

THE
WORMING
of a mad Dogge:

OR,

A SOPPE FOR
CERBERVS THE
Iaylor of Hell.

NO CONFVTATION BVT A
sharpe Redargution of the
bayer of Women.

By CONSTANTIA MVNDA
— *dux femina facti.*

Virg: *Æn:* 1.

*Si genus humanum & mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.*

LONDON

Printed for LAWRENCE HAYES, and are to be
sold at his shop neere Fleet-bridge, ouer
against S^r. Brides Lane.

1617.

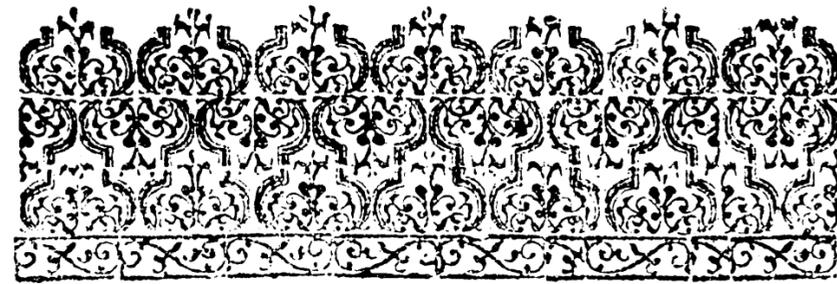
0 18257

62679

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION



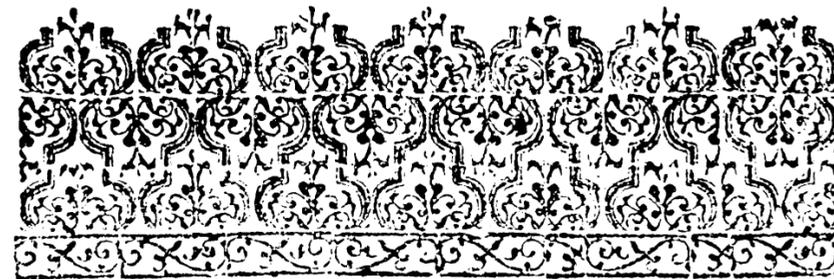
TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFUL LADY

her most deare Mother, the Lady

PRVDENTIA MVNDA, the true
patterne of Pietie and Vertue, C. M.
wilteth increafe of happinesse.

AS first your paines in bearing me was such
A benefit beyond requitall, that t were much
To thinke what pangs of sorrow you sustain'd
In child-birth, when mine infancy obtain'd
The vitall drawing in of ayre, so your loue
Mingled with care hath shewen it selfe, aboue
The ordinary course of Nature: seeing you still
Are in perpetuall Labour with me, euen vntill
The second birth of education perfect me,
You Trauail still though Churched oft you be.
In recompence whereof what can I giue,
But what I take, euen that I liue,
Next to the beauens 'tis yours. Thus I pay

My



TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFUL LADY

her most deare Mother, the Lady

PRVDENTIA MVNDA, the true
patterne of Pietie and Vertue, C. M.
wilsheh increase of happinesse.

AS first your paines in bearing me was such
A benefit beyond requitall, that I were much
To thinke what pangs of sorrow you sustain'd
In child-birth, when mine infancy obtain'd
The vitall drawing in of ayre, so your loue
Mingled with care hath shewen it selfe, aboue
The ordinary course of Nature: seeing you still
Are in perpetuall Labour with me, euen vntill
The second birth of education perfect me,
You Trauail still though Churched oft you be.
In recompence whereof what can I giue,
But what I take, euen that I liue,
Next to the beauens 'tis yours. Thus I pay

My

My debt by taking vp at interest, and lay
 To payne that which I borrow of you: so
 The more I giue I take, I pay, I owe.
 Yet lest you thinke I forfait shall my bond
 I here present you with my writing hand.
 Some trifling minutes I vainely did bestow
 In penning of these lines that all might know
 The scandals of our aduersarie, and
 I had gone forward had not Hester hang'd
 Haman before: yet what here I wrote
 Might serue to stop the curs wide throat,
 Vntill the haltar came, since which I ceast
 To prosecute what I intended, lest
 I should be censur'd that I undertooke
 A worke that's done already: so his booke
 Hath scapt my fingers, but in like case
 As a malefactor changeth place
 From Newgate vnto Tiburne, whose good hope
 Is but to change his shackels for a rope.
 Although this be a toy scarce worth your view,
 Yet deigne to reade it, and accept in lieu
 Of greater dutie, for your gracious looke
 Is a sufficient Patrone to my booke.
 This is the worst disgrace that can be had.
 A Ladies daughter worm'd a dog that's mad.

Your louing Daughter

CONSTANTIA MUNDAY



To Ioseph Swetnam.

What is thy shameles muse so fleg'd in sin
 So cocker'd vp in mischief: or hast bin
 Train'd vp by Furies in the schoole of vice,
 Where the licentious Deuils hoyst the price
 Of vncought mischief, & make a set reward,
 For hell-hound slanderers that nought regard
 Their reputation, or the wholesome Lawes
 Of Vertues Common-wealth, but seek applause
 By rayling and reuiling to deprauē
 The mirrour of Creation, to out-braue
 Euen heauen it selfe with folly: could the straine
 Of that your barren-idle-donghill braine,
 As from a Chymick Limbeck so distill
 Your poyson'd drops of hemlocke, and so fill
 The itching eares of filly swaines, and rude
 Truth-not-discerning rusticke multitude
 With sottish lies, with bald and ribald lines,
 Patcht out of English writers that combines
 Their highest reach of emulation but to please

The

To Ioseph Swetnam.

The giddy-headed vulgar : whose disease
Like to a swelling dropfie, thirsts to drinke
And swill the puddles of this nasty sinke : (wit,
Whence through the channels of your muddy
Your hotch-potcht work is drawn and the slimy
Of your inuectiue pamphlet filld to th' brim (pit
With all defiled streames, yet many swimme
And bath themselues (oh madnes) in that floud)
Of mischief, with delight, and deem that good }
Which spoys their reason, being not vnderstood. }
When people view not wel your diuellish book,
Like nibling fish they swallow bait and hooke
To their destruction, when they not descry
Your base and most vnreuerent blasphemy.
How in the ruffe of fury you disgrace
(As much as in you lies) and doe deface
Natures best ornament, and thinkst th'ast done
An act deseruing commendation;
Whereas thy merits being brought in sight;
Exclaime thus on thee, Gallows claime thy right.

Woman the crowne, perfection, & the meanes
Of all mens being, and their well-being, whence
Is the propagation of all humane kinde,
Wherein the bodies frame, th'intellect and mind
With all their operations doe first finde
Their Essence and beginning, where doth lie

The

To Ioseph Swetnam.

