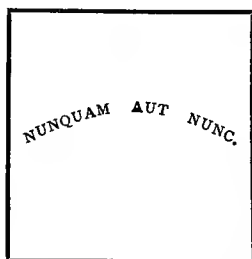


Strange Newes,
Of the intercept-
ing certaine Letters, and a Con-
uoy of Verfes, as they were going *Pruiilie* to
viſtuall the Low Countries.

Vnda impellitur vnda.

By *Tho. Naſhe*, Gentleman.



Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, dwelling in
Hoſier-Lane neere Holburne
Conduit, 1593.



To the most copious Carminist
of our time, and famous persecutor of *Priscian* his
verie friend Maister *Apis lapis*: *Tho. Nash* wish-
eth new strings to his old tawnie Purse, and
all honourable increafe of acquain-
tance in the Cellar.

GENTLE M. William, *that learned writer*
Rhenish wine & Sugar, *in the first booke*
of his Comment vpon Red-noses, hath this
saying: veterem ferendo iniuriam inuitas nouam,
which is as much in English, as one Cuppe of nipi-
taty puls on another. In moyst consideration whereof,
as also in zealous regard of that high countenance
you shew vnto Schollers, I am bolde, in steade of new
wine, to carowse to you a cuppe of newes: which if
your worship (according to your wonted Chaucerisme)
shall accept in good part, Ile be your daily Orator
to pray, that that pure sanguine complexion of yours
may neuer be famisht with potte-lucke, that you may
tast till your last gaspe, and liue to see the confusion

of both your speciall enemies, Small Beere and Grammer rules.

It is not unknowne to report, what a famous pottle-pot Patron you haue beene to olde Poets in your daies, & how many pounds you haue spent (and, as it were, throwne into the fire) vpon the durt of wisedome called Alcumie: Yea, | you are such an infinite Mecænas to learned men, that there is not that morsell of meat they can carue you, but you will eate for their sakes, and accept very thankfully. Thinke not, though vnder correction of your boone-companionship, I am disposd to be a little pleasant, I condemne you of anie immoderation either in eating or drinking, for I know your gouernement and carriage to bee euery way Canonicall. Verilie, verilie, all poore Schollers acknowledge you as their patron, prouiditore, and supporter, for there cannot a threedbare Cloake sooner peepe forth, but you strait presse it to bee an out-brother of your bountie: three decaied Students you kept attending vpon you a long time.

Shall I presume to dilate of the grauitie of your round cap, and your dudgion dagger? It is thought they wil make you be cald vpon shortly to bee Alderman of the Stilliard. And thats well remembred: I heard saie, when this last Terme was remoued to Hartford, you fell into a greate studie and care by your selfe, to what place the Stilliard should be remooued. I promise you truelie it was a deepe medi-

tation, & such as might well haue befeemed Eldertons parliament of noses to haue sit vpon:

A tauerne in London, onelie vpon the motion, mourned al in blacke, and forbare to girt hir temples with iuie, because the grandame of good fellowship was like to depart from among them. And I wonder verie much, that you sampfownd not your selfe into a consumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu viuas in amore iocisque, whatsoeuer you do, beware of keeping diet. Sloth is a sinne, and one sinne (as one poison) must be expelled with another. What can he doe better that hath nothing to do, than fal a drinking to keep him | from idlenesse?

Fah, me thinks my ieasts begin alreadie to smell of the caske, with talking so much of this liquid prouinder.

In earnest thus; There is a Doctor and his Fart that haue kept a foule stinking stirre in Paules Churchyard; I crie him mercie, I flaundred him, he is scarce a Doctor till he hath done his Aets: this dodipoule, this didopper, this professed poetical braggart hath raild vpon me, without wit or art, in certaine foure penniworth of Letters and three farthing-worth of Sonnets; nor do I meane to present him and Shakerley to the Queens foole-taker for coatch-horses: for two that draw more equallie in one Oratoriall yoke of vaine-glorie, there is not vnder heauen.

What saie you, Maister Apis lapis, will you with your eloquence and credit shield me from carpers? Haue you anie odde shreds of Latine to make this letter-munger a cockscombe of?

It stands you in hande to arme your selfe against him; for he speaks against Connicatchers, and you are a Connicatcher, as Connicatching is diuided into three parts, the Verfer, the Setter, and the Barnacle.

A Setter I am sure you are not; for you are no Musitian: nor a Barnacle; for you neuer were of the order of the Barnardines: but the Verfer I cannot acquite you of, for M. Vaux of Lambeth brings in sore euidence of a breakefast you wonne of him one morning at an vnlawful game cald riming. What lies not in you to amend, plaie the Doctor and defend.

A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, being told that his Father was a Rope-maker, excused the matter after this sort; And hath neuer faint had reprobate to his Father? They are his owne wordes, hee cannot goe from / them. You see heere hee makes a Reprobate and a Ropemaker voces conuertibiles. Go too, take example by him to wash out durt with inke, and run vp to the knees in the channell, if you bee once wetshod. You are amongst graue Doctors, and men of iudgement in both Lawes euery daie: I pray, aske them the question in my absence, whether

such a man as I haue describ'd this Epistler to be, one that hath a good handsome pickerdeuant, and a prettie leg to studie the Ciuill Law with, that hath made many proper rimes of the olde cut in his daies, and deserued infinitely of the state by extolling himselfe and his two brothers in euerie booke he writes: whether (I saie) such a famous piller of the Presse, now in the fourteenth or fifteenth yeare of the raigne of his Rhetorike, giuing mony to haue this his illiterat Pamphlet of Letters printed (whereas others haue monie giuen them to suffer themselues to come in Print) it is not to bee counted as flat simonie, and be liable to one and the same penaltie?

I tell you, I meane to trounce him after twentie in the hundred, and haue a bout with him with two staues and a pike for this geare.

If he get any thing by the bargaine, lette whatsoever I write hence-forward bee condemned to wrappe bumbast in.

Carouse to me good lucke, for I am resolutely bent; the best bloud of the brothers shall pledge me in vineger. O would thou hadst a quaffing boule, which, like Gawens scull, should containe a pecke, that thou mightst swappe off a hartie draught to the successe of this voiage.

By whatsoever thy visage holdeth most pretious I beseech thee, by Iohn Dauies soule, and the blew Bore in the Spittle, I coniure thee, to draw out thy purse,

and giue me nothing / for the dedication of my Pamphlet.

Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadst rather spend ieasts than monie. Let it be the taske of thy best tearmes, to safeconduēt this booke through the enemies country.

Procede to cherish thy surpassing carminicall arte of memorie with full cuppes (as thou dost): let Chaucer bee new scourd against the day of battaile, and Terence come but in nowe and then with the snuffe of a sentence, and Dictum puta, Weele strike it as dead as a doore naile; Haud teruntii estimo. We haue cattles meate and dogges meate inough for these mungrels. Howeuer I write merrilie, I loue and admire thy pleasant wittie humor, which no care or crosse can make unconuersable. Stil bee constant to thy content, loue poetry, hate pedantisme. Vade, vale, caue ne titubes, mandataq; frangas.

Thine intirely,

Tho. Nashe. /



To the Gentlemen *Readers*.

GENTLEMEN, the strong fayth you haue conceiu'd, that I would do workes of supererrogation in answering the Doctor, hath made mee to breake my daye with other important busines I had, and stand darting of quils a while like the Porpentine.

I know there want not welwillers to my disgrace, who say my onely Muse is contention; and other, that with *Tiberius Cæsar* pretending to see in the darke, talke of strange obiectes by them discouered in the night, when in truth they are nothing else but the glimmering of their eies.

I will not holde the candle to the Deuill, vnmaske my holiday Muse to enuie; but if any such deepe insighted detracter will challenge mee to whatsoeuer quiet aduenture of Art, wherein he thinkes mee least conuersant, hee shall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, a Scholler in some thing else but contention.

If idle wittes will needes tye knottes on smooth bulrushes with their tongues, faith, the worlde

might thinke I had little to attend, if I should goe about to vnloose them with my penne.

I / cannot tell how it comes to passe, but in these ill eide daies of ours, euery man delights with *Ixion* to beget children of clouds, digge for Pearles in dunghils, and wrest oyle out of iron.

Poore *Pierce Pennileffe* haue they turnd to a coniuring booke, for there is not that line in it, with which they doo not seeke to raise vp a Ghost, and, like the hog that conuerts the sixth part of his meate into bristels, so haue they conuerted fixe parts of my booke into bitternes.

Aretine, in a Commedie of his, wittily complaineth that vpstart Commenters, with their Annotations and gloses, had extorted that sence and Morall out of *Petrarch*, which if *Petrarch* were aliue, a hundred Strappadoes might not make him confesse or subscribe too ; So may I complaine that rash heads, vpstart Interpreters, haue extorted & rakte that vnreuerent meaning out of my lines, which a thousand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off.

To them that are abused by their owne iealous collections, and no determined trespassse of mine, this aduice, by the way of example, will I giue.

One comming to Doctour *Perne* on a time, and telling him that hee was miserably raild on such a day in a Sermon in Saint Maries in *Cam-*

bridge, I but quoth he, (in his puling manner of speaking) did he name me, did he name me? I warrant you, goe and aske him, and hee will say he meant not mee; So they that are vn-groundedly offended at any thing in *Pierce Pen-nileffe*, first let them looke if I did name them; if not, but the matter hangeth in suspence, let them send to mee for my exposition, and not buy it at the seconde hand, and I doe not doubt but they will be thoroughly satisfied.

Hee / that wraps himselfe in earth, like the Foxe, to catch birds, may haps haue a heauy cart go oter him before he be aware, and breake his backe.

A number of Apes may get the glowworme in the night and thinke to kindle fire with it, becaufe it glisters so, but, God wote, they are beguiled, it proues in the end to be but fools fire: the poore worme alone with their blowing warmed, they starud for colde whiles their wood is vntoucht. Who but a Foppe wil labour to anatomize a Flye? Fables were free for any bondman to speake in old time, as *Æsop*e for an instance: their allusion was not restrained to any particular humor of spite, but generally applyed to a generall vice. Now a man may not talke of a dog, but it is surmised he aimes at him that giueth the dog in his Crest: hee cannot name

straw, but hee must plucke a wheate sheaffe in pieces, *Intelligendo faciunt vt nihil intelligent.*

What euer they be that thus persecute Art (as the Alcumists are said to persecute Nature) I would wish them to abate the edge of their wit, and not grinde their colours so harde: hauing founde that which is blacke, let them not, with our forenamed Gold-falsifiers, seeke for a substance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine.

From the admonition of these vncurteous misconsterers, I come to *The kilcow champion of the three brethren*; he forsooth wil be the first that shal giue *Pierce Penilesse* a *non placet*.

It is not inough that hee bepist his credite, about twelue yeeres ago, with *Three proper and wittie familiar letters*, but still he must be running on the *letter*, and abusing the Queenes English without pittie or mercie.

Bee / it knowne vnto you (Christian Readers) this man is a forestaller of the market of fame, an ingrosser of glorie, a mountebanke of strange wordes, a meere marchant of babies and conny-fkins.

Hold vp thy hand, G. H., thou art heere indited for an incrocher vpon the fee-simple of the Latin, anemie to Carriers, as one that takes their occupation out of their hands, and dost

nothing but transport letters vp and downe in thy owne commendation, a conspiratour and practiser to make Printers rich, by making thyselfe ridiculous, a manifest briber of Bookefellers and Stationers, to helpe thee to sell away thy bookes (whose impression thou paidst for) that thou mayst haue money to goe home to Trinitie Hall to discharge thy commons.

I say no more but Lord haue mercie vpon thee, for thou art false into his hands that will plague thee.

Gentlemen, will you be instructed in the quarrell that hath caused him lay about him with his penne and incke horne so couragiously? About two yeeres since (a fatall time to familiar Epistles) a certayne Theologicall gimpanado, a demie diuine, no higher than a Tailors pressing iron, brother to this huge booke-beare, that writes himselfe *One of the Emperour Iustinians Courtiers*, tooke vpon him to set his foote to mine, and ouer crow mee with comparatiue tearmes. I protest I neuer turnd vp any cowheard to looke for this scarabe flye. I had no conceit as then of discovering a breed of fooles in the three brothers bookes: marry, when I beheld ordinance planted on edge of the pulpit against me, & that there was no remedy but the blind Vicar would needs let flie at me with his Churchdore keies, & curse me with bel, book and

candle, because in my Alphabet of Idiots I had ouer / skipt the Hs, what could I doe but draw vppon him with my penne, and defende my selfe with it and a paper buckler as well as I might.

Say, I am as verie a Turke as hee that three yeeres ago ranne vpon ropes, if euer I speld eyther his or anie of his kindreds name in reproch, before hee barkt against mee as one of the enemies of the Lambe of God, and fetcht allusions out of the Buttery to debase mee.

Heere beginneth the fray. I vpbraide godly predication with his wicked conuersation, I squirt inke into his decayed eyes with iniquitie to mend their diseased sight, that they may a little better descend into my schollership and learning. The Ecclesiasticall duns, instead of recouery, waxeth starke blind thereby (as a preseruative to some, is poyson to others): hee gets an olde Fencer, his brother, to be reuenged on me for my Phisicke; who, flourishing about my eares with his two hand sworde of Oratory and Poetry, peradventure shakes some of the rust of it on my shoulders, but otherwise strikes mee not but with the shadowe of it, which is no more than a flappe with the false scabberd of contumelie: whether am I in this case to arme my selfe against his intent of iniurie, or fitte still with my finger in my mouth, in hope to bee one of simplicities martyrs?

A quest of honorable minded Caualliers go vppon it, and if they shall find by the Law of armes or of ale, that I, beeing first prouokt, am to bee inioynde to the peace, or be sworne true seruant to cowardize & patience, when wrong presseth mee to the warres; then will I bind my selfe prentise to a Cobler, and fresh vnderlay all those writings of mine that haue trodde awrie.

Be /aduertised (gentle audience) that the *Doctors* proceedings haue thrust vpon mee this fowtely Metaphor, who, first contriuing his confutation in a short Pamphlet of six leaues, like a paire of summer pumps: afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double soales on it like a good husband, added eight sheets more, and prickt those sheets or soales, as full of the hob-nayles of repression as they could sticke.

It is not those his new clowted startops iwis, that shall carry him out of the durt.

Sweet Gentlemen, be but indifferent, and you shal see me desperate. Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake, to which I resemble my two Epistles, being the vpper garments of my booke, as the other of my body: Saint Fame
for mee, and thus I runne
vpon him.

Tho. Nashe. /



The foure Letters Confuted.



ABRIEL, and not onely *Gabriel*, but *Gabrielissime Gabriel*, no Angell but *ANGELOS*, id est, *Nuntius*, a Fawne-guest Messenger twixt Maister *Bird* and Maister *Demetrius*: Behold, here stands he that will make it good, on thy foure Letters bodie, that thou art a filthy vaine foole. Thy booke I commend; as very well printed: and like wondrous well, because all men dislike it.

I agree with thee that there are in it *some matters of note*, for there are a great many bare-foote rimes in it, that goe as iumpe as a Fiddle, with euery ballet-makers note: and if according to their manner, you had tun'd them ouer the head, it had beene nere the worfe, for by that meanes you might haue had your name chaunted in euery corner of the streete, then the which there can be nothing more *melodiouslie addoulce* to

your *deuine Entelechy*. O they would haue trowld off brauely to the tune of *O man in Desperation*, and, like *Marenzos* Madrigals, the mournefull note naturally haue affected the miserable Dittie.

Doe you knowe your owne misbegotten bodgery *Entelechy* / and *addoulce*? With these two *Hermophrodite* phrascs, being halfe Latin and halfe English, haft thou puld out the very guts of the inkehorne.

LETTERS.

To all curteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading.

Comment.

In their absense, this be deliuered to *Megge Curtis* in Shorditch, to stop mustard pots with.

The particular Contents.

L. *A Præface to courteous mindes.*

C. As much to say as *Proface*, much good do it you, would it were better for you.

L. *A Letter to M. Emanuel Demetrius, with a sonnet thereto annexed.*

C. That is, as it were a purgation vpon a vomit, buskins vpon pantophles.

L. *A Letter to M. Bird.*

C. Or little matter wrapt vp in many words.

L. *A Letter to euerie fauorable and indifferent Reader.*

C. *Id est*, An exhortation to all Readers, that they shall reade nothing but his works.

L. *Another letter to the same, extorted after the rest.*

C. By interpretation, a Letter whereof his inuention had a hard stoole, and yet it was for his ease, though not for his honestie : and so forth, as the Text shall direct you at large.

