

Christ's Tears Over Jerusalem.

Whereunto is annexed
A comparative admonition to London.

A Iove Mvsa.

By Tho. Nashe.

London.

Printed for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign
of the Angel.

1594.

To the Reader.

Gentlemen, my former epistle unto you in this place began with *Nil nisi flere libet*; now must I of necessity alter that posy, and transpose my complaint to a new tune of *Flendus amor meus est*. The love or pity I showed towards mine enemy, of all my ill fortunes hath most confounded me. The only refuge which for my abused innocency is left me, is to take unto me the academics' opinion, who absolutely conclude that nothing is to be affirmed. Kings and emperors that by the Pope's curse have been terrified from wars they intended, have termed religion the mother of cowardice, resolution's manacles, honour's misery. Religion or conscience hath made me sacrifice my zealous wit to simplicity, and my devout pen to reproachful penitence. The druggers at Venice, to approve their mithridate to the physicians, take spiders and eat them; so I, to approve the mithridate of my new divinity to the special physicians of our souls here in England, determined with myself to digest a spider, that is, swallow all injuries, to my credit how baneful soever, and embrace sweet peace. Clean contrary to my expectation it hath fallen out, for treason was shrouded under terms of truce; whereas I thought to make my foe a bridge of gold, or fair words, to fly by, he hath used it as a highway to invade me. *Hoc pia lingua dedit*. This it is to deal plainly. An extreme gull he is in this age, and no better, that believes a man for his swearing. Impious Gabriel Harvey, the vowed enemy to all vows and protestations, plucking on with a slavish private submission a general public reconciliation, hath, with a cunning ambuscado of confiscated idle oaths, well-near betrayed me to infamy eternal (his own proper chair of torment in hell). I can say no more but the devil & he be no men of their words. Many courses there be (as Machiavel inspiredly sets down) which in themselves seem singular & virtuous, but if a man follow them, they will be his utter subversion; others that seem absurd, odious and vicious, that well looked into will breed him most ease. This course of shaking hands with Harvey seemed at the first most plausible and commendable, and the rather because I desired to conform myself to the holy subject of my book, but afterwards (being by his malice perverted), it seemed most degenerate and abject. Henceforth, with the forenamed Machiavel, for an unrefutable principle I will hold it, that he is utterly undone which seeks by new good turns to root out old grudges. A proverb it is as stale as sea-beef, Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll be the first shall show thee the way to Saint Giles's. Harvey I manifestly saved from the knot under the ear; verily he had hanged himself had I gone forwards in my vengeance. But I know not how, upon his prostrate entreaty, I was content to give him a short psalm of mercy; now, for reprieving him when he was ripe for execution, thus he requites me. Six and thirty sheets of mustard-pot paper since that hath he published against me, wherein like a drunken beggar he hath railed most grossly, and imitated the rascally phrase of sunburnt rogues in the field. Was never whore of Babylon so betrayed with abominations as his style (like the doghouse in the fields) is pestered with stinking filth. His vainglory (which some take to be his gentlewoman) he hath new painted over an inch thick. Some few crumbs of my book he hath confuted; all the rest of his invention is nothing but an ox with a pudding in his belly, not fit for anything else save only to feast the dull ears of ironmongers, plowmen, carpenters and porters. Master Lyly, poor deceased Kit Marlowe, reverent Doctor Perne, with a hundred other quiet senseless carcasses before the Conquest departed, in the same work he hath most notoriously & vilely dealt with, and, to conclude, he hath proved

himself to be the only Gabriel Grave-digger under heaven. Thrice more convenient time I will pick out to stretch him forth limb by limb on the rack, and a field as large as Achilles' race to bait him to death with darts according to the custom of baiting bulls in Spain. Nevermore let him look to quench wildfire with milk, or mitigate the matter with mild terms, for Licia in times past was not one-half so afflicted with the fires of Chimera as he will be with the thunder & lightning of some men's fury up in arms. I speak not of myself so much as of foreign preparations that are whetting their pens to prick him to death. Excuse me, gentlemen, though I be obstinately bent in this quarrel, for I have tried all ways with mine adversary. Heretofore I was like a tyrant which knows not whether it is better to be feared or loved of his subjects. First I put my fear in practice, and that housed him for awhile; next into my love and my favour I received him, and that puffed him up with such arrogance that he thought himself a better man than his master, and was ready to jostle me out of all the reputation I had. Let him trust to it, I'll hamper him like a jade as he is for this gear, & ride him with a snaffle up & down the whole realm. But because here I have showed myself in divinity, of divers great divines I asked counsel, and made it a matter of conscience whether it were lawful to rap a fool with his own bauble, and teach him to know himself, and they expressly certified me it was every way as allowable as the punishing of malefactors and offenders. Indeed I have heard there are madmen whipped in Bedlam, and lazy vagabonds in Bridewell, wherefore meseemeth there should be no more difference betwixt the displing of this vain braggadocio than the whipping of a madman or a vagabond.

Leave we him till his fatal hour call for him, and let us cast about to some more necessary matter. I am informed there be certain busy wits abroad that seek in my *Jack Wilton* to anagrammatize the name of Wittenberg to one of the universities of England, that scorn to be counted honest plain-meaning men like their neighbours, for not so much as out of mutton and pottage but they will construe a meaning of kings and princes. Let one but name bread, they will interpret it to be the town of Bredan in the Low Countries; if of beer he talks, then straight he mocks the County Beroune in France. If of foul weather or a shower of rain, he hath relation to some that shall reign next. Infinite number of these fanatical strange hieroglyphics have these new decipherers framed to themselves, & stretched words on the tenterhooks so miserably that a man were as good, considering every circumstance, write on cheverel as on paper. For my part, I would wish them not to deceive themselves with the spirit of inspiration without proof, or confound logic by making no difference betwixt *probabile* and *manifeste verum*. Yet neither do I grant them any right *probabile*, but a piece of a lame likelihood, as much as if one should thus argue, Such two men are alike, for the one hath a scar in his foot, the other in his face. It was not without cause that Lucilius, in Tully's second book *De Oratore*, wished to be blessed from two sorts of readers, to wit, the too learned & the too ignorant, for the one will cast beyond the moon in imaginations upon words, the other will scarce understand common sense.

This I will mildly say to them that have entertained this mislike, if there be anything they may justly take offence at, and wherein to the full I cannot privately satisfy them, I crave no delay of the sentence of detraction and infamy. If in this epistle I should rip up and canvass blind cavils, some light brains would imagine I went about to get new fame to

their disgrace. A number of excellent well-conceited learned men in that University there be whom I love and honour with my heart, and unto whom I would sooner commit myself to be censured than to all the world besides. Had I the least suspicion or inkling this ignominious ill opinion were settled in their conceits, nothing should stay me from running my country. Even of the meanest and basest, whatsoever he be, that is once admitted and matriculated amongst them, I desire to be thought favourably of. Only the blood of the Harveys put by, who, if they should once grow into the least liking of me, I would sinfully loathe myself while I lived. Bur for a man's very name in the way of praise to come in a noted fool's mouth is an utter blemish to him and to his heirs. I warrant the heralds will give him such an item in his arms for it as he shall never claw off.

Grave learned courteous gentlemen, in a word I will end with you; I had no allusion in sentence, word or syllable unto any of you when I writ the entertainment at Wittenberg, and let so much suffice to your contentment.

What talk I so long of *Jack Wilton*? I may tell you he hath but a slight wringing by the ears in comparison of the heavy penance my poor *Tears* here have endured, to turn them clean unto tares; there be that have laboured, and have got salt catarrhs in their throats, with vehement railing upon it. The plodding sort of unlearned Zoilists about London exclaim that it is a puffed-up style, and full of profane eloquence; others object unto me the multitude of my boisterous compound words, and the often coining of Italianate verbs which end all in -ize, as mummianize, tympanize, tyrannize. To the first array of my clumperton Antigonists this I answer, that my style is no otherwise puffed up than any man's should be which writes with any spirit, and whom would not such a divine subject put a high-ravished spirit into? For the profaneness of my eloquence, so they may term the eloquence of Saint Austin, Jerome, Chrysostom profane, since none of them but takes unto him far more liberty of tropes, figures and metaphors, and alleging heathen examples and histories.

To the second rank of reprehenders, that complain of my boisterous compound words, and ending my Italianate coined verbs all in -ize, thus I reply, that no wind that blows strong but is boisterous, no speech or words of any power or force to confute or persuade but must be swelling and boisterous. For the compounding of my words, therein I imitate rich men who, having gathered store of white single money together, convert a number of those small little scutes into great pieces of gold, such as double pistoles and Portagues. Our English tongue of all languages most swarmeth with the single money of monosyllables, which are the only scandal of it. Books written in them and no other seem like shopkeepers' boxes, that contain nothing else save halfpence, three-farthings and twopences. Therefore what did me I, but having a huge heap of those worthless shreds of small English in my pia mater's purse, to make the royaller show with them to men's eyes, had them to the compounder's immediately, and exchanged them four into one, and others into more, according to the Greek, French, Spanish and Italian?

Come, my masters, inure your mouths to it, and never trust me but when you have tried the commodity of carrying much in a small room, you will, like the apothecaries, use

more compounds than simples, and graft words as men do their trees to make them more fruitful. My upbraided(?) Italianate verbs are the least crime of a thousand, since they are grown in general request with every good poet.

Besides, they carry far more state with them than any other, and are not half so harsh in their desinence as the old hobbling English verbs ending in r; they express more than any other verbs whatsoever, and their substantives would be quite barren of verbs but for that ending. This word *mummianized* in the beginning of my first epistle is shrewdly called in question, for no other reason that I can conceive, but that his true derivative, which is *mummy*, is somewhat obscure also. To physicians and their confectioners it is as familiar as mumchance amongst pages, being nothing else but man's flesh long buried and broiled in the burning sands of Arabia. Hereupon I have taken up this phrase of Jerusalem's mummianized earth (as much to say as Jerusalem's earth manured with man's flesh). Express who can the same substance so briefly in any other word but that. A man may murder anything if he list in the mouthing, and grind it to powder extempore betwixt a huge pair of jaws, but let a quest of calm censors go upon it twixt the hours of six and seven in the morning, and they will in their grave wisdoms subscribe to it as tolerable and significant.