The mortall meanes of our eternity,
Whose vertues, worthinesse, resplendent rayes
Of perfect beauty haue alwaies had the praise
And admiration of such glorious wits,
Which Fame the worlds great Herauld fits,
Crowning with Lawrel wreaths & Mirtle bows,
The tribute and reward of learned browes,
And that this goodly peece of nature be (thee.
Thus shamefully detested, and thus wrong'd by
How could your vild vntutour'd muse in fold
And wrap it selte in enuious, cruell, bold,
Nay impudent detraction, and then throw
And hurle without regard your venom'd darts
Of scandalous reuiling, at the hearts
Of all our female sexe promiscuously,
Of commons, gentry, and nobility?
Without exceptions hath your spungie pate
(Voyd in it selte of all things but of hate)
Suckt vp the dregs of folly, and the lees
Of mercenary Patquils, which doe squeeze
The glaunders of abuses in the face
Of them that are the cause that humane race
Keepes his continuance: could you be so mad
As to depraue, nay to call that bad
Which God calls good? can your filthy clawes
Scratch out the image that th' Almighty drawes

B

In

To Ioseph Swetnam.

In vs his pictures? no! things simply good,
Keep stil their essence, though they be withstood
By all the complices of hell: you cannot daunt
Not yet diminish, (how ere you basely vaunt,
With bitter termes) the glory of our Sex,
Nor, as you michingly furnize, you vex
Vs with your dogged rayling, why! we know;
Vertue oppos'd is stronger, and the foe
That's queld and foyld, addeth but more
Triumph to th' conquest then there was before.
Wherefore be aduised, cease to raile
On them that with aduantage can you quaile.

THE



THE
WORMING OF
a madde Dogge.



HE itching desire of oppres-
sing the presse with many
sottish and illiterate Libels,
stuf with all manner of ri-
baldry, and sordid inuenti-
ons, when euery foule-mou-
thed male-content may dis-
gorge his *Licambear* poyson in the face of all
the world, hath broken out into such a dismall
contagion in these our dayes, that euery scanda-
lous tongue and opprobrious witte, like the Ita-
lian Mountebankes will aduance their pedling
wares of detracting virulence in the publique
Piazza of euery Stationers shoppe. And Prin-
ting that was inuented to be the store-house of
famous wits, the treasure of Diuine literature, the
pandect and maintainer of all Sciences, is become
the receptaele of euery dissolute Pamphlet. The
nursery and hospitall of euery spurious and pe-
nurious brat, which proceeds from base phrene-

*Tinctu licam-
beo sanguine
tela dabit, Ouid
in Ibin.*

B 2

ticall

ticall braine-sicke bablers. When *scribimus indotti* must be the motto of euery one that fooles himselfe in Print : tis ridiculous ! but when *scribimus insani* should bee the signiture of euery page, tis lamentable our times so stupidly possessed and benumd with folly, that wee shall verifie the Prouerbe, *L'osanza commune non è peccato*, sinnes customae-houfe hath *non sine privilegio*, writ vpon his dores, as though community in offence could make an immunitie: No! vse of sinne is the soules extortion, a biting fanorie that eates out the principle. Yet wofull experience makes it too true, *consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati*, as may bee seene by the workes of diuers men that make their pens their pensils to limme out vice that it may seeme delicious and amiable; so to detract from vertue and honesty, as though their essence were onely in outward appearance of goodnesse, as if mortality were onely circumscribed within the conditions of our sex, *calum ipsum petimus stultitia*, foolish man will reprehend his Creator in the admirable worke of his generation and conseruation: Woman the second edition of the Epitome of the whole world, the second Tome of that goodly volume compiled by the great God of heauen and earth is most shamefully diurd, and derogatiuely rased by scribbling pens of sauage & vncought monsters. To what an irregular straine is the daring impudence of brand-fold bayards aspired vnto? that they will presume to call in question euen the most absolute worke composed by the worlds great Architect?

rect? A strange blasphemy to finde fault with that which the Priuy Councell of the high and mighty Parliament of the inscrutable *Tri-unitie* Gen. 1. in Heauen determined to be very good. To call that imperfect, froward, crooked and peruerse to make an arraignment and Beare-baiting of that which the Pantocrator would in his omniscient wisdome haue to be the consummation of his blessed weekes worke, the end, crowne, and perfection of the neuer-sufficiently glorified creation. What is it but an exorbitant phrensie, and wofull taxation of the supreme deitie. Yet woman the greatest part of the *lesser world* is generally become the subiect of euery pedanticall imp. 1000. goose-quill. Euery fantasticke Poetaster which thinkes he hath lickt the vomit of his *Coriphæus* and can but patch a hobling verse together, will striue to represent vnseemely figments imputed to our sex, (as a pleasing theme to the vulgar) on the publique Theatre: teaching the worser sort that are more prone to luxurie, a compendious way to learne to be sinfull. These foule mouth'd raylers, *qui non vident vt corrigant, sed querunt quid reprehendant*, that reprocue not that they might reforme, but pry into actions that they might carpe and cauill: so that in this infamous profession they farre exceed the vildest kinde of Pharisaicall ostentation, and so surmounting beyond all comparison railing *Anaxarchus*, who for his detracting and biting tongue was pestled to death in a brazen mortar. Who as a learned *Tuscan* speaketh, *gli miseri vanno a tentone altreuolte* Aut vt Anaxarchus pila murtuans in altu. Quid in Ioin. Benvenuto, &c.

a carpone per facer mercatantia dell' altrui da lor inuentata è seminata vergogna, impudicamente cercano l' altrui deshonor erger la meretricia fronte & malzar la impudiche corna : these wretched miscreants goe groaping, and sometimes on all foure, to trafique with other folkes credits by their owne divulged and disperfed ignominie. That impudently seeke by others dishonour to set a shamelesse face on the matter, and thus to put out their immodest hornes to butt at, and gore the name and reputation of the innocent, being so besotted with a base and miserable condition, and blinde in themselues, they blush not in their tongues to carry the gall of *Rabilius*, and in their chaps the poyson of *Colimachus* in their mouthes, the flame of mount *Aetna* in their eyes, *Iupiters* lightning which he darted at the *Centaures*, in their thoghts *Bellonaes* arrowes, in their serpentine words the bitternesse of *Sulmo* against *Orbecca*, blending and commixing all their discourse with epaticke aloes and vnsauourie simples, deriuing all their ingredients of their venomed Recipes from the Apothecaries shop of the Deuill. Notwithstanding, as the same learned man metaphorically speakes, *Cotesti vsei scangerati, citta senza muro, nauì senza gouerno, vasi senza coperto caualli indomiti senza freno non considerano.* These wide open-dores, these vnwalled townes, these rudderlesse shippes, these vncouerd vessels, these vnbrideled horses doe not consider that the tongue being a very little member should neuer goe out of that same iuory gate, in which, (not without a great mysterie)

Plus aloes quam mellis habent.

