

Pierce Penillesse
His Supplication to the Devil.

Describing the overspreading of vice,
and suppression of virtue.

Pleasantly interlaced with variable delights,
and pathetically intermixed with conceited reproofs.

Written by Thomas Nash, Gent.

London

Imprinted by Richard Jones, dwelling at the sign of the Rose and Crown near
Holborn Bridge.

1592.

The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen,

In the author's absence I have been bold to publish this pleasant and witty discourse of *Pierce Penilesse His Supplication To The Devil*, which title, though it may seem strange, and in itself somewhat preposterous, yet, if you vouchsafe the reading, you shall find reason as well for the author's uncouth nomination as for his unwonted beginning, without epistle, proem or dedication, all which he hath inserted conceitedly in the matter, but I'll be no blab to tell you in what place. Bestow the looking, and I doubt not but you shall find dedication, epistle, & proem to your liking.

Yours bounden in affection. R.I.

A Private Epistle of the Author to the Printer.

Wherein his full meaning and purpose (in publishing this book) is set forth.

Faith, I am very sorry (sir) I am thus unawares betrayed to infamy. You write to me my book is hasting to the second impression; he that hath once broke the ice of impudence need not care how deep he wade in discredit. I confess it to be a mere toy, not deserving any judicial man's view; if it have found any friends, so it is. You know very well that it was abroad a fortnight ere I knew of it, & uncorrected and unfinished it hath offered itself to the open scorn of the world. Had you not been so forward in the republishing of it, you should have had certain epistles to orators and poets to insert to the latter end, as, namely, to the ghost of Machiavel, of Tully, of Ovid, of Roscius, of Pace, the Duke of Norfolk's jester, and, lastly, to the ghost of Robert Greene, telling him what a coil there is with pamphleting on him after his death. These were prepared for *Pierce Penilesse*' first setting forth, had not the fear of infection detained me with my Lord in the country.

Now this is that I would have you to do in this second edition: first, cut off that long-tailed title, and let me not in the forefront of my book make a tedious mountebank's oration to the reader, when in the whole there is nothing praiseworthy.

I hear say there be obscure imitators that go about to frame a second part to it, and offer it to sell in Paul's Churchyard, and elsewhere, as from me. Let me request you (as ever you will expect any favour at my hands) to get somebody to write an epistle before it ere you set it to sale again, importing thus much: that if any such lewd devise intrude itself to their hands, it is a cozenage and plain knavery of him that sells it to get money, and that I have no manner of interest or acquaintance with it. Indeed, if my leisure were such as I could wish, I might haps (half a year hence) write *The Return Of The Knight Of The Post From Hell*, with the devil's answer to the *Supplication*, but as for a second part of *Pierce Penilesse*, it is a most ridiculous roguery.

Other news I am advertised of, that a scald trivial lying pamphlet called *Greene's Groatworth of Wit* is given out to be of my doing. God never have care of my soul, but utterly renounce me, if the least word or syllable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way privy to the writing or printing of it. I am grown at length to see into the vanity of the world more than ever I did, and now I condemn myself for nothing so much as playing the dolt in print. Out upon it, it is odious, specially in this moralizing age, wherein everyone seeks to show himself a politician by misinterpreting.

In one place of my book, *Pierce Penilesse* saith but to the Knight of the Post, *I pray, how might I call you*, & they say I meant one Howe, a knave of that trade, that I never heard of before.

The antiquaries are offended without cause, thinking I go about to detract from that excellent profession, when (God is my witness) I reverence it as much as any of them all, and had no manner of allusion to them that stumble at it. I hope they will give me leave to think there be fools of that art as well as of all other, but to say I utterly condemn it as an unfruitful study, or seem to despise the excellent qualified parts of it, is a most false and injurious surmise. There is nothing that, if a man list, he may not wrest or pervert; I cannot forbid any to think villainously, *Sed caueat emptor*, Let the interpreter beware, for none ever heard me make allegories of an idle text. Write who

will against me, but let him look his life be without scandal, for if he touch me never so little, I'll be as good as the *Black Book* to him & his kindred.

Beggarly lies no beggarly wit but can invent; who spurneth not at a dead dog? But I am of another metal; they shall know that I live as their evil angel to haunt them world without end, if they disquiet me without cause. Farewell, and let me hear from you as soon as it is come forth. I am the plague's prisoner in the country as yet; if the sickness cease before the third impression, I will come and alter whatsoever may be offensive to any man, and bring you the latter end.

Your friend, Tho. Nash.

Pierce Penilesse His Supplication To The Devil

Having spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money, having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, & address my endeavours to prosperity. But all in vain I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity, for all my labours turned to loss, my vulgar muse was despised & neglected, my pains not regarded or slightly rewarded, and I myself (in prime of my best wit) laid open to poverty. Whereupon (in a malcontent humour) I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers, and raged in all points like a madman. In which agony tormenting myself a long time, I grew by degrees to a milder discontent, and pausing awhile over my standish, I resolved in verse to paint forth my passion, which best agreeing with the vein of my unrest, I began to complain in this sort.

**Discite qui sapitis,
non haec quae
scimus inertes: Sed
trepidat acies, &
fera bella sequi.**

*Why is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease;
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.*

**Est aliquid fatale
malum per verba
leuare.**

**Ingenio perij qui
miser ipse meo.**

*Ah, worthless wit, to train me to this woe,
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent;
Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so,
Vain thoughts, adieu, for now I will repent,
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
Since none takes pity of a scholar's need.*

**Paupertas impulit
audax ut versus
facerem.**

*Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe, a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise-breach.
Oh friends, no friends, that then ungently frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.*

**Pol me occidistis,
amici.**

*Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas ears relent not at my moan,
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse
'Mongst them that will be moved when I shall groan.
England (adieu), the soil that brought me forth,
Adieu unkind, where skill is nothing worth.*

**Hei mihi, quam
paucos haec mea
dicta mouent.**

***Miser est quicumque
aerumnam suam
nequit occultare.**

***Fortuna fauet
fatuos.**

**Meritum expendite
causam.**

These rimes thus abruptly set down, I tossed my imaginations a thousand ways to see if I could find any means to relieve my estate. But all my thoughts consorted to this conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, & I ordained to be *miserable. Thereby I grew to consider how many base men, that wanted those parts which I had, enjoyed content and had wealth at command.* I called to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pound, an hostler that had built a goodly inn, & might dispend forty pound yearly by his land, a carman in a leather pilch that had whipped out a thousand pound out of his horse' tail, and have I more wit than all these (thought I to myself)? Am I better born, am I better brought up, yea, and better favoured, and yet am I a beggar? What is the cause? How am I crossed, or whence is this curse?

*Scribimus indocti
doctique poemata
passim.

Even from hence, that men that should employ such as I am are enamoured of their own wits, and think whatever they do is excellent, though it be never so scurvy; that learning (of the ignorant) is rated after the value of the ink and paper, and a scrivener better paid for an obligation than a scholar for the best poem he can make; that *every gross-brained idiot is suffered to come into print, who, if he set forth a pamphlet of the praise of pudding-pricks, or write a treatise of Tom Thumb or the exploits of Untruss, it is bought up thick and threefold, when better things lie dead. How then can we choose but be needy when there are so many drones amongst us, or ever prove rich, that toil a whole year for fair looks?

Cultor et Antistes
doctorum sancte
virorum.

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what belonged to a scholar, thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travail, conduct to perfection; well couldst thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert, cause none more virtuous, witty or learned than thyself.

Heu rapiunt mala
fata bonos.

But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the sons of the muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty which thy bounty erst planted.

Fluctibus in mediis
navim Palinure
relinquis.

Believe me, gentlemen, for some cross mishaps have taught me experience, there is not that strict observation of honour which hath been heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merit to have their names eternized by poets, & whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up in their sleeves, and scarce give him thanks that presents it. Much better is it for those golden pens to raise such ungrateful peasants from the dunghill of obscurity and make them equal in fame to the worthies of old when their doting self-love shall challenge it of duty, and not only give them nothing themselves, but impoverish liberality in others.

This is the lamentable condition of our times, that men of art must seek alms of cormorants, and those that deserve best be kept under by dunces, who count it a policy to keep them bare because they should follow their books the better, thinking, belike, that as preferment hath made themselves idle that were erst painful in meaner places, so it would likewise slacken the endeavours of those students that as yet strive to excel in hope of advancement. A good policy to suppress superfluous liberality. But had it been practised when they were promoted, the yeomanry of the realm had been better to pass than it is, and one drone should not have driven so many bees from their honeycombs.

Aye, aye, we'll give losers leave to talk; it is no matter what *Sic probo* and his penniless companions prate, whilst we have the gold in our coffers. This is it that will make a knave an honest man, and my neighbour Crampton's stripling a better gentleman than his grandsire. O, it is a trim thing when Pride, the son, goes before, and Shame, the father, follows after. Such precedents there are in our commonwealth a great many, not so much of them whom learning and industry hath exalted (whom I prefer before *genus & proavos*), as of carterly upstarts, that outface town and country in their velvets, when Sir Rowland Russet Coat, their dad, goes sagging every day in his round gaskins of white cotton, and hath much ado (poor penny-father) to keep his unthrift elbows in reparations.

Marry, happy are they (say I) that have such fathers to work for them whilst they play, for where other men turn over many leaves to get bread and cheese in their old age,

and study twenty years to distil gold out of ink, our young masters do nothing but devise how to spend, and ask counsel of the wine and capons how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies. As for me, I live secure from all such perturbations, for (thanks be to God) I am *vacuus viator*, and care not though I meet the commissioners of Newmarket Heath at high midnight for any crosses, images or pictures that I carry about me more than needs.

Than needs (quoth I) nay, I would be ashamed of it if *opus* and *usus* were not knocking at my door twenty times a week when I am not within; the more is the pity, that such a frank gentleman as I should want, but since the dice do run so untowardly on my side, I am partly provided of a remedy. For whereas those that stand most on their honour have shut up their purses, and shift us off with court holy bread, and, on the other side, a number of hypocritical hotspurs that have God always in their mouths will give nothing for God's sake, I have clapped up a handsome supplication to the devil, and sent it by a good-fellow that I know will deliver it.

And because you may believe me the better, I care not if I acquaint you with the circumstances.

I was informed of late days that a certain blind retailer called the devil used to lend money upon pawns, or anything, and would let one, for a need, have a thousand pounds upon a statute merchant of his soul, or, if a man plied him thoroughly, would trust him upon a bill of his hand, without any more circumstance. Besides, he was noted for a privy benefactor to traitors and parasites, and to advance fools and asses far sooner than any, to be a greedy pursuer of news, and so famous a politician in purchasing that hell (which at the beginning was but an obscure village) is now become a huge city whereunto all countries are tributary.

These manifest conjectures of plenty assembled in one commonplace of ability, I determined to claw avarice by the elbow till his full belly gave me a full hand, and let him bleed with my pen (if it might be) in the vein of liberality, and so (in short time) was this paper-monster, *Pierce Penilessé*, begotten.

But written and all, here lies the question: where shall I find this old ass, that I may deliver it? Mass, that's true; they say the lawyers have the devil and all, and it is like enough he is playing ambodexter amongst them. Fie, fie, the devil a driver in Westminster Hall? It can never be.

Now, I pray, what do you imagine him to be? Perhaps you think it is not possible he should be so grave? Oh, then you are in an error, for he is as formal as the best scrivener of them all. Marry, he doth not use to wear a night-cap, for his horns will not let him, and yet I know a hundred as well headed as he that will make a jolly shift with a court-cup on their crowns if the weather be cold.

To proceed with my tale: to Westminster Hall I went, and made a search of inquiry, from the black gown to the buckram-bag, if there were any such serjeant, bencher, counsellor, attorney or pettifogger as Seignior Cornuto Diabolo, with the good face. But they all (*una voce*) affirmed that he was not there; marry, whether he were at the Exchange or no, amongst the rich merchants, that they could not tell, but it was likelier of the two that I should meet with him, or hear of him at the least, in those quarters. *I' faith, and say you so?* quoth I, *and I'll bestow a little labour more, but I'll hunt him out.*

Without more circumstance, thither came I, and, thrusting myself, as the manner is, amongst the confusion of languages, I asked (as before) whether he were there extant or no? But from one to another, *Non noui daemonem*, was all the answer I could get. At length (as fortune served) I lighted upon an old straddling usurer clad in a damask cassock edged with fox-fur, a pair of trunk slops sagging down like a shoemaker's wallet, and a short threadbare gown on his back, faced with moth-eaten budge; upon his head he wore a filthy coarse biggin, and next it a garnish of night-caps which a sage button-cap, of the form of a cow-shard, overspread very orderly. A fat chuff it was, I remember, with a grey beard cut short to the stumps, as though it were grimed, and a huge worm-eaten nose, like a cluster of grapes hanging downwards. Of him I demanded if he could tell me any tidings of the party I sought for.

By my troth, quoth he, stripling, (and then he coughed) I saw him not lately, nor know I certainly where he keeps, but thus much I heard by a broker, a friend of mine, that hath had some dealings with him in his time, that he is at home sick of the gout, and will not be spoken withal under more than thou art able to give, some two or three hundred angels at least, if thou hast any suit to him, & then, perhaps, he'll strain courtesy, with his legs in childbed, and come forth and talk with thee, but otherwise, *Non est domi*, he is busy with Mammon and the prince of the North how to build up his kingdom, or sending his spirits abroad to undermine the maligners of his government.

I, hearing of this cold comfort, took my leave of him very faintly, and, like a careless malcontent that knew not which way to turn, retired me to Paul's to seek my dinner with Duke Humphrey, but when I came there, the old soldier was not up. He is long a-rising, thought I, but that's all one, for he that hath no money in his purse must go dine with Sir John Best-Betrust at the sign of the chalk and the post.

Two hungry turns had I scarce fetched in this waste gallery when I was encountered by a neat pedantical fellow in form of a citizen, who, thrusting himself abruptly into my company like an intelligencer, began very earnestly to question with me about the cause of my discontent, or what made me so sad, that seemed too young to be acquainted with sorrow. I, nothing nice to unfold my estate to any whatsoever, discoursed to him the whole circumstance of my care, and what toil and pains I had took in searching for him that would not be heard of. Why sir (quoth he), had I been privy to your purpose before, I could have eased you of this travail, for if it be the devil you seek for, know I am his man. I pray, sir, how might I call you? A knight of the post, quoth he, for so I am termed, a fellow that will swear you anything for twelvecence, but indeed, I am a spirit in nature and essence, that take upon me this human shape only to set men together by the ears, and send souls by millions to hell.

Now trust me, a substantial trade, but when do you think you could send next to your master? Why, every day, for there is not a cormorant that dies, or cutpurse that is hanged, but I dispatch letters by his soul to him, and to all my friends in the Low Countries; wherefore, if you have anything that you would have transported, give it me, and I will see it delivered.

Yes, marry, have I (quoth I) a certain supplication here unto your master, which you may peruse if it please you. With that, he opened it, and read as followeth.

To the high and mighty Prince of Darkness, Donzel del Lucifer, King of Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon, Duke of Tartary, Marquis of Cocytus, and Lord High Regent

**Non bene conducti
vendunt periuria
testes.**

of Limbo; his distressed orator, Pierce Penillesse, wisheth increase of damnation, and malediction eternal, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

Most humbly sueth unto your sinfulness, your single-soled orator, Pierce Penillesse, that, whereas your impious excellence hath had the poor tenement of his purse any time this half year for your dancing-school, and he (notwithstanding) hath received no penny nor cross for farm according to the usual manner,* it may please your graceless majesty to consider of him, and give order to your servant avarice he may be dispatched, insomuch as no man here in London can have a dancing-school without rent, and his wit and knavery cannot be maintained for nothing. Or, if this be not so plausible to your honourable infernalship, it might seem good to your hellhood to make extent upon the souls of a number of uncharitable cormorants, who, having incurred the danger of a praemunire with meddling with matters that properly concern your own person, deserve no longer to live (as men) amongst men, but to be incorporated in the society of devils. By which means the mighty controller of fortune and imperious subverter of destiny, delicious gold, the poor man's god, and idol of princes (that looks pale and wan through long imprisonment), might at length be restored to his powerful monarchy, and eftsoon be set at liberty to help his friends that have need of him.

***No, I'll be sworn upon a book have I not.**

I know a great sort of good-fellows that would venture far for his freedom,* and a number of needy lawyers (who now mourn in threadbare gowns for his thralldom) that would go near to poison his keepers with false Latin, if that might procure his enlargement, but inexorable iron detains him in the dungeon of the night, so that now (poor creature) he can neither traffic with the mercers and tailors as he was wont, nor domineer in taverns as he ought.

