

SUMMARY: *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit Bought With a Million of Repentance* (STC 12245) was entered in the Stationers' Register to William Wright 'upon the peril of Henry Chettle' on 20 September 1592, and was printed for Wright by John Danter and John Wolfe. The entry in the Stationers' Register clearly anticipates that problems might arise from the publication of *Groatsworth*, and makes them solely Chettle's responsibility. In the epistle to the gentlemen readers in *Kind-Heart's Dream*, entered on the Stationers' Register to William Wright on 8 December 1592 and printed by Danter and Wolfe, Chettle discusses the problems which he alleges have arisen since the publication of *Groatsworth*, and offers an unconvincing explanation for them. Chettle claims that when Greene died, he left manuscripts in the hands of sundry booksellers, *Groatsworth* being one of them. This in itself seems an unlikely scenario. Chettle then says that Greene's letter to three playwrights in *Groatsworth* has given offence to 'one or two' of the playwrights. It is distinctly odd that Chettle uses the vague phrase 'one or two of them' when he later clearly specifies two playwrights, neither of whom he claims to know personally, and one of whom he says he never wishes to know. It is also distinctly odd that Chettle, with his connections to printing and the theatre, would never have met two of the best known playwrights in London, generally assumed to be Christopher Marlowe and George Peele, particularly when Chettle later claims that he has personally observed the second playwright's civil demeanour, and knows him to be an excellent writer. Moreover Chettle never once in the course of his explanation offers what would surely have been his best defence, which is that since Greene did not identify any of the three playwrights by name, Chettle could not have possibly known for certain who the three playwrights actually were. Instead of offering this logical defence, Chettle proceeds throughout the epistle as though there could be no question that the two playwrights who took offence were, in fact, unquestionably two of the three playwrights to whom Greene had directed his letter. Chettle then makes a quantum leap in logic, saying that because these two offended playwrights cannot be revenged on Greene, since he is dead, they have 'wilfully' decided to be revenged on Chettle, and that the form their revenge has taken is to accuse Chettle of being the real author of Greene's letter to the three playwrights. On its face, this explanation is an absurdity, and it is clear that something more than a mere desire to turn their vengeance on a living person since they could not avenge themselves on the dead Robert Greene must have motivated the two playwrights and have directed their attention to Chettle. There must have been some other evidence known to the two playwrights which convinced them that the role Chettle played in the publication of *Groatsworth* was one which might lead reasonable people to assume that Chettle could have written the letter to the three playwrights. In the epistle to *Kind-Heart's Dream*, Chettle admits that there was such evidence, namely that the manuscript of *Groatsworth* was in Chettle's handwriting when it was licenced for publication, which would account for the fact that the entry in the Stationers' Register specifies that *Groatsworth* was entered 'upon the peril of Henry Chettle'. As justification for having rewritten *Groatsworth*, Chettle offers the lame excuse that Greene's handwriting was illegible, and that the manuscript could not have been licenced for publication had not Chettle copied it out. This excuse is clearly an improbable one. Greene had published several dozen works in the course of his career, and it seems highly unlikely that each had had to be copied out by a scribe before it could be licenced for publication. Chettle's excuse is clearly a cover

for some other set of circumstances which he does not wish to reveal. Chettle also admits to having edited Greene's letter to the three playwrights, and makes the rather astonishing admission that he had taken it upon himself to edit the work of other authors in the past when he felt that their sentiments were too strongly expressed. In connection with his editing of *Groatsworth*, Chettle says that in the course of copying it out he deliberately omitted something in the letter to the three playwrights which concerned the first playwright who had taken offence, the playwright with whom Chettle says he does not ever care to become acquainted. Chettle then says he wishes he had done more to spare the second of the two offended playwrights. His reason for wishing that he had further spared the second playwright is a highly unlikely one. It is not, as one might have expected, that the second playwright himself came to Chettle and complained, because Chettle says he had never met either of the two playwrights. Rather, it is because divers 'worshipful' persons have come to Chettle and have argued that this second playwright is upright in his dealings and writes with facetious grace. Chettle implies that these 'worshipful' persons had severally taken it upon themselves to act as emissaries on behalf of the second playwright to rehabilitate the playwright's reputation with Chettle, a scenario which is scarcely believable. Chettle then denies, in passing, Nashe's authorship of *Groatsworth*. His denial is incongruous because it is generally supposed that Nashe was 'young Juvenal', the third of the three playwrights addressed by Greene in his letter. Chettle fails to point this out, and offers no reason why anyone would think Nashe the author of an offensive letter to three playwrights in which Nashe himself was one of the three playwrights who was offensively criticized. It therefore seems not unreasonable to infer that Chettle's denial of Nashe's authorship of *Groatsworth* is a mere diversionary tactic by which he creates a bridge which allows him to make a further denial of Nashe's authorship of the epistle to *The Second Part of the History of Gerileon of England*, a denial which without this bridge would have been completely out of place in the epistle to *Kind-Heart's Dream*. It was for some reason important to Chettle to deny in print that Nashe had written the inflammatory comments in the epistle to *Gerileon*, a translation which had been licenced on 8 August 1592 and printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and to claim the authorship of that epistle for himself. Chettle specifically blames the 'workman' for the error, by whom he presumably intends the compositor. Since Chettle was himself a compositor who worked with the printer John Danter, and since Danter printed *The Repentance of Robert Greene* for Cuthbert Burbie, it seems not unlikely that the 'workman' whom Chettle blames for affixing the initials 'T.N.' to the epistle to *Gerileon* was very likely Chettle himself. If Chettle affixed the initials 'T.N.' to the epistle to *Gerileon* when it was printed, and in *Kind-Heart's Dream* claimed that the attribution to Nashe was false and that he himself was the author of that epistle, disingenuously blaming a 'workman' who was perhaps none other than himself, then Chettle's credibility is seriously called into question. This question of Chettle's credibility with respect to the epistle to *Gerileon* goes to the larger question of his credibility with respect to everything Chettle says in the epistle to *Kind-Heart's Dream*. It has to be kept in mind that we have only Chettle's word for it that any of these events actually happened, i.e. that Greene's handwriting was so illegible that Chettle had to copy out the manuscript of *Groatsworth* before it could be licenced; that two playwrights were offended with Greene's letter to the three playwrights in *Groatsworth*; that divers 'worshipful' persons came as emissaries to Chettle on behalf of one of the two offended playwrights and

convinced Chettle of his 'uprightness of dealing'; that the two offended playwrights, motivated by a desire for revenge and frustrated because they could not obtain it against the dead Robert Greene accused Chettle of writing *Groatsworth*; and that Nashe was also accused by unnamed persons of the authorship of *Groatsworth*. There is no independent corroboration of any of these claims of Chettle's. Since we have only Chettle's own statements in *Kind-Heart's Dream* to rely on as 'evidence' that any of these things actually happened, and since Chettle's credibility is called into question by his statements with respect to the epistle to *Gerileon*, it may be that the solution to the problems posed by *Kind-Heart's Dream* is that Chettle's entire unbelievable tale in the epistle to *Kind-Heart's Dream* is a fabrication. Recently Chettle's unconvincing explanations for all these matters has led modern commentators to doubt his word, and to account for Chettle's unconvincing explanations in the epistle to *Kind-Heart's Dream* by claiming that what Chettle was trying to cover up, despite his outright denial of it in the epistle, was that he himself had written *Groatsworth* and had attempted to pass it off as having been written by the dying Robert Greene. The problematic hypothesis that Chettle wrote *Groatsworth* is allegedly supported by a 1969 computer study by Warren B. Austin. However Austin himself acknowledged that his 1969 study was inconclusive (see Austin, Warren, 'Groatsworth and Shake-scene', *The Shakespeare Newsletter*, Spring 1992), and flaws in the study's methodology have recently been exposed in Richard Westley's 2006 article 'Computing Error: Reassessing Austin's Study of *Groatsworth of Wit*' (see *Literary and Linguistic Computing* 21:363-78). Moreover the style and vocabulary of *Groatsworth* are entirely consonant with the style and vocabulary of Greene's other prose tracts, making it clear that the author of *Groatsworth* was the same person who wrote the rest of Greene's prose works. Even more importantly, the style, vocabulary and subject-matter of *Kind-Heart's Dream* itself are very like Greene's other prose works. This latter fact raises far-reaching questions about what Chettle was actually trying to cover up, and whether Chettle can be believed when he claims authorship of *Kind-Heart's Dream*, particularly since some of the printing errors in *Kind-Heart's Dream* appear to have resulted from a misunderstanding of the text, which could not have occurred if Chettle, as a compositor, was printing a text which he himself had written. It is also noteworthy that Chettle's description in *Kind-Heart's Dream* of Greene's physical attributes and personality is so deliberately vague as to be reminiscent of the description of the crocodile in Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and that the principal reasons for the appearance of Greene as a character in *Kind-Heart's Dream* appear to have been to inveigh against Gabriel Harvey for his injuries to Greene and Nashe, to incite Nashe to vengeance, and to promote the publication of Greene's *Black Book*, motives which seem much more appropriate to the dead Robert Greene than to the living Henry Chettle. The modern spelling version of *Kind-Heart's Dream* below was prepared from the Bodley Head edition of 1923 by G.B. Harrison.