stery) diuine wisdome and nature together hath enclosed, it signifying that a man should giue himselfe eyther to vertuous speech, or prudent silence, and not let tongue and pen runne vp and downe like a weaponed madde-man, to strike and wound any without partiality, euery one without exception, to make such an vniuersall massacre (for so I may terme it, seeing words make worse wounds then swords) yet lest villanie domineere and triumph in furie, wee will manicle your disolute fist, that you deale not your blowes so vnaduisedly. Though feminine modesty hath confin'd our rarest and ripest wits to silence, wee acknowledge it our greatest ornament, but when necessity compels vs, tis as great a fault and folly *loquenda tacere, vt contra grauis est culpa tacenda loqui*, being too much prouoked by arrainments, baytings, and rancarous impeachments of the reputation of our whole sex, *stulta est clementia — peritura parcere carta*, opportunity of speaking slipt by silence, is as bad as importunity vpheld by babling *καλεῖν ἂν πρέπει, κρείττον ἢ σιωπᾶν.* Know therefore that wee will cancell your accusations, trauers your bills, and come vpon you for a false inditement, and thinke not tis our waspishnesse that shall sting you; no sir, vntill we see your malepert fausinesse reformed, which will not be till you doe make a long letter to vs, we will continue

Vn coup de langue est plus dangereux qu'vn coup de lance.

Sopho l. 4. τίς γινώσκειν ἢ σιωπᾶν

Equi qua dicit est melius quam tacere.

Litteram longam trahere.

Iuno'es,

*Non sic abibunt odia vimaces aget violentus iras animus
Sannusque dolor aterna bella pace sublatâ geret.*

Notwithstanding for all your iniuries as *Celo*
Sirach-

8 *The worming of a madde Dogge.*

iratus essem? But you (like a hare-braind scold) set your claws in the face of the whole world. But this argues your leuitie ioyn'd with degenerate cowardize: for had you but considered with mature deliberation that (as *Virgil* speakes)

13 *Annal. 2.*

— *nullum memorabile nomen*

Faminea in pœna est, nec habet victoria laudem.

'Tis a poore archieument to ouercome a woman, you would neuer haue beene so grieuouly troubled with the ouer-flowing of the gall, neither would the relish of your furr'd palate haue beene so bitter, as what delicates soeuer you tasted should become vnpleasing. I read of a mad fellow, which had lost his goods by sea, that whatsoever ships had come into the port at *Athens*, he would take a catalogue of them, and very busie would he be in making an inuentorie of the goods they brought in and receiued, thinking all to bee his. So you hauing peradventure had some curst wife that hath giuen you as good as you brought, whatsoever faults you espie in others, you take that to heart: you run a madding vp and downe to make a scrole of female frailties, and an inuentorie of meretriciall behaiours, ascribing them to those that are ioyned in the sacred bands of matrimonie. Because you haue beene guld with brasse money, will you thinke no coyne currant? Because you haue suffered shipwracke, will you disswade any from venturing to trafficke beyond Seas? Besides, you shew your selte vniust in not obseruing a symmetrie and proportion of reuenge and the offence: for a pelting iniurie should

not

The worming of a madde Dogge 9

not prouoke an opprobrious calumnie; a private abuse of your owne familiar doxies should not breake out into open slanders of the religious matron together with the prostitute strumpet; of the nobly-descended Ladies, as the obscure base vermine that haue bitten you; of the chaste and modest virgins, as well as the dissolute and impudent harlot. Because women are women, you will doe that in an houre, which you will repent you of all your life time after. Nay rather, if the ruffe of your furie would haue let you lookt ouer it, you would haue diuerted the floud-gates of your poisoned streames that way where you perceiued the common shore to run, and not haue polluted and stained the cleere and crySTALLINE waters. Because women are not women, rather might be a fit subject of an ingenious Satyrift. *Cum alterius sexus Iunior. Sat. 1*

imitata figuram est: the reason is,

*Quam prestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à sexu?*

But when women are women, when wee saile by the true compasse of honest and religious conuersation, why should you be so doggedly incensed to barke in generall? why should you employ your inuention to lay open new fashions of lewdnesse, which the worst of women scarce euer were acquainted with? imitating the vice of that Pagan Poet, whose indignation made verses, whose filthy reprehension opened the doores of vnbridled luxurie, and gaue a president of all admired wickednesse, and brutish sensualitie, to succeeding ages; whom great *Scaliger* indeed censu-

C

reth

*Scal. 3. lib.
Poet. cap. 9.*

reth not worthy to be read of a pious and ingenu-
ous man. That *Satyr* brands all his Countrey-
women with the same marke :

*Iamq̄ eadem summis pariter minimisq̄ libido est,
Nec melior pedibus silicem quæ conterit atrum,
Quam quæ longorum uebitur ceruice Syrorum.*

But he liued in a nation earthly, deuillish, sensuall,
giuen ouer to a reprobate sense, that wrought all
filthinesse with greedinesse. But you, sir, were
whelpt in a better age, at least in a better climate,
where the Gospell is preached, and *the voice of the
Turtle is heard in our land* ; where you might see
(if you could perfectly distinguish) if you were
not in the gall of bitternesse. Matchlesse beauties
and glorious vertues shining together, you might
behold (if outragious rage had not drawne a filme
ouer your eye-light) the goodly habiliments of
the minde combined with the perfection of out-
ward comelinesse and ornaments of the body. Is
there not as many monuments erected to the fa-
mous eternizing of charitable deeds of women re-
nowned in their generations, as trophees to the
most couragious Potentates ? In the commemo-
rations of founders and benefactors, how many
women haue emulated your sex in bountifull ex-
hibitions to religious vses and furtherance of pie-
tie ? I might produce infinite examples, if neede
were : but bray a foole in a mortar (said the wise
man) yet he will not leaue his foolerie : Neither if
whole volumes were compiled against your ma-
nifest calumnies, would you euer be brought to a
palinodie and recantation. Wee haue your con-
fession

fession vnder your owne hand, where you say
you *might haue employed your selfe to better use than
in such an idle businesse.* True :

Πολλὰκι τοὶ ἐν μαρῶσι ἀνὴρ καὶ κἀνὴρ εἶπεν.