Heere / beginneth the first Epistle and first Booke of Orator Gabriell to'the Catilinarie or Philippicks.

Wherein is diuulged that venum is venum and will infect, that that which is done cannot (de facto) be vndone, that fauour is a curteous Reader, and G. H. your thankfull debter.

A Comment vpon the Text.

The learned Orator in this Epistle *taketh precise order* he will not be too eloquent, and yet it shall be (1) *as well for enditing vnworthie to be published, as for publishing vnworthie to be endited.*

C. He had many aduerfaries in those times that he wrote, amongst the which Cloth-breeches and Veluet-breeches (his fathers pouerty, and his owne pride, were none of the meanest).

After them start up one *Pierce Pennileffe*, and

hee likewise was a stumbling blocke in his way. (Penurie not long tarries after pride ; pray all the ropes in *Saffron Walden* that I do not prophesie). Amen, Amen, quoth M. *Bird* and M. *Demetrius*.

Hee forbeares to speake much in this place of the one or the other, *because his letters are more forward to accuse them than their owne books to condemne them* ; yet for a touch by the way, hee talks that Greene is no liuerey / for this winter, *it is pitifully blasted and faded in euerie meade*, by the strong breath of his barbarisme.

Hee hath a twitch at *Pierce Pennileffe* too, at the parting stile, and tearms him *the Deuils Orator by profession, and his Dames Poet by practise* : wherein mee thinks (the surreuerence of his works not impaired) he hath verie highly ouershotte himselfe : for no more is *Pierce Pennileffe* to be cald the Deuils Orator for making a Supplication to the Deuill, than hee is to bee helde for a Rhethoritian, for setting foorth *Gabrielis Scuruei Rhetor*, wherein hee thought to haue knockt out the braines of poore *Tullies Orator*, but in veritie did nothing else, but gather a flaunting vnsauory fore-horfe nosegay out of his well furnished garland.

The aduancemēt of the Deuils Oratorship, which he ascribeth to *Pierce Pennileffe*, me thinks had beene a fit place for his Doctorship, when hee mist

the Oratorship of the Vniuersitie, of which in the sequele of his booke, he most slanderously complaineth. Doctor *Perne*, *Greene*, no dead man he spareth.

What he should *subaudi* by his *Dames Poet*, I scarce apprehend, except this, that *Pierce* his Father was *Dame Lawes*[*on's*] Poet, and writte many goodly stories of her in *An Almond for* [*a*] *Parrat*.

Those that will take a Lecture in our Orators letters must not *read, excuse, commend, credite or beleue anie approoued truth* in *Pierce Pennileffe*, especially if it be anything that vpbraideth the great Baboune his brother.

Hee will stoppe the beginning, id est, when hee hath come behind a man and broke his head, seeke to bind him to the good abearing, *or els the ende were like to proue pernitiuous and perillous* to his confusion.

Some/what hee mutters of *defamation and iust commendation*, & what a hell it is for him, that hath built his heauen in vaine-glory, to bee puld by the sleeue and bidde *respice finem*, looke backe to his Fathers house ; but I ouerslippe it as friuolous, because all the world knowes him better than he knowes himselfe, & though he play the Pharise neuer so in iustifying his owne innocence, theres none will beleue him.

Let this bee spoken once for all, as I haue a

foule to faue, till this day in all my life, with tongue nor penne, did I euer in the leaft worde or tittle derogate from the Doctor. If his brother (without any former prouocation on my part, God is my witnesse) rayld on me grossely, expressely namde mee, compard me to *Martin*, indeuord to take from mee all estimation of Arte or witte, haue I not cause to bestirre mee?

Gabriell, I will bestirre mee, for all like an Alehouse Knight, thou crau'st of *Iustice to do thee reason*; as for *impudencie and calumny*, I returne them in thy face, that, in one booke of tenne sheets of paper, hast published aboue two hundred lies.

Had they been wittie lies, or merry lies, they would neuer haue greeu'd mee: but palpable lies, damned lies, lies as big as one of the Guardes chynes of beefe, who can abide?

Ile make thee of my counsaile, because I loue thee (not): when I was in Cambridge, and but a childe, I was indifferently perswaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate, thou shouldst haue beene a fine fellow: Little did I suspect that thou wert brother to *Io. Pæan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing against *Aristotle*) or any of the Hs of Hempehall, but a Cauallier of a clean contrary house: now thou hast quite spoild thy selfe, from the foote to the / head I can tell how thou art fashioned.

Teterrime frater, and not *fraterrime frater*, maist thou verie wofully exclaime, for in helping him, thou hast crackt thy credit through the ring, made thy infamie currant as farre as the Queenes coyne goes.

But it may be thou hast a fider cloke for this quarrell: thou wilt object, thy Father was abusd, & that made thee write. What, by mee, or *Greene*, or both?

If by *Greene* and not mee, thou shouldst haue written against *Greene* and not mee. If by both, I will answere for both, but not by both, therefore I will aunswere but for one.

Giue an instance, if thou canst for thy life, wherin in any leafe of *Pierce Penilesse* I had so much as halfe a fillables relation to thee, or offred one iot of indignitie to thy Father, more than naming the greatest dignitie he hath, when for varietie of Epithites, I calde thy brother *the sonne of a Ropemaker*.

We shall haue a good sonne of you anone, if you be ashamd of your fathers occupation: ah thou wilt nere thriue, that art beholding to a trade, and canst not abide to heare of it.

Thou dost liue by the gallows, & wouldst not haue a shooe to put on thy foot, if thy father had no traffike with the hangman. Had I a Ropemaker to my father, & some body had cast it in

my teeth, I would foorthwith haue writ in praise of Ropemakers, & prou'd it by soūd fillogistry to be one of the 7 liberal sciencies.

Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of *Greenes* inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother *Richard* (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring *Perfual*, to play the lacke of both sides twixt *Martin* and vs, and snarld priuily at *Pap-hatchet*, *Pasquill*, & others, that opposde / themselues against the open flaunder of that mightie platformer of Atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I shoulde say, which he christened *The Lambe of God*.

That booke was a learned booke, a labourd booke; for three yere before he put it in print, he had preacht it all without booke.

I my selfe haue some of it in a booke of Sermons that my Tutor at Cambridge made mee gather euery Sunday. Then being very yoong, I counted it the abiectest and frothiest forme of Diuinitie that came in that place. Now more confirmed in age and Art, I confirme my ill opinion of it.

Neither do I vrge this, as if it were a hainous thing for a man to put sermons in print after hee preacht them, but obserue the proud humor of the pert Didimus, that thinks nothing he speakes but

deferues to be put in print, and ſpeakes not that ſentence in the Pulpit, which before he rough-hewes not ouer with his penne. Beſides, I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a Broker) and felling it for a new.

Theſe and a thouſand more imperfections, might haue beene buried with his bookes in the bottome of a drie-fatte, and there ſlept quietly amongſt the ſhauings of the Preſſe, if in his Epiſtle he had not beene ſo arrogantly cenſorially.

Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the combat, but glickt at *Pap-hatchet* once more, and miſtermed all our other Poets and writers about London, piperly make-plaies and make-bates.

Hence *Greene*, beeing chiefe agent for the companie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not ſay: but *Sat citò, ſi ſat bene*) tooke occaſion to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches and / Veluet-breeches, and becauſe by ſome probable collections hee geſt the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake, and, to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria ſunt omnia*, thruſt in the third brother, who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters.

About ſome ſeauen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuectiue of ſo many leaues. Had hee liu'd, *Gabriel*, and thou ſhouldeſt ſo vnarteficially and odiouſly libeld againſt him as

thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an Apparriter once in a Tauern eate his Citation, waxe and all, very handfomly seru'd twixt two dishes.

Out vppon thee for an arrant dog-killer, strike a man when he is dead?

So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards.

Memorandum. I borrowed this sentence out of a Play. The Theater Poets hall, hath many more such prouerbes to persecute thee with, because thou hast so scornefully derided their profession, and despitely maligned honest sports.

Before I vnbowell the leane Carcase of thy book any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswool *to the Lambe of God and his enemies.*

In the first foure leaues of it, I haue singled out these Godly and fruitfull obseruations.

Noble Lord, I doe it euen upon former premisses, not for any future consequents.

My booke is not worthy of so honorable specialitie as your Patronage.

I will not prosecute it with Theological peculiaris, but from the mouth of the sword I speake, &c.

The hearts of the wicked pant, their spirits faile them, they / may well call for butter out of a Lordlie dish.

You that bee gentle Readers, doe you not laugh at this Lawiers english *of former premisses and future consequents?*

O finicalitie, *your patronages speciallitie*, but if he prosecute it with *Theologicall peculiars*, we must needs thrust him *inter oues et boues & reliqua pecora campi*.

From the mouth of the sword I speake it, *that butter out of a Lordly dish* is but lewd diet for the Pulpit.

But this is not halfe the littour of inckehornisme, that those foure pages haue pigd. I must tell you of the *Oſtonarium of Ramus*, the *Sesquiamus of Phrigius*, the *Carthusianisme of Gulielmus Rikel*, of *Annals, Diaries, Chronologies, & Tropologicall schoolemen*, the *Abetilis of the Æthiopians or Pretoionnans*, of *Gulielmus minatensis*, & *S. Ierome allegorized*, *Abdias, Lyra, Gryson, Porta, Pantaleon*.

All which hee reckons vp to make the world beleue he hath read much, but alleadgeth nothing out of them: Nor, I thinke, on my conscience, euer read or knew what they meane, but he hath stole them by the wholefale out of some Booksellers Catalogue, or a table of tractats.

Here are some of his profounde Annotations: *Iacob tooke Leah, for his bedfellow in the darke by night, insteede of Rachell, whereby I learne to buy*

my wife candle to goe to bed withall, and admit her not by darke, but by light.

Iacob was deceiued by Labans words : ergo, Obligations are better than bils, and we must belieue no man, except he will waxe and multiplie in words, and call inke & parchment to witnes.

Iacob laide pilled rods with white strakes in the watring places of the sheepe, whereby I note that in carnal mixture / the senses are opened.

Iudge you that be Fathers of the Church, whether this be fit matter to edifie or no.

It was not for nothing brother Richard, that *Greene* told you you kist your Parishioners wiues with holy kisses, for you that wil talk of *opening the senses by carnal mixture* (the very act of lecherie) in a Theological Treatise, and in the Pulpit, I am afraide, in a priuater place you will practise as much as you speake : *Homines raro, nisi male locuti, male faciunt.* . *Olet hircum, olet hircum*, anie modest eare would abhorre to heare it.

Farewell vncleane Vicar, and God make thee an honest man, for thou art too baudy for mee to deale withall.

It followes in the Text,

To my verie good friend Maister Emanuell Demetrius.

This letter of *M. Bird* to *M. Demetrius*, should seeme, by all reference or collation of stiles, to

bee a Letter which M. *Birds* secretarie, *Dostour Gabriell*, indited for him in his owne praise, and got him to sette his hand to when he had done. Or rather, it is no letter, but a certificate (such as Rogues haue) from the head man of the Parish where hee was borne, *that Gabriell is an excellent generall Scholler, and his Father of good behauiour.*

We will not beleeeue it except wee see the Towne seale sette to it: but, say wee should beleeeue it, what doth it make for thee? Haue the Townesmen of *Saffron Waldon* euer heard thee preach, that they should commend thee for an excellent generall scholler? or (because thou professest thy self a Ciuilian) hast thou solicited any of their causes in the bawdy Courtes therabouts? If not, go your wayes a dolt as you came: Maister / *Birdes* Letter shall not repriue you from the ladder.

But Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches (by the iudgement of the best man of none of the least towns in *Essex*) *is a fantasticall and fond Dialogue, and one of the most licentious intollerable inuectiues that euer hee read.*

Why?

In it is abused an auncient neighbour of his.

How is he abused?

In stead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his liuing with.

He hath borne office in Walden aboue twentie yere since (hoc est, had the keeping of the Towne stocke, alias the stocks) Ergo he is no Rope-maker.

He hath maintaind foure sonnes at Cambridge; Ergo Greene is a lewd fellow to say he gets his liuing backward.

Three of his sonnes vniversally ridiculouſlie reputed of (for inamoratos on their owne works) in both Vniuerſities and the whole Realme. The fourth is ſhrunke in the wetting, or elſe the Print ſhoulde haue heard of him.

One of the three (whom the Quip entitles the Phyſition) returning ſicke from Norwitch to Linne in Julie laſt, was paſt writing any more Almanackes, before Greene ere imagined God had thought ſo well of him to take him to him.

Liur poſt fata quieſcat. Mother Liuers of Newington is a better fortune-teller than he was a Phifition.

A / Daſh through the Dudgen Sonnet againſt
Greene.

Put vp thy ſmiter O gentle Peter,
Author and halter make but ill meeter.

I ſcorne to anſwer thy miſhapen rime:
Blocks haue cald ſchollers bayards ere this time.

I would trot a falſe gallop through the reſt of

his ragged Verfes, but that if I ſhould retort his rime dogrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewers Cart vpon the ſtones, and obſerue no length in their feete ; which were *abſurdum per abſurdius*, to infect my vaine with his imitation.

The Analafiſ of the whole is this: an olde mechanical meeter-munger would faine raile, if he had anie witte. If *Greene* were *dogge-ficke* and *brain-ficke*, ſure he (poore ſecular Satiriſt) is dolt-ficke and brainleſſe, that with the tooth-leſſe gums of his Poetry ſo betuggeth a dead man.

But I cannot be induced to beleue a graue man of his fort ſhould be ſo rauingly bent : when all comes to all, *ſhortest vowels and longest mutes* will bewray it to bee a webbe of your owne loomes, *M. Gabriel* : you *mute* foorth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke, which I will point at as I paſſe by.

I will not robbe you of your due commendation in anything : in this Sonnet you haue counterfeited the ſtile of the olde Vice in the Morals, as right vp and downe as may be.

Let. *Greene, the Connycatcher, of this dreame the author,*

For his daintie deuife deſerueth the hauter.

Vice. / Hey nan anon fir, soft let me make water,
 Whip it to go, Ile kisse my maisters daughter.
 Tum diddy, tum da, falangte do diddle:
 Sol la me fa fol, conatus in fiddle.

I am afraide your *Docters fart* will fall out to be a fatall foyft to your breeches, if we followe you at the hard heeles as we haue begun.

Thou shalt not breath a whit, trip and goe, turne ouer a new leafe.

Maister Bird, in the absence of M. Demetrius.
 Perge porrò. *I found his wife curteous:* barlady fir, but this is fuspitious.

A woman is well holpen vp that does you any curtesie in the absence of her husband, when you cannot keepe it to your selfe, but you must blab it in print.

If it were any other but Mistris *Demetrius* (whome I haue heard to be a modest sober woman, and indued with many vertues) I would play vpon it a litle more. In regard that shee is so, I forbear; and craue pardon in that I haue spoken so much.

Yet would I haue her vnderstand how well *the generall scholler* her guest, hath rewarded hir for his kind entertainment, by bringing her name in question in print.

M. *Bird* and *Demetrius*, I knowe neither of

you by fight, but this Ile say, being of that welth you are, you had better haue spent a great deale of money, than come in the mouth of this base companion.

What reason haue I (seeing your names subscribed as his bolsterer, in a matter of defame that concernes mee) but to go through stich with you, as well as him?

He thinks to ouer-beare vs as poore beggers with the / great ostentation of your rich acquaintance.

Lette all Noblemen take heede how they giue this *Thrafo* the least becke or countenance, for if they bestowe but halfe a glaunce on him, hele straight put it verie solemnly in print, and make it ten times more than it is.

Ile tell you a merry ieast.

