

# **A Collection of Old English Plays, Volume 2 eBook**

## **A Collection of Old English Plays, Volume 2**

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## PREFACE.

The plays in this volume are printed for the first time. All are anonymous; but it is absolutely certain that *Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt* is a masterpiece by Fletcher and Massinger; that *Captain Underwit* is a comedy of Shirley's; and that the *Lady Mother* (a piece of no particular merit) is by Glapthorne. I am not at all sure that I am right in ascribing *Dick of Devonshire* to Heywood. But, whoever may have been the author, I am confident that this well-written play will be welcomed by all. In *Appendix I* I give an account of the folio volume (Eg. Ms. 1,994) from which the two last pieces are taken.

To Mr. *Robert boyle*, of St. Petersburg, I offer my sincere thanks for the very interesting note (*Appendix II*) which he sent me after reading the proof-sheets of *Barnavelt*. Elsewhere I have expressed my gratitude to Mr. F.G. *Fleay* for his valuable help.

The preparation of this volume has been a work of great labour, for everything has been transcribed by my own hand; but the tedious delay in publication has been due in great part to circumstances beyond my control.

January 27, 1883.

## INTRODUCTION TO DICK OF DEVONSHIRE.

The play of *Dick of Devonshire*, now first printed (from Eg. Ms., 1994[1]), is distinctly a well-written piece, the work of a practised hand. There is nothing amateurish in the workmanship; the reader is not doomed to soar into extravagances at one moment, and sink into flatnesses at another. Ample opportunities were offered for displays of boisterous riot, but the playwright's even-balanced mind was not to be disturbed. Everywhere there are traces of studious care; and we may be sure that a style at once so equable and strong was not attained without a long apprenticeship. Nor will the reader fail to note the lesson of charitableness and Christian forbearance constantly, yet unobtrusively, inculcated.

The hero of the play, Richard Pike, published, under the title of *Three to One*, a pamphlet (reprinted in vol. i. of Mr. Arber's valuable *English Garner*) describing his exploits. There is no date to the pamphlet; but it was no doubt issued very shortly after Pike's return, which took place on April 20, 1626. At the outset the writer apologises for the rudeness of his style, "I know not," he says, "what the court of a king means, nor what the fine phrases of silken courtiers are. A good ship I know, and a poor cabin; and the language of a cannon: and therefore as my breeding has been rough, scorning delicacy; and my present being consisteth altogether upon the soldier (blunt, plain and unpolished), so must my writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the pike than the pen." In those days a soldier was never at a loss to express himself, and honest Dick Pike

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was no exception to the rule. He goes straight to the point, and relates his adventures very vividly in the homeliest language. Returning from an expedition against Algiers “somewhat more acquainted with the world, but little amended in estate,” he could not long rest inactive; and soon, “the drum beating up for a new expedition,” set out to try his fortunes again. The design was against Cadiz; the fleet, under the command of the Earl of Essex, numbered some 110 sail. There is no need to continue the story, for I have nothing to add to the facts set forth in the pamphlet and the play. If *Britannia’s Pastorals* had been written a few years later, we may be sure that William Browne would have paid a fitting compliment to his fellow-townsmen’s bravery. But Pike’s famous deeds were not forgotten by his countymen; for in a broadside of the late seventeenth century, bearing the title of *A Panegyric Poem; or, Tavestock’s Encomium*, [2] he is thus enthusiastically praised:—

“Search whether can be found again the like  
For noble prowess for our Tav’stock Pike,  
In whose renowned never-dying name  
Live England’s honour and the Spaniard’s shame.”

There is a curious notice of our hero in a private letter, dated May 19, 1626, of Dr. Meddus to the Rev. Joseph Mead:[3]—“Yesterday being Holy Thursday, one Pyke, a common soldier, left behind the fleet at Cadiz, delivered a challenge to the Duke of Buckingham from the Marquis of —, brother-in-law to the Conde d’Olivares, in defence of the honour of his sister; affirming, moreover, that he had wronged Olivares, the King of Spain, and the King of England, and therefore he would fight with him in any part of France. This Pike, a Devonshire man, being presented prisoner to the Duke of Medina, he would needs have him fight at rapier or dagger with a Spaniard, supposing he would not stand him two thrusts: but Pyke, by a dexterous sleight, presently disarmed the Spaniard of his rapier without hurting him, and presented it to the Duke,” &c.

As to the authorship of the play, though I should be loth to speak with positiveness, I feel bound to put forward a claim for Thomas Heywood. Through all Heywood’s writings there runs a vein of generous kindliness: everywhere we see a gentle, benign countenance, radiant with love and sympathy. On laying down one of his plays, the reader is inclined to apply to him Tacitus’ judgment of Agricola, “bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.” Now, when we open *Dick of Devonshire*, the naturalness and simplicity of the first scene at once suggest Heywood’s hand. In the second scene, the spirited eulogy on Drake—

“That glory of his country and Spayne’s terror,  
That wonder of the land and the seas minyon,  
*Drake*, of eternall memory—”

## Page 3

and the fine lines descriptive of the Armada are just such as we might expect from the author of the closing scenes of the second part of *If you know not me, you know nobody*. Heywood was fond of stirring adventures: he is quite at home on the sea, and delights in nothing more than in describing a sea-fight; witness his *Fortunes by Land and Sea*, and the two parts of the *Fair Maid of the West*. But the underplot bears even clearer traces of Heywood's manner. Manuel is one of those characters he loved to draw—a perfect Christian gentleman, incapable of baseness in word or deed. Few situations could be found more touching than the scene (iii. 3), where Manuel defends with passionate earnestness the honour of his absent brother, Henrico, and tries to comfort his heart-broken father. Heywood dealt in extremes: his characters are, as a rule, either faultless gentlemen or abandoned scoundrels. Hence we need not be surprised that Henrico exceeds other villains in ruffianism as much as his brother, the gentle Manuel, surpasses ordinary heroes in virtue. The characters of Henrico's contracted bride, Eleonora, and Catalina, the good wife of a vicious husband, are drawn tenderly and skilfully. Heywood's eyes were oftener dim with tears than radiant with laughter; yet, with all his sympathy for the afflicted and the fallen, he never took a distorted view of society, but preserved untainted to the end a perennial spring of cheerfulness.

I now leave the reader to the enjoyment of this old play, which, whether it be Heywood's or not, certainly deserves the attention of all faithful students of our inexhaustible dramatic literature.

NOTE.—I gratefully acknowledge the assistance that I have received from F.G. Fleay, Esq., in preparing this volume for the press. To ensure as much accuracy as possible, Mr. Fleay has read the proof-sheets throughout.[4] By the same gentleman's kindness I am able to correct the following misprints in the first volume:—

p. 37, l. 23, for “Yet can give,” read, “Yet can I give.”

p. 71, l. 18, del. comma after “live.”

p. 103, l. 9, del. “we.”

p. 119, 7 from bottom, for “she doth preferd doth see,” read “she thus preferd,” &c.

p. 142, 9 from bottom, for “vouchsafed,” read “vouchsafe.”

p. 154, l. 19, for “There they are,” read “I, here they are.”

p. 190, l. 24, for “woman” read “women.”

p. 194, l. 12, for “unwist,” read “unjust.”

p. 228, last line, for “Equire,” read “Squire.”

p. 258, l. 29, for “1639,” read “1612.”

p. 274, l. 16, for “whore,” read “whore’s;” and in the next line, for “sunnes,” read “sinnes.”

p. 276, l. 4, after “Do not my Dons know,” add “me.”

p. 281, 4 from bottom, for “wo,” read “two.”

p. 311, l. 12, for “sol-Re-fa-mi,” read “sol-Re-me-fa-mi.” In l. 19, for “Ra.” read “Re.”

p. 317, l. 21, for “goon,” read “good.”



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p. 331, l. i, for “Med,,” read “King.”

### THE PLAY OF DICKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

*A Tragi-Comedy.*

Hector adest secumque Deos in praelia ducit.

Drammatis Personae.

*The Duke of Macada,* |  
*The Duke of Girona,* |  
*The Duke of Medina,* | Four Grandies.  
*The Marquesse d’Alquevezzes,* |  
*Don Pedro Gusman,* An ancient Lord.  
*Manuell,* | His Sons.  
*Henrico,* |  
*Don Fernando,* Governor of Cadiz Towne.  
*Teniente,* A Justicier.  
*Bustamente,* Captaine of Cadiz Castle.  
*Dicke Pike,* The Devonshire Soldier.  
*Don John,* A Colonel.  
*Buzzano,* Servant to Pedro Guzman.  
*Eleonora,* Daughter to Fernando.  
*Catelina,* Wife to Don John.  
*A Gentlewoman.*  
*An English Captaine.*  
*Mr. Jewell.*  
*Mr. Hill.*  
*Secretary.*  
*Mr. Woodrow.*  
*A Jaylor.*  
*Two Fryers.*  
*A Guard.*  
*English Soldiers.*  
*Spanish Soldiers.*

The Play of Dick of Devonshire.

*Actus Primus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Don Pedro Gusman, Henrico and Manuell, his sons;  
Don Fernando and Eleanora, his daughter, and Teniente.*

*Pedr.* Gentlemen, y'have much honourd me to take  
Such entertainment, but y'are welcome all.  
'Twas my desire to have your company  
At parting: heaven knowes when we shall meete againe.

*Ten.* You are for *France* then too?

*Man.* I wayte on my father.

*Pedr. Henrico.*

*Ferd. Eleonora.*

*Ten.* But how chance, *Manuell*, your younger brother Is at the Goale before you? What,  
no Lady To please your eye?

*Man.* I am not  
Yet weary of my freedome. May *Henrico*  
Meete Joy in his Election: yet I know not  
One I would sooner chuse to call a sister  
Than *Eleonora*.

*Pedr.* At my returne from *France* all things shall bee  
Consummate; in meane time let your owne hearts,  
Knitt with the strongest tye of love, be merry  
In mutuall embraces, and let your prayers  
Fill our departing sayles. Our stay will not  
Bee long, and the necessity of my affaires  
Unwillingly doth take me from you.

*Hen.* Though I could wish your stay, my duty bidds me  
Expect the enjoying of my happines  
Till your returne from *France*.—Your blessing.

*Eleo.* How ever heaven dispose of *Eleonora*, Pray write me in your thoughts your  
humblest daughter, That shall make it a part of her devotions To pray for you.

*Fer.* Well, sir, since your designe Pulls you away, may your good Angell guard you.

*Ten.* The like wish I, *Don Pedro*.

*Fer. Manuell*, I hope You will not long breath out of *Spanish* ayre. Farewell!



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*Pedr.* My thanks to all.—Stay!

*[Peeces dischargd.*

*Fer.* The Captaine of the Castle come to interpret That language to us? What newes?

*Enter Bustamente.*

*Bust.* Such as will make all *Spaine* dance in Canary. The *Brasile* fleete—

*Pedr.* Arriv'd?

*Bust.* Is putting into harbour, and aloud Calls for a Midwife: she is great with gold And longs to be delivered.

*Pedr.* No he *Spanyard* Is not a true reioycer at the newes: Be't a good omen to our Journey.

*Ten.* So we wish all.

*Pedr.* May we at our returne meet no worse newes Then now at parting. My noble *Don Fernando* And *Teniente*, once more farewell, (my daughter, I hope)

*Eleonora, Henrico,*—Nay, your good newes deserves a farewell.

*Bust.* A soldier's farewell, a fast hand and heart;  
Good fate to both.

*[Ex. Pedr. and Man.*

*Hen.* Come, *Elinor*, let them discourse their Joyes For the safe fleete: in thee all my delights Embarke themselves.

*Bust.* Tush, lett 'em come; our shippes have brought with them The newes of warre.

*Per.* What is that, Gentlemen?

*Ten.* I am speaking of a fleete of Enemyes.

*Per.* From whence?

*Ten.* From *England*.

*Fer.* A castle in the ayre.

*Ten.* Doe you not believe it?



*Fer.* I heard such a report, But had no faith in't: a mere Potgun![5]

*Bust.* Nay, sir,  
'Tis certaine there hath bene great preparation,  
If our Intelligence be true to us;  
And a mighty Navy threatens the sea.

*Fer.* What's that to us?  
How long hath it bene a voyce they were at sea!  
I have ventured to discharge the soldiers  
Which to keepe here in pay upon the rumour  
Of a great fleete a comming, would both pester  
The Towne and be unnecessary charge  
To the King our Master.

*Ten.* But how if they intend us?

*Fer.* 'Tis not probable:  
The time of yeare is past, sir, now; more then  
The middle of October. Had they meant us  
We should have heard their message in loud Cannon  
Before this time.

*Bust.* I am of that opinion.

*Ten.* But *Don Fernando* and *Bustamente*, call to mind  
The time hath bene, when we supposed too  
The season past, they have saluted us  
With more then friendly Bullets; tore the ribbs  
Of our Towne up, made every house too hott  
For the Inhabitants; had a spoyle of all,  
Spight of our hearts.

*Fer.* One Swallow makes not Summer: because once Our City was their prize, is't of  
necessity It must be so againe?

## Page 6

*Bust.* Or were the Navy  
Greater, as fame gives out it is the fayrest  
That ever danced upon these Seas, why yet  
Should we suspect for this Citty?

*Fer.* Because we dreame soe.

*Ten.* If you did dreame it may be as neare truth: I wish the contrary, but know them  
daring Enemyes.

*Fer.* The world, we doe acknowledge, cannot boast More resolution then the *English*  
hearts Seasond for action.

*Ten.* *Francisco Bustamente*, how is the Castle? what strength?

*Bust.* A fort impregnable, wanting neyther soldiers nor munition.

*Ten.* Well, looke to't.

*Fer.* How ere  
That wilbe necessary; the fort lyes in  
The mouth of danger, and it will become  
You to discharge that duty, *Bustamente*.

*Bust.* With my best care.

*Ten.* I wish all well, and that you had not yet Discharg'd your Companyes, *Don*  
*Fernando*.

*Fer.* Come, come; putt of your Jelousy,  
Drinke downe the remembrance. We forget  
Our fleetes arrivall; send your feares away;  
Nothing but wine and mirth should crowne this day.

[*Exeunt*.

## SCENE 2.

*Enter two Devonshire Merchants, as being in Sherryes*[6]

1. Heare you the newes?

2. Yes, that an English fleete Is making up to Cales.[7]



1. Our *Sherryes* merchants, Though few of us be heere, shall soundly pay To the furnishing of this Navy.

2. Nay, I assure you Our shipps wilbe fast bound by *Spanish* charmes Not to get hence in hast.

1. The Divell already  
Is furling up the sayles; would all the sackes  
Which we have bought for *England* were in *Devonshire*  
Turnd to small Beere, so we were but in *Tavistocke*  
To see it drawne out; were it nere so thin  
I'de drink a health to all the Dons in *Sherryes*  
And cry a pox upon 'em.

2. That word heard  
By any lowsy *Spanish* Picardo[8]  
Were worth our two neckes. Ile not curse my Diegoes  
But wish with all my heart that a faire wind  
May with great Bellyes blesse our *English* sayles  
Both out and in; and that the whole fleete may  
Be at home delivered of no worse a conquest  
Then the last noble voyage made to this Citty,  
Though all the wines and merchandize I have here  
Were ith' Seas bottome.

1. Troth, so would I mine.

2. I nere could tell yet from what roote this huge Large spreading Tree of hate from *Spayne* to us, From us agayne to *Spayne*, took the first growth.

1. No? then lie tell you: let us season our sorrow With this discourse.



## Page 7

2. With all my heart I long for't.

1. You shall not loose your longing: then, sir, know  
The hate a *Spanyard* beares an *Englishman*  
Nor naturall is, nor ancient; but as sparkes,  
Flying from a flint by beating, beget flames,  
Matter being neere to feed and nurse the fire,  
So from a tinder at the first kindled[9]  
Grew this heartburning twixt these two great Nations.

2. As how, pray?

1. Heare me: any *Englishman*  
That can but read our Chronicles can tell  
That many of our Kings and noblest Princes  
Have fetcht their best and royallest wives from *Spayne*,  
The very last of all binding both kingdomes  
Within one golden ring of love and peace  
By the marriage of Queene *Mary* with that little man  
(But mighty monarch) *Phillip*, son and heire  
To *Charles* the Emperour.

2. You say right.

1. Religion  
Having but one face then both here and there,  
Both Nations seemd as one: Concord, Commerce  
And sweete Community were Chaynes of Pearle  
About the neckes of eyther. But when *England*  
Threw of the Yoake of *Rome*, *Spayne* flew from her;  
*Spayne* was no more a sister nor a neighbour,  
But a sworne Enemy. All this did but bring  
Dry stickes to kindle fire: now see it burne.

2. And warme my knowledge and experience by't.

1. Spaines anger never blew hott coales indeed Till in Queene *Elizabeths* Raigne when  
(may I call him so) That glory of his Country and *Spaynes* terror, That wonder of the  
land and the Seas minyon, *Drake*, of eternall memory, harrowed th'*Indyes*.

2. The King of *Spaynes* west *Indyes*?

1. Yes, when his Hands  
*Nombre de Dios*, *Cartagena*, *Hispaniola*,



With *Cuba* and the rest of those faire Sisters,  
The mermaydes of those Seas, whose golden strings  
Give him his sweetest musicke, when they by *Drake*  
And his brave Ginges<sup>[10]</sup> were ravishd; when these red apples  
Were gather'd and brought hither to be payrd—  
Then the *Castilian* Lyon began to roare.

2. Had he not cause, being vexd soe?

1. When our shippes  
Carrying such firedrakes in them that the huge  
*Spanish* Galleasses, Galleons, Hulkes and Carrackes<sup>[11]</sup>  
Being great with gold, in labour with some fright,  
Were all delivered of fine redcheekt Children  
At *Plymouth*, *Portsmouth* and other *English* havens  
And onely by men midwives: had not *Spayne* reason  
To cry out, oh Diables *Inglese*!

2. It had not spoke such *Spanish* else.



## Page 8

1. When we did sett our feete even on their Mynes  
And brought their golden fagotts thence, their Ingotts  
And silver wedges; when each ship of ours  
Was able to spread sayles of silke; the tacklings  
Of twisted gold; when every marryner  
At his arrivall here had his deepe pockets  
Crammd full of Pistoletts; when the poorest ship-boy  
Might on the *Thames* make duckes and drakes with pieces  
Of eight fetchd out of *Spayne*: These were the Bellows  
Which blew the *Spanish* bonfires of revenge;  
These were the times in which they calld our Nation  
Borachos,[12] Lutherans and Furias del Inferno.

2. Would we might now give them the selfe same cause To call us soe.

1. The very name of *Drake*  
Was a Bugbear to fright Children; Nurses still'd  
Their little *Spanish* Nynnyes when they cryde  
"Hush! the *Drake* comes."

2. All this must needs beget Their mortall hate to us.

1. It did; yet then We lovd them beyond measure.

2. Why?

1. Why, did not *Spaine* fetch gold from the *West Indies* for us To spend here merrily?  
She planted vines, We eate the Grapes; she playd the *Spanish* Pavine[13] Under our  
windowes, we in our bedds lay laughing To heare such Mynstrely.

2. How then turnd the windes? Why did this beauteous face of love in us Put on so  
blacke a Visour of hate to them?

1. Oh, sir, doe but looke backe to Eighty Eight,  
That *Spanish* glasse shall tell you, shew each wrinkle.  
*England* that yeare was but a bit pickd out  
To be layd on their Kinges Trencher. Who were their Cookes?  
Marry, sir, his Grandees and great Dons of *Spaine*,  
A Navy was provided, a royall fleete,  
Infinite for the bravery of Admiralls,  
Viceadmirall [sic], Generalls, Colonells and Commanders,  
Soldiers, and all the warlike furniture  
Cost or experience or mans witt could muster  
For such a mayne designe.



2. Stay; Eighty Eight,— Thirty eight yeares agoe: much about then Came I into the world.—Well, sir, this fleete?

1. Which made the Sea fish wonder what new kingdome  
Was building over theirs, beate downe the Billowes  
Before them to gett thither. 'Twas such a Monster  
In body, such a wonder in the eyes,  
And such a[14] thunder in the eares of Christendome  
That the Popes Holynes would needes be Godfather  
To this most mighty big limbd Child, and call it  
Th'Invincible Armado.

2. Thats to say  
A Fleete of Shipps not to be overcome  
By any power of man.

1. These were the Whales,  
These were the huge Levyathans of the Sea  
Which roaring came with wide and dreadfull Jawes  
To swallow up our Kingdom, Shipps & Nation.  
The fame of this Armado flew with Terrour  
Riding on Envyes wing; the preparation  
Was wayted on with wonder, and the approach  
Shewd the grim face of horroure: yet gainst all these  
Our Country and our Courages were armd.



## Page 9

2. *St. George for England!*

1. And *St. George* we cryde,  
Albeit, we heard, the *Spanish* Inquisition  
Was aboard every ship with torture, torments,  
Whipps strung with wyre, and knives to cutt our throates.  
But from the armed winds an hoast brake forth  
Which tare their shippes and sav'd ours.—Thus I have read  
Two storyes to you; one, why *Spayne* hates us,  
T'other why we love not them.

2. Oh, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE 3.

*Ent. Teniente, Don John, Henrico.*

*Ten.* I ever feard some ill fate pointed at This City.

*Jo.* Makes the fleete this way?

*Hen.* *Buzzano!*

*Ten.* I did dreame every night of't, and the Ravens With their unlucky throates never  
leave croaking Some danger to us all.

*Hen.* Where's *Buzzano*? Villaine!

*Jo.* Be not discomforted.

*Ten.* Don *Fernando*, too,  
Hath cut our strength off, taken away our swords  
Should save our throates. I did preiudicate  
Too rashly of the *English*; now we may  
Yield up the Towne.—Sirra, get you up to th'highest *Enter Buzzano.*  
Turret, that looks three leagues into the Sea,  
And tell us what you can discover there.

*Buz.* Why, I can tell you ere I goe.

*Hen.* What?



*Buz.* Why there are fishes and shippes too in the sea; they were made for that purpose.

*Ten.* The fellow doates? climb quickly, sirra, and tell us Whither any bend to this place: there's a fleete Abroad; skud, rascal.

*Hen.* Villayne, away; and cast your eyes into the Sea.

*Buz.* Ile be hangd first; some wiser then some: mine Eyes into the Sea? I see no reason for't.

*Ten.* Why stayest thou?—this slave is without sence. Get up and see, and report the truth.

*Buz.* Thats another matter: I will orelooke you all presently.

[Exit.

*Jo.* What were I best to doe? I doe not like these Navyes.

*Hen.* 'Tis past question, If they were kenn'd this way, that they intend To make another meale of this Citty.

*Ten.* The first was but a Breakfast: they have shrewd stomakes.  
Oh for a lusty storme to bury all  
Their hopes in the waves now! one good swelling Gust  
Would breake their ribbs in pieces.

*Jo.* No witches abroad?

*Buz.* I see, I see, I see!

*Enter Buzzano above.*

*All.* What?



## Page 10

*Buz.* Nay, I cannot tell what yet: Something it is; I thinke it be a Towne.

*Hen.* Some Iland in the Sea!

*Buz.* It swims on the water.

*Jo.* 'Tis the fleete: come they this way?

*Buz.* Yes, th'are ships; I know 'em by their foule linen; now I see them plainely; they come, they come, they come!

*Hen.* How far off?

*Ten.* Speake, sirra.

*Buz.* If you would peace I might heare what they say; the wind serves to bring every word they speake: they make towards, yes, towards this City. A great fleete! stay, stay, look to your selves, Don: they spitt fire allready, and have hung up a thousand flaggs of defiance. They are at the fort, the castle, at the castle: would I were pelted to death with Oranges and Lymons.

*Ten.* Here comes *Don Fernando*. What newes?

*Enter Fernando with Eleonora.*

*Fer.* Assured danger, gentlemen, for all our men  
Already are in a palsye and doe flye  
They know not whither. They are *English*:  
The City's almost desperate.

*Ten.* *Don John*, come with me And helpe to encourage the remayning soldiers.

*Fer.* New supply shall quickly cheare you hearts.— *Henrico*!

*Hen.* Sir?

*Fer.* In this confusion, when a thousand feares  
Present themselves & danger with full face  
Lookes on the generall Towne, let me locke up  
This Treasure in your armes; &, for you have  
At least an equall interest with mee  
In *Eleonora*, in your fathers house  
She may hope more security, being of strength;  
For this storme cannot last. But in your love  
She hath a stronger guard.



*Hen.* This act of confidence  
Binds me for ever to *Fernando*: come,  
Halfe of my soule, for we two must not bee  
In life devided. Though the Citty lye  
At mercy of the Enemy, yet from  
*Don Pedro Gusman's* house not all mankind  
Shall take thee from me.

*Enter Buzzano and Spanyards flying.*

*Buz.* They come, they come, they come!

*Fer.* Committing this my Jewell to your trust I must unto my charge: my blessing!

*Ele.* Oh doe not leave me, sir; for without you What safety can I have? you are my  
father: Pray, stay you with me.

*Fer.* Oh, my Girle, I cannot, Dare not be so unfaithfull to the trust His maiesty put me in,  
though I would stay.

*Ele.* I feare if you goe hence all will not long be well.

*Hen.* Distrust you me, Eleonora?

*Ele.* No, indeed:  
You ever had with me th'opinion  
Of a most noble gentleman.

*Fer.* What then?

*Ele.* I know not what besides my feare; and that Beggs I may share your fortune, since  
you may not Take up such safety here as I have.



## Page 11

*Fer.* Come,  
You are to blame: this heaven that now lookes on us  
With rugged brow may quickly smile againe  
And then I shall revisite my *Eleonora*.  
So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Hen.* Till then with greater care then were the Dragons  
Supposd to watch the Golden Apples growing  
In the *Hesperides*, shall *Henrico* wayte  
On his best loved. Oh, my *Eleonora*,  
I would to heaven there were no war but here  
To shoote love darts! each smile from this fayre Eye  
May take an Army prisoners: let me give  
My life up here unto these lipps, and yet  
I shall, by the sweetnes of a kisse, take back  
The same againe. Oh thou in whom alone  
Vertue hath perfect figure, hide not day  
In such a Cloud: what feare hath enterd here?  
My life is twisted in a Thread with thine;  
Were't not defenced, there could nothing come  
To make this cheeke looke pale, which at your Eye  
Will not fall dead before you.—

*Enter Buzzano.*

Sirra, let all your care and duty bee  
Employed to cheere this Lady: pray, be merry.

*Buz.* Oh, sir, yonders such doings.

*Hen.* Hell on your bawling! not a sillable to affright her, or I shall tune your instrument there.

*Buz.* Hele breake the head of my instrument! Why, sir, weomen are not affraid to heare of doings.

*Hen.* Still jarring?

*Buz.* When the whole towne is altogether by th'eares you might give me leave to jar a little my selfe:—I have done, sir.

*Hen.* Putt on thy merryest face, *Buzzano*.

*Buz.* I have but one face, but I can make a great many.



*Hen.* My best *Eleonora*, I shall soone returne:  
In the meane time be owner of this house,  
The possesour. All danger, sweet, shall dwell  
Far off: Ile but enquire the state of things  
In the Citty, and fly back to thee with loves wings.

[*Exit.*

*Ele.* I prithee call him backe.

*Buz.* Signior *Henrico*,  
She has something more to say to you. [*Redit.*

*Hen.* To me, sweetest?

*Ele.* *Henrico*, doe you love me?

*Hen.* By this faire hand.

*Ele.* And will you leave me, too?

*Hen.* Not for the wealth of *Spaine*.

*Ele.* Since I must be your prisoner let me have  
My keepers company, for I am afraid  
Some enemy in your absence, like a wolfe  
May ceize on me. I know not whither now  
I ere shall see my father: doe not you  
Ravish yourselfe from me, for at the worst  
We may dye here, *Henrico*; and I had rather  
Fall in your eye than in your absence be  
Dishonord; if the destinyes have not  
Spun out a longer thread, lets dye together.



## Page 12

*Hen.* Oh doe not racke my soule with these sad accents.  
Am I *Henrico*? there is not any place  
Can promise such security as this  
To *Eleonora*. Doe not talke of dying,  
Our best dayes are to come: putt on thy quiet,  
And be above the reach of a misfortune.  
Ile presently wayte on thee, by this kisse.

*Buz.* Would I might keepe your oath: so please you, lady, *Buzzano* will sweare too.

*Hen.* What?

*Buz.* That you'le be there and here agen presently.

*Hen.* Attend here, sirra.

*Buz.* If you must needes goe, pray, sir, keepe yourselfe out of Gun-shott.

*Hen.* Mind you your charge.

*Buz.* You shall heare a good report of my piece, I warrant you. Take heed you be not sent to heaven with a powder: a company of hott shotts[15] are abroad, I can tell you.

*Ele.* If you will goe may your successe be faire.

*Hen.* Farewell; heaven cannot chuse but heare your prayer.

[*Exit.*

*Buz.* Now what please you, madam? that I shall amble, trot, or walke?

*Ele.* Any pace.

*Buz.* Yet, if you would referre it to me, I'de use none of them.

*Ele.* What wouldst doe?

*Buz.* Why I would gallop or run, for I think long till I be at home in our Castle of comfort. If it please you Ile lead you a hand gallop in the plaine ground, trot up hill with you & racke[16] downewards.

*Ele.* Talke not of rackes, prithee; the times present too many.

*Buz.* Ride me as you will, then; I am used both to curbe and snaffle.

*Ele.* I prithee tell me, *Buzzano*,—so, I heare thy master call thee—

*Buz.* He may call me at his pleasure, forsooth.

*Ele.* Dost thou know the nature of the *English*?

*Buz.* Both men and women: I travelled thither with an Embassadour. For the men Ile not misse you a haire of their condition; and for the women I know 'em as well as if I had bene in their bellyes.

*Ele.* Are they not cruell?

*Buz.* As Tygers, when they set on't: no mercy unlesse we aske them forgiveness.

*Ele.* That's somewhat yet.

*Buz.* But not to you; that's onely to men; for lett the women fall downe afore 'em never so often they'le rather fall upon them. Nay, some of them are so spitefull they'le breake their owne backes before they let 'em rise againe.

*Ele.* Foole, I meane not your way.

*Buz.* Keepe your owne way, madam; I meane the playne way.

*Ele.* Are they not unmercifull in their natures to such as are in their power, their Enemyes as we may be?

## Page 13

*Buz.* Their enemyes as we may be in their power! I had rather be cramm'd into a cannon and shott against their ships then you should prove a witch & tell true now. The *Tartar* is not halfe so grim; not a *Turke* would use us so like *Jewes* as they will. If it come to that once that they take the Towne You will see *Spanish* Dons heads cryed up and downe: as they doe our Orengees and Lymons; and the woemens heads shall off, too,—not a maydenhead of gold shall scape 'em.

*Ele.* It is no valour to use Tyranny  
Upon the conquerd: they have been reported  
A noble nation; and when last the pride  
Of this Citty adorn'd their victory, by command  
Or their brave Generall, no outrage ever  
The soldiers durst committ upon our persons:  
Though all our wealth ran in full streames upon them  
Our honours were preserved, or fame belys them.

*Buz.* No matter what fame sayes, perhaps I know more than she does; & yet, now you talk of valour, they are not comparable to us.

*Ele.* How?

*Buz.* Why, valour is but the courage of a man; courage is, as they say, the spirit of a man; and the spirit of a man is the greatnes, as we call it, of his stomake. Now 'tis well knowne to the whole world they feed better and eate more then we: ergo, we have better stomackes then they. But, see! we have talk't our selves at home already, and the point (port?) is open. Will't please you enter, or shall I enter before you? I am your man, madam.

*Ele.* You know the way best:—whilst abroad they are At fight, twixt hope and feare at home I warre.

[*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Alarum; as the soft musicke begins a peale of ordnance goes off; then Cornetts sound a Battaile; which ended enter Captaine, Master of a ship, Dick Pike, with musketts.*

*Cap.* Fought bravely, countrymen! Honour all this while  
Sate in a Throne of smoake with sparckling eyes  
Looking upon your courages & admiring  
Your resolutions, and now rewards your sweat



With victory. The castle groanes at heart;  
Her strongest ribbs are bruizd with battering Cannons,  
And she hath tane into her bowells fire  
Enough to melt her.

*Ma.* My Lord came bravely up to her & shewd a spirit That commands danger; his  
honorable example Gave us new hearts.

*Sol.* Faith, give the *Spanyards* their due; they entertaind us handsomely with hott meat;  
'twas no cold welcome.

*Pike.* But I would not willingly swallow their plums; they would rise shrewdly in a man's  
stomacke.

*Cap.* At the first shott, when the *Convertine* came in, 3 men were killd.

*Ma.* At the second 4, was't not?

*Cap.* At the third two more: one salutation Came so close that, with the very wind, My  
hands have almost lost the sense of feeling. *Jewell*, thou mad'st thy muskett spitt fire  
bravely.



## Page 14

*Ma.* And my *Devonshire* blade, honest *Dick Pike*, Spard not his Sugar pellets among my *Spanyards*.

*Cap.* He did like a soldier, as he that chargd his muskett told me: in this service he hath dischargd 70 bulletts.

*Pike.* I did my part, sir, and wish I had bene able to have layd 'em on thicker; but I have lynd somebodies gutts, much good doe 'em with it; some of them have wishd well to me.

*Cap.* Art hurt?

*Ma.* Where?

*Pike.* Nowhere; one of my flanckes itches a little; if a piece of lead have crept in to hide it selfe cowardly I am not much in debt for't.

*Cap.* Let my Surgeons search it.

*Pike.* Search a pudding for plums; let my flesh alone; perhaps it wants souldering. Shall we to't agen: I have halfe a score pills for my *Spanyards*—better then purging comfitts.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Cap.* What newes?

*Sol.* The fort is yielded.

*Pike.* They have bene speechlesse a good while; I thought they'de yield up the ghost shortly.

*Sol.* But on condition to march away with flying colours, which was granted.

*Cap.* What's become of the Captaine of the fort?

*Sol.* *Don Francisco Bustament* is carryed aboard our Generalls ship, where he had a soldier like welcome; but he & all his company are put over to *Port Reall* upon the maine land because they should not succour the City.

*Cap.* Unles he will swim to th'lland.—And how fares the *Convertine*?

*Sol.* Her shroudes are torne to pieces & her tacklings to raggs.

*Cap.* No matter; she carryes the more honour.



*Sol.* 5 hundred Bulletts sticke in her sides.

*Pike.* 'Tis well they scaped her heart, lying all the fight little more than pistoll shott from 'em; her Starboard still to the fort & at least 200 Musketts playing upon her. I wish'd heartily some of our London roaring Boyes[17] had bene in the heate of't.

*Sol.* Wouldst have 'em twice burnt.

*Pike.* They should have found a difference betwixt the smoake of Tobacco and of a muskett; another manner of noise than *dam me & refuse me*[18], which they vomitt dayly. It might have done some of 'em good, for by that meanes they might have prayd heartily once in their lives.

*Cap.* The *Whitehall*[19] men did good service.

*Ma.* Who? the Collyers?

*Sol.* 4000 Bulletts their ordnance & the *Hollanders* dischargd upon the Castle.

*Cap.* 'Twas well done of all sides, Bullyes[20]: but, since our forces are landed, let it be your care to looke well to the Ships: and honest *Dick of Devonshire* be not too carelesse of your hurts; he meanes to fight againe that provides for his recovery soonest. Hold thee, here is something to pay the Surgeon and to wash your wound withall.

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*Pike.* My noble Captaine, I'll have care of my owne and drinke your health with it.

*Ma.* Thou deservest more than common encouragement: prithee, remember me too.

[*Exeunt Capt. & Mast.*]

*Pike.* Why, now am I sorry I have no more hurt, gentlemen; but I tooke it as earnest to receive more if occasion bee. I have but a barrell to bestow among my Dons; while that lasts let 'em come & welcome,—the drinke shalbe spicd to their hands. Their complexions are blacke, they shall want no Balls to wash their faces; if any doe light in their bodies they may chance be scourd all over.

*Sol. 2.* We may hap to be in the suddes ourselves.

*Pike.* There will be charges savd then; for my part I am but one, and there are shotts enough.

*Sol. 2.* More by a score then I hope wilbe payd these two dayes.

*Pike.* Talke not of paying: here's more then a month comes to. Well, if our service be done, & there be any other liquor to be gott, wele drinke no salt water as long as this lasts.

*Sol. 2.* Come, let's have a dish to our countrymen & let's remember *Tavestock*.

*Pike.* Godamercy for that, boy. A match, a match!

[*Exeunt.*]

## (SCENE 2.)

*Enter Henrico Gusman, his sword drawne, & Eleonora.*

*Hen.* Yet the Citty is safe enough; feare not, *Eleonora*;  
The Bullets make no noyse here: if the Towne  
Should yield her strength up to th'invader, thou  
Art lockd up like a spirit in a Christall:  
Not an enchanted Castle, held up by  
Strong charme, is halfe so safe. This house, though now  
It carry not the figure & faire shape  
Which the first workeman gave it, eating Time  
Having devourd the face of't, is within  
A Sanctuary, & hath so much cunning



Couchd in the body not a Laborinth  
Is so full of Meanders.