A foole speaks sometimes to the purpose. If you
must needs be digiting your pen, the time had
beene farre better spent if you had related to the
world some stories of your trauels, with a Gentle-
man learned and wiser then your selfe : so you
might haue beguiled the time, and exposed your
ridiculous wit to laughter : you might haue told
how hardly such an vnconstant *bella curtizana de
Venetij's* entertained you, how your teeth watered,
and after your affections were poisoned with
their hainous euils ; how in the beginning of your
thirty yeeres trauell and odde, your constitution
inclined and you were addicted to prie into the
various actions of loose, strange, lewd, idle, fro-
ward and inconstant women ; how you happened
(in some Stewes or Brothelhouses) to be acquaint-
ed with their cheats and euasions ; how you
came to be so expert in their subtile qualities ;
how politikely you caught the daughter in the
ouen, yet neuer was there your selfe ; how in
your voyages your stomacke was cloyd with
these surfets, and therefore being a traeller, you
had reason to censure hardly of women. Haue
you traueled halfe as long againe as that famous
Pilgrim, *which knew the fashions of many men, and
saw their Cities* ? Haue you out-stript him in time,
and come so short of him in knowledge ? Is this
all the manners you haue learned abroad, these

*Μετὰ τὴν ἑξῆς
ὁμοίως μα-
κροτέρως
ἀποφάνετο.*

*In his first
Epistle.*

*πῶς δὲ
ἐξῆς ἴσως
ἀσέα καὶ πῶς
ἐγγύς.*

thirty and odde yeeres? Is this the benefit of your obseruations? Is this all the profit your Country shall reape by your forraine endeouours? to bring home a company of idle humours of light hui-wines which you haue noted, and divulge them in print to your owne disgrace and perpetuall obloquie? Haue you traueled three times as long as an Elephant, and is this the first fruit, nay all the fruit of your idle addle coxcombe? Certainly you mis-spent your time in your trauels: for it had beene more profitable for you, if you had brought dogges from *Iceland*; better for your Countrey, if you had kept a dogge there still. But tis easie to giue a reason of your exasperate virulence, from your being a traeller: for it is very likely when you first went abroad to see fashions, twas your fortune to light amongst ill company, who trying what metall you were made of, quickly matriculated you in the schoole of vice, where you proued a most apt *Non-proficient*, and being guld of your patrimonie, your purse was turned into a passe, and that by women. Like a dogge that bites the stone which had almost beat out his braines, you come home swaggering:

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censuram,
At velut exhausta redi-vivus pullulet arca
Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur aceruo,
Non unquã reputant quantum sibi gaudia constant.*

Which if you cannot vnderstand, is to this sense:

*A lauish woman thinkes there is no stint
Vnto her purse: as though thou hadst a mint,
She*

*She casts no count what money shee'l bestow,
As if her coine as fast as t'ebd, did slow.*

Such it may be (I speake but on suspicion) were the conditions of those minions your minoritie had experience of in your voyages. Wherefore none either good or bad, faire or foule, of what estate soeuer, of what parentage or royall descent and lineage soeuer, how well soeuer nurtured and qualified, shall scape the conuicious violence of your preposterous procacitie. Why did you not snarle at them directly that wronged you? Why did not you collimate your infectious lauelins at the right marke? If a theefe take your purse from you, will you maligne and swagger with euery one you meet? If you be beaten in an Ale-house, will you set the whole Towne afire? If some curtezans that you haue met with in your trauels (or rather that haue met with you) haue ill intreated you, must honest and religious people be the scope of your malicious speeches and reprochfull tearmes? Yet it may be you haue a further drift, to make the world beleue you haue an extraordinary gift of continencie; soothing your selfe with this supposition, that this open reuiling is some token and euidence you neuer were affected with delicate and effeminate sensualitie, thinking this pamphlet should affoile thee from all manner of leuie and taxation of a lasciuious life; as if, because you cynically raile at all both good and bad, you had beene hatcht vp without concupiscence; as if nature had bestowed on you all ^{goodes} ^{that} and no ^{Concupiscence} ^{hated} *ambopia*. Twas spoken of *Euripides*, that he

14 *The worming of a madde Dogge.*

hated women in *choro*, but not in *thoro*, in *calamo*, but not in *thalamo*: and why cannot you be liable to the same obiection? I would make this excuse for you, but that the crabbednesse of your stile, the vnfauory periods of your broken-winded sentences perswade your body to be of the same temper as your minde. Your ill-fauoured countenance, your wayward conditions, your peeuish and pettish nature is such, that none of our sex with whom you haue obtained some partiall conference, could euer brooke your dogged frompard frowardnesse: vpon which male-contented desperation, you hanged out your flagge of defiance against the whole world, as a prodigious monstrous rebell against nature. Besides, if your curriish disposition had dealt with men, you were afraid that *Lex talionis* would meet with you; wherefore you surmized, that inueighing against poore illiterate women, we might fret and bite the lip at you, wee might repine to see our selues baited and tost in a blanket, but neuer durst in open view of the vulgar either disclose your blasphemous and derogatiue slanders, or maintaine the vntainted puritie of our glorious sex: nay, you'l put gaggies in our mouthes, and coniuire vs all to silence: you will first abuse vs, then binde vs to the peace; wee must be tongue-tied, lest in starting vp to finde fault, wee proue our selues guiltie of those horrible accusations. The sinceritie of our liues, and quietnesse of conscience, is a wall of brasse to beat backe the bullets of your vituperious scandals in your owne face.

Like for like.

Tis

The worming of a madde Dogge. 15

Tis the resolu'd Aphorisme of a religious soule to answere, *ego sic viuam ut nemo tibi fidem adhibeat*: by our well-doings to put to silence the reports of foolish men, as the Poet speakes;

*Viuendum recte tum; propter plurima, tum de his
Præcipue causis ut linguas mancipiorum contemnas.*

*Liue well for many causes, chiefly this,
To scorne the tongue of slaues that speake amisse.*

Indeed I write not in hope of reclaiming thee from thy profligate absurdities, for I see what a pitch of disgrace and shame thy selfe-pining enuie hath carried thee to, for thy greater vexation and more perplexed ruine. You see your blacke grinning mouth hath beene muzled by a modest and powerfull hand, who hath iudiciously bewrayed, and wisely layed open your singular ignorance, couched vnder incredible impudence, who hath most grauely (to speake in your owne language) *unfoulded euery pleat, and shewed euery rinckle* of a prophane and brutish disposition, so that tis a doubt whether shee hath shewed more modesty or grauity, more learning or prudence in the religious confutation of your vndecent raylings. But as shee hath beene the first Champion of our sexe that would encounter with the barbarous bloudhound, and wisely dammed vp your mouth, and sealed vp your iawes lest your venommed teeth like madde dogges should damage the credit of many, nay all innocent damosels; so no doubt, if your scurrilous and deprauing tongue breake prison, and falls to licking vp your vomited

