THE WORKS OF GABRIEL HARVEY.
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED
AND EDITED, WITH MEMORIALINTRODUCTION, NOTES AND
ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC. VOLUME III

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The works of Gabriel Harvey. For the first time collected and edited, with memorial-introduction, notes and illustrations, etc. Volume III by Gabriel Harvey & Alexander B. Grosart

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GABRIEL HARVEY & ALEXANDER B. GROSART

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THE WORKS

OF

GABRIEL HARVEY, D.C.L.

VOL. III.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION—CRITICAL.
THE TRIMMING OF THOMAS NASHE (1597).
STORY OF MERCY HARVEY.
GLOSSARIAL-INDEX WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.





What is this Life? the play of passion;—
Our mirth,—the Musick of Division;—
Our Mothers wombes the tyreing houses be,
Where we are drest for Lives short comedle;
The Earth ye Stage,—Heanen the Spectator is,—
Who sitts and veiwes whosoere doth act amiss;
Our graves, which hyde vs from ye scorching sunn,
Are like drawne cuttaines when ye play is done;
Thus acting play wee to our latest rest;
But then we die in earnest, not in jest.

RAIRTOR (Pickering MS, 50, 113, collated with the
Ashmolour MSS, 36, 35; 38, 154); HANNAH'S
Wotton, Raleigh, and others (1857), pp. 81-2.

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There is no remedy for time misspent
No bealing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishmen
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess,
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed I ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be wiled away in almiless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than be seems:
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven,
SIR AURREY DE VERE: Song of Fuith (1842), p. 143.



MEMORIAL INTRODUCTION— CRITICAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

I'r would be to fall in with that "busy idleness" pungently censured by HARVEY himself, elaborately to estimate his Life or Writings. Neither the Life nor the Writing goes beyond (as already put) the "Curiosities of Literature." Emphatically the 'Life' must be pronounced a meagre and inadequate one placed over-against its possibilities and opportunities and useless prolongation; whilst the more one reads his books the more provocative are they, if not of contempt, of righteous indignation. His bearing to the last toward the 'dead' Greene, the 'dead' Marlowe, the 'dead' Perne, the living Nashe and Countess of Pembroke, raises one's gorge even at this late day. I propose in this second half of my Memorial-Introduction simply to accentuate critically these several things, and to add certain miscellaneous observations and illustrations of some other points, under them.

1. The 'dead Greene.' Our references (s,n.) will guide the critical Reader to the main passages in these unhappy books about ROBERT GREENE; but throughout, and in most sudden and unexpected places—like the outdarting of a cobra, without its warning

hiss-there are others. Perhaps the worst of all his truculencies and evil-speaking occur in his final book, the "Trimming of Thomas Nashe"; which for malice and carefully wrought-on insult and slander stands alone in our literature. The aggravation and condemnation of the whole treatment lie in thisthat by the assailant's own admission the solitary cause of offence was Greenc's jestful allusion to Harvey's father having been a "Rope-maker." We search in vain for one jot or tittle beyond this; and it is due to the honour of our literature that occasion so slight and slender for opprobrium and ribaldry so outrageous, should be branded. The way in which he professes "not to bite the dead" or to "war with ghostes," while at the same time he renews that warfare, is simply infamous. His going to the 'landlady' of the deceased author and worming out of her every possible scrap of unclean and rancid gossip that he could, makes us think of a ghoul rather than of a man, much less a (professed) scholar. How infamous can only be realized as we read and re-read the hard sanctimoniousness of such a passage as the following on Greene's last letter, which ended, " if hee, and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets." Thus-

"Oh what notable matter were here for a greene head, or Lucianicall conceit: that would take pleasure in the paine of such sorry distressed creatures? whose afflicted case, to euery charitable, or compassionate mind, cannot but seeme most commiserable, if not for their owne cause, yet for Gods sake: who deserveth infinitely of them, whome hee acquitteth, not according to judgement, but according to mercy. I rather hope of the deade, as I wish to the livinge, that Grace might finally abounde, where wickednesse