a twopenny nail.

But soft, Martins, did your father die at the Groyne? It was well groped at, for I knew him sick of a pain in the groin. *A pox of that religion*, quoth Julian Grimes to her father when all his hairs fell off on the sudden. Well, let the old knave be dead. Why are not the spawns of such a dog-fish hanged? Hang a spawn? Drown it. All's one; damn it.

Ye like not a bishop's rochet, when all your father's handkerchiefs were made of his sweetheart's smock. That made you bastards, and your dad a cuckold, whose head is swollen so big that he had need send to the Cooper to make him a biggin. And now you talk of a cooper, I'll tell you a tale of a tub.

At Sudbury, where the Martin-mongers swarmed to a lecture like bears to a honey-pot, a good honest stripling of the age of fifty years or thereabout, that could have done a worse act if company had not been near, asked his sweet sister whether lechery in her conscience were a sin? In faith (quoth she) I think it the superficies of sin, and no harm if the terms be not abused, for you must say *virtuously done*, not *lustily done*. **Fie, this is filthy ribaldry.** O sir, there is no mirth without ribaldry, nor ribaldry without Martin; ask mine hostess of the ivy-bush in Wye for the one, & my old hostess of the Swan in Warwick for the other. **She is dead.** The devil she is. **You are too broad with Martin's brood, for he hath a hundred thousand that will set their hands to his articles, and show the Queen.** Sweeter and sweeter, for we have twenty hundred thousand hands to withstand them. I would it were come to the grasp; we would show them an Irish trick that, when they think to win the game with one man, we'll make them hold out till we have but two left to carry them to the gallows. Well followed, in faith, for thou saidst thou wert a gamester. **All this is but bad English; when wilt thou come to a style? Martin hath many good words.** Many? Now you put me in mind of the matter, there is a book coming out of a hundred merry tales and the pedigree of Martin, fetched from the burning of Sodom. His arms shall be set on his hearse, for we are providing his funeral, and for the winter nights the tales shall be told *secundum usum Sarum*; the Dean of Salisbury can tell twenty. If this will not make Martin mad, malicious and melancholy (O brave letter, followed with a full cry), then will we be desperate, & hire one that shall so translate you out of French into English that you will blush and lie by it. And one will we conjure up that, writing a familiar epistle about the natural causes of an earthquake, fell into the bowels of libelling, which made his ears quake for fear of clipping; he shall tickle you with taunts. All his works bound close are at least six sheets in quarto, & he calls them the first tome of his familiar epistle. He is full of Latin ends, and worth ten of those that cry in London, *Ha' ye any gold ends to sell?* If he gives you a bob, though he draw no blood, yet are you sure of a rap with a bauble. If he join with us, *periisti* Martin, thy wit will be massacred; if the toy take him to close with thee, then have I my wish, for this ten years have I looked to lamback him. Nay, he is a mad lad, and such a one as cares as little for writing without wit as Martin doth for writing without honesty; a notable coach companion

They are not so many; they are all Centimani, an hundred hands apiece, so that in all they are but one thousand.

for Martin, to draw divinity from the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to Shoemakers' Hall in Saint Martin's. But we neither fear Martin, nor the foot-cloth, nor the beast that wears it, be he horse or ass, nor whose son he is, be he Martin's son, John's son, or Richard's son, nor of what occupation he be, be a shipwright, Cartwright, or Tyburn-wright. If they bring seven hundred men, they shall be boxed with fourteen hundred boys. Nay, we are growing to a secret bargain. O, but I forgot a riddle: *The more it is spied, the less it is seen.* That's the sun; the less it is spied of us, the more it is seen of those under us. **The sun? Thou art an ass; it is the father, for the old knave, thinking by his bastardy to cover his own head, putteth it like a stag over the pale.** Pale? Nay, I will make him blush as red as one's nose that was always washed in well-water.

What news from the heralds? Tush, that's time enough to know tomorrow, for the sermon is not yet cast. The sermon, fool? Why, they never study, but cleave to Christ His *dabitur in illa hora*. They venture to catch souls as they were soles. Doctors are but dunces; none sews true stitches in a pulpit but a shoemaker.

Martin Junior says he found his father's papers under a bush; the knave was started from his form.