*Vnde altior esse
casus & impulsus
se præceptis in-
manerunt.*

D

ted

ted poyson, to the end you may squirt out the same with more pernicious hurt, assure your selfe there shall not be wanting store of Helebore to scoure the linke of your tumultuous gorge, at least we will cram you with Antidotes and Cata-potions, that if you swell not till you burst, yet your digested poyson shall not be contagious. I heare you foame at mouth and groule against the Author with another head like the triple dog of hell, wherefore I haue prouided this sop for *Cerberus*, indifferent well steept in vineger. I know not how your pallat will bee pleased with it to make you secure hereafter. Ile take the paines to worme the tongue of your madnesse, and dash your rankling teeth downe your throat: tis not houlding vp a wispe, nor threatning a cucking-stoole shall charme vs out of the compasse of your chaine, our pens shall throttle you, or like *Archilochus* with our tart Iambikes make you *Lopez* his godson: we will thrust thee like *Phalaris* into thine owne brazen bull, and baite thee at thy owne stake, and beate thee at thine owne weapon, *Quippe minuti semper & infirmi est animi exigui- que voluptas vltio: continuo sic collige quod vindi- cta nemo magis gaudet quam femina.* Tis your Poets owne assertion, that vltion being the delight of a weake and feeble minde belongs to vs. Thou that in thy selfe feelest the lash of folly, thou that confessest thy selfe to be in a fault, nay that thou hast offended beyond satisfaction, for tis hard to giue a recompence for a slander: thou that acknowledgedst thy selfe to be madde, in a rough fu-
rie,

*Quem dicit con-
fessum facti in us
habet a tonitru
et furdo verbe-
re cedit. Cecul-
sum quatiante
animo tortore
flagellum.*

rie, your wits gon a woolgathering that you had forgot your selfe (as I think) *Nero*-like in ripping vp the bowels of thine owne Mother: for I haue learnt so much Logicke to know *quicquid dicitur de specie, dicitur de unoquoque indiuiduo eiusdem spe- cie*: whatsoeuer is spoken or praedicated of the kinde is spoken of euery one in the same kinde: first therefore to bring you to an impious *utitur* or inconuenience. Is it not a comely thing to heare a Sonne speake thus of his mother: *My mother in her furie was worse than a Lion being bitten with hunger, than a beare being robbed of her yong ones, the viper being trod on. No spur would make my mother go, nor no bridle would hold her backe: tell her of her fault, she will not beleue she is in any fault: giue her good counsell, but she will not take it: if my Father did but look after another woman, then she would be iealous: the more he loued her, the more shee would disdain him: if he threatned her, shee would bee angry: when he flattered her, then she would be proud: if he forbore her, it made her bould: if hee chastened her, she would turne to a serpent: at a word, my mother would neuer forget an iniury, nor giue thanks for a good turne: what an asse then was my Father to exchange gould for drosse, pleasure for paine: tis a wonderfull thing to see the madde feates of my mother, for she would picke thy pocket, empty thy purse, laugh in thy face & cut thy throat, she is vngratefull, periurd, full of fraud, flouting, and deceit, vncoustant waspish, toyish, light, sullen, proud, discourteous and cruell: the breast of my mother was the harbourer of an enuious heart, her heart the storehouse of poisoned hatred,*
D 2

18 *The worming of a madde Dogge.*

hatred, her head deuised villany, and her hands were ready to put in practise what her heart desired, then who can but say but my mother a woman sprung from the Deuill? you from your mother, and so Suetnam is the Devils Grand-child. Doe you not blush to see what a halter you haue purchased for your owne necke? You thought in your ruffe of furie like *Augustus Cesar*, to make an edict that all the world should be taxed, when your selfe is tributary to the greatest infirmities: you blowed the fier of sedition with the bellows of your anger, and the coales are burning in your owne bosome, *Periculoso plenum opus alea, tractas & incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* Is there no reuerence to be giuen to your mother because you are weaned from her teat, and neuer more shall be fedde with her pappe? You are like the rogue in the Fable which was going to the gallowes for burglarye, that bit off his mothers nose, because she chastised him not in his infancy for his pettie-Larcenies: is this the requitall of all her cost, charge, care, and vnspeakeable paines she suffered in the producing of such a monster into the light? If she had cram'd granell downe thy throat when shee gave thee sucke, or exposed thee to the mercy of the wilde beasts in the wildernesse when she fed thee with the pap, thou couldst not haue shown thy selfe more vngratefull then thou hast in belching out thy nefarious contempt of thy mothers sexe. Wherefore mee thinkes it is a pleasing reuenge that thy soule arraines thee at the barre of conscience, and thy distracted mind cannot chuse but

Deq. 13.

Hor. Od. 1.

In gratum se discerere omnia diaero.

The worming of a madde Dogge. 19

but hant thee like a bumbaylie to serue a *sub p.ana* on thee, the stile and penning of your pamphlet hath brought you within the compasse of a *Præmunire*, and euery sentence beeing stolne out of other bookes, accuseth you of robbery. So that thou carriest in thy selfe a walking Newgate vp & downe with thee, thy owne perplexed suspicions like *Prometheus* vulture is alwaies gnawing on thy liuer. Besides, these books which are of late come out (the latter whereof hath preuented me in the designes I purposed in running ouer your wicked handi-worke) are like so many red-hot irons to stigmatize thy name with the brand of a hideous blasphemer and incarnate Deuill. Although thou art not apprehended and attached for thy villany I might say felonie, before a corporall iudge, yet thine owne conscience if it be not seared vp, tortures thee, and wracks thy tempestuous minde with a dissolution and whurring too and fro of thy scandalous name, which without blemish my penne can scarce deigne to write, you finde it true which the Poet speakes;

*Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori, prima est hæc ultio quod se
Iudice nemo nocens absoluitur, improba quamuis
Gratia fallacis prætoris vicerit ornem.*

Juuen. Sat. 13.

What sin is wrought by ill example, soone
The displeas'd Author wisheth it undone.
And tis reuenge when if the nocent wight,
Vmpires his cause himselfe: in his owne sight,
He findes no absolution, though the eyes
Of iudgements wink, his soule still guilty cries.

D 2

Tis

Tis often obserued, that the affections of auditors (and readers too) are more offended with the soule mouthed reproofe of the brawling accuser, than with the fault of the delinquent. If you had kept your selfe within your pretended limits, and not medled with the blamelesse and innocent, yet your preiudicate rayling would rather argue an vnreuerent and lasciuious inclination of a depraued nature, then any loue or zeale to vertue and honesty: you ought to haue considered that in the vituperation of the misdemeanors and disorders in others lines; this cautelous *Prouiso* should direct you that in seeking to reforme others, you deforme not your selfe; especially by mouing a suspicion that your minde is troubled and festered with the impostume of inbred malice, and corrupt hatred: for tis alwaies the badge and cognisance of a degenerate and illiberali disposition to bee ambitious of that base and ignoble applause, proceeding from the giddy-headed Plebeians, that is acquired by the miserable oppressing and pilling of vertue. But euery wrongfull contumely & reproach hath such a sharpe sting in it, that if it tasten once on the minde of a good and ingenuous nature, tis neuer drawn forth without anxiety & perpetuall recordation of dolour, which if you had known, your hornet-braines would not haue buzzd abroad with a resolution to sting some tho you lost your sting and died for it: you would not like the cuttle fish spewd out your inkie gall with hope to turne the purest waters to your owne sable hew; *ut non odio inimicitarum ad vituperandū*
sed