The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Majestie. Her Highn'es as she is vnto all her subiects most gracious: so to schollers she is more louing and affable than any Prince vnder heauen. In which respect, of her owne vertue and not his desert, it pleased hir so to humble the height of hir iudgment, as to grace him a little whiles he was pronouncing, by these or such like tearmes. *Tis a good pretie fellow, a lookes like an Italian*, and after hee had concluded, to call him to kisse her royall hand. Herevppon he goes home to his studie, all intraunced, and

writes a whole volume of Verses ; first, *De vultu Itali*, of the countenance of the Italian ; and then *De osculo manus*, of his kissing the Queenes hande. Which two Latin poems he publisht in a booke of his cald *Ædes Valdineses*, proclaiming thereby (as it were to England Fraunce, Italie and Spaine) what fauour hee was in with her Maiestie.

I dismisse this *Parenthesis*, and come to his next *businesse* : which indeede is his first *businesse* : for tyll *Greene* awakte him out of his selfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe but walke vnder the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say :

What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree, O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will bow this knee, and vaile my bonnetto.

Or / make verses of weathercocks on the top of
steeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of
Alhallows in Cambridge :

O thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the church of
Alhallows,
Come thy waies down if thou darst for thy crowne, and take
the wall on vs.

O Heathenish and Pagan Hexameters, come thy
waies down frō thy *Doctourship*, & learne thy
Primer of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen
is in state of a Reprobate with all men of iudge-
ment and reckoning.

Come thy waies down from thy *Doctourship*,

said I? *Erraui demens*, thou neuer wenst vp to it yet.

Fie on hypocrisie and Diffimulation, that men should make themselues better than they are !

Alas a Gods will, thou art but a plaine moth-eaten Maister of Art, and neuer pollutedst thy selfe with any plaistrie or dawbing of Doctourship.

Lift Pauls Churchyard (the peruser of euerie mans works, & Exchange of all Authors), you are a many of you honest fellows, and fauour men of wit.

So it is that a good Gowne and a well pruned paire of moustachios, hauing studied sixteene yeare to make thirteene ill english Hexameters, came to the Vniuersity Court *regentium* & *non*, to sue for a commission to carry two faces in a hoode : they not vsing to deny honour to any man that deserued it, bad him performe all the Schollerlike ceremonies and disputatiue right appertaining thereto, and he should bee installed.

Noli me tangere : he likt none of that.

A stripling that hath an indifferent pretty stocke of reputation abroade in the worlde already, and some credit amongst his neighbours, as he thinketh, would be / loth to ieoperd all at one throwe at the dice.

If hee should haue disputed for his degree, descended *in arenam* & *puluerem Philosophicum*, and

haue been foild, *Aih me* quoth Wit in lamentable fort, what should haue become of him? hee might haue beene shot through ere hee were aware, with a Sillogisme.

No point, *Ergo*, it were wisely done of goodman Boores sonne, if he should goe to the warres for honor, and returne with a wodden legge, when he may buy a Captaineship at home better cheape.

Pumps and Pantofles, because they were well blackt and glistered iolly freshly on it, being rubd ouer with inke, had their grace at length to be Doctour, *Ea lege*, that they should do their acts (that is, performe more than they were able).

Curst be the time that euer there were any obligations made with conditions, *Vnde habeas quærit nemo, sed oportet habere*, Howe Dorbell comes to bee Doctour none asks, but Doctour hee must bee to make him right worshipfull.

Acts are but idle wordes, and the Scripture faith, wee must giue account for euery idle word.

Pumps and Pantofles sweare they will iet away with a cleare conscience at the daie of iudgement, and therefore do no Acts, giue no offence with idle words, onelie like a Hauke let flie at a Partridge, that turnes the taile and betakes her to a walnut-tree, so to Oxford they trudge, hauing their grace *ad disputandum*, and there are confirmed in the same degree they tooke at Cambridge: which is

as if a Prentise heere in London, as soone as hee is enrould, should runne to some such Towne as Ipswich, and there craue to haue his Freedome confirmd as of London: which, in truth is / no Freedome, because hee hath not seru'd out his prentiship.

Trust mee not for a dodkin, if there bee not all the Doctourship hee hath, yet will the insolent incke worme write himselfe Right worshipfull of the Lawes, and personate this man and that man, calling him *my good friend Maister Doctour* at euery word.

Doctour or no Doctour, *Greene surfeted not of pickled hearing, but of exceeding feare* of his Familiar Epistles.

Hee offred in his extreamest want twentie shillings to the Printer to leaue out the matter of the three brothers.

Haud facile credo, I am sure the Printer beeing of that honestie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

Marry this I must say, there was a learned Doctour of Phisicke (to whom Greene in his sicknesse sent for counsaile) that hauing read ouer the booke of Veluetbreeches and Clothbreeches, and laughed merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any case either to mittigate it, or leaue it out: Not for any extraordinarie account hee made

of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of phisicke hee profest, and willinglie hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill spoken off.

This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his Phisitions displeasure, and not anie feare else.

I keepe your *conscious minde*, with all other odde ends of your halfe fac'd english, till the full conclusion of my booke, where in an honorable *Index* they shall be placed according to their degree and fegnioritie.

Wee / are to vexe you mightely for plucking *Elderton* out of the ashes of his Ale, and not letting him inioy his nappie muse of ballad making to himselfe, but now, when he is as dead as dead beere, you must bee finding fault with the brewing of his meeters.

Hough *Thomas Delone*, *Phillip Stubs*, *Robert Armin*, &c., your father *Elderton* is abus'd. Reuenge, reuenge on course paper and want of matter, that hath most sacriligiouly contaminated the diuine spirit & quintessence of a penny a quart.

Helter skelter, feare no colours, course him, trounce him, one cup of perfect bonauenture licour will inspire you with more wit and Schollership than hee hath thrust into his whole packet of Letters.

You that bee lookers on, perhaps imagine I

talke like a merry man, and not in good earnest, when I say that *Eldertons* ghost and *Gabriel* are at such ods: but then you knowe nothing, for there hath beene a monstrous emulation twixt *Elderton* and him time out of mind. Yea, they were riuals in riming foure yeare before the great frost. Hee expressely writ against him, 1580, *In his short but sharpe and learned iudgement of Earth-quakes*.

Broome boyes, and cornecutters, (or whatfoeuer trade is more contemptible) come not in his way, stand fortie foote from the execution place of his furie, for else in the full tide of his standish, he will carrie your occupations handsmooth out of towne before him, besmeare them, drowne them: downe the riuer they goe *Prinily* to the Ile of Dogges with his Pamphlets.

O it is a pestilent libeller against beggers: hee meanes shortly to set foorth a booke cald his Paraphrase vpon Paris Garden, wherein hee will so tamper / with the interpreter of the Puppits, and betouse Harry of Tame and great Ned, that *Titius shall not vpbraide Caius with euerie thing and nothing* nor *Zoylus anie more flurt Homer, nor Therfites fling at Agamemnon*.

Holla, holla, holla, *flurt, fling*, what reafty Rheticke haue we here? certes, certes, brother *hoddy doddy*, your penne is a coult by cockes body.

As touching the libertie of Orators and Poets, I will conferre with thee somewhat grauely, although thou beest a goose-cappe and hast no iudgement.

A libertie they haue thou sayst, *but no liberty without bounds, no licence without limitation.*

Iesu what mister wonders dost thou tell us? euery thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

That libertie, Poets of late in their inuectiues haue exceeded: they haue borne their sword vp where it is not lawfull for a poynado that is but the page of prowesse, to intermeddle.

Thou bringst in *Mother Hubbard* for an instance. Go no further, but here confesse thy selfe a flat nodgcombe before all this congregation; for thou hast dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didst by thy father.

Who publikely accusde or of late brought *Mother Hubbard* into question, that thou shouldst by rehearfall rekindle against him the sparkes of displeasure that were quenched?

Forgot he the *pure sanguine of his Fairy Queene*, sayst thou?

A *pure sanguine* sot art thou, that in vaine-glory to haue *Spencer* known for thy friend, and that thou hast some interest in him, censereft him worse than his deadliestemie would do.

If / any man were vnderferuedly toucht in it,

thou hast reuiued his disgrace that was so toucht in it, by renaming it, when it was worn out of all mens mouths and minds.

Besides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of some malicious moralizers against him, and no substance of flaunder in truth, now, when thou (that proclaimest thy selfe the only familiar of his bosome, and therefore shouldst know his secretes) giues it out in print that he ouershotte himselfe therein; it cannot chuse but be suspected to be so indeed.

Immortall *Spencer*, no frailtie hath thy fame, but the imputation of this Idiots friendship: vpon an vnspotted *Pegasus* should thy gorgeous attired *Fayrie Queene* ride triumphant through all reports dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this bile on the browe of the Vniuersitie, this bladder of pride newe blowne, challengeth some interest in her prosperitie.

Of pitch who hath any vse at all, shall be abused by it in the end.

High grasse that florisheth for a season on the house toppe, fadeth before the haruest calls for it, and maye well make a fayre shewe, but hath no sweetnesse in it. Such is this Assie in presenti, this grosse painted image of pride, who would faine counterfeite a good witte, but scornfull pittie, his best patron, knows it becomes him as ill, as an

vnweldy Elephant to imitate a whelp in his wantonnes.

I wote not how it fals out, but his inuention is ouerweapond ; he hath some good words, but he cannot writhe them and tosse them to and fro nimble, or so bring them about, that hee maye make one streight thrust at his enemies face.

Coldly and dully *idem per idem*, who cannot indite? but / with life and spirit to limne deadnes it selfe, *Hoc est oratoris proprium*.

L. *Inuectiues by fauour haue beene too bolde, and Satires by vsurpation too presumptuous*. What pleasure brings this to the reader? Iacke of the Falcon in Cambridge can say as much, and giue no reason for it.

But I can prompt you with a demonstration wherin Inuectiues haue been too bold. Do you remember what you writ in your Item for Earthquakes, *of double fac'd Iani, changeable Camelions, Aspen leaues, painted sheathes, and sepulchers, Asses in Lions skinner, dunghill cockes, slipperie eeles, dormise, &c.*? Besides your testimoniall of Doctor *Perne*, wherein it pleased you, of your singular liberalitie and bountie, to bestowe vpon [him] this beautifull *Encomium*:—*A busie and dizzie head, a brazen forehead, a leaden braine, a wodden witte, a copper face, a stonie brest, a factious and eluish heart, a founder of nouelties, a confounder of his owne and*

his friendes good giftes, a morning booke-worme, an afternoon malt-worme, a right Iugler, as full of his sleightes, wiles, fetches, casts of legerdemaine, toyes to mocke Apes withall, odde shifts and knauish praëtises, as his skinne can holde.

Notwithstanding all this, you *desie*, cut and long-taile, that can accuse you of any scandalous part either in word or deede.

Tully, Horace, Archilochus, Aristophanes, Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, goe for no paiment with you: their declamatory files, brought to the grand test of your iudgement, are found counterfeit, *they are a venemous and viprous brood of railers*, because they haue brought in a new kind of a quicke fight, which your decrepite slow-mouing capacitie cannot fadge with.

Tush, tush, you take the graue peake vppon you too / much: who would think you could so easily shake off your olde friendes? Did not you in the fortie one Page, line 2, your Epistles to Collin Clout vse this speech?

Extra iocum, *I like your Dreames passing well: and the rather because they sauer of that singular extraordinary vaine and inuention which I euer fancied most, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil.*

Dic sodes (godamercie on Dicke Sothis soule, for he was a better dauncer than thou art an enditer,

& with his legges he made some Muficke (there is none in thy letters) anfwere mee briefly, I fay, to the point, haue I varied one vowell* from thy originall text in this allegation? If not, I cannot fee how the Doctours may well be reconcild, one while to commend a man *because his writings fauour of that fingular extraordinarie vaine, which he onely admired in* Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil: and then in another booke afterward, to come and call thofe *fingular extraordinarie admired men a venemous and viperous brood of railers.*

The auncienter fort of Poets and Oratours fhall plead their owne worthineffe.

Tullie neuer ouerreached himfelf in railing fo much as in flatterie. His *Phillippicks* (found Phyfick applide to a body that could not difgeft it) are the things that efpecially commended him to this art-thruiuing age of ours, and had not thefe beene, hee would certainly haue beene sentenced by a generall verdit of hiftories for a timerous time-pleafer.

Who cannot draw a curtaine before a deformed picture? *Plautus* perfonated no Parafite, but he made him a flauie or a bondman.

Fawning and croutching are the naturall gestures of / feare, and if it bee a vertue for a vaffaile to licke a mans fhooes with his tongue, fure it is

but borrowed from the dogges ; and so is biting too, if it bee accompanied with ouer lowd barking, or in such wise as it cannot pinch but it must breake the flesh and drawe blood.

Horace, Perseus, Iuvenall, my poore iudgment lendeth you plentiful allowance of applause : yet had you, with the *Phrigian* melodie, that stirreth men vp to battaile and furie, mixt the *Dorian* tune, that fauoreth mirth and pleasure, your vn-fugred pilles (howeuer excellently medicinable) would not haue beene so harsh in the swallowing. So likewise *Archilochus*, thou like the preachers to the Curtizans in Roome, that expound to them all Lawe and no Gospell, art all gall and no spleene. Hence came it to passe, that with the meere efficacie of thy incensed *Iambicks*, thou mad'st a man runne and hang himselfe that had angered thee.

Thee I imbrace *Aristophanes*, not so much for thy Comœdie of the clowd, which thou wrotst against philosophers, as for in al other thy inuentions thou interfusest delight with reprehension.

Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, all three admirably blest in the abundant giftes of art and nature : yet Religion, which you sought to ruinate, hath ruinated your good names, and the opposing of your eyes against the bright funne, hath causd the worlde condemne your fight in all other

things. I protest, were you ought else but abhominable Atheistes, I would obstinately defende you, onely because *Laureate Gabriell* articles against you.

This I will iustifie against any *Dromidote Ergonist* whatsoever, there is no other vnlasciuious vse or end of / poetry, but to infamize vice, and magnifie vertue, and that if they assemble all the examples of verse-founders from *Homer* to *Hugh Copland*, they shall not find anie of them but hath encountered with the generall abuses of the times.

Whatsoever harpeth not of one of these two strings of praise and reproofe, is as it were a *Dirige* in prick-song without anie dittie set to it, that haply may tickle the eare, but neuer edifies.

In the Romaine common-wealths it was lawfull for Poets to reprove that enormitie in the highest chairs of authoritie, which none else durst touch, alwaies the sacred Maiestie of their *Augustus* kept inuiolate: for that was a Plannet exalted aboue their Hexameter horizon, & it was capitall to them in the highest degree to dispute of his setting and rising, or search inquisitiuely into his predominance and influence,

The secrets of God must not be searcht into. Kings are Gods on earth, their actions must not be founded by their subiects.

Seneca, *Neroes* tutor, founde his death in no

verse but *Oſtaua*. Imperious *Lucan* ſprinkled but one drop of bloud on his imperiall chayre, and periſht by him alſo.

Ouid once ſaw *Auguſtus* in a place where he would not haue beene ſeene ; he was exile preſently to thoſe countries no happy man hears of.

Long might hee, in a blinde *Metamorphoſis*, haue playd vppon all the wenches in Roome, and regiſtred their priuie ſcapes, vpbayded inhospitatitie with the fable of *Licaon*: alluded to ſome Ambodexter Lawyer vnder the ſtorie of *Battus*: haue deſcribed a noted vnthrift, whoſe ſubſtaunce hawkes and hounds haue deuoured, in the tale of *Aſteon*, that was eaten vp / by his owne dogges: mockt Alcumifteſ with *Midas*: picturde inamaratos vnder *Narciſſus*: and ſhrouded a picked effeminate Carpet Knight vnder the fictionate perſon of *Hermophroditus*; with a thouſand more ſuch vnexileable ouer-thwart merrimentes, if luſt had not led him beyond the proſpect of his birth, or hee ſeene a meaner man finning than an Emperour.

Sancta Maria ora pro nobis, how hath my pen loſt it ſelfe in a croude of Poets.

Gaffer *Iobbernoule*, once more well ouer-taken, how doſt thou? how doſt thou? holde vp thy heade, man, take no care: though *Greene* be dead, yet I may liue to doe thee good.