Kind-Heart's Dream,
containing five apparitions

with their invectives against abuses reigning

Delivered by several ghosts unto him to be published
after Pierce Penilesse' post had refused the carriage

Inuita Inuidiae

by H.C.

Imprinted at London for William Wright

To the gentlemen readers

It hath been a custom, gentlemen (in my mind commendable) among former authors (whose works are no less beautified with eloquent phrase than garnished with excellent example) to begin an exordium to the readers of their time; much more convenient, I take it, should the writers in these days (wherein that gravity of inditing by the elder exercised is not observed, nor that modest decorum kept which they continued), submit their labours to the favourable censures of their learned overseers. For seeing nothing can be said that hath not been before said, the singularity of some men's conceits (otherways excellent well deserving) are no more to be soothed than the peremptory posies of two very sufficient translators commended. To come in print is not to seek praise, but to crave pardon. I am urged to the one, and bold to beg the other. He that offends, being forced, is more excusable than the wilful faulty; though both be guilty, there is difference in the guilt. To observe custom, and avoid as I may cavil, opposing your favours against my fear, I'll show reason for my present writing, and after proceed to sue for pardon. About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands, among other his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter written to divers play-makers is offensively by one or two of them taken, and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greene's book, struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had only in the copy this share; it was ill written, as sometime Greene's hand was none of the best. Licenced it must be ere it could be printed, which could never be if it might not be read. To be brief, I writ it over, and as near as I could, followed the copy; only in that letter I put something out, but in the whole book not a word in, for I protest it was all Greene's, not mine nor Master Nashe's, as some unjustly have affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an epistle to the second part of *Gerileon*, though by the workman's error T.N. were set to the end; that I confess to be mine, and repent it not.

Thus, gentlemen, having noted the private causes that made me nominate myself in print, being as well to purge Master Nashe of that he did not, as to justify what I did, and withal to confirm what M. Greene did, I beseech ye accept the public cause, which is both the desire of your delight and common benefit, for though the toy be shadowed under the title of *Kind-Heart's Dream*, it discovers the false hearts of divers that wake to commit mischief. Had not the former reasons been, it had come forth without a father,

and then should I have had no cause to fear offending, or reason to sue for favour. Now am I in doubt of the one, though I hope of the other, which, if I obtain, you shall bind me hereafter to be silent till I can present ye with something more acceptable.

Henry Chettle

Kind-Heart's dedication of his dream to all the pleasant-conceited, wheresoever

Gentlemen and good-fellows (whose kindness, having christened me with the name of Kind-Heart, binds me in all kind course I can to deserve the continuance of your love), let it not seem strange (I beseech ye) that he that all days of his life hath been famous for drawing teeth, should now in drooping age hazard contemptible infamy by drawing himself into print. For such is the folly of this age, so witless, so audacious, that there are scarce so many peddlers brag themselves to be printers because they have a bundle of ballads in their pack as there be idiots that think themselves artists because they can English an obligation, or write a true staff to the tune of *Fortune*. This folly, raging universally, hath enfired me to write the remembrance of sundry of my deceased friends, personages not altogether obscure, for then were my subject base, nor yet of any honourable carriage, for my style is rude and bad, and to such as I it belongs not to jest with gods. Kind-Heart would have his companions esteem of estates as stars, on whom mean men may look, but not overlook. I have heard of an eloquent orator that, trimly furnished with war's abiliments, had on his shield this motto, *Bona fortuna*, yet at the first meeting of the enemy, fled without fight. For which, being reprov'd, he replied, *If I have saved myself in this battle by flight, I shall live to chase the enemy in the next*. So, gentlemen, fares it with me. If envious misconsterers arm themselves against my simple meaning, and wrest every jest to a wrong sense, I think it policy to fly at the first fight, till I gather fresh forces to repress their folly. Neither can they, whatever they be, deal hardly with Kind-Heart, for he only delivers his dream, with every apparition simply as it was uttered. It's fond of them to fight against ghosts; it's fearful for me to hide an apparition. By concealing it, I might do myself harm, and them no good; by revealing it, ease my heart, and do no honest men hurt. For the rest, although I would not willingly move the meanest) they must bear as I do, or mend it as they may. Well, lest ye deem all my dream but an epistle, I will proceed to that without any further circumstance.

The dream

Sitting alone not long since not far from Finsbury in a tap-house of antiquity, attending the coming of such companions as might wash care away with carousing, sleep, the attendant upon a [sic] distempered bodies, bereft the sun's light by covering mine eyes with her sable mantle, and left me in night's shade, though the day's eye shined, so powerful was my received potion, so heavy my passion, whence (by my hostess' care) being removed to a pleasant parlour, the windows opening to the east, I was laid softly on

a down bed, and covered with equal furniture, where how long I slept quietly, I am not well assured, but in the time I intended to rest, I was thus by visible apparitions disturbed.

First, after a harsh and confused sound, it seemed there entered at once five personages, severally attired, and diversly qualified, three bearing instruments, their favours pleasant, two appearing to be artists, their countenances reverend.

The first of the first three was an odd old fellow, low of stature. His head was covered with a round cap, his body with a side-skirted tawny coat, his legs and feet trussed up in leather buskins. His grey hairs and furrowed face witnessed his age, his treble viol in his hand assured me of his profession, on which (by his continual sawing, having left but one string), after his best manner he gave me a hunts-up, whom, after a little musing, I assuredly remembered to be no other but old Anthony Now-now.

The next, by his suit of russet, his buttoned cap, his tabor, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarleton, who, living, for his pleasant conceits was of all men liked, and, dying, for mirth left not his like.

The third (as the first) was an old fellow, his beard milk-white, his head covered with a round, low-crowned, rent silk hat, on which was a band knit in many knots, wherein stuck two round sticks after the jugglers' manner. His jerkin was of leather cut, his cloak of three colours, his hose paned with yellow drawn out with blue, his instrument was a bagpipe, & him I knew to be William Cuckoo, better known than loved, and yet some think as well loved as he was worthy.

The other two had in their countenances a reverent grace. The one which was the elder, seeming more severe, was in habit like a doctor; in his right hand he held a compendium of all the famous physicians' and surgeons' works belonging to theoric, in his left hand a table of all instruments for man's health appertaining to practice.

At the sight of this doctor, you may think, gentlemen, Kind-Heart was in a piteous case, for I verily believed he had been some rare artist that, taking me for a dead man, had come to anatomize me, but taking comfort that my thrummed hat had hanging at it the ensigns of my occupation, like a tall fellow (as to me it seemed), I looked him in the face and beheld him to be Master Doctor Burcot, though a stranger yet in England for physic famous.

With him was the fifth, a man of indifferent years, of face amiable, of body well-proportioned, his attire after the habit of a scholarlike gentleman, only his hair was somewhat long, whom I supposed to be Robert Greene, Master of Arts, of whom (however some suppose themselves injured), I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nill nisi necessarium*. He was of singular pleasance the very supporter, and to no man's disgrace be this intended, the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country.

Well, thus these five appeared, and by them in post passed a knight of the post, whom in times past I have seen as highly promoted as the pillory, but I have heard since he was a devil that played the carrier of Pierce Penilesse' packet to Lucifer, and was now returning to contaminate the air with his pestilent perjuries, and abominable false witness bearing.

How Pierce his *Supplication* pleased his patron I know not, but sure I take it this friend had a foul check for meddling in the matter, for when all those five before named had made proffer of several bills invective against abuses reigning, this devilish messenger repulsed them wrathfully, and bade them get some other to be their packet-bearer if they list, for he had almost hazarded his credit in hell by being a broker between Pierce Penilesse and his lord, and so, without hearing their reply, flew from them like a whirlwind. With that (after a small pause), in a round ring they compassed my bed, and thrusting into my hand all their papers, they at once charged me to awake, and publish them to the world.

This charge seemed to me most dreadful of all the dream, because in that the distinguishing of their several voices was heard, far from the frequent manner of men's speech. In fine, Cuckoo with his pipes, and Anthony with his crowd, keeping equal equipage, first left my sight; Tarleton with his tabor fetching two or three leaden frisks, shortly followed, and the Doctor and Master Greene immediately vanished.

With this (not a little amazed, as one from a trance revived), I roused up myself, when suddenly out of my hand fell the five papers, which confirmed my dream to be no fantasy. yet (for that I knew the times are dangerous) I thought good advisedly to read them before I presumed to make them public. So by chance lighting first on Anthony Now-Now, I found on the outside, as follows on the other side.

The friendly admonition of Anthony Now-Now to Mopo and Pickering, arch-overseers
of the ballad-singers in London and elsewhere

Anthony Now-Now, a God's blessing to his loving and living brethren Mopo and Pickering, greeting. Whereas by the daily recourse of infinite numbers to the infernal regions, whose complaints to be heard are no less lamentable than their pains to be felt intolerable, I am given to understand that there be a company of idle youths, loathing honest labour and despising lawful trades, betake them to a vagrant and vicious life in every corner of cities & market-towns of the realm, singing and selling of ballads and pamphlets full of ribaldry and all scurrilous vanity, to the profanation of God's name, and withdrawing people from Christian exercises, especially at fairs, markets, and such public meetings, I humbly desire ye that ye join with another of your brethren free of one city and profession that, always delighting in godly songs, is now in his age betaken to his beads, and liveth by the doleful tolling of death's bell warning. Dear friends, I beseech you jointly to agree to the suppressing of the afore-named idle vagabonds. And that I right incite (as I hope) your forward effects, I will particularize the difference between the abused times among you reputed, and the simplicity of the days wherein I lived. Withal I wish ye to expect no greater matter than Anthony's capacity can comprehend. When I

was liked, there was no thought of that idle upstart generation of ballad-singers, neither was there a printer so lewd that would set finger to a lascivious line. But I perceive the times are changed, and men are changed in the times. For not long since a number of children were bolstered by some unworthy citizens and other freemen in towns corporate to exercise a base libertine life in singing anything that came to hand from some of the devil's instruments, intruders into printing's mystery, by whom that excellent art is not smally slandered, the government of the estate not a little blemished, nor religion in the least measure hindered. And to shut up all in the last, is it not lamentable that after so many callings, so many blessings, so many warnings, through the covetous desire of gain of some two or three, such a flock of runagates should overspread the face of this land as at this time it doth? They that intend to infect a river, poison the fountain; the basilisk woundeth a man by the eye, whose light first failing, the body of force descends to darkness.

These basilisks, these bad-minded monsters, brought forth like vipers by their mother's bane, with such lascivious lewdness have first infected London, the eye of England, the head of other cities, as what is so lewd that hath not there, contrary to order, been printed, and in every street abusively chanted. This error (overspreading the realm) hath in no small measure increased in Essex and the shires thereto adjoining, by the blushless faces of certain babies, sons to one Barnes, most frequenting Bishop's Stafford. The old fellow their father, soothing his sons' folly, resting his crabbed limbs on a crab-tree staff, was wont, and I think yet he uses, to sever himself from the booth, or rather brothel, of his two sons' ballad-shambles, where the one in a squeaking treble, the other in an ale-blown bass, carol out such adulterous ribaldry as chaste ears abhor to hear, and modesty hath no tongue to utter.

When they are in the ruff of ribaldry (as I was about the say), the old ale-knight their dad breaks out into admiration, and sends straggling customers to admire the roaring of his sons, where that I may show some abuses, and yet for shame let slip the most odious, they hear no better matter but the lascivious undersongs of *Watkins Ale*, *The Carman's Whistle*, *Chopping-Knives*, and *Friar Foxtail*, and that with such odious and detested boldness, as if there be any one line in those lewd songs than other more abominable, that with a double repetition is loudly bellowed, as, for example, of the friar and the nun:

He whipped her with a fox's tail [Barnes minor],
And he whipped her with a fox's tail [Barnes major].

O brave boys, saith Barnes maximus. The father leaps, the lubbers roar, the people run, the devil laughs, God lowers, and good men weep. Nay, no sooner have the godly preachers delivered wholesome doctrine, but these imps of iniquity, and such as imitate their order, draw whole heaps to hearken to their iniquated cries, as if they were herds of the Gergishites' swine ready to receive whole legions of soul-drowning spirits.

Stephen, Mopo and Pickering, I muse you make no complaint to those worshipful that have authority to restrain such stragglers, for this is to be proved, of whomsoever they

buy them, that these two Barnes utter more licentious songs than all that part of England beside.

Shameful it is (had they any shame) that men brought up to an honest handicraft, of which the realm more need than jiggling vanities, should betake them to so impudent a course of life. The rogue that liveth idly is restrained, the fiddler and player that is masterless is in the same predicament; both these by the law are burned in the ear, and shall men more odious scape unpunished?

It were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that as well the singers as their supporters were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the triumphers of so many mischiefs. Neither are these two alone in fault, though they stand worthily foremost as *malorum duces*, but besides them others more than a good many, some, as I have heard say, taken to be apprentices by a worthless companion (if it prove true that is of him reported) being of a worshipful trade, and yet no stationer, who, after a little bringing them up to singing brokery, takes into his shop some fresh men, and trusts his old servants of a two months' standing with a dozen groatsworth of ballads. In which if they prove thrifty, he makes them pretty chapmen, able to spread more pamphlets by the state forbidden than all the booksellers in London, for only in this City is straight search; abroad small suspicion, especially of such petty peddlers. Neither is he for these flies only in fault, but the Governors of Cutpurse Hall, finding that their company wonderfully increased, however many of their best workmen monthly miscande [sic for 'miscarried'?] at the three-foot cross, they took counsel how they might find some new exercise to employ their number.

One of the ancientest, that had been a traveller, and at Braintree Fair seen the resort to the standings of the forenamed brethren, the sons of old Barnes the plumber, chose out Roaring Dick, Wat Wimbars, *cum multis aliis* of tunable trebles, that gathered sundry assemblies in divers places where, yet a lewd song was fully ended, some missed their knives, some their purses, some one thing, some another. And alas, who would suspect my innocent youths, that all the while were pleasing rude people's eyes and ears with no less delectable noise than their ditties were delightsome, the one being too odious to be read, the other too infectious to be heard? Well, however they sung, it is like they shared, for it hath been said they themselves brag they gained there twenty shillings in a day.

Ah, brother Mopo, many a hard meal have you made, and as many a time hath Curtal, your four-footed traveller, been pinched for want of provender, and yet at the week's end have you hardly taken ten shillings. But I persuade myself you gain by your honest labour, and they by legerdemain. To tell you your own injuries by them everywhere offered, need not; to wish you to speak to them, it boots not. Therefore this is my counsel, and let it be your course: make humble suit to her Majesty's officers that they may be henceforth prohibited; entreat the preachers that they inveigh against this vice, which though it seem small to other abuses, yet as a grain of mustard seed it increases, and bringeth forth more mischiefs than few words can express, or much diligence make void. First, if there be any songs suffered in such public sort to be sung, beseech that they may either be such as yourselves, that after seven years or more service, have no

other living left you out of patent but that poor base life, of itself too bad, yet made more beggarly by increase of number, or at least if any [-if] besides you be thereto admitted, than [sic for 'that'?] it may be none other but aged and impotent persons, who, living upon charity, may the rather draw those that delight in good songs to have mercy on their need. For to sing publicly is by a kind of toleration permitted only to beggars, of which number it is not necessary to make them that have seen no number of years, nor are in the members of their bodies imperfect. Is it not absurd to see a long-legged lubber pinned in a chair, fed with a dug, dressed with a bib, and rocked in a cradle? As vile it is that boys of able strength and agreeable capacity should be suffered to wrest from the miserable aged the last refuge in their life (beggary excepted), the poor help of ballad-singing. Many a crust hath old Anthony got by it, Mopo, beside other comforts, but now I hear my blind brother that exercised the bass is forced to lay his fiddle to pawn, and trust only to the two and thirtieth Psalm and Job patience for his poor belly-pinching pittance. Once again I turn me in your names to the magistrates and preachers of London, and as to them so to others elsewhere in the realm. Right honourable, reverend, or worshipful, Anthony humbly desires you to look into the lewd cause, that these wicked effects may fall. The people delight to hear some new thing; if these profane ribaldries were not, somewhat savouring of godliness, of policy, or at the utmost, of moral wit, should be received. It is common that they which have capacity, when they hear either divinity, law, or other arts, apply their memories to receive them, and as they have conceived, they bring forth fruits. So fares it by the contrary; when they hear lascivious surquidry, lewdness, impiety, they yield no other harvest than the received seed, for who can gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? It would be thought the carman, that was wont to whistle to his beasts a comfortable note, might as well continue his old course, whereby his sound served for a musical harmony in God's care [sic for 'ear'?], as now profanely to follow a jiggling vanity which can be no better than odious before God sith it is abominable in the ears of good men.

But all is one, they are suffered, which makes them secure, and there is no impiety but the baser flatter themselves in because they are not more strictly reprehended by their betters. If every idle word shall be answered for, how shall they escape that suffer whole days to be consumed in abominable brothelry? Well, at the hands of the shepherd shall the flock be challenged; there is a mercy that kisseth justice, every other toleration is sinful and shameful. Here Anthony Now-Now ceases, knowing the superiors have discretion upon true information to deal as beseems them. I only urge my brother Mopo, S.P. and Pickering to beseech that lascivious singers may be utterly suppressed, as they will show themselves to be the men they should be, wherein if they fail, let them live ever in perpetual poverty, and fare at all times as hard as poor Mopo's Cut did with his master's countryman in Shoreditch, till by the force of his hinder heels he utterly undid two milch-maidens that had set up a shop of ale-drapery. Subscribed,

Anthony Now-Now, a God's blessing.

When I had read this rabble, wherein I found little reason, I laid it by, intending at more time to seek out Mopo and his mentioned companions. The next paper I chanced on was that of Master Doctor Burcot, the superscription thus,

To the impudent discreditors of physic's art, either speedy amendment or punishment

Injurious enemies to arts, that have sought to make physic among common people esteemed common, and chirurgery contemptible, to you is this my brief addressed, for since I left the earth, commanded by Him that disposes of every creature, I understand some green-headed scoffers at my green receipt have intermeddled in matters more than they conceive, and by that folly effected much less than they promised. It was held of old for a principle, and not long since observed as a custom, that as the night's bats, forerunners of darkness, never flickered in the streets till the sun was declined, and then everywhere blindly flapped in men's faces, so the owls of arts, blind flinder-mice (as I may term them), confirming the old oracle, never show themselves but in corners, giving their rules for that they understand not, to the loss of life, or man's dismembering. Every simple hath his virtue, every disease his beginning, but the remedy riseth from the knowledge of the cause; if any can (in natural sense) give ease, they must be artists that are able to search the causes, resist the disease by providing remedies. How fares it then, blind abusers of the blind, your blushless faces are so seasoned that you can in print or public writings open the skirts of your shame by promising sight to the blind, sound joints to the gouty, steady members to the paralytic, strong limbs to the lame, quick hearing to the deaf, sense to the frantic?

To begin with I.D., one of your sight-healers, was it not well handled by him when a gentleman of good account, having only a heat in one of his eyes, he, like a kind Christian, persuaded the patient to receive a water preservative to the sound eye, that it might draw the humour from the first, when in very truth by his cunning he so dealt that not an eye was left in his head whereby he might well see, saving that by the eye that was first sore he can, with much ado, look through a crystal. Thus this cogging sight-giver drank a hundred mark, and utterly impaired the payer's sight. O obscure knave, worthy to be so well known that, thine eyes being thrust out of thy head in a public assembly, thou mightest no more attempt to make blind thy betters.

There was a gentleman in the world troubled not long since with a pain in the foot. Physicians found it to be the gout, against which malady promising no precise remedy, but only to give ease for the time, did their daily endeavour, by defensives preventing pain that would have proved offensive. He, impatient of delay, forsook all hopes of art, and delivered over his life into the hands of some of these travellers that by incision are able to ease all aches. If a sensible man (conceiving their tyranny on him used) should note their cuttings, drawings, corrosivings, borings, butcherings, they would conclude, *Non erat inter Siculos tormentum maius*. Yet forsooth, who but these are welcome to diseased or endangered people? The reason? They will undertake to warrant what no wise man can; if it happen by strong conceit some have comfort, then to the world's

wonder in old wives' monuments are they remembered. Short tale to make, after many tortures, God gave the gentleman ease by death.

For the dead palsy, there is a woman hath a desperate drink that either helps in a year, or kills in an hour. Beside she hath a charm that, mumbled thrice over the ear together with oil of *Suamone* (as she terms it), will make them that can hear but a little, hear in short time never a whit. But above all, her medicine for the quartan ague is admirable, viz., a pint of exceeding strong March beer wherein is infused one drop of *aqua mirabilis*; this, taken at a draught before the fit, is intolerable good, and for a precedent, let this serve. A gentlewoman about London whose husband is heir of a right worshipful house was induced to take this drench from this wise woman. For every drop of that strong water she must have twelve pence; a spoonful at the least was prized at forty shillings. Thus daily for almost a month she ministered. The gentlewoman having still good hope, at last was put by her husband quite out of comfort for any good at this woman's hands, for he by chance getting the deceiver's glass, would needs pour out a spoonful whatever he paid. She cried out she could not spare it. All helped not; he took it and tasted, and found it to be no other than fountain-water.

There was one bondman or freeman (it skills not much whether) that, by wondrous ready means, would heal madmen. What expectation was of him by his great promises all London knows; how lewdly he dealt, it can as well witness. Of him I will say little because there is more known than I am able to set down.

Besides these runagates, there are some of good experience that, giving themselves to inordinate excess, when they are writ unto by leaned physicians to minister for the patient's health according to their advised prescription, negligently mistake. As for example, a doctor directs to his pothecary a bill to minister to a man having an ulcerous sore certain pills for the preparing of his body, withal a receipt for the making a corrosive to apply to the sore. He (either witless, which is too bad, or wilful, which is worse) prepares the corrosive in pills, and forms the receipt for the pills in manner of a plaster. The party receives the corrosive inward; his maw is fretted; death follows. If there be such an apothecary that hath so done, let him repent his dealings lest the blood of that man light on his head.

It is said there was another skilful, no less overseen, that having a poor man of a leg to dismember, who had long time been his patient, at the instant more extremely pained than before, which was cause of requiring his chirurgion's immediate help, this workman, the poor patient's death's-master, in that point not to be termed his own arts-master, dismembered him, the sign being in the foot, whereof being told immediately after the deed, he only merited this praise by giving counsel to the murdered man to have patience at his sudden end.

But these accidents among artists happen as seldom as the proof of a good cure among you that are utterly ignorant in art, for their faults are committed by them rarely or never, your trespasses like a quotidian disease. So of the one it may be said, Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and those that be thereby deceived are not wise. Yet of the

other may directly be concluded to their single commendation that, as no serpent is without his hidden sting, or anything in earth without some blemish, so no purity of their impure profession can be equalled in imperfection, so impure is all, so vile, so dangerous.

Therefore now return I where I began, to you, the excrements of nature, and monsters of men, whose murders are no less common than your crafts, which are not so well known to the world as felt by them that leave it. With two of you will I end, the one a braggart of great antiquity whose lively image is yet to be seen in King Lud's palace, and his living ghost at this time ministering to the poor pensioners of that place. Sirrah, nay it shall be sir, in reverence of your old occupation, I muse not a little what wonderful metalline preparative it is ye boast on, by which were men so mad to believe you, you are able to make any man not only boldly to walk in ill airs, and converse day and night with infected company, but also to receive the strongest poison (like King Mithridates) into his body. Ten to one, it is so strange as no man but yourself is able to name it. Yet give me leave to guess at it without offence to your falsehood. I remember I have heard great talk ye have been both a caster of metal and a forger, and it seems you have gotten the receipt which the tin-melter's wife ministered to break her husband's cold when he sat sleeping in his chair, videlicet, two ounces of pure tin put in an iron ladle, melted in the fire, and poured at an instant down the throat. If it be thus, I dare take your word for any poison hurting that party that so receives it, for as a simple fellow (seeing four or five hanged for their offences, and hearing some speak bitterly of them, being dead), said, *Well, God make them good men; they have a fair warning*, so I may say they that deal with your metalline medicine have a fair warrant against poison. Likewise may it be said of your admirable eyewater, through the virtue of which you have attained the worshipful name of Doctor Put-Out, having put out some of their eyes that deal with it. But if I have varied from your metalline receipt before, I conclude it but a forgery, and so blame you not greatly for following a parcel of your old, and to some a hurtful, trade.

Another of your brethren, as well overseen in minerals as yourself, lying in a good-fellow's house not long since, being moneyless, as ye are all but threadbare makeshifts, persuaded his host to take physic for fear of infection; his labour he was content to give, and nothing for their kindness would he require but even five mark, which he must pay for the very simples. His simple host, believing him to be honest, gave him the money. If he had left here, though this had been too lewd, it had been far better than to go forward as he did, for somewhat he bestowed on purging simples which unprepared he ministered, and with the same ministered the poor man's death. The lewd wretch cried out that he had taken a great quantity of the purgation more than he appointed, which was in a window in his chamber; much ado was made, and he would justify before any learned man his deed, but trusting better to his heels than to hazard a hanging, he gave them that night the slip, and is not yet taken.

To be short, however ye differ in several shifts, yet agree you all in one manner of shifting. Cunning is the cloak to hide your cogging, money the mark for which ye play the makeshifts, nay the murderers, not of the common enemy, but your own countrymen, than which what can be more barbarous? Common reason should persuade that much

reading and long practice in every art makes men expert. *Per contrarium*, I conclude you that have neither read nor practised, must needs be egregiously ignorant.

Assure yourselves, if you refrain not, justice will stand up and so restrain ye as there shall be nothing more noted than your ignorant practices and impudent courses. In my life I was your adversary; in death I am your enemy, beseeching the reverend college of learned doctors and worshipful company of experienced chirurgeons to look more straightly to your false deceits and close haunts, that there may be [+no?] sooner heard talk of such a rare obscure assurancer to work what not wonders in physic or chirurgery but he be rather looked into or ever he begin than suffered to begin whereby any poor patient should suffer loss in trial of their blind skill. So shall your cozenages be as open as your acts be odious. Subscribed,

Burcot

This is somewhat like (thought I) if he had said anything against cozening tooth-drawers, that from place to place wander with banners full of horse teeth, to the impairing of Kind-Heart's occupation, but I perceive Master Doctor was never a tooth-drawer; if he had, I know he would have touched their deceivings. Since he hath let them pass, I greatly pass not, and yet in regard of the credit of my trade, I care not to have a blow or two with them myself, before I look any further.

Sundry of them that so wander have not to do with the means Kind-Heart useth, but forsooth by charms they can at their pleasure fray away the pain, which Kind-Heart counts little better than witchcraft, if it could do good, and so to some of them have I affirmed it. But a proper slip-string, sometime a petty schoolmaster, now a pelting tooth-charmer, having no reason to defend his obscure rules, quite put me to silence before a well learned audience, the one a cobbler, the other a carman, the last a collier. These, being poor men, had I for pity often eased of their pain, yet was the remedy I used somewhat painful, but not long since they are come acquainted with the charmer I told ye of. He, in charitable consideration of their grief, promised to ease them only with writing, and after burning, a word or two. Travelling to a gentleman's not far from London, I by the way chanced to be called to confer with him at the same very instant, where, reproving his opinion, he put me down with such a gallimaufry of Latin ends that I was glad to make an end. Yet got I a copy of his charm, which I will set down that I may make it common.

A charm

First, he must know your name, then your age, which in a little paper he sets down; on the top are these words, *In verbis, et in herbis, et in lapidibus sunt virtutes*. Underneath he writes in capital letters A AB ILLA, HVRS GIBELLA, which he swears is pure Chaldee, and the names of three spirits that enter into the blood and cause rheums, & so consequently the toothache. This paper must be likewise three times blessed, and at last with a little frankincense burned, which, being thrice used, is of power to expel the spirits,

purify the blood, and ease the pain, or else he lies, for he hath practised it long, but shall approve it never.

Another sort get hot wires, and with them they burn out the worm that so torments the grieved. These fellows are fit to visit curst wives, and might by the practice do a number of honest men ease if they would miss the tooth and worm the tongue.

Others there are that persuade the pained to hold their mouths open over a basin of water by the fireside, and to cast into the fire a handful of henbane seed, the which naturally hath in every seed a little worm. The seeds, breaking in the fire, use a kind of cracking, and out of them it is hard, among so many, if no worm fly into the air, which worms the deceivers affirm to have fallen from the teeth of the diseased. This rare secret is much used, and not smally liked. Sundry other could I set down practised by our banner-bearers, but all is foppery, for this I find to be the only remedy for the tooth-pain, either to have patience, or to pull them out.

Well, no more for me, lest I be thought to speak too largely for myself. I had thought to have had a fling at the rat-catchers, who, with their banners displayed, bear no small sway. What I have to say to them they shall not yet hear, because I hope they will take warning by other men's harms. Only this I affirm, that as some banner-bearers have in their occupations much craft, the rat-catcher's is nothing else but craft.

But stay, Kind-Heart, if thou make so long a chorus between every act, thy jests will be as stale as thy wit is weak. Therefore leaving those vagabonds to repent their villainies, I'll bid adieu to Master Doctor, and see who is our next speaker.

Robert Greene to Pierce Penilesse

Pierce, if thy carrier had been as kind to me as I expected, I could have dispatched long since my letters to thee, but it is here as in the world, *Donum a dando deriuatur*, where there is nothing to give, there is nothing to be got. But having now found means to send to thee, I will certify thee a little of my disquiet after death, of which I think thou either hast not heard or wilt not conceive.

Having with humble penitence besought pardon for my infinite sins, and paid the due to death, even in my grave was I scarce laid when envy (no fit companion for art) spit out her poison to disturb my rest. *Aduersus mortuos bellum suscipere, inhumanum est*. There is no glory gained by breaking a dead man's skull. *Pascitur in viuis liuor, post fata quiescit*. Yet it appears contrary in some that, inveighing against my works, my poverty, my life, my death, my burial, have omitted nothing that may seem malicious. For my books, of what kind soever, I refer their commendation or dispraise to those that have read them, only for my last labours affirming my intent was to reprove vice, and lay open such villainies as had been very necessary to be made known, whereof my *Black Book*, if ever it see light, can sufficiently witness.

But for my poverty, methinks wisdom would have bridled that invective, for *Cuiuis* [sic for 'Cuius'] *potest accidere, quod cuiquam potest*. The beginning of my dispraisers is known; of their end they are not sure. For my life, it was to none of them at any time hurtful; for my death, it was repentant, my burial like a Christian.

*Alas that men so hastily should run
To write their own dispraise as they have done.*

For my revenge, it suffices that every half-eyed humanitian may account it, *Instar belluarum immanissimarum saeuire in cadauer*. For the injury offered thee, I know I need not bring oil to thy fire. And albeit I would dissuade thee from more invectives against such thy adversaries (for peace is now all my plea), yet I know thou wilt return answer that since thou receivedst the first wrong, thou wilt not endure the last.

My quiet ghost (unquietly disturbed) had once intended thus to have exclaimed:

Pierce, more witless than penniless, more idle than thine adversaries ill employed, what foolish innocence hath made thee (infant-like) resistless to bear whatever injury envy can impose?

Once thou commendest immediate conceit, and gavest no great praise to excellent works of twelve years' labour; now, in the blooming of thy hopes, thou sufferest slander to nip them ere they can bud, thereby approving thyself to be of all other most slack, being in thine own cause so remiss.

Colour can there be none found to shadow thy fainting, but the longer thou deferst, the more grief thou bringst to thy friends, and givest the greater head to thy enemies.

What canst thou tell if (as myself) thou shalt be with death prevented, and then how can it be but thou diest disgraced, seeing thou hast made no reply to their twofold edition of invectives?

It may be thou thinkest they will deal well with thee in death, and so thy shame in tolerating them will be short; forge not to thyself one such conceit, but make me thy precedent, and remember this old adage: Leonem mortuum mordent catuli.

Awake (secure boy); revenge thy wrongs, remember me. Thy adversaries began the abuse; they continue it. If thou suffer it, let thy life be short in silence and obscurity, and thy death hasty, hated, and miserable.

All this had I intended to write, but now I will not give way to wrath, but return it unto the earth from whence I took it, for with happy souls it hath no harbour.

Robert Greene

Had not my name been Kind-Heart, I would have sworn this had been sent to myself, for in my life I was not more penniless than at that instant. But remembering the author of the *Supplication*, I laid it aside till I had leisure to seek him, and taking up the next, I found written:

To all maligners of honest mirth, Tarleton wisheth continual melancholy

Now, masters, what say you to a merry knave that for this two years' day hath not been talked of? Will you give him leave, if he can, to make ye laugh? What, all amout? No merry countenance? Nay, then I see hypocrisy hath the upper hand, and her spirit reigns in this profitable generation. Sith it is thus, I'll be a time-pleaser. Fie upon following plays, the expense is wondrous; upon players' speeches, their words are full of wiles; upon their gestures, that are altogether wanton. Is it not lamentable that a man should spend his twopence on them in an afternoon, hear covetousness amongst them daily quipped at, being one of the commonest occupations in the county, and in lively gesture see treachery set out, with which every man now-a-days useth to entrap his brother? Byrlady, this would be looked into; if these be the fruits of playing, 'tis time the practisers were expelled.

Expelled (quoth you), that hath been prettily performed, to the no small profit of the bowling-alleys in Bedlam and other places, that were wont in the afternoons to be left empty by the recourse of good-fellows unto that profitable recreation of stage-playing.

And it were not much amiss, would they join with the dicing-houses to make suit for their longer restraint, though the sickness cease. Is not this well said (my masters) of an old buttoned cap that hath most part of his life lived upon that against which he inveighs? Yes, and worthily.

But I have more to say than this. Is it not great shame that the houses of retailers near the town's end should be by their continuance impoverished? Alas, good hearts, they pay great rents, and pity it is but they be provided for. While plays are used, half the day is by most youths that have liberty spent upon them, or at least the greatest company drawn to the places where they frequent. If they were suppressed, the flock of young people would be equally parted. But now the greatest trade is brought into one street. Is it not as fair a way to Mile-end by Whitechapel as by Shoreditch to Hackney? The sun shineth as clearly in the one place as in the other; the shades are of a like pleasure. Only this is the fault, that by overmuch heat sometime they are in both places infectious.

As well in this as other things there is great abuse, for in every house where the Venerian virgins are resident, hospitality is quite exiled, such fines, such taxes, such tribute, such customs as (poor souls), after seven years service in that unhallowed order, they are fain to leave their suits for offerings to the old Lenos that are shrine-keepers, and themselves (when they begin to break) are fain to seek harbour in an hospital, which chanceth not (as

sometime is thought) to one amongst twenty, but hardly one amongst a hundred have better ending. And therefore seeing they live so hardly, it's pity players should hinder their takings a penny.

Aye, marry (says Baudeamus my quondam host), well fare old Dick; that word was well placed, for thou knowest our rents are so unreasonable that, except we cut and shave and poll and prig, we must return *Non est inuentus* at the quarter day. For is not this pitiful? I am a man now as other men be, and have lived in some shire of England till all the country was weary of me. I come up to London and fall to be some tapster, hostler or chamberlain in an inn. Well, I get me a wife, with her a little money. When we are married, seek a house we must. No other occupation have I but to be an ale-draper. The landlord will have forty pound fine, and twenty mark a year. I and mine must not lie in the street. He knows by honest courses I can never pay the rent. What should I say? Somewhat must be done, rent must be paid, duties discharged, or we undone. To be short, what must be shall be; indeed sometimes I have my landlord's countenance before a justice, to cast a cloak over ill rule, or else he might seek such another tenant to pay his rent so truly.

Quaintly concluded (Peter Pander), somewhat ye must be, and a bawd ye will be. Aye, by my troth, sir, why not I as well as my neighbours, since there's no remedy? And you, sir, find fault with plays. Out upon them, they spoil our trade, as you yourself have proved. Beside, they open our crossbiting, our cony-catching, our trains, our traps, our gins, our snares, our subtleties, for no sooner have we a trick of deceit but they make it common, singing jigs and making jests of us, that every boy can point out our houses as they pass by.

Whither now, Tarleton? This is extempore out of time, tune and temper. It may be well said to me:

Stulte, quid haec faris, &c.

Rusticus ipse, tuis malus es, tibi pessimus ipsi.

Thyself once a player, and against players? Nay, turn out the right side of thy russet coat, and let the world know thy meaning. Why thus I mean, for now I speak in soberness.

Everything hath in itself his virtue and his vice; from one self flower the bee and spider suck honey and poison. In plays it fares as in books; vice cannot be reprov'd except it be discovered, neither is it in any play discovered but there follows in the same an example of the punishment. Now he that at a play will be delighted in the one, and not warned by the other, is like him that reads in a book the description of sin, and will not look over the leaf for the reward. Mirth in seasonable time taken is not forbidden by the austere sapient, but indeed there is a time of mirth, and a time of mourning, which time having been by the magistrates wisely observed, as well for the suppressing of plays as other pleasures, so likewise a time may come when honest recreation shall have his former liberty.

And let Tarleton entreat the young people of the city either to abstain altogether from plays, or at their coming thither to use themselves after a more quiet order. In a place so civil as this city is esteemed, it is more than barbarously rude to see the shameful disorder and routs that sometime in such public meetings are used. The beginners are neither gentlemen nor citizens, nor any of both their servants, but some lewd mates that long for innovation, & when they see advantage, that either serving-men or apprentices are most in number, they will be of either side, though indeed they are of no side, but men beside all honesty, willing to make boot of cloaks, hats, purses, or whatever they can lay hold on in a hurly-burly. These are the common causers of discord in public places. If otherwise it happen (as it seldom doth) that any quarrel be between man and man, it is far from manhood to make so public a place their field to fight in; no men will do it, but cowards that would fain be parted, or have hope to have many partakers.

Now to you that malign our moderate merriments, and think there is no felicity but in excessive possession of wealth, with you I would end in a song, yea, an extempore song on this theme, *Nequid nimis necessarium*, but I am now hoarse, and troubled with my tabor and pipe; beside, what pleasure brings music to the miserable? Therefore letting songs pass, I tell them in sadness, however plays are not altogether to be commended, yet some of them do more hurt in a day than all the players (by exercising their profession) in an age. Faults there are in the professors as other men. This the greatest, that divers of them, being public in everyone's eye and talked of in every vulgar man's mouth, see not how they are seen into, especially for their contempt, which makes them among most men most contemptible.

Of them I will say no more; of the profession, so much hath Pierce Penilesse (as I hear say) spoken, that for me there is not anything to speak. So wishing the cheerful, pleasance endless, and the wilful, sullen sorrow till they surfeit, with a turn on the toe I take my leave.

Richard Tarleton

When I had done with this, one thing I misliked, that Tarleton stood no longer on that point of landlords, for lamentable it is (in Kind-Heart's opinion) to note their unreasonable exaction. I myself knew a landlord that, beginning to enlarge a little tenement, was according to statute prohibited. He made humble suit that the work might go forward, for, good man, he meant not to make thereby any benefit, but even in charity he would turn it into an alms-house. This godly motion was liked, and he allowed to go forward with his building. The work ended, in all the country there could not poor be found worthy, or at least able, to enter into the same. To be short, it was turned into a tavern, and with rent and fine in few months turned the tenant out of doors. Yet it hath been said the poor man did what he might, *cum vino & venere*, to continue his state, but the landlord had made such a dent in his stock that with all the wit in his head it would not be stopped. I beshrew the card-makers that clapped not a gown about the knave of hearts & put him on a hat for a bonnet over his night-cap; then had not after-age taken

care for the image of this excellent alms-house builder, but in every ale-house should have been reserved his monument till mack, maw, ruff, noddie and trump had been no more used than his charity is felt.

Pity it is such wolves are not shaken out of sheeps' clothing. Elder times detested such extremity; the gospel's liberty (howsoever some libertines abuse it) gives no such licence. By their avarice religion is slandered, lewdness is bolstered, the suburbs of the city are in many places no other but dark dens for adulterers, thieves, murderers, and every mischief-worker; daily experience before the magistrate confirms this for truth.

I would the heart of the city were whole, for, both within and without, extreme cruelty causeth much beggary; *Victa iacet pietas*, and with piety, pity. Self-love hath exiled charity, and as among beasts the lion hunteth the wolf, the wolf devoureth the goat, and the goat feedeth on mountain herbs, so among men, the great oppress the meaner, they again the meanest, for whom hard fare, cold lodging, thin clothes and sore labour is only allotted.

To see how soon the world is changed! In my time I remember two men, the one a divine, the other a citizen. It was their use, at the time they should quarterly receive their duties (for the first was well beneficed, the latter a great landlord), when they came to any poor creature whom sickness had hindered, or mischance impaired, or many children kept low, they would not only forgive what they should receive, but give bountifully for the relief of their present necessity.

The old proverb is verified, *Seldom comes the better*, and they are possessed, the poor of that comfort dispossessed.

Some landlords, having turned an old brewhouse, bakehouse or dye-house into an alley of tenements, will either themselves, or some at their appointment, keep tippling in the forehouse (as they call it) and their poor tenants must be enjoined to fetch bread, drink, wood, coal, and such other necessities in no other place, and there till the week's end they may have anything of trust, provided they lay to pawn their holiday apparel. Nay, my landlady will not only do them that good turn, but if they want money, she will on Monday lend them, likewise upon a pawn, eleven pence, and in mere pity asks at the week's end not a penny more than twelve pence. O charitable love! Happy tenants of so kind a landlady! I warrant ye, this usury is within the statute; it is not above five hundred for the loan of a hundred by the year.

Neither will they do this good to their tenants alone, but they will deal with their husbands, that for a little room with a smoky chimney (or perchance none, because smoke is noisome), they shall pay at the least but forty shillings yearly. Fie upon fines, that's the undoing of poor people; we'll take none (say these good creatures). Marry, for the key we must have consideration, that is, some angel in hand, for verily the last tenant made us change the lock. Neither think we deal hardly, for it stands in a good place, quite out of company, where handicraft men may have leisure to get their living if they knew on what to set themselves a-work. Now for all this kindness the landlord scarce asketh of

the tenant thanks (though he deserve it well) for (as I said) his wife is all the dealer. So plays the parson (the person I should say, I would be loath to be mistaken) that I told ye before builded the alms-house. The care of rents is committed to his wife; he is no man of this world, but as one metamorphized from a saint to a devil.

How now, Kind-Heart, shall we never have done with these landlords? It seems well thou hast as little land as wit, for while thou livest they will not mend, and therefore it's as good to make an end as waste wind. Well, all this was of goodwill to help Tarleton out with his tale. Now let me see what note Cuckoo sings, for 'tis his luck to be last.

William Cuckoo to all close jugglers wisheth the discovery of their crafts, and punishment for their knaveries

Room for a crafty knave, cries William Cuckoo. Knave? Nay, it will near hand bear an action. Bones of me, my tricks are stale, and all my old companions turned into civil suits. I perceive the world is all honesty, if it be no other than it looks. Let me see if I can see; believe me, there's nothing but juggling in every corner, for every man hath learned the mystery of castings mists, & though they use not our old terms of hey-pass, repass, and come aloft, yet they can by-pass, compass, and bring under one another as cunningly and commonly as ever poor Cuckoo could command his Jack-in-a-box.

Yet, my masters, though you robbed me of my trade, to give recompense after death I have borrowed a tongue, a little to touch their tricks.

And now, sir, to you that was wont, like a subsister, in a gown of rug, rent on the left shoulder, to sit singing the Counter-tenor by the Cage in Southwark, methinks ye should not look so coyly on old Cuckoo. What, man, it is not your sign of the ape and the urinal can carry away our old acquaintance.

I trust ye remember your juggling at Newington with a crystal stone, your knaveries in the wood by Wansted, the wondrous treasure you would discover in the Isle of Wight, all your villainies about that piece of service, as perfectly known to some of my friends yet living as their paternoster, who curse the time you ever came in their creed.

But I perceive you fare as the fox, the more banned, the better hap.

I wonder what became of your familiar, I mean the devil, man, but a man devil, and yet I need not wonder, for since my descending to under-earth, I heard say he was hanged for his knavery, as you in good time may be, Amen. Amend, I should say, but I think ye mean it not; the matter is not great, for (thanks be to God) however you mend in manners, the world is well amended with your man and you.

I pray ye, was that he which was your instrument in Nottinghamshire, to make your name so famous for finding things lost? It may be you forgot that one fetch among many, and lest it should be out of your head, I'll help to beat it into your brains.

Your maship, upon a horse whose hire is not paid for, with your page at your stirrup like a Castilian cavalier, lighted penniless at a pretty inn, where that day sat certain justices in commission. Your high heart, careless of your present need, would needs for yourself share out one of the fairest chambers. Your page must be purveyor for your diet, who in the kitchen found nothing for your liking. Beef was gross; veal, flashy [=fleshy?], mutton, fulsome; rabbits, hens, & capons, common. Wild fowl for Will Fool, or he will fast.

Well, at your will ye shall be furnished. But now a juggling trick to pay the shot.

My imp, your man, while mistress, men and maids were busied about provision for the justices that sat, slips into a private parlour wherein stood good store of plate, and conveying a massy salt under his capouch, little less worth than twenty mark, got secretly to the backside, and cast it into a filthy pond, which done, he acquaints your knaveship with the deed.

By then your diet was dressed, the salt was missed, the goodwife cried out, the maids were ready to run mad. Your man (making the matter strange) inquired the cause, which when they told, O (quoth he), that my master would deal in the matter, I am sure he can do as much as any in the world.

Well, to you they come, pitifully complaining, when very wrathfully (your choler rising) you demand reason why they should think ye be able to deal in such cases. Your kind nature (bent always to lenity) yielded at the last to their importuning, only wished them to stay till the next day, for that you would not deal while the justices were in the house.

They must do as your discretion appoints. Next day, calling the goodman and wife to your bedside, ye tell them the salt was stolen by one of their familiars, whom he had forced by art to bring it back again to the house, and in such a pond to cast it, because he would not have the party known for fear of trouble.

As you direct them, they search and find; then comes your name in rare admiration. The host gives you four angels for a reward, the hostess two French crowns. The maids are double diligent to do you service, that they may learn their fortunes. The whole town talks of the cunning man, that indeed had only cony-catched his host.

If that slip-string be still in your service, I advise you make much of him, for by that trick he proved himself a toward youth, necessary for such a master. This juggling passes Cuckoo's play. Well, I advise you play least in sight in London, for I have set some to watch for your coming that will justify all this and more of your shifting life. Return to your old craft and play the pinner; although it be a poor life, it is an honest life. Your fallacies will one day fail ye.

There is another juggler, that being well skilled in the Jew's-trump, takes upon him to be a dealer in music, especial good at mending instruments. He juggled away more instruments of late than his body (being taken) will ever be able to make good.

Tut, that's but a plain trick. How say ye by some jugglers that can serve writs without any original, and make poor men dwelling far off compound with them for they know not what? I tell you, there be such that by that trick can make a vacation time quicker to them than a term, who, troubling threescore or fourscore men without cause, get of some a crown, of others a noble, of divers a pound, beside the ordinary costs of the writ, to put off their appearance when no such thing was toward.

Fie upon these jugglers! They make the laws of the realm be ill spoken of, and are cause that plain people think all lawyers like them, as appears by a poor old man by chance coming into one of the worshipful Inns of Court where sundry ancients and students both honourable and worshipful sat at supper. The poor man, admiring their comely order and reverent demeanour, demanded of a stander-by what they were. Gentlemen (said he) of the Inns of Court. Lord bless hem (quoth plain Corydon), been they of Queen's Court? No, said the other, but of the Inns of Court. What doon they, quoth the countryman, wotten ye? The other answered that they were all lawyers, and students of the law. Now, well-a'neer, cries plain Simplicity, we han but one lawyer with us, and he spoils all the parish, but here been now [=enow?] to mar the whole shire. His simpleness was by the hearers well taken, and the lawyer's name inquired, who proved no other but one of these pettifogging jugglers, that having scraped up a few commonplaces, and by long solicitorship got in to be an odd attorney, was not long since disgraced of his place by pitching over the bar, yet promoted to look out of a wooden window cut after the dove-hole fashion, with a paper on his subtle pate containing the juggling before showed. So fortune it to his fellows, and let their misery come *cito pede*.

Law is itself good, the true professors to be highly esteemed. But as in divinity it sometime fares that schismatics, heretics and suchlike make Scripture a cloak for their detested errors, and by their practices seek to make the reverend divines contemptible, so a sort of cony-catchers (as I may call them) that have gathered up the gleanings of the law, only expert to begin controversies, and utterly ignorant of their end, persuade the simple that if they will follow their rules, thus and thus it shall chance to their speedy quieting, and that attorneys, counsellors and sergeants are too costly to be dealt with simply, but by their mediation who are able to speak when counsel fails, and give more ease in an hour than the best Benchers in a year, when God wot, they do no more good than a drone in a hive. These jugglers are too cunning for Cuckoo, and in the end will prove too crafty for themselves.

Other jugglers there be that, having favour from authority to seek something to themselves beneficial, and to the commonwealth prejudicial, under colour of orderly dealing have hooked into their hands the whole living to a number [+of?] poor men belonging. These, when they were complained on, immediately took an honest course, and promised large relief yearly to them they wrong. But every promise is either broken

or kept, & so it fares with them. I protest if their juggling were set down, it would make a pretty volume, but I will let them pass because there is hope they will remember themselves. To set down the juggling in trades, the crafty tricks of buyers and sellers, the swearing of the one, the lying of the other, were but to tell the world that which they well know, and therefore I will likewise overslip that. There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will, in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law and bolster usury. If any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry, they must have a groat for a monthly bill, which is a bill of sale from month to month, so that no advantage can be taken for the usury. I hear say it's well multiplied since I died, but I beshrew them, for in my life many a time have I borrowed a shilling on my pipes and paid a groat for the bill when I have fetched out my pawn in a day.

This juggling exceeds Cuckoo's gettings, and sundry times turned poor William to his shifts. Indeed I deny not but in their kind some of them deal well, and will preserve a man's goods safe if he keep any reasonable time; these are not so blameable as they that make immediate sale. If ever I have opportunity to write into the world again, I will learn who abuse it most and who use it best, and set ye down their dwelling-places.

Now I will draw to an end, concluding with a master juggler, that he may be well known if he be got into any obscure corner of the country. This shifter, forsooth, carried no less countenance than a gentleman's ability, with his two men in blue coats that served for shares, not wages. He being properly seated in a shire of this realm, and by the report of his men bruited for a cunning man, grew into credit by this practice.

His house being in a village through which was no thoroughfare, his men, and sometime his mastership in their company, at midnight would go into their neighbour's several grounds, being far distant from their dwelling-houses, and oftentimes drive from thence horses, mares, oxen, kine, calves or sheep, whatever came next to hand, a mile perchance or more out of the place wherein they were left.