sed studio calumniandi ad inimicitias descēderes, that you would arme your selfe, not with the hate of enmity to dispraise vice, but with the study of calumny to make enmity with vertue: yet tis remarkable that ignorance & impudence were partners in your worke, for as you haue of all things vnder the sunne, selected the bayting, or as you make a silly solæcisme the bearebayting of Women, to be the tenterhookes whereon to stretch your shallow inuentions on the triuiall subiect of euery shackragge that can but set penne to paper: so in the handling of your base discourse, you lay open your imperfections, *arripiendo maledicta extrinuo*, by heaping together the scraps, fragments, and reuerfions of diuers english phrases, by scraping together the glaunders and offals of abusive termes, and the refuse of idle headed Authors, and making a mingle-mangle gallimauphrie of them. Lord! how you haue cudgeld your braines in gleaning multitudes of similies as twere in the field of many writers, and thrasht them together in the floure of your owne deuizer; and all to make a poore confused misceline, whereas thine owne barren soyled soyle is not able to yeeld the least cōgruity of speech. Tis worthy laughter what paines you haue taken in turning ouer *Parisimus*, what vse you make of the *Knight of the Sunne*, what collections out of *Euphues*, *Amadis a Gaule*, and the rest of *Don Quixotes* Library, sometimes exact tracing of *Æsopicall Fables*, and *Valerius Maximus*, with the like schooleboyes bookes, so that if these Pamphleters would seuerally plucke

a crow with you. *Furtivis nudata coloribus moucat cornicula risum*, let euery bird take his owne feather, and you would be as naked as *Aesops* iay. Indeed you haue shewen as much foolery as robberie in feathering your neast, which is a cage of vn-cleane birds, and a storehouse for the off-scourings of other writers. Your indiscretion is as great in the laying together, & compiling of your stolne ware, as your blockishnesse in stealing, for your sentences hang together like sand without lime: you bring a great heape of stony rubbish comparisons one vpon the necke of another, but they concurre no more to sense, then a company of stones to a building without mortar, and tis a familiar Italian Prouerb, *duro è duro non fa muro*, hard and hard makes no wall, so your hard dull pate hath collected nothing that can stand together with common sense, or be pleasing to any refined disposition, rough and vnshewen morsells digd out of others quarries, potsherds pickt out of sundry dunghills: your mouth indeed is full of stones, *lapides loqueris*, but not so wisely nor so warily cramd in as the geese that flie ouer the mountaines in Silicia, which carry stones in their beakes lest their cackling should make them a pray to the Eagles, where you might learne witte of a goose.

ἢ λέγει σόφως κρείττον ἢ σόφον ἔχει.

Either speake peace, or hold your peace. Is it not irksome to a wise and discreet iudgement, to heare a booke stuf with such like sense as this, *The world is not made of oatmeale*? I haue heard of some that haue thought the world to haue beene composed

composed of atomes, neuer any that thought it made of oatmeale: *Nor all is not gold that glisters, nor the way to heauen is strowd with rushes, for a dramme of pleasure an ounce of paine, for a pint of hony a gallon of gall, for an inch of mirth an ell of moane, &c.* None aboue the scumme of the world could endure with patience to reade such a medly composed of discords. Sometimes your dogrill rhymes make mee smile, as when you come,

Man must be at all the cost,

And yet liue by the losse:

A man must take all the paines,

And women spend all the gaines:

Their catching in iest,

And keeping in earnest.

And yet she thinks she keepes her selfe blamelesse,

And in all ill vices she would goe namelesse.

But if she carry it neuer so cleane,

Yet in the end she will be counted for a cunny-catching queane.

And yet she will sweare that she will thriue,

As long as she can finde one man aliue.

I stand not to descant on your plaine song; but surely if you can make ballads no better, you must be faine to giue ouer that profession: for your Muse is wonderfully defectiue in the band-leeres, and you may safely sweare with the Poet,

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,

Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnassa

Memini. —

Sometimes you make me burit out with laughter, when I see your contradictions of your selfe;

E

I

I will not speake of those which others haue espied, although I had a fling at them, lest I should *attumagere*. Mee thinkes, when you wrote your second Epistle, neither to the wisest Clerke, nor yet to the starkest foole, the giddinesse of your head bewrayes you to be both a sillie Clerke, and a starke foole: or else the young men you write to must be much troubled with the megrim and the dizzinesse of the braine: for you beginne as if you were wont to runne vp and downe the Countrey with Beares at your taile. If you meane to see the Beare-baiting of women, then trudge to this Beare-garden apace, and get in betimes, and view euery roome where thou maist best sit, &c.

Now you suppose to your selfe the giddy-headed young men are flockt together, and placed to their owne pleasure, profit, and hearts ease. Let but your second cogitations obserue the method you take in your supposed sport: In stead of bringing your Beares to the stake, you say, I thinke it were not amisse to driue all women out of my hearing, for doubt lest this little sparke kindle into such a flame, and raise so many stinging hornets humming about mine eares, that all the wit I haue (which is but little) will not quench the one, nor quiet the other. Doe yee not see your apparant contradiction? *Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?* You promise your spectators the Beare-baiting of women, and yet you thinke it not amisse to driue all women out of your hearing; so that none but your selfe the ill-fauoured Hunckes is left in the Beare-garden to make your
inuites

inuites guests merry: whereupon it may very likely be, the eager young men being not willing to be guld and cheated of their money they paid for their roome, set their dogges at you, amongst whom *Cerberus* that hell-hound appeared, and you bit off one of his heads; for presently after you call him the two-headed dogge, whom all the Poets would faine to haue three heads: You therefore hauing snapt off that same head, were by the secret operation of that infernal substance, conuerted into the same essence: and that may serue as one reason that I tearme you *Cerberus* the Iaylor of hell; for certainly *Quicquid dicitur de toto, dicitur de singulis partibus*: That which is spoke of the whole, is spoken of euery part; and euery limbe of the deuill is an homogeneall part. Doe yee not see (goodman woodcocke) what a springe you make for your owne selfe? Whereas you say tis a great discredit for a man to bee accounted a scold, and that you deale after the manner of a shrew, which cannot ease her curst heart but by her vnhappy tongue; obserue but what conclusion demonstratiuely followes these premises:

A man that is accounted a scold, hath great discredit:

Ioseph Swetnam is accounted a scold:

Ergo, Ioseph hath great discredit.