But *by the meanes of his death thou art deprived of the remedie in lawe, which thou intendedst to haue against him, for calling thy father Ropemaker.* Mas, thats true: what action will it beare? *Nihil pro nihilo*, none in law: what it will doe vpon the stage I cannot tell; for there a man maye make action besides his part, when he hath nothing at all to say: and if there, it is but a clownish action that it will beare: for what can bee made of a Ropemaker more than a Clowne? *Will Kempe*, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment, one of these dayes.

In short tearmes, thus I demur vpon thy long Kentish-tayld declaration against *Greene*.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices: a iolly long red peake, like the spire of a steeple, hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a Iewell, it was so sharpe and pendant.

Why should art answer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

Debt and deadly sinne, who is not subiect to? With / any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted; (& yet tainting is no infamous surgerie for him that hath beene in so many hote skirmishes).

A good fellowe hee was, and would haue drunke

with thee for more *angels* then the Lord thou libeldst on *gaue thee in Christs Colledge* ; and in one yeare hee pift as much againft the walls, as thou and thy two brothers fpend in three.

In a night & a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pamphlet as well as in feauen yeare, and glad was that Printer that might bee fo blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou doft, that doft no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thine owne worthines : his onely care was to haue a fpel in his purfe to coniure vp a good cup of wine with at all times.

For the lowlie circumstance of his pouerty before his death, and fending that miserable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou lyest, learned *Gabriell*.

I and one of my fellowes, *Will Monox* (Hast thou neuer heard of him and his great dagger?) were in company with him a month before he died, at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing (if thou wilt needs haue it so) and then the inuentorie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings (though thou saist the contrarie). I know a Broker, in a spruce leather ierkin with a great number of golde Rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his girdle, shall

giue you thirty shillings for the doublet alone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare, hee had a very faire Cloake with sleeues, of a graue goose turd greene: it would serue you as fine as may bee: No more words if you bee wise, play the good husband / and listen after it, you may buy it ten shillings better cheape than it cost him. By S. Siluer, it is good to bee circumspect in casting for the worlde, theres a great many ropes go to ten shillings. If you want a greasy paire of filke stockings also, to shew yourselfe in at the Court, they are to be had too amongst his moueables. *Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora*: It is policie to take a rich penniworth whiles it is offred.

Alas euen his fellow writer, that proper yoong man, almost scorns to cope with thee, thou art such a crow troden Ass: dost thou *in some respects wish him well and spare his name?* in some respects so doth hee wish thee as well? (*hoc est*, to be as well knowne for a foole as my Lord Welles) and promifeth by me to talke very sparingly of thy praise. For thy name, hee will not stoupe to plucke it out of the mire, and put it in his mouth.

By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Christen foules in, thou art a puissant Epitapher.

Yea? thy Muses foot of the twelues; old long

Meg of Westminster? Then, I trowe thou wilt stride ouer *Greenes* graue and not stumble : If you doe, wee shall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

*Here lies the man whom Mistris Ifam cround with
bays,
She she that ioyd to heare her nightingales sweete lays.*

Comment.

Here Mistris *Ifam* ; *Gabriel* floutes thy bays :
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy dispraise.

She she she will scratch, and like a scritchling night-owle come and make a dismal noise vnder thy chamber / windowe, for deriding her so dunftically. A bigge fat lusty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominably, if euer shee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet Garish*, and your *forehorse of the parish* that shall redeeme you from her fingers, but shee will *make actuall prooffe of you*, according as you desire of God in the vnder following lines.

The next weeke, Maister *Bird* (if his inke-pot haue a cleare current) hee will haue at you with a cap-case full of French occurrences, that is, shape you a messe of newes out of the second course of his conceit, as his brother is said out of the fabulous

abundance of his braine to haue inuented the newes out of *Calabria* (*Iohn Doletas* prophesie of flying dragons, commets, Earthquakes, and inundations).

I am sure it is not yet worne out of mens scorn, for euery Miller made a comment of it, and not an oyster wife but mockt it.

When that fly-boat of Frenchery is once launcht, your trenchor attendant, *Gamaliel Hobgoblin*, intends to tickle vp a Treatise of the barly kurnell, which you fet in your garden, out of which there sprung (as you auouched) twelue feuerall eares of corne at one time.

Redoubted Parma was neuer so matcht if hee kindle the match of his meeterdome, and let driue at him with a volley of verses. Let not his principallitie trust too much to it, because his name is Latin for a shield ; for *Poet Hobbinoll*, hauing a gallant wit and a brazen penne, will honourably bethinke him, and euen ambitiously frame his stile to a noble emulation of *Liue*, *Homer* and the diuinest spirites of all ages, as hee hath done to the emulation of *Tullie* heeretofore, when hee com/piled a Pamphlet called *Ciceronis Consolatio ad Dolobellam*, and publisht it as a newe part of *Tullie*, which had bin hidde in a Wall a thousand and odde yeares, and was found out by him before it euer found beeing.

The circumstance was this ; going downe the water at Cambridge one summer euening, and asking certaine questions of the Eccho at Barnewell wall (as the manner is passing by) holding her verie narrowly to the poynt, she reuealed vnto him what a treasure shee had hidden amongst her stones ; namely, this new part of *Gabrielis Ciceronis consolatio ad Dolobellam* : and though she was verie loath to disclose it, yet because shee knewe not how soone God might call her ; *videlicet*, how sodainely shee might fall ; to discharge her conscience before her death, shee would deliuer it vp as freely vnto him as euer it was hers : come and digge for it, hee shoulde haue it. Neuer more glad was shee in her life, that since shee must needes surrender it to the light, she had chaunst vppon such a Cardinall Corrigidore of incongruitie, and *Tullies* nexte and immediate successeur, vnder *Carre*, to whose carefull repolishing she might commit it.

Keepe it, quoth she ?

No, if it were a booke of golde it is THINE : reade it, new print it, dedicate it *from thy gallery at Trinitie Hall* to whom thou wilt.

Whether hee vsde a spade or a mattocke for the vnburying of it I know not, but extant it is, and of a hundred I haue heard that it is his.

O *Gabriell*, if thou hast any manhood in thy starchit peake, looke vpon me and weepe not.

From this day forward shall a whole armie of boies come / wondring about thee, as thou goest in the street, and cry *kulleloo, kulleloo, with whup hoo*, there goes the Ape of *Tully*: tih he he, steale *Tully*, steale *Tully*, away with the Assè in the Lions skinne.

Nay, but in sadnesse, is it not a sinfull thing for a Scholler & a Christian to turne *Tully*? a Turke would neuer doe it.

Be counsaile in thy calamitie, write no more *Consolatio ad Dolabellam*, but *Consolatio ad Doctore Gabrielem*; thy selfe comfort thy selfe, and learn to make a vertue of contempt.

Ad ruentem parietem ne inclina, is a proverbe which would haue preuented all this, if thou couldst haue suffered thy selfe to haue beene directed by it: for first and formost, hadst not thou stept forth to vnder-prop the ruinous wall of thy brothers reputation, I had neuer medled with thee; if thou hadst not leand too much to an olde wall, when thou pluckst *Tullie* out of a wall, the damnation of this Iest had bin yet vnbegotten.

He that hath borne saile in two tempests of shame, makes a sport of shippe-wracke of good name euer after.

The wall of the welfare of Fraunce that is started from her King, her true foundation, thy writinges, (more wretched than France) would

faine cleaue vnto, if they could tell how, and count it a felicity to haue the oportunitie of so heroicall an argument.

God helpe *Alexander*, if hee haue no other Poet to emblazon his atchieuements but *Cherillus*.

High resfolued Earle of *Essex*, and victorious Sir *Iohn Norris*, Englands champions, enuied tranquillities confidence, vnworthy are your aduentures Iliades to bee reported by such a ragged reede as the iar/ring Pipe of this *Batillus*. The Portugals & Frenchmens feare will lend your Honors richer ornaments, than his low-flighted affection (fortunes summer follower) can frame them.

The seale that I haue set to your vertues be filence ; the argument of prayse is vnauthorized in any mans mouth but olde age.

When the better parte of youthes feruence is boyld away, and that the showres of many sorrowes haue seasond our greene heads with experience, with the wither-fac'd weather-beaten Mariner, that talks quaking and shudderingly of a storme that hee hath newly toyld through, our wordes will bee written in our visage.

Euen as the funne, so no science shines in his compleate glory till it be ready to decline.

These be the conclusions, that gray hairs prune & cut downe the prosperitie of yong yeares with as fast as it aspires, but let the feare Oake looke

himselfe in the glasse of truth, and he shal find that *Methusalems* blessing is imbecillitie, bestowed on any creature but the Foxe, who neuer is a right Foxe till he be ripe for the dunghill.

If my stile holde on this sober Mules pace but a sheete or two further, I shall haue a long beard lyke an Irish mantle, droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.

Marry God forfend, for at no hand can I endure to haue my cheeks muffled vp in furre like a Muscouian, or weare any of this Welch freeze on my face.

O it is a miserable thing to dresse haire like towe twixt a mans teeth, when one cannot drinke but hee must thrust a great sponge into the cup, & so cleanse his coole porridge, as it were, through a strayner ere it / comes to his lippes.

This second Epistle I haue said prettily well too: I thinke we were best begin THIRDLY WHEREAS, for feare a volume steale vpon vs vnlookt for.

The Arrainment and Execution of the Third Letter.

To euerie Reader fauourably or indifferently affected.

TEXT, stand to the Barre. Peace there belowe.

*Albeit for these twelue or thirteene yeares no man hath
beene more loath, or more scrupulous than my selfe, &c.*

The body of mee, hee begins like a proclamation: sufficeth it wee knowe you, your minde, though you say no more.

Is not this your drift? you would haue the worlde suppose you were vrgde to that which proceeded of your owne good nature: like some that will seeme to bee intreated to take a high place of preferment vppon them, which priuilege before they haue prayde and payde for, and put all their strength to clymbe vp to.

You would foist in *non causam pro causa*, haue it thought your flight from your olde companions obscuritie and silence, was onely, with *Æneas*, to carry your Father on your backe, through the fire of slander, and by that shift, with a false plea of patience, vniustly driuen from his kingdome, filch a way the harts of the Queenes liege people.

The backe of those creple excuses I haue broke in / the beginning of my booke: if you haue anie new infringement to destitute the inditement of forgerie that I bring against you, so it is.

Heere enters Argumentum a *testimonio humano*, like
Tamberlaine drawne in a chariot by foure Kings.

I THAT IN MY YOVTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE
 WITH THE EXCEEDING COMMENDATION OF
 THE GREATEST SCHOLLER IN THE
 WORLD, &c.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus auena.

Ah neighbourhood, neighbourhood, dead and
 buried art thou with Robinhood: a poore
 creature here is faine to commend himfelfe, for
 want of friendes to fpeake for him.

Not the leaft, but the greateft Schollers in the
 WORLD haue not only but exceedingly fedde him
 fat in his humor of *Braggadochio Gloriofo*.

*Yea Spencer him hath often Homer tearmd,
 And Mounſier Bodkin vowd as much as he ;
 Yet cares not Naſhe for him a halfepeny.*

Lamentable, lamentable, that an indifferent vn-
 toward ciuill Lawyer, who hath read *Plutarch de*
utilitate capienda ab inimicis, & can talke of *Titius*
and Sempronius, ſhould be no more ſet by, but SET
 BY, thruſt aſide, while his betters carry the bredth
 of the ſtreet before them.

Mifery will humble the haughtieſt heart in the
 world: *Habemus reum confitentē*: he confeſſeth
 himſelf a ſinner in vnſufficiency; yet for all that

the aduerfitie of / vniuerfall obloquy hath laide a heauie hande on him, ftill he retaineth (like concealed land) fome part of his proud mind in a beggers purfe, fcorneth to fay *Fortune my foe*, or afke a good word for Gods fake of anie man.

In the plainneffe of his pufte vp nature, he will defie anie man that dare accufe him of that he is.

Why, why infractiffime PISTLEPRAGMOS, though you were yong in yeares, frefh in courage, greene in experience, and ouer-weaning in conceipt (we will refufe nothing that you giue vs) when you priuately wrote the letters *that afterward* (by no other but your felfe) *were publiquely diuulged*; yet when the bladder is burft that held you vp fwimming in felfe loue, you muft not be difcontented though you fink.

I haue *toucht the vlcer of your Oratourship*, in requiting the nick-name of *The Devils Oratour*. An Vlcer you may well chriften it, as an vlcer is a fwelling, for it was a fwelling of ambition, no *modest petition* of anie merit of yours that did craue it.

The olde Foxe Doctour Perne thoroughly difcouered you for a yoong Soppe, or elfe halfe a word of our *high Chauncelors commendation* had ftood with him inuiolable as an Act of Parliament.

Great men, in writing to thofe they are acquainted with, haue priue watch-words of

denyall, euen in the highest degree of praising ; they haue many followers, whose dutifull seruice must not bee disgrac'd with a bitter repulse in anie suite, though vnlawfull.

It may bee, some of these long deferuers of his followers labourd him for thee: hee, like *Argus*, hauing eyes that pierce into all estates, saw thee when thou wert vnseene of thy selfe, and knowing thee to bee vnworthy / of any place of worth, would not discountenance his men in so smal a matter, but writ for thee very vehemently outwardly, when the soule of his letter (into which thy shallowe braine could not descend) included thy vtter mislike.

Yong bloud is hot, youth hastie, ingenuitie open, abuse impatient, choller stomachous, temptations busie. In a word, the Gentleman was vext, and cutte his bridle for verie anger.

The tickling and stirring inuettive vaine, the puffing and swelling Satiricall spirit came vpon him, as it came vpon *Coppinger* and *A[r]thington*, when they mounted into the pease-cart in Cheape-side and preacht: needes hee must cast vp certaine crude humours of English Hexameter Verses that lay vppon his stomacke: a Noble-man stoode in his way, as he was vomiting, and from top to toe he all to berayd him with *Tuscanisme*.

The Mappe of Cambridge lay not farre off

when he was in the depth of his drudgery, some part of the excrements of his anger fell vpon it: poor Doctour *Pernes* picture stooode in a corner of that Mappe, and by the misdemeanour of his mouth it was cleane defac'd.

Signior Immerito (so called becaufe *he was and is his friend* vnderferuedly) was counterfeitly brought in to play a part in that his Enterlude of Epistles that was hift at, thinking his very name (as the name of *Ned Allen* on the common stage) was able to make an ill matter good.

I durst on my credit vndertake, *Spencer* was no way priuie to the committing of them to the print. Committing I may well call it, for in my opinion G. H. should not haue reapt so much discredite by beeing com/mitted to Newgate, as by committing that misbeleeuing prose to the Presse.

I haue vsually seene vncircumcised doltage haue the porch of his Panim pilfries very hugely pestred with praises. *Hay gee* (Gentlemen) comes in with his Plowmans whistle in prayse of *Peter Scurse* the penne-man, and *Turlery Ginkes*, in a light foote ligge, libels in commendation of little witte verie loftily; but for an Author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gaue him in his baptisme, and call himselfe a *well-willer to both the writers*, when hee is the onely

writer himfelfe ; with what face doe you thinke he can aunfwere it at the day of iudgement? *Eft in te facies sunt apti lufibus anni: Gabriell*, thou canft play at faft and loofe as well as anie man in England.

I will not lye and backbite thee as thou haft done mee, but are not thefe thy wordes *to the curteous Buyer* ?

Shew mee or Immerito, two English letters in print, in all pointes equall to thefe, both for the matter it felfe, and alfo for the manner of handling, and fay wee neuer faw good English in our liues.

Againe, *I efteeme them for two of the rareft and fineft treaties, as well for ingenuous deuifing, as fignificant vttering, & cleanly conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this tongue, & I hartily thank God for beftowing vpon vs fuch proper and able men with their penne.*

You muft conceit, hee was his chamber-fellowe *welwillers* cloke, when he fpake this : the white-liuerd flauie was modeft, and had not the hart to fay fo much in his owne perfon, but he muft put on the vizard of *an vndifcreete friend*.

It / is not worth the rehearfal : *he fcribled it in ieaft for exercife of his fpeech and ftile, &c., and it was the finifter hap of thofe unfortunate letters to be derided & fcoft at throughout the whole realme.*

The fharpeft part of them were read ouer at

Counsell Table, and he referd ouer to the Fleet, to beare his old verse-fellow noble M. *Valanger* company.

There was no remedie for it but melancholy patience.