Mad heads over a dish of stewed prunes are terrible mockers; O, but the other pint of wine cuts the throat of Spenser and everybody. To them I descend by degrees of apology who condemn me all to vinegar for my bitterness. It will be some of their destinies to carry the vinegar bottle ere they die, for being so desperate in prejudice. No more ado, but if they will be good coster-mongers or vintners, they must make choice of such fruit and wine which is sweetly sour, and pleasantly sharp. The bee is a creature not so big as a wart with thorough-hairs on an old wife's chin, yet he is privileged, insomuch as he is free of Honey Lane, to bestir him with his sting as ordinarily as a sergeant with his mace. Then wherefore should they hate us for our sting, that bring forth honey as well as they?

Singular happy are those that are acquainted with the true mixture of alchemists' musical gold, and can, with Plato's *Gorgias*, prove unrighteousness true godliness with a breath; they shall be provided for sumptuously, when sooth and verity may walk melancholy in Mark Lane. Wise was Saint Thomas, that chose rather to go preach to the Indians than his own countrymen. There he might be sure to have gold enough; here is none. Some write he was slain at Malacca, a province of that country. It is better to be slain abroad than live at home without money.

Have at you, backbiters, with a bargain; rail upon me till your tongues rot, short cut and long-tail, for groats apiece every quarter. Mince me betwixt your teeth as small as oatmeal, I care not, so I have crowns for your scoffs without paying me any tribute, as it seems you spare not to do it, but the best is, bring you as many needles as you will, I have loadstones to touch them. There is a mountain in Cyrenaica consecrated to the south wind, which if it be touched with a man's hand, there arise exceeding boisterous blasts, that toss and turmoil the sands like waves of the sea. As great a miracle as that in me is experienced, for let me but touch a piece of paper, there arise such storms and tempests about my ears as is admirable. Even of sands and superficial bubbles they will make

hideous waves and dangerous quicksands. This is my last will and testament: those that toss at me, I'll toss at them again if I can, always provided it be not a tennis-play of pots and cups, like the centaurs' feast. Divinity is the groundwork of my book; no more herein will I do than shall have his ground from divinity. Farewell, Paul's Churchyard, till I see thee next, which shall not be long.

Tho. Nashe.

[The following two paragraphs in the 1593 edition were found offensive.]

London, thou art the seeded garden of sin, the sea that sucks in all the scummy channels of the realm. The honestest in thee (for the most) are either lawyers or usurers. Deceit is that which advanceth the greater sort of thy chiefest; let them look that their riches shall rust and canker, being wet & dewed with orphans' tears. The Lord thinketh it were as good for him to kill with the plague as to let them kill with oppression. He beholdeth from on high all subtle conveyances and recognizances. He beholdeth how they pervert foundations, and will not bestow the bequeathers' free alms but for bribes, or for friendship. I pray God they take not the like course in preferring poor men's children into their hospitals, and converting the impotent's money to their private usury.

God likewise beholdeth how, to beguile a seely young gentleman of his land, they will crouch cap in hand, play the brokers, bawds, apron-squires, panders, or anything. Let us leave off the proverb which we use to a cruel dealer, saying, Go thy ways, thou art a Jew, and say, Go thy ways, thou art a Londoner. For than Londoners are none more hard-hearted and cruel. Is it not a common proverb amongst us, when any man hath cozened or gone beyond us, to say he hath played the merchant with us? But merchants, they turn it another way, and say he hath played the gentleman with them. The snake eateth the toad, and the toad the snail. The merchant eats up the gentleman, the gentleman eats up the yeoman, and all three do nothing but exclaim one upon another.

[In the 1594 edition, they were replaced with the following two paragraphs.]

London, thou art the well-head of the land, and therefore it behooveth thee to send forth wholesome springs. Suffer not thy channels to overflow like full conduits. Let not gain outrun godliness and honesty. Make no trade of deceit, nor occupation of usury. Why may not the Lord as well kill with the plague, as suffer cruel extortioners to kill with oppression? He beholdeth from on high all subtle conveyances and crafty recognizances. No defrauder of the poor, or covetous perverter of foundations, but is put in the devil's black book. Cursed be they that give alms with the one hand, and take bribes with the other, that sell bequests for good turns, and are not ashamed to prostitute charity like a strumpet for ready money. I speak not this for I know any such, but if there by any such, to forewarn and reform them.

Many good men, many good magistrates are there in this city; divers godly & wise councillors hath she to provide for her peace; them no part of any reproof of mine concerneth, however it may be otherwise thought. Other wicked livers in it questionless there be, which want no ill-gotten goods, nor ill minds to the commonwealth. Very good it were, when they are revealed, they had plague bills set upon their doors, to make them more noted and detestable. The snake eateth up the toad, and the toad the snail; the usurer eateth up the gentleman, and the gentleman the yeoman, and all three being devoured one of another, do nothing but complain one upon another.

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