Faith, thou wilt be caught by the stile. What care I to be found by a stile, when so many Martins have been taken under an hedge? **If they cannot level, they will rove at thee, and anatomize thy life from the cradle to the grave, and thy body from the corn on thy toe to the crotchet on thy head. They be as cunning in cutting up an honest man's credit as Bull in quartering a knave's body.** Tush, *What care I* is my posy. If he meddle with me, I'll make his brains so hot that they shall crumble, and rattle in his warped skull like pepper in a dried bladder.

I have a catalogue of all the sheep, and it shall go hard but I will cross the bell-wether. Why should I fear him that walks on his neats' feet? Neither court nor country that shall be free. I am like death; I'll spare none. There shall not miss a name of any that had a godfather; if any be unchristened, I'll nick him with a name.

But whist, beware an action of the case. Then put this for the case, whether it be not as lawful to set down the facts of knaves, as for a knave to slander honest men. All's as it is taken; marry, the devil take all if truth find not as many soft cushions to lean on as treachery.

There's one with a lame wit which will not wear a four-cornered cap. Then let him put on Tyburn, that hath but three corners, & yet the knave himself hath a pretty wench in every corner.

He calls none but the heavens to witness.

I could tickle Martin with a true tale of one of his sons that, having the company of one of his sisters in the open fields, said he would not smother up sin, and deal in hugger-mugger against his conscience. In the *Hundred Merry Tales*, the places, the times, the witnesses, and all shall be put down to the proof, where, I warrant you, the Martinists have consciences of proof. Dost think, Martin, thou canst not be discerned? What fool would not think him discovered that is bald? Put on your night-cap and your holiday English and the best wit you have for high-days; all will be little enough to keep you from a knave's penance, though as yet you be in a fool's paradise. If you coin words, as *Cankerbury*, *Canterburiness*, &c., why, I know a fool that shall so inkhornize you with strange phrases that you shall blush at your own bodes. For similes, there's another shall liken thee to anything; besides, he can rail, too. If Martin muzzle not his mouth and manacle his hands, I'll blab all, and not stick to tell that news and stews are rime in their religion.

Scratch not thy head, Martin, for be thou Martin the bird, or Martin the beast, a bird with the longest bill, or a beast with the longest ears, there's a net spread for your neck. Martin, I'll tell thee a tale worth twelvecence, if thy wit be worth a penny.

There came to a duke in Italy a large lubber and beggarly, saying he had the philosopher's stone, and that he could make gold faster than the duke could spend it. The duke asked him why he made none to maintain himself. *Because, quoth he, I could never get a secret place to work in. For once I endeavoured, and the pope's Holiness sent for me, whom if he had caught, I should have been a prentice to maintain his pride.* The duke, minding to make trial of his cunning, & eager of gold, set him to work closely in a vault, where it was not known to his nearest servants. This alchemist in short time consumed two thousand pound of the duke's gold, and brought him half a ducat. *Why, quoth the duke, is this all? All, quoth he, my Lord, that I could make by art. Well, said the duke, then shalt thou see my cunning, for I will boil thee, strain thee, and then dry thee, so that of a lubber that weighed three hundredweight, I will at last make a dram of knave's powder.* The duke did it.

Martin, if thou, to cozen, have crept into the bosom of some great men, saying thou hast the church's discipline & that thou canst, by thy faction & policy, pull down bishops and set up elders, bring the lands of the clergy into the coffers of the temporalty, and repair religion by impairing their livings, it may be thou shalt be hearkened to, stroked on the head, greased in the hand, fed daintily, kept secretly, and countenanced mightily. But when they perceive that all thy devices be but chimeras, monsters of thine own imaginations, so far from pulling down a cathedral church that they cannot remove a corner of a square cap, then will they deal with thee as the duke did with the alchemist, give thee as many bobs on the ear as thou hast eaten morsels of their meat, and make thee an example of sedition to be pointed at, that art now so mew'd up that none can point where thou art. All this tale, with the application, was not of my penning, but found among loose papers; marry, he that did it dares stand to it. Now, because I have nothing to do between this and supper, I'll tell you another tale, and so begin winter betime.

Martin and his maintainer are both sawers of timber, but Martin stands in the pit; all the dust must fall in his eyes, but he shall never walk on the boards.