*Ele.* Sir, your presence  
Confirms me in opinion of my safety;  
Not of my life so much, for that's a thing  
I owe to nature & should one day be  
A-weary of it; like to Innes we take  
Our houses up, having but here a place  
Of *Lodging* not of *dwelling*:—but of *honour*  
You give me my assurance, for in such  
A time of thicke confusions I much feare  
That might be hazarded. And who knowes what  
The soldier that hath no lawe but that  
Of cruelty and rapine, when like a Bird  
Of prey his Tallents are possessd of one  
So weake as I am—

*Hen.* He that durst offend  
Thee with a sillable or but fright that bloud  
Out of thy Cheekes to seeke another place,  
Not daring to be seene there where it now  
Is of itselfe sufficient to ravish  
A mortall that with just eyes can looke on it,  
Had better be a divell. But a haire,  
The poorest part of thee & in this excellent  
Because 'tis thine, should any dare to ravish  
From these his soft companions, which the wind  
Would be for ever proud to play withall,  
H'had better dig his mothers coffin up  
And with his teeth eate what the wormes have left.





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*Ele.* I know you will defend me.

*Hen.* Will defend thee!  
Have I a life, a soule that in thy service  
I would not wish expird! I doe but borrow  
My selfe from thee.

*Ele.* Rather you put to Interest  
And, for that principall you have credited  
To *Eleonora* her heart is paid backe  
As the iust Usury.

*Hen.* You undoe me, sweet, With too much love; if ere I marry thee I feare thou'lt kill me.

*Ele.* How?

*Hen.* With tendring me too much, my *Eleonora*; For in my conscience thou'lt extreamely love me, And extreames often kill.

*Ele.* There can be no extreme of love[21], sir.

*Hen.* Yes, but there may; and some say Jealousy Runs from the Sea, a rivolet but deducted From the mayne Channell.

*Ele.* This is a new language.

*Hen.* Have you not heard men have been killd with Joy?  
Our grieve doth but contract the heart, & gladnesse  
Dilate the same; and soo too much of eyther  
Is hott i'th' fourth degree.

*Ele.* Sir, your discourse  
Is stuff of severall pieces and knitts not  
With that you usd but now: if we can practize  
A vertuous love there's no hurt to exceed in't.  
—What doe you, Sir?

*Hen.* Looke on thee.

*Ele.* Why doe you eye me soe? this is not usuall. Are you well?

*Hen.* Well, never better.

*Ele.* Pray heaven it bode me no unhappinesse! How doth my father?



*Hen.* He's very well, too; feare not.

*Ele.* Still I read in your eyes—

*Hen.* What Babyes[22], prety one? Thy owne face, naught else;  
I receive that way all this beauty into  
My heart, and 'tis perhaps come backe to looke  
Out at the window. Come, Ile winke againe,  
It shall not trouble you:—hence my trayterous thoughts.

*Ele.* Indeed you are not well.

*Hen.* Indeed I am not; all's not well within me.  
Why should I be a villaine? *Eleonora*  
Doe not looke on me; turne those eyes away,  
They would betray thee to thy sorrow; or  
Lett me by parting carry along with me  
That which to know undoes thee.

*Ele.* Are you not hurt?

*Hen.* Yes.

*Ele.* Good heaven defend! I have a soveraigne Balme.

[*Exit.*

*Hen.* Vanish, you ugly shapes, & with her presence  
Quitt your sharp stings! into what monstrous creature  
Feele I myself a-growing! yet I cannot  
Force backe the streame, it comes so fast upon me;  
I cannot.

*Enter Eleonora.*

*Ele.* Here, good *Henrico*, let me see your wound.

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*Hen.* No, I am well againe; thanks, my best love. Come, let us walke and talke; I had a fancy, But 'tis no matter:—*Buzzano!*

*Enter Buzzano.*

*Buz.* Did you call?

*Hen.* Yes, the Balme here—

*Buz.* What shall I doe with it?

*Hen.* Lay it up safe; 'tis good for a greene wound But mines a blacke one:—and d'you heare, sirra, Draw up the bridge, give entrance unto none.

*Buz.* All my fellowes are abroad, sir; there's nobody at home but I.

*Hen.* No matter, let none enter; were my father Brought with a whirlwind backe, he finds all shutt Till I have done.

*Buz.* Well, sir;—madam, all this is that you should not b' afraid: you now see what a kind man he is,—he will suffer none to enter but himselfe. [*Exit.*]

*Ele.* If all this proceed out of your care of me, how much am I bound to acknowledge you. Sir, methinkes you minde me not.

*Hen.* Yes, I doe nothing else but thinke of thee, & of my father, too, *Don Pedro.*

*Ele.* Ha! I hope he's well.

*Hen.* I wish he were returned, my *Eleonora*, for both our sakes.

*Ele.* The same wish I, sir.

*Hen.* That then our Joys, which now like flowers nipd  
With frost, hang downe the head as if the stalkes  
Could not sustaine the toppes, they droope to much;—  
At his returne th'art mine.

*Ele.* I am yours now In holiest Contract.

*Hen.* That's the ground we build on:  
Faith, since already the foundation's layd,  
Let's work upon't. Y'are mine, you say, already—  
Mine by all tearmes of Law, & nothing wanting  
But the possession: let's not then expect



Th'uncertainty of a retorne from France,  
But be all one ymediately.

*Ele.* I understand you not.

*Hen.* Since y'are a Tree reservd for me what now  
Should hinder me from climbing? All your apples  
I know are ripe allready; 'tis not stealth,  
I shall rob nobody.

*Ele.* You'le not be a divell?

*Hen.* No, I will but play the man with you: why, you know 'tis nothing.

*Ele.* Will you enforce mine honour? oh, *Henrico*,  
Where have you left your goodnesse? sure you cannot  
Be so ignoble, if you thinke me worthy  
To be your wife at least, to turne *Eleonora*  
Into a whore.

*Hen.* Pish! some hungry Landlords would have rent before  
The Quarter day,—I doe no more: by faire meanes  
Yield up your fort; the Tenement is mine owne  
And I must dwell in't.

*Ele.* My feares pointed wrong:  
You are no enemy, no wolfe; it was  
A villaine I disturbed: oh, make me not  
Find in your presence that destruction  
My thoughts were so affrighted with.



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*Hen.* We shall have such adoe now!

*Ele.* Your fathers house will prove no castle to mee  
If you at home doe wound mee. 'Twas an Angell  
Spoke in you lately not my Cheeke should bee  
Made pale with feare. Lay not a lasting blush  
On my white name:—No haire should perish here  
Was vowed even now:—Oh let not a blacke deed,  
And by my sworne preserver, be my death  
My ever living death. *Henrico*, call  
To mind your holy vowes; thinke on our parents,  
Ourselves, our honest names; doe not kill all  
With such a murthering piece. You are not long  
T'expect, with the consent of men and angells,  
That which to take now from me will be losse  
A losse of heaven to thee. Oh, do not pawne it  
For a poore minutes sin.

*Hen.* If't be a worke, madam, of so short time,  
Pray let me beg a minutes privacy;  
'Twill be soone done.

*Ele.* Yes, but the horroure of  
So foule a deed shall never: there's layd up  
Eternity of wrath in hell for lust:  
Oh, 'tis the devill's exercise! *Henrico*,  
You are a man, a man whom I have layd up  
Nearest my heart: in you 'twill be a sin  
To threaten heaven & dare that Justice throw  
Downe Thunder at you. Come, I know you doe  
But try my vertue, whether I be prooffe  
Against anothers Battery: for these teares—

*Hen.* Nay, then I see you needs will try my strength:  
My bloud's on fire, I boyle with expectation  
To meete the pleasure and I will.

*[He forces her in.]*

*Ele.* Helpe, helpe!

*Enter Buzzano.*

*Buz.* Helpe? what nightingale was that? did one cry out for helpe? there's no Christian soule in the house but they two & my selfe; and 'twas not mine, I know by the smallnes



of the voice; twas some woman cryde out, & therefore can be none but my young Lady, —it was she as sure as I am hungry; he's with her. But why, having one man did she cry out for more? oh, our *Spanish* ovens are not heated with one Bavyn.[23] Well, I must say nothing; my young Cocke has bene treading. Ile tread softly & see what they doe:—but, see!

*Enter Henrico & Eleonora, loose haired and weeping.*

*Hen.* What doe you looke after?

*Buz.* Why, sir, I looke after a voyce that appeard to me even now, crying “helpe,”—a very small one.

*Hen.* If what thou seest or heard'st be ever muttered by thee Though in thy sleep, villaine, Ile pistol thee.

*Buz.* Hum, it will not be safe to dreame of a knave shortly. Are you so good at a gun? if you use this too often your birding piece will scarce carry a yard levell.

*Hen.* Come, dresse your hayre up & be wise at last: No more, I have done.

*Buz.* So I thinke in my conscience,—he hath done with her.



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*Hen.* If you can be so simple to proclaime it, I can be impudent.

*Ele.* Yet dar'st thou live? & doe I live to see  
Myselfe the shame of weomen? have I not  
Wept teares enough to drowne me? then let fire  
Enthrone it selfe within me & beget  
Prodigious Cometts, that with flaming haire  
May threaten danger to thee!

*Hen.* Nay, nay, nay, if you be so hott Ile brave you: like wine that's burnt you must be set light by, & then you'le come to a temper.

[*Exit.*

*Ele.* Oh, helpe me out of hell!

*Buz.* Sh'has bene at Barleybreake.[24]—Madam I must say nothing: —there is a Pistol and so forth:—but if you have occasion to use me, try mee; if I doe not prove an honest man to you then my Master, would my Cod piece point were broake. I know what I know, and yet Ile tell no tales;—but if ever I come to speake once—I say nothing.

*Ele.* Oh that I could not breath! how can I have A Joy in life whose honour's in the Grave!

[*Exeunt.*

### (SCENE 3.)

*Enter Pike with his sword in his hand, a Cloake in his Arme.*

*Pike.* The freshnes of this Ayre does well after the saltnes of the Sea. A pleasant Country, too, to looke upon, & would serve well to live upon if a man had it & knew how to place it out of this hott Clymate! I would I had a matter, or a Mannour, indeede, of a 1,000 acres of these woodlands & roome to sett it in *Devonshire*; I would compare with any prince betweene *Tavistoke* & *Parradice* for an Orchard. But I could wish I were not alone here in this Conceit, dreaming of Golden Apples, least they prove bitter fruite. Whether are our land soldiers straggeld, troe? I would faine sett eye on some of them; Ile venture a little farther; *Devonshire Dick* was never afraid yet.—How now, my hearts? upon a retreat so soone?

*Enter Three Soldiers.*

1. I, to the shipp; we have our loades here of the best merchandise we can find in this Quarter.



2. Will you taste a Lymon? excellent good to coole you.

*Pike.* They are goodly ones; where gott you them?

3. A little above here in an Orchard, where we left some of our Company.

*Pike.* But may one goe safe, without danger?

1. As safely as ever you gatherd nutts in *England*; the *Spaniards* are all fled.

2. Not soe much as the leg of a *Spanyard* left to squayle at their owne appletrees.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

*Pike.* Ile have a pull at these pomcitrons for my noble Captaine; & if I had a Porters basket full of 'em I would count them no burthen in requitall of some part of the love he hath shewen me.

[*Exit.*

## (SCENE 4.)



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*Enter 3 other Soldiers.*

1. They cannot be far before us, I am sure.
2. But for the hedge we might descry them within two muskett shott.
3. Pray God the enemy be not within one musket shott of us behind their hedges; for I am sure I saw an Harquebuse whip ore the way before us but even now. Oh, oh!

*[Three or 4 shott dischargd, 2 soldiers slaine,  
the other falls on his belly.*

*Enter Pike.*

*Pike.* Are you bouncing? Ile no further. Sure these can be no Crowkeepers nor birdscarers from the fruite! what rascalls were my Countrymen to tell me there was no danger!—alas, what's here? 3 of our soldiers slaine! dead, shott through the very bowells! so, is this quite dead too? poore wretches, you have payd for your Capon sauce.

3. Oh, oh!

*Pike.* Here's some life in yt yet: what cheare? how is't, my heart of gold? speake, man, if thou canst; looke this way; I promise thee 'tis an honest man & a true *Englishman* that speakes to thee. Thou look'st away as if thou didst not trust me: I prithee speake to me any thing, Ile take thy word & thanke the, too. Alas, I feare he's past it; he strives and cannot speake.—'Tis good to shift this ground; they may be charging more hidden villany while I stand prating heere.—He breathes still; come, thou shalt not stay behind for want of leggs or shoulders to beare thee. If there be surgery in our ships to recover the use of thy tongue, thou mayst one day acknowledge a man & a Christian in honest *Dicke of Devonshire*. Come along;—nay now I feare my honesty is betrayd;—a horseman proudly mounted makes towards me, and 'tis a Don that thinkes himselfe as brave as *St. Jaques*. What shall I doe? there is no starting; I must stand th'encounter. —Lye still a while & pray if thou canst, while I doe my best to save my owne & the litle breath thou hast left. But I am in that prevented too: his breath's quite gone already, and all the Christian duty I have now left for thee is to close thy eyes with a short prayer: mayst thou be in heaven, Amen.—Now *Don Diego*, & *Don Thunderbolt*, or *Don Divell*, I defye thee.

*Enter Don John arm'd. Pike drawes & wrapps  
his Cloake about his arme.*

*Jo.* Oh viliaco, diable, *Anglese*!

*[They fight.*



*Pike.* A pox upon thee, *Hispaniola*! Nay, if you be no better in the Reare then in the Van I shall make no doubt to vanquish, & vanquash you, too, before we part, my doughty *Don Diego*.

*[He hath him downe, & disarmes him.]*

*Jo.* Mercy, *Englishman*, oh spare my life! pardonne moye je vous pre.

*Pike.* And take your goods? is that your meaning, *Don*, it shall be so; your horse and weapons I will take, but no pilferage. I am no pocketeer, no diver into slopps: yet you may please to empty them your selfe, good *Don*, in recompense of the sweet life I give you; you understand me well. This coyne may passe in *England*: what is your Donship calld, I pray.

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*Jo. Don John, a knight of Spaine.*

*Pike. A knight of Spaine! and I a Squire of Tavestock: well, Don John, I am a little in hast & am unmannerly constreynd to leave your Castilian on foote, while my Devonshire worship shall teach your Spanish Jennett an English gallop. A dios, signior.*

---

*Enter 12 musketiers.*

Oh what a tyde of fortunes spight am I  
Now to swim through! beare up yet, Jovyall heart,  
And while thou knowest heavenly mercy doe not start.  
Once more let me embrace you, signior.

1. I say he is an *Englishman*: lett's shoote him.

2. I say the other is a *Spanyard & Don John*; & we dare not shoote the one for feare of killing th'other.

*Jo. Oh hold and spare us both, for we are frends.*

1. But by your leave we will part your embraces: so disarm, disarm.

*Jo. I thanke you, Countrymen; I hope you'll trust my honour with my armes.*

1. Yes, take them signior; but you will yeild the *Englishman* our prisoner?

*Jo. Yes, with a Villaines marke. [He woundes him.*

1. A villaines mark, indeed! wound a disarmed souldier!

*Jo. He triumphd in the odds he had of me,  
And he shall know that from the Spanish race  
Revenge, though nere so bloudy, is not base.  
Away with him  
A prisoner into th'Citty!*

*Pike. Where you please, Although your Law's more merciles then Seas.*

*[Exeunt.*



## (SCENE 5.)

*Enter Don Ferdinando, the Teniente, with attendants; Bustamente brought in with a Guard.*

*Fer. Francisco Bustamente, late Captaine of the Castle, Stand forth accusd of Treason gainst his Maiesty.*

*Bust.* It is a language I not understand  
And but that by the rule of loyalty  
Unto my king and country I am made  
Attendant to the Law, & in this honourd  
Presence, the Governour & *Teniente*,  
Under whose jurisdiction I hold place,  
I would not beare nor heare it.

*Fer.* I'de be glad  
You could as easily acquitt your selfe  
Of guilt as stand up in your owne defence;  
But, *Bustamente*, when it doth appeare  
To law & reason, on which law is grounded,  
Your great offence in daring to betray  
The Spanish honour unto Infamy,  
In yeilding up the fort on such slight cause,  
You can no lesse then yeild yourselfe most guilty.

*Bust.* Farre be it from your thought, my honourd Lord,  
To wrest the hazardous fortune of the warre  
Into the bloudyer censure of the Law.  
Was it my fault that in the first assault  
The Canoniers were slayne, whereby our strength,  
Our mayne offensive strength, was quite defeated  
And our defensive part so much enfeebled  
That possibility to subsist was lost,  
Or by resistance to preserve one life?  
While there was sparke of hope I did maintayne  
The fight with fiery resolution  
And (give me leave to speake it) like a Sodier.

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*Ten.* To my seeming your resolution Was forwardest to yeild then to repell; You had else stood longer out.

*Bust.* We stood the losse of most of our best men,  
And of our musketiers no lesse then fifty  
Fell by the adverse shott; whose bodyes with their armes  
Were cast by my directions downe a well  
Because their armes should neyther arme our foes  
Nor of our losse the sight give them encouragement.

*Fer.* That pollicy pleades no excuse; you yet  
Had men enough, had they bene soldiers,  
Fit for a Leaders Justification.  
And doe not we know that 6 score at least  
Of those base Picaros with which you stuff'd  
The fort, to feed, not fight,—unworthy of  
The name of *Spanyards*, much lesse of soldiers—  
At once ran all away like sheep together,  
Having but ore the walls descryde th'approach  
Of th'Enemy? Some of the feare-spurr'd villaines  
Were overturn'd by slaughter in their flight,  
Others were taken & are sure to find  
Our lawes as sharpe as either Sword or Bullet.  
For your part, *Bustamente*, for that you have  
Done heretofore more for your Countryes love,  
You shall not doubt of honourable tryall,  
Which in the Court of warre shalbe determin'd,  
At *Sherris*, whitherward you instantly  
Shall with a guard be sent.—See't done: away.

*Bust.* The best of my desire is to obey.

*[Exit with a Guard.]*

*Enter Don John, Pike (with his face wounded), a Guard of musketts.*

*Fer.* Whence is that soldier?

1. Of *England*.

*Jo.* Or of hell.

1. It was our chance to come unto the rescue  
Of this renowned knight, *Don John*,



Who was his prisoner as he now is ours.  
Some few more of his mates we shott & slew  
That were (out of their *English* liquorishness)  
Bold to robb orchards of forbidden fruite.

2. It was a fine ambition; they would have thought  
Themselves as famous as their Countryman  
That putt a girdle<sup>[25]</sup> round about the world,  
Could they have said, at their returne to *England*,  
Unto their Sons, "Looke Boyes; this fruite your father  
With his adventurous hands in *Spayne* did gather."

*Fer.* 'Tis a goodly fellow.

1. Had you not better have gone home without Lymons to eate Capons with your frends  
then to stay here without Capons to taste Lymons with us that you call Enemyes?

*Pike.* I could better fast with a noble Enemy then feast with unworthy frends.

*Fer.* How came he by these woundes?

*Pike.* Not by noble Enemyes: this on my face  
By this proud man, yet not more proud then base;  
For, when my hands were in a manner bound,  
I having given him life, he gave this wound.

*Fer.* 'Twas unadvisd.

*Ten.* The more unmanly done:  
And though, *Don John*, by law y'are not accusd,  
He being a common Enemy, yet being a man  
You in humanity are not excusd.



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*Jo.* It was my fury & thirst of revenge.

*Fer.* Reason & manhood had become you better;  
Your honour's wounded deeper then his flesh.  
Yet we must quitt your person & committ  
The *Englishman* to prison.

*Ten.* To prison with him; but let best care be taken For the best surgeons, that his  
wounds be look'd to.

*Pike.* Your care is noble, and I yeild best thanks;  
And 'tis but need, I tell your Seigniories,  
For I have one hurt more then you have seene,  
As basely given & by a baser person:  
A *Flemming* seeing me led a prisoner  
Cryde, "Whither doe you lead that *English* dog,  
Kill, kill him!" cryde hee, "he's no Christian;"  
And ran me in the bodie with his halbert  
At least four inches deepe.

*Fer.* Poore man, I pittie thee.—But to the prison with him.

*Ten.* And let him be carefully lookt to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus Tertius.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Captaine, Hill, Secretary, Jewell.*

*Cap.* Our Generall yet shewd himselfe right noble in offering ransome for poore Captive  
*Pike.*

*Sec.* So largely, too, as he did, Captaine.

*Cap.* If any reasonable price would have bene accepted it had bene given Mr.  
Secretary, I assure you.

*Jew.* I can testify that at our returne, in our Generalls name & my owne, I made the  
large offer to the *Teniente*, who will by no meanes render him. Sure they hold him for  
some great noble purchase.

*Sec.* A Barronet at least, one of the lusty blood, Captaine.



*Cap.* Or perhaps, Mr. Secretary, some remarkable Commonwealths man, a politician in Government.

*Sec.* 'Twere a weake state-body that could not spare such members. Alas, poore *Pike*, I thinke thy pate holds no more pollicy than a Pollax.

*Hill.* Who is more expert in any quality then he that hath it at his fingers ends; & if he have more pollicy in his braines then dirt under his nayles Ile nere give 2 groates for a Calves head. But without all question he hath done some excellent piece of villany among the Diegoes, or else they take him for a fatter sheep to kill then he is.

*Cap.* Well, gentlemen, we all can but condole the losse of him; and though all that we all come hither for be not worth him, yet we must be content to leave him. The fleete is ready, the wind faire, and we must expect him no longer.

*Hill.* He was a true *Devonshire* blade.

*Sec.* My Countryman, sir: therefore would I have given the price of a hundred of the best Toledoes rather then heare the misse of him at home complayned by his Wife and Children.

*Jew.* Your tendernes becomes you, sir, but not the time, which wafts us hence to shun a greater danger.





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*Exeunt.*

### (SCENE 2.)

*Enter Pike in shackles, nightcap, playsters on his face; a Jaylor.*

*Pike.* The fleete is gone & I have now no hope of liberty; yet I am well refreshd in the care hath bene taken for my cure. But was ever *English* horse thus *Spanish* bitted & bossd![26]

*Jay.* Sir, the care of your keeper, by whom this ease hath been procured, requires remuneration.

*Pike.* Here's for you, my frend.

*Jay.* I assure you, the best Surgeons this part of *Spaine* affoords, through my care taken of you; & you may thanke me.

*Pike.* What an arrogant rascall's this!—Sir, I thought my thanks herein had chiefly appertained to the humanity of the Governour, & that your especiall care had bene in providing these necessary shackles to keepe me from running into further danger: these I tooke to be the strong bonds of your frendship.

*Jay.* Sir, I hope they fitt you as well as if they had bene made for you. Oh, I am so much your servant that I doe wish 'em stronger for your sake.

*Pike.* 'Tis overwell as it is, sir.

*Jay.* You are most curteous. [*Exit.*]

*Pike.* A precious rogue! If the Jaylor be so pregnant what is the hangman, tree? By the time my misery hath brought me to climbe to his acquaintance I shall find a frend to the last gaspe. What's here? a Lady? are the weomen so cruell here to insult ore Captive wretches.

*Enter Catelyna & Jaylor.*

*Cat.* Is this the English prisoner?

*Jay.* Yes, madam.

*Cat.* Trust me, a goodly person.



*Pike.* She eyes me wistly; sure she comes not to instruct her selfe in the art of painting by the patternes of my face!

*Cat.* Sir, shall I speake with you?

*Pike.* Yes, Lady, so you will not mock mee.

*Cat.* Indeed I cannot, but must needs acknowledge Myselfe beholding to you.

*Pike.* This I must beare; I will doe soe & call't my sweet affliction.

*Cat.* Will you heare me, sir? I am the Lady—

*Pike.* Yes, I doe heare you say you are the Lady; but let me tell you, madam, that Ladyes, though they should have tenderest sence of honour & all vertuous goodnesse, & so resemble Goddesses as well in soule as feature, doe often prove dissemblers & in their seemely breasts beare cruelty & mischief. If you be one of those, oh, be converted; returne from whence you came & know 'tis irreligious, nay diuinish to tread & triumph over misery.

*Cat.* How well he speakes, yet in the sence bewraying  
A sence distracted: sure his captivity,  
His wounds, & hard entreaty make him franticke!  
Pray heare me, sir, & in two words Ile tell you  
Enough to win beleeife: I am the Lady  
Of the Knight vanquished by you, *Don John*.

## Page 25

*Pike.* Y'have said enough, indeed: pittie of heaven,  
What new invented cruelty is this!  
Was't not enough that by his ruthlesse basenes  
I had these wounds inflicted, but I must  
Be tortured with his wives uniuert reioycings!  
'Twas well his politicke feare, which durst not come  
To glory in his handy worke himselfe,  
Could send your priuiledg'd Ladyship.

*Cat.* Indeed, you much mistake me; as I live,  
As I hope mercy & for after life,  
I come for nothing but to offer thanks  
Unto your goodnes, by whose manly temper  
My lord and husband reassum'd his life;  
And aske your Christian pardon for the wrong  
Which by your suffering now pleads him guilty.  
Good sir, let no mistrust of my iust purpose  
Crosse your affection: did you know my love  
To honour and to honest actions,  
You would not then reiect my gratulations.  
And since that deeds doe best declare our meaning,  
I pray accept of this,  
This money and these clothes and my request  
Unto your keeper for best meats and wines  
That are agreable to your health and taste.  
And, honest friend, thou knowst and darest, I hope,  
Believe me I will see thee payd for all.

*Jay.* Yes, my good Lady.—Loe you, sir, you see  
Still how my care provides your good: you may  
Suppose the Governours humanity  
Takes care for you in this, too.

*Pike.* Excellent Ladye I doe now beleive Virtue and weomen are growne friends againe.

*Enter Don John.*

*Jo.* What magicall Illusion's this? 'tis she!  
Confusion seize your charitable blindness!  
Are you a prison visiter for this,  
To cherish my dishonour for your merit?

*Cat.* My lord, I hope my Charity workes for your honour, Releiving him whose mercy  
spard your life.



*Jo.* But that I'me subiect to the law & know  
My blowes are mortall, I would strike thee dead.  
Ignoble & degenerate from Spanish bloud,  
Darst thou maintaine this to be charity?  
Thy strumpett itch & treason to my bed  
Thou seekst to act in cherishing this villaine.

*Cat.* Saints be my witnesses you doe me wrong!

*Jo.* Thou robbst my honour.

*Pike.* You wound her honour and you robb yourselfe, And me and all good Christians,  
by this outrage.

*Jo.* Doe you prate, sir?

*Pike.* Sir, I may speake; my tongue's unshackled yet,  
And, were my hands and feete so, on free ground  
I would mayntayne the honour of this Lady  
Against an Hoast of such ignoble husbands.

*Jo.* You are condemnd allready by the Law I make no doubt; and therefore speake your  
pleasure. —And here come those fore whom my rage is silent.

*Enter Ferdinando, Teniente, Guard.*

*Fer.* Deliver up your prisoner to the *Teniente*.  
I need not, sir, instruct you in your place  
To beare him with a guard as is appointed  
Unto the publicke tryall held at *Sherrys*.

## Page 26

*Ten.* It shalbe done.

*Fer.* How long hath he bene your prisoner?

*Jay.* 18 days.

*Fer.* You & the Surgeons out of the Kings pay  
Ile see dischargd.—You have, according to the Order,  
Conveyd already *Bustamente* thither  
To yeild account for yeilding up the Castle?

*Ten.* 'Tis done, my Lord.

*Fer.* *Don John*, you likewise in his Maiesties name Stand chargd to make your personall  
appearance To give in evidence against this prisoner.

*Jo.* I shall be ready there, my Lord.

*Pike.* To *Sherrys*? they say the best sackes there. I meane to take one draught of  
dying comfort.

*Cat.* I hope you'le not deny my company To waite on you to *Sherris*?

*Jo.* No, you shall goe to see your frend there totter.[27]

*Pike.* I have a suite, my Lord; to see an *Englishman*, A merchant, prisoner here, before  
I goe.

*Fer.* Call him; that done, you know your charge.

[*Exit Jaylor.*

*Ten.* And shall performe it.

[*Ex. Fer., John, Catalina.*

*Enter Jaylor & Woodrow.*

*Pike.* Oh, Mr. *Woodrow*, I must now take leave  
Of prison fellowship with you. Your fortunes  
May call you into *England*, after payment  
Of some few money debts; but I am calld  
Unto a further tryall: my debt is life,  
Which if they take not by extortion,  
I meane by tortures, I shall gladly pay it.



Wo. I have heard, & thought you by what I had heard Free from feares passion: still continue soe, Depending on heavens mercy.

*Pike.* You doe instruct me well; but, worthy Countryman,  
Once more let me give you this to remember,  
And tis my last request:—that when your better stars  
Shall guide you into *England*, youle be pleasd  
To take my Country *Devonshire* in your way;  
Wheir you may find in *Taverstoke* (whom I left)  
My wife & children, wretched in my misfortunes.  
Commend me to them, tell them & my frends  
That if I be, as I suspect I shalbe,  
At *Sherris* putt to death, I dyed a Christian soldier,  
No way, I hope, offending my iust King  
Nor my religion, but the *Spanish* lawes.

[*Exeunt.*

### (SCENE 3.)

*Enter Don Pedro, reading a Letter, & Manuell.*

*Man.* Dear sir, let me have power to recall  
Your graver thoughts out of this violent storme  
Of passion that thus oerwhelmes your mind.  
Remember what you are, and with what strength,  
What more then manly strength, you have outworne  
Dangers of Battaile, when your warlike lookes  
Have outfac'd horror.



## Page 27

*Pedro.* Oh, my son, my son,  
Horror it selfe upon the wings of Death,  
Stretcht to the uttermost expansion  
Over the wounded body of an Army,  
Could never carry an aspect like this,  
This murdering spectacle, this field of paper  
Stucke all with Basiliskes eyes. Read but this word,  
'The ravisht *Eleonora*!'—does't not seeme  
Like a full cloud of bloud ready to burst  
And fall upon our heads?

*Man.* Indeed you take too deepe a sence of it.

*Pedro.* What? when I see this meteor hanging ore it?  
This prodigy in figure of a man,  
Clad all in flames, with an Inscription  
Blazing on's head, 'Henrico the Ravisher!'

*Man.* Good sir, avoid this passion.

*Pedro.* In battailes I have lost, and seene the falls  
Of many a right good soldier; but they fell  
Like blessed grayne that shott up into honour.  
But in this leud exploit I lose a son  
And thou a brother, my *Emanuel*,  
And our whole house the glory of her name:  
Her beauteous name that never was distayned,  
Is by this beastly fact made odious.

*Man.* I pray, sir, be your selfe and let your Judgement Entertain reason: From whom  
came this Letter?

*Pedro.* From the sad plaintiffe, *Eleonora*.

*Man.* Good;  
And by the common poast: you every weeke  
Receiving letters from your noble frendes  
Yet none of their papers can tell any such tidings.

*Pedro.* All this may be too, sir.

*Man.* Why is her father silent? has she no kindred,  
No frend, no gentleman of note, no servant



Whom she may trust to bring by word of mouth  
Her dismall story.

*Pedro.* No, perhaps she would not Text up his name in proclamations.

*Man.* Some villaine hath filld up a Cup of poyson T'infect the whole house of the  
*Guzman* family; And you are greedyest first to take it downe.

*Pedro.* That villaine is thy brother.

*Man.* Were you a stranger  
Armd in the middle of a great Battalion  
And thus should dare to taxe him, I would wave  
My weapon ore my head to waft you forth  
To single combatt: if you would not come,  
Had I as many lives as I have hayres,[28]  
I'de shoot 'em all away to force my passage  
Through such an hoast untill I met the Traytour  
To my dear brother.—Pray, doe not thinke so, sir.

*Pedro.* Not? when it shall be said one of our name  
(Oh heaven could I but say he were not my son!)  
Was so dishonorable,  
So sacrilegious to defile a Temple  
Of such a beauty & goodnes as she was!

*Man.* As beauteous is my brother in his soule As she can be.

*Pedro.* Why dost thou take his part so?



## Page 28

*Man.* Because no dropp of honour falls from him  
But I bleed with it. Why doe I take his part?  
My sight is not so precious as my brother:  
If there be any goodnes in one man  
He's Lord of that; his vertues are full seas  
Which cast up to the shoares of the base world  
All bodyes throwne into them: he's no drunkard;  
I thinke he nere swore oath; to him a woman  
Was worse than any scorpion, till he cast  
His eye on *Eleonora*: and therefore, sir,  
I hope it is not so.

*Pedro.* Was not she so?

*Man.* I doe not say, sir, that she was not so,  
Yet women are strange creatures; but my hope  
Is that my brother was not so ignoble.  
Good sir, be not too credulous on a Letter:  
Who knowes but it was forgd, sent by some foe,  
As the most vertuous ever have the most?  
I know my Brother lov'd her honour so  
As wealth of kingdoms could not him entice  
To violate it or his faith to her.  
Perhapps it is some quaint devise of theirs  
To hast your journey homeward out of *France*,  
To terminate their long-desired marriage.

*Pedro.* The language of her letter speakes no such comfort,  
But I will hasten home; &, for you are  
So confident as not to thinke his honour  
Any way toucht, your good hopes be your guide  
Auspiciously to find it to your wish.  
Therefore my counsaile is you post before,  
And, if you find that such a wrong be done,  
Let such provision instantly be  
Betwixt you made to hide it from the world  
By giving her due nuptiall satisfaction,  
That I may heare no noise of't at my comming.  
Oh, to preserve the Reputation  
Of noble ancestry that nere bore stayne,  
Who would not passe through fire or dive the mayne?

[*Exeunt.*



## (SCENE 4.)

*Enter Fernando & Eleonora.*

*Fer.* Cease, Eleonora, cease these needles plaints,  
Less usefull than thy helpe of hands was at  
The deed of darkness,—oh, the blackest deed  
That ever overclouded[29] my felicity!  
To speake, or weepe thy sorrow, but allayes  
And quenches anger, which we must now cherish  
To further iust revenge. How I could wish  
But to call backe the strength of Twenty yeares!

*Ele.* That I might be in that unborne againe, sir.

*Fer.* No, *Eleonora*, that I were so ennabled  
With my owne hands to worke out thy wronge  
Upon that wretch, that villaine, oh, that Ravisher!  
But, though my hands are palsyed with rage,  
The Law yet weares a sword in our defence.

*Enter Henrico.*

*Ele.* Away, my Lord & Father! see the monster  
Approaching towards you! who knowes but now  
He purposeth an assassinate on your life,  
As he did lately on my Virgin honour?

*Fer.* Fury, keepe off me!

## Page 29

*Hen.* What life, what honour meane you? *Eleonora*, What is the matter? Who hath lost anything?

*Ele.* Thou impudent as impious, I have lost—

*Hen.* Doe you call me names?

*Ele.* The solace of my life, for which—

*Hen.* A fine new name for a maydenhead!

*Ele.* May all the curses of all iniured weomen Fall on thy head!

*Hen.* Would not the curses of all good ones serve?  
So many might perhaps be borne: but, pray,  
Tell me what moves you thus? Why stand you soe  
Aloofe, my Lord? I doe not love to bee  
Usd like a stranger: welcome's all I looke for.

*Fer.* What boldnesse beyond madnesse gives him language!  
Nothing but well-bred stuffe! canst see my daughter  
And not be strooke with horreur of thy shame  
To th' very heart? Is't not enough, thou Traytour,  
To my poore Girles dishonour to abuse her,  
But thou canst yett putt on a divells visour  
To face thy fact & glory in her woe?

*Hen.* I would I were acquainted with your honours meaning all this while.

*Fer.* The forreine Enemy which came to the Citty  
And twice dancd on the Sea before it, waving  
Flaggs of defyance & of fury to it,  
Were nor before nor now this second time  
So cruell as thou. For when they first were here  
Now well nigh 40 yeares since, & marched through  
The very heart of this place, trampled on  
The bosomes of our stoutest soldiers,  
The weomen yet were safe, Ladyes were free  
And that by the especial command  
Of the then noble Generall: & now being safe  
From common danger of our enemyes,  
Thou lyon-like hast broake in on a Lambe  
And preyd upon her.

*Hen.* How have I preyd?



*Fer.* Dost thou delight To heare it named, villaine, th'hast ravisht her.

*Hen.* I am enough abusd, & now 'tis time  
To speake a litle for my selfe, my Lord.  
By all the vowes, the oathes & imprecations  
That ere were made, studied, or practised,  
As I have a soule, as she & you have soules,  
I doe not know, nor can, nor will confesse  
Any such thing, for all your Circumventions:  
Ile answer all by Law.

*Ele.* Oh, my Lord, heare me! By all that's good—

*Fer.* Peace, *Eleonora*; I have thought the Course.  
If you dare justify the accusation  
You shall to *Sherrys*, and then before the Judges  
Plead your owne cause.

*Hen.* And there Ile answer it.

*Fer.* There, if you prove the Rape, he shalbe forcd  
Eyther to satisfy you by marriage  
Or else to loose his periurd head.