If you denie the *Minor*, tis proued out of your owne assertion, because you deale after the manner of a shrew, &c. where wee may note first a corrupt fountaine, whence the polluted puddles

E 2 of

of your accustomed actions are deriued, *A curst heart*; then the cursednesse of your booke (which if you might be your owne Iudge, deserues no more the name of a booke, then a Colliers Iade to be a Kings Steed) to bee the fruit of an vnhappy tongue: thirdly, your commoditie you reape by it, discredit. Nay if you were but a masculine scold, twere tolerable; but to be a prophane railing *Rabshakeh*, tis odious. Neither is this all your contrarietie you haue included: for presently after you profesie you wrote this booke with your hand, but not with your heart; whereas but iust now you confest your selfe to deale after the manner of a shrew, which cannot otherwise ease your curst heart, but by your vnhappy tongue: so your hand hath proued your vnhappy tongue a lier. This vnfauorie non-sense argueth you to be at that time posselt with the fault you say commonly is in men, to wit, drunkenesse, when you wrote these iarring and incongruous speeches, whose absurdities accrew to such a tedious and infinite summe, that if any would exactly trace them out, they should finde them like a Mathematicall line, *Diuisibilis in semper diuisibilia*. I would put downe the most absolute Arithmetician to make a catalogue of them: wherfore I could wish thee to make a petition, that you might haue your bookes called in and burnt; for were it not better that the fire should befriend thee in purifying the trash, and eating out the canker of thy defamation, then thy execrable designs and inexcusable impudence should blazon abroad thy drunken temeritie.

ritie and temulent foole-hardinesse to future ages, then thy booke should peremptorily witness thy open and Atheisticall blasphemy against thy Creator euen in the very threshold and entrance? but about all, where thou doest put a lie on God himselfe, with this supposition, *if God had not made them only to be a plague to man, he would neuer haue called them necessary euils*: Which I thus anticipate; But God neuer called them necessary euils, Therefore God made them not to be a plague to man. Or else turning the conclusion to the meane thus: But God did not make them to be a plague, but a helper and procurer of all felicitie; therefore God neuer called them necessary euils. Were it not (I say) farre better for you that your laborious idle worke should be abolished in the flames, then it should publikely set forth the apert violation of holy writ in sundry places? one in the beginning (as I remember) where you falsly auerre, that the blessed Patriarke *David* exclaimed bitterly against women, and like the tempting deuill you alledge halfe Scripture, whereas the whole makes against your selfe: for thus you affirme he saith; *It is better to be a doore-keeper, than to be in the house with a froward woman*. In the whole volume of the booke of God, much lesse in the Psalmes, is there any such bitter exclamation? But this is the dittie of the sweet singer of *Israel*, whereby he did intimate his loue vnto the house of God, and his detestation of the pauilions of the vnrighteous by this Antithesis: *It is better to be a doore-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the Tabernacles*.

cles of the vngodly. Now if you haue a priuate spirit that may interpret by enthusiasmes, you may confine the Tabernacles of the vngodly onely to froward women ; which how absurd and grosse it is, let the reader iudge. Doest thou not blush (gracelesse) to peruert (with *Elemas*) the strait wayes of God, by prophaning the Scriptures, and wreathing their proper and genuine interpretations to by-senses, for the bouldering and vpholding of your damnable opinion ? besides thy pitifully wronging of the Philosophers, as *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, &c. whom your illiterate and clownish Muse neuer was so happy to know whether they wrote any thing or no. Your ethnick histories, although they rather make against men than women, yet in your relation you most palpably mistake, and tell one thing for another, as of *Holophernes*, *Antiochus*, *Hannibal*, *Socrates*, and the rest which the poore deluded *Corydons* and sillie swaines account for oracles, and maintaine as axiomes. The quirkes and crotchets of your owne pragmaticall pate, you father on those ancient Philosophers that most extremely oppose your conceit of marriage : for *Plato* made this one of his lawes, that whosoever was not married at thirty five yeeres of age, should be punished with a fine. Further he implies a necessitie of marriage, euen in regard of the adoration of God himselfe :

χρῆμα γοῖσι γυναικας ἢ ἐπιτρέφοντας παιδας καθαῶς λαμπάδα τῶν βίον παροχθισθῆναι ἄλλοις ἢ ἄλλων δεραποντες εἰς ἑὸν χῆρῶν νόμον : Tis necessary that there should be a lawfull generation and education of children, that life as a lampe may continuē

continue to posteritie, that so there might alwaies be some to worship God. What more diuinely or religiously could be spoken by a Paynim ? How then durst you say that the Philosophers that liued in the old time had so hard an opinion of marriage, that they tooke no delight therein, seeing the chiefe of them were married themselues ? I could be infinite to produce examples and symboles to make you a lier in print : *ἔδει κερὶ ἀγάθης γυναικός* *Theognis.*
ἔσπερον ἐστὶ γυναικας, Nothing is more sweet than a good wife. *σημῆς γυναικὸς ἔστι τῆς βίον ἀλυπὸν διατελεῖς,* He that *Protagoras.*
hath a good wife, hath a merry life. Most famous is that retortion of *Pittachus*, one of the seuen wise men of *Greece*, when he demanded a fellow wherefore he would not take to him a wife, and the fellow answered, *ἴδω καλῶ γυναικας, ἴξω κοινῶ, ἴασι δ' ἀσχηρῶν, ἴξω ποινῶ.* If I take a faire wife, I shall haue her common ; if a foule, a torment. The wise man replied, *ἴασι καλῶ γυναικας, εἰ ἴξω ποινῶ, ἴδω δ' ἀσχηρῶν, εἰ ἴξω κοινῶ.* If thou getst a foule wife, thou shalt not haue her common ; if a faire, no torments. There is as much reason for the one as the other : but tis but wasting paper to reckon vp these obuious sayings. Let that same acclamation of *Horace* stand for a thousand others :

*Fœlices ter & ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Dirulsus querimonys,
Suprema citiùs soluet amor die.*

*Thrice and more times are they blest,
That in wedlockes bands doe rest,*

Whose

*Whose faithfull loues are knit so sure,
That blamelesse endlesse they endure.*

*Plato de leg.
Ar. 1. Occur.
cap. 7.*

Page 49.

But you that will traduce the holie Scriptures, what hope is there but you will deprave humane authors. You taxe *Plato* and *Aristotle* of a lascivious life that by the light of naturall reason were chiefest establishers of Matrimony, both in regard of *economicke*, and *politicke* affaires. doe these things deserue commendations of any, but rather the scorne and reproofe of all: what a silly thing it is, let Monsieur *Swetnam* iudge, when *Valerius Maximus* relates in his 4. booke, a history of one *Tiberius Gracchus*, that found two serpents in his bed-chamber and killed the male, which by the prediction of Southsayers designed himselfe to death, because he dearely loued his wife *Cornelia*, and you like an Assfe tel this tale of *Valerius Maximus*, as if because *Ioseph* tells a tale of one *Bias* that bought the best and worst meate which was tongues, in the market: hee that reade it should say that one lying Assfe *Swetnam* bought the best and worst tongues; but certainly if that *Bias* had met with your tongue in the Market, hee would haue taken it for the worst and most vnprofitable meat, because from nothing can come worse venome then from it: What should I speake of the figments of your dull pate, how absurdly you tell of one *Theodora* a Strumpet in *Socrates* time, that could intise away all the Philosophers Schollers from him: is not the vaine and inconstant nature of men more culpable by this ensample than of women, when they should be so luxuriously bent
that