Home would they return, and leave the cattle straying. In the morning, sometime the milkmaids miss their kine, another day the plough-hinds their oxen, their horses another time, somewhat of some worth once a week, lightly. Whither can these poor people go but to the wise man's worship? Perchance in a morning two or three come to complain and seek remedy, who, welcomed by one of his men, are severally demanded of their losses. If one come for sheep, another for other cattle, they are all at first told that his mastership is asleep, and till he himself call they dare not trouble him.

But very kindly he takes them into the hall, and when his worship stirs, promises them they shall speak with him at liberty. Now, sir, behind a curtain in the hall stands a shelf garnished with books, to which my mate goes under to take one down. And as he takes it down, pulleth certain strings which are fastened to several small bells in his master's chamber, and as the bells strike, he knows what cattle his neighbours come to seek, one bell being for oxen, another for kine, another for swine, etc. A while after, he stamps and makes a noise above, the serving-man entreats the suitors to go up, and he, hearing them

coming, himself kindly opens them the door, and ere ever they speak, salutes them, protesting for their loss great sorrow, as if he knew their griefs by revelation, comforts them with hope of recovery and suchlike words. They cry out, Jesu bless your mastership, what a gift have you, to tell our minds and never hear us speak. Aye, neighbours, saith he, ye may thank God; I trust I am come among ye to do ye all good. Then, knowing which way they were driven, he bids them go either eastward or southward to seek near such an oak or row of elms, or water, or suchlike mark near the place where the cattle were left, and he assures them that by his skill the thieves had no power to carry them farther than that place. They run and seek their cattle, which when they find, O admirable wise man, the price of a cow we will not stick with him for; happy is the shire where such a one dwells. Thus do the poor cozened people proclaim, and so our shifter is sought to far and near. I think this be juggling in the highest degree; if it be not, Cuckoo is out of his compass. Well, the world is full of holes, and more shifts were never practised. But this is Cuckoo's counsel, that ye leave in time, lest being convicted like my host of the Anchor, ye pine yourselves in prison to save your ears from the pillory, an end too good for juggling shifters and cozening persons.

William Cuckoo

Ha, sirrah, I am glad we are at an end. Kind-Heart was never in his life so weary of reading. Beshrew them for me, they have wakened me from a good sleep, and wearied me almost out of my wits. Here hath been a coil indeed, with lewd song-singers, drench givers, detractors, players, oppressors, rent-raisers, bawds, brothel-houses, shifters and jugglers. But sith they have all done, turn over the leaf, and hear how merrily Kind-Heart will conclude.

Kind-Heart's conclusion of his dream, and his censure on the apparitions severally

For memory's sake, let me see what conclusion we shall form. Anthony told a long tale of runagate song-singers, inveighing especially against those lascivious ballads that are by authority forbidden, privily printed, and publicly sold, in which I find no reason (as before I said) because I believe none are so desperate to hazard their goods in printing or selling anything that is disallowed, or if there be some such, I persuade myself the magistrate's diligence is so great they would soon be weeded out. But now let me sound a little into Anthony's meaning. He complains not that these lascivious songs, however in London they begin, are there continued, but thence they spread as from a spring, and albeit they dare not there be justified, yet are they in every peddler's pack sent to public meetings in other places where they are suffered because the sellers swear these are published by authority, and people far off think nothing is printed but what is lawfully tolerated. Such knaves indeed would be looked into, that are not content with corrupting the multitude but they must slander the magistrates. If Mopo and his mates be such men that I may meet with, I will not only deliver them Anthony's mind, but urge them to exasperate the matter.

For Master Doctor's motion, I doubt not but those which have charge thereto to look will be very careful to discharge their duties. Myself will not be slack against wandering tooth-drawers. Besides, I will have a copy of the confederacy between Don Mugal [sic?] Prince of Rats, and the Grand Cavalier of the Rat-Catchers, which I will publish if he dissolve not the league, to the utter overthrow of his standard, being three rats and a pair of shackles drawn in a white field, chevroned with Newgate chain (in memory of his long community therewith), and loftily born on a broomstaff. Neither will I alone against them inveigh, but generally against all such banner-bearers, whether they be of teeth, or stone-cutting, or of rat-catching. Nay, Kind-Heart will not spare the ensign-bearer of Robert the Rifler. What though he be one of the head burgesses of Knavesborough, and sometimes hath two bearwards serving under his colours, and they marshalled with Turks, bows, arrows, skoyles, and nine-holes. And though Kind-Heart will not meddle with those sports that are lawful, yet it may be shortly he will speak of their lawless abusers.

With Robin Greene it passes Kind-Heart's capacity to deal, for as I know not the reason of his unrest, so will I not intermeddle in the cause, but, as soon as I can, convey his letter where it should be delivered.

For old Dick Tarleton, that mad companion, I have helped him out with his invective against wringing landlords, and commend his commendation of honest mirth. But I understand, however he speaks well of players, there is a graze [sic for 'grass'?] widow in the world complains against one or two of them for denying a legacy of forty shillings' sum. Pity it is (poor soul) being turned to their shifts they should hinder her of her portion, for had she that, she intends to set up an apple-shop in one of the inns. If they pay her, so it is; if not, she hath sworn never to be good because they have beguiled her.

For Cuckoo, I have somewhat to add to his juggling.

It happened within these few years, about Hampshire there wandered a walking mort, that went about the country selling of tape. She had a good voice, and would sing sometime to serve the turn; she would often be a leech, another time a fortune-teller. In this occupation we will now take her, for therefore was she taken, having first overtaken an honest simple farmer and his wife in this manner.

On a summer's evening by the edge of the forest she chanced to meet the forenamed farmer's wife, to whom, when she had offered some of her tape, she began quickly with her to fall in talk, and at the first staring her in the face assures her she shall have such fortune as never had any of her kin, and if her husband were no more unlucky than she, they should be possessed of so infinite a sum of hidden treasure as no man in England had ever seen the like. The plain woman, tickled with her soothing, entreated her to go home, which she, at first making somewhat strange, was at last content. There had she such cheer as farmers' houses afford, who fare not with the meanest.

Shortly the goodman comes in, to whom his wife relates her rare fortune, and what a wise woman she had met with. Though the man were very simple, yet made he some question

what learning she had, and how she came by knowledge of such things. O sir (said she), my father was the cunningst juggler in all the country, my mother a gipsy, and I have more cunning than any of them both. Where lies the treasure thou talkst on, said the farmer. Within this three miles (quoth she). I wonder thou thyself getst it not (said the man) but livest (as it seems) in so poor estate. My poverty (answered this cozener) is my chiefest pride, for such as we cannot ourselves be rich, though we make others rich. Beside, hidden treasure is by spirits possessed, and they keep it only for them to whom it is destinied. And more (said she), if I have a several room to myself, hanged round about with white linen, with other instruments, I will by morning tell ye whether it be destined to you.

The goodman and his wife, giving credit to her words, fetched forth their finest sheets, and garnished a chamber as she appointed; seven candles she must have lighted, and an angel she would have laid in every candlestick. Thus furnished, she locks herself into the room, and appoints them two only to watch, without making any of their servants privy. Where, using sundry mumbling fallacies, at last she called the man unto her, whom she saddled and bridled, and, having seven times rid him about the room, caused him to arise and call his wife, for to her belonged the treasure.

Both man and wife being come, in very sober manner she told them that they alone must attend in that place while she forced the spirits to release the treasure, & lay it in some convenient place for them to fetch, but in any wise they must not reveal about what she went, neither touch bread nor drink till her return. So, taking up the seven angels, away she went, laughing to herself how she had left them waiting.

All night sat the man and his wife attending her coming, but she was wise enough. Morning came; the servants mused what their master and dame meant, that were wont with the lark to be the earliest risers, yet sith they heard them talk, they attempted not to disturb them. Noon drawing on, the farmer feeling by the chimes in his belly 'twas time to dine, was by his wife counselled to stay till the wise woman's return. Which he patiently intending, on a sudden the scent of the plough-swains' meat so pierced his senses that, had all India been the meed of his abstinence, eat he will, or die he must. His wife, more moneywise, intended rather to starve than lose the treasure, till about evening one of their neighbours brought them news of a woman cozener that by a justice was sent to Winchester for many lewd pranks. The man would needs see if it were the same, and, coming thither, found it to be no other, where thinking at least to have good words, she impudently derided him specially before the bench, who, asking her what reason she had to bridle and saddle him, Faith (said she), only to see how like an ass he looked.

A number of such there be, whom I will more narrowly search for in my next circuit, and if my dream be accepted, set them out orderly.

FINIS