***Id est, for the freedom of gold.**

Famine, Lent and desolation sit in onion-skinned jackets before the doors of his endurance as a chorus in the tragedy of hospitality, to tell hunger and poverty there's no relief for them there, and in the inner part of his ugly habitation stands greediness, prepared to devour all that enter, attired in a capouch of written parchment, buttoned down before with labels of wax, and lined with sheeps' fells for warmness, his cap furred with cats-skins, after the Muscovy fashion, and all-to-betassled with angle-hooks instead of aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shows any humbleness; for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broadcloths, which he had by letters patent assured him and his heirs, to the utter overthrow of bow-cases and cushion-makers, and bombasted they were, like beer-barrels, with statute merchants and forfeitures. But of all, his shoes were the strangest, which, being nothing else but a couple of crab-shells, were toothed at the toes with two sharp sixpenny nails, that digged up every dunghill they came by for gold, and snarled at the stones as he went in the street, because they were so common for men, women and children to tread upon, and he could not devise how to wrest an odd fine out of any of them.

The description of greediness.

Thus walks he up and down all his lifetime, with an iron crow in his hand instead of a staff, and a sergeant's mace in his mouth (which night and day he still gnaws upon), & either busies himself in setting silver lime-twigs to entangle young gentlemen, and casting forth silken shrapes to catch woodcocks, or in sieving of muckhills and shop dust, where he will bolt a whole cart-load to gain a bowed pin.

The description of Dame Niggardise.

On the other side, Dame Niggardise, his wife, in a sedge-rug kirtle, that had been a mat time out of mind, a coarse hempen rail about her shoulders, borrowed of the one end of a hop-bag, an apron made of almanacs out of date (such as stand upon screens, or on the backside of a door in a chandler's shop), and an old wife's pudding-pan on

her head, thrummed with the parings of her nails, sat barrelling up the droppings of her nose instead of oil, to seam wool withal, and would not adventure to spit without half a dozen porringers at her elbow.

The house (or rather the hell) where these two earthworms encaptived this beautiful substance was vast, large, strong built, and well furnished, all save the kitchen, for that was no bigger than the cook's room in a ship, with a little court-chimney about the compass of a parenthesis in proclamation print; then judge you what diminutive dishes came out of this dove's-nest. So likewise of the buttery, for whereas in houses of such stately foundation, that are built to outward show so magnificent, every office is answerable to the hall, which is principal, there the buttery was no more but a blind coal-house under a pair of stairs, wherein (uprising and downlying) was but one single single kilderkin of small beer, that would make a man, with a carouse of a spoonful, run through an alphabet of faces. Nor used they any glasses or cups (as other men), but only little farthing ounce boxes, whereof one of them, filled up with froth (in manner and form of an ale-house) was a meal's allowance for the whole household. It were lamentable to tell what misery the rats and mice endured in this hard world; how, when all supply of victuals failed them, they went a-boot-haling one night to Seignior Greediness' bedchamber, where, finding nothing but emptiness and vastity, they encountered (after long inquisition) with a cod-piece, well dunged and manured with grease (which my pinch-fart penny-father had retained from his bachelorship, until the eating of these presents). Upon that they set, and with a courageous assault rent it clean away from the breeches, and then carried it in triumph, like a coffin, on their shoulders betwixt them. The very spiders and dust-weavers, that wont to set up their looms in every window, decayed and undone through the extreme dearth of the place (that afforded them no matter to work on), were constrained to break, against their wills, and go dwell in the country, out of the read of the broom and the wing, and generally not a flea nor a cricket that carried any brave mind that would stay there after he had once tasted the order of their fare. Only unfortunate gold (a predestinate slave to drudges and fools) lives in endless bondage there amongst them, and may no way be released, except you send the rot half a year amongst his keepers, and so make them away with a murrain, one after another.

The complaint of pride.

O, but a far greater enormity reigneth in the heart of the court: pride, the perverter of all virtue, sitteth apparelled in the merchants' spoils and ruin of young citizens, and scorneth learning, that gave their upstart fathers titles of gentry.

The nature of an upstart.

All malcontent sits the greasy son of a clothier, & complains (like a decayed earl) of the ruin of ancient houses, whereas the weaver's looms first framed the web of his honour, & the locks of wool that bushes and brambles have took for toll of insolent sheep, that would needs strive for the wall of a fir bush, have made him, of the tenths of their tar, a squire of low degree, and of the collections of their scatterings, a justice, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, of peace & of coram. He will be humorous, forsooth, and have a brood of fashions by himself. Sometimes (because love commonly wears the livery of wit) he will be an *inamorato poeta*, & sonnet a whole quire of paper in praise of Lady Swine-Snout, his yellow-faced mistress, & wear a feather of her rain-beaten fan for a favour, like a fore-horse. All *Italianato* is his talk, & his spade-peak is as sharp as if he had been a pioneer before the walls of Rouen. He will despise the barbarism of his own country, & tell a whole legend of lies of his travels unto Constantinople. If he be challenged to fight, for his dilatory excuse he objects that it is not the custom of the Spaniard or the German to look back to every dog that barks. You shall see a dapper Jack, that hath been but over at Dieppe, wring his face round about, as a man would stir up a mustard-pot, & talk English through the teeth, like Jacques Scabbed-Hams, or Monsieur Mingo de Mousetrap, when (poor slave) he

hath but dipped his bread in wild boar's grease and come home again, or been bitten by the shins by a wolf, and saith he hath adventured upon the barricadoes of Gournay or Guingamp, and fought with the young Guise hand to hand.

The counterfeit politician.

Some think to be counted rare politicians and statesmen by being solitary, as who would say, I am a wise man, a brave man, *Secreta mea mihi; Frustra sapit, qui sibi non sapit*, and there is no man worthy of my company or friendship, when, although he goes ungartered like a malcontent cutpurse, & wears his hat over his eyes like one of the cursed crew, yet cannot his stabbing dagger, or his nitty lovelock, keep him out of the legend of fantastical coxcombs. I pray ye, good Monsieur Devil, take some order that the streets be not pestered with them so as they are. Is it not a pitiful thing that a fellow that eats not a good meal's meat in a week, but beggareth his belly quite and clean to make his back a certain kind of brokerly gentleman, and now and then (once or twice in a term) comes to the eighteen-pence ordinary because he would be seen amongst cavaliers and brave courtiers, living otherwise all the year long with salt butter and Holland cheese in his chamber, should take up a scornful melancholy in his gait and countenance, and talk as though our commonwealth were but a mockery of government, and our magistrates fools, who wronged him in not looking into his deserts, not employing him in state matters, and that, if more regard were not had of him very shortly, the whole realm should have a miss of him, & he would go (aye, marry, would he) where he should be more accounted of?

Is it not wonderful ill provided, I say, that this disdainful companion is not made one of the fraternity of fools, to talk before great states with some old moth-eaten politician of mending highways and leading armies into France?

The prodigal young master.

A young heir or cockney, that is his mother's darling, if he have played the wastegood at the Inns of Court or about London, and that neither his student's pension, nor his unthrift's credit, will serve to maintain his college of whores any longer, falls in a quarrelling humour with his fortune because she made him not King of the Indies, and swears and stares after ten in the hundred that ne'er a such peasant as his father or brother shall keep him under; he will to the sea, and tear the gold out of the Spaniards' throats, but he will have it, byrlady. And when he comes there, poor soul, he lies in brine in ballast, and is lamentable sick of the scurvies; his dainty fare is turned to a hungry feast of dogs & cats, or haberdine and poor-john at the most, and, which is lamentablest of all, that without mustard.

As a mad ruffian on a time being in danger of shipwreck by a tempest, and seeing all other at their vows and prayers, that, if it would please God of his infinite goodness to deliver them out of that imminent danger, one would abjure this sin whereunto he was addicted, another make satisfaction for that violence he had committed, he, in a desperate jest, began thus to reconcile his soul to heaven.

O Lord, if it may seem good to thee to deliver me from this fear of untimely death, I vow, before thy throne and all thy starry host, never to eat haberdine more whilst I live.

Well, so it fell out that the sky cleared and the tempest ceased, and this careless wretch, that made such a mockery of prayer, ready to set foot a-land, cried out, *Not without mustard, good Lord, not without mustard*, as though it had been the greatest torment in the world to have eaten haberdine without mustard. But this by the way, what penance can be greater for pride than to let it swing in his own halter? *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, There's no man loves the smoke of his own country that hath not been singed in the flame of another soil. It is a pleasant thing, over a full pot, to read

the fable of thirsty Tantalus, but a harder matter to digest salt meats at sea, with stinking water.

The pride of the learned.

Another misery of pride it is, when men that have good parts, and bear the name of deep scholars, cannot be content to participate one faith with all Christendom, but, because they will get a name to their vainglory, they will set their self-love to study to invent new sects of singularity, thinking to live when they are dead by having their sects called after their names, as Donatists of Donatus, Arians of Arius, and a number more new faith-founders that have made England the exchange of innovations, and almost as much confusion of religion in every quarter as there was of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel. Whence a number that fetch the articles of their belief out of Aristotle, and think of heaven and hell as the heathen philosophers, take occasion to deride our ecclesiastical state, and all ceremonies of divine worship, as bugbears and scarecrows, because (like Herod's soldiers) we divide Christ's garment amongst us in so many pieces, and of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies' and apes' coats, others strait trusses and devil's breeches, some galligaskins or a shipman's hose, like the Anabaptists and adulterous Familists, others, with the Martinists, a hood with two faces, to hide their hypocrisy, &, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwoodians, a garment full of the plague, which is not to be worn before it be new washed.

Hence atheists triumph and rejoice, and talk as profanely of the Bible as of *Bevis of Hampton*. I hear say there be mathematicians abroad that will prove men before Adam, and they are harboured in high places who will maintain it to the death that there are no devils.

The devil hath children (as other men), but few of them know their own father.

It is a shame (Seignior Beelzebub) that you should suffer yourself thus to be termed a bastard, or not approve to your predestinate children, not only that they have a father, but that you are he that must own them. These are but the suburbs of the sin we have in hand; I must describe to you a large city, wholly inhabited with this damnable enormity.

The pride of artificers.

In one place let me show you a base artificer, that hath no revenues to boast on but a needle in his bosom, as brave as any pensioner or nobleman.

The pride of merchants' wives.

In another corner, Mistress Minx, a merchant's wife, that will eat no cherries, forsooth, but when they are at twenty shillings a pound, that looks as simperingly as if she were besmeared, and jets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the Canaries; she is so finical in her speech as though she spake nothing but what she had first sewed over before in her samplers, and the puling accent of her voice is like a feigned treble, or one's voice that interprets to the puppets. What should I tell how squeamish she is in her diet, what toil she puts her poor servants unto, to make her looking-glasses in the pavement, how she will not go into the fields to cower on the green grass but she must have a coach for her convoy, and spends half a day in pranking herself if she be invited to any strange place? Is not this the excess of pride, Seignior Satan? Go to, you are unwise if you make her not a chief saint in your calendar.

The pride of peasants sprung up of nothing.

The next object that encounters my eyes is some such obscure upstart gallants, as, without desert or service, are raised from the plough to be checkmate with princes, and these I can no better compare than to creatures that are bred *sine coitu*, as crickets in chimneys, to which I resemble poor scullions, that, from turning spit in the chimney corner, are on the sudden hoised up from the kitchen into the waiting-chamber, or made barons of the beeves and marquesses of the marrowbones; some by corrupt water, as gnats, to which we may liken brewers, that, by retailing filthy Thames water,

come in few years to be worth forty or fifty thousand pound; others by dead wine, as little flying worms, and so the vintners in like case; others by slime, as frogs, which may be alluded to Mother Bunch's slimy ale, that hath made her and some other of her fill-pot faculty so wealthy; others by dirt, as worms, and so I know many gold-finers and hostlers come up; some by herbs, as cankers, and, after the same sort, our apothecaries; others by ashes, as scarabs, and how else get our colliers the pence; others from the putrefied flesh of dead beasts, as bees of bulls, and butchers by fly-blown beef, wasps of horses, and hackney-men by selling their lame jades to huntsmen for carrion.

**Sparagus, a flower
that never groweth
but through man's
dung.**

Yet am I not against it, that these men by their mechanical trades should come to be sparage gentlemen and chuff-headed burgomasters, but that better places should be possessed by coistrels, and the cobbler's crow, for crying but *Ave Caesar*, be more esteemed than rarer birds that have warbled sweeter notes unrewarded. But it is no marvel, for as hemlock fatteth quails, and henbane swine, which to all other is poison, so some men's vices have power to advance them, which would subvert any else that should seek to climb by them, and it is enough in them that they can pare their nails well, to get them a living, whenas the seven liberal sciences and a good leg will scarce get a scholar a pair of shoes and a canvas doublet.

These whelps of the first litter of gentility, these exhalations drawn up to the heaven of honour from the dunghill of abject fortune, have long been on horseback to come riding to your devilship, but, I know not how, like Saint George, they are always mounted, but never move. Here they outface town and country, and do nothing but bandy factions with their betters. Their big limbs yield the commonwealth no other service but idle sweat, and their heads, like rough-hewn globes, are fit for nothing but to be the blockhouses of sleep. Reynold the fox may well bear up his tail in the lion's den, but when he comes abroad, he is afraid of every dog that barks. What cur will not bawl, and be ready to fly in a man's face, when he is set on by his master, who, if he be not by to encourage him, he casts his tail betwixt his legs, & steals away like a sheep-biter. Ulysses was a tall man under Ajax' shield, but by himself he would never adventure but in the night. Pride is never built but upon some pillars, and let his supporters fail him never so little, you shall find him very humble in the dust. Wit oftentimes stands instead of a chief arch to underprop it; in soldiers, strength, in women, beauty.

**The base insinuating
of drudges, and their
practice to aspire.**

Drudges, that have no extraordinary gifts of body nor of mind, filch themselves into some nobleman's service, either by bribes or by flattery, and, when they are there, they so labour it with cap and knee, and ply it with privy whisperings, that they wring themselves into his good opinion ere he be aware. Then do they vaunt themselves over the common multitude, and are ready to outbrave any man that stands by himself. Their lord's authority is as a rebato to bear up the peacock's tail of their boasting, and anything that is said or done to the unhandsoning of their ambition is straight wrested to the name of treason. Thus do weeds grow up whiles no man regards them, and the ship of fools is arrived in the haven of felicity, whilst the scouts of envy contemn the attempts of any such small barks.

But beware, you that be great men's favourites; let not a servile insinuating slave creep betwixt your legs into credit with your lords, for peasants that come out of the cold of poverty, once cherished in the bosom of prosperity, will straight forget that ever there was a winter of want, or who gave them room to warm them. The son of a churl cannot choose but prove ungrateful, like his father. Trust not a villain that hath been miserable, and is suddenly grown happy. Virtue ascendeth by degrees of desert unto dignity; gold and lust may lead a man a nearer way to promotion, but he that hath

*As by carrying
tales, and playing
the doughty pander.

neither comeliness nor coin to commend him, undoubtedly strides over time by stratagems,* if of a mole-hill he grows to a mountain in a moment. This is that which I urge: there is no friendship to be had with him that is resolute to do or suffer anything rather than endure the destiny whereto he was born, for he will not spare his own father or brother, to make himself a gentleman.

The pride of the
Spaniard.

France, Italy and Spain are all full of these false-hearted Machiavellians, but properly, pride is the disease of the Spaniard, who is born a braggart in his mother's womb, for if he be but 17 years old, and hath come to the place where a field was fought (though half a year before), he then talks like one of the giants that made war against heaven, and stands upon his honour as much as if he were one of Augustus' soldiers of whom he first instituted the order of heralds, and let a man soothe him in the vein of kill-cow vanity, you may command his heart out of his belly to make you a rasher on the coals, if you will, next your heart.

The pride of the
Italian.

The Italian is a more cunning proud fellow, that hides his humour far cleaner, and indeed seems to take a pride in humility, and will proffer a stranger more courtesy than he means to perform. He hateth him deadly that takes him at his word, as, for example, if upon occasion of meeting he request you to dinner or supper at his house, and that at the first or second entreaty you promise to be his guest, he will be the mortal'st enemy you have, but if you deny him, he will think you have manners and good bringing up, and will love you as his brother; marry, at the third or fourth time you must not refuse him. Of all things he counteth it a mighty disgrace to have a man pass justling by him in haste on a narrow causey and ask him no leave, which he never revengeth with less than a stab.

The pride of the
Frenchman.

The Frenchman (not altered from his own nature) is wholly compact of deceivable courtship, and for the most part loves none but himself and his pleasure; yet though he be the most Grand Seigneur of them all, he will say *A vostre service & commandement Monsieur*, to the meanest vassal he meets. He thinks he doth a great favour to that gentleman or follower of his to whom he talks sitting on his close-stool, and with that favour (I have heard) the queen mother wanted to grace the noblemen of France, and a great man of their nation, coming in time past over into England, and being here very honourably received, he in requital of his admirable entertainment, on an evening going to the privy, (as it were to honour extraordinarily our English lords appointed to attend him) gave one the candle, another his girdle, & another the paper, but they (not acquainted with this new kind of gracing) accompanying him to the privy door, set down the trash, & so left him, which he (considering what inestimable kindness he extended to them therein more than usual) took very heinously.

The pride of the
Dane.

The most gross and senseless proud dolts (in a different kind from all these) are the Danes, who stand so much upon their unwieldy burly-boned soldiery that they account of no man that hath not a battle-ax at his girdle to hough dogs with, or wears not a cock's feather in a red-thrummed hat like a cavalier; briefly, he is the best fool braggart under heaven. For besides nature hath lent him a flaberkin face, like one of the four winds, and cheeks that sag like a woman's dugs over his chin-bone; his apparel is so puffed up with bladders of taffety, and his back, like a beef stuffed with parsley, so drawn out with ribands and devises, and blistered with light sarcenet bastings, that you would think him nothing but a swarm of butterflies if you saw him afar off.* Thus walks he up and down in his majesty, taking a yard of ground at every step, and stamps on the earth so terrible as if he meant to knock up a spirit, when (foul drunken bezzle) if an Englishman set his little finger to him, he falls like a hog's trough that is set on one end. Therefore I am the more vehement against them, because they are an arrogant ass-headed people, that naturally hate learning and all

*If you know him not
by any of these marks,
look on his fingers, &
you shall be sure to
find half a dozen silver
rings, worth
threepence apiece.

**The Danes enemies
to all learning.**

them that love it; yea, and for they would utterly root it out from among them, they have withdrawn all rewards from the professors thereof. Not Barbary itself is half so barbarous as they are.

**No rewards amongst
them for desert.**

First, whereas the hope of honour maketh a soldier in England; bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries and other private dignities animate our divines to such excellence; the civil lawyers have their degrees & consistories of honour by themselves, equal in place with knights and esquires; the common lawyers (suppose in the beginning they are but husbandmen's sons) come in time to be chief fathers of the land, and many of them not the meanest of the Privy Council, there the soldier may fight himself out of his skin and do more exploits than he hath doits in his purse before, from a common mercenary, he come to be corporal of the mould cheese, or the lieutenant get a captainship. None but the son of a corporal must be a corporal, nor any be captain but the lawful begotten son of a captain's body. Bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, why they know no such functions; a sort of ragged ministers they have, of whom they count as basely as water-bearers. If any of their noblemen refrain three hours in his lifetime from drinking to study the laws, he may perhaps have a little more government put into his hands than another, but otherwise, burgomasters and gentlemen bear all the sway of both swords, spiritual and temporal. It is death there for any but a husbandman to marry a husbandman's daughter, or a gentleman's child to join with any but the son of a gentleman. Marry, this, the King may well banish, but he cannot put a gentleman unto death in any cause whatsoever, which makes them stand upon it so proudly as they do. For fashion' sake, some will put their children to school, but they set them not to it till they are fourteen year old, so that you shall see a great boy with a beard learn his ABC, and sit weeping under the rod when he is thirty years old.

**What it is to make
men labour without
hope.**

I will not stand to infer what a prejudice it is to the thrift of a flourishing state, to poison the growth of glory by giving it naught but the puddle water of penury to drink, to clip the wings of a high-towering falcon, who, whereas she wont in her feathered youthfulness to look with an amiable eye upon her grey breast, and her speckled side sails, all sinewed with silver quills, and to drive whole armies of fearful fowl before her to her master's table, now she sits sadly on the ground, picking of worms, mourning the cruelty of those ungentlemanlike hands that dismembered the beauty of her train.

You all know that man (insomuch as he is the image of God) delighteth in honour and worship, and all Holy Writ warrants that delight, so it be not derogatory to any part of God's own worship; now, take away that delight, a discontented idleness overtakes him. For his hire, any handicraftman, be he carpenter, joiner or painter, will ploddingly do his day-labour, but to add credit and fame to his workmanship, or to win a mastery to himself above all other, he will make a further assay in his trade than ever hitherto he did; he will have a thousand flourishes which before he never thought upon, and in one day rid more out of hand than erst he did in ten. So in arms, so in arts; if titles of fame and glory be proposed to forward minds, or that sovereignty (whose sweetness they have not yet felt) be set in likely view for them to soar to, they will make a ladder of cord of the links of their brains, but they will fasten their hands, as well as their eyes, on the imaginative bliss which they already enjoy by admiration. Experience reproves me for a fool for dilating on so manifest a case.

**And that sense
oftentimes makes
them senseless.**

The Danes are bursten-bellied sots, that are to be confuted with nothing but tankards or quart-pots, and Ovid might as well have read his verses to the Getes that understood him not, as a man talk reason to them that have no ears but their mouths, nor sense but of that which they swallow down their throats. God so love me as I

love the quick-witted Italians, and therefore love them the more because they mortally detest this surly swinish generation.

I need not fetch colours from other countries to paint the ugly visage of pride, since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home. What drugs, what sorceries, what oils, what waters, what ointments, do our curious dames use to enlarge their withered* beauties. Their lips are as lavishly red as if they used to kiss an ochreman every morning, and their cheeks sugar-candied and cherry-blushed so sweetly, after the *colour of a new Lord Mayor's posts, as if the pageant of their wedlock holiday were hard at the door, so that if a painter were to draw any of their *counterfeits on a table, he needs no more but wet his pencil and dab it on their cheeks, and he shall have vermilion and white enough to furnish out his work, though he leave his tar-box at home behind him. Wise was that sin-washing poet that made the ballad of blue starch and poking-sticks, for indeed the *lawn of licentiousness hath consumed all the wheat of hospitality. It is said, Laurence Lucifer, that you went up and down London crying then like a lantern and candle man. I marvel no laundress would give you the washing and starching of your face for your labour, for God knows it is as black as the *Black Prince.

It is suspected you have been a great *tobacco-taker in your youth, which causeth it to come so to pass, but Dame Nature, your nurse, was partly in fault, else she might have remedied it. *She should have nointed your face overnight with *lac Virginis*, which, baking upon it in bed till the morning, she might have pilled off the scale like the skin of a custard, and, making a posset of verjuice mixed with the oil of Tartary and camphor, bathed it in it a quarter of an hour, and you had been as fair as the flour of the frying-pan. I warrant we have old hacksters in this great-grandmother of corporations, Madame Troynovant, that have not backbited any of their neighbours with the *tooth of envy this twenty year, in the wrinkles of whose face ye may hide false dice, and play at cherry-pit in the dint of their cheeks, yet these aged mothers of iniquity will have their deformities new plastered over, and wear nosegays of yellow hair on their Furies' foreheads, when age hath written, *Ho God, be here* on their bald burnt-parchment pates. Pish, pish, what talk you of old age or bald pates? Men and women that have gone under the *South Pole must lay off their furred night-caps in spite of their teeth, and become yeomen of the vinegar-bottle; a close periwig hides all the sins of an old whoremaster, but *Cucullus non facit monachum*, *tis not their new bonnets will keep them from the old bone-ache. Ware when a man's sins are written on his eyebrows, and that there is not a hairbreadth betwixt them and the falling-sickness. The times are dangerous, and this is an iron age, or rather no iron age, for swords and bucklers go to pawn apace in Long Lane, but a tin age, for tin and pewter are more esteemed than Latin. You that be wise, despise it, abhor it, neglect it, for what should a man care for gold that cannot get it?

An antiquary is an honest man, for he had rather scrape a piece of copper out of the dirt than a crown out of Ployden's standish. I know many wise gentlemen of this musty vocation, who, out of love with the times wherein they live, fall a-retailing of Alexander's stirrups, because (in verity) there is not such a strong piece of stretching leather made now-a-days, nor iron so well tempered for any money. They will blow their nose in a box, & say it is the spettle that Diogenes spet in one's face, who, being invited to dinner to his house, that was neat & brave in all points as might be devised, and the grunting dog somewhat troubled with the rheum (by means of his long fasting and staying for dinner more than wont), spet full in his host's face, and, being asked the reason of it, said it was the foulest place he could spy out in all his house. Let their mistress (or some other woman) give them a feather of her fan for a favour, and if one ask them what it is, they make answer, a plume of the phoenix, whereof

*Withered flowers need much watering.

*And will endure all weathers as well as they.

*They may well be called counterfeits, since the beauty they imitate is counterfeited.

*Mark these two letter-leaping metaphors, good people.

*So saith the learned polyhistor Rimerus in his first book, first page, & first line of his ballad of blue starch and poking sticks.

*The devil a great tobacco-taker.

*A medicine to make the devil fair.

*He that wipes his nose, and hath it not, shall forfeit his whole face.

*Alias, Mother Cornelius' meridian.

*Translated word for word, iuxta originale.

The commendation of antiquaries.
Laudamus veteres,
sed nostris vtimer
annis.

there is but one in all the whole world. A thousand gewgaws and toys have they in their chambers, which they heap up together with infinite expense, and are made believe of them that sell them that they are rare and precious things, when they have gathered them upon some dunghill, or raked them out of the kennel by chance. I know one sold an old rope with four knots on it for four pound, in that he gave it out it was the length and breadth of Christ's tomb. Let a tinker take a piece of brass worth a halfpenny, and set strange stamps on it, and I warrant he may make it more worth to him of some fantastical fool than all the kettles that ever he mended in his life. This is the disease of our newfangled humourists, that know not what to do with their wealth. It argueth a very rusty wit, so to dote on worm-eaten eld.

The complaint of
envy.

Out upon it, how long is pride a-dressing herself? Envy, awake, for thou must appear before Nicalao Malevolo, great muster-master of hell. Mark you this sly mate, how smoothly he looks? The poets were ill-advised that feigned him to be a lean gag-toothed beldam with hollow eyes, pale cheeks and snaky hair, for he is not only a man, but a jolly lusty old gentleman, that will wink and laugh and jest dryly, as if he were the honestest of a thousand, and, I warrant you, shall not hear a foul word come from him in a year. I will not contradict it, but the dog may worry a sheep in the dark, & thrust his neck into the collar of clemency & pity when he hath done; as who should say, God forgive him, he was asleep in the shambles when the innocent was done to death. But openly, envy sets a civil fatherly countenance upon it, & hath not so much as a drop of blood in his face to attain him of murder. I thought it expedient, in this my supplication, to place it next to pride, for it is his adopted son. And hence comes it that proud men repine at others' prosperity, and grieve that any should be great but themselves. *Mens cuiusque, is est quisque*; it is a proverb that is as hoary as Dutch butter. If a man will go to the devil, he may go to the devil; there are a thousand juggling tricks to be used at *Hey-pass, come aloft*, & the world hath cords enough to truss up a calf that stands in one's way. Envy is a crocodile that weeps when he kills, and fights with none but he feeds on. This is the nature of this quick-sighted monster; he will endure any pains to endamage another, waste his body with undertaking exploits that would require ten men's strengths, rather than any should get a penny but himself, blear his eyes to stand in his neighbour's light, and, to conclude, like Atlas underprop heaven alone, rather than any should be in heaven that he liked not of, or come unto heaven by any other means but by him.

Philip of Spain as
great an enemy to
mankind as the
devil.

You goodman wanderer about the world, how do ye spend your time, that you do not rid us of these pestilent members? You are unworthy to have an office if you can execute it no better. Behold another enemy of mankind besides thyself exalted in the south, Philip of Spain, who, not content to be the god of gold and chiefest commander of content that Europe affords, but now he doth nothing but thirst after human blood when his foot is on the threshold of the grave, and as a wolf being about to devour a horse doth ballast his belly with earth that he may hang the heavier upon him, and then forcibly flies in his face, never leaving his hold till he hath eaten him up, so this wolvisch unnatural usurper, being about to devour all Christendom by invasions, doth cram his treasures with Indian earth to make his malice more forcible, and then flies in the bosom of France and Belgia, never withdrawing his forces (as the wolf his fastening) till he hath devoured their welfare, & made the war-wasted carcasses of both kingdoms a prey for his tyranny. Only poor England gives him bread for his cake, and holds him out at the arm's-end. His armadas (that like a high wood overshadowed the shrubs of our low ships) fled from the breath of our cannons as vapours before the sun, or as the elephant flies from the ram, or the sea-whale from the noise of parched bones. The winds, envying that the air should be dimmed with such a chaos of wooden clouds, raised up high bulwarks of billowing waves, whence death shot at their disordered navy, and the rocks, with their overhanging jaws, eat up

all the fragments of oak that they left. So perished our foes; so the heavens did fight for us. *Praeterit Hippomenes, resonant spectacula plausu.*

I do not doubt (Doctor Devil) but you were present in this action, or passion, rather, and helped to bore holes in ships to make them sink faster, and rinse out galley-foists with salt water, that stunk like fusty barrels with their masters' fear. It will be a good while ere you do as much for the King as you did for his subjects. I would have ye persuade an army of gouty usurers to go to sea upon a boon voyage; try if you can tempt envy to embark himself in the maladventure, and leave troubling the stream, that poets and good-fellows may drink, and soldiers may sing Placebo, that have murmured so long at the waters of strife.

But that will never be, for so long as pride, riot and whoredom are the companions of young courtiers, they will always be hungry, and ready to bite at every dog that hath a bone given him beside themselves. Jesu, what secret grudge and rancour reigns amongst them, one being ready to despair of himself if he see the prince but give his fellow a fair look, or to die for grief if he be put down in bravery never so little. Yet this custom have our false hearts fetched from other countries, that they will swear and protest love where they hate deadly, and smile on him most kindly whose subversion in soul they have vowed. *Fraus sublimi regnat in aula.* 'Tis rare to find a true friend in kings' palaces; either thou must be so miserable that thou fall into the hands of scornful pity, or thou canst not escape the sting of envy. In one thought assemble the famous men of all ages, and tell me which of them all sat in the sunshine of his sovereign's grace, or waxed great of low beginnings, but he was spite-blasted, heaved at, & ill spoken of, and that of those that bare them most countenance. But were envy naught but words, it might seem to be only women's sin, but it hath a lewd mate hanging on his sleeve called murder, a stern fellow, that (like a Spaniard in fight) aimeth all at the heart; he hath more shapes than Proteus, and will shift himself, upon any occasion of revengement, into a man's dish, his drink, his apparel, his rings, his stirrups, his nosegay.

Murder, the chief companion of envy.

O Italy,* the academy of manslaughter, the sporting place of murder, the apothecary shop of poison for all nations; how many kind of weapons hast thou invented for malice? Suppose I love a man's wife, whose husband yet lives, and cannot enjoy her for his jealous overlooking. Physic, or rather the art of murder (as it may be used), will lend one a medicine which shall make him away in the nature of that disease he is most subject to, whether in the space of a year, a month, half a year, or what tract of time you will, more or less.

***Italy, the storehouse of all murderous inventions.**

In Rome, the papal chair is washed, every five year at the furthest, with this oil of aconitum. I pray God the King of Spain feasted not our holy father Sextus, that was last, with such conserve of henbane, for it was credibly reported he loved him not, & this that is now is a god made with his own hands, as it may appear by the pasquil that was set up of him, in manner of a note, presently after his election, *sol, re, me, fa*, that is to say, *Solus rex me facit*, Only the king of Spain made me Pope. I am no chronicler from our own country, but if probable suspicion might be heard upon his oath, I think some men's souls would be canonized for martyrs that on the earth did sway it as monarchs.

The pasquil that was made upon this last Pope.

As Cardinal Wolsey, for example.

Is it your will and pleasure (noble Landgrave of Limbo) to let us have less carousing to your health in poison, fewer underhand conspirings, or open quarrels executed only in words, as they are in the world now-a-days, & if men will needs carouse, conspire and quarrel, that they may make Ruffians Hall of hell, and there bandy balls of brimstone at one another's head, and not trouble our peaceable paradise with their

private hurly-burlies about strumpets, where no weapon (as in Adam's paradise) should be named, but only the angel of providence stand with a fiery sword at the gate to keep out our enemies?

**The complaint of
wrath, a branch of
envy.**

**Little men for the most
part are most angry.**

**Newgate, a common
name for all prisons,
as *homo* is a common
name for a man or a
woman.**

A perturbation of mind (like unto envy) is wrath, which looketh far lower than the former, for, whereas envy cannot be said to be but in respect of our superiors, wrath respecteth no degrees nor persons, but is equally armed against all that offend him. A hare-brained little dwarf it is, with a swarth visage, that hath his heart at his tongue's end, if he be contraried, and will be sure to do no right nor take no wrong. If he be a judge or a justice (as sometimes the lion comes to give sentence against the lamb), then he swears by nothing but by Saint Tyburn, & makes Newgate a noun substantive, whereto all his other words are but adjectives. Lightly he is an old man (for those years are most wayward and teatish), yet be he never so old or so froward, since avarice likewise is a fellow vice of those frail years, we must set one extreme to strive with another, and allay the anger of oppression by the sweet incense of a new purse of angels, or the doting planet may have such predominance in these wicked elders of Israel that, if you send your wife or some other female to plead for you, she may get your pardon upon promise of better acquaintance. But whist, these are the works of darkness, and may not be talked of in the day-time; fury is a heat or fire, & must be quenched with maid's water.

**A tale of a wise
justice.**

Amongst other choleric wise justices, he was one, that, having a play presented before him and his township by Tarleton and the rest of his fellows, her Majesty's servants, and they were now entering into their first merriment (as they call it), the people began exceedingly to laugh when Tarleton first peeped out his head. Whereat the justice, not a little moved, and seeing with his becks and nods he could not make them cease, he went with his staff, and beat them round about unmercifully on the bare pates, in that they, being but farmers & poor country hinds, would presume to laugh at the Queen's men, and make no more account of her cloth in his presence.

**The nature of the
Irishman.**

The causes conducting unto wrath are as divers as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus, the surgeon, was choleric at the sight of sturgeon. The Irishman will draw his dagger, and be ready to kill and slay, if one break wind in his company, and so some of our Englishmen that are soldiers, if one gives them the lie, but these are light matters whereof Pierce complaineth not.

Be advertised, Master Os Foetidum, beadle of the blacksmiths, that lawyers cannot devise which way in the world to beg, they are so troubled with brabblements and suits every term of yeomen and gentlemen that fall out for nothing. If John-a-'nokes his hen do but leap into Elizabeth de Gap's close, she will never leave to haunt her husband till he bring it to a nisi prius. One while the parson sueth the parishioner for bringing home his tithes; another while, the parishioner sueth the parson for not taking away his tithes in time.

**A merry tale of a
butcher & his
calves.**

I heard a tale of a butcher, who, driving two calves over a common, that were coupled together by the necks with an oaken withe, in a way where they should pass, there lay a poor lean mare with a galled back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out), one of one side and the other of the other, smelling on her (as their manner is), the midst of the withe that was betwixt their necks rubbed her and grated her on the sore back, that she started and rose up, and hung them both on her back as a beam, which, being but a rough plaster to her raw ulcer, she ran away with them (as she were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher could not follow them, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire. Now the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher for the loss of his

mare, and the butcher interchangeably indites him for his calves. I pray ye, Timothy Tempter, be an arbitrator betwixt them, and couple them both by the necks (as the calves were) and carry them to hell on your back, and then, I hope, they will be quiet.

The chief spur unto wrath is drunkenness, which, as the touch of an ashen bough causeth a giddiness in the viper's head, and the bat, lightly stuck with the leaf of a tree, loseth his remembrance, so they, being but lightly sprinkled with the juice of the hop, become senseless and have their reason stricken blind as soon as ever the cup scaleth the fortress of their nose. Then run their words at random, like a dog that hath lost his master, and are up with this man and that man, and generally inveigh against all men but those that keep a wet corner for a friend and will not think scorn to drink with a good-fellow and a soldier, and so long do they practise this vein on their ale-bench that when they are sober they cannot leave it. There be those that get their living all the year long by nothing but railing.

A tale of one Friar Charles, a foul-mouthed knave.

Not far from Chester I knew an odd foul-mouthed knave called Charles the Friar, that had a face so parboiled with men's spitting on it, and a back so often knighted in Bridewell, that it was impossible for any shame or punishment to terrify him from ill-speaking. Noblemen he would liken to more ugly things than himself; some to *After my hearty commendations*, with a dash over the head; others to gilded chines of beef, or a shoemaker sweating when he pulls on a shoe; another to an old verse in Cato, *Ad consilium ne accesseris, antequam voceris*; another, to a Spanish cod-piece; another, that his face was not yet finished, with suchlike innumerable absurd illusions; yea, what was he in the court but he had a comparison instead of a cap-case to put him in. Upon a time, being challenged at his own weapon in a private chamber by a great personage (railing, I mean), he so far outstripped him in villainous words, and overbanded him in bitter terms, that the name of sport could not persuade him patience, nor contain his fury in any degrees of jest, but needs he must wreak himself upon him; neither would a common revenge suffice him, his displeasure was so infinite (and, it may be, common revenges he took before, as far as the whiplash would stretch, upon like provokements), wherefore he caused his men to take him, and bricked him up in a narrow chimney, that was *Neque maior neque minor corpore locato*, where he fed him for fifteen days with bread and water through a hole, letting him sleep standing if he would, for lie or sit he could not, and then he let him out to see if he could learn to rule his tongue any better.

It is a disparagement to those that have any true spark of gentility to be noted of the whole world so to delight in detracting that they should keep a venomous-toothed cur, and feed him with the crumbs that fall from their table, to do nothing but bite everyone by the shins that passes by. If they will needs be merry, let them have a fool, and not a knave, to disport them, and seek some other to bestow their alms on than such an impudent beggar.

As there be those that rail at all men, so there be those that rail at all arts, as Cornelius Agrippa, *De vanitate scientiarum*, and a treatise that I have seen in dispraise of learning, where he saith it is the corrupter of the simple, the schoolmaster of sin, the storehouse of treachery, the reviver of vices, and mother of cowardice, alleging many examples how there was never man egregiously evil but he was a scholar, that when the use of letters was first invented, the golden world ceased, *Facinusque inuasit mortales*, how study doth effeminate a man, dim his sight, weaken his brain, and engender a thousand diseases. Small learning would serve to confute so manifest a scandal, and I imagine all men, like myself, so unmovably resolved of the excellency thereof that I will not, by the underpropping of confutation, seem to give the idle-witted adversary so much encouragement as he should surmise his superficial

arguments had shaken the foundation of it, against which he could never have lifted his pen if herself had not helped him to hurt herself.

An invective against enemies of poetry.

***Absit arrogantia, that this speech should concern all divines, but such dunces as abridge men of their lawful liberty, and care not how unprepared they speak to their auditory.**

***Such sermons I mean as our sectaries preach in ditches, and other conventicles, when they leap from the cobbler's stall to their pulpits.**

The use of poetry.

Encomium H. Smithi.

The fruits of poetry.

Plin. lib. 3.

With the enemies of poetry I care not if I have a bout, and those are they that term our best writers but babbling ballad-makers, holding them fantastical fools that have wit but cannot tell how to use it. I myself have been so censured among some dull-headed *divines, who deem it no more cunning to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distil the juice of a commentary in a quarter sermon. Prove it when you will, you slow-spirited saturnists, that have nothing but the pilferies of your pen to polish an exhortation withal; no eloquence but tautologies to tie the ears of your auditory unto you; no invention but *Here is to be noted* I stole this note out of Beza or Marlorat; no wit to move, no passion to urge, but only an ordinary form of preaching, blown up by use of often hearing and speaking, and you shall find there goes more exquisite pains and purity of wit to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamond* than to a hundred of your dunstical *sermons.

Should we (as you) borrow all out of others, and gather nothing of ourselves, our names should be baffled on every bookseller's stall, and not a chandler's mustard-pot but would wipe his mouth with our waste-paper. *New herrings, new*, we must cry, every time we make ourselves public, or else we shall be christened with a hundred new titles of idiotism. Nor is poetry an art whereof there is no use in a man's whole life, but to describe discontented thoughts and youthful desires, for there is no study but it doth illustrate and beautify. How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity, that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus?

Silver-tongued Smith, whose well-tuned style hath made thy death the general tears of the muses, quaintly couldst thou devise heavenly ditties to Apollo's lute, and teach stately verse to trip it as smoothly as if Ovid and thou had but one soul. Hence alone did it proceed that thou wert such a plausible pulpit-man, that before thou entered'st into the rough ways of theology, thou refined'st, prepared'st and purified'st thy mind with sweet poetry. If a simple man's censure may be admitted to speak in such an open theatre of opinions, I never saw abundant reading better mixed with delight, or sentences which no man can challenge of profane affectation sounding more melodious to the ear or piercing more deep to the heart.

To them that demand what fruits the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to prove themselves necessary to the state, thus I answer. First and foremost, they have cleansed our language from barbarism, and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech than is communicated with the commonalty of any nation under heaven. The virtuous by their praises they encourage to be more virtuous, to vicious men they are as infernal hags to haunt their ghosts with eternal infamy after death. The soldier, in hope to have his high deeds celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole army of perils and acteth wonders exceeding all human conjecture. Those that care neither for God nor the devil, by their quills are kept in awe. *Multi famam (saith one) pauci conscientiam verentur.*

Let God see what he will, they would be loath to have the shame of the world. What age will not praise immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whom noble Salustius (that thrice-singular French poet) hath famed, together with Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, & merry Sir Thomas More, for the chief pillars of our English speech? Not so much but Chaucer's host Bailey in Southwark, & his wife of Bath he keeps such a stir with in his *Canterbury Tales*, shall be talked of whilst Bath is used or there be ever a bad house in Southwark.

**The dispraise of lay
chronographers.**

Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers, that write of nothing but of mayors and sheriffs, and the dear year and the great frost, that can endow your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from men reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of wit, and the very phrase of angels. How much better is it then to have an elegant lawyer to plead one's cause than a stutting townsman that loseth himself in his tale, and doth nothing but make legs; so much is it better for a nobleman or a gentleman to have his honour's story related, and his deeds emblazoned, by a poet than a citizen.

Alas, poor Latinless authors, they are so simple they know not what they do; they no sooner spy a new ballad, and his name to it that compiled it, but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time. I marvel how the masterless men that set up their bills in Paul's for services, & such as paste up their papers on every post for arithmetic and writing schools, scape eternity amongst them; I believe both they and the knight marshal's men, that nail up mandates at the court-gate for annoying the palace with filth or making water, if they set their names to the writing, will shortly make up the number of the learned men of our time, and be as famous as the rest. For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself, yet have I worn a gown in the university, and so hath *caret tempus non habet moribus*, but this I dare presume, that if any Maecenas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some round liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which I am persuaded would enable me to work miracles.

On the contrary side, if I be evil entreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly, not for an hour or a day, whiles the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignoble illiberality, and let him not (whatsoever he be) measure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *Quicquid in buccam venerit*, as fast as my hand can trot, but I have terms (if I be vexed) laid in steep in aquafortis & gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies, and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears. Put case (since I am not yet out of the theme of wrath) that some tired jade belonging to the press, whom I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not do him), and accused me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reviving, in an epistle of mine, the reverent memory of Sir Thomas More, Sir John Cheke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carr, Master Ascham, as if they were no meat but for his mastership's mouth, or none but some such as the son of a rope-maker were worthy to mention them. To show how I can rail, thus would I begin to rail on him. Thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy ears when thou wert a bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle, & setting him up on the school gates, painted with asses' ears on his head, is it any discredit for me, thou great baboon, thou Pygmy braggart, thou pamphleter of nothing but *paeans, to be censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers; thou, that in thy dialogues sold'st honey for a halfpenny, and the choicest writers extant for cues apiece, that camest to the logic schools when thou wert a freshman, and writ'st phrases; off with thy gown, and untruss, for I mean to lash thee mightily. Thou hast a brother, hast thou not, student in almanacs? Go to, I'll stand to it, he fathered one of thy bastards (a book, I mean), which, being of thy begetting, was set forth under his name.

I would tell you in what book it is, but I am afraid it would make his book sell in his latter days, which hitherto hath lien dead, and been a great loss to the printer.

*Look at the chandler's shop, or at the flax-wife's stall, if you see no tow nor soap wrapped up in the title page of such a pamphlet as *Incerti Authoris Io Paeon*.

Gentlemen, I am sure you have heard of a ridiculous ass that many years since sold lies by the great, and wrote an absurd *Astrological Discourse* of the terrible conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, wherein (as if he had lately cast the heavens' water, or been at the anatomizing of the sky's entrails in Surgeons' Hall) he prophesieth of such strange wonders to ensue from stars' distemperature, and the unusual adultery of planets, as none but he that is bawd to those celestial bodies could ever descry. What expectation there was of it both in town and country, the amazement of those times may testify, and the rather because he pawned his *credit upon it in these express terms: *If these things fall not out in every point as I have wrote, let me forever hereafter lose the credit of my astronomy.* Well, so it happened not to be a man of his word; his astronomy broke his day with his creditors, and Saturn and Jupiter proved honest men than all the world took them for, whereupon the poor prognosticator was ready to run himself through with his Jacob's staff, and cast himself headlong from the top of a globe (as a mountain) and break his neck. The whole university hissed at him, Tarleton at the Theatre made jests of him, and Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing in bear-baiting him with whole bundles of ballads. Would you, in likely reason, guess it were possible for any shame-swollen toad to have the spet-proof face to outlive this disgrace? It is, dear brethren, *Viuit, imo viuit*, and, which is more, he is a vicar.

*Which at home, iwis, was worth a dozen of halters at least, for if I be not deceived, his rather was a rope-maker.

Poor slave, I pity thee, that thou hadst no more grace but to come in my way, Why, could not you have sat quietly at home, and writ catechisms, but you must be comparing me to Martin, and exclaim against me for reckoning up the high scholars of worthy memory? *Iupiter ingeniis praebet sua numina vatam*, saith Ovid, *Seque celebrari quolibet ore sinit.* Which if it be so, I hope I am *Aliquis*, and those men, *quos honoris causa nominavi*, are not greater than gods. Methinks I see thee stand quivering and quaking, and even now lift up thy hands to heaven, as thanking God my choler is somewhat assuaged, but thou art deceived, for however I let fall my style a little, to talk in reason with thee that hast none, I do not mean to let thee scape so.

Thou hast wronged one for my sake (whom for the name I must love) T.N., the master butler of Pembroke Hall, a far better scholar than thyself (in my judgement) and one that showeth more discretion and government in setting up a size of bread, than thou in all thy whole book. Why man, think no scorn of him, for he hath held thee up a hundred times whiles the dean hath given thee correction, and thou hast capped and kneed him (when thou wert hungry) for a chipping. But that's nothing, for hadst thou never been beholding to him, nor holden up by him, he hath a beard that is a better gentleman than all thy whole body, and a grave countenance, like Cato, able to make thee run out of thy wits for fear, if he look sternly upon thee. I have read over thy sheepish discourse of *The Lamb Of God And His Enemies*, and entreated my patience to be good to thee whilst I read, but for all that I could do with myself (as I am sure I may do as much as another man), I could not refrain, but bequeath it to the privy, leaf by leaf as I read it, it was so ugly, dorbhelical, and lumpish. Monstrous, monstrous and palpable, not to be spoken of in a Christian congregation; thou hast scummed over the schoolmen, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of divinity brewis which the dogs will not eat. If the printer have any great dealings with thee, he were best to get a privilege betimes, *Ad imprimendum solum*, forbidding all other to sell waste-paper but himself, or else he will be in a woeful taking. The Lamb of God make thee a wiser bell-wether than thou art, for else I doubt thou wilt be driven to leave all, and fall to thy father's occupation, which is, to go and make a rope to hang thyself. *Neque enim lex aequior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua*, and so I leave thee till a better opportunity, to be tormented world without end of our poets and writers about London, whom thou hast called piperly make-plays and makebates, not doubting but he also whom thou termest the vain Pap-Hatchet will have a flirt at

His own words.

thee one day, all jointly driving thee to this issue, that thou shalt be constrained to go to the chief beam of thy benefice, and there beginning a lamentable speech with *cur scripsi, cur perii*, end with *prauum praua decent, iuuat inconcessa voluptas*, and so with a trice, truss up thy life in the string of thy sance bell. So be it, pray pen, ink and paper, on their knees, that they may not be troubled with thee any more.

Redeo ad vos, mei auditores, have I not an indifferent pretty vein in spur-galling an ass? If you knew how extemporal it were at this instant, and with what haste it is writ, you would say so. But I would not have you think that all this that is set down here is in good earnest, for then you go by St. Giles, the wrong way to Westminster, but only to show how, for a need, I could rail if I were throughly fired. So ho, Honiger Hammon, where are you all this while, I cannot be acquainted with you? Tell me, what do you think of the case? Am I subject to the sin of wrath I write against, or no, in whetting my pen on this block? I know you would fain have it so, but it shall not choose but be otherwise for this once. Come on, let us turn over a new leaf, and hear what gluttony can say for herself, for wrath hath spet his poison, and full platters do well after extreme purging.

The complaint of gluttony.