*Hen.* I am content.  
And instantly I will away to *Sherrys*,  
There to appeale to the high Court of Justice:  
'Tis time, I thinke, such slanderous accusations  
Assayling me; but there I shalbe righted.



## Page 30

*Fer.* You shall not need to doubt it:—come, *Eleonora*.

[*Exeunt*. [30]

*Hen.* What will become of me in this, I know not:  
I have a shrewd guese though of the worst.  
Would one have thought the foolish ape would putt  
The finger in the eye & tell it daddy!  
'Tis a rare guift 'mong many maides of these dayes;  
If she speed well she'le bring it to a Custome,  
Make her example followed to the spoyle  
Of much good sport: but I meane to looke to't.  
Now, sir, your newes?

*Enter Buzzano.*

*Buz.* The most delicious, rare, absolute newes that ere came out of *France*, sir!

*Hen.* What's done there? have they forsaken the Divell & all his fashions? banishd their  
Taylors & Tyrewomen?

*Buz.* You had a father & a Brother there; & can you first thinke upon the Divell & his  
Limetwiggs.

*Hen.* Had, *Buzzano*? had a father & a Brother there? have I not so, still, *Buzzano*?

*Buz.* No, sir, your Elder Brother is—

*Hen.* What? speake, *Buzzano*: I imagine, dead.

*Buz.* Nay, you shall give me something by your leave; you shall pay the poast:—good  
newes for nothing?

*Hen.* Here, here, *Buzzano*; speake quickly, crowne me with the felicity of a younger  
brother: is he dead, man?

*Buz.* No, he's come home very well, sir; doe you thinke I goe on dead men's errands.

*Hen.* Pox on the Buzzard! how he startled my bloud!

*Buz.* But he is very weary & very pensive, sir; talkes not at all, but calls for his bed;—  
pray God your Father be not dead!—and desires when you come in to have you his  
Bedfellow, for he hath private speech with ye.



*Hen.* Well, sir, you that are so apt to take money for newes, beware how you reflect one word, syllable or thought concerning *Eleonora*: you knowe what I meane?

*Bus.* Yes, & meane what you know, sir.

*Hen.* What's that?

*Buz.* Ile keepe your Counsaile

*Hen.* My life goes for it else.

{\_Exeunt\_.

*Actus Quartus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Henrico (as newly risen).*

*Hen.* *Buzzano!* slave! *Buzzano!*

*Enter Buzzano with Cloake & Rapier.*

*Buz.* Signior, what a buzzing you make, as if you were a fly at Bartholomew-tyde at a Butchers stall: doe you think I am deafe?

*Hen.* No, but blind; do'st sleepe as thou goest?

*Buz.* No, but I goe as I sleepe, & that's scurvily.

*Hen.* Call my brother Manuell.

*Buz.* Brother *Manuell!*

*Hen.* How? pray (goodman rascall) how long have he & you bene Brothers?

*Buz.* I know not; may be ever since we were borne, for your father used to come home to my mother, & why may not I be a chipp of the same blocke out of which you two were cutt? Mothers are sure of their children, but no man is able to sweare who was his father.

## Page 31

*Hen.* You are very lusty.

*Buz.* I eate eringoes[31] and potchd eggs last night.

*Hen.* Goe & call him.

*Buz.* What?

*Hen.* You hound, is he up?

*Buz.* No, he's in Bed, and yet he may be up too; Ile goe see.

*Hen.* Stay, and speake low.—How now?

*[Buz. falls downe.*

*Buz.* I can speake no lower unlesse I creepe into the Cellar.

*Hen.* I'me glad you are so merry, sir.

*Buz.* So am I; my heart is a fiddle; the strings are rozend with ioy that my other young Mr. is come home, & my tongue the sticke that makes the fiddle squeake.

*Hen.* Come hither, leave your fooling & tell me truely: didst sleepe to night or no?

*Buz.* Sleepe? Not that I remember: Ile sweare (& my eyes should come out as 2 witnesses) that I nere slept worse; for what with ycur *Spanish* flyes (the pocky, stinging musquitoes) & what with your skip Jacke fleas, the nap of my sleepe was worne off.

*Hen.* Didst heare nothing?

*Buz.* Not in my sleepe.

*Hen.* Collect thy sences; when thou wert awake didst thou heare nothing?

*Buz.* Nothing.

*Hen.* Twixt 12 & one?

*Buz.* 12 & one? Then was I in my dead sleepe, cursing the fleas.

*Hen.* Or about one & two.

*Buz.* That's Three:—Now the Beetle[32] of my head beates it into my memory that as you & your brother *Manuell* lay in the high Bed, & I trondling[33] underneath, I heard one of you talke most stigmatically in his sleepe—most horriferously.



*Hen.* Right, now thou com'st to me,—so did I.

*Buz.* And then once or twice the sleepy voice cryde out, "Oh it was I that murthered him! this hand killd him!"

*Hen.* Art sure thou heardst this?

*Buz.* Am I sure these are my eares?

*Hen.* And dar'st thou sweare thou heardst it?

*Buz.* Lay downe 20 oathes, and see if Ile not take them.

*Hen.* And whose voice was it did appeare to thee?

*Buz.* Whose voice was it? Well said, yong Master! make an asse of your fathers man!

*Hen.* Come, come, be serious: whose voice?

*Buz.* Whose voice? why then, if your windpipe were slitt now and opend, there should the voice be found. I durst at midnight be sworne that the Ghost of your voice appeared before me.

*Hen.* No; me it frighted too; up stood my haire stiffe & on end.

*Buz.* As a Catts does at sight of a dog.

*Hen.* A cold sweat pearld in dropps all ore my body;  
For 'twas my Brothers voice, & were I calld  
Before a thousand Judges I must sweare  
It could be no mans els.

*Buz.* Why, then, I must sweare so, too.



## Page 32

*Hen.* "Oh it was I that murthered him! this hand killed him!"

*[Within, Man] Buzzano!*

*Hen.* He's up.

*[Man.] Buzzano!*

*Buz.* I come.

*Hen.* Helpe to make him ready,[34] but not a word on thy life.

*Buz.* Mum. *[Exit.*

*Hen.* So let it worke; thus far my wheeles goe true.  
Because a Captaine, leading up his men  
In the proud van, has honour above them,  
And they his vassailes; must my elder brother  
Leave me a slave to the world? & why, forsooth?  
Because he gott the start in my mother's belly,  
To be before me there. All younger brothers  
Must sitt beneath the salt[35] & take what dishes  
The elder shoves downe to them. I doe not like  
This kind of service: could I, by this tricke,  
Of a voice counterfeited & confessing  
The murther of my father, trusse up this yonker  
And so make my selfe heire & a yonger brother  
Of him, 'twere a good dayes worke. Wer't not fine angling?  
Hold line and hook: Ile puzzle him.

*Enter Manuell & Buzzano.*

*Man.* Morrow, brother.

*Hen.* Oh, good morrow: you have slept soundly.

*Man.* Travellers that are weary have sleepe led in a string.

*Buz.* So doe those that are hangd: all that travell & are weary doe not sleepe.

*Man.* Why, Mr. *Buzzano*, why?

*Buz.* Midwives travell at night & are weary with eating groaning pyes[36], & yet sleepe not: shall I hooke you?



*Man.* Hooke me? what meanst?

*Buz.* These Taylors are the wittiest knaves that live by bread.

*Hen.* And why witty, out of your wisdom?

*Buz.* In old time gentlemen would call to their men & cry, "Come, trusse me": now the word is "Come, hooke me"; for every body now lookes so narrowly to Taylors bills (some for very anger never paying them) that the needle lance knights, in revenge of those prying eyes, put so many hookes & eyes to every hose & dubblet.

*Man.* Well, sir, Ile not be hookd then now.

*Buz.* Tis well if you be not. [*Exit.*

*Hen.* *France* is an excellent country.

*Man.* Oh, a brave one.

*Hen.* Your *Monsieurs* gallant sparkes.

*Man.* Sparkes? oh, sir, all fire,  
The soule of complement, courtship & fine language;  
Witty & active; lovers of faire Ladyes,  
Short naggs & *English* mastives; proud, fantasticke,  
Yet such a pride & such fantasticknes,  
It so becomes them, other Nations  
(Especially the English) hold themselves  
No perfect gentlemen till frenchified.

*Hen.* Tush, *England* breeds more apes than *Barbary*.— How chance my father came not home with you?



## Page 33

*Man.* He was too hard tyed by the leg with busines.

*Hen.* What busines?

*Man.* Tis but stepping into *France*. And he perhaps will tell you.

*Hen.* Perhaps? tis well: What part of *France* did you leave him in?

*Man.* What part? why I left him at *Nancy* in *Lorraine*. No, no, I lye, now I remember me twas at *Chaalons* in *Burgundy*.

*Hen.* Hoyda, a most loving child  
That knowes not where he left his father, & yet  
Comes but now from him! had you left in *France*  
Your whore behind you, in your Table bookes  
You would have sett downe the streets very name,  
Yes, and the baudy signe, too.

*Man.* Hum, you say well, sir.  
Now you are up to th'eaes in Baudery,  
Pray tell me one thing, Brother; (I am sorry  
To putt forth such a question) but speake truly;  
Have you not in my fathers absence done  
A piece of worke (not your best masterpiece)  
But such an one as on the house of *Guzman*  
Will plucke a vengeance, & on the good old man  
(Our noble father) heape such hills of sorrow  
To beate him into his grave?

*Hen.* What's this your foolery?

*Man.* Pray heaven it prove soe: have not you defac'd That sweet & matchles goodnes,  
*Eleonora*, *Fernando's* daughter?

*Hen.* How defacd her?

*Man.* Hearke, sir: playd *Tarquin's* part and ravisht her.

*Hen.* 'Tis a lye.

*Man.* I hope so too.

*Hen.* What villaine speakes it?



*Man.* One with so wide a throat, that uttering it 'Twas heard in *France*; a letter, sir, informed My father so.

*Hen.* Letter? from whom?

*Man.* A woman.

*Hen.* She's a whore.

*Man.* Twas *Eleonora*.

*Hen.* She's, then, a villanous strumpet so to write, And you an asse, a coxcomb to beleeve it.

*Man.* Nettled? then let me tell you that I feare  
I shall for ever blush when in my hearing  
Any names *Henrico Guzman* for my brother.  
In right of vertue & a womans honour  
(This deare wrongd Ladies) I dare call thee Villaine.

*Hen.* Villaine!

*They fight: Enter Ferdinand and attendants.*

*Fer.* Part them, part them!

*Hen.* Let me see his heart Panting upon my weapons point; then part us. Oh, pray, forbear the roome.

*Fer.* Fy, Fy! two Brothers.  
Two Eaglets of one noble Aery,  
Pecke out each others eyes!—Welcome from *France*!  
How does your honourd father?

*Man.* Well, my Lord: I left him late in Paris.



## Page 34

*Hen.* So, so; in *Paris*!  
Hath he 3 bodyes? *Lorraine, Burgundy, & Paris*!  
My Lord, his Highnes putts into your hand  
A sword of Justice: draw it forth, I charge you  
By the oath made to your king, to smite this Traytour,  
The murtherer of my father!

*Man.* I?

*Hen.* Yes, thou: Thou, slave, hast bene his Executioner.

*Man.* Where? when?

*Hen.* There, there; in *France*.

*Man.* Oh heavenly powers!

*Hen.* Oh, intollerable villaine! parricide! Monster of mankind! *Spaniards* shame!

*Fer.* Pray, heare me: Are you in earnest?

*Hen.* Earnest?

*Fer.* Be advisd.

*Hen.* Lay hold on him, the murtherer of my father: I have armd proofes against him.

*Man.* An armd devill, And that's thy selfe! Produce thy proofes.

*Hen.* I will, sir; But I will doe't by law.

*Fer.* You are up allready Too deepe, I feare, in Law.

*Hen.* If you can, sett then Your foote upon my head & drowne me, your worst: Let me have Justice here.

*Fer.* Well, sir, you shall. *Manuell*, I can no lesse than lay upon you The hand of my authority. In my Caroach[37] You shall with mee to *Sherris*, 3 leagues off, Where the Lords sitt to-morrow: there you must answer This most unbrotherly accusation.

*Man.* And prove him a false caytiffe.

*Fer.* I will be both your guard, sir, and your bayle And make no doubt to free you from this Viper.

*Hen.* Viper!



*Fer.* Y'are bound to appeare at *Sherris*, sir;  
And you were best not fayle.  
I have a certaine Daughter there shall meete you. Come.

[*Exit Fer., Man., &[38]*

*Hen.* Thither I dare you both, all three.—*Buzzano!*

*Buz.* Sir?

*Hen.* Saddle my Jennet? Ile to *Sherris* presently.

*Buz.* And I?

*Hen.* And you; but I must schoole you, sirra.

[*Exeunt.*

## (SCENE 2.)

*Enter Pike, shackled, & his Jaylour.*

*Jay.* Boon Coragio, man! how is't?

*Pike.* Not very well & yet well enough, considering how the cheating dice of the world run.

*Jay.* I dare not, though I have a care of you, ease you of one Iron unles I desire such Gyves my selfe.

*Pike.* Las, if they were all knockt off I'me loaden with Gyves, Shackles, and fetters enough for the arrantest theefe that ever lay in my owne country in Newgate.

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*Jay.* Shackles, gyves, and fetters enough! I see none but these at your heeles, which come on without a shoeing horne.

*Pike.* Yes, at my heart I weare them—a wife & children (my poore Lambes at home); there's a chaine of sighes and sobbes and sorrow, harder then any Iron; and this chaine is so long it reaches from *Sherrys* to *Tavestock* in *Devonshire*.

*Jay.* That's farre enough in Conscience.

*Pike.* Could I shake those Chaines off I would cutt Capers: poore *Dick Pike* would dance though Death pip'd to him; yes, and spitt in your Hangman's face.

*Jay.* Not too much of that nayther: some 2 dayes hence he will give you a choake peare[39] will spoyle your spitting.

*Pike.* Pheu!

*Jay.* For, let me see, to-day is Sunday; to-morrow the Lords sitt, and then I must have a care—a cruell care—to have your leggs handsome and a new cleane ruff band about your necke, of old rusty iron; 'twill purge your choller.

*Pike.* I, I, let it, let it: Collers, halters, & hangmen are to me bracelets and frendly companions.

[*Knocking-within.*

*Jay.* So hasty? stay my leasure.—(*Enter 2 fryers*) Two fryers come to prepare you.  
[*Exit.*

I. Hayle, Countryman! for we, though fryers in *Spaine*, Were born in *Ireland*.

*Pike.* Reverend sir, y'are welcome: Too few such visitants, nay none at all, Have I seen in this damnable Limbo.

2. Brother, take heed; doe not misuse that word Of Limbo.[40]

1. Brother *Pike*, for so we heare, Men call you, we are come in pure devotion And charity to your soule, being thereto bound By holy orders of our mother Church.

*Pike.* What to doe, pray, with me?[41]

1. To point with our fingers  
Out all such rockes, shelves, quicksands, gulfes, & shallowes  
Lying in the sea through which you are to passe  
In the most dangerous voyage you ere made:



Eyther by our care to sett you safe on land,  
Or, if you fly from us your heavenly pilotts,  
Sure to be wrackt for ever.

*Pike.* What must I doe?

2. Confesse to one of us what rancke and foule impostumes Have bred about your soule.

1. What Leprosies Have run ore all your Conscience.

2. What hott feavers Now shake your peace of mind.

1. For we are come To cure your old Corruptions.

2. We are come To be your true and free Physitians.

1. Without the hope of gold, to give you health.

2. To sett you on your feete on the right way.

1. To *Palestine*, the *New Jerusalem*.





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2. Say;  
Will you unlocke the closet of your heart  
To one of us? chuse which, & be absolvd  
For all your blacke Crimes on a free confession?

1. To him or me, for you must dye to morrow.

*Pike.* Welcome!  
To morrow shall I be in another country,  
Where are no Examiners, nor Jayles,  
Nor bolts, nor barres, nor irons. I beseech you  
Give me a little respite to retire  
Into the next roome, & I will instantly  
Returne to give you satisfaction.

*[Exit.*

*Ambo.* Goe, brother.

1. A goodly man!

2. Well limbd & strong of heart.

1. Now I well view his face did not we two  
At our last being in *Plymouth* in disguise,  
When there the King of *England* rode about  
To see the soldiers in their musterings  
And what their armes were, just before this fleet  
Sett out, did we not see him there?

2. May be we did; I know not; if he were there 'tis now out of my memory.

*Enter Pike.*

1. Are you resolvd?

*Pike.* Yes.

2. To confesse?

*Pike.* I ha' don't already.

1. To whom?

*Pike.* To one who is in better place  
And greater power then you to cure my sicke



Infected part, though maladies as infinite  
As the sea sands, the grassy spears on earth,  
Or as the dropps of raine & stars in the firmament  
Stucke on me he can cleare all, cleanse me thoroughly.

2. You will not then confesse?

*Pike.* No, I confesse I will not.

1. We are sorry for you;  
For Countryes sake this Counsaile do I give you:  
When y'are before the Lords rule well your tongue,  
Be wary how you answer, least they tripp you;  
For they know the whole number of your shipps,  
Burthen, men & munition, as well  
As you in *England*.

*Pike.* I thanke you both.

2. Prepare to dye.  
[*Exeunt Fryers.*]

*Pike.* I will so.—Prepare to dye! An excellent bell & it sounds sweetly. He that prepares to dye rigges a goodly ship; he that is well preparad is ready to launch forth; he that prepares well & dyes well, arrives at a happy haven. Prepare to dye! preparation is the sauce, death the meate, my soule & body the guests; & to this feast will I goe, boldly as a man, humbly as a Christian, & bravely as an *Englishman*. Oh my Children, my Children! my poore Wife & Children!

*Enter Jaylour, & 3 Spanish Picaroes chayned.*

*Jay.* Here's a chearefull morning towards, my brave blouds!

1. Yes, Jaylor, if thou wert to be hangd in one of our roomes.

*Jay.* On, on; the Lords will sitt presently.

2. What's hee?

*Jay.* An *Englishman*.

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3. A dog!

1. A divell!

2. Let's beate out his braines with our Irons.

*Jay.* On, on; leave rayling, cursing & lying: had you not run from the Castle the hangman & you had bene "hayle fellow! well met:" On!

*All.* Crowes pecke thy eyes out, *English* dog, curre, toad, hell hound!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Pike.* Patience is a good armour, humility a strong headpiece, would I had you all three, I know where.

*Enter Bustamente shackled, & Jaylor.*

*Bust.* Whither dost lead me?

*Jay.* To a roome by your selfe: 'tis my office to have a care of my nurse children.

*Bust.* I have worne better *Spanish* gaiters: thus rewarded for my service!

*Jay.* See, Capt. *Bustamente*; doe you know this fellow?

*Bust.* No.

*Jay.* The Englishman brought prisoner into the Citty, & from thence hither.

*Pike.* Oh, Captaine, I saw you at the fort performe the part of a man.

*Bust.* And now thou seest me acting the part of a slave. Farewell, soldier. I did not hate thee at the first, though there we mett enemyes; and if thou & I take our leaves at the Gallowes, prithee letts part friends.

[*A Table out, sword & papers*[42]]

*Jay.* Come along, you two.

*Pike.* Hand in hand, if the Captaine please: noble *Bustamente*, at the winning of the fort we had a brave breakfast.

*Bust.* True, but I doubt not we shall have worse cheare at dinner.

*Jay.* When was ever any meat well dressd in the hangmans kitchen!

[*Exeunt.*]



### (SCENE 3.)

*Enter Fernando, bareheaded, talking with the Duke of Macada; Duke Gyron, Medyna, Marquesse d'Alquevezzas; 2 Gen., one with Pikes sword, which is laid on a table; Jaylour, Teniente; Clarke with papers.*

Mac. Where's the *Teniente*?

Clarke. The Duke calls for you.

Ten. Here, my Lord.

Mac. 'Tis the King's pleasure that those fugitives  
Which basely left the fort should not be honourd  
With a judiciall tryall, but presently  
(Both those you have at home & these in *Sherrys*)  
To dye by martiall law.

Ten. My Lord, Ile see it done.

Mac. Dispatch the rest here.

Jay. Yes, my Lord; Ile bring them carefully together to end the busines.

Gyr. Bring *Bustamente* in.

*[Exit Jaylour.]*

Mac. My Lords, here's *Don Fernando* relates to me  
Two stories full of wonder; one of his daughter,  
Fam'd for her vertues, faire *Eleonora*,  
Accusing *Don Henrico*, youngest sonne  
To noble *Pedro Guzman*, of a rape;  
Another of the same *Henrico's*, charging  
His elder brother *Manuell* with the murther  
Of *Pedro Guzman*, who went late to *France*.



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Gyr. Are all the parties here?

Fer. Yes.

*[Exit Fernan.]*

*Enter Jaylour, Bustamente, Guard.*

Gyr. Bring them in.

Mac. *Bustamente*,  
The King, our master, looking with sharpe eyes,  
Upon your trayterous yeilding up the fort,  
Putts off your Tryall here; you must abide  
Longer imprisonment.

Bust. I have allready quitted  
My selfe, my lord, of that which you call Treason,  
Which had in any here (he doing the like)  
Bene a high point of honour.

Alq. These braves[43] cannot serve you.

Gyr. You must not be your owne Judge.

Mac. You gave the *English*  
More glory by your base ignoble rendring  
That fort up then our Nation gott from them  
In all our undertakings.

Bust. Heare me, my Lords,

Mac. Sir, sir, w'have other anviles; *Bustamente*, Prepare your selfe for death.

Bust. For all my service!

All. Take him away!

Bust. You are Lyons & I your prey.

*[Exit with Jaylour.]*

Mac. Which are *Don Pedro's* sons?

*Enter Fernando, Henrico, Manuell.*

Fer. These two.



*Mac.* Which youngest?

*Hen.* I, my Lord.

*Enter Jaylour.*

*Mac.* You charge this Gentleman, your elder brother, With murther of your father.

*Hen.* Which I can prove.

*Mac.* And hither flyes a ravisht Ladyes voice To charge you with a Rape; the wronged Daughter Of this most noble Gentleman.

*Hen.* Let them prove that

*Mac.* These accusations & the proofes shall meete  
Here face to face, in th' afternoone. Meantime  
Pray, *Don Fernando*, let it be your care  
To see these gentlemen attended on  
By a strong guard.

*Fer.* The wrongs done to my selfe Work me, my lord, to that.

*Man.* I would your Grace would heare me speake a little.

*All.* You shall have time.

*Med.* Take them away, And at their Tryall have the Lady here.

[*Ex. Fer., Hen., Man., & Jaylour.*

*Gyr.* Where is the *Englishman*?

*Clarke.* The *Englishman*!

*Alq.* What do you call him? *Dick of Devonshire*?

*Med.* Because he is a soldier let him have  
A soldier's honour; bring him from his prison  
Full in the face of the whole Towne of *Sherrys*,  
With drums and musketts.

*Mac.* How many soldiers are in the Towne?



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*Clarke.* 5000.

*Med.* Let 200 march hither along with him as his guard: where's the *Teniente*?

*Ten.* Here, my Lord.

*Med.* Pray, see this done & in good order.

*Ten.* I shall. [*Exit.*

*Enter Don John below.*

*Gyr.* What makes *Don John* here? Oh, now I remember: You come against the *Englishman*.

*Jo.* Yes, my Lord.

*Enter his Lady and a Gentlewoman above.*

*Mac.* Give me the Note there of the *English* advertisements.

[*They all conferre.*

*Lady.* Here may we see & heare: poore *Englishman*!  
Sadnes! I cast on thee a noble pitty,  
A pitty mixt with sorrow that my Husband  
Has drawne him to this misery, to whom  
The soldier gave life being at his mercy.

*Gent.* Twas bravely done, no doubt he'll speed the better For his mind.

*Lady.* I visited him in prison, And did with much adoe win from *Don John* This journey,  
for I vowd to see th'event How they will deale with him.

*Gent.* I hope most fairely.

*Enter 2 drums, Teniente, divers musketts, Fernando with Pike (without band, an Iron about his necke, 2 Chaines manackling his wrists, a great chaine at his heeles); Jaylour, 3 or 4 halberts. A Barre sett out.*

*Clarke.* Silence!

*Mac.* You see how much our *Spanish* soldiers love you To give this brave attendance;  
though your Nation Fought us & came to hunt us to our deathes.



*Pike.* My Lords, this, which in shew is brave attendance  
And love to me, is the worldes posture right,  
Where one man's falling downe settis up another.  
My sorrowes are their triumphes; so in kings courts,  
When officers are thrust out of their roomes,  
Others leape laughing in while they doe mourne.  
I am at your mercy.

*Mac.* Sirra *Englishman*, Know you that weapon?—reach it him.

*Pike.* Yes, it Was once mine; and drawes teares from me to think How 'twas forced from me.

*Mac.* How many *Spanyards* Killd you with that sword?

*Pike.* Had I killd one This Barre had nere bene guilty of my pleading Before such Princely Judges: there stands the man.

*Gyr. Don John*, sett he on you or you on him?

*Jo.* He upon me first.

*Pike.* Let me then be torne Into a thousand pieces.

*Lady.* My Husband speaks untruth.

*Alq.* Sett he on you first? more coward you to suffer an enemy be aforehand.

*Pike.* Indeed in *England* my countrymen are good at bidding stand; but I was not now upon a robbery but a defence, sett round with a thousand dangers. He sett upon me; I had him at my feete, sav'd him, and for my labour was after basely hurt by him.





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*Fer.* This was examined by me, my Lords; And *Don John*, thus accusd, was much ashamd Of his unmanly dealing.

*Gyr.* He may be now soe.

*Lady.* I blush for him my selfe.

*Alq.* Disgrace to *Spanyards*!

*Mac.* Sirra, you *English*, what was the ship you came in?

*Pike.* The *Convertine*.

*Mac.* What Ordnance did she carry?

*Pike.* 40 peeces.

*Gyr.* No, sir, but 38; see here, my Lord.

*Alq.* Right, no more then 38.

*Mac.* Your fort at *Plymouth* strong?

*Pike.* Yes, very strong.

*Mac.* What Ordnance in't?

*Pike.* 50 Peeces.

*Gyr.* Oh fye, doe not belye your country; there's not so many.

*Alq.* How many soldiers keepe you in that fort?

*Pike.* 200.

*Mac.* Much about such a number.—There is a little iland before *Plymouth*: What strength is that of?

*Pike.* I doe not know.

*Gyr.* We doe, then.

*Alq.* Is *Plymouth* a walld Towne?

*Pike.* Yes, it is walld.



*Mac.* And a good wall?

*Pike.* A very good strong wall.

*Gyr.* True tis a good strong wall, and built so high One with a leape staffe may leape over it.

*Mac.* Why did not your good navy, being in such bravery, As it tooke *Puntall* seize *Cales*?

*Pike.* Our Generall  
Might easily have tane it, for he had  
Almost a thousand scaling ladders to sett up;  
And without mayme to's army he might loose  
A thousand men: but he was loath to robb  
An almes-house when he had a richer market  
To buy a conquest in.

*Mac.* What was that market?

*Pike. Genoa or Lisbon:* wherefore should we venture  
Our lives to catch the wind, or to gett knockes  
And nothing else.

*[They consult.]*

*Mac.* A poast with speed, to *Lisbon*, And see't well mand.

*Ten.* One shalbe sent, my Lord.

*[Exit. The soldiers laugh.]*

*Alq.* How now, why is this laughter?

*Fer.* One of the soldiers, being merry among themselves, is somewhat bold with th'*English*, and sayes th'are dainty Hennes.

*All.* *[Alq.?] Hens! ha, ha, ha!*

*Mac.* Sirra, view well these soldiers,  
And freely telle us, thinke you these will prove  
Such hens as are your *English*, when next yeare  
They land in your owne Country.

*Pike.* I thinke they will not, My lord, prove hens, but somewhat neere to hens.

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*Mac.* How mean'st thou?

*Pike.* Let my speech breed no offence: I thinke they would prove pulletts.

*Gyr.* Dar'st thou fight With any one of these our *Spanish* pulletts?

*Pike.* What heart have I to fight when tis beaten flatt  
To earth with sad afflictions? can a prisoner  
Glory in playing the Fencer? my life's at stake  
Already; can I putt it in for more?  
Our army was some 14000 men  
Of which more than 12000 had spirits so high  
Mine never shall come neere them: would some of them  
Were here to feed your expectations!  
Yet, silly as I am, having faire pardon  
From all your Graces and your Greatnesses,  
Ile try if I have strength in this chayned arme  
To breake a rapier.

*Mac.* Knock off all his gyves; And he that has a stomacke for *Spaines* honour To  
combate with this *Englishman*, appeare.

*Pike.* May he be never calld an *Englishman* That dares not looke a divell in the face,  
[*One stepps forth.* Come he in face of man, come how he can.

*Mac.* Your name?

*Tia.* *Tiago.*

*All.* Well done *Tiago.*

*Mac.* Let drums beate all the time they fight.

*Lady.* I pray for thee.

*Gent.* And I.

[*They fight: Pike disarmes & tripps him downe.*

*Pike.* Onely a *Devonshire* hugg, sir:—at your feete I lay my winnings.

*Tia.* Diable!

[*Exit, biting his thumb*[44]; *the soldiers stampe.*



Gyr. Wilt venter on oanother?

Pike. I beseech you To pardon me, and taske me to no more.

Alq. Come, come, one more; looke you, here's a young Cockerell[45]  
Comes crowing into the pitt.

*[Another steps in.*

All. Prithee, fight with him.

Pike. I'me in the Lyon's gripe & to gett from him There's but one way; that's death.

Mac. *English*, What say you? will you fight or no?

Pike. Ile fight.

All. Give 'em roome! make way there!

Pike. Ile fight till every Joynt be cutt in pieces  
To please such brave spectators; yes Ile fight  
While I can stand, be you but pleasd, my Lords,  
The noble Dukes here, to allow me choice  
Of my owne Country weapon.

All. What?

Pike. A Quarter staffe,—this, were the head off.

Mac. Off with the head, and roome! How dost thou like this *Spaniard*?

Pike. Well: he's welcome.

Here's my old trusty frend: are there no more?  
One! what, but one? why, I shall make no play,  
No sport before my princely Judges with one.  
More sakes to the Mill! come, another! what, no more?

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*Mac.* How many wouldst thou have?

*Pike.* Any number under six.

*All.* Ha, ha, sure he's mad!

*Mac.* Dar'st coape with Three?

*Pike.* Where are they? let 'em shew their faces: so; welcome!

*Mac.* How dost thou like these chickens?

*Pike.* When I have drest them With sorrell sopps Ile tell you.

*Lady.* Now guard him heaven!

*[Drums. They fight, one is killd, the other 2 disarmed.]*

1. Hell take thy Quarter staffe!

2. Pox on thy quarters!

*Mac.* The matter? why this noyse?

*[A noyse within of Diable Englese.]*

*Jay.* The soldiers rayle, stampe & stare, and sweare to cutt His throat for all the Jaylors care of him.

*Mac.* Make proclamation, my lord *Fernando*, That who soever dares but touch his finger To hurt him, dyes.

*Fer.* I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Lady.* This is done nobly.

*Mac.* Here, give him this gold.

*Ten.* The Duke *Macada* gives you this gold.

*All.* And this.

*Ten.* The Duke of *Medina* this; Duke *Gyron* this; &, looke you, the Marquesse *Alqueveza* as much as all the rest.



*Alq.* Where's any of my men? give him your Cloake, sirra; Fetch him cleane Band and Cuffs. I embrace thee, *Pike*; And hugg thee in my armes: scorne not to weare A *Spanish* livery.

*Pike.* Oh, my Lord, I am proud of't.

*Mac.* He shalbe with a Convoy sent to the King.

*Alq.* 4 of my gentlemen shall along with him: Ile beare thy charges, soldier, to *Madrid*, 5 peeces of 8 a day in travell, & Lying still thou shalt have halfe that.

*Pike.* On my knees Your vassaile thanks heaven, you, and these Princes.

*Mac.* Breake up the Court till afternoon: then the 2 *Guzmans* tryall.

*All.* Come, *Englishman*.

*Med.* How we honour valour thus our loves epresse: Thou hast a guard of Dukes and Marquesses.

[*Exeunt all.*

*Actus Quintus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Teniente & Henrico.*

*Ten.* The Lords are not yett risen: let us walke & talke.  
Were not you better yeild to marry her  
Then yeild to suffer death? know you the law?

*Hen.* Law! yes; the spiders Cobweb[46], out of which great flyes breake and in which the little are hangd: the Tarriers snaphance[47], limetwiggs, weavers shuttle & blankets in which fooles & wrangling coxcombes are tossd. Doe I know't now or not?

*Ten.* If of the rape she accuse you 'tis in her choise To have you marry her or to have you hangd[48].



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*Hen.* Hangd, hangd by any meanes! marry her? had I  
The King of *Spaines* 7 Kingdomes,  
*Gallicia, Navarre*, the 2 *Castiles*,  
*Leon, Arragon, Valentia, Granada*,  
And *Portugall* to make up 8, Ide lose them  
All to be rid of such a piece of flesh.

*Ten.* How? such a piece of flesh? Why, she has limbes Mad out of wax.[49]

*Hen.* Then have her to some faire And shew her for money.

*Ten.* Is she not sweet complexiond?

*Hen.* As most Ladyes are that studye painting.

*Ten.* What meate will downe your throat, when you scorne pheasant, partridge,  
woodcocke & coney? Would I had such a dish.

*Hen.* Woodcocke and coney take to you, my *Don Teniente*; Ile none; and because you  
keepe such a wondering why my stomach goes against the wench (albeit I might find  
better talke, considering what ladder I stand upon) Ile tell you, signior, what kind of wife I  
must have or none.

*Ten.* Pray let me see her picture.

*Hen.* Draw then this curtaine:  
Give me a wife that's sound of wind and limbe;  
Whose teeth can tell her age; whose hand nere felt  
A touch lascivious; whose eyes are balls  
Not tossd by her to any but to me;  
Whose breath stinkes not of sweatmeates; whose lippes kisse  
Onely themselves and mine; whose tongue nere lay  
At the signe of the *Bell*. She must not be a scold,  
No, nor a foole to be in love with Bables[50];  
No, nor too wise to think I nere saile true  
But when she steares the rudder. I'de not have  
Her belly a drum, such as they weave points on,  
Unles they be taggd with vertue; nor would I have  
Her white round breasts 2 sucking bottles to nurse  
Any Bastards at them.

*Ten.* I believe you would not.

*Hen.* I would not have her tall, because I love not  
To dance about a May pole; nor too lowe



(Litle clocks goe seldome true); nor, sir, too fatt  
(Slug[51] shipps can keepe no pace); no, nor too leane,  
To read Anatomy lectures ore her Carcas.  
Nor would I have my wife exceeding faire,  
For then she's liquorish meate; & it would mad me  
To see whoremasters teeth water at her,  
Red haird by no meanes, though she would yeild money  
To sell her to some Jew for poyson. No,  
My wife shall be a globe terrestriall,  
Moving upon no axeltree but mine;  
Which globe when I turne round, what land soever  
I touch, my wife is with me, still lme at home.

*Ten.* But where will you find such a wife on earth?

*Hen.* No, such a wife in the Moone for me doth tarry: If none such shine here I with none will marry.

*Ten.* The Lordes are come.

*Hen.* I care neyther for Lords nor Ladies.

*Enter the Nobles as before; Fernando, Manuell, Clarke, Jaylor.*





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*Mac.* Where are these gentlemen? sett 'em both to a Barre  
And opposite, face to face: a Confrontation  
May perhaps daunt th'offender & draw from him  
More then he'd utter. You accuse your Brother  
As murtherer of your father: where's the prooffe?

*Hen.* First call my fathers man in.

*Clark.* What's his name?

*Hen.* *Buzzano*.

*Clark.* Call *Buzzano* in!

*Enter Buzzano.*

*Buz.* Here I am, here.

*Clark.* Stand out: whither goe you?

*Buz.* To stand out.

*Clark.* Stand there.

*Mac.* Now what can he say?

*Hen.* First, my Lord, heare mee: My brother & I lying in one bed together, And he just under us—

*Buz.* In my fleabitten Trundle bed.[52]

*Clark.* Peace, sirra.

*Hen.* About midnight I awaking,  
And this *Buzzano* too, my brother in his sleepe  
Thus cryde out, "Oh, twas I that murtherd him,  
This hand that killd him"!

*Gyr.* Heard you this, sirra?

*Buz.* As sure as I heare you now.

*Alq.* And you'le be sworne 'twas he that so cryde out?

*Buz.* If I were going to be hangd Ide sweare.



*Clark.* Forbeare the Court.  
[*Exit Buzzano.*]

*Mac.* All this is but presumption: if this be all  
The shott you make against him your bullets stick  
In a mud wall, or if they meete resistance  
They backe rebound & fly in your owne face.

*Med.* Bring your best forces up, for these are weak ones.

*Hen.* Then here I throw my glove & challenge him  
To make this good upon him: that at comming home  
He first told me my father dyed in France,  
Then some hours after that he was not dead  
But that he left him in *Lorraine* at *Nancy*,  
Then at *Chaalons* in *Burgundy*, & lastly  
He said to *Don Fernando* he was in *Paris*.