that one silly light woman should draw a multitude of learned Schollers from the right way: yet neyther *Laertius*, nor any that writte the liues of Philosophers make mention of this *Theodora*, but I haue read of a glorious Martyr of this name, a Virgin of Antiochia, in the time of *Dioclesian* the Emperour, who being in prison, a certaine barbarous Souldier moued with lust in himselfe, and the lustre of her beauty, would haue rauished her by violence, whom she not onely deterred from this cursed act by her perswasive oratory, but by her powerfull intreaties by changing vestments wrought her deliuey by him. I would runne through all your silly discourse, and anatomize your basery, but as some haue partly beene boulded out already, and are promised to be prosecuted, so I leaue them as not worthy rehearfall or refutation. I would giue a *superseas* to my quill: but there is a most pregnant place in your booke which is worthy laughter that comes to my mind where you most graphically describe the difference and antipathie of man and woman, which being considered, you thinke it strange there should be any reciprocation of loue, for a man say you delights in armes, and hearing the ratling drum, but a woman loues to heare sweet musicke on the Lute, Cittern, or Bandora: I prethee who but the long-eard animall had rather heare the Cuckoe than the Nightingale? Whose eares are not more delighted with the melodious tunes of sweete musicke, then with the harsh sounding drum? Did not *Achilles* delight himselfe with his
F harpe

harpe as well as with the trumpeter? Nay, is there not more men that rather affect the laudable vse of the Citterne, and Bandore, and Lute for the recreation of their mindes, than the clamourous noyse of drums? Whether is it more agreeable to humane nature to march amongst murdered carkasses, which you say man reioyceth in, than to enioy the fruition of peace and plenty, euen to dance on silken Carpets, as you say, is our pleasure? What man soeuer maketh warres, is it not to this ende, that hee might enioy peace? Who marcheth among murdered carkasses, but to this end, that his enemies being subdued and slaine, he may securely enioy peace? Man loues to heare the threatning of his Princes enemies, but woman weepes when shee heares of warres. What man that is a true and loyall subiect loues to heare his Princes enemies threaten: is not this a sweet commendation thinke you? is it not more humane to bewaile the wars and losse of our countrymen, then to reioyce in the threats of an aduersary? but you goe forward in your paralelling a mans loue to lie on the cold grasse, but a woman must bee wrapped in warme mantles. I neuer heard of any that had rather lie in the cold grasse then in a feather-bed, if he might haue his choyce; yet you make it a proper attribute to all your sexe. Thus you see your cheefest elegancie to bee but miserable patches and botches: this Antithesis you haue found in some Author betwixt a warrior and a louer, and you stretch it to shew the difference betwixt a man and a woman; *sed nos habet a scabie*

a scabie teneamus unguis: I loue not to scratch a mangie rascal, there is neither credit nor pleasure in it. You threaten your second volly of powder and shot, wherein you will make vs snakes, venomous adders, and scorpions, & I know not what; are these termes befeeming the mouth of a Christian or a man, which is *ouo prognatus eodem*, did not your mother hatch the same Cockatrice egge to make you in the number of the generation of Vipers? and I take you to be of that brood which *Homer* calls *ταυγαλοσοι*, alwaies lolling out the tongue, and all the Historiographers terme *Scopes* that giue a most vnpleasing and harsh note, *quasi περιεκόστωσα*, cauilling and taunting, and as *Celius* wittily notes them to be so called, *quasi Sciopis*, *ει οκία εχουσι τον οπα* hauing their face obscur'd in darknesse, so this your booke being but the howling of a night-bird shall circumscribe thy name in the dungeon of perpetuall infamy. Thou that art extold amongst clownes and fooles, shalt be a hissing, and a by-word to the learned and iudicious: in so much as thine vn lucky shrieking shall affect thee with gastly terrors and amazements: neuer thinke to set forth more larums of your brutishnesse, but as *Labienus*, who was surnamed *Rabies* madnesse, because hee vsed such liberty of his detracting tongue, that he would without regard or discretion, rayle vpon all men in his exasperate mood; When all his bookes and writings were made a bonfire of (which in those dayes was a new-found way of punishing vntoward wits) *Eam contumeliam* (saith mine Author) *Labienus*

Second Epistle.

34 *The worming of a madde Dogge.*

bienus non tulit neque superstes ingenio suo esse voluit. Labienus tooke snuffe at this contumelious destruction of his despised labours, he was vnwilling to be the suruiuing executor of his owne wit, whereupon in a melancholy and desperate mood he caused himselfe to be coffin'd vp, and carried into the vault where his ancestors were entomb'd (thinking (it may be) that the fier which had burned his fame should be denied him) hee died and buried himselfe together. I doe not wish you the same death, though you haue the same conditions and surname as hee had, but liue still to barke at Vertue, yet these our writings shall be worfe then fiers to torture both thy booke and thee: Wherefore transcribing some verses that a Gentleman wrote to such an one as your selfe. in this manner I conclude.

*Thy death I wish not, but would haue thee liue,
To rayle at vertues acts, and so to giue
Good vertues lustre. Seeing enuy still
Waites on the best deserts to her owne ill.
But for your selfe learne this, let not your hand
Strike at the flint againe which can withstand
Your malice without harme, and to your face
Returne contempt, the brand of your disgrace;
Whilst women sit unmou'd, whose constant mindes
(Arm'd against obloquy) with those weate windes
Cannot be shaken: for who doth not marke
That Dogs for custome, not for fiercenesse barke.
These any foot-boy kicks, and therefore we
Passing them by, with scorne doe pittie thee.*

Fay

The worming of a madde Dogge. 35

*For being of their nature mute at noone,
Thou darst at midnight barke against the moone;
Where mayest thou euer barke that none shall hear,
But to returne the like: and maist thou beare
With greefe more slanders then thou canst inuent,
Or ere did practise yet, or canst preuent,
Maist thou be matcht with enuy, and defend
Scorne toward that which all besides commend.
And may that scorne so worke vpon thy sense,
That neyther suffering nor impudence
May teach thee cure: or being ouerworn
With hope of cure may merit greater scorne.
If not too late, let all thy labours be
Contemn'd by vpright iudgements, and thy fee
So hardly earn'd, not pay'd: may thy rude quill
Be alwaies mercenary, and write still,
That which no man will read, vnlesse to see
Thine ignorance, and then to laugh at thee;
And mayst thou liue to feele this, and then groane,
Because tis so, yet cannot helpe, and none
May rescue thee, till your check't conscience cry,
This this I haue deseru'd, then pine and die.
Et cum fateri furia iusserit verum,
Prodente clames conscientia; scripsi.*

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION