

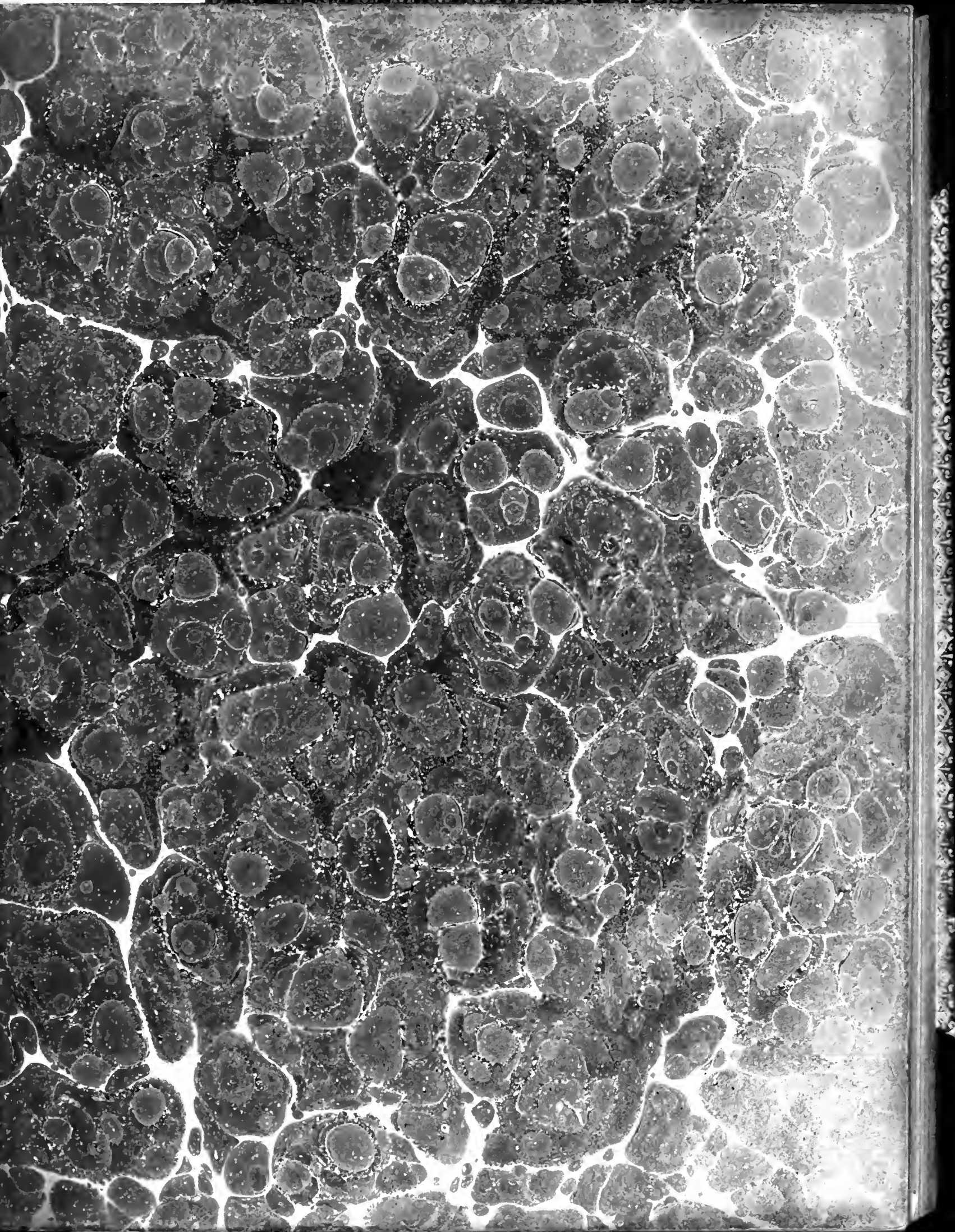


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FOUR LETTERS,

AND

CERTAIN SONNETS,

ESPECIALLY TOUCHING

ROBERT GREENE,

AND OTHER PARTIES BY HIM ABUSED:

BUT INCIDENTALLY OF

*DIVERS EXCELLENT PERSONS,*

*And some Matters of Note.*

TO ALL COURTEOUS MINDS THAT WILL VOUCHSAFE THE READING.

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FIRST PRINTED IN 1592.

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A NEW EDITION,

WITH

A CRITICAL PREFACE.



LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1814.



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THE  
PARTICULAR CONTENTS.

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A Preface to courteous Minds.

A Letter to M. Emanuel Demetrius, with a Sonnet annexed.

A Letter to M. Christopher Bird.

A Letter to every favourable or indifferent Reader.

Another Letter to the same, extorted after the rest.

Greene's Memorial, or certain Funeral Sonnets.

Two Latin Epitaphs; the one of M. Greene, the other of M. John Harvey.

A Sonnet of M. Spencer to M. Doctor Harvey.



TO

ALL COURTEOUS MINDS,

THAT WILL VOUCHSAFE THE READING.

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*AY I crave pardon at this instant, as well for inditing that is unworthy to be published, as for publishing that was unworthy to be indited: I will hereafter take precise order, either never to importune you more, or to solicit you for more especial cause. I was first exceeding loath to pen that is written, albeit in mine own enforced defence, (for I make no difference between my dearest friends and myself), and am now much loather to divulge that is imprinted, albeit against those whose own pamphlets are readier to condemn them, than my letters forward to accuse them. Vile acts would in some respects rather be concealed than recorded, as the darkness of the night better fitteth the nature of some unlucky birds, than the brightness of the day; and Herostratus, in a villainous bravery affecting a most notorious and monstrous fame, was, in the censure of the wisest judgments, rather to be overwhelmed in the deepest pit of oblivion, than to enjoy any relique or shadow of his own desperate glory. But GREENE (although pitifully blasted, and how woefully faded!) still flourisheth in the memory of some green wits, wedded to the wantonness of their own fancy, and enamoured upon every new-fangled toy: and PIERCE PENNYLESSE (although the Devil's orator by profession, and his Dam's poet by practice), in such a flush of notable good fellows, cannot possibly want many to read him; enough to excuse him, a few to commend him, some to believe him, or to credit any that tickleth the right vein, and feedeth the riotous humour of their licentious vanity. To stop the beginning is no bad purpose, where the end may prove pernicious or perilous:*

*venom is venom, and will infect: when the dragon's head spitteth poison, what mischief may lurk in the dragon's tail! If any distress be miserable; defamation is intolerable, especially to minds that would rather deserve just commendation, than be any way blemished with unjust slander. They that use to speak well of other, and endeavour to do well themselves (the defects of disability are not to be imputed to endeavour), would be sorry to hear amiss without cause of complaint, or suspicion; and he that like a Lacedemonian or Roman accounteth infamy worse than death, would be loath to improve his courage, or to employ his patience in digesting the pestilent bane of his life. That is done cannot de facto be undone; but I appeal to Wisdom, how discreetly, and to Justice, how deservedly it is done; and request the one to do us reason in shame of Impudency, and beseech the other to do us right in reproach of Calumny. It was my intention so to demean myself in the whole, and so to temper my style in every part, that I might neither seem blinded with affection, nor enraged with passion; nor partial to friend, nor prejudicial to enemy; nor injurious to the worst, nor offensive to any; but mildly and calmly shew how discredit reboundeth upon the authors, as dust flieth back into the wag's eyes, that will needs be puffing it up. Which if I have altogether attained, without the least oversight of distempered phrase, I am the gladder; if failed in some few incident terms, (what tongue or pen may not slip in heat of discourse?) I hope a little will not greatly break the square, either of my good meaning with humanity, or of your good acceptance with indifference. Favour is a courteous reader, and a gracious patron; and no man loveth favour where it is to be loved, or honoureth it where it is to be honoured, more affectionately than I; yet here I neither desire favour toward lovingest friend, nor wish disfavour toward spitefullest foe, but only request reason toward both; and so briefly recommend both to your foresaid indifference, as to an equal balance of upright judgment. London, this 16th of September.*

*Your thankful debtor,*

*G. H.*

# FOUR LETTERS, &c.

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## THE FIRST LETTER.

*To the worshipful, my very good Friend M. Emanuel Demetrius, at his House by the Church in Lime Street, in London.*



ASTER DEMETRIUS, I earnestly commend this bearer, M. DOCTOR HARVEY, my good friend, unto you, being a very excellent general scholar, who is desirous of your acquaintance and friendship, especially for the sight of some of your antiquities and monuments, and also for some conference touching the state of foreign countries, as your leisure may conveniently serve. You shall assuredly find the gentleman very honest and thankful, and me ready to re-acquite your courtesy and favour to him so shewn, in that I possibly may. And so with the remembrance of my hearty recommendations, with like thanks for your two letters of foreign news, received the last week, I commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

Your loving friend,

*Walden, this 29th of August, 1592.*

CHRISTOPHER BIRD.

Instead of other novels, I send you my opinion, in a plain but true sonnet, upon the famous new work entitled, *A Quippe for an upstart Courtier*; or, forsooth, *A quaint Dispute betweene Velvet-*

*breeches and Cloth-breeches*: as fantastical and fond a dialogue as I have seen; and, for some particulars, one of the most licentious and intolerable invectives that ever I read: wherein the lewd fellow, and impudent railer, in an odious and desperate mood, without any other cause or reason, amongst sundry other persons notoriously defamed, most spitefully and villanously abuseth an ancient neighbour of mine, one M. HARVEY, a right honest man, of good reckoning; and one that above twenty years since bare the chicfest office in Walden with good credit, and hath maintained four sons in Cambridge and elsewhere, with great charges; all sufficiently able to answer for themselves: and three (in spite of some few GREENES) universally well reputed in both universities, and through the whole realm. Whereof one returning sick from Norwich to Lynn, in July last, was past sense of any such malicious injury, before the publication of that vile pamphlet. *Livor post fata quiescat: et benè à singulis audiant, qui omnibus volunt benè.*

#### A DUE COMMENDATION OF THE QUIPPING AUTHOR.

GREENE the coneycatcher, of this dream the author,  
 For his dainty devise deserveth the halter.  
 A rakehell, a makeshift, a scribbling fool;  
 A famous bayard in city and school:  
 Now sick as a dog; and ever brain-sick,  
 Where such a raving and desperate Dick?  
 Sir Reverence; a scurvy master of art,  
 Answered enough with a doctor's fart.  
 He scorns other answer; and Envy salutes  
 With shortest vowels and with longest mutes.  
 For farther trial himself he refers  
 To proof and sound judgment, that seldom errs.  
 Now, good Robin-Good-fellow, and gentle Greenesleeves,  
 Give him leave to be quiet that none aggrieves.

*Miserrima Fortuna, quæ caret inimico.*

## Advertisement.

THE origin and progress of the dispute between ROBERT GREENE and Dr. GABRIEL HARVEY, which gave occasion to the following *Letters and Sonnets*, has been discussed in the Preface to the new Edition of *Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit*, printed last year at the *Private Press at Lee Priory, in Kent*. It is there observed, and here indeed expressly stated in the *First Letter*, here reprinted, that the offence was committed by GREENE in his *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier, or a Quaint Dispute between Velvet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches*<sup>1</sup>, in which the author made a contemptuous allusion to the station and character of HARVEY's father, who was a rope-maker at Saffron-Walden, in Essex.

The agonizing pangs which this sarcasm (certainly unwarrantable if unprovoked) appears to have inflicted on the pride and vanity of HARVEY, vented themselves in torrents of abuse both on this and on future occasions, which seem to the Editor to throw an indelible stigma on the moral character of him who suffered his revengeful passions thus to carry him away.

There is, however, so much interesting matter in the present Tract, that while the reader is adjured to guard himself against the infection of the venom with which the memory of poor GREENE is here loaded, it cannot be unacceptable to the gratification of his literary curiosity, to furnish him with a production at once so rare and of so singular a cast.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*.

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That HARVEY was a man of great learning, and of a profusion of pedantic rhetoric, will probably be conceived by all. That his intellect was vigorous, and his judgment comprehensive and generally sound, may also be asserted. But he appears to have been totally deficient as well in taste as in genius. He could therefore as little comprehend, as treat with favour, or even indulgence, the merits of men of more fancy, with less learning, than himself.

His self-sufficiency was so great as justly to expose him to ridicule: "If I never," says he, "deserve any better remembrance, let me rather be epitaphed *The Inventor of the English Hexameter, whom learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgil, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia* and elsewhere, than be chronicled *The Green Master of the Black Art*; or the founder of ugly oaths; or the father of misbegotten Fortunatus; or the Scrivener of Crossbiters; or, as one of his own sectaries termed him, the Patriarch of Shifters!"

Agam, in his 22d Sonnet he says:

"Some Tales to tell, would I a Chaucer were;  
Yet would I not even now an Homer be:  
*Though Spenser me hath often Homer termed,*  
*And Monsieur Bodine vow'd as much as he."*

It is true that in the friendship and praises of Spenser he had much to make him vain: and the following Sonnet, which occurs at the close of the present tract, is repeated in this place in justice to his memory; for it is candid to confess, that it checks something of the antipathy which is continually rising in the Editor's mind against him.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

### SONNET

*To the right worshipful my singular good friend M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men  
I read : that sitting like a looker-on  
Of this world's stage, dost note with critic pen  
The sharp dislikes of each condition ;  
And as one careless of suspicion,  
Ne fawnest for the favour of the Great ;  
Ne fearest foolish reprehension  
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat ;  
But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat ,  
Like a great Lord, of peerless liberty,  
Lifting the good up to high Honour's seat ;  
And the evil damning evermore to die :  
For life and death is in thy doomful writing :  
So thy renown lives ever by inditing !

*Dublin, July 18, 1586.*

It has been remarked, that in the charge of coarseness and virulence which we apply to these Letters, we do not make sufficient allowance for the manners of the age. If, indeed, it be true that all controversies and all personalities were then carried on in language equally broad and unrefined, no peculiar stigma ought to be fixed on Dr. HARVEY. But the remark does not appear to be altogether justified by the general cast of the satirical writings of that brilliant æra. There is an overflowing malice and revenge in HARVEY's mind, which distinguishes him from his cotemporaries.

If he really held GREENE in the smallest portion of the contempt which he expresses for him, SPENSER's commendation might well have preserved his temper from being ruffled at the attacks of one whom he affected to term an ignorant, contemptible, and

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infamous scribbler. But he probably felt (at least through the medium of public opinion, what perhaps his want of natural sensibility might have prevented his being originally impressed with), that there was in GREENE'S productions a charm beyond the reach of art, the charm of simple and touching genius, which haste could not destroy, which dissolute habits could not extinguish, and which the prejudices of an immoral and degraded name could not withdraw from the public favour.

It must not lightly be admitted as an universal or even general truth, that popular favour is an unequivocal proof of merit; and still less that the absence of it is a proof of the contrary. But there must be something of very powerful attraction in those compositions, which in spite of the author's bad name, in spite of his poverty and low habits of life, find their way to every one's closet, and a passage through every one's lips.

If we give credit to the degrading stories divulged by these Letters, the extent of which it must be remembered was strongly denied by T. Nash, the companion and defender of Greene, we cannot peruse the relation without a poignant mixture of sorrow and disgust. Nor can we contemplate such an exhibition of the frailties and inconsistencies of the human character, without astonishment as well as pity. It is, however, but an anticipation of the stories of Richard Savage, Samuel Boyse, and Thomas Dermody.