The Roman emperors that succeeded Augustus were exceedingly given to this horrible vice, whereof some of them would feed on nothing but the tongues of pheasants and nightingales, other would spend as much at one banquet as a king's revenues came to in a year, whose excess I would decipher at large, but that a new laureate hath saved me the labour, who, for a man that stands upon pains and not wit, hath performed as much as any story-dresser may do, that sets a new English nap on an old Latin apothegs. It is enough for me to lick dishes here at home, though I feed not mine eyes at any of the Roman feasts. Much good do it you, Master Dives, here in London, for you are he my pen means to dine withal. *Miserere mei*, what a fat churl it is. Why, he hath a belly as big as the round church in Cambridge, a face as huge as the whole body of a base viol, and legs that, if they were hollow, a man might keep a mill in either of them. *Experto crede Roberto*, there is no mast like a merchant's table. *Bona fide*, it is a great misture, that we have not men swine as well as beasts, for then we should have pork that hath no more bones than a pudding, and a side of bacon that you might lay under your head instead of a bolster.

Nature in England is but plain dame, but in Spain and Italy (because they have more use of her than we), she is dubbed a lady.

It is not for nothing that other countries, whom we upbraid with drunkenness, call us bursten-bellied gluttons, for we make our greedy paunches powdering-tubs of beef, and eat more meat at one meal than the Spaniard or Italian in a month. Good thrifty men, they draw out a dinner with salads, like a swartrutter's suit, and make Madonna Nature their best caterer. We must have our tables furnished like poulterers' stalls, or as though we were to victual Noah's ark again (wherein there was all sorts of living creatures that ever were), or else the goodwife will not open her mouth to bid one welcome. A stranger that should come to one of our magnifico's houses, when dinner were set on the board, and he not yet set, would think the goodman of the house were a haberdasher of wild-fowl, or a merchant-venturer of dainty meat, that sells commodities of good cheer by the great, and hath factors in Arabia, Turkey, Egypt and Barbary, to provide him of strange birds, China mustard, and odd patterns to make custards by.

Lord, what a coil have we, with this course and that course, removing this dish higher, setting another lower, and taking away the third. A general might in less space remove his camp than they stand disposing of their gluttony. And whereto tends all this gormandize but to give sleep gross humours to feed on, to corrupt the brain, and make it unapt and unwieldy for anything?

The Roman censors, if they lighted upon a fat corpulent man, they straight took away his horse, and constrained him to go afoot, positively concluding his carcass was so puffed up with gluttony or idleness. If we had such horse-takers amongst us, and that surfeit-swollen churls, who now ride on their foot-cloths, might be constrained to carry their flesh budgets from place to place on foot, the price of velvet and cloth would fall with their bellies, and the gentle craft (alias the red herring's kinsmen) get more and drink less. *Plenus venter nil agit libenter, & plures gula occidit quam gladius*. It is as desperate a piece of service to sleep upon a full stomach as it is to serve in face of the bullet; a man is but his breath, and that may as well be stopped by putting too much in his mouth at once, as running on the mouth of the cannon. That is verified of us, which Horace writes of an outrageous eater in his time, *Quicquid quaesierat ventri donabat auaro*, Whatsoever he could rap or rend, he confiscated to his covetous gut. Nay, we are such flesh-eating Saracens that chaste fish may not content us, but we delight in the murder of innocent mutton, in the unpluming of pullery, and quartering of calves and oxen. It is horrible and detestable; no godly fishmonger that can digest it. Report (which our moderners clepe floundering fame) puts me in memory of a notable jest I heard long ago of Doctor Watson, very conducive to the reproof of these fleshly-minded *Belials. He being at supper on a fasting, or fish night at least, with a great number of his friends and acquaintance, there chanced to be in the company an outlandish doctor, who, when all other fell to such victuals (agreeing to the time) as were before them, he overslipped them, and there being one joint of flesh on the table for such as had weak stomachs, fell freshly to it. After that hunger (half conquered) had restored him to the use of his speech, for his excuse he said to his friend that brought him thither, *Profecto, Domine, ego sum malissimus piscator*, meaning by *piscator*, a fish-man (which is a liberty, as also *malissimus*, that outlandish men in their familiar talk do challenge, at least use above us). *At tu es bonissimus carnifex*, quoth Doctor Watson, retorting very merrily his own licentious figures upon him. So of us may it be said, we are *malissimi piscatores*, but *bonissimi carnifices*. I would English the jest for the edification of the temporality, but that it is not so good in English as in Latin, and though it were as good, it would not convert clubs and clouted shoon from the flesh-pots of Egypt to the provant of the Low Countries, for they had rather (with the serving-man) put up a supplication to the parliament house that they might have a yard of pudding for a penny, than desire (with the baker) there might be three ounces of bread sold for a halfpenny.

A rare witty jest of Doctor Watson.

*Or rather, belly-alls, because all their mind is on their belly.

The moderation of Friar Alphonso, K. Philip's confessor.

Alphonsus, King Philip's confessor, that came over with him to England, was such a moderate man in his diet that he would feed but once a day, and at that time would feed so slenderly and sparingly as scarce served to keep life and soul together. One night, importunately invited to a solemn banquet, for fashion' sake he sat down among the rest, but by no entreaty could be drawn to eat anything; at length, fruit being set on the board, he reached an apple out of the dish, and put it in his pocket, which one marking, that sat right over against him, asked him, *Domine, cur es sollicitus in crastinum?* *Sir, why are you careful for the morrow?* Whereto he answered most soberly, *Imo hoc facio, mi amice, ut ne sim sollicitus in crastinum. No, I do it, my friend, that I may not be careful for the morrow*, as though his appetite were a whole day contented with so little as an apple, and that it were enough to pay the morrow's tribute to nature.

The strong alteration of the County Molines, the Prince of Parma's companion.

Rare, and worthy to be registered to all posterities is the County Molines' (sometimes the Prince of Parma's companion) altered course of life, who, being a man that lived in as great pomp and delicacy as was possible for a man to do, and one that wanted nothing but a kingdom that his heart could desire, upon a day entering into a deep melancholy by himself, he fell into a discursive consideration what this world was,

how vain and transitory the pleasures thereof, and how many times he had offended God by surfeiting, gluttony, drunkenness, pride, whoredom and suchlike, and how hard it was for him that lived in that prosperity that he did, not to be entangled with those pleasures; whereupon he presently resolved, twixt God and his own conscience, to forsake it and all his allurements, and betake him to the severest form of life used in their state. And with that, called all his soldiers and acquaintance together, and, making known his intent unto them, he distributed his living and possessions (which were infinite) amongst the poorest of them, and having not left himself the worth of one farthing under heaven, betook him to the most beggarly new erected order of the Friar Capuchins. Their institution is that they shall possess nothing whatsoever of their own, more than the clothes on their backs, continually to go barefoot, wear hair-shirts, and lie upon the hard boards, winter and summer-time; they must have no meat, nor ask any but what is given them voluntarily, nor must they lay up any from meal to meal, but give it to the poor, or else it is a great penalty. In this severe humility lives this devout County, and hath done this twelvemonth, submitting himself to all the base drudgery of the house, as fetching water, making clean the rest of their chambers, insomuch as he is the junior of the order. O, what a notable rebuke were his honourable lowliness to succeeding pride, if this prostrate spirit of his were not the servant of superstition, or he mis-spent not his good works on a wrong faith.

Let but our English belly-gods punish their pury bodies with this strict penance, and profess Capuchinism but one month, and I'll be their pledge they shall not grow so like dry-fats as they do. O, it will make them jolly long-winded, to trot up and down the dorter stairs, and the water-tankard will keep under the insurrection of their shoulders, the hair-shirt will chase whoredom out of their bones, and the hard lodging on the boards take their flesh down a button-hole lower.

But if they might be induced to distribute all their goods amongst the poor, it were to be hoped Saint Peter would let them dwell in the suburbs of heaven, whereas otherwise they must keep aloof at Pancras, and not come near the liberties by five leagues and above. It is your doing (Diotrephes' devil) that these stall-fed cormorants to damnation must bung up all the wealth of the land in their snaphance bags, and poor scholars and soldiers wander in back lanes and the outshifts of the city with never a rag to their backs, but our trust is, that by some intemperance or other, you will turn up their heels one of these years together, and provide them of such unthrifths to their heirs as shall spend in one week amongst good-fellows what they got by extortion and oppression from gentlemen all their lifetime.

**The complaint of
drunkenness.**

Drinking supernaculum, a devise of drinking new come out of France, which is, after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup, to drop it on his nail, & make a pearl with that is left, which, if it shed, & he cannot make stand on, by reason there's too much, he must drink again for his penance.

From gluttony in meats, let me descend to superfluity in drink, a sin that, ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries, is counted honourable, but before we knew their lingering wars was held in the highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lien sleeping under the board, we would have spet at him as a toad, and called him foul drunken swine, and warned all our friends out of his company; now he is nobody that cannot drink supernaculum, carouse the hunter's hoop, quaff upsey Friese cross, with healths, gloves, mumps, frolics, and a thousand such domineering inventions. He is reputed a peasant and a boor that will not take his liquor profoundly. And you shall hear a cavalier of the first feather, a princox that was but a page the other day in the court, and now is all-to-beFrenchified in his soldier's suit, stand upon terms with *God's wounds, you dishonour me, sir; you do me the disgrace if you do not pledge me as much as I drunk to you*, and in the midst of his cups stand vaunting his manhood, beginning every sentence with *When I first bore arms*, when he never bare anything but his lord's rapier before him in his life. If he have been over, and visited a town of garrison as a traveller or passenger, he hath as great experience as the greatest

commander and chief leader in England. A mighty deformer of men's manners and features is this unnecessary vice of all other. Let him be endued with never so many virtues, and have as much good proportion and favour as nature can bestow upon a man, yet if he be thirsty after his own destruction, and hath no joy nor comfort but when he is drowning his soul in a gallon-pot, that one beastly imperfection will utterly obscure all that is commendable in him, and all his good qualities sink like lead down to the bottom of his carousing cups, where they will lie, like lees and dregs, dead and unregarded of any man.

Clim of the Clough, thou that usest to drink nothing but scalding lead and sulphur in hell, thou art not so greedy of thy night-gear. O, but thou hast a foul swallow, if it come once to carousing of human blood, but that's but seldom, once in seven year, when there's a great execution; otherwise thou art tied at rack and manger, and drinkest nothing but the aqua-vitae of vengeance all thy lifetime. The proverb gives it forth, thou art a knave, and therefore I have more hope thou art some manner of good-fellow; let me entreat thee (since thou hast other iniquities enough to circumvent us withal) to wipe this sin out of the catalogue of thy subtleties. Help to blast the vines, that they may ear no more grapes, and sour the wines in the cellars of the merchants' storehouses, that our countrymen may not piss out all their wit and thrift against the walls. King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain iron cups to be chained to every fountain and well's side, and at every vintner's door, with iron pins in them, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he that went beyond one of those pins forfeited a penny for every draught. And if stories were well searched, I believe hoops in quart-pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his hoop, and no more. I have heard it justified for a truth by great personages that the old Marquess of Pisana (who yet lives) drinks not once in seven year, and I have read of one Andron of Argos, that was so seldom thirsty that he travelled over the hot burning sands of Libya, and never drank. Then why should our cold clime bring forth such fiery throats? Are we more thirsty than Spain and Italy, where the sun's force is doubled? The Germans and Low Dutch, methinks, should be continually kept moist with the foggy air and stinking mists that arise out of their fenny soil, but as their country is overflown with water, so are their heads always overflown with wine, and in their bellies they have standing quagmires and bogs of English beer.

King Edgar's ordinance against drinking.

The wonderful abstinence of the Marquess of Pisana, yet living.

The private laws amongst drunkards.

One of their breed it was that writ the book *De Arte Bibendi*, a worshipful treatise, fit for none but Silenus and his ass to set forth; besides that volume, we have general rules and injunctions, as good as printed precepts, or statutes set down by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard, as still to keep your first man, not to leave any flocks in the bottom of the cup, to knock the glass on your thumb when you have done, to have some shoeing-horn to pull on your wine, as a rasher of the coals or a red herring, to stir it about with a candle's end to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while's the pot is stirring.

The eight kinds of drunkenness.

Nor have we one or two kind of drunkards only, but eight kinds. The first is ape-drunk, and he leaps and sings and hollows, and danceth for the heavens; the second is lion-drunk, and he flings the pots about the house, calls his hostess whore, breaks the glass windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is swine-drunk, heavy, lumpish and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is sheep-drunk, wise in his own conceit, when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is maudlin-drunk, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his ale, and kiss you, saying, *By God, captain, I love thee; go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee; I would (if it pleased God) I could not love thee so well as I do*, and then he puts his finger in his

eye, and cries; the sixth is martin-drunk, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is goat-drunk, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery; the eighth is fox-drunk, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, that will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these species, and more, I have seen practised in one company at one sitting, when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them, only to note their several humours. He that plies any one of them hard, it will make him to write admirable verses, and to have a deep-casting head, though he were never so very a dunce before.

**The discommodities
of drunkenness.**

Gentlemen, all you that will not have your brains twice sodden, your flesh rotten with the dropsy, that love not to go in greasy doublets, stockings out at the heels, and wear ale-house daggers at your backs, forswear this slaving bravery, that will make you have stinking breaths, and your bodies smell like brewers' aprons; rather keep a snuff in the bottom of the glass to light you to bed withal, than leave never an eye in your head to lead you over the threshold. It will bring you, in your old age, to be companions with none but porters and carmen, to talk out of a cage, railing as drunken men are wont, a hundred boys wondering about them, and to die suddenly, as Fol Long, the fencer, did, drinking aqua-vitae. From which (as all the rest) good Lord deliver Pierce Penilesse.

**The complaint of
sloth.**

The nurse of this enormity (as of all evils) is idleness, or sloth, which, having no painful providence to set himself a-work, runs headlong, with the reins in his own hand, into all lasciviousness and sensuality that may be. Men, when they are idle, and know not what to do, saith one, Let us go to the Steelyard, and drink Rhenish wine. Nay, if a man knew where a good whore-house were, saith another, it were somewhat like. Nay, saith the third, let us go to a dicing-house or a bowling-alley, and there we shall have some sport for our money. To one of these three (at hand, quoth pickpurse) your evil angelship, master many-headed beast, conducts them, *Ubi quid agitur*, betwixt you and their souls be it, for I am no drawer, box-keeper or pander, to be privy to their sports. If I were to paint sloth (as I am not seen in the sweetening) by Saint John the Evangelist, I swear I would draw it like the stationer that I know, with his thumb under his girdle, who, if a man come to his stall and ask him for a book, never stirs his head, or looks upon him, but stands stone still, and speaks not a word, only with his little finger points backwards to his boy, who must be the interpreter, and so all the day, gaping like a dumb image, he sits without motion, except at such times as he goes to dinner or supper, for then he is as quick as other three, eating six times every day. If I would range abroad, and look in at sluggards' keyholes, I should find a number lying abed to save charges of ordinaries, & in winter, when they want firing, losing half a week's commons together to keep them warm in the linen. And hold you content, this summer an undermeal of an afternoon long doth not amiss to exercise the eyes withal. Fat men and farmers' sons, that sweat much with eating hard cheese and drinking old wine, must have some more ease than young boys that take their pleasure all day running up and down.

**Videlicet, before he
come out of his bed,
then a set breakfast,
then dinner, then
afternoon's
nuncheons, a supper,
and a rere-supper.**

**Which is better, of
the idle glutton, or
vagrant spendthrift.**

Setting jesting aside, I hold it a great disputable question, which is a more evil man, of him that is an idle glutton at home, or a reckless unthrift abroad? The glutton at home doth nothing but engender diseases, pamper his flesh unto lust, and is good for none but his own gut; the unthrift abroad exerciseth his body at dancing-school, fence-school, tennis, and all such recreations; the vintners, the victuallers, the dicing-houses, and who not, get by him. Suppose he lose a little now and then at play, it teacheth him wit, and how should a man know to eschew vices, if his own experience did not acquaint him with their inconveniences? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*, That villainy we have made no assays in, we admire. Besides, my vagrant reveller haunts plays, & sharpens his wits with frequenting the company of poets; he emboldens his

blushing face by courting fair women on the sudden, and looks into all estates by conversing with them in public places. Now tell me whether of these two, the heavy-headed gluttonous house-dove, or this lively wanton young gallant, is like to prove the wiser man, and better member in the commonwealth? If my youth might not be thought partial, the fine qualified gentleman, although unstaid, should carry it clean away from the lazy clownish drone.

The effects of sloth.

Sloth in nobility, courtiers, scholars, or any men, is the chiefest cause that brings them in contempt. For, as industry and unfatigable toil raiseth mean persons from obscure houses to high thrones of authority, so sloth and sluggish security causeth proud lords to tumble from the towers of their starry descents, and be trod underfoot of every inferior Bezonian. Is it the lofty treading of a galliard, or fine grace in telling of a love-tale amongst ladies, can make a man revered of the multitude? No, they care not for the false glistening of gay garments, or insinuating courtesy of a carpet-peer, but they delight to see him shine in armour, and oppose himself to honourable danger, to participate a voluntary penury with his soldiers, and relieve part of their wants out of his own purse. That is the course he that will be popular must take, which, if he neglect, and sit dallying at home, nor will be awaked by any indignities out of his love-dream, but suffer every upstart groom to defy him, set him at naught, and shake him by the beard unrevenged, let him straight take orders, and be a churchman, and then his patience may pass for a virtue, but otherwise he shall be suspected of cowardice, and not cared for of any. The only enemy to sloth is contention and emulation, as to propose one man to myself that is the only mirror of our age, and strive to outgo him in virtue. But this strife must be so tempered that we fall not from the eagerness of praise to the envying of their persons, for then we leave running to the goal of glory, to spurn at a stone that lies in our way, and so did Atlante, in the midst of her course, stoop to take up the golden apple that her enemy scattered in her way, and was outrun by Hippomenes. The contrary to this contention and emulation is security, peace, quiet, tranquillity, when we have no adversary to pry into our actions, no malicious eye, whose pursuing our private behaviour might make us more vigilant over our imperfections than otherwise we might be.

The means to avoid sloth.

That state or kingdom that is in league with all the world, and hath no foreign sword to vex it, is not half so strong or confirmed to endure as that which lives every hour in fear of invasion. There is a certain waste of the people for whom there is no use but war, and these men must have some employment still to cut them off. *Nam si foras hostem non habent, domi inuenient.* If they have no service abroad, they will make mutinies at home. Or if the affairs of the state be such as cannot exhale all these corrupt excrements, it is very expedient they have some light toys to busy their heads withal, cast before them as bones to gnaw upon, which may keep them from having leisure to intermeddle with higher matters.

The defence of plays.

To this effect, the policy of plays is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censors (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugn them. For whereas the afternoon being the idlest time of the day, wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the Inns of Court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how virtuously it skills not) either into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not then better (since of four extremes all the world cannot keep them, but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plays? Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts (that have lien long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books) are revived, and they themselves raised from the

grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence, than which, what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate effeminate days of ours?

How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

I will defend it against any cullian or club-fisted usurer of them all, there is no immortality can be given a man on earth like unto plays. What talk I to them of immortality, that are the only underminers of honour, and do envy any man that is not sprung up by base brokery like themselves? They care not if all the ancient houses were rooted out, so that, like the burgomasters of the Low Countries, they might share the government amongst them as states, and be quartermasters of our monarchy. All arts to them are vanity, and if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dauphin to swear fealty, *Aye, but* (will they say) *what do we get by it?*, respecting neither the right of fame that is due to true nobility deceased, nor what hopes of eternity are to be proposed to adventurous minds, to encourage them forward, but only their execrable lucre, and filthy unquenchable avarice.

They know when they are dead they shall not be brought upon the stage for any goodness, but in a merriment of the usurer and the devil, or buying arms of the herald, who gives them the lion without tongue, tail or talons, because his master whom he must serve is a townsman, and a man of peace, and must not keep any quarrelling beasts to annoy his honest neighbours.

The use of plays.

In plays, all cozenages, all cunning drifts overgilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the cankerworms that breed on the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized; they show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissension, and how just God is evermore in punishing of murder. And to prove every one of these allegations, could I propound the circumstances of this play and that play, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than obiter. What should I say more? They are sour pills of reprehension wrapped up in sweet words. Whereas some petitioners of the Council against them object they corrupt the youth of the city, and withdraw prentices from their work, they heartily wish they might be troubled with none of their youth nor their prentices, for some of them (I mean the ruder handicrafts servants) never come abroad but they are in danger of undoing, and as for corrupting them when they come, that's false, for no play they have encourageth any man to tumults or rebellion, but lays before such the halter and the gallows, or praiseth or approveth pride, lust, whoredom, prodigality, or drunkenness, but beats them down utterly. As for the hindrance of trades and traders of the city by them, that is an article foisted in by the vintners, ale-wives and victuallers, who surmise, if there were no plays, they should have all the company that resort to them lie bousing and beer-bathing in their houses every afternoon. Nor so, nor so, good brother bottle-ale, for there are other places besides where money can bestow itself; the sign of the smock will wipe your mouth clean, and yet I have heard ye have made her a tenant to your tap-houses. But what shall he do that hath spent himself? Where shall he haunt? Faith, when dice, lust, and drunkenness and all have dealt upon him, if there be never a play for him to go to for his penny, he sits melancholy in his chamber, devising upon felony or treason, and how he may best exalt himself by mischief.

**The confutation of
citizens' objections
against players.**

A player's witty
answer to Augustus.

A comparison twixt
our players and the
players beyond the
sea.

The due
commendation of Ned
Alleyn.

The seventh and last
complaint, of
lechery.

In Augustus' time (who was the patron of all witty sports) there happened a great fray in Rome about a player, insomuch as all the city was in an uproar, whereupon the emperor (after the broil was somewhat overblown) called the player before him, and asked what was the reason that a man of his quality durst presume to make such a brawl about nothing. He smilingly replied, *It is good for thee, O Caesar, that the people's heads are troubled with brawls and quarrels about us and our light matters, for otherwise they would look into thee and thy matters.* Read Lipsius, or any profane or Christian politician, and you shall find him of this opinion. Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts, and forbear no immodest speech or unchaste action that may procure laughter, but our scene is more stately furnished than ever it was in the time of Roscius, our representations honourable, and full of gallant resolution, not consisting, like theirs, of a pantaloon, a whore and a zany, but of emperors, kings and princes, whose true tragedies (Sophocleo cothurno) they do vaunt.

Not Roscius nor Aesop, those admired tragedians that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Alleyn. I must accuse our poets of sloth and partiality, that they will not boast in large impressions what worthy men (above all nations) England affords. Other countries cannot have a fiddler break a string but they will put it in print, and the old Romans, in the writings they published, thought scorn to use any but domestical examples of their own home-bred actors, scholars and champions, and them they would extol to the third and fourth generation: cobblers, tinkers, fencers, none escaped them, but they mingled them all in one gallimaufry of glory.

Here I have used a like method, not of tying myself to mine own country, but by insisting in the experience of our time, and if I ever write anything in Latin (as I hope one day I shall), not a man of any desert here amongst us but I will have up. Tarleton, Ned Alleyn, Knell, Bentley, shall be made known to France, Spain and Italy, and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set down, with the manner of their habits and attire.

The child of sloth is lechery, which I have placed last in my order of handling, a sin that is able to make a man wicked that should describe it, for it hath more starting-holes than a sieve hath holes, more clients than Westminster Hall, more diseases than Newgate. Call a leet at Bishopsgate, and examine how every second house in Shoreditch is maintained; make a privy search in Southwark, and tell me how many she-inmates you find; nay, go where you will in the suburbs, and bring me two virgins that have vowed chastity, and I'll build a nunnery.

Westminster, Westminster, much maidenhead hast thou to answer for at the day of judgement; thou hadst a sanctuary in thee once, but hast few saints left in thee now. Surgeons and apothecaries, you know what I speak is true, for you live (like sumners) upon the sins of the people; tell me, is there any place so lewd as this Lady London? Not a wench sooner creeps out of the shell, but she is of the religion. Some wives will sow mandrake in their gardens, and cross-neighbourhood with them is counted good-fellowship.

The court I dare not touch, but surely there (as in the heavens) be many falling-stars, and but one true Diana. *Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati.* Custom is a law, and lust holds it for a law to live without law. Lais, that had so many poets to her lovers, could not always preserve her beauty with their praises. Marble will wear away with much rain; gold will rust with moist keeping, and the richest garments are

subject to time's moth-frets; Clytemnestra, that slew her husband to enjoy the adulterer Aegisthus, and bathed herself in milk every day to make her young again, had a time when she was ashamed to view herself in a looking-glass, and her body withered, her mind being green. The people pointed at her for a murderer, young children hooted at her as a strumpet; shame, misery, sickness, beggary is the best end of uncleanness.

Lais, Cleopatra, Helen, if our clime hath any such, noble lord warden of the witches and jugglers, I commend them with the rest of our unclean sisters in Shoreditch, the Spittle, Southwark, Westminster, & Turnbull Street, to the protection of your portership, hoping you will speedily carry them to hell, there to keep open house for all young devils that come, and not let our air be contaminated with their sixpenny damnation any longer.

Your devilship's
bounden execrator,
Pierce Penillesse.

A supplication, call'st thou this? (quoth the knight of the post). It is the maddest supplication that ever I saw; methinks thou hast handled all the seven deadly sins in it, and spared none that exceeds his limits in any of them. It is well done to practise thy wit, but (I believe) our lord will con thee little thanks for it.

The worse for me (quoth I), if my destiny be such to lose my labour everywhere, but I mean to take my chance, be it good or bad. Well, hast thou any more that thou wouldst have me to do (quoth he)? Only one suit (quoth I), which is this, that sith opportunity so conveniently serves, you would acquaint me with the state of your infernal regiment, and what that hell is where your lord holds his throne, whether a world like this, which spirits like outlaws do inhabit, who, being banished from heaven as they are from their country, envy that any shall be more happy than they, and therefore seek all means possible that wit or art may invent to make other men as wretched as themselves, or whether it be a place of horror, stench and darkness, where men see meat, but can get none, or are ever thirsty and ready to sweat for drink, yet have not the power to taste the cool streams that run hard at their feet, where (*permutata vicissitudine*) one ghost torments another by turns, and he that all his lifetime was a great fornicator hath all the diseases of lust continually hanging upon him, and is constrained (the more to augment his misery) to have congress every hour with hags and old witches, and he that was a great drunkard here on earth hath his penance assigned him to carouse himself drunk with dish-wash and vinegar, and surfeit four times a day with sour ale and small beer, and so of the rest, as the usurer to swallow molten gold, the glutton to eat nothing but toads, and the murderer to be still stabbed with daggers, but never die, or whether (as some fantastical refiners of philosophy will needs persuade us) hell is nothing but error, and that none but fools and idiots and mechanical men, that have no learning, shall be damned. Of these doubts, if you will resolve me, I shall think myself to have profited greatly by your company.

He, hearing me so inquisitive in matters above human capacity, entertained my greedy humour with this answer. Poets and philosophers, that take a pride in inventing new opinions, have sought to renown their wits by hunting after strange conceits of heaven and hell, all generally agreeing that such places there are, but how inhabited, by whom governed, or what betides them that are transported to the one or other, not two of

them jump in one tale. We, that to our terror and grief do know their dotage by our sufferings, rejoice to think how these silly flies play with the fire that must burn them.

But leaving them to the labyrinth of their fond curiosity, shall I tell thee in a word what hell is? It is a place where the souls of untemperate men, and ill livers of all sorts, are detained and imprisoned till the general resurrection, kept and possessed chiefly by spirits, who lie like soldiers in garrison, ready to be sent about any service into the world, whensoever Lucifer, their lieutenant-general, pleaseth. For the situation of it in respect of heaven, I can no better compare it than to Calais and Dover, for, as a man standing upon Calais sands may see men walking on Dover cliffs, so easily may you discern heaven from the farthest part of hell, and behold the melody and motions of the angels and spirits there resident, in such perfect manner as if you were amongst them, which, how it worketh in the minds and souls of them that have no power to apprehend such felicity, it is not for me to intimate, because it is prejudicial to our monarchy.

I would be sorry (quoth I) to importune you in any matter of secrecy; yet this I desire, if it might be done without offence, that you would satisfy me in full sort, and according to truth, what the devil is whom you serve, as also how he began, and how far his power and authority extends?

Percy, believe me, thou shrivest me very near in this latter demand, which concerneth us more deeply than the former, and may work us more damage than thou art aware of; yet in hope thou wilt conceal what I tell thee, I will lay open our whole estate plainly and simply unto thee as it is, but first I will begin with the opinions of former times, and so hasten forward to that *manifeste verum* that thou seekest. Some men there be that, building too much upon reason, persuade themselves that there are no devils at all, but that this word *daemon* is such another moral of mischief as the poets' Dame Fortune is of mishap, for as under the fiction of this blind goddess we aim at the folly of princes and great men in disposing of honours, that oftentimes prefer fools and disgrace wise men, and alter their favours in turning of an eye, as Fortune turns her wheel, so under the person of this old gnathonical companion called the devil, we shroud all subtlety, masking, under the name of simplicity, all painted holiness devouring widows' houses, all grey-headed foxes clad in sheeps' garments, so that the devil (as they make it) is only a pestilent humour in a man, of pleasure, profit or policy, that violently carries him away to vanity, villainy or monstrous hypocrisy. Under vanity I comprehend not only all vain arts and studies whatsoever, but also dishonourable prodigality, untemperate venery, and that hateful sin of self-love, which is so common amongst us; under villainy I comprehend murder, treason, theft, cozenage, cut-throat covetise, and suchlike; lastly, under hypocrisy, all Machiavellism, Puritanism, and outward glozing with a man's enemy, and protesting friendship to him that I hate and mean to harm, all underhand cloaking of bad actions with commonwealth pretences, and, finally, all Italianate conveyances, as to kill a man, and then mourn for him, *quasi vero* it was not by my consent; to be a slave to him that hath injured me, and kiss his feet for opportunity of revenge; to be severe in punishing offenders, that none might have the benefit of such means but myself; to use men for my purpose, and then cast them off; to seek his destruction that knows my secrets, and such as I have employed in any murder or stratagem, to set them privily together by the ears to stab each other mutually, for fear of bewraying me, or, if that fail, to hire them to humour one another in such courses as may bring them both to the gallows. These, and a thousand more such sleights, hath hypocrisy learned by travelling strange countries. I will not say she puts them in practice here in England, although there be as many false brethren and crafty knaves here amongst us as in any place, witness the poor miller of Cambridge that, having no room for his hen-loft but

the tester of his bed, and it was not possible for any hungry poulterers to come there, but they must stand upon the one side of it, and so not steal them but with great hazard, had in one night, notwithstanding (when he and his wife were a-snorting), all the whole progeny of their pullery taken away, and neither of them heard any stirring; it is an odd trick, but what of that? We must not stand upon it, for we have graver matters in hand than the stealing of hens. Hypocrisy, I remember, was our text, which was one of the chief moral devils our late doctors affirm to be most busy in these days, and busy it is, in truth, more than any bee that I know. Now you talk of a bee, I'll tell you a tale of a battledore.

The bear, on a time, being chief burgomaster of all the beasts under the lion, gan think with himself how he might surfeit in pleasure, or best husband his authority to enlarge his delight and contentment. With that he began to pry and to smell through every corner of the forest for prey, to have a thousand imaginations with himself what dainty morsel he was master of, and yet had not tasted; whole herds of sheep he had devoured, and was not satisfied; fax oxen, heifers, swine, calves and young kids were his ordinary viands. He longed for horseflesh, and went presently to a meadow where a fat cammell was grazing, whom, fearing to encounter with force, because he was a huge beast and well shod, he thought to betray under the colour of demanding homage, hoping that, as he should stoop to do him trewage, he might seize upon his throat and stifle him before he should be able to recover himself from his false embrace, but therein he was deceived, for, coming unto this stately beast with this imperious message, instead of doing homage unto him, he lifted up one of his hindmost heels, and struck him such a blow on the forehead that he overthrew him. Thereat not a little moved and enraged, that he should be so dishonoured by his inferior, as he thought, he consulted with the ape how he might be revenged.

The ape, abhorring him by nature, because he overlooked him so lordly, and was by so many degrees greater than he was, advised him to dig a pit with his paws right in the way where this big-boned gentleman should pass, that, so stumbling and falling in, he might lightly skip on his back and bridle him, and then he come and seize on him at his pleasure. No sooner was this persuaded than performed, for envy, that is never idle, could not sleep in his wrath, or overslip the least opportunity till he had seen the confusion of his enemy. Alas, goodly creature, that thou mightest no longer live. What availeth thy gentleness, thy prowess, or the plentiful pasture wherein thou wert fed, since malice triumphs over all thou commandest? Well may the mule rise up in arms, and the ass bray at the authors of thy death, yet shall their fury be fatal to themselves before it take hold on these traitors. What needeth more words? The devourer feeds on his captive, and is gorged with blood. But as avarice and cruelty are evermore thirsty, so fared it with this hungry usurper, for having fleshed his ambition with this treacherous conquest, he passed along through a grove where a herd of deer were a-ranging, whom, when he had steadfastly surveyed from the fattest to the leanest, he singled out one of the fairest of the company, with whom he meant to close up his stomach instead of cheese, but because the woodmen were ever stirring thereabout, and it was not possible for one of his coat to commit such outrage undescried, and that, if he were espied, his life were in peril, though not with the lion, whose eyes he could blind as he list, yet with the lesser sort of the brutish commonalty, whom no flattery might pacify. Therefore he determined slyly and privily to poison the stream where this jolly forester wanted to drink, and as he determined, so he did, whereby it fell out that when the sun was ascended to his height, and all the nimble citizens of the wood betook them to their lair, this youthful lord of the launds, all faint and malcontent (as prophesying his near approaching mishap by his languishing) with a lazy, wallowing pace strayed aside from the rest of

his fellowship, and betook him all carelessly to the corrupted fountain that was prepared for his funeral.

Ah, woe is me, this poison is pitiless. What need I say more, since you know it is death with whom it encounters? And yet cannot all this expense of life set a period to insatiable murder, but still it hath some anvil to work upon, and overcasts all opposite prosperity that may any way shadow his glory.

Too long it were to rehearse all the practices of this savage blood-hunter; how he assailed the unicorn as he slept in his den, and tore the heart out of his breast ere he could awake; how he made the lesser beasts lie in wait one for the other, and the crocodile to cope with the basilisk, that when they had interchangeably weakened each other, he might come and insult over them both as he list. But these were lesser matters, which daily use had worn out of men's mouths, and he himself had so customably practised, that often exercise had quite abrogated the opinion of sin, and impudency thoroughly confirmed an undaunted defiance of virtue in his face. Yet newfangled lust, that in time is weary of welfare, and will be as soon cloyed with too much ease and delicacy, as poverty with labour and scarcity, at length brought him out of love with this greedy bestial humour, and now he affected a milder variety in his diet; he had bethought him what a pleasant thing it was to eat nothing but honey another-while, and what great store of it there was in that country.

Now did he cast in his head, that if he might bring the husbandmen of the soil in opinion that they might buy honey cheaper than being at such charges in keeping of bees, or that those bees which they kept were most them drones, and what should such idle drones do with such stately hives, or lie sucking at such precious honeycombs, that if they were took away from them, and distributed equally abroad, they would relieve a great many of painful labourers that had need of them, and would continually live serviceable at their command, if they might enjoy such a benefit. Nay more, let them give wasps but only the wax, and dispose of the honey as they think good, and they shall hum and buzz a thousand times louder than they, and have the hive fuller at the year's end (with young ones, I mean) than the bees are wont in ten year.

To broach this device, the fox was addressed like a shepherd's dog, and promised to have his patent sealed, to be the King's Poulterer forever, if he could bring it to pass. Faith, quoth he, and I'll put it in a venture, let it hap how it will. With that he grew in league with an old chameleon, that could put on all shapes, and imitate any colour, as occasion served, and him he addressed, sometime like an ape to make sport, and then like a crocodile to weep, sometime like a serpent to sting, and by and by like a spaniel to fawn, that with these sundry forms, (applied to men's variable humours) he might persuade the world he meant as he spake, and only intended their good, when he thought nothing less. In this disguise, these two deceivers went up and down, and did much harm under the habit of simplicity, making the poor silly swains believe they were cunning physicians and well seen in all cures, that they could heal any malady, though never so dangerous, and restore a man to life that had been dead two days, only by breathing upon him; above all things they persuaded them that the honey that their bees brought forth was poisonous and corrupt, by reason that those flowers and herbs, out of which it was gathered and exhaled, were subject to the infection of every spider and venomous canker, and not a loathsome toad (how detestable soever) but reposed himself under their shadow, and lay sucking at their roots continually, whereas in other countries no noisome or poisonous creature might live, by reason of the imputed goodness of the soil, or careful diligence of the gardeners above ours, as,

for example, Scotland, Denmark, and some more pure parts of the seventeen provinces.

These persuasions made the good honest husbandmen to pause, and mistrust their own wits very much in nourishing such dangerous animals, but* yet, I know not how, antiquity and custom so overruled their fear that none would resolve to abandon them on the sudden till they saw a further inconvenience, whereby my two cunning philosophers were drive to study Galen anew, and seek out splenative simples to purge their popular patients of the opinion of their old traditions and customs, which, how they wrought with the most part that had least wit, it were a world to tell. For now nothing was canonical but what they spake, no man would converse with his wife but first asked their advice, nor pare his nails nor cut his beard without their prescription, so senseless, so wavering is the light unconstant multitude, that will dance after every man's pipe, and sooner prefer a blind harper that can squeak out a new hornpipe than Alcinous' or Apollo's variety, that imitates the right strains of the Dorian melody. I speak this to amplify the novel folly of the headlong vulgar, that, making their eyes and ears vassals to the legerdmain of these juggling mountebanks, are presently drawn to contemn art and experience in comparison of the ignorance of a number of audacious idiots. The fox can tell a fair tale, and covers all his knavery under conscience, and the chameleon can address himself like an angel whensoever he is disposed to work mischief by miracles, but yet in the end their secret drifts are laid open, and Lynceus' eyes, that can see through stone walls, have made a passage into the close coverture of their hypocrisy.

For one day, as these two devisers were plotting by themselves how to drive all the bees from their honeycombs by putting wormwood in their hives and strewing henbane and rue in every place where they resort, a fly that passed by, and heard all their talk, stomaching the fox of old, for that he had murdered so many of his kindred with his flail-driving tail, went presently and buzzed in Lynceus' ears the whole purport of their malice, who, awaking his hundred eyes at these unexpected tidings, gan pursue them wheresoever they went, and trace their intents as they proceeded into action, so that ere half their baits were cast forth, they were apprehended and imprisoned, and all their whole counsel detected. But long ere this, the bear, impatient of delays, and consumed with an inward grief in himself that he might not have his will of a fat hind that outran him, he went into the woods all melancholy, and there died for pure anger, leaving the fox and the chameleon to the destiny of their desert, and mercy of their judges. How they scaped I know not, but some say they were hanged, and so we'll leave them.

How likest thou of my tale, friend Percy? Have I not described a right earthly devil unto thee, in the discourse of this bloody-minded bear? Or canst thou not attract the true image of hypocrisy under the description of the fox and the chameleon?

Yes, very well (quoth I), but I would gladly have you return to your first subject, since you have moved doubts in my mind, which you have not yet discussed.

Of the sundry opinions of the devil, thou meanest, and them that imagine him to have no existence, of which sort are they that first invented the proverb, *Homo homini daemon*, meaning thereby, that that power which we call the devil, and the ministering spirits belonging to him and to his kingdom, are tales and fables, and mere bug-bears to scare boys, and that there is no such essence at all, but only it is a term of large content, describing the rancour, grudge and bad dealing of one man toward another, as, namely, when one friend talks with another subtly, and seeks to dive into his commodity, that he may deprive him of it craftily; when the son seeks the death of the

**Interdum vulgus
rectum videt, est ubi
peccat.*

father, that he may be enfeoffed in his wealth, and the stepdame goes about to make away her son-in-law, that her children may inherit; when brothers fall at jars for portions, and shall, by open murder or privy conspiracy, attempt the confusion of each other, only to join house to house, and unite two livelihoods in one; when the servant shall rob his master, and men put in trust start away from their oaths and vows, they care not how.

In such cases and many more may one man be said to be a devil to another, and this is the second opinion. The third is that of Plato, who not only affirmeth that there are devils, but divided them into three sorts, every one a degree of dignity above the other. The first are those whose bodies are compact of the purest airy element, combined with such transparent threads that neither they do partake so much fire as should make them visible to sight, or have any such affinity with the earth as they are able to be pressed or touched, and these he setteth in the highest incomprehensible degree of heaven. The second, he maketh these whom Apuleius doth call reasonable creatures, passive in mind and eternal in time, being those apostata spirits that rebelled with Beelzebub, whose bodies, before their fall, were bright and pure all like to the former, but after their transgression they were obscured with a thick airy matter, & ever after assigned to darkness. The third, he attributes to those men that, by some divine knowledge or understanding, seeming to aspire above mortality, are called *daemon*, (that is) gods, for this word *daemon* containeth either, and Homer in every place doth use it both for that omnipotent power that was before all things, and the evil spirit that leadeth men to error; so doth Syrianus testify that Plato was called *daemon* because he disputed of deep commonwealth matters greatly available to the benefit of his country, and also Aristotle, because he wrote at large of all things subject to moving and sense. Then belike (quoth I) you make this word *daemon* a capable name of gods, of men, and of devils, which is far distant from the scope of my demand, for I do only inquire of the devil, as this common appellation of the devil signifieth a malignant spirit, enemy to mankind, and a hater of God and all goodness. Those are the second kind, said he, usually termed detractors or accusers, that are in knowledge infinite, insomuch as, by the quickness of their wits and agreeable mixtures of the elements, they so comprehend those seminary virtues to men unknown, that those things which, in course of time or by growing degrees, nature of itself can effect, they, by their art and skill in hastening the works of nature, can contrive and compass in a moment, as the magicians of Pharaoh, who, whereas nature, not without some interposition of time and ordinary causes of conception, brings forth frogs, serpents, or any living thing else, they, without all such distance of space or circumscription of season, even in a thought, as soon as their K. commanded, covered the land of Egypt with this monstrous increase. Of the original of us spirits, the scripture most amply maketh mention, namely, that Lucifer (before his fall) an archangel, was a clear body, compact of the purest and brightest of the air, but after his fall he was veiled with a grosser substance, and took a new form of dark and thick air, which he still retaineth. Neither did he only fall, when he strove with Michael, but drew a number of angels to his faction, who, joint partakers of his proud revolt, were likewise partakers of his punishment, and all thrust out of heaven together by one judgement, who ever since do nothing but wander about the earth, and tempt and enforce frail men to enterprise all wickedness that may be, and commit most horrible and abominable things against God. Marvel not that I discover so much of our estate unto thee, for the scripture hath more than I mention, as St. Peter, where he saith that God *spared not his angels that sinned*, and, in another place, where he said that *they are bound with the chains of darkness, and thrown headlong into hell*, which is not meant of any local place in the earth, or under the waters, for, as Austin affirmeth, we do inhabit the region under the moon, and have the thick air assigned us as a prison, from whence we may with small labour cast our nets where we list, yet are we not so at our disposition but that we are

still commanded by Lucifer (although we are in number infinite), who, retaining that pride wherewith he arrogantly affected the majesty of God, hath still his ministering angels about him whom he employs in several charges to seduce and deceive as him seemeth best, as those spirits which the Latins call *iovios* and *antemeridianos* to speak out of oracles, and make the people worship them as gods, when they are nothing but deluding devils that covet to have a false deity ascribed unto them, and draw men unto their love by wonders & prodigies, that else would hate them deadly if they knew their malevolence and envy. Such a monarchizing spirit it was that said to Christ, *If thou wilt fall down and worship me, I will give thee all the kingdoms of the earth*, and such a spirit it was that possessed the Lybian Sapho, and the emperor Diocletian, who thought it the blessedest thing that might be, to be called *god*. For the one being weary of human honour, and inspired with a supernatural folly, taught little birds that were capable of speech, to pronounce distinctly, *Magnus deus Sapho*, that is to say, *A great god is Sapho*, which words, when they had learned readily to carol, & were perfect in their note, he let them fly at random, that so dispersing themselves everywhere, they might induce the people to account him as a god. The other was so arrogant that he made his subjects fall prostrate on their faces, and lifting up their hands to him as to heaven, adore him as omnipotent.

The second kind of devils which he most employeth are those northern *Marcii* called the spirits of revenge, & the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief, for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury and all manner of cruelties, and they command certain of the southern spirits (as slaves) to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed the spirit of revenge.

These know how to dissociate the love of brethren, and to break wedlock-bands with such violence that they may not be united, and are predominant in many other domestical mutinies, of whom, if thou list to hear more, read the 39th of Ecclesiasticus. The prophet Esay maketh mention of another spirit, sent by God to the Egyptians to make them stray and wander out of the way, that is to say, the spirit of lying, which they call Bolychym. The spirits that entice men to gluttony and lust are certain watery spirits of the west, and certain southern spirits as Nefrach & Kelen, which for the most part prosecute unlawful loves, and cherish all unnatural desires; they wander through lakes, fishponds and fens, and overwhelm ships, cast boats upon anchors, and drown men that are swimming; therefore are they counted the most pestilent, troublesome and guileful spirits that are, for by the help of Alrynach, a spirit of the east, they will raise storms, cause earthquakes, whirlwinds, rain, hail or snow in the clearest day that is, and if ever they appear to any man, they come in women's apparel. The spirits of the air will mix themselves with thunder & lightning, and so infect the clime where they raise any tempest, that suddenly great mortality shall ensue to the inhabitants from the infectious vapours which arise from their motions. Of such St. John maketh mention in the 9th of the Apocalypse; their patron is Mereris, who beareth chief rule about the middle time of the day.

The spirits of the fire have their mansions under the regions of the moon, that whatsoever is committed to their charge they may there execute, as in their proper consistory, from whence they cannot start. The spirits of the earth keep, for the most part, in forests and woods, and do hunters much noyance, & sometimes in the broad fields, where they lead travellers out of the right way, or fright men with deformed apparitions, or make them run mad through excessive melancholy, like Ajax Telamonius, & so prove hurtful to themselves, and dangerous to others; of this number the chief are Samaab and Achymael, spirits of the east, that have no power to do any great harm, by reason of the unconstancy of their affections. The under-earth spirits are such as lurk in dens & little caverns of the earth, and hollow crevices of

mountains, that they may dive into the bowels of the earth at their pleasure; these dig metals and watch treasures, which they continually transport from place to place, that none should have use of them. They raise winds that vomit flames, and shake the foundation of buildings, they dance in rounds in pleasant launds and green meadows, with noises of music and minstrelsy, & vanish away when any comes near them; they will take upon them any similitude but of a woman, and terrify men in the likeness of dead men's ghosts in the night-time, and of this quality and condition the necromancers hold Gaziél, Fegor, and Anarazel, southern spirits, to be. Besides, there are yet remaining certain lying spirits, who (although all be given to lie by nature) yet are they more prone to that vice than the rest, being named Pythonists, of whom Apollo comes to be called Pythius; they have a prince as well as other spirits, of whom mention is made in the 3rd book of Kings, when he saith he will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all Ahab's prophets, from which those spirits of iniquity do little differ which are called the vessels of wrath, that assist Belial (whom they interpret a spirit without yoke or controller) in all damnable devises and inventions. Plato reports them to be such as first devised cards and dice, and I am in the mind that the monk was of the same order that found out the use of gunpowder, and the engines of war thereto belonging. Those that write of these matters call this Belial, Chodar of the east, that hath all witches' & conjurers' spirits under his jurisdiction, & gives them leave to help jugglers in their tricks, & Simon Magus to do miracles, always provided they bring a soul home to their master for his hire.

Yet are not these all, for there are spirits called spies & tale-carriers, obedient to Ascaroth, whom the Greeks call *daimona*, and St. John, *the accuser of the brethren*, also tempters, who for their interrupting us in all our good actions are called our evil angels. Above all things they hate the light, and rejoice in darkness, disquieting men maliciously in the night, and sometimes hurt them by pinching them or blasting them as they sleep, but they are not so much to be dreaded as other spirits, because if a man speak to them, they flee away and will not abide. Such a spirit Plinius Secundus telleth of, that used to haunt a goodly house in Athens that Athenodorus hired, and such another Suetonius describeth to have long hovered in Laminaus' garden, where Caligula lay buried, who, for because he was only covered with a few clods, and unreverently thrown amongst the weeds, he marvellously disturbed the owners of the garden, & would not let them rest in their beds, till by his sisters, returned from banishment, he was taken up, and entombed solemnly. Pausanias avoucheth (amongst other experiments) that a certain spirit called Zazilus doth feed upon dead men's corpses that are not deeply interred in the earth as they ought, which to confirm, there is a wonderful accident set down in the Danish history of Asuitus and Asmundus, who, being two famous friends (well known in those parts) vowed one to another, that which of them two outlived the other should be buried alive with his friend that first died. In short space Asuitus fell sick and yielded to nature; Asmundus, compelled by the oath of friendship, took none but his horse and his dog with him, and transported the dead body into a vast cave under the earth, & there determined (having victualled himself for a long time) to finish his days in darkness, and never depart from him that he loved so dearly.

Thus shut up and enclosed in the bowels of the earth, it happened Eritus, K. of Sweveland, to pass that way with his army, not full two months after, who, coming to the tomb of Asuitus, & suspecting it a place where treasure was hidden, caused his pioneers with their spades and mattocks to dig it up, whereupon was discovered the loathsome body of Asmundus, all-to-besmear'd with dead men's filth, & his visage most ugly and fearful, which, imbrued with congealed blood and eaten & torn like a raw ulcer, made him so ghastly to behold that all the beholders were affrighted. He, seeing himself restored to light, and so many amazed men stand about him, resolved

their uncertain perplexity in these terms. Why stand you astonished at my unusual deformities, when no living man converseth with the dead but is thus disfigured? But other causes have effected this change in me, for I know not what audacious spirit, sent by Gorgon from the deep, hath not only most ravenously devoured my horse & my dog, but also hath laid his hungry paws upon me, and tearing down my cheeks as you see, hath likewise rent away one of mine ears. Hence is it that my mangled shape seems so monstrous, and my human image obscured with gore in this wise. Yet scaped not this fell harpy from me unrevenged, for as he assailed me, I raught his head from his shoulders, and sheathed my sword in his body. Have spirits their visible bodies, said I, that may be touched, wounded or pierced? Believe me, I never heard that in my life before this. Why, quoth he, although in their proper essence they are creatures incorporeal, yet can they take on them the induments of any living body whatsoever, & transform themselves into all kind of shapes, whereby they may more easily deceive our shallow wits and senses. So testifies Basilius, that they can put on a material form when they list. Socrates affirmeth that his *daemon* did oftentimes talk with him, and that he saw him and felt him many times. But Marcus Cherronesius (a wonderful discover of devils) writeth that those bodies which they assume are distinguished by no difference of sex, because they are simple, and the discernance of sex belongs to bodies compound, yet are they flexible, motive, and apt for any configuration, but not all of them alike, for the spirits of the fire and air have this power above the rest. The spirits of the water have slow bodies, resembling birds & women, of which kind the Naiades and Nereides are much celebrated amongst poets. Nevertheless, however they are restrained to their several similitudes, it is certain that all of them desire no form or figure so much as the likeness of a man, and do think themselves in heaven when they are enfeoffed in that hue, wherefore I know no other reason but this, that man is the nearest representation to God, insomuch as the scripture saith, *He made man after his own likeness and image*, and they affecting, by reason of their pride, to be as like God as they may, contend most seriously to shroud themselves under that habit.

But, I pray, tell me this, whether are there (as Porphyrius holdeth) good spirits as well as evil? Nay, certainly (quoth he) we are all evil, let Porphyrius, Proclus, Apuleius or the Platonists dispute to the contrary as long as they will, which I will confirm to thy capacity by the names that are everywhere given us in the scripture, for the devil, which is the *summum genus* to us all, is called *diabolus, quasi deorsum ruens*, that is to say, falling downward, as he that, aspiring too high, was thrown from the top of felicity to the lowest pit of despair, and Satan, that is to say, an adversary, who, for the corruption of his malice, opposeth himself ever against God, who is the chiefest good. In Job, Behemoth and Leviathan, and in the 9th of the Apocalypse, Apolyon, that is to say, a subverter, because the foundation of those virtues, which our high Maker hath planted in our souls, he undermineth and subverteth. A serpent for his poisoning, a lion for his devouring, a furnace, for that by his malice the elect are tried, who are vessels of wrath and salvation. In Esay, a siren, a lamia, a scritch-owl, an estridge. In the Psalms, an adder, a basilisk, a dragon. And, lastly, in the gospel, Mammon, Prince of this World, and the Governor of Darkness, so that, by the whole course of condemning names that are given us, and no one instance of any favourable title bestowed upon us, I positively set down that all spirits are evil. Now, whereas the divines attribute unto us these good and evil spirits, the good to guide us from evil, and the evil to draw us from goodness, they are not called spirits, but angels, of which sort was Raphael, the good angel of Tobias, who exiled the evil spirit Asmodius into the desert of Egypt, that he might be the more secure from his temptation. Since we have entered thus far into the devil's commonwealth, I beseech you certify me thus much, whether have they power to hurt granted them from God, or from themselves; can they hurt as much as they will? Not so, quoth he, for although that devils be most

mighty spirits, yet can they not hurt but permissively, or by some special dispensation, as, when a man is fallen into the state of an outlaw, the law dispenseth with him that kill him, & the prince excludes him from the protection of a subject, so, when a man is a relapse from God and his laws, God withdraws his providence from watching over him, and authorizeth the devil, as his instrument, to assault him and torment him, so that whatsoever he doth, is *limitata potestate*, as one saith, insomuch as a hair cannot fall from our heads without the will of our heavenly Father.

The devil could not deceive Achab's prophets till he was licenced by God, nor exercise his tyranny over Job till he had given him commission, nor enter into the herd of swine till Christ bade them go. Therefore need you not fear the devil any whit, as long as you are in the favour of God, who reineth him so straight, that, except he let him loose, he can do nothing. This manlike proportion which I now retain is but a thing of sufferance, granted unto me to plague such men as hunt after strife, and are delighted with variance. It may be so very well, but whether have you that skill to foretell things to come, that is ascribed unto you? We have (quoth he) sometimes, not that we are privy to the eternal counsel of God, but for that by the sense of our airy bodies we have a more refined faculty of foreseeing than men possibly can have, that are chained to such heavy earthly moulder, or else for that, by the incomparable perniciousness of those airy bodies, we not only outstrip the swiftness of men, beasts & birds, whereby we may be able to attain to the knowledge of things sooner than those that by the dullness of their earthly sense come a great way behind us. Hereunto may we adjoin our long experience in the course of things from the beginning of the world, which men want, and therefore cannot have that deep conjecture that we have. Nor is our knowledge any more than conjecture, for prescience only belongeth to God, & that guess that we have, proceedeth from the compared disposition of heavenly and earthly bodies, by whose long-observed temperature we do divine many times as it happens, & therefore do we take upon us to prophesy, that we may purchase estimation to our names, and bring men to admiration with that we do, and so be counted for gods. The miracles we work are partly contrived by illusion, and partly assisted by that supernatural skill we have in the experience of nature above all other creatures. But against these illusions of your subtlety & vain terrors you inflict, what is our chief refuge? I shall be accounted a foolish devil anon, if I bewray the secrets of our kingdom as I have begun, yet speak I no more than learned clerks have written, and as much as they have set down will I show thee.

Origen, in his treatise against Celsus, saith there is nothing better for him that is vexed with spirits than the naming of Jesu, the true God, for he avoucheth he hath seen divers driven out of men's bodies by that means. Athanasius, in his book *De varijs questionibus*, saith the presentest remedy against the invasion of evil spirits is the beginning of the 67th Psalm, *Exurgat Deus, & dissipentur inimici eius*. Cyprian counsels men to adjure spirits only by the name of the true God. Some hold that fire is a preservative for this purpose, because when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little go out, as it were of their own accord, and the tapers are by degrees extinguished. Others by invoking upon God, by the name of *vehiculum ignis superioris*, and often rehearsing the articles of our faith. A third sort are persuaded that the brandishing of swords is good for this purpose, because Homer feigneth that Ulysses, sacrificing to his mother, wafted his sword in the air to chase the spirits from the blood of the sacrifice. And Sibylla, conducting Aeneas to hell, begins her charms in this sort.

*Procul O, procul este, prophani:
Tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum.*

Philostratus reporteth that he and his companions, meeting that devil which artists entitle Apollonius as they came one night from banqueting, with such terms as he is cursed in Holy Writ they made him run away howling. Many in this case extol perfume of *calamentum*, *paeonia*, *menta*, *palma Christi*, and *appius*. A number prefer the carrying of red coral about them, or of *arthemisia*, *hypericon*, *ruta*, *verbena*, and to this effect many do use the jingling of keys, the sound of the harp, and the clashing of armour. Some of old time put great superstition in characters, curiously engraved in their pentagonon, but they are all vain, & will do no good if they be otherwise used than as signs of covenant between the devil and them. Nor do I affirm all the rest to be unfallible prescriptions, though sometime they have their use, but that the only assured way to resist their attempts is prayer and faith, gainst which all the devils in hell cannot prevail. Enough, gentle spirit, I will importune thee no further, but commit this supplication to thy care, which, if thou deliver accordingly, thou shalt at thy return have more of my custom, for by that time I will have finished certain letters to divers orators & poets dispersed in your dominions. That as occasion shall serve, but now I must take leave of you, for it is term-time, and I have some business. A gentleman (a friend of mine, that I never saw before) stays for me, and is like to be undone if I come not in to bear witness on his side, wherefore *Beso las manos*, till our next meeting.

Gentle reader, *tandem aliquando* I am at leisure to talk to thee. I dare say thou hast called me a hundred times dolt for this senseless discourse; it is no matter, thou dost but as I have done by a number in my days. For who can abide a scurvy peddling poet to pluck a man by the sleeve at every third step in Paul's Churchyard, & when he comes in to survey his wares, there's nothing but purgations and vomits wrapped up in waste-paper. It were very good the dog-whipper in Paul's would have a care of this in his unsavoury visitation every Saturday, for it is dangerous for such of the Queen's liege people as shall take a view of them fasting.

Look to it, you booksellers and stationers, and let not your shops be infected with any such goose-giblets or stinking garbage as the jigs of newsmongers, and especially such of you as frequent Westminster Hall, let them be circumspect what dunghill papers they bring thither, for one bad pamphlet is enough to raise a damp that may poison a whole term, or at the least a number of poor clients, that have no money to prevent ill air by breaking their fasts ere they come thither. Not a base ink-dropper, or scurvy plodder at Noverint, but nails his ass's ears on every post, and comes off with a long *circumquaque* to the gentlemen readers, yea, the most excrementory dish-lickers of learning are grown so valiant in impudency, that now they set up their faces (like Turks) of grey paper, to be spet at for silver games in Finsbury Fields. Whilst I am thus talking, methinks I hear one say, What a fop is this; he entitles his book a *Supplication To The Devil*, and doth nothing but rail on idiots, and tells a story of the nature of spirits. Have patience, good sir, and we'll come to you by and by. Is it my title you find fault with? Why, have you not seen a town surnamed by the principal house in the town, or a nobleman derive his barony from a little village where he hath least land? So fareth it by me in christening of my book. But some will object, whereto tends this discourse of devils, or how is it induced? Forsooth, if thou wilt needs know my reason, this it is. I bring Pierce Penilesse to question with the devil as a young novice would talk with a great traveller, who, carrying an Englishman's appetite to inquire of news, will be sure to make what use of him he may, and not leave anything unasked that he can resolve him of. If then the devil be tedious in discoursing, impute it to Pierce Penilesse that was importunate in demanding, or if I have not made him so secret or subtle in his art as devils are wont, let that of Lactantius be mine excuse, *lib. 2. cap. 16. de Origenis errore*, where he saith, the devils have no power to lie to a just man, and if they adjure them by the majesty of the

high God, they will not only confess themselves to be devils, but also tell their names as they are. *Deus bone*, what a vein am I fallen into? What, an epistle to the readers in the end of thy book? Out upon thee for an arrant block; where learned'st thou that wit? O sir, hold your peace; a felon never comes to his answer before the offence be committed. Wherefore, if I, in the beginning of my book should have come off with a long apology to excuse myself, it were all one as if a thief, going to steal a horse, should devise by the way as he went, what to speak when he came at the gallows. Here is a cross-way, and I think it good here to part. Farewell, farewell, good parenthesis, and commend me to Lady Vanity, thy mistress. Now, Pierce Penilesse, if for a parting blow thou hast ere a trick in thy budget more than ordinary, be not dainty of it, for a good patron will pay for all. Aye, where is he? *Promissis quilibet diues esse potest*. But cap and thanks is all our courtiers' payment, wherefore I would counsel my friends to be more considerate in their dedications, and not cast away so many months' labour on a clown that knows not how to use a scholar, for what reason have I to bestow any of my wit upon him that will bestow none of his wealth upon me? Alas, it is easy for a goodly tall fellow that shineth in his silks, to come and outface a poor simple pedant in a threadbare cloak, and tell him his book is pretty, but at this time he is not provided for him; marry, about two or three days hence if he come that way, his page shall say he is not within, or else he is so busy with my L. How-call-ye-him, and my L. What-call-ye-him, that he may not be spoken withal. These are the common courses of the world, which every man privately murmurs at, but none dares openly upbraid, because all artists for the most part are base-minded, and like the Indians, that have store of gold & precious stones at command, yet are ignorant of their value, & therefore let the Spaniards, the Englishmen, and everyone load their ships with them without molestation. So they, enjoying and possessing the purity of knowledge (a treasure far richer than the Indian mines), let every proud Thraso be partaker of their perfections, repaying them no profit, and gild himself with the titles they give him, when he will scarce return them a good word for their labour; give an ape but a nut, & he will look your head for it, or a dog a bone, and he'll wag his tail, but give me one of my young masters a book, and he will put off his hat & blush, and so go his way.

Yes, now I remember me, I lie, for I know him that had thanks for three years' work, and a gentleman that bestowed much cost in refining of music, and had scarce fiddlers' wages for his labour. We want an Aretine here among us, that might strip these golden asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dunghill for carrion. But I will write to his ghost by my carrier, and I hope he'll repair his whip, and use it against our English peacocks, that, painting themselves with church spoils, like mighty men's sepulchres have nothing but atheism, schism, hypocrisy & vainglory, like rotten bones, lie lurking within them. O how my soul abhors these buckram giants, that, having an outward face of honour set upon them by flatterers and parasites, have their inward thoughts stuffed with straw and feathers, if they were narrowly sifted.

Far be it, bright stars of nobility, and glistering attendants on the true Diana, that this my speech should be any way injurious to your glorious magnificence, for in you live those sparks of Augustus' liberality, that never sent any away empty, & science' sevenfold throne, well-nigh ruined by riot and avarice, is mightily supported by your plentiful largess, which makes poets to sing such goodly hymns of your praise as no envious posterity may forget. But from general fame, let me digress to my private experience, and with a tongue unworthy to name a name of such worthiness, affectionately emblazon to the eyes that wonder, the matchless image of honour, and magnificent rewarder of virtue, Jove's eagle-born Ganymede, thrice-noble Amyntas. In whose high spirit such a deity of wisdom appeareth, that if Homer were to write his

Odyssea new (where, under the person of Ulysses, he describeth a singular man of perfection, in whom all ornaments, both of peace and war, are assembled in the height of their excellence), he need no other instance to augment his conceit than the rare carriage of his honourable mind. Many writers and good wits are given to commend their patrons and benefactors, some for prowess, some for policy, others for the glory of their ancestry and exceeding bounty and liberality, but if my unable pen should ever enterprise such a continue task of praise, I would embowel a number of those wind-puffed bladders, and disfurnish their bald pates of the periwigs poets have lent them, that so I might restore glory to his right inheritance, and these stolen titles to their true owners, which, if it would so fall out (as time may work all things), the aspiring nettles, with their shady tops, shall no longer overdreep the best herbs, or keep them from the smiling aspect of the sun, that live & thrive by his comfortable beams; none but desert should sit in fame's grace, none but Hector be remembered in the chronicles of prowess, none but thou, most courteous Amyntas, be the second mystical argument of the Knight of the Red-Cross.

Oh decus atque aeui gloria summa tui.

And here (heavenly Spenser) I am most highly to accuse thee of forgetfulness, that in that honourable catalogue of our English heroes, which ensueth the conclusion of thy famous *Faerie Queen*, thou wouldst let so special a pillar of nobility pass unsaluted. The very thought of his far-derived descent, & extraordinary parts, wherewith he astonieth the world, and draws all hearts to his love, would have inspired thy forwearied muse with new fury to proceed to the next triumphs of thy stately goddess, but as I, in favour of so rare a scholar, suppose, with this counsel he refrained his mention in this first part, that he might with full sail proceed to his due commendation in the second. Of this occasion long since I happened to frame a sonnet, which, being wholly intended to the reverence of this renowned lord (to whom I owe all the utmost powers of my love and duty), I meant here for variety of style to insert.

*Perusing yesternight, with idle eyes,
The Faerie singer's stately tuned verse,
And viewing, after chapmen's wonted guise,
What strange contents the title did rehearse,
I straight leapt over to the latter end,
Where like the quaint comedians of our time,
That when their play is done, do fall to rime,
I found short lines, to sundry nobles penned,
Whom he, as special mirrors, singled forth
To be the patrons of his poetry;
I read them all, and revered their worth,
Yet wondered he left out thy memory,
But therefore guessed I he suppressed thy name
Because few words might not comprise thy fame.*

Bear with me, gentle poet, though I conceive not aright of thy purpose, or be too inquisitive into the intent of thy oblivion, for, however, my conjecture may miss the cushion, yet shall my speech savour of friendship, though it be not allied to judgement.

Tantum hoc molior, in this short digression, to acquaint our countrymen that live out of the echo of the court with a common knowledge of his invaluable virtues, and show myself thankful (in some part) for benefits received, which, since words may not

countervail, that are the usual lip-labour of every idle discourser, I conclude with that of Ovid:

*Accipe per longos tibi qui deseruiat annos,
Accipe qui pura nouit amare fide.*

And if my zeal and duty (though all too mean to please) may by any industry be reformed to your gracious liking, I submit the simplicity of my endeavours to your service, which is all my performance may proffer, or my ability perform.

*Praebeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager,
Officium pauper numeret studiumque fidemque.*

And so I break off this endless argument of speech abruptly.

FINIS.