There was a libeller who was also a conjurer, so that whatsoever casting of figures there was, he deceived them. At the last, one as cunning as himself showed where he sat writing in a fool's coat, & so he was caught and whipped. Martin, there are figures a-flinging, & ten to one thou wilt be found sitting in a knave's skin, and so be hanged.

Hollo, there, give me the beard I wore yesterday. O, beware of a grey beard and a bald head, for if such a one do but nod, it is right dudgeon and deep discretion. But soft, I must now make a grave speech.

There is small difference between swallows & Martins, either in shape or nature, save only that the Martins have a more beetle head; they both breed in churches and, having fledged their young ones, leave nothing behind them but dirt. Unworthy to come into the church-porch or to be nourished under any good man's eaves, that gnaw the bowels in which they were bred, and defile the place in which they were engendered.

They study to pull down bishops and set up superintendents, which is nothing else but to raze out good Greek & interline bad Latin. A fine period. But I cannot continue this style; let me fall to my old vein. O, dost remember how that Bastard Junior complains of brothels, and talks of Long Meg of Westminster? A crafty jack; you thought because you twitted Mar-Martin, that none would suspect you. Yes, faith, Martin, you shall be threshed with your own flail.

He thought Lais had
still lien at Corinth
as well as Paul.

It was one of your nest that writ this for a love-letter to as honest a woman as ever burnt malt: *Grace, mercy, and peace to thee (O widow), with fervent motions of the spirit, that it may work in thee both to will and to do. Thou knowest my love to thee is as Paul's was to the Corinthians, that is, the love of copulation.*

How now, holy Martin, is this good wooing? If you profane the scriptures, it is a pretty wit; if we but allege doctors to expound them, we are wicked. If Martin oppress his neighbour, why, he saith it is his conscience; if any else do right, it is extremity. Martin may better go into a brothel-house than any other go by it. He slides into a bad place like the sun; all others stick in it like pitch. If Martin speak broad bawdry, why all the crew says, *Your worship is passing merry.* Martin will not swear, but with *indeed, in sooth, & in truth*; he'll cog the die of deceit, and cut at the bum-card of his conscience. O sweetly brought in -- at least three figures in that line, besides the wit an't.

One there was, and such a one as Martin would make the eldest of his elders, that having forty angels sent him for a benevolence, refused to give the poor fellow a quittance for the receipt, saying Christ had given his master a quittance the same hour he told it out, & this was at his table, where he sat with no less than forty good dishes of the greatest dainties, in more pomp than a pope, right like a superintendent.

Now to the two bastards; what, were you twins? It should seem so, for there went but a pair of shears between your knaveries. When the old hen hatched such eggs, the devil was in the coxcomb. Your father thrusts you forward. Remember, petty Martins, Aesop's crab. The mother, going backward, exhorted her sons to go forward. *Do you so first, mother, quoth they, and we will follow.* Now the old cuckold hath pulled in his horns, he would make you creep clean out of the shell, & so both lose your houses, and show your nakedness. You go about impossibilities; we'll no such change, and if ye had it, ye would be weary of it.

There was a man like Martin that had a goose, which every day laid him a golden egg; he, not content with the blessing, killed his goose, thinking to have a mine of gold in her belly, and finding nothing but dung, the gander wished his goose alive. Martinists that live well by the church, & receive great benefits of it, think if all churches were down they should be much better, but when they shall see confusion instead of discipline, & atheism to be found in place of doctrine, will they not, with sighs, wish the churches and bishops in their wonted government? **Thou art well seen in tales, & preaches Aesop's fables.** Tush, I'll bring in *Pueriles* and *Stans puer ad mensam*, for such unmannerly knaves as Martin must be set again to their ABC, and learn to spell *Our Father* in a horn-book. **Martin Junior gives warning that none write against reverend Martin.** Yes, there are *a tribus ad centum*, from three to a hundred, that have vowed to write him out of his right wits, and we are all aptotes, in all cases alike, till we have brought Martin to the ablative case, that is, to be taken away with Bull's voider.

O, here were a notable full point, to leave Martin in the hangman's apron. Nay, he would be glad to scape with hanging; we'll first have him lashed through the realm with cords, that when he comes to the gallows, he may be bleeding new.

The baby comes in with nunka, neame, and dad; pap with an hatchet for such a puppy. Give the infant a bib; he all-to beslavers his mother-tongue. If he drivell so at the mouth and nose, we'll have him wiped with a hempen wisp. **Hui? How often hast**

thou talked of haltering? Why, it runs still in my mind that they must be hanged. Hanged is the cue, and it comes just to my purpose.

There was one indicted at a jail-delivery of felony, for taking up an halter by the highway. The jury gave verdict, and said guilty. The judge, an honest man, said it was hard to find one guilty for taking up a penny halter, and bade them consider what it was to cast away a man. Quoth the foreman, *We have inquired thoroughly, and found there was a horse tied to the halter.* Aye, marry, quoth the judge, *then let him be tied to the halter, and let the horse go home.* Martin, a monarch in his own moist conceit and dry counsel, says he is envied only because he levelleth at bishops, & we say as the judge saith, that if there were nothing else, it were hard to persecute them to death. But when we find that to the rule of the church the whole state of the realm is linked, & that they, filching away bishop by bishop, seek to fish for the crown, and glue to their new church their own conclusions, we must then say, *Let bishops stand, & they hang*, that is, go home. Look how many tales are in this book; so many must you abate of an hundred in the next book. Reckon this for one.

There came by of late a good honest minister with a cloak having sleeves. *Ah*, quoth a Martinist sitting on a bulk in Cheapside, *he is a knave, I warrant you; a clasp would become one of his coat, to clasp his cloak under his chin.* Where 'tis to be noted that they come in with a sleeveless conscience, and think it no good doctrine which is not preached with the cloak cast over each shoulder like a rippier.

'Twas a mad knave and a Martinist that divided his sermon into 34 parts for memory's sake, and would handle but four for memory's sake, and they were: why Christ came, wherefore Christ came, for what cause Christ came, and to what end Christ came. This was all for memory's sake. If that Martin could thatch up his church, this man's scabship should be an elder, and elders they may be, which, being fullest of spongy pith, prove ever the driest kexes. For in time you shall see that it is but a bladder of worldly wind which swells in their hearts; being once pricked, the humour will quickly be removed. O, what a brave state of the church it would be for all ecclesiastical causes to come before weavers and wire-drawers, to see one in a motley jerkin and an apron to read the first lesson. The poor church should play at unequal game, for it should lose all by the elder hand. Nay, Mas Martin, we'll make you deal; shuffle as well as you can, we mean to cut it.

If you had the foddering of the sheep, you would make the church like primero, four religions in it, and ne'er one like another. I cannot out of this gaming humour. Why, is it not as good as Martin's dogged humour, who, without reverence, regard or exception useth such unfitting terms as, were he the greatest subject in England, he could not justify them?

Shut the doors, sirs, or give me my skimmer; Martin's mouth hath sod unskimmed these twelve months, and now it runs over. Yet let him alone; he makes but porridge for the devil.

His elderberriness, though it be naught worth, yet is it like an elder-berry, which, being at the ripeness of a perfect black, yet, bruised, stains one's hands like blood. They, pretending gravity in the rottenness of their zeal, be they once wrung, you shall find them lighter than feathers. That's a simile for the slaves. Nay, I'll touch them deeper, and make them cry, *O my heart, there is a false knave among us.*

Take away this beard, and give me a picke-devant. Martin swears by his ten bones; nay, I will make him mump, mow, and chatter like old John of Paris garden before I leave him.

If Martin will fight city fight, we challenge him at all weapons, from the tailor's bodkin to the watchman's brown-bill. If a field may be pitched, we are ready. If they scratch, we will bring cats; if scold, we will bring women; if multiply words, we will bring fools; if they flout, we will bring quips; if dispute the matter, we will bring scholars; if they buffet, we will bring fists. **Deus bone, what a number "we will brings" be here.** Nay, we will bring Bull to hang them. **A good note & sign of good luck, three times motion of Bull.** Motion of Bull? Why, next old Ross's motion of Bridewell, Bull's motion fits them best. *Tria sequuntur tria*; in reckoning Bull thrice, methinks it should presage hanging. **O bad application.** Bad? I do not think there can be a better, than to apply a knave's neck to an halter. Martin cannot start; I am his shadow, one part of the day before him, another behind him. I can chalk a knave on his back thrice a week; I'll let him blood in the comb.

Take heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then have I a pestle so to stamp his pistles that I'll beat all his wit to powder. **What will the powder of Martin's wit be good for?** Marry, blow up a dram of it into the nostrils of a good Protestant, it will make him giddy, but if you minister it like tobacco to a Puritan, it will make him as mad as a Martin.

Go to, a hatch before the door; Martin smells thee, and will not fear thee. Thou knowest how he deals with the Archbishop and a Councillor; he will name thee, and that broadly. Name me? Marry, he and his shall be namefied. That's it I thirst after, that name to name, and knowing one another, we may in the streets grapple. We except none; we come with a verse in our mouths, courage in our hearts, and weapons in our hands, and cry:

Discite iustitiam moniti, & non temnere diuos.

Martin's conscience hath a periwig; therefore to good men he is more sour than whig. A lemon will make his conscience curd like a posset. Now comes a biting speech; let me stroke my beard thrice, like a German, before I speak a wise word.

Martin, we are now following after thee with hue and cry, & are hard at thy heels; if thou turn back to blade it, we doubt not but three honest men shall be able to beat six thieves. We'll teach thee to commit sacrilege, and to rob the church of 24 bishops at a blow. Dost think that we are not men, Martin, and have great men to defend us which write? Yes, although with thy seditious close thou wouldst persuade her Majesty that most of the gentlemen of account and men of honour were by us thought Puritans. No, it is your Poor-Johns that, with your painted consciences, have coloured the religion of divers, spreading through the veins of the commonwealth like poison the doggedness of your devotions, which, entering in like the smoothness of oil into the flesh, fretteth in time like quicksilver into the bones.

When children play with their meat, 'tis a sign their bellies are full, & it must be taken away from them, but if they tread it under their feet, they ought to be jerked. The gospel hath made us wantons; we dally with ceremonies, dispute of circumstances, not remembering that the papists have been making rods for us this thirty years. **We shall be swung by them, or worse, by Martin, if Martins be worse.** Never if it, for they be worse with a witness, and let the devil be witness. We are so nice that the cap is a beam in our church, *The Book of Common Prayer* is a millstone, the

paternoster is not well penned by Christ. Well, either religion is but policy, or policy scarce religious.

If a gentleman riding by the way with twenty men, a number of thieves should by devise or force bind all his servants, the good justice of peace would think he should be robbed. When Martinists, rank robbers of the church, shall bind the legs and arms of the church, methinks the supreme head of the church should look pale.

They that pull down the bells of a steeple, and say it is conscience, will blow up the chancel to make it the quintessence of conscience. **Byrlady, this is a good settled speech; a divine might have seemed to have said so much.** O, sir, I am not all tales, and riddles, and rimes, and jests; that's but my liripoop. If Martin knock the bone, he shall find marrow, & if he look for none, we'll knock the bone on his pate, and bring him on his marrowbones.

I have yet but given them a fillip on the conceit; I'll fell it to the ground hereafter. Nay, if they make their consciences stretch like cheverel in the rain, I'll make them crumple like parchment in the fire.

I have an excellent balm to cure any that is bitten with Martin Mad-Dog.

I am worth twenty pistle-penners; let them but chafe my pen, & it shall sweat out a whole ream of paper, or make them odious to the whole realm.

O, but be not partial; give them their due, though they were devils. So will I, and excuse them for taking any money at interest.

There is a good lady that lent one of these Martinists forty pounds, and when, at the day, she required her money, Martin began to storm, and said he thought her not the child of God, for they must lend, looking for nothing again, and so to acquit himself of the blot of usury, he kept the principal.

These Martins make the scriptures a scrivener's shop to draw conveyances and the common pleas of Westminster to take forfeitures. They'll not stick to outlaw a man's soul and serve it presently with an execution of damnation if one deny them to lie with his neighbour's wife. If they be drunk, they say they have Timothy his weak stomach, which Saint Paul willeth to warm with wine.

They have sifted the Holy Bible, and left us nothing, as they say, but bran; they have bolted it over again and again, and got themselves the fine meal. 'Tis meal indeed, for with their wresting and shuffling Holy Writ, they find all themselves good meals, and stand at livery, as it were, at other men's tables.

Sed heus tu, dic sodes, will they not be discouraged for the common players? Would those comedies might be allowed to be played that are penned, and then I am sure he would be deciphered, and so perhaps discouraged.

He shall not be brought in as whilom he was (and yet very well) with a coxcomb, an ape's face, a wolf's belly, cats' claws, &c., but in a caped cloak, and all the best apparel he ware the highest day in the year. That's neither on Christmas day, Good Friday, Easter day, Ascension, nor Trinity Sunday (for that were popish), but on some rainy weekday, when the brothers and sisters had appointed a match for particular prayers, a thing as bad at the least as auricular confession.

A stage-player, though he be but a cobbler by occupation, yet his chance may be to play the king's part. Martin, of what calling soever he be, can play nothing but the knave's part, *qui tantum constans in knauitate sua est*.

If it be showed at Paul's, it will cost you fourpence; at the Theater, twopence; at St. Thomas a Waterings, nothing.

Would it not be a fine tragedy when Mardocheus shall play a bishop in a play, and Martin, Hamman, and that he that seeks to pull down those that are set in authority above him should be hoisted upon a tree above all other?

Though he play least in sight now, yet we hope to see him stride from Aldgate to Ludgate, and look over all the City at London Bridge. **Soft swift, he is no traitor.** Yes, if it be treason to encourage the commons against the chief of the clergy, to make a general revolt from the government so well established, so wisely maintained, and so long prospering.

Read Martin Senior's libel, and you shall perceive that he is able to teach Gracchus to speak seditiously.

Because they say, *Ave Caesar*, therefore they mean nothing against Caesar. There may be hidden, under their long gowns, short daggers, and so, in blearing Caesar's eyes, conspire Caesar's death. *God save the Queen*; why, it is the cue which they take from the mouths of all traitors, who, though they be throughly convinced, both by proof and their own confessions, yet at the last gasp they cry, *God save the Queen*. God save the Queen (say I) out of their hands, in whose hearts *Long may the Queen thus govern* is not engraven.

Her sacred Majesty hath, this thirty years, with a settled and princely temper, swayed the sceptre of this realm with no less content of her subjects than wonder of the world. God hath blessed her government more by miracle than by counsel, and yet by counsel as much as can come from policy. Of a state taking such deep root as to be fastened by the providence of God, the virtue of the prince, the wisdom of Councillors, the obedience of subjects, and the length of time, who would go about to shake the lowest bough that feels in his conscience but the least blessing? Here is a fit room to squeeze them with an apophthegm.

There was an aged man that lived in a well-ordered commonwealth by the space of threescore years, and, finding at the length that by the heat of some men's brains, and the warmness of other men's blood, that new alterations were in hammering, and that it grew to such an height that all the desperate & discontented persons were ready to run their heads against their head, coming into the midst of these mutiners, cried as loud as his years would allow, *Springals and unripened youths, whose wisdoms are yet in the blade, when this snow shall be melted* (laying his hand on his silver hairs) *then shall you find store of dirt, and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the coming of an untimely thaw*. I'll moralize this.

I'll warrant the good old man meant that when the ancient government of the state should be altered by faction, or new laws brought in that were devised by nice heads, that there should follow a foul and slippery managing, where, if happily most did not fall, yet all would be tired. A settled reign is not like glass metal, to be blown in bigness, length, or fashion of every man's breath, and, breaking, to be melted again, & so blown afresh, but it is compared to the fastening of the cedar, that knitteth itself with such wreaths into the earth that it cannot be removed by any violent force of the air.

Martin, I have taken an inventory of all thy uncivil and rake-hell terms, and could suit them in no place but in Bedlam and Bridewell, so mad they are, and so bad they are, and yet all proceeds of the spirit. I think thou art possessed with the spirits of Jack

Straw & the blacksmith, who, so they might rent in pieces the government, they would draw cuts for religion.

If all be conscience, let conscience be the foundation of your building, not the glass; show effects of conscience, mildness in spirit, obedience to magistrates, love to thy brethren. Stitch charity to thy faith, or rip faith from thy works.

If thou wilt deal soberly without scoffs, thou shalt be answered gravely without jests, yea, and of those whom thou canst not control for learning, nor accuse for ill life, nor shouldst contemn for authority. But if, like a resty jade, thou wilt take the bit in thy mouth, and then run over hedge and ditch, thou shalt be broken as Prosper broke his horses, with a musrol, port-mouth, and a martingale, and so have thy head run against a stonewall.

If thou refuse learning, and stick to libelling, if nothing come out of those lavish lips but taunts not without bitterness, yet without wit, railing, not without spite, yet without cause, then give me thy hand; thou and I will try it out at the cucking-stool. I'll make thee to forget Bishops' English, and weep Irish; next hanging, there is no better revenge on Martin than to make him cry for anger, for there is no more sullen beast than a he-drab. I'll make him pull his pouting cross-cloth over his beetle brows for melancholy, and then my next book shall be *Martin in his Mubble-fubbles*.

Here I was writing *finis* and *funis*, and determined to lay it by till I might see more knavery filled in. Within a while appeared old Martin with a wit worn into the socket, twinkling and pinking like the snuff of a candle; *quantum mutatus ab illo*, how unlike the knave he was before, not for malice but for sharpness.

The hogshead was even come to the hancing, and nothing could be drawn from him but dregs, yet the empty cask sounds louder than when it was full, and protests more in his waning than he could perform in his waxing. I drew near the silly soul, whom I found quivering in two sheets of *Protestation* paper. O, how meagre and lean he looked, so crest-fallen that his comb hung down to his bill, and had I not been sure it was the picture of envy, I should have sworn it had been the image of death, so like the very anatomy of mischief that one might see through all the ribs of his conscience. I began to cross myself, and was ready to say the paternoster, but that I knew he cared not for it, and so used no other words but *abi in malam crucem*, because I knew that looked for him. I came so near that I could feel a substantial knave from a sprite's shadow.

I saw through his paper coffin, that it was but a cozening corse, and one that had learned of the holy maid of Kent to lie in a trance before he had brought forth his lie - drawing his mouth awry, that could never speak right; goggling with his eyes, that watered with strong wine; licking his lips, and gaping as though he should lose his child's nose, if he had not his longing to swallow churches; and swelling in the paunch, as though he had been in labour of a little baby, no bigger than rebellion. But truth was at the bishops' travail, so that Martin was delivered by sedition, which pulls the monster with iron from the beast's bowels. When I perceived that he masked in his railing robes, I was so bold to pull off his shrouding sheet, that all the world might see the old fool dance naked.

Tis not a pennyworth of *Protestation* that can buy thy pardon, nor all worth a penny that thou proclaimest. Martin comes in with blood, blood, as though he should be a

martyr. Martins are bad martyrs; some of them burnt seven years ago, and yet alive. One of them lately at York, pulling out his napkin to wipe his mouth after a lie, let drop a surgeon's caliver at his foot where he stood; these fellows can abide no pomp, and yet you see they cannot be without a little squirting plate. **Rub no more; the curtal wrinches.**

They call the bishops butchers. I like the metaphor well; such calves must be knocked on the head, and who fitter than the fathers of the church to cut the throats of heresies in the church? Nay, when they have no property of sheep but baa, their fleece for flocks, not cloth, their rotten flesh for no dish, but ditches, I think them worth neither the tarring nor the telling, but for their scabbedness to be thrust from the pinfold to the scaffold, and with an *habeas corpus* to remove them from the shepherd's tar-box to the hangman's budget.

Aye, but he hath syllogisms in pike sauce, and arguments that have been these twenty years in pickle. Aye, pick hell, you shall not find such reasons; they be all in *celarent*, and dare not show their heads, for we will answer in *ferio*, and cut their combs. **So say they, their blood is sought.** Their blood? What should we do with it, when it will make a dog have the toothache to eat the puddings?

Martin tunes his pipe to the lamentable note of *O'er a Whinny, Meg*. O, 'tis his best dance, next shaking of the sheets, but he, good man, meant no harm by it. No more did one of his minions that, thinking to rap out an oath and swear by his conscience, mistook the word and swore by his concupiscence, not unlike the thief that instead of God-speed said *Stand*, and so took a purse for good-morrow.

Yet doth Martin hope that all her Majesty's best subjects will become Martinists. A blister of that tongue as big as a drum's-head, for if the Queen's Majesty have such abjects for her best subjects, let all true subjects be accounted abjects.

They that tear the boughs will hew at the tree, and having once wet their feet in factions, will not care how deep they wade in treason.

After Martin had racked over his *Protestation* with a jade's pace, he runs over his fooleries with a knave's gallop, ripping up the souterly seams of his epistle, botching in such frieze jests upon fustian earnest that one, seeing all sorts of shreds, would think he had robbed a tailor's shop-board, and then he concludes all doggedly with Doctor Boleyn's dog, Spring, not remembering that there is not a better spaniel in England to spring a covey of queans than Martin.

He slives one, has a fling at another, a long tale of his toll-booth, of a vulneral sermon, and of a fool's head in souse. This is the epistle which he wonders at himself and, like an old ape, hugs the urchin so in his conceit as though it should show us some new tricks over the chain. Never wish it published, Martin; we pity it before it comes out. Truss up thy packet of flim-flams, & rogue to some country fair, or read it among boys in the belfry; never trouble the church with chattering. But if, like daws, you will be cawing about churches, build your nests in the steeple; defile not the choir.

Martin writes merely because (he says) people are carried away sooner with jest than earnest. Aye, but Martin, never put religion into a fool's coat; there is great odds between a gospeller and a libeller.

If thy vein be so pleasant and thy wit so nimble that all consists of gleeks and girds, pen some play for the Theater, write some ballads for blind David and his boy, devise some jests & become another Scogan. So shalt thou have vent enough for all thy vanities; thy printer shall purchase, and all other jesters beg.

For to give thee thy due, thou art the best-dyed fool in grain that ever was, and all other fools lack many grains to make them so heavy.

There is not such a mad fool in Bedlam, nor such a bawdy fool in Bridewell, nor such a drunken fool in the stocks, nor such a scolding fool on the cucking-stool, nor such a cozening fool on the pillory, nor such a roguing fool in the house of correction, nor such a simple fool kept of alms, nor such a lame fool lying in the Spittle, nor, in all the world, such a fool, all. Nay, for fools set down in the scriptures, none such as Martin.

What atheist more fool, that says in his heart, *There is no God?* What fool more proud, that stands in his own conceit? What fool more covetous than he that seeks to ted abroad the church's goods with a fork, and scratch it to himself with a rake?

Thou seest, Martin, with a little help, to the four & twenty orders of knaves thou mayest solder the four and twenty orders of fools, and so because thou sayest thou art unmarried, thou mayest commit matrimony, from the heirs of whose incest we will say that which you cannot abide, *Good Lord deliver us.*

If this vein bleed but six ounces more, I shall prove a pretty railer, and so in time may grow to be a proper Martinist. Tush, I do but lick over my pamphlet like a bear's-whelp, to bring it in some form; by that time he replies, it will have claws and teeth, and then let him look to be scratched, and bitten, too.

Thou seest, Martin Mouldwarp, that hitherto I have named none, but marked them ready for the next market; if thou proceed in naming, be as sure as thy shirt to thy knave's skin that I'll name such as, though thou canst not blush because thou art past shame, yet they shall be sorry, because they are not all without grace.

Pasquil is coming out with the *Lives of the Saints*. Beware my comment; 'tis odds the margent shall be as full as the text. I have many sequences of saints. If naming be the advantage, & ripping up of lives make sport, have with thee knuckle-deep; it shall never be said that I dare not venture mine ears where Martin hazards his neck.

Now methinks Martin begins to stretch himself like an old fencer, with a great conscience for buckler, and a long tongue for a sword. Lie close, you old cutter at the lock, *Nam mihi sunt vires, & mea tela nocent.* 'Tis odds but that I shall thrust thee through the buckler into the brain, that is, through the conscience into the wit.

If thou sue me for a double maim, I care not though the jury allow thee treble damages; it cannot amount to much, because thy conscience is without wit, and thy wit without conscience, & therefore both not worth a penny.

Therefore take this for the first venue of a younger brother that means to dry-beat those of the elder house. Martin, this is my last strain for this fleech of mirth. I began with good-morrow, and bid you good-night. I must tune my fiddle, and fetch some more rosin, that it may squeak out Martin's matachin.

FINIS

Candidissimi lectores, peto terminum ad libellandum.

Lectores.

Assignamus in proximum.