“How he departed,” says Harvey, “his ghostly mother Isam can truliest, and will favourabliest report! How he lived, London remembereth! Oh, what a lively picture of vanity! but, oh, what a deadly image of misery! and, oh, what a terrible caveat for such

## ADVERTISEMENT.

and such! I am not to extenuate or prejudice his wit, which could not any way be great, though some way not the least of our vulgar writers, and many ways very ungracious: but who ever esteemed him either wise, or learned, or honest, or any way credible? How many gentlemen and other say of him, ‘ Let the paltry fellow go.’ Lord, what a lewd companion was he! What an egregious make-shift! Where should *coney-catchers* have gotten such a secretary? How shall *Cosenage* do for a new register; or Phantasticality for a new author? They wrong him much with their epitaphs and other solemn devices, that entitle him not at the least the second toy of London, the stale of Paul’s, the ape of *Euphues*, the vice of the stage, the mocker of the simple world, the flouter of his friends, the foe of himself, and so forth. What durst not he utter with his tongue, or divulge with his pen, or countenance with his face? Or whom cared he for, but a careless crew of his own associates?” &c.

“Greene, vile Greene!” he says in another place, “would thou werest half so honest as the worst of the four whom thou upbraidedest; or half so learned as the unlearnedest of the three! Thank other for thy borrowed and filched plumes of some little *Italianated* bravery, and what remaineth but flat impudency and gross detraction, the proper ornaments of thy sweet utterance?”

Here is a direct charge against Greene as a plagiarist from the Italians, from whom probably the stories of some of his novels were taken: a charge, which, if true, he only incurred in common with the most eminent of his countrymen, both of his own time, and preceding ages.

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Thomas Nash is exposed to little less of the vengeance of the enraged orator. Several pages are employed in an attack and ridicule of that writer's pamphlet, entitled, "*Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil.*"

"Lo," says Harvey, "his inwardest companion, that tasted of the fatal herring, cruelly pinched with want, vexed with discredit, tormented with other men's felicity, and overwhelmed with his own misery, in a raving and frantic mood most desperately exhibiteth his *Supplication to the Devil!*" &c.

Nash answered; and Harvey replied by his "*Pierce's Superogation,*" which is now curious, not so much for the subject that gave rise to it, as for the numerous notices which it contains of the literature of the day: on which account a reprint of it is intended hereafter to form a portion of ARCHAIKA.

Yet in the present Letters it is clear that Harvey was anxious to conciliate Nash. For in another place, after speaking of the fine models of Orpheus, Homer, Pindar, and the excellentest wits of Greece—and then of the Psalms of David, translated by Buchanan, he cordially recommends "such lively springs of streaming eloquence to the dear lovers of the Muses; and namely, to the professed sons of the same, *Edmund Spenser, Richard Stanyhurst, Abraham France, Thomas Watson, Samuel Daniell, Thomas Nash,* and the rest, whom he affectionately thanks for their studious endeavours, commendably employed in enriching and polishing their native tongue, never so furnished or embellished as of late."

As to the SONNETS annexed to these Letters, they never ap-

*L. has not any reference to the Herring's Tale. Vid. Bill. Mem. page 156.*

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proach to poetry : with the exception of the 18th, which has justly been commended by Mr. Israeli<sup>1</sup>. On the contrary, the verses inserted in *Nash's Supplication* are often animated, and marked with poetical feeling and poetical expression.

But what can art and learning do towards producing poetry without the native inspiration of the Muse? How little a way will the most ingenious theories of Criticism advance to it? How often does a composition charm in defiance of all the Critic's rules? And how often is that, which is in strict conformity to all his canons, dull, lifeless, and without a particle of attraction? Animated feelings; affecting sentiment; glowing imagery—what cold critic can reason away the delight which the delineation of these can convey; or the fame which shall follow it? Or how shall all his puny endeavours confer on the laborious accuracy of the artificial writer the popularity and lustre which can only be attained by the unborrowed force of genuine and unsophisticated genius?

<sup>1</sup> See *Calamities of Authors*. See also *Quarrels of Authors*, for an account of the controversy between Harvey and Nash.

## N O T E.

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WHILE this sheet was correcting, the following notice of a person, abused by Dr. Harvey, met the Editor's eye among Bishop Kennett's MSS. in the British Museum.

"Dr. ANDREW PERNE, who died 1589, was Dean of Ely, and Master of Peterhouse, in Cambridge, and was often entertained, and that with all kindness, by Archbishop Whitgift, at Lambeth; and there he died on 26th April, 1589; and was from thence, by the Archbishop's order, decently buried in Lambeth Church, and lieth under a gravestone, which now, I think, is gone; but was in these words:

D. O. M.

Andreae Perne, S. T. D. Cathedralis Ecclesiae Eliensis Decano Collegii D. Patri in Academia Cantabrigiae Magistro, munificae bene reverendi virtute insigni, Literarum Mecæ-nati optimo, hoc monumentum Pietatis et Amoris ergo Richardus Perne, Nepos posuit. Obiit 26 die Aprilis, Anno 1589.

Scientia inflat:

Charitas ædificat.

Some character of this Doctor was given not long after his death, by an author of those times, in answer to a Book written by Gabriel Harvey of Saffron Walden, who had written abusively of him in respect of his compliance in Queen Mary's reign, wherein is hinted the esteem the Archbishop had for him.

"Dr. Perne is casked up in lead, and cannot arise to plead for himself; therefore I will commit this to ink and paper in his behalf. Few men lived better, though, like David and Peter, he had his fall: yet the University had not a more careful Father this hundred years: and if for no other regard but that a chief Father of our Commonwealth loved him, in whose house he died, he might have spared and forborne him. His hospitality was great as hath been kept before or ever since, upon the place he had (being Master of Peterhouse, and Dean of Ely); and for his wit and learning, they that mislike want the like wit and learning, else they would have more judgment to discern it."—KENNETT'S MSS.

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\*.\* Almost all the other names mentioned in these Letters occur so frequently in the literature of the Elizabethan period, which has been lately so copiously elucidated, that it has been deemed superfluous to load this publication with notes regarding them.

FOUR LETTERS, &c.



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THE FIRST LETTER.

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have seen ; and, for some particulars, one of the most licentious and intolerable invectives that ever I read : wherein the lewd fellow, and impudent railer, in an odious and desperate mood, without any other cause or reason, amongst sundry other persons notoriously defamed, most spitefully and villanously abuseth an ancient neighbour of mine, one M. HARVEY, a right honest man, of good reckoning ; and one that above twenty years since bare the chiefest office in Walden with good credit, and hath maintained four sons in Cambridge and elsewhere, with great charges ; all sufficiently able to answer for themselves : and three (in spite of some few GREENES) universally well reputed in both universities, and through the whole realm. Whereof one returning sick from Norwich to Lynn, in July last, was past sense of any such malicious injury, before the publication of that vile pamphlet. *Livor post fata quiescat : et benè à singulis audiant, qui omnibus volunt benè.*

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 Answered enough with a doctor's fart.  
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 To proof and sound judgment, that seldom errs.  
 Now, good Robin-Good-fellow, and gentle Greenesleeves,  
 Give him leave to be quiet that none aggrieves.

*Miserrima Fortuna, quæ caret inimico.*



## THE SECOND LETTER.

*To my loving Friend, Master Christopher Bird, of Walden.*

MASTER BIRD; in the absence of M. DEMETRIUS I delivered your letter unto his wife, whom I found very courteous. My next business was to enquire after the famous author, who was reported to lie dangerously sick in a shoemaker's house near Dowgate, not of the plague, or the pox, as a gentleman said, but of a surfeit of pickled herring and rhenish wine, or, as some suppose, of an exceeding fear. For in his extremest want he offered ten, or, rather than fail, twenty shillings to the printer (a huge sum with him at that instant), to leave out the matter of the three brothers, with confession of his great fear to be called *Coram* for those forged imputations. A conscience mind and undaunted heart seldom dwell together: he was not the first that bewrayed and punished his own guiltiness with blushing for shame, or trembling for dread, or drooping for woe. Many can heap misery enough upon their own heads, and need no more penalty but their own contrition and the censure of other. I would not wish a sworn enemy to be more basely valued, or more vilely reputed, than the common voice of the city esteemeth him that sought fame by defamation of other, but hath utterly discredited himself; and is notoriously grown a very proverb of infamy and contempt.

I little delight in the rehearsal of such paltry: but who like ELDERTON for ballading, GREENE for pamphleting; both for good fellowship and bad conditions? Railing was the ypoeras of the drunken rhymester, and Quipping the marchpane of the mad libeller. They scape fair that go scot-free in such saucy reckonings:

I have known some, read of many, and heard of more, that wantonly quipped other and soundly nipped themselves. The hottest blood of choler may be cooled: and as the fiercest fury of wild-fire, so the fiercest wild-fire of fury consumeth itself. Howbeit a common mischief would be prevented: and it generally concerneth all, and particularly behoveth every one to look about him when he heareth the bells ringing backward, and seeth the fire running forward, and beholdeth even Death in person shooting his peremptory bolts. You understand me without a gloss: and here is matter enough for a new civil war, or shall I say for a new Trojan Siege, if this poor letter should fortune to come in print.

I deal directly, and will plainly tell you my fancy, if TITIUS continue to upbraid CAIUS with every thing and nothing. I neither name *Martin-mar-prelate*, nor shame *Papp with a hatchet*, nor mention any other but ELDERTON and GREENE; two notorious mates, and the very ringleaders of the rhyming and scribbling crew. But Titius, or rather Zoilus, in his spiteful vain, will so long flirt at Homer; and Thersites, in his peevish mood, so long fling at Agamemnon, that they will become extremely odious and intolerable to all good learning and civil government: and in attempting to pull down or disgrace others without order, must needs finally overthrow themselves without relief.

Orators have challenged a special liberty, and poets claimed an absolute licence; but no liberty without bounds, nor any licence without limitation. Invectives by favour have been too bold, and satires by usurpation too presumptuous. I overpass Archilochus, Aristophanes, Lucian, Julian, Aretine, and that whole venomous and viperous brood of old and new railers. Even Tully and Horace otherwhiles over-reached; and I must needs say, *Mother Hubbard*, in heat of choler, forgetting the pure sanguine of her sweet *Fairy Queen*, wilfully overshot her malcontented self, as elsewhere I have specified at large, with the good leave of unspotted friendship,



Examples in some ages do exceeding much hurt: Sallust and Clodius learned of Tully to frame artificial declamations and pathetic invectives against Tully himself, and other worthy members of that most flourishing state. If *Mother Hubbard*, in the vein of CHAUCER, happen to tell one canicular tale, father ELDERTON and his son GREENE, in the vein of SKELTON, or SCOGGIN, will counterfeit an hundred dogged fables, libels, calumnies, slanders, lies for the whetstone, what not; and most curiously snarl and bite where they should most kindly fawn and lick. Every private excess is dangerous, but suchlike public enormities incredibly pernicious and insupportable: and who can tell what huge outrages might amount of such quarrelous and tumultuous causes?

Honour is precious; worship of value; fame invaluable. They perilously threaten the commonwealth that go about to violate the inviolable parts thereof: many will sooner lose their lives than the least jot of their reputation. Lord, what mortal feuds, what furious combats, what cruel bloodshed, what horrible slaughterdom, have been committed for the point of honour and some few courtly ceremonies! Though meaner persons do not so highly overprize their credit; yet who taketh not discourtesy unkindly, or slander displeasingly? For mine own part, I am to make an use of my adversary's abuse; and will endeavour to reform any default whercof I may justly or probably be impeached. Some emulation hath already done me good; both for supply of great imperfections, and for increase of small perfections. I have, and who hath not, found it better to be tickled and stinged of a busy enemy, than to be coyed and lulled of an idle friend.

Plutarch is gravely wise, and Machiavel subtilely politic; but in either of them what sounder or finer piece of cunning, than to reap commodity by him that seeketh my displeasure, and to play upon the advantage of his detection of my infirmities? Other cavilling,

or mote-spying malice, confoundeth itself; and I continue my accustomed simplicity, to answer vanity with silence, though, peradventure, not without danger of inviting a new injury, by entertaining an old. Patience hath trained me to pocket-up more heinous indignities, and even to digest an age of iron. They that can do little must be contented to suffer much. My betters need not take it grievously to be taunted or reproached in that book where Saint Peter and Christ himself are Lucianically and scoffingly alleged; the one for begging, the other for granting a foolish boon, (pretended ever since the fatal destiny of the gentle craft). Some men will have their swing and their bugges-words, though it be against all Gods-forbid: and what Cæsar's might, or Cato's integrity, or what Saint's devotion, can stop such mouths? Yet neither themselves the better, nor other the worse, that depend not on their allowanee, but rely on their own justification; and desire to confute their impudency not with words, but with deeds.

Howbeit I am not to prejudice my brother alive, or to smother the wrong offered to my brother deceased, or to tolerate the least defamation of my good father, whom no illwiller could ever touch with any dishonesty or discredit in any sort. Nothing more dear or inestimable than a man's good name; and albeit I contemn such pelting injuries, vainly devised against myself, yet am I not to neglect so intolerable a wrong, so notoriously published against them. There is law for desperatest outlaws, and order for most disorderly fellows: they that cannot govern themselves must be ruled by other, and pay for their folly.

Whiles I was thus, or to like effect, resolving with myself, and discoursing with some special friends, not only writing unto you, I was suddenly certified that the king of the paper stage (so the gentleman termed GREENE) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton: whereof I protest I was nothing glad, as was expected, but unfeignedly sorry; as well because I could have wished he had

taken his leave with a more charitable farewell, as also because I was deprived of that remedy in law that I intended against him, in the behalf of my father, whose honest reputation I was in many duties to tender. Yet to some conceited wit, that could take delight to discover knaveries, or were a fit person to augment the history of *coney-catchers*, O Lord! what a pregnant occasion were here presented, to display lewd vanity in his lively colours, and to decipher the very mysteries of that base art. Petty cozeners are not worth the naming: he, they say, was the Monarch of Crossbiters, and the very Emperor of Shifters.

I was altogether unacquainted with the man, and never once saluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living; his fond disguising of a Master of Art with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly company; his vain-glorious and Thrasonical braving; his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing; his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine cozening of jugglers, and finer juggling with cozeners; his villanous cogging and foisting; his monstrous swearing and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shifting of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roysterly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in every hostess's debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts; his obscure lurking in basest corners; his pawning of his sword, cloak, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphleting, fantastical interluding, and desperate libelling, when other cozening shifts failed; his employing of BALL (surnamed *Cutting Ball*) till he was intercepted at Tiburn, to levy a crew of his trustiest companions to guard him in danger of arrests; his keeping of the aforesaid BALL's sister, a sorry ragged queen, of whom he had his base son, INFORTUNATUS GREENE; his forsaking

of his own wife, too honest for such a husband ; particulars are infinite ; his contemning of superiors, deriding of other, and defying of all good order.

Compare base fellows and noble men together, and what in a manner wanted he of the ruffianly and variable nature of Catiline or Antony, but the honourable fortunes of Catiline and Antony ? They that have seen much more than I have heard (for so I am credibly informed) can relate strange and almost incredible comedies of his monstrous disposition, wherewith I am not to infect the air, or defile this paper. There be enough and enough such histories, both dead and living, though youth be not corrupted, or age accloyed with his legendary. Truly I have been ashamed to hear some ascertained reports of his most woeful and rascal estate : how the wretched fellow, or shall I say the Prince of Beggars, laid all to gage for some few shillings ; and was attended by lice ; and would pitifully beg a penny pot of Malmsey ; and could not get any of his old acquaintance to comfort or visit him in his extremity, but MISTRESS APPLEBY, and the mother of INFORTUNATUS.

Alas ! even his fellow-writer, a proper young man<sup>1</sup>, if advised in time, that was a principal guest at that fatal banquet of pickle herring (I spare his name, and in some respects wish him well), came never more at him ; but either would not, or happily could not perform the duty of an affectionate and faithful friend. The poor cordwainer's wife was his only nurse, and the mother of INFORTUNATUS his sole companion ; but when MISTRESS APPLEBY came, as much to expostulate injuries with her, as to visit him. God help good fellows when they cannot help themselves ! slender relief in the predicament of privations and feigned habits. Miserable man, that must perish, or be succoured by counterfeit or impotent supplies !

I once bemoaned the decayed and blasted estate of M. GASCOIGNE, who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Nash.

endeavour; but unhappy M. GASCOIGNE, how lordly happy in comparison of most unhappy M. GREENE! He never envied me so much as I pitied him from my heart; especially when his hostess ISAM, with tears in her eyes, and sighs from a deeper fountain (for she loved him dearly), told me of his lamentable begging of a penny-pot of Malmsey; and, Sir Reverence, how lousy he and the mother of INFORTUNATUS were (I would her surgeon found her no worse than lousy); and how he was fain, poor-soul, to borrow her husband's shirt, whilcs his own was a washing; and how his doublet, and hose, and sword, were sold for three shillings; and beside the charges of his winding-sheet, which was four shillings, and the charges of his burial yesterday, in the new churchyard near Bedlam, which was six shillings and fourpence, how deeply he was indebted to her poor husband, as appeared by his own bond of ten pounds, which the good woman kindly shewed me, and beseeched me to read the writing bencath, which was a letter to his abandoned wife, in the behalf of his gentle host, not so short as persuasible in the beginning, and pitiful in the ending.

*Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid: for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets.*

ROBERT GREENE.

Oh, what notable matter were here for a green head, or Lucianical conceit, that would take pleasure in the pain of such sorry distressed creatures! whose afflicted case, to every charitable or compassionate mind, cannot but seem most commiserable; if not for their own cause, yet for God's sake, who deserveth infinitely of them whom he acquitteth, not according to judgment, but according to mercy. I rather hope of the dead; as I wish to the living, that grace might finally abound where wickedness did overflow;

and that Christ, in his divine goodness, should miraculously forgive the man, that in his devilish badness blasphemously reviled God. The dead bite not; and I am none of those that bite the dead. When I begin to conflict with ghosts, then look for my confutation of his fine *Quippe*, or *Quaint Dispute*, whom his sweet hostess, for a tender farewell, crowned with a garland of bays, to shew that a tenth Muse honoured him more being dead, than all the nine honoured him alive. I know not whether SKELTON, ELDETON, or some like flourishing poet were so interred: it was his own request, and his nurse's devotion; and happily some of his favourites may imitate the example. One that wished him a better lodging than in a poor journeyman's house, and a better grave than in that churchyard in Bedlam, hath performed a little piece of a greater duty to a laureat poet.

Here lies the man, whom Mistress ISAM crown'd with bays;  
She, she that joy'd to hear her Nightingale's sweet lays.

Which another no sooner read, but he immediately subscribed, as speaking to the ignorant passenger,

Here Bedlam is; and here a Poet garish,  
Gaily bedeck'd, like forehorse of the parish.

Other epitaphs and funeral devotions I am promised by some, that deeply affect inspired bards, and the adopted sons of the Muses. But you may imagine I have small superfluity of leisure to entend such business, and yet nothing of friend or foe can be unwelcome unto me that savoureth of wit, or relislieth of humanity, or tasteth of any good. In the mean, as ever before for a general defence, so still for a special apology, I refer myself to every indifferent judgment, and presume they will conceive well that perceive no ill.



Charity recommendeth favour to superiors ; amity to equals ; and goodwill to all, that either reverence divinity, or regard humanity. Friends have affection, and the wiser sort reason, to value men, not by others' report, but by their own desert, or probable hope ; which I would willingly nourish, as I honestly may, till it shall please God to afford some convenient occasion of more actual proof. And as for envy or hatred to any party, I did ever abhor them both ; and I imagine there is not any that either more resolutely disdaineth the one, or more peremptorily detesteth the other, as perhaps may yet long visibly appear, if some other requisites concur with my intention, or fall out answerable to my expectation. Promise is debt ; and I had rather perform than promise any thing : but a mind desirous to pleasure friends, to reconcile foes, to displease few, to displeasure none.

They that have little else to win or continue credit had need have humanity, in supply of other defects. Let the world deal with simple men as it pleaseth ; I loth to be odious to any, and would be loth to be tedious to you. The next week you may happily have a letter of such French occurrences, and other intelligences, as the credible relation of inquisitive friends, or employed strangers, shall acquaint me withal. That most valorous and brave king wanteth no honourable praises, or zealous prayers. Redoubted Parma was never so matched ; and in so many worthy histories, as well new as old, how few comparable either for virtue or fortune ? The Spaniard, politic enough, and not over-rashly audacious, will be advised before he entangle himself with more wars at once ; knowing how the brave Earl of Essex, worthy Sir John Norris, and their valiant knights, have fought for the honour of England ; and for the right of France, of the Low Countries, and of Portugal.

Thrice happy France, though how unhappy France, that hast such a sovereign head, such resolute hearts, and such invincible hands to fight for thee ; that will either recover thee most mightily ;

or die for thee most honourably! Were I of sufficient discourse to record the valiantest and memorablest acts of the world, I would count it a felicity to have the opportunity of so egregious and heroic an argument; not pleasurably devised in counterfeit names, but admirably represented to the eye of France, and the ear of the world, in the persons of royal and most puissant knights: how singularly worthy of most glorious and immortal fame! Gallant wits, and brave pens, may honourably bethink themselves; and even ambitiously frame their style to a noble emulation of Livy, Homer, and the divinest spirits of all ages. I return to my private business. Good Master BIRD, commend me to my good friends: and fare you heartily well.

Your ever assured,

*London, this 5th of September.*

GABRIEL HARVEY.

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### THE THIRD LETTER.

*To every Reader, favourably or indifferently affected.*

ALBEIT for these twelve or thirteen years no man hath been more loth or more scrupulous than myself to underlie the censure of every curious conceit or rigorous judgment that pretendeth a deep insight in the perfections of wits and styles, insomuch that even actions of silence and patience have been commenced against me; and although I still dwell in the same opinion, that nothing would be committed to a public view, that is not exactly laboured both for matter and manner, and that importeth not some notable use to one or other effectual purpose; yet partly the vehement importunity

of some affectionate friends, and partly mine own tender regard of my father's and my brother's good reputation, have so forcibly overruled me, that I have finally condescended to their passionate motion, and in an extraordinary case have respectively yielded my consent to an extraordinary course; which I would unpartially commend to the reasonable allowance of every indifferent peruser that carrieth courtesy in his tongue, or honesty in his heart. For mine own injury; the more I consider the less I estimate the same, as one born to suffer, and made to contemn injuries. He that in his youth flattered not himself with the exceeding commendations of some greatest scholars in the world, cannot at these years either be discouraged with misreport, or daunted with misfortune. A premeditate and resolute mind lightly shaketh off the heaviest crosses of malice, and easily passeth over a thousand grievances with a smile. Some have learned of Reason, some of Philosophy, some of History, some of Divinity, some of Experience, some of all, to endure patiently whatsoever befalleth, and even to make the cruellest pain pleasant, as some make the sweetest pleasure painful. I had rather name Titius or Sempronius, than myself; but the urgent entreaty of friends, and your eager expectation, have suddenly obtained that, which no personal impeachment, or real enforcement, could in many years extort.

Howbeit I shall hardly content them to satisfy you, that am neither to offend any but in case of notoriety, nor to defend myself but in case of necessity or honesty. If any have charged me, or do charge me with insufficiency, I confess; perfection is no common gift: if with ignorance, I grant; many seem, few are learned: if with simplicity, I yield; wondrous wits are rare birds: if with ill luck, I deny not; good luck is not every man's lot; yet who ever heard me complain of ill luck, or once say, *Fortune my foe?* But in the plainness of my nature, and simplicity of my art, I can easily defy the proudest that dareth call my credit in question, or accuse

me of any dishonest or scandalous part, either in deed or in word. Many things are made offensive in the handling, that are tolerable enough in their own nature; or fie on an odious circumstance, where the substance itself might be more gracious. Letters may be privately written, that would not be publicly divulged. I was then young in years, fresh in courage, green in experience, and, as the manner is, somewhat overweening in conceit; and for variety of study, and some deeper intelligence in the affairs of the world, otherwhiles reading invectives and satires, artificially amplified in the most exaggerate and hyperbolical kind, I could hardly refrain from discovering some little part of my reading. I had curiously laboured some exact and exquisite points of study and practice, and greatly misliked the preposterous and untoward courses of divers good wits, ill directed: there wanted not some sharp undeserved discourtesies to exasperate my mind.

Shall I touch the ulcer? it is no such mystery but it may be revealed: I was supposed not unmeet for the Oratorship of the University, which in that spring of mine age, for my exercise and credit I earnestly affected; but mine own modest petition, my friend's diligent labour, our High-Chancellor's most honourable and extraordinary commendation, were all peltingly defeated by a shy practice of the old Fox, whose acts and monuments shall never die. Some like accidents of dislike, for brevity I overslip: young blood is hot; youth hasty; ingenuity open; abuse impatient; choleric stomachous; temptations busy; the invective vein, a stirring and tickling vein; the satirical humour, a puffing and swelling humour; conceit peneth, leisure peruseth, and courtesy commendeth many needless discourses; idleness, the greatest author and variablest reader in the world. Some familiar friends pricked me forward, and I, neither fearing danger, nor suspecting ill measure (poor credulity soon beguiled), was not unwilling to content them, to delight a few other, and to avenge or satisfy myself, after the manner of shrews, that

cannot otherwise ease their cursed hearts but by their own tongues and their neighbours' ears.

Seignior IMMERITO (for that name will be remembered) was then, and is still, my affectionate friend; one that could very well abide GASCOIGNE'S *Steel Glass*, and that stood equally indifferent to either part of the state demonstrative. Many communications and writings may secretly pass between such, even for an exercise of speech and style, that are not otherwise convenient to be disclosed; it was the sinister hap of those unfortunate letters to fall into the left hands of malicious enemies or indiscreet friends, who adventured to imprint in earnest that was scribbled in jest (for the moody fit was soon over), and requited their private pleasure with my public displeasure: oh! my inestimable and infinite displeasure.

When there was no remedy but melancholy patience, and the sharpest part of those unlucky letters had been over-read at the Council Table, I was advised, by certain honourable and divers worshipful persons, to interpret my intention in more express terms; and thereupon discoursed every particularity by way of articles or positions, in a large APOLOGY of my dutiful and entire affection to that flourishing University, my dear Mother; which *Apology*, with not so few as forty such academical exercises, and sundry other politic discourses, I have hitherto suppressed, as unworthy the view of the busy world, or the entertainment of precious time: but peradventure these extraordinary provocations may-work extraordinarily in me; and though not in a passion, yet in conceit stir me up, to publish many tracts and discourses, that in certain considerations I meant ever to conceal, and to dedicate unto none but unto obscure darkness, or famous Vulcan.

It were pity, but wondrous wits (give enemies their due) should become more wondrous by comparison: conferenee maketh excellent things appear more admirable; and I am so far from being a Saturnist

by nature, or a Stoic by discipline, that I can easily frame a certain pleasurable delight unto myself, by ministering some matter unto them, that now are fain to make something of nothing, and wittily to play with their own shadows. It goeth somewhat hard in my harsh legend, when the Father of Music must be mocked, not Tubulcain, as he mistermeth him, but Tuball, whom Genesis vouchsafeth honourable mention; and the hexameter verse flouted: whereof neither Homer in Greek, nor Virgil in Latin, (how valourous authors!) nor Alexander in conquest, nor Augustus in majesty, (how puissant princes!) were ashamed; but accounted it the only gallant trumpet of brave and heroical acts: and I wis the English is nothing too good to imitate the Greek or Latin, or other eloquent languages, that honour the hexameter as the Sovereign of Verses, and the High Controler of Rhymes.

If I never deserve any better remembrance, let me rather be epitaphed the *Inventor of the English Hexameter*, whom learned M. STANIHURST imitated in his *Virgil*, and excellent Sir PHILIP SIDNEY disdained not to follow in his *Arcadia*, and elsewhere, than be chronicled the *Green master of the Black Art*, or the Founder of ugly oaths, or the Father of misbegotten INFORTUNATUS, or the Scrivener of Crossbiters, or, as one of his own sectaries termed him; the Patriarch of Shifters. Happy man I! if these two be my heinousest crimes and deadliest sins: to be the inventor of the English hexameter, and to be orderly clapped in the Fleet for the foresaid letters; where he that saw me, saw me at Constantinople.

Indeed Sir James Croft (whom I never touched with the least tittle of detractions) was cunningly incensed and reincensed against me, but at last pacified by the voluntary mediation of my honourable favourers, M. Secretary Wilson, and Sir Walter Mildmay; unrequested by any line of my hand, or any word of my mouth. Neither did I otherwise solicit or intreat Sir James, till I had assured notice of his better satisfaction; when I writ unto

him, as became me, in respective and dutiful sort; not for fear of any danger, but for love of honourable favour. Which letters, albeit not so ceremoniously pleasing as effectually contenting, the wise knight not only received courteously, but accepted favourably, and commended honourably; and for myself, earnestly affirmed, I was first wronged by other, and then mistaken by him: but now found another man than I was supposed.

As for my old controller, *Doctor Perne* (for he indeed was the man that otherwhiles flattered me exceedingly, otherwhiles overthwarted me crossly, always played fast and loose with me), he was old enough to answer for himself, and should not be defended by him. Only he wished me to proceed lovingly with the university, howsoever I dealt with that Doctor.

And that was all the fleeting that ever I felt, saving that another company of special good fellows (whereof he was none of the meanest that bravely threatened to conjure up one which should massacre MARTIN'S wit, or should be lambacked himself with ten years' provision) would needs forsooth very courtly persuade the EARL of OXFORD, that something in those letters, and namely, the *Mirror of Tuscanismo*, was palpably intended against him; whose noble Lordship I protest I never meant to dishonour with the least prejudicial word of my tongue or pen, but ever kept a mindful reckoning of many bounden duties toward the same: since in the prime of his gallantest youth he bestowed angels upon me in Christ's College in Cambridge, and otherwise vouchsafed me many gracious favours, at the affectionate commendation of my cousin M. THOMAS SMITH, the son of Sir THOMAS, shortly after Colonel of the Ardes in Ireland. But the noble Earl, not disposed to trouble his jovial mind with such saturnine paltry, still continued, like his magnificent self: and that fleeting also proved, like the other, a silly bullbear, a sorry puff of wind, a thing of nothing.

But a strong imagination pierceth deeply, and the paper fleet

will not be so answered. Jesu, what would such notable fellows write, or rather would they not write, if they could probably say, or fantastically surmise by me, as I can evidently prove by them! But I seek not the condemnation of the dead, or the disgrace of the living, but the good amendment of the one by the naughty example of the other. And for mine own farther justification in the premises, or otherwise, I had rather my larger writings and other actions should plead for me, than this, or any slight letter; wherein I am not to inform pregnant conceits, that may imagine more by a little, or to address any piece of mine own history, though wiser men, in case of unworthy reproach, have not made me to undertake their own defence, and even to labour their own commendation. The plausible examples of Tully, Cato, Marius, Scipio, divers such virtuous Romans, and sundry excellent Greeks, are famously known, but not greatly fit for every man's imitation. Were other of my disposition, small time should be lost in avenging or debating verbal injuries, especially to myself, who can very well suffer poor spite to shoot at me, and to hit himself; and sometime smile at the silly fly, that will needs martyr itself in my candle. But methinks the wildest head and desperatest mind should consider, they that speak ill must not look to hear well; the world is not given to pocket up infamies: Who cannot return home a quip, or requite one libel with another?

Nothing more common in books, or more ready in mouths, than the invective vein, and the whole art of railing. Some scholars have choice of nimble pens, and smooth tongues at commandment; and there was a time when, peradventure, I could speak with them that talked with me: though the case be altered, and I now none of the hastiest to strive for those bucklers, yet a general, a special, a glowing, a piercing indignity, may rekindle some little sparks of courage, and affection will be affection, though not in proper revenge, yet the common duty. I am not to dispute the nature of force, or the force of nature: Who knoweth not how violently force



provoketh force, or how mightily nature worketh in compatible natures? But how far public objections, or famous imputations, require public answers; or how insufficient the formallest judicial remedy in any one court may seem, in case of a printed defamation, that with the wings of malice in some, of envy in more, and of lenity in most, flieth through the realm and over the sea, be it indifferently decided by every discreet judgment or reasonable consideration; especially when the guilty part is deceased, and the injury not the less, but the more notorious.

The best is, the persons abused are not altogether unknown, they have not so evil a neighbour that ever read or heard those opprobrious villanies (it is too mild a name for my brother RICHARD'S most abominable legend, who frameth himself to live as chastely as the lewd writer affected to live beastly), but hath presently broken out into some such earnest, or more passionate speeches. Oh, pestilent knavery! whoever heard such arrant forgeries and rank lies? A mad world, where such shameful stuff is bought and sold; and where such roisterly varlets may be suffered to play upon whom they lust, and how they lust.

Is this GREENE with the running head and the scribbling hand, that never linnes putting forth new, newer, and newest books of the maker? If his other books be as wholesome gear as this, no marvel though the gay-man conceive trimly of himself, and stately scorn all beside. GREENE, vile GREENE, would thou werest half so honest as the worst of the four whom thou upbraidest, or half so learned as the unlearnedst of the three! Thank other for thy borrowed and filched plumes of some little Italianated bravery; and what remaineth but flat impudency and gross detraction, the proper ornaments of thy sweet utterance?

I allege not mine own inventions (who cannot forget the two Athenian temples of impudency and calumny when I remember him.) I could nominate the gentleman, and substantial yeoman; gentle-

men's fellows, that uttered much more by his life, and can hardly forbear him since his death: and who of acquaintance with him, or them, whom he depraveth, could either partially excuse the one, or reasonably accuse the other? Their lives effectually speak for themselves; and he that lived not to see nine and twenty years, died not till the university of Cambridge had bestowed upon him a grace to be a doctor of his faculty, and till he was reputed in Norfolk, where he practised physie, a proper toward man, and as skilful a physieian, for his age, as ever came there: how well beloved of the chiefest gentlemen and gentlewomen in that shire, themselves testify. That is gone to heaven cannot be recovered on earth; it is our comfort that he lived in good credit, and died in good mind. I must ever remember some of his notable sayings (for indeed so they were); and can never forget that sweet voice of the dying cygnet: *ô frater, Christus est optimus medicus, & meus solus medicus. Vale Galene, valete humanæ artes: nihil divinum in terris, præter animum aspirantem ad cælos.* That best, and his only physieian, knoweth what spiritual physie I commended unto him; when I beheld in his meagre and ghastly countenance that I cannot rehearse without some fit of compassion.

We must in order follow him that should in nature have gone before him; and I know not by what destiny he followed him first that foled him last. How he departed, his ghostly mother ISAM can truliest, and will favourablest report; how he lived, London remembereth. Oh, what a lively picture of vanity! but oh, what a deadly image of misery! and oh, what a terrible caveat for such and such! I am not to extenuate or prejudice his wit, which could not any way be great, though some way not the least of our vulgar writers, and many ways very ungracious: but whoever esteemed him either wise, or learned, or honest, or any way credible? How many gentlemen and other say of him, Let the paltry fellow go: Lord, what a lewd companion was he! What an egregious make-shift! Where should *coney-catchers* have gotten such a secretary!

How shall cosenage do for a new register, or phantasticality for a new author! They wrong him much with their epitaphs, and other solemn devices, that entitle him not at the least the second toy of London, the stale of Paul's, the ape of *Euphues*, the vice of the stage, the mocker of the simple world, the flouter of his friends, the foe of himself, and so forth. What durst not he utter with his tongue, or divulge with his pen, or countenance with his face? Or whom cared he for, but a careless crew of his own associates? Peruse his famous books, and instead of *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci* (that forsooth was his professed poesy) lo! a wild head, full of mad brain and a thousand crotchets; a scholar, a discourser, a courtier, a ruffian, a gamester, a lover, a soldier, a traveller, merchant, a broker, an artificer, a botcher, a pectifogger, a player, a cozener, a railer, a beggar, an omnigatherum, a gay nothing, a storehouse of bald and baggage stuff, unworth the answering or reading; a trivial and triobular author for knaves and fools, an image of idleness, an epitome of fantasticality, a mirror of vanity: *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas*.

Alas! that any should say as I have heard divers affirm, his wit was nothing but a mint of knavery; himself a deviser of juggling feats, a forger of covetous practices, an inventor of monstrous oaths, a derider of all religions, a contemner of God and man, a desperate Lucianist, an abominable Arctinist, an arch atheist, and he arch-deserved to be well hanged seven years ago. Twenty and twenty such familiar speeches I overpass, and bury the whole legendary of his life and death in the sepulchre of eternal silence.

I will not condemn or censure his works, which I never did so much as superficially overrun, but as some few of them occursively presented themselves in stationers' shops, and some other houses of my acquaintance. But I pray God they have not done more harm by corruption of manners, than good by quickening of wit; and I would some buyers had either more reason to discern, or less appetite to

desire such novels. The world is full enough of fooleries, though the humour be not feasted with such luxurious and riotous pamphlets. How unlike Tully's sweet offices, or Isocrates' pithy instructions, or Plutarch's wholesome morals, or the delicate dialogues of Xenophon and Plato, or the sage tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, or the fine comedies of the daintiest Attic wits, or other excellent monuments of antiquity, never sufficiently perused! Yet the one as stale as oldest fashions; and what more freshly current for a while than the other? Even *Guicciardine's* silver history, and *Ariosto's* golden cantos, grow out of request; and the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia* is not green enough for greasy stomachs, but they must have GREENE'S *Arcadia*; and I believe most eagerly longed for GREENE'S *Fairy Queen*.

Oh, strange fancies! oh, monstrous new-fangledness! The wittier sort tasteth and flieth, as the dog from Nilus; other wantons find experience the mistress of fools, and need no other penance but their own repentance. The very time confuteth vanity; and the very place requireth sobriety. No public security without private moderation; and the more bonds of government, the more indefeasible assurance. Due circumspection may do much good; and an abundant cautele can do little hurt. Youth is youth, and age corruptible. Better an hundred Ovids were banished, than the state of Augustus endangered, or a sovereign empire infected, especially in a tumultuous age, and in a world of war; wherein not Bacchus, but Mars; not Venus, but Mercury; not riot, but valour; not fancy, but policy, must strike the stroke.

Gallant gentlemen; bethink yourselves of the old Roman discipline, and the new Spanish industry: and I am not to trouble you with any other accusation of them, that condemn themselves; and need no other shame or punishment, but their own works. Only I request some busy pens to stay their wisdoms, and either to publish a justifiable truth, or to conceal their bad disposition. Woe to that

study, that mispendeth precious time, and consumeth itself in needless and bootless quarrels. Comparisons, they say, are odious; but invectives more odious: and what so abominable as forged and suborned calumnies? One or two miserable examples may stand for an hundred; I will not aggravate or discourse particulars: a pitiful case, that such lusty beginnings should have such sorry ends: and who can tell what doughty yonker may next gnash with his teeth? Terrible creatures, and the curst cow, have sometime short horns. The wildest colt is soon tamed; and belike neither death, nor shame, nor misery are afraid of them, that vaunt themselves, like unto death, and Will Sommer, in sparing none. God help, and Charity pity them, that have neither ability to help, nor wit to pity themselves, but will needs try a conclusion between their heads and the next wall.

I have heard of giants in conceit, and pigmies in performance; young Phaetons, young Icarus, young Choroëbi, and I shall say young Babingtons; and how many millions of *green* youths have, in overmounting, most ruefully dismounted, and left behind them full lamentable histories? For the very mention of some direful tragedies were horrible; and what so wretched as headlong enterprises, or so hideous as the desperate attempt of impossibilities? Philostratus, in his *Icones*, pleasurably reporteth, according to the tradition of Greek poets, how on a time a resolute band of doughty pigmies triumphantly marched to invade Hercules asleep. Woe to such brave adventures! Æsop's toad, a proud aspiring creature, shamefully overmatched her swelling, and bursten self.

Great and small things may in some proportion be compared together; and behold as miserable a spectacle in their kind. Flourishing M. GREENE is most wofully faded; and whilst I am bemoaning his over-piteous decay, and discoursing the usual success of such rank wits, lo! all on the sudden, his sworn brother, M. PIERCE PENNILESS, (still more paltry—but what remedy? we are already overshoes, and must now go through) lo! his inwardest companion, that

tasted of the fatal herring, cruelly pinched with want, vexed with discredit, tormented with other men's felicity, and overwhelmed with his own misery, in a raving and frantic mood most desperately exhibiteth his *Supplication to the devil*. A strange title, an odd wit, and a mad whoreson, I warrant him. Doubtless it will prove some dainty devise, quaintly contrived, by way of humble supplication, to the high and mighty Prince of Darkness; not dunsieally botched up, but right formally conveyed, according to the style and tenor of TARLETON's president, his famous play of the *Seven Deadly Sins*. Which most dealy, but most lively play, I might have seen in London; and was very gently invited thereunto at Oxford, by TARLETON himself: of whom I merrily demanding which of the seven was his own deadly sin, he bluntly answered after this manner: "By God, the sin of other gentlemen, lechery." "Oh, but that, M. TARLETON, is not your part upon the stage; you are to blame; that dissemble with the world, and have one part for your friend's pleasure, another for your own." "I am somewhat of Doctor Perne's religion," quoth he: and abruptly took his leave. Surely it must needs be current in matter, and authentical in form, that had first such a learned precedent; and is now pleasantly interlaced with divers new-found phrases of the tavern, and pathetically intermixed with sundry doleful pageants of his own ruinous and beggarly experience. For the poor tenement of his purse (quoth himself, gramerey, good TARLETON) hath been the devil's dancing school any time this half year; and I pray God (quoth another) the poor tenement of his heart hath not also been the devil's fencing school twice as long.

Particulars and circumstances are tedious, especially in sorrowful and forlorn causes; the sum of sums is, he tossed his imagination a thousand ways, and I believe searched every corner of his grammar-school wit (for his margin is as deeply learned, as *Fauste precor gelida*), to see if he could find any means to relieve

his estate; but all his thoughts and marginal notes consorted to his conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, and he ordained to be miserable. It were cruelty to add affliction to affliction. What flinty heart would not sigh, or rather melt, to hear the bewailful moan of that sobbing and groaning Muse, the daughter of most pregnant but most wretched Niobe:

Why is't damnation to despair and die,  
When life is my true happiness' disease?

And a little after:

Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,  
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

And so forth, most hideously; for the text is much more doleful than the gloss. And who would not be moved with more pitiful compunction, to hear the lamentable farewell:

England, adieu! the soil that brought me forth;  
Adieu, unkind! where skill is nothing worth:

Than to read that profound quotation,

Hei mihi, quam paucos hæc mea dicta movent?

Which was thought pathological out of cry.

Forgive him, God, although he curse his birth,  
Since misery hath daunted all his mirth.

Now, good sweet Muse, I beseech thee by thy delicate wit, and by all the quaintest inventions of thy deviceful brain, cast not thy dreary self headlong into the horrible gulf of desperation; but, being a creature of so singular and wonderful hope as thy inspired courage divinely suggesteth, and still rear up mountains of highest

hope, and either gallantly advance thy virtuous self, maugre fortune, (what impossible to aspiring industry?) or mightily enchant some magnificent Mæcenas (for thou canst do it) to honour himself in honouring thee; and to bliss the eyes of the gazing world with beholding those miracles which some round liberality, and thy super-thankful mind, would hugely enable thee to work. Let it never be said that the minion of the Muses should forsake himself, or abandon them, whose very shadows he adoreth. A brave heart in extremest distress never languisheth: no such affrighting death, or gnashing hell, as the devouring abyss of despair. Yet better a man without money, than money without a man: penniless is not his purse, but his mind; not his revenue, but his resolution. A man is a man though he have but a hose upon his head: for every curse there is a blessing; for every malady a remedy; for every winter a summer; for every night a day; a dog hath a day.

Nocte pluit tota: redeunt spectacula manè.

Right Magnanimity never droopeth; sweet Music requickneth the heaviest spirits of dumpish melancholy: fine Poetry abhorreth the loathsome and ugly shape of forlorn pensiveness: what gentle mind detesteth not cursed and damnable desperation? All abject dolefulness is wofully base, and basely woful. The die, the ball, the sponge, the sieve, the wheel of fortune, Fortune herself—a trifle, a jest, a toy in philosophy, and divine resolution. Be a musician and poet unto thyself, that art both, and a ringleader of both unto other; be a man, be a gentleman, be a philosopher, be a divine, be thy resolute self; not the slave of fortune, that for every flea-biting crieth out, alas! and for a few hungry meals, like a Greek parasite, misuseth the tragedy of Hecuba; but the friend of virtue, that is richest in poverty, freest in bondage, bravest in jeopardy, cheerfullest in calamity: be rather wise and unfortunate with the



silver swan, than fortunate and unwise with the golden ass : remember thine own marginal emblem, *Fortuna favet fatuis*. Oh, solace thy miraculous self, and cheer the Muses in cheering thy dainty soul, sweetly drunken with their delicious Helicon, and the restorative nectar of the gods. What can I say more? That cordial liquor, and that heavenly restorative, be thy sovereign comfort ; and scorn the baseness of every crased or fainting thought, that may argue a degenerate mind.

And so much briefly touching thy dear self, whom I hope never to find so pathetically distressed, or so tragically disguised again. Now, a word or two concerning him who in charity kisseth thy hand, and in pity wisheth thee better luck. May it please gentle PIERCE, in the divine fury of his ravished spirit, to be graciously good unto his poor friends, who would be somewhat loth to be silly sheep for the wolf, or other sheep-biter. I dare undertake, *the abused Author of the Astrological Discourse* (every page thereof, under correction of inspired and supernatural conceits, discovereth more art and judgment than the whole supplication of the parturient mountain), notwithstanding the notorious diabolical discourse of the said PIERCE, a man better acquainted with the devils of hell, than with the stars of heaven, shall unfeignedly pray for him, and only pray him to report the known truth of his approved learning and living, without favour : otherwise it were not greatly amiss a little to consider, that he, which in the ruff of his freshest jollity was fain to cry M. CHURCHYARD a mercy in print, may be orderly driven to cry more peccavis than one. I would think the counter, M. CHURCHYARD, his boss-tess PENIA, and such other sensible lessons, might sufficiently have taught him, that PENNILESS is not Lawless ; and that a poet's or painter's licence is a poor security to privilege debt or defamation. I would wish the burned child not to forget the hot element ; and would advise overwccning youths to remember themselves, and the

good ancient oracle of sage Apollo. There is a certain thing called modesty, if they could light upon it; and, by my young master's leave, some pretty smack of discretion would relish well.

The Athenians were noted for lavish amplifying; the Cretensians for crafty lying; the Thessalians for subtle cogging; the Carthaginians for deceitful perfidy; Hannibal, Fabius, Agathocles, Iphicrates, Ulysses, and a thousand such, for counterfeit policy: but all their forgeries were seasoned with the salt of probability, and only used at occasions of advantage. And although the Grecians generally were over-lighthheaded and vain spoken, yet their levity savoured of elegant wittiness, and the flying bird carried meat in the mouth. Even Lucian's true tales are spiced with conceit; and neither his nor Apuleius's ass, is altogether an ass.

It is a piece of eunning in the most fabulous legends, to interlace some credible narrations and very probable occurrences, to countenance and authorize the excessive licentiousness of the rest. Unreasonable fictions palpably bewray their odious grossness; and he that will be a famous deviser in folio, must be content with the reward of a notable liar, not to be credited when he avoweth a truth. The pleasant man talketh of a bachelor's hood turned over his ears for abusing of Aristotle, and imagineth goodly matters of casting the heavens water, of anatomizing the skies entrails, of the universal adultery of planets, of the bawd of those celestial bodies; how Saturn and Jupiter proved honest men than all the world took them for.

Oh, brave TARLETON! thou wert he, when all is done: had not Arcine been Arcine when he was, undoubtedly thou hadst been Arcine: gramercy, capricious and transeendent wit, the only high pole arctic, and deep mineral of an incomparable style. Yet TARLETON's jest is not sufficient, but Roscius must have his stale to make him more admirable; all were nothing, unless ELDERTON's ale-crammed nose had been consumed to nothing in bear-baiting

him with whole bundles of ballads, that forsooth is not so good a gentleman (for every heir of a NASH is a good gentleman at the least), as the herd of THOMAS NASH, the master butler of Pembroke Hall, whose grave countenance, like Cato, able to make him run out of his wits for fear, if he look sternly upon him, and I wot not what, and what trumpery else, as childish and garish stuff as ever came in print; yet what pack of vanity is not in print? I will not cry *absurd, absurd*, as he madly exclaimeth *monstrous, monstrous!*

But who in that university can deny but M. HARVEY read the public philosophy lecture with special good liking, and many will say with singular commendation, when this mighty lashing gentleman (now well read in the late exploits of untruss, and for TARLETON'S amplifications *A per se A*) was not so much as *idoneus auditor civilis scientiæ*. What he is improved since, excepting his good old *Flores Poetarum*, and TARLETON'S surmounting rhetoric, with a little *Euphuism* and *Greeness* enough, which were all prettily stale before he put hand to pen. I report me to the favourablest opinion of those that know his prefaces, rhymes, and the very timpany of his Tarletonizing wit, his *Supplication to the Devil*; oh! that is the devil and all.

I am so far from doting upon mine own or my brother's writings, in any matter of moment, that I use to censure them with a more curious and rigorous judgment than I examine any thing else; wherein my ear is so loth to flatter me, and my conceit so afraid to cozen me, that my mind ever remaineth unsatisfied; and nothing hitherto could fulfil my desire, insatiably covetous to do better. But as those perfunctory discourses are (which were more hastily than speedily published without my privity), let the best of them go for waste paper, and serve the basest shops, if the worst of them import not more public or private use than his gayest flower, that may thank GREENE and TARLETON for his Garland!. Were my brother not my brother, but some

familiar acquaintance, I might in truth, and should in reason, make other comparisons with applause enough (for what indifferency seeth not the difference? or what so silly as he could make PIERCE with voice or pen? notwithstanding those miracles of the white raven in the clouds); but the university, the city, the whole realm, all good learning and civil government, be their judge, and my mouth especially, in this Martinish and Counter-Martinish age, wherein the spirit of contradiction reigneth, and every one superaboundeth in his own humour, even to the annihilating of any other without rhyme or reason.

Some would be mutes, if they might be suffered to be, as were meetest for them, and only to dwell in the excellent monuments of divine wits, whose sweet company they cannot enjoy enough; but what is to be done when vowels are coursed, and mutes haunted, and that heavenly conference hellishly disturbed? God or good order circumsise the tongues and pens that slander without cause, and rail without effect, even in the superlative degree of raving!

Aretine and the devil's orator might very well be spared in Christian or politic commonwealths, which cannot want contagion enough, though they be not poisoned with the venomous potions of inkhorn witches. Fine pleasant wit was ever commendable, and judicial accusation lawful; but fie on gross seurrility and impudent calumny, that will rather go to hell in jest than to heaven in earnest, and seek not to reform any vice, to backbite and deprave every person that feedeth not their humorous fancy. A vile mind; and what a pestilenter villany? But some odd wits, forsooth, will needs be accounted terrible bull beggars, and the only killcows of their age; for how should they otherwise keep the simple world in awe, or scare multitudes of plain folk, like idiot crows and innoent doves? All the invective and satirical spirits are their familiars; seoffing and girding is their daily bread: other profess other faculties, they profess the art of railing; noble, reverend, or whatsoever,

all peasants and clowns, gouty devils and buckram giants, Midasses and golden asses, cormorants and drones, dunces and hypocritical hotspurs, earthworms and pinchfart penny-fathers, that feed not their hungry purses and eager stomachs; they have terms, quoth a marvellous doer, steeped in aquafortis and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies, and make earthquakes in such peasants' ears as shall dare to send them away with a flea in their ear; (how might a man purchase the sight of those puissant and hideous terms?) they can lash poor slaves, and spurgall asses mightily; they can tell parlous tales of bears and foxes, as shrewdly as *Mother Hubbard*, for her life; they will domineer in taverns and stationers' shops, to die for't; they will be as egregiously famous as ever was Erastratus, or Pausanias, or Kett, or Scoggin: Agrippa and Rabelais but cyphers to them; they have it only in them.

Would Christ they had more discretion in them, and less rancour against other, that never wished them the least evil, but still beseech God to increase the best, and to pardon the worst in them. The quip knoweth his reward, and the *Supplication to the Devil*, expressly dedicated to the prince of darkness, I commit to the censure of wisdom and justice, with favour; only requesting that mighty bombardier of terms to spare quiet men that mean him no harm, and to keep the huge main shot of his rattling babies for buckram giants.

Alas! what should I touch their parents, or twit them by their other friends; let it be one of their jollities to offer, and one of our simplicities to suffer that injury, which neither impaireth the reputation of the father, nor abuseth the credit of the sons, nor argueth any thing but the impudent despightfulness of the libeller. Few sons have feelinger cause to love, or reverence, or defend their fathers, than myself: but his dealing is such where he tradeth, and his living such where he converseth, that he may easily shame himself which goeth about to shame him, or us in him. I will not trouble you with

the rehearsal of his inheritance, which I could have wished more than it was ; yet was it more by the favour of that terrible thundersmith of terms, than the inheritances of both their fathers together. Put case, I have enquired what special cause the Penniless gentleman hath to brag of his birth, which giveth the woful poverty good leave, even with his Stentor's voice, and in his rattling terms, to revive the pitiful *History of Don Lazarello de Thoemes* ; to contend with cold, to converse with scarcity, to be laid open to poverty, to accuse fortune, to rail on his patrons, to bite his pen, to rend his papers, to rage in all points like a madman, to torment himself in that agony a long time, to be miserable, to be *vacuus viator*, to have *opus* and *usus* knocking at his door twenty times a week when he is not within, to seek his dinner in pools with Duke Humphrey, to lick dishes, to be a beggar,

To ban the air, wherein he breathes a wretch ;

to be the devil's distressed orator, to proclaim his own desolate and abject estate : in these and such other most base and shameful complaints, scarcely beseeming the rascaldest Sizer in an university, or the beggarliest mendicant friar in a country.

Forgive him, God, although he curse his birth.

I, but who so excessively thankful to his other friends? One kind friend, more worth than two unfriendly kinsmen : affection will relieve where nature faileth : he must needs abound in devoted and bountiful friends, that sheweth himself so meritoriously friendly, and so unspeakably grateful.

O friends, no friends, that then ungently frown,  
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

I had nigh-hand over-skipped the learned allegation in the margin, solemnly avouched with a very pathological Pol, *Pol me occidistis*

*amici*: all which, and most of the premises, I had altogether omitted, but that the two unmeet companions, a lord's heart and a beggar's purse, must somewhat remember themselves, or be a little, as it were, pulled by the ragged sleeve. Young scholars can tell how Ulysses handled Irus; and old truants have not altogether forgotten how saucy the Harpies were, till they were entertained accordingly. But what though the decayed gentleman so commendeth his own worshipful birth and trusty friends? many noble houses have seen their own ruins; and sometime the brothers of the prodigal son will not stick to curse where they should reverently bless. The table-fellow of Duke Humphrey and Tantalus might learn of him to curse Jupiter, and to ban not only the four elements, but also the seven planets, and even the twelve houses of heaven.

And what though the other sorry Magnifico, as very a Bisonian as he for his life, would swear in a bravery, his father was of four and twenty religions, and himself a divine from his mother's womb, an image of both churches, and both synagogues too, a natural *Perne* artificially improved, the thrice and thrice learned son of his four and twenty times learned father? So GREENE would flourish: Every man is to answer for his own defaults, my trespass is not my father's, nor my father's mine; a Gibeline may have a Guelph to his son, as Barthol saith; and hath never a saint had a reprobate to his father? are all worthy minds the issues of noble houses, or all base minds the offspring of rascal stocks? Were it not a felicity to be the worst of a thousand, that being descended of meanest parentage have proved, as histories testify and the world daily confirmeth? Or might not GREENE, and his 'complices, have been much better than they were, or are, although their parents had been much worse than they were, or are? What saith the afflicted suppliant himself?

Ah, worthless wit, to train me to this woe:

Ill thrive the folly that bewitch'd me so.

Have we not a number of excellent industrious men and valorous knights, not greatly beholden unto fortune for their progeny?

*Malo pater tibi sit Thersites*, who knoweth not that only art of heraldry?

*Quàm te Thersitæ similem producat Achilles!* The argument of nobility is a gallant and plausible argument; but what common-place so brave and honourable as the common-place of virtue? Can any thing be obscure where desert is famous, or any thing famous where desert is obscure? Gra'mercy, sweet margin, for that notable poesy, *meritis expendite causam*; in earnest, a singular rule of infallible judgment, and I imagine himself deserveth something that specially allegeth desert.

It is long since I declaimed upon any theme, but who would not plead virtue's cause in whatsoever subject? or what honest eloquence is not furnished with Catilinarie and Philippic against vice? Not the father and the son, but virtue and vice, the efficient of honour and dishonour. He only base, he only simple, he only contemptible, that hath vice to his father, and ignorance to his mother, the only parents of rascality. And may I not truly affirm that not only Osorius or Patricius gallantly prove, but all wise authors seriously approve, and even virtue and skill themselves, with their own sovcreign mouth, honourably profess? No right son and heir apparent of theirs, either unnoble in himself, or obscure in the world, or despised in the highest, or unregarded of the lowest, or dishonourable in his life, or inglorious after his death? I speak not for any person, but for the matter; and cannot either condignly praise the valorous seed of the one, or sufficiently bless the fruitful womb of the other.

And what so ungentle in nature, or so unnoble in fortune, as their contraries? How barbarously opposed against that divine race and heavenly generation, that cannot stir unaccompanied with envy and a world of moles! Yet neither the unhappiest creature, utterly



devoid of all graces (I praise something in ELDERTON and GREENE), nor the excellentest personage, thoroughly accomplished with all perfections, (ah, that Sir HUMPHRY GILBERT and Sir PHILIP SIDNEY had been as cautelous as adventurous!) nor they that object, nor we that answer, nor any, but a few singular men, the miracles of the world, either for wit wonderous, or for art exquisite, or for action admirable, or for integrity notable. I wis, we little need to be charged with our fathers' offences; it is enough for one, yea, for the best one, to carry the burthen of his own transgressions and errors. Errors are infinite; and follies, how universally rife! even of the wisest sort. Oh, that virtues were as like the stars of heaven, or the birds of the air, as vices are like the sands of the sea, and the beasts of the earth! He that seeth least, seeth much amiss; the fine discoverer, and curious intelligencer, go invisible, and stratagematically descry many hidden privities of public and private misgovernment: there is an eye that pierceth into the secrettest sins and most inscrutable thoughts of profoundest hypocrisy, in whose pure sight nothing is justifiable but by pardon. Divinity flieth high, and wadeth deep; but even in humanity, and in the view of the world, who liveth inculpable? or who is not obnoxious to some criminal or civil actions? or,

Where should I find that I seek, a person clear as a crystal?  
 Where man God to man? where one not devil to another?  
 Where that zeal divine, whose heavenly sunshine acheereth  
 The dreariest drooping, and fellest rancor allayeth?  
 Where those same melting bowels of tender agreement,  
 That mildly conquer most rough and hideous outrage?  
 Where Moses' meekness? where David's sweetness Olympic?  
 Where that same gentle kindness, that bounty renowned,  
 That gracious favour, that whilom beautified honour,  
 That love advanced, that abandoned odious hatred,  
 That syrenized Furies, that rocks adamantine  
 Mollified: arreared pillars of glory triumphant?

and so forth, for the verse is not unknown; and runneth in one of those unsatirical satires, which M. SPENCER long since embraced with an overloving sonnet; a token of his affection, not a testimony of his judgment.

What should I labour a needless point? or what should I weary you with tediousness, that may much better bestow your vacant hours? Enough to any is enough, to some over much. God knoweth, and who knoweth not, how sensually corrupt some good fellows were, and are, that so sharply and bitterly noted, and do note, so many imaginative corruptions in other. Would God they had been as quietly disposed as their parents, or as advisedly stayed as some of their friends, that wished them a milder course; and some of our pens might have been employed to better use than this idle business, or rather busy idleness: whereof I desire no other fruit, but some little contentation of friends, and some reasonable mitigation of ill-willers; unto whose good I am diligently to address, and even affectionately to dedicate any my endeavour. If in some terms I have used a little plain dealing, albeit not without respect (but every one seeth not into another's considerations, and divers circumstances alter the case), I crave pardon for the least oversight, and will be as ready to commend any little good, even in an adversary, as I was unwilling, but enforced, to touch some palpable bad, which I would wish amended where it may be redressed; and quite forgotten where it ought to be buried. My meaning was not to displeasure and maintain the credit of those, unto whom I owe many duties, as well in special consideration as in natural affection.

Had I not been more deeply stinged in them than in myself, who have made comedies of such tragedies, and with pleasure given such Hotspurs leave to run themselves out of breath, what folio of folly might not for me have passed untouched? or who for me might not have flourished or lashed in Paul's church-yard, *cum gratia et privilegio*? It were good that they, which have a

dexterity in writing trimly upon every matter, white or black, should also have a felicity in speaking well upon every person that deserveth not ill; especially such as can say something and think more. The terriblest terms may be repaid home with advantage; I have known the railingst sophister in an university sit *non plus*; and have seen the mad-brainest roister-doister in a country dashed out of countenance. There is logic enough to answer carters' logic, and play enough to tame horse-play. Wronged men are seldom tongue-tied; the patientest creature wanteth not blood in his heart or ink in his pen, and although his blood be not wildfire, yet it is blood, that will not be cooled with a card, or daunted with bug's words; and although his ink be not pitch or poison, yet it is ink, that will neither blush for shame nor wax pale for fear, but will hold his own when perhaps gayer colours shall lose their colour; and aquafortis valiantly eat his own heart.

Good sweet masters, quiet yourselves, or think not much to bear a little for company, that are so forward to load other without mercy. No man loather than myself to contend with desperate malcontents, or to overthwart obstinate humourists, or to encounter ink-horn adventures; nor to quarrel with any sort of wrangling companions (scolding is the language of shrews, and railing the style of rake-hells), or so much as to call busy heads by their usual and proper names (the things are paltry, and the very names savour of rascality); but there is a time when such doughty warriors must be appeased, and such wise men answered according to their wisdom.

Howbeit, in favour of a private and public quietness, I will thank the honest fellows the more the less occasion they give me to interrupt better exercises to trouble the world with trifling discourses upon pelting matters, to disease themselves to pleasure none but the printer, and idle creatures, the only busy readers of such novelets. I would gladly be specially beholden unto them for this courtesy, and dare undertake it shall redound more to their credit,

to approve their desire of reconciliation by silence, than to continue the opinion of their rooted despight by stirring more coals. I hope this wind hath not shaken any such corn, but fellow-scholars (as Doctor Caius would say), and now, forsooth, fellow-writers, may be made friends with a cup of white wine and some little familiar conference in calm and civil terms. I offer them my hand, and request their, which I will accept thankfully, and kiss lovingly, and ever commend the good nature that would, and the better government that could, master affection with reason, and sweeten gall with humanity; for it is not my energetical persuasion, but their own pathological motion that must do it, as the enchanting Muse of Orpheus redeemed the ghastly ghost of his own Eurydice out of hell. Such an experiment of profound and divine art as I would compassionately recommend to every amiable mind, disguised with hellish passion, the foulest deformity of any fair wit. Otherwise, if it stand more with their credit to be reputed wilful than wise, or if a perverse and froward resolution be the better policy, they are free-men, and have ink at will, and paper at commandment; and a number of greedy ears, that eagerly long, and, as it were, dance attendance to hear those dreadful invincible terms, steeped in aquafortis and gunpowder.

The intoxicate sprite of the grisly Eurydice (I speak to a poet, and cannot more mildly term that infernal fury) may cftsoons return to her accursed lodging, and instead of heavenly Orpheus, embrace the hellish Orator of the Black Prince, whom I will not any way make worse, but would wish infinitely better than he hath made himself; for I thank God, I am neither so profanely uncharitable as to send him to the sance-bell, to truss up his life with a trice, nor so abjectly timorous, as for extreme fearfulness to wish, with a professed devotion: So be it: Pray pen, ink, and paper on their knees, that they may not be troubled with him any more.

Good Lord, what fantastical pangs are these! Whoever indited

in such a style, but one divine Aretine in Italy, and two heavenly TARLETONS in England, the sole platformers of odd elocution, and only singularities of the plain world? Two of them, that so wantonly played with the highest and deepest subjects of spiritual contemplation, heaven and hell, paradise and purgatory, know their local repose, and seriously admonish the third to be advised how he lavish in such dalliance. No variety, or infinity so infinite, as invention, which hath a huge world and a main ocean of scope to disport and range itself, though it arrear not vain hyperboles of the reverend mysteries of God.

Good sweet orator, be a divine poet indeed! and use heavenly eloquence indeed! and employ thy golden talent with amounting usance indeed! and with heroical cantos honour right virtue, and brave valour indeed! as noble Sir PHILIP SIDNEY and gentle Master SPENCER have done, with immortal fame, and I will bestow more compliments of rare amplifications upon thee, than ever any bestowed upon them, or this tongue ever afforded, or any Aretinish mountain of huge exaggerations can bring forth. Right artificiality (whereat I once aimed to the uttermost power of my slender capacity) is not mad-brained, or ridiculous, or absurd, or blasphemous, or monstrous; but deep-conceited, but pleasurable, but delicate, but exquisite, but gracious, but admirable; not according to the fantastical mould of Aretine or Rabelais, but according to the fine model of Orpheus, Homer, Pindarus, and the excellentest wits of Greece, and of the land that flowed with milk and honey. For what festival hymns so divinely dainty as the sweet psalms of King David, royally translated by Buchanan? or what sage gnomes so profoundly pithy as the wise proverbs of King Solomon, notably also translated?

But how few Buchanans! Such lively springs of streaming eloquence, and such right Olympical hills of amounting wit, I cordially recommend to the dear lovers of the Muses; and,

namely, to the professed sons of the same, EDMUND SPENCER, RICHARD STANIHURST, ABRAHAM FRANCE, THOMAS WATSON, SAMUEL DANIELL, THOMAS NASH, and the rest, whom I affectionately thank for their studious endeavours, commendably employed in enriching and polishing their native tongue, never so furnished or embellished as of late. For I dare not name the honourable sons and nobler daughters of the sweetest and divinest Muses that ever sang in English, or other language, for fear of suspicion of that which I abhor; and their own most delectable and delicious exercises (the fine handy-work of excellent nature, and excellenter art combined) speak incomparably more than I am able briefly to insinuate.

Gentle minds and flourishing wits were infinitely to blame; if they should not also, for curious imitation, propose unto themselves such fair types of refined and engraced eloquence. The right novice of pregnant and aspiring conceit will not overskip any precious gem of invention, or any beautiful flower of elocution, that may richly adorn, or gallantly bedeck, the trim garland of his budding style. I speak generally to every springing wit, but more specially to a few, and at this instant singularly to one, whom I salute with a hundred blessings, and entreat with as many prayers; to love them that love all good wits, and hate none, but the devil and his incarnate imps, notoriously professed. I protest it was not thy person that I any way disliked, but thy rash and desperate proceeding against thy well-willers; which in some had been unsufferable, in a youth was more excusable, in a reformed youth is pardonable, and rather matter of concordance than of aggrivance.

I persuade myself rather to hope the best, than to fear the worst; and ever wish unto other as I would wish other to wish unto me: It is my earnest desire to begin and end such frivolous altercations at once, and were it not more for other than for myself, assuredly I would be the first that should cancel this impertinent pamphlet;

and throw the other two letters, with the sonnets annexed, into the fire. Let them have their swing, that affect to be terribly singular; I desire not to be a black swan, or to leave behind me any period in the style of the devil's orator, or any verse in the vein of his dam's poet; but rather covet to be nothing in print, than any thing in the stamp of needless or fruitless contention. As I am over-ruled at this present, and as it standeth now, I am not to be mine own judge or advocate, but am content to be sentenced by every courteous or indifferent peruser, that regardeth honesty in persons, or truth in testimonies, or reason in causes. Or seeing some matters of fame are called in question, I am not only willing; but desirous to underlie the verdict even of Fame herself, and to submit our whole credits to the voice of the people, as to the voice of equity and the oracle of God; to whose gracious favours he commendeth your courtesy, that neither flattereth the best; nor slandereth the worst, nor wilfully wrongeth any; but professeth duty to his superiors, humanity to his equals, favour to his inferiors; reason to all: and by the same rule, oweth you amends for the premises, not speedily dispatched, but hastily bungled up, as you see.

*London, this 8th and 9th of September.*

*The friend of his friends, and foe of none.*

## THE FOURTH LETTER.

*To the same favourable or indifferent Reader.*

HONEST gentlemen (for unto such I especially write), give me leave, in this slender pamphlet, only to fulfil the importune requests of a few, with your small delight and mine own less contentment: and pardon me though I no way affect to feed the dainty humour of curious conceits, carried with an insatiable expectation of I wot not what imagined perfection, which may easily display itself where it is, but cannot possibly appear where it is not. I presume I cannot less satisfy any, than I have satisfied myself, who, having wedded myself to private study, and devoted my mind to public quietness, took this troublesome pen in hand with such an alacrity of courage as the sorry bear goeth to the stake; and now rejoice in that which with more haste than speed is dispatched, as Æsop's hart, with more affection than reason, gloried in his horns till he found his fugitive legs his surer friends.

For, in many cases, I take it a better policy to use the flying leg, than the cumbersome horn; and at this instant I should much more have pleased myself if I had still practised my former resolution, to scorn the stinging of a peevish wasp, or the biting of an elvish gnat, or the quip of a mad companion; and rather to pocket up a pelting injury, than to entangle myself with trifling business, or any way to accrew to the most contemptible fellowship of the scribbling crew that annoyeth this age, and never more accloyed the world.

Alas! he is pitifully bestead, that in an age of policy, and in a world of industry (wherein the greatest matters of government and valour seem small to aspiring capacities), is constrained to



make woeful GREENE, and beggarly PIERCE PENNYLESSE, (as it were a grasshopper and a cricket, two pretty musicians, but silly creatures), the argument of his style; and enforced to encounter them who only in vanity are something, in effect nothing, in account less than nothing; howsoever, the grasshopper enraged would be no less than a green dragon, and the cricket malcontented, not so little as a black bellwether, but the only unicorn of the Muses. Some in my case would perhaps be content, for their own credit, to have them notoriously so reputed; and in cunning would, peradventure, not stick to strain at a gnat as it were at a camel. But plain dealing useth no such rhetoric; they that have eyes can see, and they that have ears can hear as sensibly as I; and I must in reason leave them, as in proof I find them, either mere paper bugs, and inkhorn pads, or a great deal worse, so far as the ringleaders of lewd licentiousness are more pestilent than the platformers of vain fantasticality, or the poison of corrupted minds is more pernicious than the venom of disguised wits. Any slightness curious enough, and any cost too much, upon such an argument; a subject of loss to the writer, of gain to none: but duty must obey, and courtesy yield: and it is the luck of some peeling comedies to busy the stage, as well as some graver tragedies.

Were nothing else discoursively inserted (as some little else occasionally presented itself), what paper more currently fit for the basest mechanical uses, than that which containeth the vile misdemeanours, and, truth will say, the abominable villainies of such base shifting companions; good for nothing, in the opinion of good minds, but to cast away themselves, to spoil their adherents, to prey upon their favourers, to dishonour their patrons, to infect the air where they breathe. Might PIERCE be entreated to qualify his distempered vein, and to reclaim his unbridled self, as some bold Gawins, upon milder consideration, have been glad to do. (good PIERCE, be good to thy good friends, and gentle to thy gentle self),

I assuredly would be the first that should wrap up such memorials, not in a sheet of waste paper, but in the winding-sheet of oblivion; and will not stick to embalm the dead corpse of a professed enemy, to sweeten the living spirit of a wished friend, howsoever extremely mean or famously obscure. The gracious law of amnesty, a sovereign law; but the divine law of charity, the law of laws. Who cannot condemn the insolentest arrogancy? but who must not condescend to any reasonable accord? He that was never dismayed with any necessary distress, yet ever escheweth all unnecessary trouble; and he that least feareth the sword of unjust calumny, yet most dreadeth the scabbard of just infamy, and would gladly avoid the lightest suspicion of that which he abhorreth.

Though the painted sheath be as it is, (for it needeth no other painter to portray itself), yet never child so delighted in his rattling baby, as some old lads of the castle have sported themselves with their rapping babble. It is the proper weapon of their profession; they have used it at large, and will use it at pleasure, howsoever the patient heal himself at their cost. It were a work of importance to answer that weapon; I long since gave them over in the plain field, and am now become a suitor to their towardest scholars, to remember the glorious conquest of their witty masters. I would willingly please or not displease, as I may; but no life without self-contentment, no performance of any action without resolution. The least may think upon Fabius Maximus, who with an honourable obstinacy pursued the course of his own platform, notwithstanding a thousand impeachments; and although slowly, with much murmuring, yet effectually with more reputation, achieved his politic purpose; like an expert pilot, that in a hideous tempest regardeth not the foolish shriekings, or vain outcries of disorderly passengers, but bestirreth himself, and directeth his mariners according to the wise rules of orderly navigation.

A wavering and fleeting mind seldom or never accomplisheth

any negociation of value. It is none of the least comforts in distress that patience is an excellent quality, and constancy the honourablest virtue in the world. I am not to dilate, where a sentence is a discourse, and a word more than enough. It hath been my desire to conform my intentions to my quality, and my exercises to my intentions; but as they are, it shall go very hard before I begin to abandon hope, or relent to frivolous motions, or forget myself and my friends to remember my enemies, who are best remembered when they are most forgotten. Some are cunning, and can imaginatively cast beyond the moon: but he is a simple temporiser that would attempt to raise a fantastical or putative opinion in an active world; and who so kindly cozeneth himself as that he seeketh a cloak to cover his own sluggish idleness, or unwieldy insufficiency?

Let them affect mystical commendation that profess occult philosophy; and let them crossbite themselves that can find no other *coney-catchers* to play that part. It was a principal maxim in Socrates' discipline, that every one should contend to be indeed whatsoever he would covet to seem in appearance: some that have often recommended that maxim unto other, and often called it the sovereign rule of sound and honourable proceeding, were never forwarder to allow his precept in discourse, than ready to follow his example in practice. There be other enough to make a gallant show; and some trim fellows will not stick to maintain a brave paradox, that the opinion and semblance of things neither ever was, nor is now, inferior to the very things themselves, but in preferment and reputation many times superior. I am not here to argue the case: Fortune is a favourable lady to some forward adventurers; they may easily swim that are holden up by the chin; such and such have lived in estimation, and purchased lands, but what did they ever effectuate of any worth, or wherein appeared their sufficiency to discharge any weighty function, or to perform any notable act? A reed is a sorry staff, and fortune as changeable as the moon: no

counterfeit or pretended commendation endureth long; only desert holdeth out infallibly when many a goodly gentleman beshreweth himself: I must not stand upon particularities: no education to the trainment of Cyrus, nor any proceeding to the employment of Cæsar.

Pregnant rules avail much, but visible examples amount incredibly: experience, the only life of perfection, and only perfection of life. Whatsoever occasion causeth me to be mistaken, as overmuch addicted to theory, without respect of action (for that is one of the especiallest points which I am importuned to resolve), I never made account of any study, meditation, conference, or exercise, that importeth not effectual use, and that aimeth not altogether at action, as the singular mark whereat every art and every virtue is to level. I love method, but honour practice: must I shew the difference? Either art is obscure, or the quietest capacity dull, and needeth method, as it were the bright moon, to illuminate the darksome night; but practice is the bright sun that shineth in the day, and the sovereign planet that governeth the world, as elsewhere I have copiously declared.

To excel there is no way but one, to marry studious art to diligent exercise; but where they must be unmarried, or divorced, give me rather exercise without art, than art without exercise. Perfect use worketh masteries, and disgraeth unexperienced art. Examples are infinite, and daily display themselves. A world without a sun; a body without a soul; nature without art; art without exercise: sorry creatures. Singular practice the only singular and admirable workman of the world.

Must I dispatch the rest that is exacted? It is no fit place, and the least little will seem too much. As in other things, so in arts, formality doth well, but materiality worketh the feat. Were artists as skilful as arts are powerful, wonders might be achieved by art improved; but they that understand little write much, and they

that know much write little. The vain peacock with his gay colours, and the prattling parrot with his ignorant discourses (I am not to offend any but the peacock and the parrot), have garishly disguised the worthiest arts, and deeply discredited the profoundest artists, to the pitiful defacement of the one, and the shameful prejudice of the other. Rodolph Agricola, Philip Melancthon, Ludovike Vives, Peter Ramus, and divers excellent scholars, have earnestly complained of arts corrupted, and notably reformed many absurdities; but still corruption engendereth one vermin or other, and still that precious trainment is miserably abused which should be the fountain of skill, the root of virtue, the seminary of government, the foundation of all private and public good.

The methodist and discourser might be more material, the theorist and praetitioner more formal, all four more effectual; or how cometh it to pass, that much more is professed, but much less performed, than in former ages? especially in the mathematics, and in natural magic, which being cunningly and extensively employed (after the manner of Archimedes, Arehytas, Apollonius, Regiomontanus, Bacon, Cardan, and such like industrious philosophers, the secretaries of art and nature), might wonderfully bestead the commonwealth with many puissant engines, and other commodious devices, for war and peace. In actual experiments and polymechany, nothing too profound; a superficial slightness may seem fine for sheets, but proveth good for nothing: as in other business, so in learning, as good never a whit, according to the proverb, as never the better; one perfect meehanician worth ten unperfect philosophers: an ignorant man less shameth himself, less beguileth his friend, less disableth the commonwealth, than a putative artist; a whole natural wit more serviceable and more sufficient than a demi-scholar, who, presuming on that which he hath not, abateth the force of that which he hath.

He must not dream of perfection, that improveth not the per-

fectest art with most perfect industry. A snatch and away, with Neoptolemus and the common sort of students, may please a little, but profiteth nothing. It is the body, not the shadow, that dispatcheth the business. The flower delighteth to-day, and fadeth to-morrow; the fruit edifieth and endureth; the vizard, the painted sheath, and such terrible braveries, can best report their own entertainment: the peacock and the parrot have good leave to prank up themselves, and leisure enough to revive and repolish their expired works. What can last always? quoth the neat taylor, when his fine seams began to crack their credit at the first drawing-on. I appeal to Paul's churchyard, whether lines be like unto seams; and whether the deft writer be as sure a workman as the neat taylor. There may be a fault in the reader as well as in the weaver; but every man content himself to bear the burthen of his own faults: and, good sweet authors, inform yourselves before you undertake to instruct other.

Excellent effects must flow from the spring of excellent causes; and nothing notable without notable endeavour. The print is abused that abuseth, and earnestly beseecheth flourishing writers not to trouble the press, but in case of urgent occasion or important use. Or if you conceive extraordinarily of your own pregnancy, and will needs employ your youthful talent, remember that corruptions in manners, and absurdities in art, have too lately overflowed the banks of all good modesty and discretion. He that hath but half an eye can see no less: and he that hath but half a tongue may say more: I only note by the way, that hindereth many a gallant wit in the way; and, without impeachment to any, wish all rather to be excellent with Socrates, than to seem famous with the philosopher of the court.

My meaning is not to teach, but to touch: and, albeit, I have cursorily spoken something for myself, and something as it were against other; yet the one little, and the other less, are both uttered

with a mind that will rather excuse other than myself, and rather accuse myself than other, wheresoever I find the least reason for them, or the least cause against myself: and if in any thing I am any thing, it is in nothing so much as in a zealous desire to see learning flourish, virtue prosper, the good proceed from better to better, the bad amend, the body cherish the members, the members tender the body; all generally maintain concord with all; every one particularly nourish accord with every one. Howbeit at this instant I must crave licence to stand upon such terms, not as I would most willingly choose, but as the present occasion forcibly suggesteth. No man loather to minister the least, or to take the greatest occasion of public contention, or private discontentment; choler is as soon inflamed as flax; and small sparkles of dissension have kindled horrible fires of faction; there be wrangling and quarrelling Hot-spurs enough, though I be none. *Ignis fatuus* never so spritishly busy, never so many threatening comets, never such a terrible sky of blazing and falling stars, never such lusty stirring of lively coals and dead cinders; every MARTIN junior and puny PIERCE a monarch in the kingdom of his own humour; every pert and crank wit, in one odd vein or other, the only man of the university, of the city, of the realm, for a flourish or two; who but he, in the flush of his overweening conceit? give him his peremptory white rod in his hand, and good-night all distinction of persons, and all difference of estates: his pen is his mace, his lance, his two-edged sword, his sceptre, his Hercules's club, and will bear a predominant sway in despite of vain-glorious titles and ambitious degrees. Lords must take heed how they lord it in his presence; but he, forsooth, may play the lord great master, *cum gratia*; and a saucy sophister take upon him, like a mighty tyrant, *cum privilegio*.

God help, when Ignorance and Want of Experience, usurping the chair of scrupulous and rigorous Judgment, will, in a fantastical imagination, or, perchance, in a melancholy mood, presume farther, by

infinite degrees, than the learnedest men in a civil commonwealth, or the sagest counsellors in a prince's court. Our new-new writers, the loadstones of the press, are wonderfully beholden to the ass, in a manner the only author, which they alledge: the world was ever full enough of fools, but never so full of asses in print; the very elephant, a great ass; the camel, a huge ass; the bear, a monstrous ass; the horse, an absurd ass; the fox himself a little ass, or, for variety, an ape; who not an ass, or an ape in good plain English, that chanceth to come in the wise ass-makers' and mighty ape-dubbers' way?

They are fine men, and have many sweet phrases: it is my simplicity that I am so slenderly acquainted with that dainty style, the only new fashion of current eloquence *in esse*; far surpassing the stale vein of Demosthenes or Tully, Jewel or Harding, Whitgift or Cartwright, Sidney or Spenser. But I could wish Ignorance would favour itself; and it were not amiss, that Want of Experience should be content to be a little modest, or somewhat quiet; and both enforce less occasion to be termed, as they will needs notoriously proclaim themselves, as it were with a public oyez, or a general *Noverint universi per presentes*. For if any thing, indeed, be a right ass in print, it is the one; and if any thing, indeed, be a right calf in print, it is the other: Ignorance the famousest ass, and Want of Experience the notablest calf in the world. Yet the one the terrible controller, the other the singular reformer of the world: both the busiest adventurers, and doughtiest doers in a world. They trouble many much, some exceedingly, themselves most, me little, who can very well leave them to the jollity of their own swing, or only pray them to stay the nimble course of their forward wisdoms, till they have soberly read, and heard a little, and a little more (for I wis something resteth unconsidered); and till they have effectually seen and tried a great deal, and a great deal more (for much remaineth unapproved), I



love not to solicit them greatly that love to importune all other excessively.

That little I have done, I have done compelled, and would wish undone, rather than any storm of debate, or the least fit of malice, should ensue thereof. Let them glory in pen scolding and paper brabbling, that list; I must not, I cannot, I will not. I hate to intend such arrant paltry; not for fear, but for contempt; not for laziness, but for weightier business. Good honest youths, spare an old truant, meeter now to play the dumb dog, with some ancients, than the bawling cur, or the hissing snake, with you springals: a thousand examples pierce deep, and over-sensibly teach me the miserable inconvenience of such mischief, and the miserable mischief of such inconvenience: better a peck of troubles than a load of agonies; no plague to irksome vengeance, no joy or treasure to industrious employment, no felicity to a commodious intercourse of sweet study, sweeter conversation, and sweetest action; that wanteth must be supplied, as sufficient as it may; extraordinary incumbrances little need; time is precious, and would not be prodigally wasted in waste paper, or contemptuously thrust out by the shoulders.

My first letter was in a manner voluntary, my second in sort necessary, this wholly superfluous, but violently extorted after the rest; all wearisome unto me, but this most tedious, and any thing more would seem intolerable, especially in the invective vein; the little fury of this age, and great incendiary of the world, whose unmeasurable outrage I would rather mitigate with twenty insinulative and persuasive orations, than any way aggravate with one offensive or defensive letter.

Some comical jars may be endured, but no act so joyful as the plaudit; and whatsoever the beginning happeneth to be, I would always wish a pleasant or amicable end, the scope whereat I as diligently aim, as any that most religiously affecteth

unity. Only my determination is, rather to be a sheep in wolf's print, than to suffer myself, or my dearest friends, to be made sheep in the wolf's walk; and only my request is, that every discreet and courteous mind, will as considerately weigh the cause, as censoriously note the effect. I hope there neither is nor shall be any default committed, but may in convenient time be redressed with some reasonable amends; until which time I am not to dedicate any thing unto any personage of name, but a mind affectionately desirous to honour the worthiest, to reverence the wisest, to commend the learnedest, to embrace the best, to appease the worst, to injure none, to render every one the uttermost of his desert or other quality; which mind I entirely recommend unto you all, and you all unto God, whom I beseech to accomplish that which I cannot effect, and even to work a miracle upon the deaf.

*London, this 11th and 12th of September.*

*Your affectionate friend,*

*G. H.*

# GREENE'S MEMORIAL;

OR CERTAIN

## FUNERAL SONNETS.

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TO THE

FORESAID MASTER EMANUEL DEMETRIUS, MASTER CHRISTOPHER BIRD,  
AND ALL GENTLE WITS THAT WILL VOUCHSAFE THE READING.

### SONNET I.

*His Repentance that meant to call Greene to his Answer.*

ALAS! that I so hastily should come  
To terrify the man with fatal dread,  
That deemed quiet PENNES, or dead or dumb,  
And stoutly knock'd poor Silence on the head.  
Enough can say, dead is the dog of spite:  
I, that for pity praised him alive,  
And smil'd to hear him gnar, and see him bite,  
Am not with sorry carcasses to strive.  
The worst, I list, of famous him report:  
Paul's hath the only pregnant author lost.  
Ah me! quoth Wit, in lamentable sort,  
What worthy wight shall now command the roast?  
Fame heard the plaint, and pointed at a man  
As *green* as GREENE, and white as whitest swan.

## SONNET II.

*His Misfortune, in being spitefully injured by some whom he partially commended.*

UNLUCKY I, unhappiest on earth,  
 That, fondly doting upon dainty wits,  
 And deeply ravish'd with their luring fits,  
 Of gentle favours find so hard a dearth.  
 Is it my fate, or fault, that such fine men  
 Should their commender so unkindly bite,  
 That loves to love, in spite of rankest spite,  
 And hates to hate, with heart, or tongue, or pen?  
 Sweet writers, as ye covet to be sweet,  
 Nor me, nor other, nor yourselves abuse ;  
 Humanity doth courteously peruse  
 Each act of friend, or foe, with favour meet.  
 Foul Devil, and fouler Malice, cease to rave !  
 For every fault I twenty pardons crave.

## SONNET III.

*His Admonition to Greene's Companions.*

THE flourishing and gaily springing wight,  
 That vainly me provok'd with vile reproach,  
 Hath done his worst, and hath no more to broach ;  
 Maugre the devil of villanous despite.

I cannot rail, whatever cause to rail ;  
 For charity I lovingly embrace,  
 That me for envy odiously deface ;  
 But in their highest rage extremely fail.  
 I can do him no harm that is in heaven ;  
 I can do him no good that is in hell ;  
 I wish the best to his survivors fell,  
 Deeply acquainted with his *six : and seven*.  
 O be not like to Death, that spareth none !  
 Your *greenest* flower and peacock's tail is gone.

## SONNET IV.

*The miserable End of wilful Desperateness.*

THE jolly fly dispatch'd his silly self :  
 What stories quaint, of many a doughty fly  
 That read a lecture to the vent'rous elf ?  
 Yet he will have his lusty swing to die.  
 Courage and stirring wit in time do well ;  
 But that same obstinate Desperation,  
 A furious fiend of self-devouring hell,  
 Rushing with terrible commination,  
 (What storm so hideous as Rage's spell ?)  
 Concludes with horrible lamentation.  
 Each blessed tongue accurse malediction,  
 The ugly mouth of ruthless confusion.  
 Nothing so dulcely sweet, or kindly dear,  
 As sugared lips, and heart's delicious cheer.

## SONNET V.

*The Learned should lovingly affect the Learned.*

I AM not to instruct where I may learn,  
 But where I may persuasively exhort;  
 Nor over dissolute, nor over stern—  
 A courteous honesty I would extort.  
 Good loathes to damage or upbraid the good;  
 Gentle, how lovely to the gentle wight!  
 Who seeth not how every blooming bud  
 Smileth on every flower fairly dight,  
 And biddeth foul ill-favouredness good-night?  
 Would *Alciat's* Emblem, or some scarlet hood,  
 Could teach the pregnant sons of shiny light  
 To interbrace each other with delight!  
 Fine Mercury conducts a dainty band  
 Of Charities and Muses, hand in hand.

## SONNET VI.

*His Palace of Pleasure.*

I WOT not what these cutting huff-snuffs mean;  
 Of alehouse daggers I have little skill;  
 I borrow not my phrase of knave or quean,  
 But am a debtor to the civil quill.

It is restorative unto my heart  
 To hear how gentle CHEEKE and SMITH convers'd ;  
 No daintier piece of delicatest art,  
 Than cordial stories charmingly rehears'd,  
 That whilom rudest woods and stones empiere'd.  
 Who now begins that amiable part?  
 HADDON farewell, and ASCHAM thou art stale,  
 And every sweetness tastes of bitter bale.  
 Oh, let me live to interview the face  
 Of fair Humanity, and bounteous Grace.

## SONNET VII.

*His unfeigned Wish.*

NEVER Ulysses or Æneas tir'd  
 With toiling travails, and huge afflictions,  
 As arrant pen and wretched page bemir'd  
 With nasty filth of rank maledictions.  
 I seldom call a snarling cur, a cur ;  
 But wish the gnarring dog as sweet a mouth,  
 As bravest horse, that feeleth golden spur ;  
 Or shrillest trump, that soundeth north or south ;  
 Or most enchanting Siren's voice uncouth.  
 Self-gnawing hearts, and gnashing teeth of murr,  
 How fain would I see Orpheus reviv'd,  
 Or Suadas' honey bees in you re-hiv'd!  
 Oh, most delicious honey dews, infuse  
 Your daintiest influence into their Muse!

## SONNET VIII.

*A Continuation of the same Wish.*

LET them forget their canker'd peevishness,  
 And say to Choler fell, "thou wert our fall;  
 Hadst thou not boil'd in fretting waywardness,  
 We might have laugh'd at Fortune's tossing ball.  
 Choler, content thy malecontented self;  
 And clearest Humour, of right sanguine pure,  
 Neatly refin'd from that felonious elf,  
 With jovial graciousness thyself enure,  
 If ever silver conduits were abroach,  
 Of streaming Wit, and flowing Eloquence;  
 Ye floods of milk and honey re-approach,  
 And bounteously pour out your quintessence.  
 Gently assemble, delicacies all,  
 And sweetly nectarize this bitter gall!"