A recantation he was glad to make *by way of articles or positions*, which hee moderates with a milder name of an *apologie*, & that recantation purchast his libertie. Wherefore in grateful lieu of the benefit he receiu'd by it (*although he hath hitherto vnworthily suppress't it*) yet he means to take occasion by this extraordinary prouocation to publish it, with not so few as fortie such *Academicall exercises*, and sundrie other *politike discourses*.

And I deeme he will be as good as his word, for euer yet it hath beene his wont, if he writ but a letter to any friend of his, in the way of thanks for the potte of butter, gāmon of bacon, or cheefe that he sent to him, straight to giue coppies of it abroad in the world, and propound it to yong gentlemen he came in company with, as a more necessary & refined methode of familiar Epistles than the English tongue had hitherto been priuie to.

Lord that men shoulde bee so maliciously bent to frame a matter of some thing: he takes a pleasurable delight to behaue himself so that he may be laught at: how would you prate and insult, if you knewe as much by him, as he knows by himselfe.

Nashe, do thy worst, the three brothers bid a Fico for thee: discommend thou them neuer so much, they will palpably praise, and so consequently dispraise, / themselues more in one booke they set foorth, than thou canst disparage them in tenne: yea, rather than faile, Maister *Bird* shall leaue copping out letters of newes, and meeter it mischieuouſly in maintenance of their scurrilitiship and ruditie.

Three to one, *par ma foy*, is oddes: not one of them writes an Almanacke, but hee reckons vp all his brothers.

Bee it spoken heere in priuate, *Musa Richardetti* *fratrizat sat bene pretty*: the Muse of dappert Dickie doth sing as sweet as a cricket.

Noſti manum & ſtilum, Gabriel? it is thine owne verse in *Ædes Valdinenſes*, all faue the inserting of *pretty* instead of *certè*, for rimes fake.

Had phisition *Iohn* liu'd, or not dyde, a little afore Dog-dayes, a ſinode of Piſpots would haue concluded, that *Pierce Pennileſſe* ſhould be confounded without repriue.

The Spanyards cald their inuaſiue fleete agaynſt England the Nauie inuincible, yet it was ouercome. Lowe ſhrubbes haue outliu'd high Cedars: one true man is ſtronger than two theeues: *Gabriell* & *Richard*, I proclaime open warres with you: March on, *Iocus*, *Ludus*, *Lepos*, my valiaunt men

at armes, and forrage the frontiers of his *Fantasticalitie* as you haue begun.

Tubalcan, alias *Tuball*, first founder of Farriers Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *utriusque Academiæ Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, because hee faide, that thou wert the first inuenter of Musicke: so *Gabriell Howliglasse* was the first inuenter of English Hexameter verses. *Quid respondes?* canst thou brooke it, yea or no? Is it any treason to thy well tuned hammers to say they begat so renowmed a childe as Musicke? Neither thy hammers nor thou, I know, if they were put to their booke oaths, will euer say it.

The Hexamiter verse, I graunt to be a Gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an english begger), yet this Clyme of ours hee cannot thriue in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in: hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running vpon quagmiers, vp the hill in one Syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he vaunts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.

Homer and Virgil, two valorous Authors, yet were they neuer knighted: they wrote in Hexameter verses: *Ergo*, *Chaucer*, and *Spencer*, the *Homer* and *Virgil* of England, were farre ouerseene that they wrote not all their Poems in Hexamiter verses also.

In many Countries veluet and Satten is a commoner weare than cloth among vs: *Ergo*, wee must leaue wearing of cloth, and goe euerie one in veluet and fatten, because other Countries vse so.

The text will not beare it, good *Gilgilis Hobberdehoy*.

Our english tongue is nothing too good, but too bad to imitate the Greeke and Latine.

Master *Stannyhurst* (though otherwise learned) trod a foule lumbring boystrous wallowing measure, in his translation of *Virgil*. He had neuer been praised by *Gabriel* for his labour, if therein hee had not bin so famously absurd.

Greene for dispraising his practise in that kinde, is the *Greene Maister of the blacke Art, the founder of vglie oathes, the father of misbegotten Infortunatus, the scriuener of Crossebiters, the Patriark of Shifters, &c. The Monarch of Crossebiters, the wretched fellowe Prince / of Beggars: Emperour of Shifters*, hee had cald him before, but like a drunken man, that remembers not in the morning what he speakes ouer night, still he fetcheth Metaphors from conny-catchers, & doth nothing but *torment vs with tautologies*.

Why thou arrant butter whore, thou cotqueane & scrattop of scoldes, wilt thou neuer leaue afflicting a dead Carcasse, continually read the rethorick

lecture of Ramme Allie? a wifpe, a wifpe, rippe, rippe, you kitchin-ftuffe wrangler!

Wert thou put in the Fleete for pamphleting? Bedlem were a meeter place for thee. Be not afhamd of your promotion: they did you honor that faid you were Fleete-bound, for men of honor haue failde in that Fleete.

Waft paper made thee betake thy felfe to *Limbo Patrum*: had it beene a booke that had beene vendible yet, the opprobry had beene the leffe, but for Chandlers merchandize to be fo maſſacred, for ſheets that ſerue for nothing but to wrappe the excrements of huſwiuerie in, *Proh Deum*, what a ſpite is it. I haue ſeene your name cutte with a knife in a wall of the Fleete, I, when I went to viſit a friend of mine there.

Let Maifter *Butler* of Cambridge, his teſtimoniall end this controuerſie, who at that time that thy ioyes were in the Fleeting, and thou crying for the Lords ſake out at an iron windowe, in a lane not farre from Ludgate hill, queſtiond ſome of his companions verie inquiſitiuelie that were newlie come from London, what nouelties they brought home with them, amongſt the reſt, he broke into this Hexamiter interrogatorie very abruptlie,

But ah what newes doe you heare of that good Gabriel huffe
fnuffe,
Knowne to the world for a foole, and clapt in the Fleete for a
Rimer.

Ist true *Gibraltar*? haue I found you? It was not without foundation that you burst into that magnifical insultation,—I THAT IN MY YOVTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE, &c.,—for M. *Butler*, for a Phisition being none of the least Schollers, hath commended you exceedingly for a foole & a Rimer. *He that threatned to conjure vp Martins wit*, hath writtten some thing too, in your praise, in Paphatchet: for all you accuse him to haue courtlie incens't the Earle of Oxford against you. Marke him well: hee is but a little fellow, but hee hath one of the best wits in England. Should he take thee in hand againe (as he flieth from such inferiour concertation), I prophecie that there woulde more gentle Readers die of a merrie mortality, ingendred by the eternall iests he would maule thee with, than there haue done of this last infection. I my self, that inioy but a mite of wit in comparison of his talēt, in pure affection to my natiue country, make my stile carry a presse faile, am fain to cut off half the streame of thy sport-breeding confusion, for feare it shoulde cause a generall hicket throughout England.

Greene, I can spare thy reuenge no more roome in this booke: thou hast Phisition *Iohn* with thee; cope thou with him, & let me alone with the Ciuilian & Deuine, whom, if I liue, I will so vncessantly haunt, that to auoid the hot chafe of my

fierie quill, they shalbe constrained to ensconfe themselves in an olde Vrinall case that their brother left behind him. Yet ere I bid thee good night, receiue some notes as touching his phisicallity deceased. *He had his grace to be Doctor ere he died.* As time may worke all things. *In Norfolke where hee practised, he was reputed a proper toward man at a medicine for the toothake, & one of the skilfullest Phisitions, in casting the heauens water, that euer came there.*

How well beloued of the chiefeſt Gentlemen (& Gentlewomen eſpecially) in that ſhire, it is incredible to bee ſpoken. *Aſtra petit diſertus:* hee is gone to heauen to write more Aſtrologicall diſcourſes: his brothers liue to inherite his olde gownes, and remember his notable ſayings, amongſt the which was one: *Vale Galene*, farewell, mine owne deare *Gabriell: Valet humane artes*, heart and good will, but neuer a ragge of money.

Tunc tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet.

Cloth-breeches houſe is burnt, and the flame goes a feaſting to *Pierce Penileſſe* houſe next.

Neuer til now, *Gregory Habberdine*, went thy foure letters vp Newgate, vp Holburne, vp Tiburne, to hanging.

Gentlemen, by that which hath been already laid open, I doe not doubt but you are vnwaueringly reſolued, this indigeſted Chaos of Doctour-

ship, and greedy pothunter after applause, is an apparant Publican and finner, a selfe-loue surfettred sot, a broken-winded galdbacke Iade, that hath borne vp his head in his time, but now is quite foundred & tired; a scholler in nothing but the scum of schollership, a stale foker at *Tullies Offices*, the droane of droanes, and maister drumble-bee of non proficientes. What hath he wrote but hath had a wofull end? When did he dispute but hee duld all his auditorie? his Poetry more spiritleffe than smal beere, his Oratory Arts bastard, not able to make a man rauishingly weepe, that hath an Onion at his eye. In Latin, like a louse, he hath manie legges, many lockes fleec'd from *Tullie*, to carry away and cloath a little body of matter, but yet hee moues but slowly, is apparaild verie poorly.

In English, ice is not so cold, yet on the ice of ignorance / will he slide. No wise man pittie him that perisheth so wilfully.

Iudge the world, iudge the highest Courts of appeale from the miscarried worlds iudgement (Cambridge and Oxford) wherein I haue trespassed in *Pierce Pennileffe*, that hee should talke of *gnashing of teeth*, *yong Phaetons*, *yong Icarus*, *yong Chorebi*, *yong Babingtons*.

Neuer was I in earnest, til thus he twitted me with the comparison of a traitour.

Babington, high was thy birth, I a bondslaue of fortune in comparifon of thee: thy fall greater than *Phaetons*, thy offence as heynous as *Iudaffes*. May neuer more fuch foule feeds of offence be fowne in fo faire a fhape, may they be markt alwayes to mifchiefe that meane as thou didft. The braunches of thy flocke remaines yet vn-blafed with anie difobedience. God forbid that our forheades fhould euer bee blotted with our forefathers mifdemeyors. Die, ill deeds, with your vngratious ill dooers: the liuing haue no portion with the dead: hell once paid his due, heauen gates are open to fucceeding pofteritie.

Prate of *Pierce Pennelefse* and his *paltrie* as long as thou wilt, I will play at put-pinne with thee for all that thou art woorth, but of thy betters gette thee a better difcourfing penne before thou defcantes of,

L. Greenes inwardeft companion pinched with want, vexed with difcredit, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouerwhelmed with his own miferie, in a rauing and frantike moode, moft desperately exhibiteth a Supplication to the Deuill.

C. Heerein thou thinkeft thou haft won the furs from all writers, but God and Dame Fiction knows thou / art farre wide of thy ayme; for neither was I *Greenes* companion any more than for a carowfe or two, nor pincht with any vn-

gentleman-like want when I inuented *Pierce Penniless*.

Pauper non est cui rerum suppetit usus: only the discontented meditation of learning, generally now a dayes little valued, and her professors set at naught & dishartened, caused mee to handle that plaintife subiect more seriously.

Vext with discredit (Gabriel) I neuer was, as thou hast beene euer since *Familiaritas peperit contemptū*, thy familiar epistles brought thee into contempt.

Though I haue been pincht with want (as who is not one time or another, *Pierce Penniless*) yet my muse neuer wept for want of maintenance as thine did in *Musarum lachrimæ*, that was miserably flouted at in M. *Winkfields* Comœdie of *Pedantius* in Trinitie Colledge.

How am I tormented with other mens felicitie, otherwise thā saying, I know a Cobler that was worth fīue hundred pound, an hostler that had built a goodly Inne, & might dispend forty pound yearely by his land, a Carman that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse taile; if I had likewise reckond vp a ropemaker, that by tormenting of hempe, & going backward (which the Deuill would nere doe) had turnd as many Mill fixpences ouer the thumbe, as kept three of his sonnes at Cambridge a long time, & that which is more, three proud sonnes, that when they met the

hangman (their Fathers best chapman) would scarce put of their hats to him, why then thou shouldst haue had some colour of quarell: thy accusatiō might iustly haue enterd his title *pro aris et focis*, whereas now it is friuolous and forcelesse.

The /sharpest wits, I perceiue, haue none of the best memories: if they had, thou wouldst nere haue toucht mee with tormenting my selfe with other mens felicitie; for how didst thou torment thyselfe with other mens felicitie when in the 28 page of thy first tome of Epistles, thou exclaimst, *that in no age so little was so much made of, nothing aduaunst to be something, Numbers made of Ciphars*, that is, by interpretatiō, all those that were aduaunst either in the Court or commonwealth at that time, had little to commend them, nothing in account worthy preferment, but were meere meacocks & Ciphars in comparisō of thy excellent out-cast selfe that liu'dst in Cambridge vnmounted.

Hang thee, hang thee, thou common coofener of curteous readers, thou grosse shifter for shitten tapsterly iests, haue I imitated Tarltons *play of the seauen deadly sinnes in my plot of Pierce Penilesse*? whom hast thou not imitated then in the course of thy booke? thou hast borrowed aboue twenty phrases and epithites from mee, which in sober sadnesse thou makst vse of as thy owne, when thou wouldst exhort more effectuall.

Is it lawfull but for one preacher to preach of the ten commandments? hath none writ of the fve senses but *Aristotle*? was finne so vtterly abolished with *Tarltons* play of the seuen deadly sins, that ther could be nothing said *supra* of that argument?

Canst thou exemplifie vnto mee (thou impotent moate-catching carper) one minnum of the particular device of his play that I purloind? There be manie men of one name that are nothing a kindred. Is there any further distribution of sins, not shadowed vnder these 7 large spreading branches of iniquity, on which a man may worke, and not tread on *Tarletons* heeles? / If not, what blemish is it to *Pierce Pennileffe* to begin where the Stage doth ende, to build vertue a Church on that foundation that the Deuill built his Chappell?

Gabriell, if there be anie witte or industrie in thee, now I will dare it to the vttermoſt: write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it and answere it. Take truths part, and I wil proue truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dūg-voiding mouth.

Diuinitie I except, which admits no dalliance: but in any other art or profession, of which I am not yet free, and thou shalt challenge me to trie maistries in, Ile bind my selfe Prentise too, and studie throughly, though it neuer stand mee in

any other stead while I liue, but to make one reply, only because I wil haue the last word of thee.

I would count it the greatest punishment that *In speech* could lay vpon mee, to be bound to studie the Danish tongue, which is able to make any Englishman haue the mumpes in his mouth, that shall but plunge through one full point of it, yet the Danish tongue, or any Turks, or hogs or dogs tongue whatsoeuer, would I learne rather than bee put downe by such a ribauldry *Don Diego* as thou art.

Heigh drawer, fill vs a fresh quart of *new-found phrases*, since *Gabriell* saies we borrow all our eloquence from Tauerns: but let it be of the mighty *Burdeaux* grape, pure *vino de monte*, I coniure thee, by the same token that *the Deuils dauncing schoole in the bottome of a mans purse that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard Prouerbe two hundred yeares before *Tarlton* was borne: Ergo, no gramercy, Dicke *Tarlton*. But *the summe of summes is this*, I drinke to you, M. *Gabriell*, on / that condition, that you shall not excruciate your braine to be conceited, and haue no wit.

Since we are here, on our prating bench in a close roome, and that there is none in company but you, my approoued good friends, *four Letters*

and certain Sonnets, your Pages, I will rehearse vnto you some part of the Methode of my demeanour in *Pierce Pennileffe*.

First, in so much as the principall scope of it is a most liuelie anatomie of sinne, the diuell is made speciall superuisor of it, to him it is dedicated: as if a man shoulde compile a curious examined discouerie of whoredome, and dedicate it to the quarter Maisters of Bridewell, because they are best able to punish it.

Wherefore as there is no fire without some smoke, no complaint without some precedent cause of aggreeuance, I introduce a discontented Scholler vnder the person of *Pierce Pennileffe*, tragicallie exclaiming vpon his partial-eid fortune, that kept an Almes boxe of compassion in store for euery one but himselfe. He tels how he tost his imagination like a dogge in a blanket, searcht euerie corner of the house of Charitie, to see if he could light on any that would set a new nappe of an old threedbare Cloake: but, like him that hauing a letter to deliuer to a Scottish Lorde, when hee came to his house to enquire for him, found no bodie at home but an ape that sate in the Porch and made mops and mows at him; so he, deliuering his vnperusde papers in Powles Churchyard, the first that took them vp was the Ape *Gabriel*, who made mops and mows at them,

beslaueing the outside of them a little, but could not enter into the contents, which was an asse beyonde his vnderstanding.

With / the first and second leafe hee plaies verie pretilie, and in ordinarie termes of extenuating, verdicts *Pierce Pennileffe* for a *Grammar Schoole* wit; saies *his Margine* is as deeplie learnd as *Fauste præcor gelida*, that *his Muse* sobbeth and groneth verie piteouslie, bids him not cast himself headlong into the horrible gulph of desperation, comes ouer him that hee is a creature of wonderfull hope, as his own inspired courage diuinely suggesteth, wils him to inchaunt some magnificent *Mecenas*, to honour himselfe in honouring him, with a hundred such grace-wanting Ironies, cutte out against the woll, that woulde ieopard the best ioint of *Poetica Licentia* to procure laughter, when there crinckled crabbed countenance (the verie resemblance of a foddren dogges face) hath sworne it woulde neuer consent thereunto.

Not the most exquisite thing that is, but the Couſel Table Asse, Richard Clarke, may so Carterly deride.

Euerie milke-maide can gird with Ist true? How saie you lo? who would haue thought it? Good Beare, bite not? A man is a man, though hee hath but a hofe on his head.

No such light paiment, *Gabriel*, hast thou at my

hands: I tell thee where, when, and how thou shewdft thy selfe a Dunfuall.

Onely externall defects thou casts in my dish: nothing internall in thee, but I prooue that it is altogether excrementall.

A fewe Elegiacall verses of mine thou pluckest in pieces most ruthfullie, and quotes them against mee as advantageable, together with some dismembred Margine notes, but all is inke cast away, you recouer no costs and charges. With one minutes studie Ile distroie more, than thou art able to build in ten daies.

Squeise / thy hart into thy inkehorne, and it shall but congeal into clodderd garbage of confutatiō, thy foule hath no effects of a foule, thou canst not sprinkle it into a sentence, & make euerie line leape like a cup of neat wine new powred out, as an Orator must doe that lies aright in wait for mens affections.

Whome hast thou wonne to hate mee by light crawling ouer my Text like a Cankerworme?

Some superficial slime of poison hast thou driueld from thy pen in thy shallow footed sliding through my *Supplication*, which one pen ful of repurified inke will excessiuelie wash out. Shall I informe thee (that vnfruitfullie endeuorst to informe authoritie against me) why I infixed those Poeticall latine margēt notes to some fewe pages in the beginning

of *Pierce Pennileffe*? I did it to explaine to such expected spiefaults as thou art, that it was no vncouth abhorrencie from the custome of former writers, for a man openly to bewaile his vnderferued destenie.

In the vncaſing of thy brother *Richard*, I calculated the Natiuitie of the *Astrologically Discourse*: I apparentlie suggested what a lewd piece of Prophcie it was: I registred the infinite ſcorne that the whole Realme entertained it with, the Adages that ran vpon it, *Tarltons* and *Eldertons nigrum* THETA ſet to it, yet wilt thou, that art the ſonne and heire to ſhameleſſe impudence, the vnlineall vſurper of iudgement from all his true owners, the HOYDEN and pointing ſtock recreation of Trinitie hall, *Vanitas vanitatis & omnia vanitas*, inueſt that in the higheſt throne of Art and Schollerſhip, which a ſcrutinie of ſo manie millions of wel diſcerning condemnations hath concluded to be viler than newesmungrie, & that which is vileſt of all, no leſſe vile than thy Epistles.

Moſt / voices, moſt voices, moſt voices; who is on my ſide who? Whether is the *Astrologically Discourse* a better booke than *Pierce Pennileffe*? Gabriel hangtelow ſaies it is: I am the Defendant, and denie it, and yet I doe not ouercull my owne workes: His aſſertion he countermures him thus:

Pierce Pennileffe is a man better acquainted with

the Diuels of hell than the Starres of Heauen : Ergo, the Astrologicall Discourse is better than the notorious diabolicall discourse of Pierce Pennileffe.

Once againe I denie his Argument to bee of lawfull age. *Pierce Pennileffe* is a better Star-munger than a Diuelmunger, which needeth no other FOR to corroboreate it but this, that my yea, at all times, is as good as his nay.

How is the *Supplication* a diabolicall Discourse, otherwife than as it intreats of the diuerse natures and properties of Diuils and spirits? in that far fetcht sense may the famous *defensatiue against supposed Prophecies*, and *the Discouerie of Witchcraft* be called notorious Diabolicall discourses, as well as the *Supplication*, for they also intreate of the illusions and fundrie operations of spirits: Likewise may I say that those his foure Letters nowe on their triall, are foure notorious lowfie Discourses, because they lyingly discourse little else faue *Greenes* lowfie estate before his death.

M. *Churchyard*, our old quarrel is renued, when nothing else can bee fastned on mee: this Letter leapper vpbraideth mee with *crying you mercie*: I cannot tell, but I think you will haue a saying to him for it. Ther's no reason that such a one as he should presume to intermeddle in your matters, it cannot be done with any intent but to stirre mee vp to write against you afresh, / which nothing

vnder heau'n shall draw mee to doe. I love you vnfaignedly, and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grandeloquentest Poets at this present :

Sanctum & venerabile vetus omne Poema.

Shores wife is yong, though you be stept in yeares, in her shall you liue when you are dead.

For that vnadvised indammagement I haue done you heretofore, Ile be your champion henceforward against any that dare write against you. Onely as euer you would light vpon a good cuppe of old sacke when you are most drie, pocket not vp this flie abuse at a rakehell rampalions hands, one that, when an iniurie is deepe buried in the graue of obliuion, shall seeke to digge it vp againe, recall that into mens memories which was consumed and forgotten.

Whoreson Ninihammer, that wilt assault a man & haue no stronger weapons.

The Italian faith, a man must not take knowledge of iniurie till he be able to reuenge it.

Nay but, in plaine good fellowship, art thou so innocent & vnconceiuing that thou shouldst ere hope to dash mee quite out of request by telling mee *of the Counter, and my hostesse Penia*?

I yeeld that I haue dealt vpon spare commodities of wine and capons in my daies, I haue

fung *George Gascoignes* Counter-tenor ; what then ? Wilt thou peremptorily define that it is a place where no honest man, or Gentleman of credit, euer came ?

Heare what I say : a Gentleman is neuer throughly entred into credit till he hath beene there ; & that Poet, or nouice, be hee what he will, ought to suspect his wit, and remaine halfe in doubt that it is not authentically, till it hath beene seene and allowd in vnthrifts / consistory.

Grande doloris ingenium. Let fooles dwell in no stronger houses than their Fathers built them, but I protest I should neuer haue writ passion well, or beene a peece of a Poet, if I had not arriu'd in those quarters.

Trace the gallantest youthes and brauest reuellers about Towne in all the by-paths of their expence, & you shall vnfallibly finde, that once in their life time they haue visited that melancholy habitation.

Come, come : if you will goe to the sound truth of it, there is no place of the earth like it, to make a man wise.

Cambridge and Oxford may stande vnder the elbowe of it.

I vow if I had a sonne, I would sooner send him to one of the Counters to learne lawe, than to the Innes of Court or Chauncery.

My hostesse Penia, thats a bugges word : I pry

thee what Morrall haft thou vnder it? I will depofe, if thou wilt, that till now I neuer heard of anie fuch Englifh name.

There is a certaine thing cald *christian veritie*, & another hight *common fenfe*, and a third cleapt *humilitie*: they are more requifite and neceffary for thee than *modestie or difcretion for mee and my companions*, of which thou fhouldft vnderftand, we are fo well provided that we can lend thee and thy brother *Richard* a great deale, and yet keepe more than wee fhall haue need of for ourfelues.

Wilt thou be fo hardy and iron-vifaged to gain-fay that thy brother Vicars Batchlours hood was not turnd ouer his eares for abufing of *Aristotle*? I know thou haft more grace than fo, thou doft not contradict / it flatly, but flubbers it ouer faintly, and comes to recapitulate, not confute fome of the phrafes I vfde in the vnhandfoming of his diuinitifhip.

I my felfe, in the fame order of difgracing thou fingles them foorth, will haue them vp againe, and fee if thou, or anie man, can abfurdifie the worft of them.

I fay, and will make it good that in the *Aftrologicall Difcourfe* thy brother (as if hee had lately caft the heau'ns water, or beene at the anatomizing of the skies intrailles in Surgeons hall) prophesieth of fuch ftrange wonders to

ensue from the starres distemperature, and the vnusuall adulterie of plannets, as none but hee that is haud to those celestiaall bodies, could euer descry.

This too I will ratifie for truthable & legible English, that his Astronomy broke his day with his creditors, and Saturne & Iupiter prou'd honest men than all the world tooke them for.

That the whole Uniuersitie hist at him, Tarlton at the Theater made leastes of him, and Elderton consumed his ale crammed nose to nothing, in heare-baiting him with whole hundels of Ballads.

All this he barely repeates without any disprouement or denudation at all, as if it were so lame in it selfe that it would adnihilate it selfe with the onelie rehearfall of it.

For the gentilitie of the *Nasbes* (though it might seeme a humor borrowed from thee to bragge of it) yet some of vs who neuer sought into it til of late, can proue the extancy of our auncestors before there was ever a ropemaker in England. Wee can vaunt larger petigrees than patrimonies, yet of such extrinsecall things, common to tenne thousand calues and oxen, would I not willingly vaunt, only it hath pleased M. Printer, both in this booke and *Pierce Penilesse*, to intaile /a vaine

title to my name, which I care not for, without my consent or priuities I here auouch.

But on the gentilitie of T. N. his beard, the maister Butler of Pembroke hall, still I will stand to the death; for it is the very prince Elector of peaks, a beard that I cannot bee perswaded but was the Emperour *Dionisius* his, surnamed the Tyrant, when hee playde the schoolemaister in Corinth.

Gabriell, thou hast a pretty polwigge sparrows tayle peake, yet maist thou not compare with his: thy Father, for all by thy owne confession *hee makes haire*, had neuer the art to twilt vp such a grim triangle of haire as that.

Be not offended, honest T. N., that I am thus bold with thee, for I affect thee for the names sake, as much as any one man can do another, and know thee to be a fine fellow, and fit to discharge a farre higher calling than that wherein thou liu'st.

What more stufte lurketh behind in this letter to be distributed into shop-dust?

Pierce Pennileffe is as childish and garish a booke as euer came in print: when he talks of the sheepish discourse of the Lambe of God and his enemies, he saies, it is monstrous and absurd, and not to bee sufferd in a Christian congregatiō; that Richard hath scum'd ouer the schoolmen, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of Diuinitie brewelle, which the Dogs would not eate.

If he faide so (as hee did) and can proue it (as hee hath done) by Sainte *Lubecke*, then *The Lambe of God* is as childish and garish stuffe as euer came in print, indeede.

I, but how doth *Pierce Pennileffe* expiate the coinquination of these obiections?

Richard, whom (*because hee is his brother, he therefore / censures more curious and rigorous, in calling him M. H. than hee would haue done otherwise*) red the *Philosophie Lecture in Cambridge* with good liking and singular commendation, when *A per se a* was not so much as *Idoneus auditor ciuilis scientiæ, Ergo, the Lambe of God* beares a better Fleece than hee giues out it doth.

A per se a is improoued in nothing since, excepting his old *Flores Poetarum* and *Tarletons* surmounting rethorique, with a little euphuisme and *Greenesse* inough.

Gabriel reports him to the fauourablest opinion of those that know *A per se a* his Prefaces, rimes, and the very timpanie of his *Tarltonizing* wit, his *Supplication to the Diuel*.

Quiet your selues a litle, my Maisters, and you shal see me dispeare all those cloudes well inough. That *Richard* red the *Philosophie Lecture at Cambridge*, I doe not withstand, but how?

Verie Lentenlie and scantlie, (farre bee it wee shuld slander him so much as his brother *Richard*

hath done, to saie he read it with good liking and singularity). Credite mee, any that hath but a little refuse *Colloquium* Latine, to interseame a Lecture with, and can saie but *Quapropter vos mei auditores*, may reade with equiualent commendation and liking.

I remember him woondrous well. In the chiefe pompe of that his false praise, I both heard him, and heard what was the vniuersall slender valuation of him.

There was eloquent *Maister Knox*, (a man whose losse all good learning can neuer sufficiently deplore) ; twas he and one *Maister Iones* of Trinitie Colledge, that, in my time, with more speciall approbation conuerst in those Readings.

Since / I haue heard of two rare yong men, *M. Meriton*, and another, that in supplying that place of succession haue surmounted all former mediocritie, and wonne themselues an euerlasting good name in the Vniuersitie.

These thou shouldst haue memoriz'd, if any, but thou art giuen to speake well of none but thy selfe and thy two brothers.

Thrice fruitfull *S. Iohns*, how many hundred perfecter Schollers than the three brothers hast thou nurst at thy paps, that yet haue not shakte off obscuritie?

Mellifluous *PLAYFERE*, one of the chief props of

our aged & auntientest, & absoluteſt Vniuerſities preſent flourishing. Where doe thy ſupereminent gifts ſhine to themſelues, that the Court cannot bee acquainted with them?

Few ſuch men ſpeake out of Fames higheſt Pulpits, though out of her higheſt Pulpits ſpeake the pureſt of all ſpeakers.

Let me adde one word, and let it not bee thought derogatorie to anie. I cannot bethinke mee of two in England in all things comparable to him for his time. Seldome haue I beheld ſo pregnant a pleaſaunt wit coupled with a memorie of ſuch huge incomprehenſible receipt, deepe reading and delight, better mixt than in his Sermons.

Sed quorſum hæc, how doe theſe digreſſions linke in without *ſubiectum circa quod*?

Flaunting *Richard* and his Philoſophie Lecture, was vnder our fingers euen now, howſoeuer wee haue loſt him. Hold the candle, and you ſhall ſee me caſt a figure for him extempore: Oh hoh, I haue founde him without any further ſeeking. Giue me your eares: *Io / Pæan*, God ſaue them, they are long ones.

Now, betweene you and me declare, as if you were at ſhrift, whether you be not a ſuperlatiue blocke for al you readd the Philoſophie Lecture at Cambridge: Brieflie, brieflie: let mee not ſtand all daie about you.

His conscience accuseth him, hee is stroke starke dumbe ; onely by signes he craues to bee admitted *in forma pauperis*, that we should let him passe for a pore fellow, and he will sell his birthright in learning, with *Esau*, for a messe of porridge.

Curæ leues loquuntur : he hath but a little cure to look too. *Maiores stupent*, more liuing would make him studie more.

For this once wee dispence with you, because you looke so penitentlie on it, but let me not catch you selling any more such twife sodden sawduft diuinitie as *the Lambe of God and his enemies*, for if I do, Ile make a dearth of paper in Pater-noster-rowe (such as was not this seauen yeare) onelie with writing against thee.

A per se a can doe it : tempt not his clemencie too much. *A per se* a ?

Passion of God, howe came I by that name? My godfather *Gabriel* gaue it mee, and I must not refuse it. Nor if you were priuie whence it came would you hold it worthie to be refused ; for before I had the reuerfion of it hee bestow'd it on a Nobleman, whose new fashiond apparell and *Tuscanish gestures, cringing side necke, eies glancing, fignomie smerking* hauing described to the full, he concludes with this verse :

*Euerie inch A per se a his termes and braueries
in print.*

Hold you your peace *Nashe* : *that was before you were Idoneus auditor ciuilis scientiæ*. It may bee so, for thou wert a Libeller before I was borne. Yet vnder / correction bee it spoken, I haue come to the schooles and purg'd rheume in my time, when your brother was Philosophie Lecturer ; he wanted no *supplous pedū*, to spend away his houre, that I could help him with.

What since I am improued you partly haue prooued to your cost ; and may doe more at large, if God send vs more leysure.

As for *Flores Poetarum*, they are flowers that yet I neuer smelt too. Ile pawne my hand to a halfe-penny, I haue read more good Poets thorough than thou euer hardst of.

The floures of your *Foure Letters* it may be I haue ouerlookt more narrowlie, and done my best deuoir to assemble them together into patheticall posie, which I will here present to Maister Orator *Edge* for a Newyeares gift, leauing them to his wordie discretion to be censured, whether they be currant in inkehornisme or no.

Conscius mind : *canicular tales* : *egregious an argument* : when as *egregious* is neuer vsed in english but in the extreame ill part. *Ingenuitie* : *Iouiall mind* : *valarous Authors* : *inckehorne aduentures* : *inckehorne pads* : *putatiue opinions* : *putatiue artists* : *energeticall persuasions* : *Rascallitie* : *materiallitie* :

artificiallitie: Fantasticallitie: diuine Entelechy: loud Mentery: deceitfull perfidy: addiſſed to Theory: the worlds great Incendiarie: ſirenized furies: ſcueraigntie immenſe: abundant Cauteles: cautelous and aduentrous: cordiall liquor: Catilinarie and Phillipicks: perfunctorie diſcourſes: Dauids ſweetnes olimpique: the Idee high and deepe Abiſſe of excellence: The only Vnicorne of the Muſes: the Aretenish mountaine of huge exaggerations: The gracious law of Amneſty: amicable termes: amicable end: | Effeſtuate: addoulce his melodie: Magy poli-mechany: extenſiuely employed: precious Traynment: Nouellets: Notorietie negotiation: mechanician.

Nor are theſe all, for euerie third line hath ſome of this ouer-rackt abſoniſme. Nor do I altogether ſcum off all theſe as the newe ingendred ſome of the Engliſh, but allowe ſome of them for a neede to fill vp a verſe; as *Traynment*, and one or two wordes more, which the libertie of proſe might well haue ſpar'd. In a verſe, when a worde of three ſillables cannot thruſt in but ſidelings, to ioynt him euen, we are oftentimes faine to borrowe ſome leſſer quarry of elocution from the Latine, alwaies retaining this for a principle, that a leake of indefinence, as a leake in a ſhippe, muſt needly bee ſtopt with what matter ſoeuer.

Chaucers authoritie, I am certaine, ſhalbe al-leadgd againſt me for a many of theſe balduſtums.

Had *Chaucer* liu'd to this age, I am verily perfwaded hee would haue discarded the tone halfe of the harsher fort of them.

They were the Oouse which ouerflowing barbarisme, withdrawne to her Scottish Northren chanell, had left behind her. Art, like yong grasse in the spring of *Chaucers* flourishing, was glad to peepe vp through any slime of corruption, to be beholding to she car'd not whome for apparaile, traouailing in those colde countries. There is no reason that shee, a banisht Queene into this barraine foile, hauing monarchizd it so long amongst the Greeks and Romanes, should (although warres furie had humbled her to some extremitie) still be constrained, when she hath recouerd her state, to weare the robes of aduersitie, iet it in her old rags, when she is wedded to new prosperitie.

Vtere / moribus præteritis, saith Caius Cæsar in Aulus Gellius, loquere verbis præsentibus.

Thou art mineemie, *Gabriell*, and, that which is more, a contemptible vnder-foote enemie, or else I would teach thy old *Trewantship* the true vse of words, as also how more inclinable verse is than prose, to dance after the horrizonant pipe of inueterate antiquitie.

It is no matter, since thou hast brought godly instruction out of loue with thee, vse thy own

destruction, raigne sole Emperour of inkehornisme : I wish vnto thee all superabundant increase of the singular gifts of absurditie, and vaine glory: from this time forth for euer, euer, euer, euermore maist thou be canonized as the *Nonparreille* of impious epistlers, the short shredder out of sandy sentences without lime, as *Quintillian* tearmed *Seneca* all lime, and no fande, all matter and no circumstance ; the factor for the Fairies and night Vrchins, in supplanting and setting aside the true children of the English, and suborning inkehorne changlings in their steade, the galemafrier of all stiles in one standish, as imitating euerie one, & hauing no seperate forme of writing of thy owne ; and to conclude, the onely feather-driuer of phrases, and putter of a good word to it when thou hast once got it, that is betwixt this and the Alpes. So bee it worlde without ende. Chroniclers heare my praiers: good Maister *Stowe*, be not vnmindfull of him.

Thats well remembred, now I talke of Chroniclers: I founde the Astrological discouurse the other night in the Chronicle. *Gabriell* will outface vs, it is a worke of such deepe arte & iudgement, when it is expressely past vnder record for a coosening prognostication. The wordes are these, though somewhat abbreui / ated, for he makes a long circumlocution of it.

In the yeare 1583, by meanes of an Astrologicall discourse vppon the great and notable coniunction of Saturne and Iupiter, the common sort of people were almost driu'n out of their wits, and knew not what to doe; but when no such thing hapned, they fell to their former securitie, and condemned the discourser of extreame madnesse and follie.

Ipssissima sunt Aristotelis verba, they are the verie words of Iohn Tell-troth, in the 1357 folio of the last edition of the great Chronicle of England.

Mehercule quidem, if it be so taken vp, *Pierce Pennilessse* may cast his cappe after it for euer ouertaking it. But some thing euen now, *Gabriell*, thou wert girding against my *prefaces and rimes*, and the *timpanie of my Tarltonizing wit*.

Well, these be your words, *præfaces and rimes*:
Apply to let me studie a little, *præfaces and rimes*.
Mas. Martin. *Minime verò, si ais nego*. I neuer printed rime in my life, but those verses in the beginning of *Pierce Pennilessse*, though you haue set foorth

*The stories quaint of manie a doutie flie,
 That read a lecture to the ventrous elfe.*

And so forth as followeth in chambling rowe.

Præfaces two, or a paire of *Epistles*, I will receyue into the protection of my parentage: out of both which, sucke out one *solæcisme*, or mishapen English word, if thou canst for thy guts.

Wherein haue I borrowed from *Greene* or *Tarlton*, that I should thanke them for all I haue? Is my stile like *Greenes*, or my ieafts like *Tarltons*?

Do I talke of any counterfeit birds, or hearbs, or stones, or rake vp any new-found poetry from vnder the wals of *Troy*? If I do, trip mee with it; but I doe not, therefore Ile bee / so fauzy as trip you with the grand lie. Ware stumbling of whetstones in the darke there my maisters.

This I will proudly boast (yet am I nothing a kindred to the three brothers) that the vaine which I haue (be it a *median* vaine, or a madde man) is of my own begetting, and cals no man father in England but my selfe, neyther *Euphues*, nor *Tarlton*, nor *Greene*.

Not *Tarlton* nor *Greene* but haue beene contented to let my simple iudgement ouerrule them in some matters of wit. *Euphues* I readd when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and I then thought it was *Ipsē ille*: it may be excellent good still, for ought I know, for I lookt not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I abhorre, otherwise than it imitates *Plutarch*, *Ouid* and the choicest Latine Authors.

If you be aduisde, I tooke *shortest vowels and longest mutes* in the beginning of my booke, as suspitious of being accessarie to the making of a Sonnet wherto Maister *Christopher Birds* name is

set, there I saide that you mute forth many such phraſes in the courſe of your booke, which I would point at as I paſt by: Heere I am as good as my word, for I note that thou beeing afraide of beraying thy ſelfe with writing, *wouldeſt faine bee a mute*, when it is too late to repent. Againe, thou reuielt on vs and ſaiſt *that mutes are courſed and vowels haunted*. Thou art no mute, yet ſhalt thou be haunted and courſed to the full. I will neuer leaue thee as long as I am able to liſt a pen.

Whether I ſeeke to bee counted a terrible bul-begger or no, Ile baite thee worſe than a bull, ſo that thou ſhalt deſire ſome body on thy knees to helpe thee with letters of commendation to *Bull*, the hangman, that he may diſpatch thee out of the way before / more affliction come vpon thee.

All the inuectiue and ſatiricall ſpirits ſhall then bee thy familiars, as the furies in hell are the familiars of ſinfull ghoſts, to follow them and torment them without intermiſſion: thou ſhalt bee double girt with girds, and ſcoft at, till thoſe that ſtand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou ſaielt I profeſſe the art of railing: thou ſhalt not ſay ſo in vaine, for, if there bee any art or depth in it more than *Aretine* or *Agrippa* haue diſcouered or diu'd into, looke that I will found it and ſearch it to the vttermoſt, but ere I haue done

with thee ile leaue thee the miserableſt creature that the funne euer ſawe.

There is no kind of peaceable pleaſure in poetrie, but I can drawe equally in the ſame yoke with the haughtieſt of thoſe foule-mouthd backbiters that ſay I can do nothing but raile.

I haue written in all ſorts of humors priuately, I am perſwaded more than any yoong man of my age in England.

The weather is cold, and I am wearie with confuting: the remainder of the colde contents of this Epiftle be theſe.

He enuiouſly indeuors, ſince he cannot reuenge himſelfe, to incenſe men of high calling againſt me, and wold inforce it into their opinions, that whatſoeuer is ſpoke in *Pierce Pennileſſe* concerning *Pefants, Clownes & hipercriticall hot-ſpurs, Midaffes, Buckram Giants, & the mightie Prince of Darkneſſe*, is meant of them: let him proue it, or bring the man to my face to whome I euer made any vndutiefull expoſition of it. I am to be my own interpreter in this firſt caſe: I ſay, in *Pierce Pennileſſe* I haue ſet downe nothing but that which I / haue had my preſident for, in forraine writers, nor had I the leaſt alluſion to any man ſet aboue mee in degree, but onely glanc't at vice generallie.

The tale of the Beare and the Foxe, how euer it may ſet fooles heads a worke a farre off, yet I

had no concealed ende in it, but in the one to describe the right nature of a bloudthirsty tyrant, whose indefinite appetite all the pleasures in the earth haue no power to bound in goodnes, but he must seeke a new felicitie in varietie of cruelty, and destroying all other mens prosperitie; for the other, to figure an hypocrite; let it be *Martin*, if you will, or some old dog that bites forer than hee, who secretlie goes and seduceth country Swaines.

Makes them beleue that honny which their bees brought forth was poysonous and corrupt.

That they may buy honny cheaper than by being at such charges in keeping bees.

That is not necessary they should haue such stately hiues, or lie sucking at such precious honnicombs.

If this (which is nothing else but to swim with the streame) be to tell tales as shrewdly as mother *Hubbard*, it should seeme mother *Hubbard* is no great shewe, howeuer thou, treading on her heeles so oft, shee may bee tempted beyonde her ten commandements.

A litle before this, the foresaid fanaticall *Phobetor*, *geremumble*, *tirleriwhisco*, or what you will, cald forth the biggest gunshot of my thundering tearmes, sleept in *Aqua fortis* and gunpowder, to come and trie them selues on his paper Target.

But that it is no credite, *Galpogas*, to discharge

a Cannon against a lowse, thou shouldst not call in vaine: thou shouldst heare Tom a Lincolne roare with / a witnes. Woe worth the daie & the yeare when thou hearest him. I feareblast thee nowe but with the winde of my weapon. With the waft of my words I lay waft all the feeble fortifications of thy wit. Shewe mee the Vniuersities hand and seale that thou art a Doctour sealed and deliuered in the prefence of a whole Commensement, and Ile present thee with my whole artillerie store of eloquence.

A bots on thee for mee for a lumpish, leaden heeld letter dawber, my stile, with treading on thy clammie steps, is growne as heauie gated, as if I were bound to an Aldermans pace, with the irons at Newgate cald the widows Almes.

Ere I was chained to thee thus by the necke, I was as light as the Poet *Accius*, who was so lowe and so slender, that hee was faine to put lead in his shooes for feare the winde shoulde blowe him into another Countrie.

Those that catch Leopards set cups of wine before them: those that will winne liking and grace of the readers must set before them continually that which shall cheare them and reuiue them.

Gabriell, thou hast not done so, thou canst not doe so, therefore thy works neither haue, nor can any way hinder mee, nor benefit the Printer.

Euen in the packing vp of my booke, a hot ague hath mee by the backe. Maugre sicknesse worst, a leane arme put out of the bed shall grind and pass euerie crum of thy booke into pin-duft.

The next peece of seruice thou doft against *Pierce Pennilesse* is naming of him *wofull poueretto*, and pleasant supposing thou puldst him by the ragged sleeue. Then matchest thou thy selfe to *Vlisses*, and him to *Irus*: *Irrita sunt hæc omnia*: it is a fleecueleffe ieast. I haue / beflui'd thee already for it: it toucheth the body and not the minde. Besides, I was neuer altogether *Peter Poueretto*, vtterly throwne downe, desperately seperated from all means of releeuing my selfe, since I knew how to separate a knaue from an honest man, or throw my cloake ouer my nose, when I sailed by the Counters.

The ragged cognizance on the sleeue, I may say to thee, carried meate in the mouth when time was: doe not dispraise it yet, for it hath many high partakers. *Quæ sequuntur huiusmodi sunt.*

Thou turmoilst thy *pia mater* to proue base births better than the offspring of many discents, because thou art a mushrumpe sprung vp in one night, a feely mouse begotten on a moulehill, that wouldst fayne pearch thy selfe on the mountaines, when thy legges are too short to ouercome such a long iourney of glorie.

My margin note, *Meritis expendite causam*, thou wouldst rather than any thing wrest to an enditment of arrogance, & so branch mee into thy tiptoe stocke. I cannot see how thou canst compass it: For though I had them weigh the cause by deserts, yet I did not assume too much to my owne deserts, when I expostulated, why Coblers, Hostlers and Carmen should be worth so much, and I, a scholler and a good fellow, a begger. How thou hast arrogated to thy selfe more than *Lucifer*, or any *Miles gloriosus* in the worlde would doe, I haue already noted at large in his due place and order. If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee cut, and say I was brought vp at Hoggenorton, where pigges play on the Organs.

Wert thou well acquainted with me, thou shouldst perceive that I am very franke where I take, & send away none empty-handed that giue mee but halfe an ill worde.

It is a good signe of grace in thee, that thou confessest *thou hast offences enough of thy owne to answer, though thou beest not chargd with thy Fathers*. Once in thy life thou speakest true yet. I beleue thee and pittie thee. God make thee a good man, for thou hast beene a wilde youth hitherto.

Thy Hexameter verses, or thy hue and crie

after a *person as cleare as Christall*, I do not so deeply commend, for al *Maister Spencer long since imbrast it with an ouer-louing sonnet*.

Why should friends dissemble one with another? they are very vgly and artlesse. You will neuer leaue your olde trickes of drawing *M. Spencer* into euerie pybald thing you do. If euer he praist thee, it was because he had pickt a fine vaine foole out of thee, and he would keepe thee still a foole, by flattring thee, til such time as he had brought thee into that extreame loue with thy selfe, that thou shouldst run mad with the conceit, and so be scorned of all men.

Yet yet, *Gabriell*, are not we set *non plus*: thy *roister-doisterdome* hath not dasht vs out of countenance. If anie man vse *boistrous horse play*, or bee beholding to *Carters Logique*, it is thy selfe; for with none but clownish and roynish ieafts dost thou rush vppon vs, and keepst such a *flurting and a flinging* in euerie leafe, as if thou wert the onely reasty iade in a country.

Skolding, thou saiest, is the language of *shrewes*, railing the stile of *rakehels*: what concludst thou from thence? Do I scold? Do I raile?

Scolding & railing is loud miscalling and reuiling one another without wit, speaking euerie thing a man knows / by his neighbour, though it bee neuer so contrary to all humanitie and good manners, and

would make the standers by almost perbrake to heare it. Such is thy inuectiue against *Greene*, where thou talkst of his lowlines, his surfeting, his beggerie and the mother of *Infortunatus* infirmities. If I scold, if I raile, I do but *cum ratione insanire*: *Tully*, *Ouid*, all the olde Poets, *Agrippa*, *Aretine*, and the rest are all scolds and railers, and by thy conclusion flat shrewes and rakehels: for I do no more than their examples do warrant mee.

The intoxicate spirit of grisly Euridice, I can tosse ouer as lightly to thee, as thou hast puft it to mee. My hart is præoccupied with better spirits, which haue left her no house-roome: thou hast no spirite, as it should appeare by thy writing: intertaine her and the spirit of the buttery out of hand, or thou wilt be beaten hand-smooth out of Bucklarsbury.

When I parted with thy brother in *Pierce Penni-lesse* I left him to be tormented world without ende of our Poets and writers about London, for calling them piperly make-playes and make-bates, not doubting but they would driue him to this issue, that he should be constrained to goe to the chiefe beame of his benefice, and there beginning a lamēttable speech, with *cur scripsi, cur perii*, ende with *Prauum praua decent, iuuat inconcessa voluptas*, & so with a trice, trusse vp his life in the string of his sauce-bell. Now heere thou thankst God thou art not so vncharitably bent to put so much

wit in a speech: like a Parson in Lancashire, that kneeld down on his knees in a zealous passion, and very hartily thank't God he neuer knew what that vile Antichristian Romish Popish Latine meant. Did I exhort inke and paper to pray that they might not bee troubled with / him any more? Inke and paper, if they bee true Protestants, will pray that they may not be contaminated any more with such abomination of desolation, as the three brothers Apocripha pamphleting.

After all this foule weather ensueth a calme dilatement of others too forward harmefulnes, and thy owne backward irefulnesse: thats dispatcht; the court hath found it otherwise.

Then thou goest about to bribe mee to giue ouer this quarrell, and saist, if I will holde my peace, thou wilt bestowe more complements of rare amplification vpon mee, than euer thou bestowd'st on Sir *Philip Sidney*, and gentle Maister *Spencer*.

Thou flatter'st mee, and praist mee.

To make mee a small seeming amendes for the iniuries thou hast done mee, thou reckon'st mee vp amongst the deare louers and professed sonnes of the *Muses*, *Edmund Spencer*, *Abraham France*, *Thomas Watson*, *Samuell Daniell*.

With a hundred blessings, and many praiers, thou intreat'st mee to loue thee.

Content thy selfe, I will not.

Thou protestst it was not my person thou mislikt (I am afraide thou wilt make mee thy Ingle) but my fierce running at Parson Richard, excusest mee by my youth, & promisest to cancell thy impertinent Pamphlet.

It were good hanging thee now, thou art in such a good mind ; yet for all this, a dogge will be a dogge, & returne to his vomit doe what a man can: thou must haue one squibbe more at the Deuils Orator, & his Dames Poet, or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to say what thou wilt, *to vnderlie*, (as thou desir'st) *the verdict of Fame her selfe*, so I may lie about thee. LIE about thee, tell a greater lie than thou dost, no / man is able.

Thus O heauenly Muse, I thanke thee, for thou hast giu'n me the patience to trauel through the tedious wildernesse of this Gomorian Epistle. Not *Hercules*, when he cleansed the stables of *Ægeas*, vnder-tooke such a stinking vnsauorie exploit. By thy assistance through a whole region of golden lanes haue I journeied, & now am safely arriu'd at *not speedily dispatcht, but hastily bungled vp as you see*. Graunt that all such slow dispatchers & hastie bunglers, may haue a long time of reproach to repent them in, and not come abroad to corrupt the aire, & imposthumate mens ears with their pan-pudding prose any more. So bee it, say all

English people after mee, that haue eares to heare or eies to reade.

Feci, feci, feci, had I my health, now I had leysure to be merry, for I haue almost washt my hands of the Doctour.

His own regenerate verses of *the jolly Fly*, & *Gibeline and Gwelfth*, some peradventure may expect that I should answere. So I would if there were anie thing in them which I had not answered before, but there is nothing; if there were, hauing driuen his sword to his head, I respect not what he can do with his dagger. Onely I will looke vpon the last sonnet of M. *Spencers* to the right worshipfull Maister G. H., Doctour of the lawes: or it may so fall out that I will not looke vpon it too, because (*Gabriell*) though I vehemently suspect it to bee of thy owne doing, it is popt forth vnder M. *Spencers* name, and his name is able to sanctifie any thing, though falsely ascribed to it.

The fourth letter of our Orators, to the same fauourable or indifferent reader, was a letter which this many a long summers day, I dare ieopard my maydenhead / had line hidden in his deske; for it is a shipmans hose, that will ferue any man as well as *Green* or mee.

To make short, in it, as fortie times before, he brides it and simpers out a crie, No, forsooth, God dild you hee would not, that hee would: None so

desirous of quiet as hee, good olde man, who with a pure intent of peace, first put fire to the flame that hath hedgde him in.

He hath preuented Maister *Bunnie* of the second part of his treatise of Pacification; for like some craftie ringleader of rebellion, when hee hath stirred vp a dangerous commotion, and findes, by the too late examination of his forevnexamed defects in himselfe, that so sweet a roote will hardlie effect correspondent fruits, strait, in pollicie to get his pardon, hee strikes faile to the tempest of sedition, and is thrice as earnest in preaching pacification, obedience, and submission: so *Gabriel*, when he hath stird vp against me what tumults he can in stationers Shops, and left the quiuer of his enuie not an arrow vndrawne out, hee finds, by the audit of his ill consumed defectes, that he is not of force inough to hold out: wherefore in pollicie, to auoid further arrearages of infamie, hee tires the text of reconciliation out of breath, and hopeth by the intercession of *a cuppe of white wine and sugar, to be made friends with his fellow writers.*

It cannot choose but he must of necessitie be a very fore fellow, that is so familiar with white wine & fugar, for white wine, in a maner, is good for nothing but to wash sores in, and smudge vp withered beauty with. Well, for all hee would haue *Pierce* make no warres on him, he makes

warres on *Pierce Pennileffe*, he bebeggereth him again in this epistle verie bountifullie: / hee saies *that Lordes must take heede how they Lord it in his preface.*

That the Asse is the onelie Author he alleadgeth.

That Greene is an Asse in print, and he a calfe in print.

That they are both chieftaines in licentiousnesse and that truth can saie the abhominable villanies of such base shifting companions, good for nothing but to cast away themselues, spoile their adherents, &c.

For my beggerie, let that trauell the countries: I haue saide more for it than a richer man would haue done, but that I take vppon me to Lord it ouer great Lords, thou art a most lewd tungd lurden to saie it.

Must they take heede how they Lord it in my preface, what must they doe in thy preface?

*That sitting like a looker on
Of this worlds stage, dost note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition;
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great,
Nor fearest foolish reprehension,
But freelie dost of what thee list intreate,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse libertie,
Lifting the good vp to high honours seate,
And th' euill damning euermore to die:
For life and death is in thy doomefull writing.*

Whereas thou saist the Assē, in a manner, is the only Author I alleadge, I must know how you define an Assē before I can tell how to answere you ; for *Cornelius Agrippa* maketh all the Philosophers, Oratours, and Poets that euer were, Asses : and if so, you vnderstand that I alleadge no Author but the Assē ; for [if] all Authors are Asses, why I am for you ; if otherwise, thou art worse than a *Cumane* Assē, to leape before thou lookst, and condemne a man without cause.

What Authors dost thou alleadge in thy booke ? not / two but any Grammer Scholler might haue alleadgd.

There is not three kernels of more than common learning in all thy *Foure Letters*. Common learning ? not common sense in some places.

Of force I must graunt that *Greene* came oftner in print than men of iudgement allowed off, but neuerthelesse he was a daintie slaue to content the taile of a Tearme, and stuffe Seruing mens pockets.

An Assē, *Gabriel*, it is harde thou shouldst name him : for calling me Calfe, it breakes no square, but if I bee a calfe, it is in comparison of such an Oxe as thy selfe.

The chieftaines of licentiousnesse, and truth can say the abhominable villanies of such base foisting companions, good for nothing, &c. I am of the mind wee shall not digest this neither.

Anfwere me *succintè & expeditè*, what one period any way leaning to licentiousnes, canst thou produce in *Pierce Pennileffe*?

I talke of a great matter when I tell thee of a period, for I know two feuerall periods or full pointes, in this last epistle, at least fortie lines long a piece.

For the order of my life, it is as ciuil as a ciuil orange: I lurke in no corners, but conuerse in a house of credit, as well gouerned as any Colledge, where there bee more rare quallified men, and selected good Schollers than in any Noblemans house that I knowe in England.

If I had committed *such abhominable villanies, or were a base shifting companion*, it stoode not with my Lords honour to keepe me, but if thou hast saide it, & canst not proue it, what slanderous dishonor hast thou done him, to giue it out that he keepes *the committers of / abhominable villanies and base shifting companions*, when they are farre honefter than thy selfe.

If I were by thee, I would plucke thee by the beard, and spit in thy face, but I would dare thee, and vrge thee beyonde all excuse, to disclose and proue for thy heart bloud, what villanie or base shifting by mee thou canst. I defie all the worlde in that respect.

Because thou vsedst at Cambridge to shift for

thy Friday nights suppers, and cofen poore vittuallers and pie-wiues of Doctours cheefe and puddinges, thou thinkest me one of the same religion too.

What *Greene* was, let some other answere for him as much as I haue done: I had no tuition ouer him: he might haue writ another *Galatæo* of manners, for his manners euerie time I came in his companie: I saw no such base shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard, not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which had beene requisite he should.

What a *Calimunco* am I to plead for him, as though I were as neere him as his owne skinne. A thousande there bee that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who, since I first knew him about town, haue beene two yeares together and not seene him.

But Ile doe as much for any man, especially for a dead man, that cannot speake for himselfe. Let vs heare *how we are good for nothing but to cast awaie our selues, spoile our adherents, praie on our fauourers, dishonour our Patrons.* Haue I euer tooke any likelie course of casting away my selfe?

Whom canst thou name that kept me company, and reapt any discommoditie by mee? I can name

diuers good Gentlemen *that haue beene my adherents and / fauourers a long time.* Let them report howe I haue spoilde them, or praid on them, or put them to one pennie detriment since I first consoorted with thē.

Haue an eie to the maine-chaunce, for no sooner shall they vnderstand what thou hast said by mee of them, but theyle goe neere to haue thee about the eares for this geare, one after another.

My Patrons, or anie that bind me to them by the least good turne, there is no man in England that is, or shall (for my small power) bee more thankefull vnto than I. Neuer was I vnthankefull vnto any, no, not to those of whome for deedes I receiued nothing but vnperformed deede promising words. It is an honor to be accusde, and not conuinft.

One of these months I shall challenge martir-dome to my selfe, and writ large stories of the persecution of tongues. Troth I am as like to persecute as be persecuted. Let him take vp his Crosse and blesse himselfe that crosseth mee, for I will crosse shinnes with him though euerie sentence of his were a thousande tunnes of discourfes, as *Gabriel* faith, euerie sentence of his is a discourfe. Quods, quods giue me my Text pen againe, for I haue a little more Text to launce.

The secretaries of art and nature, if it were not

for friuolous contentions, might bestead the commōwelth with manie puissant engins. As, for example, *Bacons* brafen nose, *Architas* wodden doue, dancing bals, fire breathing gourdes, artificiall flies to hang in the aire by themselues, an egshell that shall run vp to the toppe of a speare.

Archimedes made a heau'n of brasse, but we haue nothing to do with olde brasse and iron.

Apollonius Regimontanus did manie pretie iugling tricks, but wee had rather drinke out of a glasse than / a Iugge: vse a little brittle wit of our owne, than borrow any miracle mettall of the Deuils.

Amongst all other stratagems and puissant engins, what say you to *Mates Pumpe* in Cheapside, to pumpe ouer mutton and porridge into Fraunce? this colde weather our souldiors, I can tell you, haue need of it, and, poore field mise, they haue almost got the colicke and stone with eating of prouant.

Confider of it well, for it is better than all *Bacons*, *Architas*, *Archimedes*, *Apollonius* or *Regiomontanus* deuices; for *Gabriell*, that professeth all these, with all their helpe cannot make the bias bowle at *Saffron Walden* run downe the hill, when it is throwne down with the hardest hand that may bee, but it will turne vp the hill againe in spite of a mans teeth, and, that which is worst, giue no reason for it.

The Parrat and the Peacock haue leifure to reuiue and repolish their expired workes. You speake like a friend: wele listen to you when you haue repolished and expired your perfected degree. A Demy Doctor, what a shame is it?

Because your books do call for a litle more drinke, and a few more clothes when they are gone to bed, that is, when they lie dead, you thinke ours do so too. No, no, we doe not vse to clappe a coat ouer a ierkin, or thrust any of the children of our braine into their mothers wombe againe, & beget them a new after they are once borne. If it bee a horne booke at his first conception, let it be a horne booke still, and turne not eat in the panne, conuert the Paternoster to a Primer, when it hath begd it selfe out at the elbowes vp and downe the cuntrey.

Thou didst thou knewst not what in eeking this thy short-wasted Pamphlet, iwis, as thou saist of thy selfe / *Thou art an old trewant, fitter to plaie the dumbe dogge with some antients, than the hissing snake.*

Who be those antient dumbe dogs? we shall haue you a Martinist when all comes to all, because you cannot thriue with the Ciuill Law, and that you may marry her for any thing you are a kindred to her: therefore you will compare *Whitegift and Cartwright*, white and blacke together, name the

highest gouernours of the Church without giuing them anie reuerence or titles of honour, imbrace anie religion which will be euen with the profession that fauors not you.

There is no baile or mainprife for it, but wee must haue you in the first peeping forth of the spring, preaching out of a Pulpit in the woods: you haue put on wolues raiment already, seduced manie simple people vnder the habit of a sheepe and *Wolfes* print. If you protest & lie any more, it is not your ending here like a sermon, that will make you bee reputed for a saint.

Readers, a decaied student, lately shipwrackt with *Si vales bene est*, hauing foure Lightors of Letters, cleane cast away on the rocks called the Bishop & his Clarks, desires you all to pray for him, and he will recommend you all to God the next sermon he penneth, or his brother *Richard*.

He hath a mind to pay euery man his owne, though hee hath sustained great losse in fight, *that which he cannot effect he beseecheth the Lord to accomplish, and euen to worke a miracle vpon the deafe.*

Lord if it be thy will, let him be an Assé still. Gentlemen, I haue no more to say to the Doctor dispose of the victorie as you please: shortly I will present you with something that shal be better than nothing, onely giue mee a gentle hire for my

durtie day labor, and I am your bounden Orator
for euer.

Son / netto.

Were there no warres, poore men should haue
no peace :

Vnceffant warres with waspes and droanes I crie :
Hee that begins, oft knows not how to cease,
They haue begun, Ile follow till I die.

Ile heare no truce, wrong gets no graue in mee,
Abuse pell mell encounter with abuse :
Write hee againe, Ile write eternally.
Who feedes reuenge hath found an endlesse Muse.

If death ere made his blacke dart of a pen,
My penne his speciall Baily shall becum :
Somewhat Ile be reputed of mongst men,
By striking of this duns or dead or dum.

Awaite the world the Tragedy of wrath :
What next I paint shall tread no common path.

Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.

Tho. Nashe.

Obferuations for the Readers of this Booke.

Item, whatſoeuer for the moſt part is here in this booke in change of letter, is our aduerſaries owne Text, and vnvaried words, either in this his conuicted Foure Letters, or ſome other ſuſtie treatiſe, ſet forth by him heretofore.

Then, that I am wreſted and utterly diuorced from my owne inuention, & conſtrained ſtill ſtill, before I am warme in any one vaine, to ſtart away ſodainely, and follow him in his vanitie.

Finally, Printers haue many falſe ſitches, which are thus to bee drawen vp.

In the ſecond page of c for Baboune brother, reade Baboune his brother: in the 7 for allegorized & Abdias, reade allegorized Abdias: in the 8 for ſet hand, reade, ſet his hand: idem for headmen read headman. In the firſt of d for *liuor poſt quieſcat*, reade *Liur poſt fata quieſcat*: in the 5 for plaſter of Doctourſhip, reade plaiſtrie or dawbing of Doctourſhip: in the 7 for inſolent incke-horne worme, reade inſolent incke worme: in the 2 of e for Aſſe in preſent, read Aſſe in preſenti: in the 3 for beſtow vpon, reade beſtow vpon him: in the 5 for effect, reade efficacie. In the 4 of f

for vertuous Syr Iohn Norris, read victorious Syr John Norris: in the 5 page of π for I introduce in a discontented Scholler, read I introduce a discontented Scholler: in the 8 for His assentrion, reade His assertion. In the 5 of I for verie companie, reade verie timpanie. In the 5 page of κ for in this first case, reade first in this case. [Corrected in the places.—G.]

FINIS.