## SONNET IX.

*His Revival of a former Motion; added at the Instance of an especial Friend.*

WERE I as meet as willing to advise,  
 I would in amicable terms entreat  
 Some forward wits to change their headlong guise,  
 And less in print, and more in mint to sweat.



Pythagoras and Apollonius sage,  
 Two wonders of capacity divine,  
 Trained their followers to temper rage,  
 And tongue with curious silence to refine.  
 There is a time to speak, a time to write,  
 But blessed be the time that sees and hears :  
 Let petty stars suppress their twinkling light,  
 And glorious sun advance his beamy peers !  
 O you of golden mould, that shine like sun,  
 Display your heavenly gifts, and I have done.

## SONNET X.

*A more particular Declaration of his Intention.*

YET let Affection interpret self,  
 Arcadia brave, and doughty Faery Queen,  
 Cannot be stain'd by Gibelin or Guelph,  
 Or goodliest legend that Wit's eye hath seen.  
 The dainty hand of exquisitest art,  
 And nimble head of pregnantest receipt,  
 Never more finely played their curious part  
 Than in those lively crystals of conceit.  
 Other fair wits I cordially embrace,  
 And that sweet muse of azure dye admire ;  
 And must in every sonnet interlace  
 The earthly sovereign of heavenly fire.  
 A fitter place remaineth to implore,  
 Of deepest artists the profoundest lore.

## SONNET XI.

*His Desire to honour excellent Perfections in the best.*

## ANOTHER ADDITION.

Inserted at the Request of one that might command.

BLACK Art, avaunt! and hail, thrice graceful Grace,  
 That whitest white on earth or heaven exceeds  
 In purity, and sovereignty immense!  
 Or lock my mouth, or school my infant lips,  
 Resplendent lights of Milky Way to sing,  
 Rare subjects of thy indulgence supreme.  
 Yet what should I conspicuous mirrors sing,  
 That radiantly display their beauteous beams  
 Of glist'ring Virtue and reshining Wit,  
 The luminaries great of little world?  
 Folly impossibilities attempts;  
 Astonishment such brightness best becomes.  
 Or lend me, Pegasus, thy mounting wings,  
 And let me hear how choir of Angels sings.

## SONNET XII.

*His Court of Honour.*

WERE fine Castilio the heir of grace,  
 What gallant port more graciously fine?  
 As dainty Petrarch was sweet Siren's son,  
 What witching tune more Orpheously sweet?  
 Him, him, the Ida high, and deep abyss  
 Of noble excellence, I would proclaim.  
 But what should drowsy muse of phantoms dream?  
 Cast glancing eye into queen Pallas' court,  
 And scorn the dimness of thy dazzled sight,  
 Astound with lord and lady graces' view;  
 Idas how high, abysses how profound,  
 Of valour brave, and admirable worth!  
 Poor glimmering gems, and twinkling stars, adieu!  
 Here, here the sun and moon of Honour true.

## SONNET XIII.

*His Intercession to Fame.*

LIVE ever, valorous renowned knights;  
 Live ever, SMITH and BACON, peerless men;  
 Live ever, WALSINGHAM and HATTON wise;  
 Live ever, MILDMAY's honourable name.

Ah! that Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT should be dead;  
 Ah! that Sir PHILIP SIDNEY should be dead;  
 Ah! that Sir WILLIAM SACKVILLE should be dead;  
 Ah! that Sir RICHARD GRINVILLE should be dead;  
 Ah! that brave WALTER DEVEREUX should be dead;  
 Ah! that the flower of knighthood should be dead!  
 Which, maugre deadliest deaths and stoniest stones,  
 That cover worthiest worth, shall never die.  
 Sweet Fame, adorn thy glorious triumph new,  
 Or virtues all, and honours all, adieu.

## SONNET XIV.

*A Repetition of the former Petition.*

BUT Virtues all, and Honours all, survive;  
 And Virtues all, and Honours all, inflame.  
 Brave minds to platform, and redoubted hands  
 To do such deeds, and such exploits achieve,  
 As they, and they courageously perform'd.  
 Egregious men, and memorable knights;  
 Ay, memorable knights, whiles sun shall shine,  
 And teach industrious worth to shine like sun,  
 To live in motion and action hot;  
 To eternize Entelechy divine,  
 Where Plutarch's Lives, where Argonautiques brave,  
 Where all heroic wonderments concur.  
 Oh! Oh! and Oh! a thousand thousand times,  
 That thirsty ear might hear archangels' rhymes.

## SONNET XV.

THEN would I so my melody adulce,  
 And so attune my harmony to theirs,  
 That fellest Fury should confess herself  
 Enchanted mightily with charms divine ;  
 And in the sweetest terms of sacred leagues,  
 With pure devotion reconcile her rage.  
 Meanwhile I seek, and seek, but cannot find  
 That jewel rare, of preciouslest worth,  
 Gentle Accord and sovereign Repose,  
 The paradise of earth and bliss of heaven.  
 Be it in earth, oh ! heaven direct my course ;  
 Be it in heaven alone, oh ! earth farewell.  
 Or well fare Patience, that sweetens sour,  
 And rears on hellish earth an Heavenly Bower.

## SONNET XVI.

*His professed Disdain to answer Vanity in some, or to envy  
 Prosperity in any.*

SOME me have spited with a cruel spite,  
 But Fount of Mercy so recleanse my sin,  
 As I nor them malign, nor any wight,  
 But all good minds affect, like dearest kin.

Small cause I have to scorn in any sort,  
 Yet I extremely scorn to answer some,  
 That banish conscience from their report,  
 And over wantonly abuse the dumb.  
 God keep low countrymen from high disdain :  
 Yet I disdain, with haughtiest contempt,  
 To envy any person's fame or gain,  
 Or any crooked practice to attempt.  
 Jesu, that we should band, like John O'Neal,  
 That tenderly should melt in mutual zeal.

SONNET XVII.

*His Exhortation to Atonement and Love.*

O MINDS of heaven, and wits of highest sphere,  
 Molten most tenderly in mutual zeal ;  
 Each one with cordial indulgence forbear,  
 And bonds of love reciproquely enseal.  
 No rose, no violet, no fragrant spice,  
 No nectar, no ambrosia so sweet  
 As gracious love, that never maketh nice,  
 But every one embraceth, as is meet.  
 Magnes and many things attractive are,  
 But nothing so allecive under skies,  
 As that same dainty amiable star,  
 That none but grisly mouth of hell defies.  
 That star illuminate celestial hearts,  
 And who but Rancour feeleth irksome smarts ?

## SONNET XVIII.

*John Harvey's Welcome to Robert Greene.*

COME, fellow GREENE, come to thy gaping grave,  
 Bid Vanity and Foolery farewell ;  
 Thou over long hast played the mad brain'd knave,  
 And over loud hast rung the bawdy bell.  
 Vermin to vermin must repair at last ;  
 No fitter house for busy folk to dwell ;  
 Thy *Coney-Catching* pageants are past,  
 Some other must those arrant stories tell.  
 These hungry worms think long for their repast ;  
 Come on, I pardon thy offence to me,  
 It was thy living ; be not so aghast ;  
 A fool and a physician may agree.  
 And for my brothers never vex thyself,  
 They are not to disease a buried elf.

## SONNET XIX.

*His Apology of himself and his Brothers.*

YET fie on lies, and fie on false appeals :  
 No minister in England less affects  
 Those wanton kisses that lewd Folly steals  
 Than he whom only Ribaldry suspects.

Were I a fool (what man plays not the fool?  
 The world is full of fools, and full of sects),  
 Yet was John never spoiled with the tool  
 That Richard made ; and none but none infects.  
 The third is better known in court and school,  
 Than thy vain *Quip*, or my *Defence* shall be ;  
 Whose eye but his that sits on Slander's stool,  
 Did ever him in Fleet or prison see ?  
 Loud Mentery small confutation needs,  
 Avaunt ! black beast, that sows such cursed seeds.

## SONNET XX.

*His Apology of his good Father.*

Ah, my dear Father, and my parent sweet,  
 Whose honesty no neighbour can impeach ;  
 That any ruffian should, in terms unmeet,  
 To your discredit shamefully outreach.  
 O rakehell hand, that scribbled him a knave,  
 Whom never enemy did so appeach ;  
 Repent thy wicked self, that so didst rave,  
 And cancel that which Slander's mouth did teach.  
 Nor every man, nor every trade is brave ;  
 Malt, hairs, and hemp, and sackcloth, must be had :  
 Truth, him from odious imputations save :  
 And many a gallant gentleman more bad.  
 Four sons him cost a thousand pounds at least ;  
 Well may he fare, and thou enjoy thy rest !



## SONNET XXI.

*His charitable Hope, and their eternal Repose.*

LET memory of gross abuses sleep!  
 Who over-shooteth not in reckless youth?  
 Were sins as red as reddest scarlet deep,  
 A penitential heart preventeth ruth.  
 Well-wishing Charity preumes the best;  
 Nothing impossible to powerful Truth:  
 Body to grave, and soul to heaven addrest,  
 Leave upon earth the follies of their youth.  
 Some penury bewail, some fear arrest;  
 Some Parma's force, some Spaniards' gold adread;  
 Some underlie the terrible inquest;  
 Some carry a jealous, some a climbing head.  
 We that are dead, releas'd from living woes,  
 Soundly enjoy a long, and long repose.

## SONNET XXII.

*L'Envoy: or an Answer to the Gentleman that drunk to Chaucer  
 upon View of the former Sonnets, and other Cantos,  
 in honour of certain brave Men.*

SOME tales to tell, would I a Chaucer were:  
 Yet would I not even now an Homer be;  
 Though Spencer me hath often Homer term'd,  
 And Monsieur Bodine vow'd as much as he.

Envy and Zoilus, two busy wights,  
 No petty shade of Homer can appear,  
 But he the devil, and she his dam display,  
 And Furics fell annoy sweet Muse's cheer.  
 Nor Martins I, nor Counter-martins squib:  
 Enough ado to clear my simple self:  
 Momus 'gainst heaven; and Zoilus 'gainst earth,  
 A quip for Gibeline, and whip for Guelph.  
 Or purge this humour, or woe-worth the state,  
 That long endures the one or other mate.

*Robertus Grenus, utriusque Academicæ Artium Magister,  
 de Seipso.*

ILLE ego, cui risus, rumores, festa, puellæ  
 Vana libellorum scriptio, vita fuit:  
 Prodigus ut vidi Ver, Æstatemque furoris,  
 Autumno, atque Hyemi, cum Cane dico vale.  
 Ingenii bullam; plumam artis; fistulam Amandi;  
 Ecquæ non misero plangat avena tono?

*Gabriel Harveius, desideratissimæ animæ Joannis fratris.*

AT Junioris erat, Seniori pangere carmen  
 Funebre, ni Fati lex violenta vetet.  
 Quid frustra exclamem, Frater, fraterrime Frater?  
 Dulcia cuncta abeunt; tristia sola manent.  
 Totus ego funus, pullato squallidum amictu,  
 Quamvis cælicolæ, flebile dico vale.



*To the Right Worshipful my singular good Friend,  
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men,  
I read, that sitting like a looker-on  
Of this world's stage, dost note, with critic pen,  
The sharp dislikes of each condition;  
And, as one careless of suspicion,  
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great,  
Ne fearest foolish reprehension  
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat.  
But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat,  
Like a great lord of peerless liberty,  
Lifting the good up to high Honour's seat,  
And the evil damning evermore to die.  
For life and death is in thy doomful writing,  
So thy renown lives ever by inditing.

*Dublin, this 18th of July, 1586.*

Your devoted friend during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

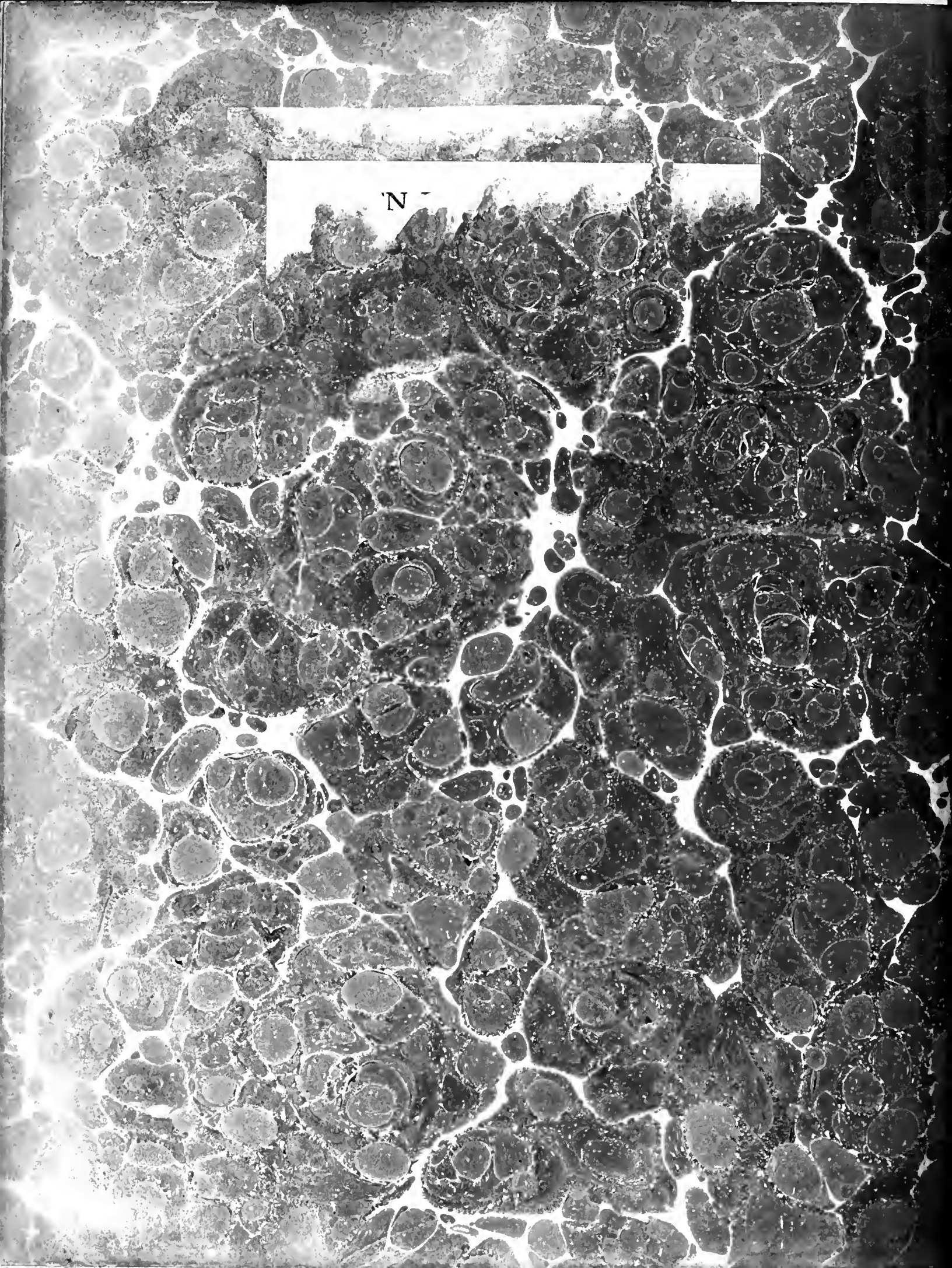
FINIS.

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