*Fer.* He did indeed.

*Mac.* What then?

*Hen.* Then, when in's chamber we were going to bed,  
He suddenly lookd wild, catchd me by the hand  
And, falling on his knees, with a pale face  
And troubled conscience he confessed he killd him,  
Nay, swore he basely murderd him.

*Mac.* What say you to this?

*Alq.* Now he comes close up to you.

*Man.* He is my murtherer  
For I am none, so lett my Innocence guard me.  
I never spake with a distracted voice;  
Nere fell to him on my knees; spake of no father,  
No murderd father. He's alive as I am,  
And some foule divell stands at the fellowes elbow,  
Jogging him to this mischefe. The Villaine belyes me,  
And on my knees, my lord, I beg that I  
And my white Innocence may tread the path  
Beaten out before us by that man, my brother.  
Command a case of rapiers to be sent for,  
And lett me meete his daring. I know him valiant;  
But I am doubly armd, both with a Courage  
Fiery as his can be, and with a cause  
That spitts his accusation full in the face.

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*Mac.* The combate in this case cannot be granted,  
And here's the reason: when a man accuses  
A frend, much more a brother, for a fact  
So foule as murther (murther of a father),  
The Law leapes straight way to the Challenger  
To take his part. Say he that doth accuse  
Should be decrepitt, lame and weake, or sickly,  
The other strong and lusty; thinke you a kingdome  
Will hazard so a subject, when the quarrell  
Is for a kingdomes right? If y'are so valiant  
You then must call the law into the field  
But not the man.

*Man.* I have done; let law proceed.

*Mac.* This cannot serve your turne, say he does belye you;  
He stakes against your body his owne soule.  
Say there is no such murther, yet the Law  
Fastens on you; for any man accusd  
For killing of his father may be rackd  
To draw confession from him. Will you confesse?

*Man.* I cannot, must not, will not.

*Mac.* Jaylour, take & prepare him for the racke: Wele see it done here.

*Hen.* You are righteous Judges.

*Man.* Oh villaine, villaine, villaine!

*[Exit with the Jaylour.]*

*Med.* Where's the wrongd Lady?

*Alq.* Stand you still at the Barre. You are now another man, sir; your scale turnes.

*Fernando fetches in Eleonora.*

*Mac.* Looke on the prisoner: doe you know him, Lady?

*Ele.* Would I had nere had cause to say I know him.

*Mac.* Of what doe you accuse him?



*Ele.* As the murtherer  
Both of my name and honour. In the hurry,  
When the Citty (they said) was ready to be taken,  
I being betrothed to this young gentleman,  
My father brought me to his father's house,  
Telling me their dwelt safety.—There dwelt villany,  
Treason, lust, basenes! for this godlesse man  
(The storme being ore) came in & forcd from me  
The Jewell of my virgin honour.

*Hen.* False!

*Fer.* I would not have thee thinke (thou graceles wretch)  
She, being contracted to thee, loving thee,  
Loving thee far more dearly then her selfe,  
Would wound her vertue soe, so blott her fame  
And bring a scandall on my house & me,  
Were not the fact most true.

*Hen.* Most false by all that ever man can sweare by.  
We falling out, I told her once I nere  
Would marry her; & soe she workes this mischief.

*Gyr.* You here stand chargd for ravishing her, & you Must marry her or she may have  
your life.

*Mac.* Lady, what say you? which had you rather have, His life or him?

*Ele.* I am not cruell; pay me my first Bond Of marriage, which you seald to, & I free you  
And shall with Joy run flying to your armes.

*All.* Law you?[53]

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*Mac.* That's easy enough.

*Hen.* Rackes, Gibbetts, wheeles make sausages of my flesh first! Ile be ty'd to no man's Strumpet.

*Alq.* Then you muste look to dye.

*Mac.* Lady, withdraw.

*Hen.* Well, if I doe, somebody shall packe.

*Ele.* Oh me, unfortunate Creature! [*Exit.*

*Enter Manuell to be rackt; Jaylour & Officers.*

*Med. Don Manuell Guzman* ere you taste the tortures, Which you are sure to feele, will you confesse This murther of your father?

*Man.* Pray, give me privacy a little with my brother.

*All.* [*Alq.?*] Take it.

*Man.* O brother your owne Conscience knowes you wrong me:  
Ile rather suffer on the Gallow Tree  
Then thus be torne in pieces. Canst thou see mee  
Thus worried amongst hangmen? deare *Henrico*,  
For heavens sake, for thine owne sake pittie mee.

*All.* [*Alq.?*] What sayes he?

*Hen.* Cunning, cunning, cunning Traytour! In my eare he confesses all again and prayes me To speake to you.

*Mac.* Will you openly confesse?

*Man.* No, no, I cannot. Caytiffe, I spake not soe:  
I must not wound my Conscience to lay on it  
A guilt it knowes not. Ile not so dishonour  
My father, nor my ancestours before me,  
Nor my posterity with such an earthquake  
To shake our noble house.

*Mac.* Give him the Law then.

*Man.* Ile meete a thousand deaths first.



*Hen.* Plucke, & plucke home, for he's a murtherous Villaine.

*Man.* Thou worse, a divell.

*Mac.* Racke him!

*Man.* Oh stay! for heavens sake spread your mercy! I doe confesse the murther; I killd my father.

*All.* Take him off!

*Man.* This hand stabbd him.

*Mac.* Where?

*Man.* Neere *St. Germain's* In *Paris*, in a darke night, & then I fled.

*Mac.* Thy owne tongue is thy Judge; take him away: To-morrow looke to dye: send him a Confessour.

*Jay.* Ile have a holy care of him.

*[Exit Manuell, led by the Jaylour.]*

*Hen.* Who's now, my lords, the Villaine?

*Enter Eleonora & Buzzano.*

*Ele.* Oh Justice, here's a witnesse of my Rape.

*Mac.* Did you see't, sirra?

*Buz.* See't! no, sir, would I had; but when she was in labour I heard her cry out "helpe! helpe!" & the Gamboll being ended she came in like a mad woman, ruffled & crumpled, her haire about her eares; & he all unbrac'd, sweating as if he had bene thrashing; & afterwards he told me, my lords, that he had downe diddled her.

*Hen.* I now am lost indeed, & on my knee  
Beg pardon of that goodnes, that pure Temple  
Which my base lust prophand, & will make good  
My wrongs to her by marriage.



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*Mac.* What say you, Lady?

*Ele.* He spurnd my mercy when it flew to him And courted him to kisse it; therefore now Ile have his life.

*Fer.* That life, so had, redeemes Thine & thy fathers infamy. Justice! my Lords.

*Hen.* Cruell Creature!

*Mac.* Take him away & lead him to his brother; You both must die next morning.

*Hen.* I deserve it; And so that Slave, too, that betrayed his Master.

*Buz.* Why should I not betray my Master, when he betrayed his Mistris.

*Ele.* Get you gone, sirra.

*[Exeunt Henrico & Buzzano.]*

*Mac.* You are dismissd: Faire Lady, You shall have Law, your Ravisher shall dye.

*Ele.* Oh that my life from death could sett him free!

*[Exit.]*

*Mac.* Pray, *Don Fernando*, follow her & soften Her heart to pittie the poore gentleman: The Crime is not so Capitall.

*Fer.* Ile doe my best.

*[Exit.]*

*Mac.* That such a noble *Spanyard* as *Don Pedro* Should be so cursed in's Children!

*Enter Buzzano, Don Pedro, Fernando & Eleonora.*

*Buz.* Hee's come, hee's come, my Lord! *Don Pedro Gusman* is still alive,—see, see!

*Mac.* Let us descend to meet a happinesse Crownes all our expectations.

*Pedro.* Whilst I meet  
A Thunder strikes me dead. Oh, poore, wrongd Lady,  
The poyson which the villaine poures on thy honour  
Runs more into my veines then all the Venome  
He spitts at me or my deare Boy, his brother.  
My Lords, your pardon that I am transported



With shame & sorrow thus beyond my selfe,  
Not paying to you my duty.

*All.* Your love, *Don Pedro*.

*Mac.* Conceale your selfe a while; your sons wele send for, And shew them deaths face presently.

*Pedro.* Ile play a part in't. [*Exit.*

*Mac.* Let them be fetcht, & speake not of a father.

*Ten.* This shall be done. [*Exit.*

*Mac.* Is your Compassion, Lady, yet awake?  
Remember that the scaffold, hangman, sword,  
And all the Instruments death playes upon,  
Are hither calld by you; 'tis you may stay them.  
When at the Barre there stood your Ravisher  
You would have savd him, then you made your choyce  
To marry him: will you then kill your husband?

*Ele.* Why did that husband then rather chuse death  
Then me to be his bride? is his life mine?  
Why, then, because the Law makes me his Judge,  
Ile be, like you, not cruell, but reprieve him;  
My prisoner shall kisse mercy.



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*Mac.* Y'are a good Lady.

*Med.* Lady, untill they come, repose your selfe.

*[Exit Eleonora.*

*Mac.* How now? so soone come back? why thus returned?

*Enter Pike & a Gentleman, with Letters.*

*Gen.* Our Journey to *Madrid* the Kinge himselfe  
Cutts off, by these his royall letters sent  
Upon the wings of speed to all your Graces.  
He lay one night since at your house, my Lord  
Where, by your noble Wife, he had a wellcome  
Fitting his greatnes & your will.

*Alq.* I'me glad of't.

*Mac.* The King, our Master, writes heere, *Englishman*, He has lost a subiect by you; yet referres Himselfe to us about you.

*Pike.* Againe, I stand heere  
To lay my own life downe, please his high Maiesty  
To take it: for what's lost his fate to fall  
Was *fortune de la guerre*, & at the feete  
Of his most royal Maiesty & at yours  
(My Princely Lords & Judges) low as th'earth  
I throw my wretched selfe & begg his mercy.

*Mac.* Stand up; that mercy which you aske is signd By our most royall master.

*Pike.* My thanks to heaven, him & your Graces.

*Mac.* The King further writes heere,  
That though your Nation came in Thunder hither  
Yet he holds out to you his Enemy  
2 friendly proffers: serve him in his dominions  
Eyther by land or sea, & thou shalt live  
Upon a golden pension, such a harvest  
As thou nere reapst in *England*.

*Pike.* His kingly favours  
Swell up in such high heapes above my merit,  
Could I reare up a thousand lives, they cannot



Reach halfe the way. I me his, to be his Vassaile,  
His Gally Slave, please you to chaine me to the oare;  
But, with his highnes pardon & your allowance,  
I beg one Boone.

*All.* What is't?

*Pike.* That I may once more  
See my owne Country Chimneys cast out smoake.  
I owe my life and service to the King,  
(The king of *England*) let me pay that Bond  
Of my allegiance; &, that being payd,  
There is another obligation,  
One to a woefull Wife & wretched Children  
Made wretched by my misery. I therefore beg,  
Intreat, emprove, submissively hold up my hands  
To have his Kingly pitty & yours to lett me goe.

*All.* [*Alq.*?] Let him ene goe.

*Mac.* Well, since we cannot win you to our service,  
We will not weane you from your Countryes love.  
The king, our lord, commands us here to give you  
A hundred pistoletts to beare you home.

*Pike.* A royall bounty, which my memory  
Shall never loose; no, nor these noble favours  
Which from the *Lady Marquesse Alquevezze*  
Raynd plenteously on me.

*Alq.* What did she to thee?

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Gyr. How did she entertaine thee?

Pike. Rarely; it is a brave, bounteous, munificent, magnificent Marqueeza! the great Turke cannot tast better meat then I have eaten at this ladies Table.

Alq. So, so.

Pike. And for a lodging, if the curtaines about my bed had bene cutt of Sunbeames, I could not lye in a more glorious Chamber.

Mac. You have something, then, to speake of our weomen when y'are in *England*.

Pike. This Box, with a gold chaine in't for my Wife & some pretty things for my Children, given me by your honourd Lady would else cry out on me. There's a *Spanish* shirt, richly lacd & seemd, her guift too; & whosoever layes a foul hand upon her linnen in scorne of her bounty, were as good flea[54] the Divells skin over his eares.

Mac. Well said: in *England* thou wilt drinke her health?

Pike. Were it a glasse as deepe to the bottome as a *Spanish* pike is long, an *Englishman* shall doe't. Her health, & *Don Johns* wives too.

*Enter Jaylor.*

Jay. The Prisoners are upon comming.

Mac. Stand by, *Englishman*.

*Enter Teniente, Henrico, Manuell, Pedro (as a fryer);  
at another dore Eleonora.*

Mac. Give the Lady roome there!

Clark. Peace!

Mac. Your facts are both so foule your hated lives  
Cannot be too soone shortned; therefore these Lords  
Hold it not fitt to lend you breath till morning,  
But now to cutt you off.

*Both.* The stroke is welcome.

*Pedro.* Shall I prepare you?

*Hen.* Save your paynes, good father.



*Man.* We have allready cast up our accounts And sent, we hope, our debts up into heaven.

*Fer.* Our sorrowes & our sighes fly after them.

*Ped.* Then your confession of the murther stands As you your selfe did sett it downe?

*Man.* It does;  
But on my knees I beg this marginall note  
May sticke upon the paper; that no guilt,  
But feare of Tortures frighted me to take  
That horrid sin upon me. I am as innocent  
And free as are the starres from plotting treason  
Gainst their first mover.

*Pedro.* I was then in *France* When of your fathers murther the report Did fill all *Paris*.

*Man.* Such a reverend habit Should not give harbour to so blacke a falshood.

*Hen.* Tis blacke, & of my dying; for 'twas I To cheate my brother of my fathers lands,  
Layd this most hellish plott.

*Fer.* 3[55] hellish sins, Robbery, Rape & Murther.

*Hen.* I'me guilty of all Three; his soul's as white And cleare from murther as this holy man  
From killing mee.

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*Pedro.* No [know], there's a thing about me Shall strike thee into dust & make thy tongue With trembling to proclayme thyselfe a Villaine More then thou yet hast done:—  
See, tis my Eye.

*Hen.* Oh, I am confounded! [*Falls.*

*Man.* But I comforted  
With the most heavenly apparition  
Of my deare honourd father.

*Fer.* Take thou comfort  
By two more apparitions, of a father  
And a lost daughter, yet heere found for thee.

*Man.* Oh, noble sir, I pray forgive my brother.

*Ele.* See, sir, I doe; & with my hand reach to him My heart to give him new life.

*Fer.* Rise, my *Henrico*!

*Mac.* Rise & receive a noble minded wife Worth troupes of other weomen.

*Hen.* Shame leaves me speechles.

*Pedro.* Gett thee a tongue againe, & pray, & mend.

*Mac.* Letters shall forthwith fly into *Madrid* To tell the King the storyes of Two Brothers,  
Worthy the Courtiers reading. Lovers, take hands: *Hymen* & gentle faeryes strew your  
way: Our Sessions turnes into a Bridall day.

*All.* Fare thee well, *Englishman*.

*Pike.* I will ring peales of prayers of you all, My Lords & noble Dons.

*Mac.* Doe soe, if thou hast iust cause: howsoever, When thy swift ship cutts through  
the curled mayne, Dance to see *England*, yet speake well of *Spayne*.

*Pike.* I shall.—Where must I leave my pistoletts?

*Gent.* Follow mee.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

**FINIS.**

## **INTRODUCTION TO THE LADY MOTHER.**

The authorship of this anonymous play, now printed for the first time (from *Eg.* MS. 1994), is not difficult to discover. Any one who has had the patience to read the Plays of Henry Glapthorne cannot fail to be amused by the bland persistence with which certain passages are reproduced in one play after another. Glapthorne's stock of fancies was not very extensive, but he puts himself to considerable pains to make the most of them. In *The Lady Mother* we find the same ornaments spread out before us, many of them very tawdry at their best. Glapthorne's editor has striven to show that the weak-kneed playwright was a fellow-pupil of John Milton's at St. Paul's. One cannot think of the two names together without calling to mind the "lean and flashy songs" and "scrannel pipes of wretched straw" in *Lycidas*.

Yet Glapthorne was a man of some parts. He had little enough dramatic power, but he writes occasionally with tenderness and feeling. In his poetical garden rank weeds choke up the flower-beds; but still, if we have patience to pursue the quest, we may pick here and there a musk-rose or a violet that retains its fragrance. He seems to have taken Shirley as his master; but desire in the pupil's case outran performance. It is, indeed, a pitiful fall from the *Grateful Servant*, a honey-sweet old play, fresh as an idyl of Theocritus, to the paltry faded graces of the *Lady's Privilege*.

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A note at the end of *The Lady Mother* in the hand-writing of William Blagrave, acting for the Master of the Revels, shows that the play was licensed in October, 1635. From a passage in II., 1, it would seem to have been produced at the Salisbury Court Theatre in Whitefriars. In the same year Glapthorne's comedy of the *Hollander*, according to the title-page, was being acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. His other pieces were produced rather later. I am inclined to think that *The Lady Mother*, in spite of the wild improbability of the plot and the poorness of much of the comic parts, is our author's best work. In such lines as the following (IV., 1) there is a little flickering of pathos:—

“Enough, good friend; no more.  
Had a rude *Scythian*, ignorant of tears,  
Unless the wind enforced them from his eyes,  
Heard this relation, sure he would have wept;  
And yet I cannot. I have lost all sense  
Of pitty with my womanhood, and now  
That once essentiall Mistress of my soule,  
Warne charity, no more inflames my brest  
Then does the glowewormes uneffectuall fire  
The ha[n]d that touches it. Good sir, desist  
The agravation of your sad report; [Weepe.  
Ive to much grieve already.”

The “glowewormes uneffectuall fire” is of course pilfered from Hamlet, but it is happily introduced. There is some humour in the scene (I., 2) where the old buck, Sir Geoffrey, who is studying a compliment to his mistress while his hair is being trimmed by his servant before the glass, puts by the importunity of his scatter-brain'd nephew and the blustering captain, who vainly endeavour to bring him to the point and make him disburse. On the whole I am confident that *The Lady Mother* will be found less tedious than any other of Glapthorne's pieces.

## THE LADY MOTHER: A COMEDY.

BY HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

*Written in 1635, and now printed for the first time.*

The Play of The Lady Mother.

*Actus Primus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Thorowgood, Bonvill & Grimes.*



*Bon.* What? will it be a match man? Shall I kneele to thee and aske thee blessing, ha?

*Tho.* Pish! I begin to feare her, she does Dally with her affection: I admire itt.

*Bon.* Shee and her daughters  
Created were for admiration only,  
And did my Mistress and her sister not  
Obscure their mothers luster fancy could not  
Admitt a fuller bewty.

*Tho.* Tis easier to expresse  
Where nimble winds lodge, ore investigate  
An eagles passage through the agill ayre  
Then to invent a paraphrase to expresse  
How much true virtue is indebted to their  
Unpareld perfections.

*Bon.* Nay[56], but shall I not be acquainted with your designe? when we must marry,  
faith to save charges of two wedding dinners, lets cast so that one day may yeild us  
bridegroome,—I to the daughter and thou to the mother.



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*Tho.* She falls off  
With such a soddaine ambiguitie,  
From the strong heate of her profesd[57] love  
That I conceive she intends a regular prooffe  
Of my untainted Faith.

*Grimes.* Soe I thinke, too: when I was young the plaine downe-right way serv'd to woe  
and win a wench; but now woing is gotten, as all things else are, into the fashion;  
gallantts now court their Mistress with mumps & mows as apes and monke[y]s doe.

*Bon.* But cannot all your fluent witt interpret  
Why she procrastinatts your promisd match?  
By this light, her daughter would be married tomorrow  
If her mother and I had concluded on the Joynture.

*Tho.* The most evident reason she will give me of this unwellcome protractcon is she  
has some new employment to put on me, which performd she has ingaged her selfe to  
certainty of her designing me an answerare [sic].

*Enter Lovell.*

*Grimes.* Here comes your Rivall, Mr. *Thorowgood*,—*Alexander the Great*, her  
Ladishipps loving Steward.

*Bon.* But does he affect the lady; what's his character?

*Grimes.* He was by trade a taylor, sir, and is the tenth part of the bumbast that goes to  
the setting forth of a man: his dealing consists not much in weight but in the weight of  
his pressing Iron, under whose tyranny you shall perceave no small shrinking.

*Tho.* Well said, *Grimes*. On!

*Grimes.* He has alterd himselfe out of his owne cutt since he was steward; yet, if you  
saw him in my ladyes Chamber you would take him for some usher of a dancing  
schoole, as being aptest in sight for a crosse cap.

*Tho.* Excellent *Grimes* still!

*Grimes.* By his cloathes you might deeme him a knight; but yet if you uncase him, you  
will find his sattin dublett naught but fore sleeves & brest, the back part buckram; his  
cloake and cape of two sorts; his roses and garters of my ladyes old Cypres: to  
conclude, sir, he is an ambodexter or a Jack-of-all-sides & will needs mend that which  
Nature made: he takes much upon him since the old Knight dyed, and does fully intend  
to run to hell[58] for the lady: he hates all wines and strong drinks—mary, tis but in  
publique, for in private he will be drunke, no tinker like him.



*Bon.* Peace, sirrah; observe.

*Lov.* So, let me see the *summa totalis* of my sweet ladies perfections.

*Grimes.* Good, he has her in whole already.

*Tho.* Peace, *Grimes*.

*Lov.* *Imprimis*, her faire haire; no silken sleeve  
Can be so soft the gentle worm does weave.  
*It[em]*, noe Plush or satten sleeke, I vow,  
May be compard unto her velvet brow.  
*It[em]*, her eyes—two buttons made of iett;  
Her lipps gumd taffety that will not fret;  
Her cheeks are changeable, as I suppose,—  
Carnation and white, lyllie and rose.



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*Grimes.* I, there it goes.

*Bon.* I protest I comend him; he goes through stitch with her like the Master of his trade.

*Lov.* *It[em] her brests two bottomes[59] be of thred,  
By which love to his laborinth is led.  
Her belly—*

*Grimes.* I, marry, sir, now he comes to the purpose.

*Lov.* *Her Belly a soft Cushion where no sinner But her true love must dare stick a pin in her.*

*Grimes.* That line has got the prick and prayse from all the rest.

*Lov.* *Butt to that stuff of stuffs, that without scoff Is Camills haire or else stand further off.*

*Grimes.* How many shreads has he stoale here to patch up this lady?

*Lov.* *The totall some of my blest deity Is the magazine of Natures treasury.—* Soe, this made up, will I take an occasion to dropp where she may find it. But, stay; here's company.

*Bon.* Mr. Lovell.

*Lov.* And see, I shall divulge myselfe.

*Grimes.* A foole, I doubt not.

*Bon.* Is your lady stirring?

*Lov.* She is risen, sir, and early occupied in her occasions spiritual, and domesticke busines.

*Enter Lady & Magdalen.*

*Lady.* Sweet Mr. Bonvil.  
The simple entertain[m]ent you receave here  
I feare will scare you from us: you're so early  
Up, you do not sleepe well.

*Tho.* I cannot looke on her  
But lme as violent as a high-wrought sea  
In my desires; a fury through my eyes  
At every glance of hers invades my heart.

*Lady.* What ayles you, servant? are you not well?

*Bon.* 'Tis his humour, Madam; he is accustomed, though it be in company, to hold a dialogue with his thoughts. Please you, lady, to give his fever libertie; the fit will soon be overpasd.

*Tho.* She bears her age well, or she is not sped  
Far into th'vale of yeares: she has an eye  
Piercing as is an Eglets when her damme,  
Training[60] her out into the serene air,  
Teaches her face the Sunbeames.

*Bon.* Madam, I fear my friend  
Hath falne againe in love; he practises  
To himself new speeches; you and he are not  
Broke off, I hope.

*Lady.* O, sir, I value my servant at a higher rate: We two must not easily disagree. Sir *Alexander*, attend in Mr. *Bonvill*. My daughter's up by this time, and I would have him give her the first salute. You had best be wary, *Bonvill*; the young cittizen or the souldier will rob you of her.

*Bon.* O, we feare not them: shall we goe, sir?

*Lady.* Nay, Ile detaine my servant.

*Bon.* Harke you, sir, strike home; doe you heare?

[*Exeunt Bonvill, Grimes, Lovell & Mag.*]

*Lady.* Servant, have you leasure To hear what I inioyne you?



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*Tho.* Your good pleasure.

*Lady.* What shall I doe? I can no longer beare  
This flame so mortall; I have wearid heaven  
With my entreaties and shed teares enough  
To extinguish *Aetna*, but, like water cast  
On coales, they ad unto my former heate  
A more outragious fervor. I have tried  
All modest meanes to give him notice of  
My violent love, but he, more dull then earth,  
Either conceives them not or else, possesd  
With full affection of my daughter, scornes me.

*Tho.* Madam, wilt please you to deliver your pleasure?

*Lady.* *Thorowgood*,  
Not clouds of lightning, or the raging bolt  
Heavens anger darts at the offending world,  
Can with such horrid rigor peirce the earth  
As these sad words I must demonstrate to you  
Doe my afflicted brest.—Ime lost; my tongue  
When I would speake, like to an Isicle  
Disturbd by motion of unruly winds  
Shakes to pronounce't, yet freezes to my rooffe  
Faster by th'agitation.

*Tho.* Your full Judgment  
Could not have found an apter instrument  
For the performance of what you designe,  
Then I experience how much any man  
May become passive in obedience  
To the intent of woman, in my truth.  
Set the abstrusest comment on my faith  
Imagination can resolve, my study  
Shall mak't as easie as the plainest lines  
Which hearty lovers write.

*Enter Timothy.*

*Tim.* Madam, this letter and his humble vowes From your deserving sonn.

*Lady.* He writes me here he will be here tomorrow. Where left you him?

*Tim.* At your right worthy Cosens.

*Lady.* What manner of man is this Mr. *Thurston* He brings with him?

*Tim.* A most accomplishd gentleman.

*Lady.* 'Tis well: Mr. *Thoroegood*, Weele walke into the Gallery, and there Discourse the rest.

*Tho.* I long till I receive the audience of it.

*Tim.* Your Iadiship will vouchsafe to meete The Gent[lemen] in your Coach some two miles hence?

*Lady.* Ile thinke of it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## (SCENE 2.)

*Enter Sucket and Crackby*[61].

*Suc\_.* Come, deport your selfe with a more elated countenance: a personage of your rare endowments so dejected! 'tis fitt for groomes, not men magnanimous, to be so bashfull: speake boldly to them, that like cannon shott your breath may batter; you would hardly dare to take in townes and expugne fortresses, that cannot demolish a paltry woman.

*Crac.* Pox of this Country, it has metamorphisd me. Would I were in my native Citty ayre agen, within the wholesome smell of seacole: the vapor[s] rising from the lands new dunged are more infectious to me then the common sewer ith sicknes time. Ime certaine of my selfe Ime impudent enough and can dissemble as well as ere my Father did to gett his wealth, but this country has tane my edge of quite; but I begin to sound the reason of it.

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*Suc.* What may it be imagind.

*Crac.* Why, here are no Taverns where for my crowne I can have food provocative, besides the gaining of many precious phrase[s] for (from?) divers gallants new frenchified. Theirs nothing to excite desire but creame and eggs, and they are so common every clowne devoures them. Were each egge at twelve pence, or as deare as lobsters, I could afford to eate them, but I hate all that is vulgar; 'tis most base.

*Suc.* Pish, tis dificience in your resolution: Suppose your mistress were an enemy You were to encounter in sterne duell.

*Crac.* 'Tis well my Enemie is a woman; I should feare else to suppose the meeting. Resolution! how can a man have resolution that drinkes nought but ale able to kill a Dutchman? Conduit water is nector to it,

*Suc.* Nay, but I say, suppose—

*Crac.* Suppose! Why here are no wenches halfe so amorous as Citty tripennies[62]: those that are bewtifull the dew is not so cold. I did but begg a curtesie of a chambermaide, and she laughd at me! Ile to the Citty againe, that's certaine; where for my angell I can imbrace pl[enty]. If I stay here a little longer, for want of exercise I shall forget whether a woman be fish or flesh: I have almost don't already.

*Suc.* O, heeres your uncle, move him; you conceive me; He must disburse.

*Crac.* And 'tis as hard to wrest a penny from him as from a bawd.

*Enter Sir Gefferie and Bunche.*

*Sir Geff.* Erect that locke a little; theres a hayre Which, like a foreman of a shop, does strive To be above his fellowes. Pish! this glasse Is falsly silverd, maks me look as gray As if I were 4 score.

*Bun.* What does he want of it?

*Sir Geff.* Combe with more circumspection, knave; these perfumes Have a dull odor; there is meale among them, My Mrs. will not scent them.

*Crac.* Uncle, my friend,  
My martiall fellow is deficient  
In this ubiquitarie mettall, silver:  
You must impart.



*Sir Geff.* This garter is not well tide, fellow: where  
Wert thou brought up? thou knowest not to tie  
A rose yet, knave: a little straiter: so,  
Now, tis indifferent. Who can say that I  
Am old now?

*Bun.* Marry, that can I or any one which sees you.

*Suc.* Death to my reputation! Sir, we are gent[lemen] and deserve regard: Will you not  
be responsible?

*Sir Geff.* Alas, good Captaine, I was meditating how to salute my lady this morning.  
You have bin a traviler: had I best do it in the *Italian* garbe or with a *Spanish* gravity?  
your *French* mode is grown so common every vintners boy has it as perfect as his  
*anon, anon, sir.* Hum, I must consider on it.

*Crac.* Nay, but uncle, uncle, shall we have answeare concerning this mony, uncle? You  
must disburse; that is the souldiers phrase. You see this man; regard him.





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*Suc.* Death of vallor! I can hold no longer; I shall rise in wroth against him.

*Crac.* Dee heare, Uncle? you must furnish him; he wilbe irefull presently, and then a whole bagg will not satisfie him; heele eate your gold in anger and drinke silver in great sack glasses.

*Sir Geff.* Pox o'this Congee; 't shalbe thus, no thus;  
That writhing of my body does become me  
Infinitely. Now to begett an active  
Complement that, like a matins sung  
By virgins, may enchant her amorous ear.  
The *Spanish Basolas*[63] *manos* sounds, methinks,  
As harsh as a Morisco kettledrum;  
The *French boniour* is ordinary as their  
Disease: hees not a gent that cannot parlee.  
I must invent some new and polite phrases.

*Crac.* Shall I have answeare yet, sir.

*Sir Geff.* Pish, you disturbe me.—Gratulate her rest,  
Force an encomium on her huswifry  
For being up so early.—*Bunch*, where is my nephew?

*Crac.* I have bin here this halfe hower and could not get answeare.

*Sir Geff.* To what, good nephew?—I was meditating a little seriously.

*Crac.* Concerning this white earth.

*Sir Geff.* Youde know the nature of it? If it be marle 'tis good to manure land; if clay, to make tobacco pipes.

*Crac.* I meane mony.

*Sir Geff.* O mony, Nephew: Ide thought youde learnd ith Citty  
How to use mony: here we do imploy it  
To purchase land and other necessaries.

*Suc.* Infamy to fame and noble reputation! Old man, dost thou disdaine valour? I tell thee, Catterpillar, I must have mony.

*Sir Geff.* 'Tis reason good you should; it is fitting to cherish men of armes. There is a treasurer in the county, Captaine, pays souldiers pensions: if any be due to you Ile write my letter, you shall receive it.



*Bun.* Faith, there he mett with you.

*Crac.* I see a storme a coming. Uncle, I wilbe answerable upon account: my souldier must have mettall.

*Sir Geff.* Iron and Steele is most convenient for Souldiers; but, since you say it, Nephew, he shall have it: how much must it be?

*Suc.* A score of Angells shall satisfie for the confrontment you have offred me in being dilatory.

*Sir Geff. Bunch,* deliver him ten pounds;—but, dee heare.

*Bunch,* let be in light gold; 'twill serve his turn as well as heavier: it may be he is one of those projectors transports it beyond sea.

*Enter Magdalen.*

*Mag.* Sir, I come to give you notice my ladyes walkd into the garden.

*Sir Geff.* Life! is she upp so early?

*Mag.* An hower since, beleeve it.

*Crac.* Is my Mistress stirring?

*Mag.* In truth, I know not.

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*Sir Geff.* Nephew, demeane your selfe with[64] all respect  
Toward the gentlewoman you affect.  
You must learne with here since the citty  
Could spare you none.—Ile to the lady.

*[Exeunt Bunch, Sir Geff. and Mag.]*

*Crac.* Captaine, shalls into th'Celler, Captaine?

*Suc.* I like the Motion.

*Crac.* Come away, then: there is indifferent liquor in this house, but that ith towne is  
most abominable. Weele drinke our owne healths, Captaine.

*Suc.* Well considered; 'tis for our reputation.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

### (SCENE 3.)

*Enter Bonvill, Clarinna, Belizea and Grimes.*

*Bon.* Come, you are wantons both: If I were absent,  
You would with as much willingness traduce  
My manners to them. What Idiots are wee men  
To tender our services to women  
Who deride us for our paines!

*Cla.* Why can you great wise men who esteeme us women  
But equall with our parrets or at best  
But a degree above them, prating creatures  
Devoid of reason, thinke that when we see  
A man whose teeth will scarce permitt his tongue  
To say,—(he is soe like December come  
A woing to the Spring, with all the ensignes  
Of youth and bravery as if he meant  
To dare his land-lord Death to single rapier)—  
We have not so much spleene as will engender  
A modest laughter at him?

*Bel.* Nay, theres his Nephew, *Crackby*, your sweet servant.

*Clar.* My Servant! I do admire that man's impudence, How he dare speake to any  
woman.



*Bon.* Why, is he not flesh and blood?

*Clar.* Yes, but I question whether it be mans or no. They talk of changlings: if there be such things I doubt not but hees one of them.

*Bel.* Fie,[65] Sister; 'tis a prettye gent, I know you love him.

*Clar.* You hitt it there, I faith,[66]—You know the man?

*Bon.* Yes, very well.

*Clar.* Have you then ever seene such another monster?  
He was begott surely in the wane of the moone,  
When Natures tooles were at laime Vulcans forge  
A sharpning, that she was forced to shake this lumpe together.

*Bon.* What man for heavens sake could your nicenes fancy?

*Clar.* Not you of all that ever I beheld.

*Bel.* And why, good wisdom?

*Clar.* Nay, do not scratch me because he is your choyse, forsooth.

*Bel.* Well, we shall see the goodly youth your curiositie has elected, when my brother returnes, I hope.

*Clar.* I hope soe, too; I marvill where this Cub is, He is not roaring here yet.

*Enter Thorogood.*

*Bon.* Frend, thou hast lost The absolu[t]st characters deliverd by this lady: Would thou hadst come a little sooner.

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*Tho.* Ladies, I must desire your pardon for my friend: I have some business will a while deprive him Your sweet companies.

*Clar.* Take him away; we are weary of him.

*Bel.* Sister, let's leave the gentlemen alone,  
And to our chambers.

[*Exeunt Bel. and Clar.*]

*Bon.* Grimes, put to the doore and leave us.—  
What's the matter?

[*Exit Grimes.*]

*Tho.* Friend,  
Ere I begin my story I would wish you  
Collect yourself, awake your sleeping Spirits,  
Invoke your patience, all that's man about you  
To aid your resolution; for I fear  
The news I bring will like a palsie shake  
Your soul's indifferently temper.

*Bon.* Prethee, what is't which on the sodaine can be thus disastrous? 'tis beyond my thoughts.

*Tho.* Nay, slight it not: the dismal ravens' note  
Or mandrakes' screeches, to a long-sick man  
Is not so ominous as the hearing of it  
Will be to you; 'twill like a frost congeal  
Your lively heat,—yet it must out, our friendship  
Forbids concealment.

*Bon.* Do not torture me; I'm resolute to hear it.

*Tho.* Your so admired Mistress who parted from you now, *Belisea*,—

*Bon.* You have done well before  
Your sad relation to repeat that sound;  
That holy name whose fervor does excite  
A fire within me sacred as the flame  
The vestals offer: see how it ascends  
As if it meant to combat with the sun  
For heat's priority! I'm arm'd against death,  
Could thy words blow it on me.

*Tho.* Here me, then: Your Mistress—



*Bon.* The Epitome of virtues, Who like the pretious reliques of a Saint Ought only to be seene, not touchd.

*Tho.* Yet heare me;  
Cease your immoderate prayes: I must tell you  
You doe adore an Idoll; her black Soule  
Is tainted as an Apple which the Sunn  
Has kist to putrifaction; she is  
(Her proper appellation sounds so foule  
I quake to speake it) a corrupted peice,  
A most lascivious prostitute.

*Bon.* Howes this?  
Speake it agen, that if the sacrilege  
Thou'st made gainst vertue be but yet sufficient  
To yeild thee dead, the iteration of it  
May damne thee past the reach of mearcy. Speake it,  
While thou hast utterance left; but I conceit  
A lie soe monstrous cannot chuse but choake  
The vocall powers, or like a canker rott  
Thy tung in the delivery.

*Tho.* Sir, your rage  
Cannot inforce a recantacion from me:  
I doe pronounce her light as is a leafe  
In withered Autumne shaken from the trees  
By the rude winds: noe speckd serpent weares  
More spotts than her pide honor.

*Bon.* So, no more:  
Thy former words incenst me but to rage;  
These to a fury which noe sea of teares,  
Though shed by queenes or Orphants, shall extinguish;  
Nay, should my mother rise from her cold urne  
And weepe herself to death againe to save  
Thee from perdition, 't should not; were there placd  
Twixt thee and mee a host of blasing starrs,  
Thus I would through them to thee! [*Draw.*

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Tho\_. Had I knowne  
Your passion would have vanquishd reason thus,  
You should have met your ruine unadvisd;  
Hugd your destruction; taken what the lust  
Of other men had left you. But the name  
And soule of friendship twixt us I had thought  
Would have retain'd this most unmanly rage  
Gainst me, for declaration of a truth  
By which you might be ransomed from the armes  
Of her adulterate honor.

*Bon.* Yes, kind foole;  
Perswade an *Indian* who has newly div'd  
Into the ocean and obtaind a pearle,  
To cast it back againe; labour t'induce  
*Turkes* to contemne their *Alcoron* ere you strive  
To make me credit my *Belissia* false. [*Kneele.*  
Forgive me, holy love, that I delay  
So long to scourge the more than heathnish wrongs  
Of this iniurious villaine, whome me thinks—  
Blow him hence to hell  
With his contagious slander! yet before  
Thou doest fall by me as, if heaven have not  
Lost all its care of Innocence, thou must doe,  
Tell me what Divell urgd thee to detract  
From virtue thus, for of thy selfe thou couldst not  
(Unlesse with thee shee hath bin vicious) know it  
Without some information: whoes the Author  
Of this prodigious calumnie?

*Tho.* Her mother.

*Bon.* Ha! her mother?

*Tho.* Yes, she; that certaine Oracle of truth,  
That pretious mine of honor, which before  
She would exhaust, or yeild your innocence  
A spoyle to vice, chose rather to declare  
Her daughter's folly; and with powerfull teares  
Besought me, by the love I bore to goodnes,  
Which in her estimation had a roome  
Higher than Nature, to reveale it to you  
And disingage you from her.



Bon. Soe, rest there, [*Put up.*  
Ere thou beest drawne were the whole sex reduced  
To one, left only to preserve earths store,  
In the defence of women; who,[67] but that  
The mothers virtues stands betweene heavens Justice  
Would for the daughters unexampled sinne  
Be by some suddaine Judgment swept from earth  
As creatures too infectious. Gentle freind,  
An humor, heavy as my soule was steep'd  
In *Lethe*, seases on me and I feare  
My passion will inforce me to transgresse  
Manhood; I would not have thee see me weepe;  
I prethee leave mee, solitude will suite  
Best with my anguish. [*Sitt downe.*

Tho\_. Your good Genius keepe you. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Belisea.*]

*Bel.* Why have you staid thus long?  
Young *Crackby* and his friend are newly up  
And have bin with us. My sister has had  
The modest bout with them: 'tis such a wench.  
Are you a sleepe? why doe you not looke up?  
What muse you on?

*Bon.* Faith, I was thinking where In the whole world to find an honest woman.

*Bel.* An excellent meditation! What doe you take me for, my Mother and my Sister?



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*Bon.* You alway excepted; tis but melancholly;  
Prethee bestow a kisse upon me, love;  
Perchance that will expell it.

*Bel.* If your cure be wrought soe easily, pittie you should perish for want of physick.  
[Kiss him.]

*Bon.* She kisses as sheed wont; were she unchast,  
Surely her breath would like a *Stigian* mist  
Or some contagious vapor blast me; but  
'Tis sweet as *Indian* balme, and from her lips  
Distills[68] a moisture pretious as the Dew  
The amorous bounty of the wholesome morne  
Throwes on rose buds; her cheeks are fresh and pure  
As the chaste ayre that circumscribes them, yet  
Theres that within her renders her as foule  
As the deformed'st *Ethiope*.

*Bel.* Whats the matter? Why do you staire so on me?

*Bon.* To admire That such a goodly building as this same Should have such vild stuff in itt.

*Bel.* What meanes this language?

*Bon.* Nothing, but only to informe you what You know to well already: *Belisia*, you are —(I cannot call her whore)—a perjur'd woman.

*Bel.* Defend me innocence! I scarce remember That ever I made oath and therefore wonder How I should breake on.

*Bon.* Have you not with imprecations beg'd Heavens vengeance if you ere lov'd man but me?

*Bel.* And those same heavens are vouchers[69] I've kept my vowes with that strict purity That I have done my honor.

*Bon.* I believe thee;  
The divell sometimes speaks truth. Intemperate woman,  
Thoust made that name a terme convertible  
With fury, otherwise I should call thee soe,  
How durst thou with this impudence abuse  
My honest faith? did I appeare a guest  
So infinitely worthles that you thought  
The fragments of thy honour good enough



To sate my appetite, what other men  
Had with unhallowd hands prophaind? O woman,  
Once I had lockd in thy deceiving brest  
A treasure wealthier then the *Indies* both  
Can in their glory boast, my faithfull heart,  
Which I do justly ravish back from it  
Since thou art turnd a strumpet.

*Bel.* Doe you thinke I am what you have term'd me?

*Bon.* Doe I thinke  
When I behold the wanton Sparrows change  
Their chirps to billing, they are chaste? or see  
The Reeking Goate over the mountaine top  
Pursue his Female, yet conceit him free  
From wild concupiscence? I prithee tell me,  
Does not the genius of thy honor dead  
Haunt thee with apparitions like a goast  
Of one thou'dst murdrd? dost not often come  
To thy bed-side and like a fairy pinch  
Thy prostituted limbs, then laughing tell thee  
'Tis in revenge for myriads of black tortures  
Thy lust inflicted on it?



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*Bel.* Have you don?  
Give me a little leave then ere my greife  
Surround my reason. Witnes, gracious heaven,  
Who, were you not offended at some sinn  
I have unwittingly comitted, would  
Send sacred innocence it selfe to pleade  
How much 'tis iniurd in me, that with zeale  
Above the love of mothers I have tendred  
This misinformd man. Ile not aske the authors  
Of this report, I doe forgive them; may  
A happier fate direct you to some other  
May love you better; and my fate conferr  
On me with speed some sudden sepulcher. [*Exit.*

*Bon.* I shall grow childish, too; my passions strive For my dead love to keepe my greife  
alive.

[*Exit.*

*Actus Secundus.*

(SCENE 1.)[70]

*Enter Sucket, Crackbie, Grimes.*

*Gr.* Gentlemen, the rarest scene of mirth towards!

*Suc.* Where? how, good *Grimes*?

*Gr.* Oh, the steward, the steward, my fine Temperat steward, did soe lecture us before  
my ladie for drinking ... at midnight, has gott the key of the wine C[ellar from] *Timothie*  
the Butler and is gon downe to make [himself] drunke in pryvate.

*Enter Timothie.*

*Tim.* Gent[lemen], *Grimes*, away, away! I watcht him into t[he Cellar] when I saw him  
chose forthe one of the b[ottles] of sacke, and hether is retyringe with all exp[edition].  
Close, close, and be not seene.

*Crac.* Oh, my fine steward!  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alexander Lovell with a Bottle of Sacke and a Cup.*



*Lov.* Soe here I may be private, and privacie is best. I am the Steward and to be druncke in publicke, I say and I sayt, were to give ill examples. Goe to, I, and goe to; tis good to be merry and wise; an inch in quietness is better than an ell of sorrow. Goe to and goe to agen, for I say and I sayt, there is no reason but that the parson may forget that ere he was clerke[71]. My lady has got a cast of her eye since she tooke a survey of my good parts. Goe to and goe to, for I say and I sayt, they are signes of a rising; flesh is frayle and women are but women, more then men but men. I am puft up like a bladder, sweld with the wind[72] of love; for go to and go to, I say and I sayt, this love is a greife, and greife a sorrowe, and sorrows dry. Therefore come forth, thou bottle of affection[73]; I create thee my companion, and thou, cup, shalt be my freind. Why, so now,—goe to and goe to: lets have a health to our Mrss, and first to myne; sweet companion, fill to my kind freind; by thy leave, freind, Ile begin to my companion: health to my Mrs! Soe, now my hands in: companion, fill, and heres a health to my freinds Mrs. Very good, and now I will conclude with yours, my deare companion: stay, you shall pledge me presently, tis yet in a good hand;

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I will pledge both your Mrss first. Goe to and go to,[74] freind; thou alwayes lookst on me like a dry rascall; give him his liquor; and soe with my Mrs I conclude. What say you, Companion? ha, do you compare your Mrs with myne? howes that? such another word and thou darst, Sirrah! off with your Capp and doe her Reverence! wilt tell me soe? goe to, I say and I sayt; Ile make better languadge come out of that mouth of thine, thou wicked Carkasse. Freind, heres to thee:[75] Ile shake thee, thou empty Rascall, to peeces, and as *Hector* drew *Achilles* bout the walls of Troy at his horse tayle, so shalt thou at a doggs tayle be dragd in vild disgrace throughout the towne. Goe to and goe to, I say and I sayt; Ile have the dragd, sirr, ah I[le] have the dragd; perswade me not, good friend; let him yeild me a reason[76] if he can. I, I, he had need to be squeezd; why tis true, this is one, but not to purpose. Oh, would you whisper with me? umh, umh, umh, away, Ile heare no more: why, how now frend? ha, ha, ha, you have got a Cup to much; umh, goe to and goe to, you can hold no more, I see that, at this time; let me ene bring you to your chambers.

*[Flings away the bottle and sleeps.]*

*Enter Timothy, Grimes, Sucket, Crackby, with flaggons of wine.*

Suc\_. 'Tis well don, cherish valour.

Crac. Creditt me, my Captaine carries fortitude enough for a whole legion; twas his advice tooke in[77] the *Busse*[], and at *Mastricht* his courage did conclude *Papenhams* overthrow.[78]

Suc. Pish, you to farr exemply[fy]. I have bin at some few skermishes, kild halfe a score or soe; but what of yt? men are but men.

Tim. What wines that, fellow *Grimes*?

*Grimes*. Sack by this light, the Emperor of liquors! Captaine, here tis well keepe of push of pike yet peirce like shott of Cannon: a Cup of this upon an onslaught, Captain?

Suc. Is beveredge for a Generall: I doe use to drinke it when I am engagd against a squadron or a whole company.

*Grimes*. He meanes of drunkards.

*[Lovell grunts.]*

Suc. Ha! Cinielaro[] an ambuscado! see, whos that lyes there pardue[79]? fort of Mars! my wroth shall eate him up.

*Grimes.* Soe, soe, now softly letts to him: ha, alreadie[80] dead drunke, as I am vertuous. Assist me gent[lemen]; *Timothy*, hast thou thy Salvatorie about thee.

*Tim.* Yes, heere, here.[81]

*Grimes.* Quick, quick; make some plasters and clapp em on his face: here, bind this napkin about his hand; who has a garter, lets see, to bind it up?

*Suc.* Some blood, my sonn of *Mercury*, were neceseary for consummation of the jest.

*Crac.* And here, *Grimes*, ty this cloath about his head: oh, for some blood!

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*Grimes.* Here, I have prickt my finger.

*Tim.* Let you and I, Mr. *Crackby*, goe to buffitts for a bloody nose.

*Crac.* No, no, you shall pardon me for that, *Tim*[82]; no, no; no boyes play.

*Suc.* So, so; now set him in the chaires. Hart of valour! he looks like a Mapp oth world. Death, what are these?[83]

*Enter Musike.*

*Grimes.* The Town Waites whome I appointed to come and visitt us.

*Suc.* 'Twas well donn: have you ere a good song?

*Tim.* Yes, they have many.

*Suc.* But are they bawdy? come, sir, I see by your simpring it is you that sings, but do not squeake like a *French* Organ-pipe nor make faces as if you were to sing a Dirge. Your fellowes may goe behind the arras: I love to see Musitions in their postures imitate those ayrey soules that grace our Cittie Theaters, though in their noats they come as short of them as *Pan* did of *Apollo*.

[*Musike.*

*Grimes.* Well, sir, this is indifferent Musicke, trust my judgment. Sing, boy.

[*A song.*

*Crac.* Now on my life this boy does sing as like the boy[84] at the *Whitefryers* as ever I heard: how say you Captain?

*Suc.* I, and the Musicks like theires: come, Sirra, whoes your Poett?

*Crac.* Some mad wag, I warrant him: is this a new song?

*Mus.* Tis the first edition, sir: none else but we had ever coppie of it.

*Suc.* But you wilbe intreated to let a gent have it?

*Mus.* By no meanes; the author has sworne to the contrary, least it should grow so wonderous old and turne a Ballad.



*Crac.* Well said, Captain; the tother health, Captain: heres good wine, good Tobackoe, good everything: had we but a good wench or two twere excellent.

*Suc.* Great *Alexander*, does not dreame of this, I warrant yee.

*Grimes.* Oh, hees fast enough; heele be ready to cast up his accounts the easier when my lady calls him.

*Crac.* Come, come; who payes the Musicke? Captain, you have my purse.

*Suc.* Truths a truth from Infidell or Pagan: I am in trust, and that's beleife, and so it shalbe saved. Pay the Musick? umh, where are they? let me see, how many's of you, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6: good, can any of you daunce?

*Mus.* Daunce? Yes, sir, we can shake our legs or soe.

*Suc.* So said so don, brave ladd; come, letts have a daunce, some daunce and some play.

*Mus.* Anything to please you, noble Captaine.

*Suc.* Lively then, my hearts; some country Jigg or soe. Oh those playes that I have seene of youre, with their Jiggs<sup>[85]</sup> ith tayles of them<sup>[86]</sup> like your French forces! Death, I am a rorging (roaring?) boy; but, come, stir your shanks nimbly or Ile hough ye. Strike up there!





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[Daunce.

*Grimes.* Well don, my hearts; drinke, drinke.

*Suc.* Goe you in, Ile follow you.

*Om[nes].* Come, Captaine.

*Suc.* Farewell, Steward.

*Mus.* Dee heare, Captaine?

*Suc.* With me, my fine treble knave? umh, thou dost tickle minikin as nimbly—

*Mus.* We hope your worship will consider our paines?

*Suc.* How, my fine knave? letts see, who were the dauncers?

*Mus.* Come forward there! nay, I told you he was ever bountifull: oh, good Captaine!

*Suc.* Let me see: I, thou art hart of vallor: thou didst daunce well, thou deservest—, I say no more: and who played?

*Mus.* Wee.

*Suc.* You? well sayd; you plaid and you daunc'd, you say good; let me see, halfe a peece or—

*Mus.* Blesse your Captaineship.

*Suc.* You plaid, you say, and you dauncd: umh, well, why then you that dauncd must pay those that plaid.

*Mus.* How, sir, how?

*Suc.* Ever, ever, whilst you live, *Jarvice*;<sup>[87]</sup> the dauncers alwayes payes the musike. Wilt breake custome? No, or there a pawne for you. —Mr. Steward. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Mus.* This is your bountifull Captaine! a rope of his bounsing! But stay, lets play to the steward; it may be when he wakes we may worke him to't.

*Omnes.* Content, content. [*Musike softe.*

*Lov.* Umh<sup>[88]</sup>, play a healthe: soe; say, it shall goe rounde: goe to, I say and I sayt, it shall goe round. Umh, where is this fidle? in the ayre? I can perceave nothing. Where is my kinde friend and my fine companion? come, we will be friends again; goe to, we



will. Umh, plaistered and bound up? bloody? how comes this? goe too and goe to; if I have done any mischiefe or bene over valiant in my drinke to kill a man or soe, why 'twas in my drinke, not I, and let my drinke be hangd for't; or, I say and I sayt, let um stay till I am drunke againe and then hange me; I care not, I shall not be sensible of it. Oh this sack! it makes a coward a *Hector*: the *Greekes* and *Troians* drinke no other; and that and a wench (for theres the divell out) made um cuffe ten yeares together, till at length when they had bled more than they coulde drinke they grew sober, the contented Cuckold tooke his wife home againe and all were good frends[89]. [*Sease Musicke*] But stay, the musikes husht; I hope theyle appeare; I doe feale no such paine in my wounds that I had need of musicke to bring me to sleepe. Blesse me whose this? ha[90]!

*Enter Grimes disguised.*

*Grimes.* How does your worshipp? Mr. Steward, dee feele your selfe at ease? I am hartely sorry for your misfortune?

*Lov.* Misfortune? ha, what misfortune? now heaven and't be thy will—

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*Grimes.* Pray heaven they be alive.

*Lov.* Ha, alive? in the name of drinke what have I don? where did you find me, ha?

*Grimes.* Why, sir, comming out—umh, umh—

*Lov.* Out with't, man.

*Grimes.* Out of a bad-house, sir.

*Lov.* A Bawdie house, I warrant.

*Grimes.* Yes sir.

*Lov.* Why, now its out.

*Grimes.* I, and tis well your worships out.

*Lov.* Noe, noe, it had bin better had I never gon in; but on, on.

*Grimes.* You were, sir,—as they say, sir—you had gotten a Cup to much.

*Lov.* Hang Cupps, my friend excepted; goe to; speake plaine; I was drunke was I?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir; you were not able to stand when you came out, sir?

*Lov.* Out of the Bawdy-house? I beleave thee; nay, I am a right *Love*! I, I look like a shotten herring now for't. *Jone's* as good as my lady in the darke wee me. I have no more Roe than a goose in me; but on to the mischiefe, on.

*Grimes.* You beate the Bawd downe with the Chamber dore and bade her keepe that for the Reckoning.

*Lov.* Umh, there was witt in my drinke, I perceive; on.

*Grimes.* Then, sir, you tooke up a Spitt.

*Lov.* A Spitt?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, and broacht one of the wenches out.

*Lov.* How?

*Grimes.* Oh, sir, you made such a hole in her bakside<sup>[91]</sup> you might have turnd—  
[Blows his nose.]



*Lov.* What? thy nose int?

*Grimes.* Had I been there it had been at your service.

*Lov.* Thanke thee; thou shouldst have lost nothing by it.

*Grimes.* Then went Tobackoe pipes to wrack, and oh the black potts sufferd without measure; nay, you swore (and for it paid your twelve pence) that if you were maior youd come disguid on purpose to confou[nd] 'um.

*Lov.* Ist possible I could doe this?

*Grimes.* This, sir? Why you kickd one flat-nosd wench that snuffled, and swore she was a puritan.

*Lov.* Did not I pay for that oath too?

*Grimes.* No, sir; you bid the Constable keepe reckoning till it came to a some and you would pay him in totall. So, sir, with the spit in your hand away you runn, and we after yee, where you met with a roaring Captain.

*Lov.* Ha, now, now comes the misfortune.

*Grimes.* Then you stopt and stood a while waving to and froe, as in suspense; at length you fell, with a forward thrust, quite through his heart.

*Lov.* Ha, through his heart? the Captaines dead then?

*Grimes.* No sir, twas through a silver heart he weares in memory of his Mrs.

*Lov.* Ime glad of that: thou strukst me through the heart with thy newes.

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*Grimes.* You being downe, on fell the Captain like a tyrannicall *Dutch* man of war that shewes no mercy to the yeelding enemy, and ere we could bring succor gave you these wounds, which being dark we brought you home as privately as possible, sett you to sleepe and here stayd till your waking.

*Lov.* Yare honest fellowes; goe to and go to, I say and I sait agen, yare honest fellowes and shall not be unrewarded: looke you, theres for you—and be but sylent in't.

*Grimes.* As is my instrument, Sir. Coods me! what, have they torne away the back of your satteen Doublet? the Canvas is seene.

*Lov.* Umh, no, but they have stolne my velvet Jerkin.

*Grimes.* I, and dam'd your Dublet.

*Lov.* Tis well; goe; thanks; goe, Ile see you shortly; you and your Companie shall play at my ladyes wedding. I say no more, goe to; I love you and I thanke you,

*Grimes.* I thanke you, good Mr. Steward. [*Discovers*

*Lov.* Whoes this? *Grimes?*

*Grimes.* Even he that has thus begrimd yee, my fine drunken Steward. I can cure you, toe; come, let me be your Surgion.

*Lov.* Thou shalt be my hangman first, Rascall.

*Grimes.* You wonnot murder? helpe Captain, Mr. *Crackby, Tim!*

*Enter Omnes.*

*Omnes.* How now! how now! what's the matter?

*Lov.* Whoop! hell broke loose! tis good to shun the Divell.

[*Exit.*

*Grimes.* Not if you meet him in the likenes of a bottle of Sack, good Steward.[92]

*Tim.* Why this is excellent.

*Suc.* Grimes, let me hugg thee, thou sonn of witt.

*Grimes.* Nay, letts not leave him thus.

*Crac.* Leade on, weelee follow.

[Exeunt Omnes.

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

*Actus Tertius.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Sir Geffry and Lady.*

*Sir Geff.* But I beseech you, Madam; what greater accession<sup>[93]</sup> can you wish then me for husband? I have it here that satisfaction for the lustiest widdow twixt this and London. Say, will you love me? I me in hast and hate demurrs; if you refuse I must seeke out: I have a little moisture and would be loth to hav't dride for want of exercise. —What say you, lady?

*Lady.* Sir, for your love I thanke you; for your wealth I want it not; but yet I doe not find A disposicon in my selfe to marriage.

*Sir Geff.* That will not serve my turne; I am no knight Who weares the spurr of honour without Rowells To prick a woman forwards: I ride post To Marriage and resolve at the next stage To take my Inn up. You have here Two beautifull young gallants to your daughters: Since youle not be my wife yet be my mother; Ile marry any of them, which you please, And hood her with the bagg [badge?] of honor. Lady, What say you to this motion.

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*Lady.* My daughters wills are not in my command: If you can purchase either of their hearts, My free consent shall follow.

*Sir Geff.* Nay, then, they will fall out for me, Madam, I am most fortunate in atcheiving virgins.

*Enter Bonville.*

Save you, sweet youth, the bewties of your Mrs.  
Crowne your desires. Are you a suiter?

*Bon.* Madam, I have occasions of importance Wishes a little privacy with you.

*Lady.* With me, sweet Mr. *Bonvill*? *Sir Geffrey*, Pray you vouchsafe your absence; at more leasure We shall discourse.

*Sir Geff.* With all my heart: Ile to the wenches.

[*Exit.*

*Bon.* Madam we are alone?

*Lady.* You did desire we should.

*Bon.* But are you sure none can oreheare us.

*Lady.* Unles we be to loud: What mooves you to require this secresie?

*Bon.* I come to aske a question, which the winds;  
If I could deafe them, should not heare for feare  
Their repercussive Eccho should declare it  
To all our infamies.

*Lady.* What ist, I pray you?

*Bon.* Your daughter whom I was a servant to, —I must deliver it in the homeliest phrase  
— Is she dishonest?

*Lady.* You urge a repetition, gentle sir, Of a sad truth: she is.

*Bon.* It cannot be  
In reason comprehensible a mother  
Should for a stranger blurr her daughters fame,  
Were it untruth. I am confirmd; this favor  
Transcends requitall: if a man misled



By error gainst the diety, gross enough  
For his damnation, owe a gratitude  
To his converter, I am engag'd to you  
For my delivery from her.

*Lady.* 'Twas no more  
Then what my honor obligd me  
And my respect to vertue, which in you  
I should have mured by my silence; but  
I have not greife enough left to lament  
The memory of her folly: I am growne  
Barren of teares by weeping; but the spring  
Is not yet quite exhausted. [*Weeps.*]

*Bon.* Keepe your teares  
Lest the full clouds, ambitious that their drops  
Should mix with yours, unteeme their big wombd laps  
And rayse a suddeine deluge. Gracious madam,  
The oftner you rehearse her losse the more  
You intimate the gaine I have acquird  
By your free bounty, which to me appeares  
So farr transcending possibility  
Of satisfaction that, unles you take  
My selfe for payment, I can nere discharge  
A debt so waytie.

*Lady.* Ist come to this? You speake misteriously; explaine your meaning.

*Bon.* To consecrate, with that devotion That holy Hermits immolate<sup>[94]</sup> their prayers,  
My selfe the adorer of your vertues.

*Lady.* Are you serious?



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*Bon.* No scrupulous penitent, timerous that each thought  
Should be a sinn, does to the priest lay ope  
With halfe that verity his troubled soule  
That I doe mine. I love you: in that word  
Include all ceremony. No sooner had  
Your information disingagd my heart  
Of honoring your daughter, but amazd  
At the immensnesse of the benefit  
Your goodness had cast on me, I resolvd  
This way to show my gratitude.

*Lady.* But dare you, Knowing the daughter vicious, entertaine Affection to the mother?

*Bon.* Dare I when  
I have bin long opresd with a disease,  
Wish pleasing health? theres vertue enough here  
To excite beleife in *Moore*s that only women  
Have heavenly soules.

*Lady.* This is admirable:  
Did my intention tend to love, as soone  
I should embrace your motion in that kind  
As any others, wert but to afford  
Some small lustracon for the wrong my daughter  
Intended you; nay, to confesse my thought,  
I feele a strong propension in my selfe  
To yeild to you; but I am loath,[95]—your youth  
Will quickly loath me.

*Enter Y[oung] Marlowe and Thurston.*

*Mar.* Madam, this Gent[leman]  
Desires to have you know him for your son:  
Tis he my sister *Clariana*, with your licence,  
Wishes for husband.

*Lady.* A proper Gent[leman]; lme happy she has made  
So iuditious an election.[96]  
You are very welcome, sir: conduct him in, Sonn.

*[Exeunt Young Marlowe and Thurston.]*

*Bon.* Persuade me I can hate  
Sleepe after tedious watching, or reiect



The wholesome ayre when I've bin long choakd up  
With sicklie foggs: sooner shall—

*Lady.* Desist from protestations, or employ them  
Mong those who have no more discretion  
Then to beleive them.

*Bon.* How, Lady?

*Lady.* You can in Justice now no more appeach Our mutabillities, since you have provd  
So manifestly [in]constant.

*Bon.* These are arts Orewhelme my dull capacity with horror: Inconstant!

*Lady.* Are the light faines erected on the tops  
Of lofty structures stedfast, which each wind  
Rules with its motion? credulous man, I thought  
My daughters reall vertues had inspired thee  
With so much confidence as not to loose  
The estimation of her honor for  
My bare assertion, without questioning  
The time or any the least circumstance  
That might confirm't. I did but this to try  
Your constancy: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Bon.* What witch had duld my sense  
That such a stuped Lethurgie should sease  
My intellectuall faculties they could not  
Perceive this drift! If she be virtuous,  
As no man but an heretick to truth  
Would have imagind, how shall I excuse  
My slanderous malice? my old fire renewes  
And in an instant with its scortching flames  
Burnes all suspicon up.

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*Enter Belisea.*

*Bel.* Peace attend you.

*Bon.* What Cherubim has left the quire in heaven  
And warbles peacefull Anthems to the earth?  
It is her voyce, that to all eares speakes health,  
Only to mine. Come charitable mist  
Hide me, or freindly wherlewind rap me hence,  
Or her next accent, like the thunderers, will  
Strike me to dust.

*Bel.* Sir, I come not  
With resolution (though my innocence  
May justly arme [me]) to declare my truth;  
For I am going where your slander cannot  
(Had it bin greater) blast me. I desire  
This for my past love, that youle retaine  
Your wrong opinion to yourselfe, not labour  
To possesse others with it, to disgrace  
Our yet unspotted family.

*Bon.* If you want A partner in your greife, take me along That can teach you and all the  
world true Sorrow.

*Bel.* Twas not don well to brand my spotles name  
With Infamy; but to deride me is  
Inhumaine, when I only come to tell you  
Ile send my prayers on charities white wings  
To heaven for your prosperity.—You greive  
For what? for your deliverance from a strumpet?

*Bon.* No, but that my raving fancy should direct  
My trecherous tongue with that detested name  
To afflict thy unblemishd purity, *Belisea*.  
I do confes my error was an act  
Soe grosse and heathnish that its very sight  
Would have inforcd a Crocodile to weepe  
Drops as sincere as does the timorous heart  
When he ore heares the featherd arrow sing  
His funerall Dirge.

*Bel.* Can this be possible?



*Bon.* No sismatick, reduc'd to the true faith,  
Can more abhorre the Error he has left  
Than I do mine. I do beleive thee chaste  
As the straight palme; as absolute from spots  
As the immaculate Ermine, who does choose,  
When he is hunted by the frozen *Russe*,  
To meete the toyle ere he defile the white  
Of his rich skin. What seas of teares will serve  
To expiatt the scandall I have throwne  
On holy Innocence?

*Bel.* Well, I forgive you;  
But ere I seale your pardon I in[j]oyne  
This as a pennance: you shall now declare  
The author of your wrong report.

*Bon.* Your mother.

*Bel.* How! my mother?

*Bon.* No creature else Could have inducd me to such a madnes.

*Bel.* Defend me gracious virtue! is this man  
Not desperate of remission, that without  
Sense of compu[n]ction dares imagine lies  
Soe horrible and godlesse? My disgrace  
Was wrong sufficient to tempt mercie, yet  
Cause twas my owne I pardond it; but this  
Inferd toth piety of my guiltless mother  
Stops all indulgence.

*Bon.* Will you not heare me out?

*Bel.* Your words will deafe me;  
I doe renounce my affection to you; when  
You can speake truth, protest you love agen.  
[Exit.

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*Bon.* Contempt repaid with scorne; tis my desert; Poyson soone murders a love wounded heart.

[*Exit.*

### (SCENE 2.)

*Enter Belisea, Clariana and Thorowgood.*

*Bel.* You may declare your will[97] here are no eares But those I will not banish, were your busines More secret.

*Tho.* Lady, I come to free  
My worthy freind and your owne servant, *Bonvill*,  
From an uniust suspition your conceite  
Retaines of him. Your mother did employ me  
In the unlucky message that pronouncd you  
Empty of honor.

*Bel.* Has your worthles freind Hird you to sweare this?

*Tho.* I'me none that live By selling oathes.

*Bel.* Ile scarce believ't; he shall not  
With all his cunning policie regaine  
My good opinion of him. Sir, you cannot  
Doe a more pleasing office then to leave me:  
I do not love to heare of him.

*Tho.* Your pleasure rules me. [*Exit.*

*Cla.* *Belisea*, you did ill Not to heare out the Gent[leman].

*Bel.* Prethe why?  
His owne confession does appeach him one  
In the conspiracy against my honor.  
He sayes my mother was the originall  
Of *Bonvilles* slaunder; and how impious  
Twere for a child to thinke so, filiall duty  
Instructs my knowledge.

*Cla.* Be not confident;  
Your piety may misleade you. Though your mother,  
Shees passion like to us; we had it from her.



Ile say no more; the event will testifie  
Whoes in the fault.[98]

*Enter Sucket and Crackby.*

*Suc.* Be not abashd; a little impudence is requisite; Observe me, with what a garbe and gesture martiall I will beseige their fortresses.

*Bel.* Who sent these fooles to trouble us?—Gent[lemen],  
We have some conference will admit no audience  
Besides ourselves.  
We must desire you to withdraw, or give us  
Leave to do soe.

*Suc.* Men of warr are not soe easily put to a retreat; it suites not with their repute.

*Cla.* Heele fight with us, sister: weed best procure him bound toth peace.

*Crac.* Ladies, I must no more endure repulse; I come to be a suiter.

*Bel.* For what?

*Crac.* Why, that you would with Judgment overlooke This lovely countenance.

*Cla.* The hangman shall doe't sooner.

*Crac.* If you knew How many bewtious gentlewomen have sued To have my picture—

*Cla.* To hang at their beds head for a *memento mori*—

*Crac.* You would regard it with more curiosity. There was a merchants daughter the other day Runn mad at sight of itt.

*Cla.* It scared her from her witts: she thought the divell had haunted her.

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*Suc.* Valour deserves regard, myne shall propugne Your bewty gainst all opposers.

*Bel.* Alasse! mine is so meane, None will contend with it, it needs no champions.

*Crac.* Contemne me not, lady; I am—

*Cla.* A most egregious asse.

*Crac.* Most nobly propagatted; my father was a man Well fu[rnish'd] with white and yellow mettall.

*Cla.* I lay my life a Tinker.

*Crac.* And in his parish of account.

*Cla.* A Scavenger.

*Bel.* Is it a badge of your profession To be uncivell?

*Suc.* Uncivell!

Noe; what is in other men uncivill  
In us is resolution; therefore yeild:  
I am invincible, flesh cannot stand  
Before me.

*Bel.* It must be drunke then.

*Cla.* I am not ith humour now  
To laugh, or else Ide not dismissee him yet.  
Good Mr. *Crackby*, does your wisdome thinke  
That I can love you?

*Crac.* My worth deserves it.

*Cla.* Well said, impudence.  
Goe, get you home toth Cittie; goe soliccitt  
Some neighbors daughter; match with *Nan* your Schoolefellow  
With whome you usd to walk to *Pimblicoe*[99]  
To eate plumbe cakes and creame,—one of your parish,  
Good what-doe-you-lack.

*Crac.* This is offensive to My reputation.

*Cla.* You shall heare more on't:  
When thou art married, if the kind charity



Of other men permitt thee to geet thee children  
That call thy wife mother, bring them up  
To people shopps and cheat for 18d,  
The pretious youth that fathers them.  
Walke, walke, you and your Captaine *Huff to London*,  
And tell thy mother how thou has't sped i'th country,  
And let her moane thee.

*Crac.* Captaine, we must give place; these girles are firebrands, And we as straw  
before them.

*Suc.* They may stand  
In neede of valour.

*[Exeunt Suc. and Crac.]*

*Enter Thurston.*

*Cla.* Have you oreheard us? these are the lads will do't, When 20 such as you will be  
cast off.

*Thu.* Like a bob'd[100] Hawke.—Mrs, if I mistake not, Your mother does inquire for you.

*Bel.* I will attend her pleasure. *[Exit.]*

*Cla.* Doe not goe, wench; we shall scarce be honest.

*Thu.* Love, is it time, after the services  
I have perform'd, to have some salary?  
Noe labourer works without his hier; I would  
Be satisfied when you determine we  
Shall end our hopes in marriage.

*Cla.* I have lookt for this month in my Calender And find that marriage is prohibited.

*Thu.* It is not Lent nor Advent;[101] if it were The Court is not so strickt but 'twill  
dispense With freinds, and graunt a licence.



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*Cla.* Whole be bound With you that theres no hindrance but we may Be lawfully espoused?

*Thu.* Ime not so barren Of freinds but I shall find security For what will nere be question'd.

*Cla.* It may be soe; but one who calculated My birth did warne me to abstaine from marriage Til I was twenty.

*Thu.* You're no *Atlanta*; if you be, Ile play *Hippomanes* and over runn you.

*Cla.* You'd scarce catch me, Though you had *Venus* apples to seduce My covetous eyes. Henceforth Ide have you leave Your love to me.

*Thu.* I must leave to live then. Why doe you say soe?

*Cla.* Cause it is [un]iust You should mispend affection on her Who is incapeable of it.

*Thu.* You'd faine wrest  
A new expence of complement from me:  
If you delight to heare your praise, Ile hire  
Some mercenary [poet][102] to comend  
In lofty verse your bewty.

*Cla.* You are merry:  
My humor is not specious; we must know  
A further distance.

*Thu.* Wherefore, pray? Our eyes are no more poysonous then they were.

*Cla.* Yes, they infect reciprocall.

*Thu.* This language  
Is not accustomd; pray, tell me how  
My presence is offensive, and Ile shun you[103]  
As I would doe my fate. You are not serious:  
My innocence assures me my deserts  
Can challenge no such usage.

*Cla.* Tis confest; but we  
Are like thinne christall glasses that will crack  
By touching one another: I coniure thee  
By all our past love, from this parting minute  
Nere to behold me more. I dare not venter  
My frailty with thee.



*Thu.* What immodesty Has my demeanor uttered you should doubt Ravishing from me?

*Cla.* That's not it, but cause  
I would not tempt my destiny: thy sight  
Would inflame marble, much more me whose heart  
Is prompt enough to fly into thy breast  
And leave mine empty. But 't must not remain  
In that lone habitation, least a curse,  
A fearful one, seize on me.

*Thu.* Can there be  
Curses more horrid, incident to earth  
For its past Sinns, then would depend on you  
For such a bold presumption as your breach  
Of faith would be.

*Cla.* Our tyrant fate has found  
Yet uninvented torments to express  
Our loyal souls. O, *Thurston*, thou wert never  
—Not when our mutual friendships might have taught  
The constant turtles amity—more dear  
To me then now. I could, as well as then,  
Peruse love's dictates in thy amorous cheeks,  
Enjoy the pressure of thy modest lip;  
But I'm enjoy'd by powerful menaces  
That infringe my wonted use and to disclaim  
My vows to thee.



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*Thu.* If this be possible,  
What will become of earth? men will no more  
Respect Society or strive to save  
Humanity alive: henceforth theyle seeke  
For lost fidelity on Caves or topps  
Of untrodd Rocks, and plight their trothes to beasts;  
Commix with them and generate a race  
Of creatures, though less rationall, yet more  
Indude with truth. O *Clariana*, can  
There be a motive able to convert  
This pretious Christall temple, built for purity  
And goodnes adoration, to a faine  
For Idoll falshoods worship? But I cannot  
Labour my wandring Judgment to beleife  
Thou speakst thy meaning. If I have not lovd  
With that essential perfectnes thy worth  
That man could doe, in charity declare  
My Ignorant defect, and Ile amend it  
With more then zealous industry.

*Cla.* Tis vaine:  
You may as easily penetrate the cloudes  
With a soft whisper, as my eares, then which  
Noe thunders deafer. *Thurston*, tis not cause  
I have in the intemperate heate of blood  
Given up my soule to a new choyce, that breeds  
This soddaine mutability: I will  
Preserve my affection as inviolate to you  
As Anchorites their vowes, and in my grave  
Interr my virgin glory. Teares will not  
Permitt more conference: fare you well; Ile keepe  
My passion up till I have none to weepe. [*Exit.*

*Thu.* Shees gon! What vapor which the flattring sunn  
Exhales to heaven as to create a starr,  
Yet throwst, a fading meteor, to the earth,  
Has falne like me? Divinity, that tells  
Us there are soules in women, Ile no more  
Credit thy dubious *Theorems* nor thinke  
Thy lawes astring us to preserve our faith.  
Let the nice Casuists, that dispute each clause  
Belongs to conscience with a[]ternate sense,  
Dispense with breach of promise and prescribe



Equivocacons to evade all oathes  
Without offending, or shees damnd.

*Enter Lovell.*

*Lov.* Well, Companion, at my friends Intreatie I am content to be reconsyld; but have a care, goe to, ha, oh ho, youle<sup>[104]</sup> ... more; why, goe to then ... pledge the companion ... heeres to thee: what, what!

*Thu.* Heres one perchance will satisfie me.  
Sir, your habit speaks yer understanding:  
Please you resolve me one thing which disturbes  
The quiet of my conscience.

*Lov.* Revenge may slumber but can never sleep:  
He that lets slip an Injury thats done  
Takes the next course to draw a greater on.

*Thu.* You counsell well. I pray, in all the volumes  
Your learning has perusd, did you ere find  
Any conclusion that allowd it lawfull  
To breake an oath?

*Lov.* If she neglect and throw<sup>[105]</sup> disgrace on thee, Fly't thou as much and be thy scorne as free.

*Thu.* An Oracle speakes in him; but, pray, tell me Ist lawfull then to breake an oath?

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*Lov.* Though time prolongs, we cannot style it sloath: My vowes are firme; hees damd that breaks an oath.

*Thu.* Good, good, agen: but the oath I treat on, Is of another kind: tis to a woman.

*Lov.* It could not be her fault; there's a mistake in't.

*Thu.* None o'my life, theres none.

*Lov.* Let me see, let me see: No, twas not hers, twas *Grimeses* knavery.

*Thu.* Ha, whether did wild fancy lead my apprehension. He minds me not but is in disputation With his owne thoughts.

*Lov.* Wilt thou pledge me ii cuppes? Why, goe to and goe to, then.  
Ha to thee, ha, sirra *Grimes*!  
—When man gainst man conspire to doe evill,  
For what Society is a fitt!

*Thu.* The Devill. [*Claps him on the shoulder.*]

*Lov.* Oh helpe, helpe![106] [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* I hope, sir,  
Noe occasion offerd in my house  
Breedes your distast; I should be sorry if  
It be soe, and conceald from me.

*Thu.* Your goodnes  
Is to nice ore me; Ime exceeding well;  
Only some erring cogitations  
Trouble my braine a little.

*Lady.* Tis much pittty  
Distraction should have roome in you; I would  
Not for the love you beare my daughter, have you  
Be discount[ent]ed here.

*Thu.* And your daughter Repayes me kindly fort.

*Lady.* Surely her breeding Affords her better manners then to iniure A gent[leman] of your deservings?



*Thu.* Alas, she has not:  
Twas but an unkindness triviall  
Mong freinds not worth the nameing.

*Lady.* It was to much  
Wert but an ill looke. If I may so far,  
Without immodesty, entreat the knowledge  
Of what it was Ile chide her for't. Pray, sir,—  
We women are bold suitors; by your looke  
It is no meane perplexity her folly  
Has cast upon your temper,—pray, disclose it;  
And ift be anything the obedience  
She owes to me may countermand, she shall  
Repent her error.

*Thu.* Your humanity  
Would wrest a secret from me, though my life  
Consisted ith concealment: she has abolishd  
Her protestations to me, murdred vowes  
Which like the blood of Innocents will pull  
Cloudes of black vengeance on her, for no cause  
I can imagine but her humor; banishd  
Me her society and sight for ever.[107]

*Lady.* Tis above wonder: could I as well rule  
Her will as her exterior actions,  
She should not thus reject you; but I cannot  
Limitt her mind, compell her to affect  
Against her liking. If perswations may  
Reduse her, Ile endeavour it.

*Thu.* Twilbe needles;  
I am resolvd to meet her in revolt,  
Hug infidelity with as strong a faith  
As she can possible; and if mans mallice  
Can passe a womans, my dispight shall winne  
Preheminence. I will inquire out one  
By nature framd in scorne of bewty, and  
In your perfidious daughters presence give her  
That heart which she relected.



## Page 75

*Lady.* Twere pittty  
Your passion should undoe you; you may find  
Matches of noble quality: my daughter  
In worth's inferior to you, yet I doubt not  
But my perswasive oratorie may gaine you  
Her forfeited affection.

*Thu.* Let her reserve it  
For them who sue to inioy it; Ile conferr  
My fancy on a Negro new reclaim'd  
From prostitution; sacrifice my youth  
To bedridd age, ere reinthrall my heart  
To her insulting bewty.

*Lady.* Twould be a maim to your discretion  
To abjure a certaine and a pleasing good  
For an uncertaine harme you would impose  
In malice on another. Yo'are a man  
In whome the glorious soule of goodnes moves  
With such a spacious posture that no woman,  
But such a squemish baby as my daughter,  
Would be most fortunate to enrich their choyse  
With one so much deserving.

*Thu.* He experience Your affirmation: could you love me?

*Lady.* What  
I spoake was a contingent supposition  
What others might doe, but not argument  
I meant to love you.

*Thu.* But I know you will;  
I see a pleasing augury in your looks  
Presages mercy; and those eyes, whose lustre  
The light (that scornes privation) cannot equall,  
Darts beames of comfort on me.

*Lady.* Twould be rare  
Could you perswade me to't, I can find  
No such propension in my selfe; beware  
Least in this wildnes you ingage your heart  
To one cannot accept it.



*Thun.* Pish!

I'm sure you will: humanity forbids  
Refusal of my affection, which shall be  
As constant as inseparable heat  
To elemental fire.—I'm soddaine, lady,  
In my resolve, but firme as fate.

*Lady.* Surely, You are not well.

*Thu.* You are deceived; I am  
Exceeding well yet; all my faculties  
Retain their wonted motion; but I'm like  
A new recovered patient, whose relapse  
Admits no help of physic: in your love  
Consists my hope, futurity of health;  
And you have too much charity to suffer  
Perdition overwhelm me.

*Lady.* Your confidence  
Works much upon my lenity; but would  
Occasion scandal; every one would judge  
I did supplant my daughter, should I yield  
To your desires.

*Thu.* Let the censorious world  
Fright those with harelip'd Calumnie whose guilt  
Merits detraction; your pure innocence  
No fiend dares vitiate.

*Lady.* You have prevailed.

*Thu.* I'll take you at your word, a holy kiss  
Shall seal the contract. [*kiss*.  
Avaunt! stand off! she has poisoned me, her lips  
Are sault as sulphur, and her breath infects,  
No scorpions like it.

*Lady.* What ayles you, Sir?

*Thu.* Ha, ha, ha!  
Those who imagine such prodigious mischiefs  
Should be more cunning than to be overreached  
By this cosnage; Have you no more judgement  
Than to believe I love'd you.





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*Lady.* Doe you not love me then?

*Thu.* Can a man  
Robd of a Jewell deare to him as breath  
Affect the theife, O murdresse?—for that title  
Best suites thy impious quality, since thy curse,  
Thy cruell curse, imposd uppon my love,  
Has massacred two of the faithfult hearts  
Affection ere united. Though your lust  
Desir'd smooth youth to sate it, piety  
Might have reclamd you for attempting me,  
Your daughter's interest.—Ile not rayle  
Cause tis unman[ner]ly,[109] untill you find  
What 'tis to cause true lovers prove unkind.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Alexan.*

*Lady.* Was I a sleepe? What transitory dreame  
Deceivd my sense? did I not here my love  
Protest affection? no, it was some feind  
Vested in his mortality, whome hell  
Sent to abuse my weaknes.

*Lov.* She has bin sure tormented with that furie which cla[pt] me on my shoulder. She  
talkes of Hell, love and affection. Ha, goe to and goe to! the old Knight my Mrs. Goast, I  
hope does not haunt the house.

*Lady.* Twas he, I me certaine on't; I felt his lips,  
And they were flesh; they breath'd on mine a warmth  
Temperate as westerne kisses which the morne  
Weaps liquid drops to purchase. This confirmes  
It was no apparition that contemnd  
My willingnes, but he, his reall selfe,  
Mockt my integrity: he must not passe soe,  
To blase abroad my infamy.

*Lov.* Madam, feare nothing, be not troubled; the Goast meant no harme to you, uppon  
my life he did not; Goe to and goe to, I say and I sayt, he did not. He did appeare to me  
—your love, your husband, my old Mr.—here, clapt me on the shoulder, as his old  
custome was still when he usd to talke with me familiarly.



*Lady.* But, Sirrah, what familiarity  
Have you with any of my privasies?  
Sausie groome, practise your ancient duty.

*Enter Young Mar.*

*Y. M.* What meanes this fury, Madam?

*Lady.* O, deare boy,  
What haplesse fate exposd thee to the veiwe  
Of this [sic] sad mothers sorrowes? but I charge thee,  
As thou respects thy duty, not to question  
The cause of my distemper; my iust feares  
Prohibits thee the knowledge of it.

*Lov.* Why, Sir, she has seene the Divell.

*Lady.* Ha!

*Lov.* Nay, Madam, I have don; they say the Divell has no power ore a Drunkard; once  
more Ile run the hazard.

*Y. M.* Whoe, what is he? speake,  
For heavens sake, speake: were he defensd with clouds  
Or circled with unsteadfast boggs, my rage  
Should cut a passage to him.

*Lady.* Thou strait will grow  
More passionate then I: goe to your chamber,  
Ile but dispatch these gentlemen.

*[Exit Mar.]*

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*Enter Sir Geffery, Crackby, [Suc]ett [and Bun]ch.*

*Sir Gef.* O here she is.—Lady, I and my Nephew, being your good neighbors and of the worshipfull, I of the Country, he of the Cittie, have long desird a match with your daughters, but they are coy, so childish, so unmannerly; I know not how to terme them: they dispise who worship offers them, they may[110] hereafter doe worse and have worse, madam.

*Crac.* My uncle tells your ladship the truth: We are noe peasants[111] or unhonorable To be affronted with indignities.

*Suc.* Here are men that has seene service.

*Bunch.* At a mustring or ith Artillery[112] garden.

*Lady.* 'Twas past my pleasure, good *Sir Geffery*, you have had such harch entertainment from them: henceforth Ile lay my charge upon them to be more tractable.—Mr. *Alexander*, goe call my daughters hither.

*Lov.* She turnes againe.—I shall with all celerity wish them to approach. [*Exit.*

*Sir Gef.* Certainly, Madam, I can see no cause Wherefore at first you might not, without putting My Knighthood to this trouble, have matched with me Your selfe; it had been somewhat fitter.

*Enter Belisea and Clariana.*

*Bel.* Are these fooles here?

*Lady.* Minions you might have expresd more kindnes  
In your behaviour to these Gent[lemen]  
Whom my strict caire provided for your husbands.

*Bel.* I hope they cannot blame us, we have usd them With that respect our modesties allowd.

*Lady.* Your peevish nicenes settle your affections To a more fayre demeaner towards their worth, Or you shall seeke a Mother and a portion.

*Crac.* Nay, if you take away their portions, Ile Meddle no further with them.

*Lady.* You both heare  
My not to be revoaked intention  
Respect this knight and his nephew in the way  
Of marriage, or I shall take another order with you.

[Exit.

*Cla.* Was it you, good knight of the ill favord Countenance, Who procurd us these loving admonitions?

*Sir Gef.* Nay, and you begin agen, Ile call your Ladie Mother.

*Suc.* I do protest unto you, beauteous Lady, You do not cast a favorable aspect.

*Bel.* I am no Plannet.

*Crac.* Captaine, you doe me palpable affront: She is the election of my understanding.

*Sir Geff.* Retort not so abstrusly.—Will you disdain  
The good of honour, condescend to me  
And youthfull write me, lady, in your stile,  
And to each thread of thy sun-daseling h[air]  
Ile hang a pearle as orient as the gemmes  
The eastern Queenes doe boast of. When thou walk[st],  
The country lasses, crownd with gorgeous flo[w]res,  
Shall fill each path and dance their rural jigs  
In honour of this bewty.

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*Cla.* Hey day, where did you borrow this? Sir, youle beg[one]: I feele the fitt a coming; I shall rayle instantly.

*Crac.* Baffeld before my Mrs? Death to fame! Captaine, good Captaine.

*Suc.* Pish, I doe but drill her For you, friend; you shall have her, say your Captaine Sayes it, whose words doe ventilate destruction To all who do oppugn what they designe.

*Sir Gef.* Come, you shall love me.

*Cla.* I cannot choose: goe, get you home, antiquity; thinke [of] heaven, say thy prayers often for thy old sinns and let [thy] maid diett thee with warme broathes least some cold appoplexis sease thee before thou art prepard.

*Sir Gef.* Madam! madam! shees in her old fitt!

*Cla.* Call her, I care not if she heare me, I counsell better than your physician: every night drinke a good cup of muscadine,[113]—you will not have moysture left to ingender spittle to cleanse thy mouth ith morning. Goe, set thy feath[er] right, good mooncalfe[114]: you have your answeare.

*Sir Gef,* Contemne an old man and his feather, *Bunch,* Ile begon, *B[unch].*

*[Exeunt Sir Gef. and Bunch.]*

*Cla.* Will you goe?—Sister, I have shakd mine off. What stayes this nifle[115] for?

*Crac.* Nay, call me what you will, she is my prise, And I will keepe her.—Captaine, to her Captaine.

*Suc.* You must not part thus, Mrs; here are men Has scapd—

*Cla.* The Gallowes.

*Suc.* Ile rigg you up; although you were a Carack I shall find tackling for you.

*Bel.* You are uncivill; pray, desist.

*Crac.* Not kisse a gentleman? a pretty ring this same: I have a mind to it and I must have it.

*Bel.* You will not robb me of it?

*Suc.* I will intreate this glove which shall adorne In fight my burgonett.



*Cla.* Some honest hostesse Ere this has made a chamber pot of it.

*Crac.* It is some rivalls ring and I will have it To weare in spight of him.

*Bel.* Helpe, Sister, helpe.

*Enter Bonvill and Grimes.*

*Bon.* She shall not neede. It is my ring the villaine desires soe importunately: what untuterd slave art thou that darst inforce aught from this gentlewoman.

*Crac.* Whats that to you? you might have come before me.

*Bel.* What would you have don?

*Crac.* Entreated you againe to have come behind me.

*Bel.* O, my *Bonvill*, so happy a benefit no hand but thine could have administred. Thou save[d]st the Jewell I esteeme next to my honour,—the Ring thou gavest me.

*Crac.* Nay, if you have more right to her than I, takt I pray you:— would I were off with a faire broken pate.

*Suc.* Is your life hatefull to you?



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*Bon.* Why doe you inquire, good puff past?

*Suc.* My blade Is of the *Bilbo*[116] mettle; at its splendor My foes does vanish.

*Bon.* Ile try that presently;—feare nothing, ladyes.

*Suc.* Death! now I thinke out, I did breake my blade this morning on foure that did waylay me: Ile goe fetch another, and then I am for you.

*Crac.* Take myne, Captaine.

*Suc.* Hold your peace, be wise: that fellow  
In the blew garment has a countenance  
Presages losse of limme if we encounter.—  
Ile meet you presently.

*Bon.* It shall not serve your turne yet: Ile not blunt My sword upon such stock fish.  
*Grimes*, bestow Thy timber on them.

*Grimes.* Come, sir. [*beats them*].

*Suc.* Take me without a weapon? this cudgell sure  
Is Crabb tree, it tastes so sourely.

[*Exeunt*].

*Bel.* Oh, my Deare *Bonvill*.

*Bon.* Mistrisse, I sent an advocate to plead  
My guiltless cause: you, too[117] severe a Judge  
Forbad him audience; I am therefore come  
Once more to prove my innocence.

*Cla.* Come, without Ceremony Forgive you her and she shall pardon you Most willingly.

*Bon.* Can you have soe much mercy, You soe much goodnes?

*Bel.* Noe soule long tir'd with famine, whom kind death  
Has new enfranchisd from the loathed flesh,  
With happier expedition enters heaven  
Then mine thy bosome, *Bonvill*. Let our loves,  
Like plants that by their cutting downe shoot up,  
Straiter and taller flourish: we are now  
Inseperable.



*Cla.* Your good fates, though I Repine not at them, makes my unhappy fortunes  
Appeare farr more disastrous.

*Bon.* Whats thy misfortune?

*Bel.* Alas, my mother has crost her in her affection as she did us.

*Bon.* She shall  
Crosse ours no more. *Belisia*, if youle  
Be ruld by me you shall away with me;  
None but you sister shall be privy to it,  
And sheele keepe Councell.

*Bel.* Ile goe any whither To enjoy thy presence; theres no heaven without it.

*Bon.* You shalbe advertisd where she remaines, And certifie us how your mother takes  
it: When we are married we shall live to thanke you.

*Cla.* Will you leave me, then?

*Bel.* Prethee, poore heart, lament not; we shall meet, And all these stormes blowe over.

*Cla.* Your tempests past; mine now begins to rise But Ile allay its violence with my eyes.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus Quartus.*

SCENE 1.

*Enter Magdalen, Timothy and Alexander.*

*Ma.* Run, good sweet *Timothy*; search the barnes, the stab[les], while I looke in the  
Chambers. Should she be lost or come to any harme my lady will hang us all. Why  
dost not fly?





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*Tim.* Hey day, if her feet walke as fast as thy tongue, sh[e's] far enough ere this time. What a stir you make! Were you, as shee is, with your sweet heart, you would [be] pursud, would you? You would be hangd as soone. Al[as], good gentlewoman, heaven speed her!

*Ma.* You will not goe then?

*Tim.* No, indeed, will I not.  
Her mother may be angry if she please.  
The time has bin she would as willingly  
Bin at the sport her selfe as now her daughter.  
The ge[n]tleman] shees gon with is a man,  
And see theres no harme d[one], I warrant you.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, gramercy, *Timothy*, thou hittst it right. *Maudlin*, goe to; should *Tim* here offer as much to you, ha, I beleave you would not lock your selfe up in my ladyes closett; goe to, and goe to.

[*Exeunt.*

*Ma.* Udsme, my lady!

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Lost, past redemption! I pursue a fier  
Which like the giddy Meteors that seduce  
With their false light benighted travellers  
Allures me to distruction. To curse fate  
Were to allow I feard it, and admit  
Participation in me of that spiritt  
I most detest, a womans.

*Lov.* Please your good Ladyship.

*Lady.* Yes, that you depart.— [*Exit Alexander.*  
What can he see in her more worthy love  
Then is in me? shees but a picture drawne  
By my dimensions, and men sooner fancy  
The Substance then the Shaddow. Oh, but shee  
Is the true image not of what I am  
But what I was, when like the spring I wore  
My virgin roses on my cheeks.

*Lov.* Madam, you seeme—



*Lady.* Angry at your impertinency; learne manners, leave me.

*Lov.* She has coniurd downe my spirit: these are immodest devills that make modest ladyes become strickers[118]. Ile out oth storme, take shelter in the cellar. Goe to and goe to; tis better venter quariling mongst those hogesheads.

*[Exit Alexander.]*

*Enter Maudlin [and Timothy.]*

*Ma.* Madam, your daughter—

*Lady.* Where is she? Who? *Clariana*?

*Ma.* The faire *Belisea*.

*Enter Clariana.*

*Cla.* Did you call me, madam.

*Lady.* Noe: were you soe neere? begon againe,—  
Yet stay.—*Maudlin*, avoid the Roome, and if you see  
Mr. *Thurston*, entreat him hither. *Timothy*,  
Find out my son and charge him to delay  
The execution of my late comaund  
Till I next speake with him. *[Exeunt Mag. and Tim.]*  
*Clariana*, you did what I comanded?

*Cla.* Yes, on my Soule.

*Lady.* But thou art ignorant Why with such violence I inioyn[e]d thee To leave thy  
*Thurstons* love?



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*Cla.* Were I not sure  
Theres nought in him that can be titled ill,  
I should have thought your circumspective Judgment  
Had spide some error in him, and in care  
Of me your child forbidden me his love.  
But whatsoer's the cause, though your comaund  
Was like perdition welcome, my obedience  
Fullfild it truly, without questioning  
The reason why or the unlimited power  
Of you my mother.

*Lady.* You did very well.  
Now thou shalt know the reason, which before  
I doe relate, afford me leave to weepe,  
To save thy teares, which at the hearing of it  
Will, like the dew on lillies, pearle thy cheekes.  
I have beheld thee with a Rivalls eye  
In *Thurstons* love; my penetrable heart,  
Like a moist cloud, has opened and receivd  
Loves fine bolt into it. Now thou knowst it,  
Methinks I see confusion in thy looks  
Prepard to blast me.

*Cla.* Heaven forbid it I  
Should ere conceive the meanest thought of ill  
Of you, my parent. Since you love him, here  
To heaven and you I give my interest up  
And would I could as well commaund his heart  
As he might mine, beleive me you should then  
Affect you with as true and deare a zeale  
As ever I did him: I should be happie  
In making you soe.

*Lady.* Charitable girle,  
Forgive thy cruell mother, who must yet  
Impose a stronger penance on thy duty:  
Thou must go to thy *Thurston*, and obtaine  
His love.

*Cla.* A little labour will serve for that.

*Lady.* Not for thy selfe but for thy haplesse mother,  
Who am, without it, nothing. Woe him for me,  
Use the enchanting musicke of thy voice



On my behalfe, who, though thy Rivall, yet  
Remember I'm thy mother; nor canst thou  
Consigne thy breath to a more holy use  
(Though thou shouldst spend it in religious prayers)  
Then to redeeme thy parent. Weepe for me,  
And in requitall for each drop thou shedst  
I'll pay to heaven a Hecatombe of teares  
For thy successe. But take good heede, deare child,  
While thou art weeping, thou dost not disclose  
That face of thine; for, were he mine by vow,  
Loves powerfull Retorick uttered [in?] thyne eyes  
Would winn from me.

*Enter Thurston and Thorowgood.*

*Cla.* Here comes the Gentleman.

*Lady.* Be earnest, *Clariana*, I shall heare you.

*[Exit.*

*Tho.* Sir, you must iustifie this.

*Thu.* Feare it not; yonder she goes; I'll tell her of it, sheele not denie it.

*Cla.* Mr. *Thurston*, whether do you walke soe fast?

*Thu.* O, *Clarianna*, are you there?

*Cla.* Nay, stay, I have a suite to you.

*Thu.* I would Be loth to offend your eyes; when we last met You chargd me never to behold you more.



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*Cla.* I did indeed, but on mature advice  
I have reclaimd that imposition.  
You shall behold me dayly, talke with me,  
Doe all the acts that love with Innocence  
Can suffer, if youle but overrule your will  
To graunt me one request.

*Thu.* You wrong my faith  
In questioning my graunt of any thing  
You can desire wer't to undoe my selfe  
Or combate miseries as yet unheard of,  
You[r] least breath may expose me to them.

*Cla.* Nay, in this theres no danger; if there be  
A real happines on earth, this way  
You shall arrive to it.

*Tho.* He were unwise Would he not graunt it then.

*Thu.* Please you declare it.

*Cla.* There is a lady,  
Of such a perfect virtue, grace and sweetnes,  
That Nature was to all our sex beside  
A niggard, only bountiful to her;  
One whose harmonious bewtie may intitule  
All hearts its captive: yet she doats on you  
With such a masculine fancy that to love her  
Is duty in you.

*Thu.* It is herselfe, lme sure.

*Tho.* It surely is no other.

*Cla.* No, tis one  
So farr transcending me, that twere a sinne  
Should I deprive you, the most perfect man,  
Of her, the perfectest woman. She will weepe  
Even at your name; breath miriads of sighes;  
Wring her hands thus; demonstrate all the signes  
Of a destracted lover; that in pitty,  
Though I did love you well, I have transferd  
My right to her, and charge you by all ties  
That you affect her with the same true zeale



Which you did me, and ift be possible,  
Purer and better.

*Tho.* This is the strangest madnes I ere heard of.

*Thu.* Is it you, *Clariana*, that speake all this?

*Cla.* You know and heare it is.

*Thu.* But I doe scarce  
Credit my hearing, or conceive I am  
Mortall, for surely, had I bin, your words  
Like the decree of heaven had struck me dead.  
What strong temptation lay you on my faith!  
O, *Clariana*, let me but decline  
Passion, and tell you seriously that this  
Is cruel in you, first to scorne my love,  
Next to admitt a scruple of beleife,  
Though you can be perfidious to your selfe,  
That I can be soe. Noe; since you are lost,  
Ile like the solitary turtle mourne  
Cause I must live without you. But, pray, tell me  
What is she you would have me love?

*Cla.* My Mother.

*Thu.* Ha, your Mother!

*Tho.* Ist possible, lady? you much doe wrong  
Your innocence in laboring to enforce  
That upon him which is my interest. Heaven  
Smild at the contract twixt us; quiers of Saints  
Receivd our mutuall vowes, and though your Mother  
May in her passion seeme to have forgott  
Her pretious faith, yet when I shall awake  
Her sleeping reason with the memory  
Of that has past betwixt us, my strong hope  
Tells me I shall induce her to the spheare  
Which she has movd from.



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*Cla.* Would heaven you could! How coldly in this cause  
Doe I perswade! when I would speake, my heart  
Checks its bold orator, my tongue, and tells it  
Tis traitorous to its Mr.—Noble Sir, [*kneele*  
I doe conceit you infinitely good,  
So pittiful that mercy is in you  
Even naturally superlative, (forgive me,  
If I offend) you doe in this transgresse  
Humanity, to let a lady love you  
Without requitall. But I must professe  
To heaven and you, that here Ile fix to earth,  
Weepe till I am a statue, but Ile gaine  
Your pitie for her: pray consider ont.

*Thu.* Consider ont? wonder has soe engrossd  
To its wild use all corners of my heart  
That there remaines scarce one poore concave left  
To hold consideration. I must either  
Love her I hate or see her whome I love  
Wilfully perish. See, shee kneeles and weeps,  
Prays as she meant to expiate all the sinns  
Earth ere committed. One of those pure drops  
Does (as my lives blood in a soddaine trance)  
Surround my heart. You have prevaild, arise:  
At your request I will performe an act,  
Which may no story hold least all who love  
Hereafter curse the president,—Ile love her.  
That deathfull word comes from my torturd soule  
As a consent doth from a timorous maid  
For an enforcing ravisher.

*Tho.* You are not mad, sir? what doe you meane?

*Cla.* I thanke you.  
But love her dearely, *Thurston*, sheele deserv't:  
I doe remember, when my Father livd,  
How he would praise her goodnes. Think on me  
As one that lovd you well, but neer like her;  
And, if you please, bestow each day a kisse  
Uppon her in my memory. Soe, farewell.—  
Sorrows flow high: one griefe succeed another;  
I die in piety to redeeme my Mother. [*Exit.*

*Tho.* But, harke you, sir, do you intend to love her.



*Thu.* Good sir, torment me not.

*Enter Grimes.*

*Grimes.* By your leave, gentlemen: good Mr. *Thorowgood*, a word or two in private.

*Thu.* Compeld to love my enemy! what man,  
That had but so much spiritt as a mule,  
Could suffer this! Lay nice prescriptions,  
Ambiguous bookmen, on submissive slaves;  
Affright with terror of a wilfull death  
Those whom black murders of inhumane sin  
Has living damnd; Ime yet in my owne heart  
White as a babe, as Innocent as light  
From any mortall guilt; and were my soule  
Drawn fro this mew[119] of flesh twould quickly streatch  
Like a swift Falkon her aspiring wings  
And soare at heaven. Nature instructs us Death  
Is due to all: how can't be then a Sinn  
To die, or he more guilty of offense  
That kills himselfe or [than?] he who in his bed  
Some shivoring ague murders? Ime resol[v']d;  
Ile rather chuse to immolate my life  
In Martirdome to virtue then reserve't  
Till it be staind with mischiefes.





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*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* How doe you, sir?

*Thu.* Oh, oh, my head, my head!  
Stand further of, good nightcrow: if thou comst  
As a presaging harbinger of death,  
Howlt in thy direfulst and most horrid notes,  
And ['t] will be wellcome as choyse musick to me  
And Ile adore thee fort, with teares of ioy  
Make thy black feathers white.

*Lady.* Good sir, mistake me not, I am your friend.

*Thu.* I cry you mercy, lady; you are shee  
Whom I had vowd to love;—a wild conceite  
Had seasd my fancy. Pardon me, I must  
Proclaim to heaven and to the world a truth  
Which I should study to forget: you are  
A Creature so suparlatively bad  
That, were the earth as absolute from sinn  
As in its first creation, youre sole crimes  
Would pull a curse upon it. I should tell you  
The specialties wherein you're foule, but dare not  
Breath in the same ayre with you; I begin  
To feel infection:—fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Lady.* Contemnd againe! deprive me of the name  
And soule of woman! render me a scorne  
To the most base of our revengefull sex!  
If I beare this while there be knives or swords,  
Poyson or ought left to extinguish life  
That womans spleene can compasse—  
*Alexander!* within there!

*Enter Alexander.*

Goe to my sonn; inioyne him by all rights  
Of naturall duty to accomplish that  
Which in youre hearing I comanded him.  
Beare him this Jewell and this gold, that when  
Tis don he may escape; be carefull,  
As you expect my favour.



*Alex.* I shall inculcate your desires unto him.  
—Her favour! goe to, theres comfort.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Thorowgood.*

*Tho.* Madam, theres one brings a sad message to you.

*Lady.* From whome, I pray you.

*Tho.* From two friends of yours Your cruelty has murdred,

*Lady.* My cruelty  
Never extended to that horrid height,  
Not to my foes. Who are they?

*Tho.* Your daughter,  
The innocent *Belisia*, and my friend,  
Her worthy suiter, *Bonvill*.

*Lady.* Your freind and my daughter dead and by my meanes!  
This cannot be; my daughters sure in the house.  
Good sir, unfould this ridle, it begetts  
Wonder and terror in me.

*Tho.* Madam, you know with what a cruel messuage  
You sent me to my friend, which provd as false  
As your faire daughter virtuous. Why you did it  
I will not question, nor upbraid you with  
This violation of your faith.

*Lady.* This story Conduces nothing to the deathes you talkd of.



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*Tho.* Yes, since then  
A iust mistrust that you would crosse their match  
Causd them last night privatly to steale hence  
With an intention to have reacht the house  
Where *Bonvills* mother lives; but see the fates  
How they dispose of men! crossing the River  
That runns beneath your orchard, and ith darke,  
Their headstrong horses missing the ford overthrew them  
And, which I cannot without true grieve utter,  
There drownd them both.  
Was it not soe, *Grimes*?

*Grimes.* Tis too sad a truth; and I,  
After all meanes to save their life was past,  
Lookd to my owne and got the shore: their bodies  
I feare the violence of the tide has carried  
Into the Sea by this time.

*Lady.* Enough, good friend; no more.  
Had a rude *Scythian*, ignorant of teares,  
Unlesse the wind enforcd them from his eyes,  
Heard this relation, sure he would have wept;  
And yet I cannot. I have lost all sense  
Of pitty with my womanhood, and now  
That once essentiall Mistress of my soule,  
Warme charity, no more inflames my brest  
Than does the glowewormes ineffectual fire  
The ha[n]d that touches it. Good sir, desist  
The agravation of your sad report; [*Weepe*  
Ive to much greife already.

*Tho.* It becomes you:  
You do appeare more glorious in these t[ears]  
Then the red morne when she adornes her cheeks  
With *Nabathean* pearls: in such a posture  
Stand *Phaetons* sisters when they doe distill  
Their much prisd amber. Madam, but resume  
Your banishd reason to you, and consider  
How many Iliads of preposterous mischeife  
From your intemperate breach of faith to me  
Fetch their loathed essence; thinke but on the love,  
The holy love I bore you, that we two  
—Had you bin constant—might have taught the wor[ld]  
Affections primitive purenes; when, from



Your abrogation of it, Bonvills death,  
Your daughter['s] losse have luc[k]lessly insu'd.  
The streame that, like a Crocodile, did weepe  
Ore them whom with an over ravenous kisse  
Its moyst lips stifled, will record your fault  
In watery characters as lastingly  
As iff twere cut in marble. Heaven, forgive you;  
Ile pray for you; repent.

*[Exeunt Thorowgood and Grimes.]*

*Grimes.* O, my deare Master!

*Lady.* Repent! should I but spend  
The weakest accent of my breath in sighes  
Or vaine compunction, I should feare I sinnd  
Against my will, then which I doe confes  
Noe other diety. Passions[120] doe surround  
My intellectual powers; only my heart,  
Like to a Rocky Island, does advance  
Above the foming violence of the waves  
Its unmovd head, bids me my fate outdare.  
Ills sure prevention is a swift despaire.

*[Exit.]*

*([SCENE] 2.)*

*Enter Alexander and Young Marlowe.*



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*Alex.* Thinke, sir, to whome the Iniury was don,—go to—your Lady Mother, a vertuous lady, I say and I sayt agen, a very vertuous lady. Had I but youth and strength as you have, in what cause should I sooner hazard both then in this?

*Y. M.* Murder, my friend!

*Alex.* Noe, tis doing sacrifice to slaunderd goodnes.

*Y. M.* Rob my beloved Sister of a husband!

*Alex.* Yes, to redeeme to your mother her lost honour.

*Y. M.* Art not a Divell?

*Alex.* Ha!

*Y. M.* Thy breath has blasted me.

*Alex.* I must confes indeed I have eaten garlicke.

*Y. M.* All pious thoughts that lately fild this spheare  
Are scatterd with the winds that issu'd from thee,  
Which, like the infectious yawning of a hill,  
Belching forth death inevitable,  
Has distroyd freindship and nature in me.  
Thou canst not poyson worse: I can feed now,  
Feed and nere burst with mallice. Sing, Syren, sing  
And swell me with revenge sweet as the straines  
Falls from the *Thrasian* lyre; charme each sence  
With musick of Revenge, let Innocence  
In softest tunes like the expiring Swann  
Dy singing her owne Epitaph.

*Alex.* What meane you, sir? are you mad? goe to and goe to; you doe not use me well; I say and I say, you do not. Have I this for my love to you and your good Mother? Why, I might be your Father by my age, which is falne on me in my old Mrs service; he would have used me better.

*Y. M.* Dost weepe, old Crocodile? looke dost see this sword.

*Alex.* Oh, I beseech you, sir; goe to; what meane you?

*Y. M.* No harme to thee; this was my Fathers once,  
My honord Father; this did never view  
The glaring Sunn but in a noble cause,



And then returnd home blushing with red spoyles,  
Which sung his fame and conquest. Goe, intreat  
My Mother be as pleasant as she was  
That night my Father got me. I am going, say,  
Most cheerfully to finish her comaund.

*Alex.* Heaven prosper you. Ha!

*Enter Thurston.*

*Thu.* Freind, I was looking for you.

*Y. M.* And you have found me, Villaine.

*Thu.* What meane you?

*Y. M.* If thou darst follow me I will conduct thee Unto the seate of death.

*Thu.* Dare! Ile goe with thee, hand in hand; goe on.

*[Exeunt ambo.]*

*Alex.* Goe, goe to and goe to, I say and I sait; here wilbe some revenge. If the  
Gent[leman] fall my lady has promist me a farme of 100 pounds a yeare; goe to, then.  
Now, if her sonn be slayne, heres then this purse of gold and this rich Jewell which she  
sent to him. By this wee see, whoever has the worst, The fox fares well, but better  
when hees curst.[121] Goe to and goe to then.

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[Exit.

*Actus Quintus.*

(SCENE 1.)

*Enter Lady Marlowe sola.*

*Lady.* Twas[122] here about; these are the poplars, this  
The yewe he named. How prettily thees trees  
Bow, as each meant to Consecrate a branch  
To the drownd lovers! and, methinks, the streame  
Pitt[y]ing their herse should want all funerall rights,  
Snatches the virgin lillies from his bankes  
To strow their watry sepulcher. Who would  
Desire an easier wafting to their death  
Then through this River? what a pleasing sound  
Its liquid fingers, harping on the stones,  
Yeilds to th'admiring eare!

*Enter Thorowgood, Clariana, and Magdalen.*

*Mag.* This way she went, lme sure. She has deliv[er']d  
So many strang distractions that I feare  
Sheele act some wilfull violence on her selfe  
If we prevent it not.

*Cla.* Yonder is somebody among the Trees Hard by the River: alasse, tis shee!

*Tho.* Come softly; if she heare our footing, her disp[aire May] anticipate our diligence.

*Lady.* Tempt me not, frailty: I disdaine revolt  
From ought the awfull violence of my will  
Has once[123] determind. Dost thou tremble, flesh?  
Ile cure thy ague instantly: I shall,  
Like some insatiate drunkard of the age,  
But take a cup to much and next day sleepe  
An hower more then ordinary.

*Tho.* Heaven and good Angells guard you!

*Cla.* My deare Mother!

*Mag.* My gracious Lady!



*Lady.* What inhumaine creatures  
Are you that rob me of the priviledge  
Of wellcome death, which I will run to meet  
Spight of your malice!

*Tho.* Oh decline those thoughts;  
Let not the lucid tapers of your soule,  
Bright grace and reason, fondly be extinct.  
Essentiall virtue, whether art thou fled,  
To what unknowne place? wert thou hid mongst ro[cks]  
Or horid grots where comfortable light  
Hates to dispence its luster, yet my search  
Should find thee out, reduce thee to this brest  
Once[124] thy lov'd Paradice. Pray, madam, pray:  
From those faire eyes one penetentiall teare  
Would force whole legions of heavens brightest Sa[ints]  
If they have power to intercede for earth  
To beg for mercy for you.

*Lady.* These are toyes  
Forgd to delude mortality: let me die  
And afterwards my uncontroled Ghost  
Shall visitt you. I only goe and aske  
How my *Belisia* does enioy her health  
Since she exchangd her native ayre of earth  
For those dull regions. If I find the clime  
Does to our constitutions promise life,  
Ile come to you and in those happy shades  
Will live in peace eternally.

[[125]\_Cla\_. Alas,  
I feare shees Irrecoverable. Twas  
Ill don to affright her thus.

*Mag.* Expect the best: The Gentleman will perswade her.





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*Tho.* O, dispaire,  
Grimme homicide of soules, how thou involvst  
More haplesse creatures in distracted Ills  
Ore [w]home thou triumphst; but Ile fright thee hence:  
No feind shall add a trophy to thy acts  
For victory over her.] Deare madam, heare me:  
You had a noble husband, while he livd;  
And I beleive  
That no perswasion cold have forcd you yeild  
To vitiation of his honord bed,  
Not with a prince. And will you give your soule,  
Which heaven in its creation had designd  
A bride to faire eternity of blisse,  
By vild procurement of hells bawd, despaire,  
To prostitution of unnaturall death  
And then of woes erelasting which admit  
Noe diminution? Can you heare this, Madam,  
And does the flintie substance of your heart  
Not thaw, like to a hill of *Russian* Ice  
When fires applid to't? Yes, your eyes demonstrate  
It[126] melts already.

*Cla.* Deare Mother, please you walke Into your Chamber: here the wind is cold And  
may disease your weaknes.

*Mag.* Here is your vayle, and't please your ladiship.

*Lady.* Let me alone, you trouble me; I feele  
A suddaine change; each organ of my soule  
Suffers a strong vicissitude; and, though  
I do detest a voluntary death,  
My Conscience tells me that it is most iust  
That the cursd author of such impious illls  
Ought not to live.

*Tho.* O thinke not soe: those words  
Retaine affinity with that passion  
I hop'd youd left. The greatest of your Sinns  
Mercy will smile at, when you doe implore  
Its unconsuming grace: the dullest cloud  
Will, when you pray, be active as the ayre  
In opening to receive that breath to heaven  
Thats spent to purge your illls. Why, you may live



To make a faire lustration for your faults  
And die a happie Convert.

*[Ho]llow within:* Follow, follow, follow! that way he went.

*Enter Young Marlowe, Alexander, [Consta]ble and [office]rs.*

*Y. M.* Hell, I will flie no farther; since my hand Is guilt in murder it shall sacrifice Some of my apprehenders.

*Tho.* Whats the matter? Deare Sir, what ayles you?

*Lady.* O my Sonne! I feare.

*Alex.* Stand back, goe to; what meanes this rudenes. I say goe to, keepe back.

*Con.* Sir, we must enter: here he is. I charge you Asist us to lay hold on him.

*Lady.* Why, how now, Fellowes? what makes you presse in here thus rudely? Whom do you follow?

*Con.* Madam, Ime sorry my authority Enforces me to doe it: your sonn iust now Has slaine one Mr. *Thurstone*, and the law Commaunds us apprehend him.

*Y. M.* Here take my sword:  
When I but doe waigh the iustnes of the cause  
For which I suffer, though I could escape,  
My Conscience would forbid me. Come, Ile goe  
Whither you please.

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*Lady.* Stay, officers; all accessories are  
As liable to punishment for murder  
As those who act it. I confesse twas I  
Enforcd my son to slay that gentleman.  
Your warrant extends to take me with him.

*Tho.* Alas, beleive her not; greife for her sonne Has made her franticke.

*Lady.* By heaven tis truth!  
If you refuse to execute your office  
I shall confesse my act unto the Judg  
And soe condemne you of partiality.  
My Sonn knowes this is truth.

*Y. M.* I must acknowledge  
Mr. *Alexander* oft did instigate me  
To kill him.

*Con.* Sir, you must clere your selfe of this.

*Alex.* Who? I? Goe, take the babe from its Mothers teat and taxe him with this crime. I  
accessary to a murder! goe to.

*Con.* Why, and goe to, sir, and avoid resistance; You must goe. Will your ladiship walke  
with us?

*Lady.* Yes, most willingly.  
I doe this most abhorrid life despise  
Since tis to iustice a iust sacrifice.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## (SCENE 2.)

*A Table: Enter Judge,[127] Sir Geffery, Crackbie,  
Suckett, and Bunch.*

*Sir Hu.* I doe admire this accident: since I have sat Judge I have not knowne any such  
tryall.

*Sir Gef.* Tis certaine, sir; but looke you, sir, Ile tell you. You do perceive me sir: as lme  
a gentleman I lov'd the lady; but she, out of her pride, I thinke, or else I were to b[lame]  
to say soe, scornd me. Marke you that, sir? understand you that?



*Sir Hu.* You question my understanding very much, good Sir *Geffe[rey]*. But pray you, sir, being here more conversant then I, c[ould] you informe me how this quarrell grew twixt her [and Mr.] *Thurston*?

*Sir Gef.* Yes, yes, I can;—but let me see, I have almost forgott; to say truth, I never heard the reason, but as the wisest guess—hum, hum—he should have had her daughter.

*Crac.* I might have had her my self, you know, uncle.

*Sir Gef.* Peace, Nephew, peace, give Justice leave to speake.—As I related, the reason I related, Sir, was as I told you.

*Sir Hu.* You told me nothing yet, Sir *Geffery*.

*Sir Gef.* Noe? did I not say he should have had her daughter?

*Sir Hu.* You did; but what does that conduce to their dissention?

*Sir Gef.* Oh sir, the originall efficient cause,—you understand me? for suspition whispers he had given her a foule blow and would have left her.

*Crac.* Nay, by my birthright, uncle, the child was not his alone, for I dare sweare I had a hand at least in it. I did endeavor fort, did I not, Captaine?

*Suc.* Yes, there are others to as well as you; yes, she has struck her top sayle to a man of warr; she has bin boarded, sir, I can assure you.

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*Sir Hu.* What impudent slaves are these!—But are you sure the gentlewoman is with child?

*Sir Gef.* Sure? doe you question it, Sir? *Bunch*, be ready, *Bunch*, to write their confessions quickly.

*Bunch.* They are not come yet to confession, sir.

*Sir Gef.* Noe matter for that, *Bunch*; with the Judges leave wee here their confession before they come, that we may know the better to state the cause when they doe come. Ist not best, thinke you?

*Sir Hu.* Who shall speake for them, thinke you?

*Sir Gef.* No matter whether any man speake nor noe: we know he killed the man, and she comanded him, ergo they are guilty; ergoe that must be their confession, scilicet that they are guilty. Write this, *Bunch*, and then we will perpend, as law and Judgment guides us, whether we will save or condemne. How say you, sir?

*Crac.* Oh well don, uncle! I knew<sup>[128]</sup> he would prove what he said, otherwise I would have venturd a sillogisme in Baraly<sup>[p]</sup>ton to have made it evident.

[*Suc.*<sup>[129]</sup> But with your favour, gentlemen; suppose he did unlive *Thurston* in faire duell?

*Sir Hu.* No duell can be fayre, cause tis against The kingdomes lawes.

*Suc.* The kingdomes lawes! how shall  
A Gent<sup>[leman]</sup> that has a blemish cast  
Upon his life, faire reputac<sup>[i]</sup>on,  
Have satisfaction then? allow no duells!  
Hel! a man of armes had better live in woods  
And combate wolves then among such milke sops.  
The kingdomes lawes!

*Crac.* Patience, good Captaine; we will have duells lawful.

*Suc.* Tis fit they should, being legitimacy managd, sir.]

*Enter Constable and Prisoners.*

*Sir Gef.* O, soe; are you come? weele tickle you ifaith.

*Con.* Soe please you, heare are the prisoners.



*Sir Hu.* Tis well, we have waited them. Madam,  
I should have bin more fortunate to have scene you  
In any place but this; and here,  
In any other cause then this, I would use you  
As the precedent carridge of your life  
Has merited, but cannot: y'are a prisoner  
Convict of murder, a most hideous crime  
Gainst law and nature.

*Sir Gef.* Yes, marry is it, and that she shall find ere we have don. *Bunch*, read their  
indictments, *Bunch*. She had as good have married me, I warrant her.

*Sir Hu.* Good Sir *Geffrey*, silence a while. Who is the accuser?

*Con.* Here.

*Sir Hu.* What have you, freind, to object against this lady?

*Con.* That she confesd it was by her procurement and comaunde her sonn murderd  
young *Thurston*.

*Lady.* Please you, sir, that a poore prisoner may entreate one favour.

*Sir Gef.* Yes, you shall have favour!



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*Sir Hu.* Any thing mercy can graunt unpreiudiciall to lustice.

*Lady.* Then this:

You shall not need to produce witnesses  
Or charge a lury to designe me guilty  
Of *Thurstons* murder. I confess it to you,  
Twas only I that slew him.

*Sir Gef.* Marke that, Sir: shee that slew him! do you hear?

*Sir Hu.* Pray disturbe her not.—How comes it then, Madam, to be affirmd your Sonn did kill him?

*Sir Gef.* I, lets heare that, how it comes: well remembred, you did even speake before me.

*Crac.* O how learnedly could I speake now, might I have licence!

*Lady.* Pray, Sir,  
Let me not be oppresd with noyse; my cause  
Beares not so slender waight. For my owne life,  
So many reasons forfeit it to death  
That 'twere a Sinn, had I a will to live,  
To plead to save it; but for this my sonn  
I do beseech a hearing.

*Sir Hu.* Speake freely, lady.

*Lady.* Thus then:

Suppose the wrested rigor of your lawes  
Uniustly sentenc'd any here to death,  
And you enforce on some unwilling man  
The present execution of your act,  
You will not after cause the instrument  
Of your decree, as guilty of his blood,  
To suffer as a Homicide: how then  
Can your impartiall Judgment  
Censure my sonn for this which was my fact?  
*Thurston* the malice of my will wishd dead:  
My instigation and severe comaund  
Compeld him to atcheiv't, and you will graunt  
Noe princes lawes retaine more active force  
To ingage a subiect to performe their hests



Then nature does astringe a dewtious child  
To obey his parent.

*Sir Gef.* Pish, all this is nothing: there is a flat statute against it,—let me see,—in Anno vigesimo tricesimo, Henerio octavo be it enacted,—what followes, *Bunch*?

*Sir Hu.* Nay, good Sir, peace—  
Madam, these are but wild evasions  
For times protraction; for your paritie,  
It cannot hold; since Nature does enforce  
Noe child to obey his parent in an act  
That is not good and iust.

*Lady.* Why, this seemd both  
To his obedience; but relinquish that  
And come to Conscience: does it not comaund  
In its strict Canons to exact no more  
Then blood for blood, unlesse you doe extort  
Worse then an usurer. For *Thurstons* life  
I offer myne, which if it be to meane  
To appease your Justice, let it satisfie  
Your mercie. Spare my Sonn and I shall goe  
As willingly to death as to my rest  
After a painfull child birthe. Looke on him!  
How fitt the subiect is to invite your pittie!  
What Tyrant hand would cut this Cedar up  
Ere its full groath (at which it stately head  
Would give a shade to heaven), or pluck this Rose  
As yet scarce blossomd?

*Sir Gef.* Hum, what says *Bunch*?

*Lady.* Mercy wilbe proud  
T'infold him gently in her Ivory armes,  
And, as she walkes along with him, each word  
He speakes sheele greedily catch at with a kisse  
From his soft lipps such as the amorous Fawnes  
Enforce on the light Satyrs. Let[130] me dy  
Who, like the palme, when consious that tis void  
Of fruite and moysture, prostratly doe begg  
A Charitable headsman.



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*Sir Hu.* So bad a cause  
Deserves not to be pleaded thus. Deere madam,  
Greife overwhelmes me for you, that your guilt  
Has damp'd the eyes of mercy and undone  
All intercession. Please you desist:  
We must proceed to th'examination  
Of the other prisoners.—  
*Sir Geffrey*, we shall need your grave assistance:  
*Sir Geffrey*, be more attentive.

*Sir Gef.* Tis very necessary. I wilbe sworne she did bewitch me; I thinke I was almost  
asleepe. But now to yee, I faith; come on, what can you say that Judgment shall not  
passe against you?

*Tho.* Sir, you are the Judge here?

*Sir Hu.* Yes, sir, why question you my power?

*Tho.* Noe, scarlett man, I question thy witt,  
At least thy Humanity and the Conscience  
That dares imagine to destroy this wealth,  
To hang this matchless diamond in the eare  
Of *Ethiope* Death. Send him to file thy house,  
Strike with his dart thy Children and thy selfe,  
Gray bearded miscreant, whose best acts compard  
With *Thurstons* murder (cause this lady did [it])  
Are full iniquity.

[*Suc.*[131] The man speaks home and boldly.]

*Sir Hu.* Sir, you are fitter for a Jayle, a Bedlam,  
Then to stand free before us.  
What? art thou mad, man?

*Sir Gef.* Yes, what are you, Sir. I aske to, though I know y[ou well] enough. What are  
you?

*Tho.* I am one,  
To expresse my selfe in my true character,  
Soe full of civill reason and iust truth  
That to denie my owne peculiar act  
I should esteeme as base and black a sinne  
As *Scythians*[132] doe adultery: twas I  
That gave this lady counsell to invade



That *Thurstons* life, and out of cowardise,  
Feareing my person, set this bold young man  
To be his murderer. Ime the principall,  
The very source from whence this brooke of bloode  
Fetches its spring.

*Sir Hu.* Still more of the conspiracy! Sir, what say You to these designements?

*Suc.* Say, sir, you slew the man in equall duell: Twill bring you off, I warrant you.

*Sir Gef.* Answer, you youth of valour, you that dare See men of credit bleede. Ha!

*Y. M.* Sir, I am to dy, and should I now speake false  
Twould be a maine addicon to the ill  
What I alone comitted: for this man,  
Howsoere his fury does transport his tongue,  
Hees guiltlesse on't: I must confesse my Mother  
Did, for some private wrong which he had don,  
Wish me to call him to account; but this  
Steward did with all violence sollicit  
That I should slay him.

*Alex.* Whoe? I? goe to; ist come to this?

*Sir Hu.* Sir, you must answer this.

*Sir Gef.* Marke how the mischeife lookes.

*Alex.* I doe defie thy mallice, thou falce Judge. Goe to; my [Mrs.] I appeal to, she that knowes my vertue and Integrity.



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*Sir Hu.* Away with him toth Jayle: a publique Sessions may [ere] long from thence deliver him to the gallowes.

*Const.* Come, Sir.

*[Exeunt Const, and Alex.]*

*Sir Hu.* Madam, for you and for your Sonn, your crimes  
Being soe manifest, I wish you would  
Prepare your selves for heaven. Meantime you must remaine  
Saffe prissoners untill the Judges sitt,  
Who best may give a sentence on your fact.

*Tho.* And what for me?

*Sir Gef.* I, what for him, Mr Justice?

*Sir Hu.* Sure your words  
Rather proceed from some distraction  
Then from similitude of truth. You may  
Begon, we do quitt you.

*Tho.* And Ile quit my selfe  
Of what you will not, [of] my hated life.  
You have condemnd a lady who may claime  
As many slaves to wait on her in death  
As the most superstitious *Indian* prince  
(That carries servants to attend ith grave)  
Can by's prerogative; nor shall she want  
Waiters, while you and I, my reverend Judg,  
Are within reach of one another.

*[Offers att the Record.]*

*Suc.* Death, Sir!

Dare you presume to draw before us men  
Of stout performance?

*Sir Gef.* You sir, wee le have you hangd to, sir, with the Steward.

*Sir Hu.* We doe forgive him; twas his passion.  
Tis manly to forbear infirmities  
In noble soules.  
Away with the delinquents, officers![133]

*Sir Gef.*[134] I charge you looke to them: there is some rescue intended, I warrant you.



*Con.* Sir, yonder are some six or seaven without, Attird like Masquers, that will not be denied Admittance.

*Sir Hu.* What are they?

*Con.* [Faith[135]] we know not,  
Nor will they tell us, only this they say:  
Heareing of the lady *Marlowe*'s condemnation,  
They are come  
With shew of death to make her more prepar'd fort.

*Sir Hu.* We will deny none of her freinds to see her; They can intend noe rescue.

*Con.* Noe, my life ont, sir: they come unarm'd.

*Sir Hu.* Be still; letts see this misterie.

*Florish, Horrid Musike. Enter Death, Gri., and Furies.*

*Gri.* If in charnell houses, Caves,  
Horrid grots and mossie graves,  
Where the mandraks hideous howles  
Welcome bodies voide of soules,  
My power extends, why may not I  
Hugg those who are condem'd to dy?  
Grimme *Dispaire*, arise and bring  
*Horror* with thee and the king  
Of our dull regions; bid the rest  
Of your Society be addrest,  
As they feare the frowne of chaunce,  
To grace this presense with a daunce.

*Recorders. Enter Hymen and the Lovers.*



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*Tim.* *Death*, avaunt! thou hast no power;  
This is *Hymens* happie hower.  
Away to the dark shades! hence!  
And, grim *Dispaire*, let *Innocence*  
Triumph, and bring eternall peace  
To all your soules and Joys increase.  
Smile, smile, sweet ayre, on us that come  
To sing *Deaths* Epicedium.  
Extract from roses gentlest winds,  
Such odors as young *Hymen* finds  
At sweet *Arabian* nuptialls; let  
The youthfull graces here beget  
Soe smooth a peace that every breath  
May blesse this marriage of *Death*.  
Feare nothing, lady, whose bright eye  
Sing'd *Deaths* wings as he flew by:  
Wee therefore, trust me, only come  
To sing *Deaths* Epicedium. [*discover*,

*Tim.* Stay, stay, by your leave Mr. Justice.— Madam,[136] your servant *Timothy* brings  
you newes You must not dy. Know you this Gentleman?

*Sir Gef.* Now, on my knighthood, Mr. *Thurston*.

*Lady.* Amazement leave me: is he living?

*Sir Hu.* Are we deluded?

*Tim.* So it appeares, Sir: the gent[leman] never had hurt; hees here, and let him  
speake for himselfe and this gentlewoman his wife.

*Lady.* Who? *Clariana*?

*Thu.* With your leave, reverend father.—To you, Madam,  
Whome I must now call Mother, first your pardon  
That the conceivd report of my faind death  
Has brought you to this triall: next  
For this your daughter and your sonn, whose virtues  
Redeemd [me] from the death your rage had thought  
I should have suffred, he agreeing with me  
Consented to appeach himselfe of that  
He nere intended, and procurd this man  
As his accuser of my murder, which  
Was but contrivd to let you see the error



Of your sterne malice; that, acquainted with  
The foulness of the fact, by the effect  
You might repent it and bestow your blessing  
On us your Suppliant Children.

*Cla.* Which we beg With hearty sorrow, if we have transgress'd Our duty to you.

*Sir Hu.* I am happie to see so blest a period.

*Sir Gef.* Ha, ha, widdow, are you come of thus, widdow? You may thanke me: I hope youle have me now, widdow.

*Lady.* This suddaine comfort,  
Had I not yet a relique left of greife,  
Would like a violent torrent overbeare  
The banks of my mortality. Oh, *Thurston*,  
Whom I respect with a more sacred love  
Then was my former; take my blessing with her  
And all the wishes that a ioyfull mother  
Can to a child devote: had my *Belisia*  
And her deare *Bonvill* livd, this happy day  
Should have beheld a double wedding.

[*Suc.*[137] Death, must he have her then?]

*Sir Hu.* Spoake like a mother.

*Tho.* Madam,  
The surplusage of love that's in my breast  
Must needs have vent in gratulation  
Of your full ioyes. Would you mind your promise,  
And make me fortunate in your love!



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*Lady.* Sir, I have vowd,  
Since by my meanes my daughter and her love  
Perishd unhappily, to seclude my selfe  
From mans Society.

*[Bonvil, Belisia, and Grimes discover.]*

*Tho.* Weele cancell  
That obligation quickly.—Lady, I now  
Will urge your promise: twas a plot betwixt us  
To give them out for drownd, least your pursuite  
Should have impeachd their marriage, which is now  
Most iustly consummate; and[138] only I  
Remaine at your devotion for a wife.

*Lady.* Take her,  
And with me a repentance as profound  
As Anchorites for their sin pay.

*Sir Hu.* Madam, how blest am I  
To see you thus past hope recovered,  
My mirth at your faire wedding shall demonstrate.

*Sir Gef.* I will daunce too, that[s] certain, though I breake my legs or get the tissick.

*[Suc.[139] Doe you know me, Sir?*

*Bon.* Yes, very well, sir.

*Suc.* You are married, sir.

*Bon.* I, what of that?

*Suc.* Nothing, but send you Joy, sir?]

*Lady.* But where's my Steward? hees not hangd I hope: This mirth admits no Tragedy.

*Gri.* Behold the figure.

*Alex.* I crave forgivenessse.

*Lady.* Goe to, you have it.

*Alex.* Thanke you, madam,—I, I will goe to and goe to, and there be ere a wench to be  
got for love or money, rath[er] then plot murder: tis the sweeter sinn of [the two];

besides, theres noe danger of ones cragg; [the] worst is but stand in one sheet for ly[ing] in two: and therefore goe to and goe to, I [say] and I sayt agen.

*Sir Gef. Bunch* take my cloake, *Bunch*; it shal [not] be sed, so many weddings and nere a Da[nce]: for soe many good turnes the hangman ha done you, theres one for all, hey!

*Tho.* Well said, *Sir Geffrey*.

*Sir Gef.* Hey, when I was young! but come, we loose [time]: every one his lasse, and stricke up Musick!

*Daunce.*

*Lady.* Now, gentlemen, my thanks to all, and since [I]t is my good hap to escape these ills, Goe in with me and celebrate this feast With choyse solemnitie; where our discourse Shall merrily forgett these harmes, and prove Theres no Arraingment like to that of love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## FINIS.

*This Play, call'd the Lady Moth[er] (the Reformacons observ'd) may be acted. October the xvth, 1635.*

WILL. BLAGRAVE, *Dept. to the [Master] of the Revell[s].*

## INTRODUCTION TO THE TRAGEDY OF SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT.

I have never met anywhere with the slightest allusion to this fine historical play, now for the first time printed from a MS.[140] in the British Museum (Add. MS. 18,653). It is curious that it should have been left to the present editor to call attention to a piece of such extraordinary interest; for I have no hesitation in predicting that Barnavelt's Tragedy, for its splendid command of fiery dramatic rhetoric, will rank among the masterpieces of English dramatic literature.



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On a first rapid inspection I assumed, with most uncritical recklessness, that Chapman was the author. There are not wanting points of general resemblance between Chapman's Byron and the imperious, unbending spirit of the great Advocate as he is here represented; but in diction and versification, the present tragedy is wholly different from any work of Chapman's. When I came to transcribe the piece, I soon became convinced that it was to a great extent the production of Fletcher. There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt about the authorship of such lines as the following:—

*"Barnavelt.* My noble Lords, what is't appeares upon me So ougly strange you start and fly my companie? What plague sore have ye spide, what taynt in honour, What ill howre in my life so cleere deserving That rancks in this below your fellowships? For which of all my cares, of all my watches, My services (too many and too mightie To find rewards) am I thus recompenced, Not lookd on, not saluted, left forgotten Like one that came to petition to your honours— Over the shoulder slighted?*Bredero.* Mounsieur *Barnavelt*, I am sorry that a man of your great wisdom And those rare parts that make ye lov'd and honourd, In every Princes Court highly esteemd of, Should loose so much in point of good and vertue Now in the time you ought to fix your faith fast, The credit of your age, carelessly loose it,— dare not say ambitiously,—that your best friends And those that ever thought on your example Dare not with comon safetie now salute ye" (iii. 1).

Such a verse as,—

"In every Princes Court highly esteemd of,"

or,—

"Now in the time you ought to fix your faith fast,"

can belong only to Fletcher. The swelling, accumulative character of the eloquence is another proof; for Fletcher's effects are gained not by a few sharp strokes, but by constant iteration, each succeeding line strengthening the preceding until at last we are fronted by a column of very formidable strength. Let us take another extract from the same scene:—

*"Barnavelt.* When I am a Sychophant And a base gleaner from an others favour, As all you are that halt upon his crutches,— Shame take that smoothness and that sleeke subjection! I am myself, as great in good as he is, As much a master of my Countries fortunes, And one to whom (since I am forc'd to speak it, Since mine own tongue must be my Advocate) This blinded State that plaies at boa-peep with us, This wanton State that's weary of hir lovers And cryes out 'Give me younger still and fresher'! Is bound and so far bound: I found hir naked, Floung out a dores and starvd, no friends to pittie hir, The marks of all hir miseries upon hir, An orphan State that no eye smild upon: And then how carefully I undertooke hir, How tenderly and lovingly I noursd hir! But now she is fatt and faire againe and I foold, A new love

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in hir armes, my doatings scornd at. And I must sue to him! be witnes, heaven, If this poore life were forfeyt to his mercy, At such a rate I hold a scornd subjection I would not give a penney to redeeme it. I have liv'd ever free, onely depended Upon the honestie of my faire Actions, Nor am I now to studdy how to die soe."

The whole scene is singularly fine and impressive; it shows us Fletcher at his highest.

But in other passages we find a second hand at work. In the second scene of the third act there is far less exuberance of language and a different style of versification, as may be seen in the following lines:—

"*Orange*. My grave Lords, That it hath byn my happines to take in, And with so little blood, so many Townes That were falne off, is a large recompence For all my travell; and I would advise That (since all now sing the sweet tunes of Concord, No Sword unsheatht, the meanes to hurt cut off And all their stings pluckd out that would have usd them Against the publique peace) we should end here And not with labour search for that which will Afflict us when 'tis found. Something I know That I could wish I nere had understood, Which yet if I should speake, as the respect And duty that I owe my Country bids me, It wilbe thought 'tis rather privat spleene Then pious zeale. But that is not the hazard Which I would shun: I rather feare the men We must offend in this, being great, rich, wise, Sided with strong friends, trusted with the guard Of places most important, will bring forth Rather new births of tumult, should they be Calld to their Triall, then appease disorder In their just punishment; and in doing Justice On three or four that are delinquents, loose So many thousand inocents that stand firme And faithfull patriots. Let us leave them therefore To the scourge of their owne consciences: perhaps Th'assurance that they are yet undiscoverd, Because not cyted to their answeare, will So work with them hereafter to doe well That we shall joy we sought no farther in it."

Here we have vigorous writing, staid and grave and unimpassioned, and a more regular metre. In determining questions of authorship I have so often found myself (and others, too) at fault, that I shrink from adopting the dictatorial tone assumed in these matters by learned Germans and a few English scholars. But I think in the present instance we may speak with tolerable certainty. Before my mind had been made up, my good friend, Mr. Fleay, pronounced strongly in favour of Massinger. He is, I think, right; in fact, it is beyond the shadow of a doubt that Massinger wrote the speech quoted above. In all Massinger's work there is admirable ease and dignity; if his words are seldom bathed in tears or steeped in fire, yet he never writes beneath his subject. He had a rare command of an excellent work-a-day dramatic style, clear, vigorous, free from conceit and affectation. But he is apt to grow didactic, and tax the reader's

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patience; and there is often a want of coherence in his sentences, which amble down the page in a series of loosely-linked clauses. I will not examine scene by scene in detail; for I must frankly confess that I feel myself sometimes at a loss to determine whether a particular passage is by Fletcher or Massinger. Most of the impassioned parts belong, I think, to the former. I would credit Massinger with the admirably conducted trial-scene in the fourth act; but the concluding scene of the play, where Barnavelt is led to execution, I would ascribe, without hesitation, to Fletcher. In the scene (v. 1) where the French ambassador pleads for Barnavelt we recognise Massinger's accustomed temperance and dignity. To the graver writer, too, we must set down Leydenberg's solemn and pathetic soliloquy (iii. 6), when by a voluntary death he is seeking to make amends for his inconstancy and escape from the toils of his persecutors.

There is no difficulty in fixing the date of the present play. Barneveld was executed on May 13, 1619, and the play must have been written immediately afterwards, when all Christendom was ringing with the news of the execution. In the third scene of the first act there is a marginal note signed "G.B." The initials are unquestionably those of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels from 1610 to 1622.[141] On comparing the note with an autograph letter[142] of Sir George's I find the hand-writing to correspond exactly. The date, therefore, cannot be later than 1622, but the probability is that the play was produced at Michaelmas, 1619.

In our own day the great Advocate's fame, which had been allowed to fall into neglect, has been revived with splendour by Mr. Motley, whose "Life of John of Barneveld" is a monument *aere perennius* of loving labour, masterful grasp, and rare eloquence. Had the dramatists been in possession of a tithe of the facts brought to light from mouldering state documents by the historian, they would have regarded Barneveld's faults with a milder eye, and shown more unqualified praise for his great and noble qualities. But they are to be commended in that they saw partially through the mists of popular error and prejudice; that they refused to accept a caricature portrait, and proclaimed in unmistakable accents the nobility of the fallen Advocate. Perhaps it is not so strange that this tragedy dropped from sight. Its representation certainly could not have been pleasing to King James; for that murderous, slobbering, detestable villain had been untiring in his efforts to bring about Barneveld's ruin.

Throughout the play there are marks of close political observation. To discover the materials from which the playwrights worked up their solid and elaborate tragedy would require a more extensive investigation than I care to undertake. An account of Barneveld's trial, defence, and execution may be found in the following tracts:—

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([Greek: alpha]) “Barnavel’s Apologie, or Holland’s Mysteria: with marginall Castigations, 1618.” The Apology, originally written in Dutch, had been translated into Latin, and thence into English. The Castigations, by “Robert Houldeus, Minister of the Word of God,” are remarkable, even in the annals of theological controversy, for gross blackguardism. After indulging in the most loathsome displays of foul brutality, this “Minister of the Word of God” ends with the cheerful prayer,—“That they whom Thou hast predestinated to salvation may alwayes have the upper hand and triumph in the certainty of their salvation: but they whom Thou has created unto confusion, and as vessels of Thy just wrath, may tumble and be thrust headlong thither whereto from all eternitie Thou didst predestinate them, even before they had done any good or evil.”

([Greek: beta]) “Newes out of Holland: concerning Barnavelt and his fellow-Prisoners, their Conspiracy against their Native Country with the enemies thereof: The Oration and Propositions made in their behalfe unto the Generall States of the United Provinces at the Hage, by the Ambassadors of the French King,” &c., 1619.

([Greek: gamma]) “The Arraignment of John Van Olden Barnavelt, late Advocate of Holland and West Freisland. Containing the articles alleadged against him and the reasons of his execution,” &c., 1619.

\* \* \* \* \*

“This magnificent play is mainly the production of Fletcher and Massinger: it must have been written between May, 1619, and May, 1622, for the King’s company acting at Blackfriars. T[homas] Hol[combe] acted a woman’s part in it: so did G. Lowin, perhaps a son of John Lowin, unless indeed G. is a miswriting for J., as sometimes happens. It is singular that one has no knowledge whatever of Thomas Holcombe, except as an actor in Fletcher’s plays: although so many of the lists of the king’s men of that date have come down to us. Mr. Gough who took the part of Leidenberg, is Robert Gough, not Alexander: the latter acted only in Charles I.’s time. Another actor, Michael, is unknown: probably a super.”—F.G. FLEAY.

Since the above paragraph was written, I have found in the MS. the names of three more actors, Jo[h]n Rice, Bir[ch], and T[homas] Po[l]lard]. The following note, for which I am indebted to Mr. Fleay, will be read with interest:—“It is noticeable that a play called the Jeweller of Amsterdam or the Hague, by John Fletcher, Nathaniel Field, and Phillip Massinger, was entered on the Stationers’ Books 8th April, 1654, but not printed. This play must have been written between 1617 and 1619, while Field was connected with the King’s company, and undoubtedly referred to the murder of John Van Wely, the Jeweller of Amsterdam, by John of Paris, the confidential groom of Prince Maurice, in 1619. It is *prima facie* likely that the same authors would be employed on both plays. Field, Daborne, Dekker and Fletcher are the only authors known to have written in conjunction with Massinger; and Dekker and Daborne are out of the question for that

company at that date. We are now enabled to fix the date of the 'Fatal Dowry,' by Field and Massinger, as c. 1618."



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### THE TRAGEDY OF SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT.

Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt.

*Actus Primus.*

SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, Leidenberck, and Grotius.*

*Bar.* The Prince of *Orange* now, all names are lost els! That hees alone the Father of his Cunttrie! Said you not so?

*Leid.* I speake the peoples Language.

*Bar.* That to his arme and sword the Provinces owe Their flourishing peace? that hees the armyes soule By which it moves to victorie?

*Mod.* So 'tis said, Sir.

*Leid.* Nay, more; that without him dispaire and ruyn Had ceazd on all and buried quick our safeties.

*Gro.* That had not he in act betterd our counsailes  
And in his execution set them off,  
All we designd had ben but as a tale  
Forgot as soone as told.

*Leid.* And with such zeale  
This is deliverd that the Prince beleeves it;  
For Greatnes, in her owne worth confident,  
Doth never waigh but with a covetous hand  
His lightest meritts, and who add to the scale  
Seldom offend.

*Gro.* 'Tis this that swells his pride  
Beyond those lymitts his late modestie  
Ever observd. This makes him count the Soldier  
As his owne creature, and to arrogate  
All prosperous proceedings to himself;  
Detracts from you and all men, you scarce holding  
The second place.



*Bar.* When I gave him the first:  
I robd myself, for it was justly mine.  
The labourinthes of pollicie I have trod  
To find the clew of safetie, for my Cuntry  
Requird a head more knowing and a courage  
As bold as his,—though I must say 'tis great.  
His stile of Excellencie was my guift;  
Money, the strength and fortune of the war,  
The help of *England* and the aide of *Fraance*,  
I only can call mine: and shall I then,  
Now in the sun-set of my daie of honour,  
When I should passe with glory to my rest  
And raise my Monument from my Cuntries praises,  
Sitt downe and with a boorish patience suffer  
The harvest that I labourd for to be  
Anothers spoile? the peoples thancks and praises,  
Which should make faire way for me to my grave,  
To have another object? the choice fruites  
Of my deepe projects grace anothers Banquet?  
No; this ungratefull Cuntry, this base people,  
Most base to my deserts, shall first with horroure  
Know he that could defeat the *Spanish* counsailes  
And countermyne their dark works, he that made  
The State what 'tis, will change it once againe  
Ere fall with such dishonour.

*Mod.* Be advisd, Sir;  
I love you as a friend, and as a wise man  
Have ever honourd you: be as you were then,  
And I am still the same. Had I not heard  
Theis last distemperd words, I would have sworne  
That in the making up of *Barnavel*t  
Reason had only wrought, passion no hand in't.  
But now I find you are lesse then a man,  
Lesse then a common man, and end that race  
You have so long run strongly like a child,  
For such a one old age or honours surfeyts  
Againe have made you.

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*Bar.* This to me?

*Mod.* To you, Sir:

For is't not boyish folly (youthfull heat  
I cannot call it) to spume downe what all  
His life hath labourd for? Shall *Barnavel*  
That now should studie how to die, propound  
New waies to get a name? or keep a being  
A month or two to ruyn whatsoever  
The good succes of forty yeeres employment  
In the most serious affaires of State  
Have raisd up to his memory? And for what?  
Glory, the popular applause,—fine purchase  
For a gray beard to deale in!

*Gro.* You offend him.

*Mod.* 'Tis better then to flatter him as you doe.

Be but yourself againe and then consider  
What alteration in the State can be  
By which you shall not loose. Should you bring in  
(As heaven avert the purpose and the thought  
Of such a mischief) the old Tirrany  
That *Spaine* hath practisd, do you thinck you should be  
Or greater then you are or more secure  
From danger? Would you change the goverment,  
Make it a Monarchie? Suppose this don  
And any man you favourd most set up,  
Shall your authoritie by him encrease?  
Be not so foolishly seducd; for what  
Can hope propose to you in any change  
Which ev'n now you posses not?

*Bar.* Doe not measure My ends by yours.

*Mod.* I know not what you ayme at.

For thirtie yeeres (onely the name of king  
You have not had, and yet your absolute powre  
Hath ben as ample) who hath ben employd  
In office, goverment, or embassie,  
Who raisd to wealth or honour that was not  
Brought in by your allowaunce? Who hath held  
His place without your lycence? Your estate is  
Beyond a privat mans: your Brothers, Sonnes,





Freundes, Famylyes, made rich in trust and honours:  
Nay, this grave *Maurice*, this now Prince of *Orange*,  
Whose popularitie you weakely envy,  
Was still by you commaunded: for when did he  
Enter the feild but 'twas by your allowaunce?  
What service undertake which you approv'd not?  
What victory was won in which you shard not?  
What action of his renownd in which  
Your counsaile was forgotten? Yf all this then  
Suffice not your ambition but you must  
Extend it further, I am sorry that  
You give me cause to feare that when you move next  
You move to your destruction.

*Bar.* Yf I fall  
I shall not be alone, for in my ruyns  
My Enemies shall find their Sepulchers.  
*Modes-bargen*, though in place you are my equall,  
The fire of honour, which is dead in you,  
Burnes hotly in me, and I will preserve  
Each glory I have got, with as much care  
As I acheivd it. Read but ore the Stories  
Of men most fam'd for courage or for counsaile.  
And you shall find that the desire of glory  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
Was the last frailty wise men ere putt of:  
Be they my presidents.



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*Gro.* 'Tis like yourself, Like *Barnavel*t, and in that all is spoken.

*Leid.* I can do something in the State of *Utrecht*,  
And you shall find the place of Secretarie,  
Which you conferrd upon me there, shall be,  
When you employ me, usefull.

*Gro.* All I am  
You know you may commaund: Ile nere enquire  
What 'tis you goe about, but trust your counsailes  
As the Auncients did their Oracles.

*Mod.* Though I speak  
Not as a flatterer, but a friend, propound  
What may not prejudice the State, and I  
Will goe as far as any.

*Enter 2 Captaines.*

*Bar.* To all my service:[143] Ere long you shall know more.—What are theis?

*Leid.* Captaines That raild upon the Comissary.

*Bar.* I remember.

1 *Cap.* Why, you dare charge a foe i'the head of his troope,  
And shake you to deliver a petition  
To a statesman and a frend?

2 *Cap.* I need not seek him,  
He has found me; and, as I am a soldier,  
His walking towards me is more terrible  
Then any enemies march I ever mett with.

1 *Cap.* We must stand to it.

*Bar.* You, Sir, you?

2 *Cap.* My Lord.

*Bar.* As I use this I waigh you: you are he  
That when your Company was viewd and checkd  
For your dead paies,[144] stood on your termes of honour,  
Cryde out "I am a Gentleman, a Commaunder,  
And shall I be curbd by my lords the States,"



(For thus you said in scorne) “that are but Merchants,  
Lawyers, Apothecaries, and Physitians,  
Perhaps of worser ranck”? But you shall know, Sir,  
They are not such, but Potentates and Princes  
From whom you take pay.

1 *Cap.* This indeed is stately: Statesmen, d’you call ’em?

2 *Cap.* I beseech your Lordship: ’Twas wine and anger.

*Bar.* No, Sir; want of dutie:  
But I will make that tongue give him the lye  
That said soe, drunck or sober; take my word for’t.  
Your Compaine is cast: you had best complaine  
To your Great Generall, and see if he  
Can of himself maintaine you,—Come, *Modes-bargen*.

[*Exeunt Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, and Grotius,*

*Leid.* I am sorry for you, Captaine, but take comfort:  
I love a Soldier, and all I can doe  
To make you what you were, shall labour for you.  
And so, good morrow, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cap.* Yet theres hope; For you have one friend left.

2 *Cap.* You are deceivd, Sir, And doe not know his nature that gave promise Of his  
assistance.

1 *Cap.* Who is’t?



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2 *Cap. Leidenberck.*

One of the Lords, the States, and of great powre too;  
I would he were as honest. This is he  
That never did man good, and yet no Suitor  
Ever departed discontented from him.  
Hee'll promise any thing: I have seene him talke  
At the Church dore with his hat of to a Begger  
Almost an houre togeather, yet when he left him  
He gave him not a doyt. He do's profes  
To all an outward pitty, but within  
The devills more tender: the great plague upon him!  
Why thinck I of him? he's no part of that  
Must make my peace.

1 *Cap.* Why, what course will you take then?

2 *Cap.* A Bribe to *Barnavelts* wiffe, or a kind wench For my yong lord his Son, when he  
has drunck hard. There's no way els to doo't.

1 *Cap.* I have gold good store  
You shall not want that; and if I had thought on't  
When I left *London*, I had fitted you  
For a convenient Pagan.

2 *Cap.* Why, is there Such store they can be spard?

1 *Cap.*[145] ... ..

2 *Cap.* I thanck you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 2.

*Enter*[146] *Barnavelt*, *Modes-bargen*, *Leidenberck*,  
*Grotius*, and *Hogebeets*.

*Bar.* The States are sitting: all that I can doe  
Ile say in little; and in me theis Lords  
Promise as much. I am of your belief  
In every point you hold touching religion,  
And openly I will profes myself  
Of the *Arminian* sect.



*Gro.* You honour it.

*Hog.*[147] And all our praies and service.

*Bar.* Reverend man  
Your loves I am ambitious of. Already  
'Tis knowne I favour you, and that hath drawne  
Libells against me; but the stinglesse hate  
Of those that wryte them I contempne.

*Hog.* They are worthie Of nothing but contempt.

*Bar.* That I confes, too;  
But yet we must expect much opposition  
Ere your opinions be confirmd. I know  
The *Prince of Orange* a sworne enemie  
To your affections: he has vowd to crosse you,  
But I will still stand for you. My advice is  
That, having won the Burgers to your partie,  
Perswade them to enroll new Companies  
For their defence against the Insolence  
Of the old Soldiers garisond at *Utrecht*.  
Yet practise on them, too, and they may urge this:  
That since they have their pay out of that Province,  
Justice requires they should be of their partie:  
All that is don in *Utrecht* shalbe practisd  
In *Roterdam* and other Townes I name not.  
Farther directions you shall have hereafter,  
Till when I leave you.

*Gro.* With all zeale and care We will performe this. [*Exit.*[148]

*Leid.* This foundation Is well begun.

*Gro.* And may the building prosper.

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*Mod.* Yet let me tell you, where Religion  
Is made a cloke to our bad purposes  
They seldom have succes.

*Bar.* You are too holly:  
We live now not with Saints but wicked men,  
And any thriving way we can make use of,  
What shape so ere it weares, to crosse their arts,  
We must embrace and cherish; and this course  
(Carrying a zealous face) will countenance  
Our other actions. Make the Burgers ours,  
Raise Soldiers for our guard, strengthen our side  
Against the now unequall opposition  
Of this Prince that contemns us;[149] at the worst,  
When he shall know there are some Regiments  
We may call ours, and that have no dependaunce  
Upon his favour, 'twill take from his pride  
And make us more respected.

*Mod.* May it prove so.

*Enter Bredero, Vandort, Officers.*

*Bre.* Good day, my Lord.

*Vand.* Good Mounseieur Advocate, You are an early stirrer.

*Bar.* 'Tis my dutie To wayte your Lordships pleasure: please you to walke.

*Bre.* The Prince is wanting, and this meeting being Touching the oath he is to take,  
'twere fitt That we attend him.

*Bar.* That he may set downe  
What he will sweare, prescribing lymitts to us!  
We need not add this wind by our observaunce  
To sailes too full alredy. Oh, my Lords,  
What will you doe? Have we with so much blood  
Maintaind our liberties, left the allegeaunce  
(How justly now it is no time to argue)  
To *Spaine*, to offer up our slavish necks  
To one that only is what we have made him?  
For, be but you yourselves, this *Prince of Orange*  
Is but as *Barnavelt*, a Servant to  
Your Lordships and the State; like me maintaind;



The pomp he keeps, at your charge: will you then  
Wayt his prow'd pleasure, and in that confes,  
By daring to doe nothing, that he knowes not—  
You have no absolute powre?

*Van.* I never sawe The Advocate so mov'd.

*Bar.* Now to be patient  
Were to be treacherous: trust once his counsaile  
That never yet hath faild you. Make him know  
That any limb of this our reverend Senate  
In powre is not beneath him. As we sitt  
Ile yeild you further reasons; i'the meane time  
Commaund him by the Officers of the Court  
Not to presse in untill your Lordships pleasure  
Be made knowne to him.

*Vand.* 'Tis most requisite.

*Leid.* And for the honour of the Court.

*Vand.* Goe on; You have my voice.

*Bre.* And mine;—yet wee'll proceed As judgement shall direct us.

*Vand.* 'Tis my purpose.

*Bar.* In this disgrace I have one foote on his neck;  
Ere long Ile set the other on his head  
And sinck him to the Center.

*Leid.* Looke to the dores there.

[*Exeunt.*



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### SCAENA 3.

*Enter[150] Pr. of Orange, Gra: William,  
Collonells & Capitaines.*

*Or.* I, now methincks I feele the happynes  
Of being sproong from such a noble father,  
That sacrificzd his honour, life and fortune  
For his lov'd Cuntry. Now the blood and kindred  
Of *Horne* and *Egmont* (Memories great Martires),  
That must outlive all *Alva's* Tirranies  
And when their Stories told ev'n shake his ashes,  
Methincks through theis vaines now, now at this instant,  
I feele their Cuntries losse; I feele[151] too—

*Will.* All feele sencibly,  
And every noble hart laments their miseries,  
And every eie, that labours not with mallice,  
Sees your great services and through what dangers  
You have raisd those noble speritts monuments.

*Or.* What I have don I look not back to magnifie;  
My Cuntry calld me to it. What I shall yet doe,  
With all the industrie and strength I have lent me  
And grace of heaven to guid, so it but satisfie  
The expectation of the State commaunds me  
And in my Cuntries eye appeere but lovely,  
I shall sitt downe, though old and bruizd yet happie;  
Nor can the bitter and bold tounge of mallice,  
That never yet spoke well of faire deservings,  
With all hir course aspersions floong upon me  
Make me forsake my dutie, touch or shake me  
Or gaine so much upon me as an anger,  
Whilst here I hold me loyall. Yet believe, Gentlemen,  
Theis wrongs are neither few nor slight, nor followed  
By liberall tongues provokd by want or wine,  
For such were to be smild at and so slighted,  
But by those men, and shot so neer mine honour  
I feare my person too; but, so the State suffer not,  
I am as easie to forget.

*Will.* Too easie;  
And that feeds up their mallice to a Monster.





You are the arme oth' war, the Soldiers sperit;  
The other but dead stories, you the dooer.

*Col.* It stands not with the honour you have won, Sir, Still built upon and betterd.

*Or.* No more, good Collonell.

*Col.* The love the Soldier beares you to give way thus!  
To have your actions consturd, scornd and scoffd at  
By such malignant soules! you are yourself, Sir,  
And master of more mindes that love and honour ye.[152]

*Will.* Yf you would see it; but take through the mallice The evill intended now, now bent  
upon ye.

*Or.* I pray ye, no more; as you love me, no more.  
Stupid I never was nor so secure yet  
To lead my patience to mine owne betraying:  
I shall find time and riper cause.— [*Guard at dore.*  
Now, frends,  
Are my Lords the States set yet.

1 *Gu.* An houre agoe, Sir.

*Or.* Beshrew ye, Gentlemen, you have made me tardy: Open the dore,



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1 *Gu.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me.[153]

*Or.* Do'st thou know who I am?

1 *Gu.* Yes, Sir, and honour you.

*Or.* Why do'st thou keep the dore fast then?

*Will.* Thou fellow,  
Thou sawcy fellow, and you that stand by gaping!  
Is the Prince of no more value, no more respect  
Then like a Page?

2 *Gu.* We beseech your Excellencies  
To pardon us; our duties are not wanting,  
Nor dare we entertaine a thought to crosse ye:  
We are placed here on Commaund.

*Or.* To keepe me out?  
Have I lost my place in Councell? are my services  
Growne to so poore regards, my worth so bankrupt?  
Or am I tainted with dishonest actions,  
That I am held unfitt my Cuntries busines?  
Who placd ye here?

1 *Gu.* The body of the Councell; And we beseech your Grace make it not our syn: They  
gave us strict commaund to stop your passage.

*Or.* 'Twas frendly don and like my noble masters.

*Will.* Deny you place? make good the dore against ye? This is unsufferable, most  
unsufferable.

*Or.* Now I begin to feele those doubts; I feare still—

*Col.* So far to dare provoke ye! 'tis too monstrous;  
And you forget your self, your birth, your honour,  
The name of Soldier if you suffer this,  
Suffer from these, these things, these—pox upon't!—  
These molds of men made noble by your services,  
Your daylie sweatts.

1 *Cap.* It must not be endured thus, The wrong extends to us, we feele it severally.



2 *Cap.* Your sweet humillitie has made 'em scorne ye  
And us, and all the world that serve their uses;  
And stick themselves up teachers, masters, princes,  
Allmost new gods too, founders of new faithes.  
—Weell force your way.

*Col.* Let's see then who dare stop ye.

*Gu.* Not we, I am sure.

*Col.* Let's see who dare denie ye Your place and right of councell.

*Or.* Stay, I commaund ye;  
He that puts forward first to this wild action  
Has lost my love and is becom mine Enemy,  
My mortall enemie. Put up your weapons,  
You draw 'em against order, duty, faith;  
And let me die ere render such examples.  
The men you make so meane, so slight account of,  
And in your angers prise, not in your honours,  
Are Princes, powerfull Princes, mightie Princes;  
That daylie feed more men of your great fashion  
And noble ranck, pay and maintaine their fortunes,  
Then any monarch *Europe* has: and for this bountie,  
If ye consider truly, Gentlemen,  
And honestly, with thankfull harts remember,  
You are to pay them back againe your service:  
They are your masters, your best masters, noblest,  
Those that protect your states, hold up your fortunes;  
And for this good you are to sacrifice  
Your thancks and duties, not your threats and angers.  
I and all Soldiers els that strike with their armes,  
And draw from them the meanes of life and honour,  
Are doble tyde in faith to observe their pleasures.



## Page 107

*Col.* A Prince of rare humanitie and temper.  
Sir, as you teach us armes, you man our minds, too,  
With civill precepts, making us true Soldiers,  
Then worthie to receive a trust from others  
When we stand masters of our owne discretions.

*Enter Barnavelt, Modesbargen, Leidenberch, Grotius  
Bredero, Vandort & Hogerbeets.*

*Will.* Your good and great example tyes us all, Sir.

*Cap.* The Councell's broken up.

*Or.* My noble Lords,  
Let it not seeme displeasing to your wisdomes,  
I humbly ask in what I have offended,  
Or how suspected stand, or with what cryme blotted,  
That this day from your fellowship, your councell,  
My Cuntries care and where I owe most service,  
Like a man perishd in his worth I am exilde.

*Bar.* Your Grace must know we cannot wait attendaunce, Which happely you looke for.

*Or.* Wayt, my lords!

*Bar.* Nor what we shall designe for the States comfort  
Stay your deliberate crosses. We know you are able,  
And every way a wise Prince fitt for counsell;  
But I must tell ye, Sir, and tell ye truly,  
The Soldier has so blowne ye up, so swelld ye  
And those few services you call your owne,  
That now our commendations are too light gales,  
Too slacke and emptie windes, to move your worthes;  
And trumpets of your owne tongue and the Soldiers  
Now onely fill your sailes.

*Bre.* Be not so bitter.

*Bar.* We mix with quiet speritts, staid and temperate,  
And those that levell at not great but good ends  
Dare hold us their Companions, not their Servants,  
And in that ranck be ready to supply us.  
Your Grace is growne too haughtie.



*Leid.* Might it please you  
But thinck, Sir, of our honest services  
(I dare not terme them equall) and but waigh well,  
In which I know your Grace a perfect master,  
Your judgment excellent, and then but tell us  
And truly (which I know your goodnes will doe)  
Why should we seeme so poore, so undertrodden,  
And though not trusted with the State and Councell,  
Why so unable vallued. Pardon, great Sir,  
If those complaine who feelee the waight of envy,  
If such poore trod on wormes make show to turne againe.  
Nor is it we that feelee, I hope, nor you, Sir,  
That gives the cullour of this difference:  
Rumour has many tongues but few speak truth:  
We feelee not onely,—if we did 'twere happie—  
Our Cuntry, Sir, our Cuntrie beares the blow too;  
But you were ever noble.

*Or.* Good my Lords,  
Let it be free your Servant, chargd in mallice,  
If not fling of his crymes, at least excuse 'em  
To you my great correcter. Would to heaven, Sir,  
That syn of pride and insolence you speake of,  
That pufft up greatnes blowne from others follyes  
Were not too neere akin to your great Lordship  
And lay not in your bosom, your most deere one.  
You taint me, Sir, with syns concerne my manners,—  
If I have such Ile studdy to correct 'em;  
But, should I taint you, I should charge ye deeper:  
The cure of those would make ye shrinck and shake, too,  
—Shake of your head.

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*Bar.* You are too weak ith' hams, Sir.

*Or.* Who raisd these new religious forces, Sir,  
And by what warrant? what assignement had ye  
From the States generall? who blew new fires?  
Even fires of fowle rebellion, I must tell ye;  
The bellows to it, Religion. You were lov'd yet  
But for your ends,—through all the Townes, the Garrisons,  
To fright the union of the State, to shake it.  
What syns are theis? You may smile with much comfort,  
And they that see ye and not looke closely to ye  
May crye too er't be long.

*Bar.* Your Grace has leave, Sir,  
And tis right good it be soe.—Follow me home,  
And there Ile give ye new directions  
How to proceed, and sodainely.

*Leid.* | We are yours, Sir.

*Mod.* |

[*Exeunt Bar., Leid., Mod.*

*Or.* My lords, to what a monster this man's grown You may (if not abusd with dull  
securitie) See plaine as day.

*Bre.* We doe not like his carriage.

*Van.* He do's all, speakes all, all disposes.

*Or.* Spoiles all.  
He that dare live to see him work his ends out  
Uncrossd and unprevented, that wretched man  
Dare live to see his Cuntry shrinck before him.  
Consider my best lords, my noblest masters,  
How most, most fitt, how just and necessary  
A sodaine and a strong prevention.

*Bre.* We all conceive your Grace and all look through him  
And find him what we feare not yet but grieve at.  
You shall have new Commission from us all  
To take in all those Townes he has thrust his men in:  
When you have that, proceed as likes your Excellence.

*Or.* Your lordships true friend and most obedient Servant.



*Van.* Come to the present busines then.

*Or.* We attend you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Barnavelt, Leidenberch, Modesbargen.*

*Bar.* I have with danger venturd thus far to you  
That you might know by me our plot's discoverd.  
But let not that discourage you: though *Van Dort*  
And *Bredero*, with others, have assented  
To force this Towne, stand you still on your Guard,  
And on my reputation rest assured  
With violence they never dare attempt you;  
For that would give the world to understand  
Th'united Provinces, that by their concord  
So long have held out 'gainst th'opposition  
Of all *Spaines* Governours, their plotts and armyes,  
Make way to their most certaine ruyn by  
A Civill warre.

*Leid.* This cannot be denide.

*Bar.* And so at any time we may make our peace,  
Returning to our first obedience  
Upon what termes we please.

*Mod.* That is not certaine;  
For, should we tempt them once to bring their forces  
Against the Towne and find we give it up  
For want of strength to keepe it, the Conditions  
To which we must subscribe are in their will  
And not our choice or pleasure.



## Page 109

*Bar.* You are governd More by your feare then reason.

*Mod.* May it prove soe: That way I would be guiltie.

*Bar.* How appeere The new raisd Companies?

*Leid.* They stand full and faithfull; And for the Burgers, they are well affected To our designs. The *Arminians* play their parts too, And thunder in their meetings hell and dampnation To such as hold against us.

*Bar.* 'Tis well orderd:  
But have you tride by any meanes (it skills not  
How much you promise) to wyn the old Soldiers  
(The *English* Companies, in chief, I ayme at)  
To stand firme for us?

*Leid.* We have to that purpose  
Imploid *Rock-Giles*, with some choice Burgers els  
That are most popular to the Officers  
That doe commaund here in the Collonells absence.  
We expect them every mynitt. Yf your Lordship  
(For 'tis not fitt, I think, you should be seene)  
Will please to stand aside (yet you shalbe  
Within the hearing of our Conference)  
You shall perceive we will imploy all arts  
To make them ours.

*Mod.* They are come.

*Bar.* Be earnest with them.

*Enter Rock-Giles, 2 Burgers, Captaines, Leutenant.*

*R: Giles.* With much adoe I have brought 'em: the prowde Shellains[154] Are paid too well, and that makes them forget We are their Masters.

*1 Burg.* But when we tooke them on,  
Famishd allmost for want of entertainment,  
Then they cryde out they would do any thing  
We would commaund them.

*1 Cap.* And so we say still, Provided it be honest.

*Giles.* Is it fitt  
That mercenary Soldiers, that for pay





Give up their liberties and are sworne t' expose  
Their lyves and fortunes to all dangers, should  
Capitulate with their Lords?

1 *Burg*. Prescribing when They are pleasd to be commaunded and for what.

*Giles*. Answeare to this.

*Leuit*. You know our resolutions, And therefore, Captaine, speak for all.

1 *Cap*. I will,  
And doe it boldly: We were entertaind  
To serve the generall States and not one Province;  
To fight as often as the Prince of *Orange*  
Shall lead us forth, and not to stand against him;  
To guard this Cuntry, not to ruyn it;  
To beat of foreigne Enemies, not to cherish  
Domestique factions. And where you upbraid us  
With the poore means we have to feed, not cloath us,  
Forgetting at how deere a rate we buy  
The triffls we have from you, thus I answeare:—  
Noe Cuntry ere made a defensive war  
And gaind by it but you. What privat Gentleman  
That onely trailes a pike, that comes from *England*  
Or *Fraunce*, but brings gold with him which he leaves here  
And so enriches you? Where such as serve  
The *Polander, Bohemian, Dane, or Turck*,  
Though they come almost naked to their Collours,  
Besides their pay (which they contempne) the spoiles  
Of armyes overthrowne, of Citties sackd,  
Depopulations of wealthie Cuntries,  
If he survive the uncertaine chaunce of war,  
Returne him home to end his age in plenty  
Of wealth and honours.



## Page 110

*Bar.* This is shrewdly urgd.

1 *Cap.* Where we, poore wretches, covetous of fame onely,  
Come hether but as to a Schoole of war  
To learne to struggle against cold and hunger,  
And with unwearied steps to overcome  
A tedious march when the hot Lyons breath  
Burnes up the feilds; the glory that we ayme at  
Being our obedience to such as doe  
Commaund in cheif; to keepe our rancks, to fly  
More then the death all mutenies and rebellions.  
And would you then, whose wisdomes should correct  
Such follies in us, rob us of that litle,  
That litle honour that rewards our service,  
To bring our necks to the Hangmans Sword or Halter,  
Or (should we scape) to brand our foreheads with  
The name of Rebels?

*Giles.* I am put to a non plus:— Speake mine Here Secretarie.

*Leid.* I have heard  
So much deliverd by you and so well,  
Your actions, too, at all parts answearing  
What you have spoken, that I must acknowledge  
We all stand far indebted to your service:  
And therefore, as unto the worthiest,  
The faithfullest and strongest that protect  
Us and our Cuntries, we now seek to you,  
And would not but such men should be remembred  
As principall assistants in the Care  
Of a disease which now the State lyes sick of.  
I know you love the valiant Prince, and yet  
You must graunt him a Servant to the States  
As you are, Gentlemen, and therefore will not  
Defend that in him which you would not cherish  
In cold blood in your selves; for should he be  
Disloyall—

*Leuit.* He disloyall! 'tis a language I will not heare.

2 *Cap.* Such a suspition of him Is one that wore a Sword deserv'd the lye.

1 *Cap.* We know your oild tongue; and your rethorique  
Will hardly work on us that are acquainted



With what faire language your ill purposes  
Are ever cloathd, nor ever wilbe won  
To undervalue him whose least fam'd service  
Scornes to be put in ballance with the best  
Of all your Counsailes; and for his faith, O heaven!  
It do's as far transcend yours in your praires  
As light do's darkness.

*Leid.* I perceive 'tis true  
That such as flatter Servants make them prowde.  
Wee'll use a rougher way, and here commaund you  
To leave the Towne, and sodainely, if you wish not  
To be forced hence.

*1 Cap.* Your new raisd Companies  
Of such as never saw the Enemie  
Can hardly make that good: we were placed here  
By the allowaunce of the generall States  
And of the Prince to keep it to their use.

*Leuit.* And we will doe it.

*1 Cap.* And while there is Lead  
Upon a house, or any Soldier master  
But of a doyt: when that is gon, expect  
That we will make you sport, or leave our lives  
To witness we were faithfull.—Come, Lieutenant,  
Let us draw up the Companies; and then  
Charge on us when you please.

[*Exeunt.*]



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*Mod.* This I foresaw.

*Bar.* Oh, I am lost with anger! are we falne  
So lowe from what we were, that we dare heare  
This from our Servants and not punish it?  
Where is the terrour of our names, our powre  
That *Spaine* with feare hath felt in both his *Indies*?  
We are lost for ever, and from freemen growne  
Slaves so contemptible as no worthie Prince,  
That would have men, not sluggish Beasts, his Servants,  
Would ere vouchsafe the owning. Now, my frends,  
I call not on your furtherance to preserve  
The lustre of my actions; let me with them  
Be nere remembred, so this government  
Your wives, your lives and liberties be safe:  
And therefore, as you would be what you are,  
Freemen and masters of what yet is yours,  
Rise up against this Tirant, and defend  
With rigour what too gentle lenitie  
Hath almost lost.

*Leid.* Ile to the new raisd Soldiers And make them firme.

*Giles.* Ile muster up the Burgers And make them stand upon their guard.

*Mod.* For me Ile not be wanting.

*Bar.* Ile back to the *Hage*  
And something there Ile doe that shall divert  
The torrent that swells towards us, or sinck in it;  
And let this Prince of *Orange* seat him sure,  
Or he shall fall when he is most secure.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 2.

*Enter Holderus, Dutch-woemen and an English Gentlew.*

1 *D. W.* Here come the Sisters: that's an *English* Gentlewoman, Let's pray for hir  
Conversion.

2 *D. W.* You are wellcom, Lady,  
And your comming over hether is most happy;



For here you may behold the generall freedom  
We live and traffique in, the ioy of woemen.  
No emperious *Spanish* eye governes our actions,  
Nor *Italian* jealouzie locks up our meetings:  
We are ourselves our owne disposers, masters;  
And those that you call husbands are our Servants.

3 D. W. Your owne Cuntry breedes ye hansom, maintaines ye brave, But with a  
stubborne hand the husbands awe ye: You speake but what they please, looke where  
they point ye, And though ye have some libertie 'tis lymitted.

4 D. W. Which curse you must shake of. To live is nothing; To live admird and lookd  
at,—poore deservings But to live soe, so free you may commaund, Lady, Compell, and  
there raigne Sovereaigne.

1 D. W. Do you thinck there's any thing  
Our husbands labour for, and not for our ends?  
Are we shut out of Counsailes, privacies,  
And onely lymitted our household busines?  
No, certaine, Lady; we pertake with all,  
Or our good men pertake no rest. Why this man  
Works theis or theis waies, with or against the State,  
We know and give allowaunces.

2 D. W. Why such a Gentleman,  
Thus hansom and thus yong, commaunds such a quarter;  
Where theis faire Ladies lye; why the *Grave's* angry  
And Mounseieur *Barnavelt* now discontent,—  
Do you thinck it's fitt we should be ignorant?



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2 *D. W.* Or why there's sprung up now a new devotion?  
Good Gentlewoman, no. Do you see this fellow?  
He is a Scholler and a parlous Scholler,  
Or whether he be a Scholler or no 'tis not a doyt matter:  
He's a fine talker and a zealous talker;  
We can make him thinck what we list, say what we list,  
Print what we list and whom we list abuse in't.

*Eng.-gentw.* And a Teacher do you say?

2 *D. W.* A singuler teacher, For so we hold such here.

*Eng.-gentw.* Doe they use no modestie Upon my life, some of theis new *Arminians*,  
Theis hissing tosts!

*Hold.* An ignorant strange woman, Whose faith is onely tride by a Coach and foure  
horses.

3 *D. W.* Come, you must be as we are and the rest of your Countrywomen; You doe not  
know the sweet on't.

*Eng.-gentw.* Indeed, nor will not;  
Our Cuntry brings us up to faire Obedience  
To know our husbands for our Governours,  
So to obey and serve 'em: two heads make monsters;  
Nor Dare we thinck of what is don above us,  
Nor talk of *Graves*.

*Hold.* The *Grave* shall smart for 't shortly; Goe you and tell him soe, gooddy *English*  
*woman*: You have long tayles and long tongues, but we shall clip 'em.

*Enter Vandermitten.*[155]

1 *D. W.* How now? what haste?

*Vand.* The Prince is drawing up to us  
And has disarmd all the strong Townes about us  
Of our new Soldiers; the *English* now stand only  
And the old Companies.

*Eng.-gentw.* Now your wisdomes, Ladies,  
Your learning also, Sir, your learned prating—  
You that dare prick your eares up at great Princes  
And doble charge your tongue with new opinions,—  
What can you doe? or can theis holly woemen



That you have arm'd against obedience  
And made contempners of the fooles their husbands,  
Examiners of State,—can they doe any thing?  
Can they defy the Prince?

*Hold.* They shall defie him, And to his face: why doe not ye raise the Burgers And draw  
up the new Companies?

*Enter Leidenberge?*[156]

*Leid.* Away, good women!

This is no sport for you: goe, cheere your husbands  
And bid 'em stand now bravely for their liberties.

*Arnam* and *Roterdam* and all about us

Have yeilded him obedience; all the new Companies  
Purgd and disarmd. Goe you; talke to the *Arminians*,  
And raise their harts. Good Ladies, no more Councells:  
This is no time to puppet in.

1 *D. W.* We are gon, Sir,

2 *D. W.* And will so coniure up our lazie husbands.

*Eng.-gentw.* And coniure wisely, too; the devill will faile else.  
[*Exeunt Women.*]

*Leid.* What's she?

*Vand.* An *English* woman.



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*Leid.* Would they were all shipt well To th' other part oth' world. Theis stubbornne  
*English* We onely feare.

*Vand.* We are strong enough to curb 'em.

*Leid.* But we have turnop hearts.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Now what's the next newes?

*Mess.*[157] The Prince is at the Barriers, and desires his entraunce

*Leid.* He must not enter:—what Company is with him?

*Mess.* But few, and those unarmd too: about some twentie.

*Leid.* And what behind?

*Mess.* We can discover none.

*Leid.* Let's goe and view: Brothers, be strong and valiant;  
We have lost the Towne els and our freedoms with it.

*[Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 3.

*Enter 1 Captaine*[158] *and Soldiers.*

*Sold.* They charge us not to let him in.

1 *Cap.* We will doe it; He has our faithes.—What strengthe's upon the Guard?

*Sold.* Two hundred *English.*

1 *Cap.* Goe, and give this comaund then:  
That if any *Burgers* or *Arminian* Soldiers  
Offer to come upon the Guard, or let in or out  
Any without our knowledge, presently  
To bend their strength upon 'em.

*Sold.* It shalbe don. *[Exit.*





1 *Cap.* Do you disperse to the old Companies,  
Bid 'em be ready; tell 'em now is the time,  
And charge 'em keepe a strong eye ore the Burgers.  
Ile up to'th Guard.

*Sold.* Wee'le doe it seriously.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 4.

*Enter Prince of Orange, William,  
Captaine,[159] Leiutenant, &c.*

*Or.* None of our frends upon the Portt? Is this the welcom Of such a Towne, so bound  
in preservation To us and ours?

2 *Cap.* The Prince is sadly angry.

*Leit.* Can ye blame him, Captaine, when such a den of dog whelps  
Are fosterd here against him? You will rouse anon:  
There are old Companies sure, honest and faithfull,  
That are not poysond with this ranck infection.  
Now they appeare, Sir.

*Enter Captaine[160] on the walls.*

1 *Cap.* Will your Grace please to enter?

*Or.* And thanck ye too.

1 *Cap.* The Port is open for ye.

*Or.* You see my number.

1 *Cap.* But I hope 'tis more, Sir.

*Or.* Theis must in first; 'Twill breed a good securitie.

1 *Cap.* We stand all ready for your Grace.

*Or.* We thanck ye.

1 *Cap.* What Companies come on, Sir.

*Or.* Three Troope of horse, That will be with ye presently: keepe strong the Port.



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1 *Cap.* Enter when please your Grace; we shall stand sure, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCAENA 5.

*Enter Leidenberge, Vandermitten,[161] Rock Giles.*

*Leid.* Is he come in, do you say?

*Vand.* He is, but followed So slenderly and poore.

*Leid.* We are undon then; He knowes too well what ground he ventures on. Where are the *Arminian* Soldiers?

*R. Giles.* They stand ith' market place.

*Leid.* Are they well armd?

*R. Giles.* Ready to entertaine him.

*Leid.* Who commaunds the Port?

*Vand.* The *English*.

*Leid.* Ten towsand devills! Odd's sacrament! a meere trick to betray us.

*Vand.* We can discover none behind.

*Leid.* A trick: Those *English* are the men borne to undooe us.

*Enter Messenger.[162]*

*Mess.* Arme, arme, and now stand to your ancient freedoms! Three troope of horse, ten Companies of foote Are enterd now the Port.

*Leid.* I told ye, Gentlemen.

*Mess.* The *English* make a stand upon the new Companies, Ready to charge 'em if they stirr.

*Leid.* Oh mischief! All our designs are crackt, layed open, ruynd: Let's looke if any cure remaine. O devill!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 6.

*Enter Duch-woemen and Burgers.*

*Duch-W.* The Prince, the Prince, the Prince! O our husbands.

*Burg.* Goe pray, goe pray, goe pray: We shalbe hangd all.

*Duch-W.* I would it were no worse:

*Enter Eng.-gentw.*

*Eng.-gentw.* Now where's your valours, You that would eat the Prince?

*Duch-W.* Sweet *English* Gentlewoman.

*Eng.-gentw.* Fy, doe not run! for shame! body a me, How their feare outstincks their garlick! litle Sir *Gregory*,

*Enter Holderus.*[163]

Art thou afraid, too? out with thy two edgd tongue  
And lay about thee!

*Hold.* Out o' my way, good woeman, Out o' my way: I shalbe whipt, and hangd too.

*Eng.-gentw.* Theis fellowes have strong faithes and notable valours: Ile walk about and see this sport.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 7.

*Enter Orange, Leidenberge, Burgers, Captaines,  
Soldiers, and Arminians.*



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*Or.* Now, Mounseur *Leidenberge* you may se openly  
The issues of your desperate undertakings,  
And your good helps, myne Heeires; now you must feele too,  
And to your greifes, what the deserts of those are  
That boldly dare attempt their Cuntries ruyn  
And who we serve, how faithfully and honestly  
You must and shall confes too: not to blind ends  
Hood-winckt with base ambition, such as yours are,  
But to the generall good.—Let[164] theis new Companies  
March by us through the Market, so to the Guard house,  
And there disarm;—wee'll teach ye true obedience;—  
Then let 'em quitt the Towne, hansom swag fellowes  
And fitt for fowle play.

*Leit.* Theis are but heavy marches.

*Or.* They wilbe lighter straight, when they are unfurnishd You put your trust in theis; you  
have tall defences,— Treason maintaind with heresie, fitt weapons! —So now disarm  
the Towne: wee'll plant new Governours!

*Leid.* Will your Grace be pleasd to heare?

*Or.* Yes, at the *Hage*, Sir, Till when bethinck you of your acts and answeares, For there  
before the generall State—Where's *Modesbargen*?

*Cap.* He left the Towne two daies agoe.

*Or.* A guilty feare,  
But we shall fright him worsse. Good order take  
For the Towne, and what fitt Garrison to leave in't.  
We are homeward bound, where we shall make you wellcom,  
You have instructed us in what free fashion.  
Come, Gentlemen, let's now goe take our rest:  
Prowd confidence is but a foole at best.

[*Exeunt.*

*Actus Tercius.*

SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Bredero, Vandort.*[165]

*Bre.* Myne Heire Vandort, what thinck ye of the Prince now?



*Vandort.* Like a true noble Gentlemen he has borne himself And a faire fortunate  
Soldier: I hold the State, Sir, Most happie in his care, and this torne Cuntry, Whose  
wounds smart yet, most bound to his deliveraunce.

*Bre.* 'Tis certaine his proceedings in this busines,  
As in all els, have byn most wise and constant  
And waited on with full wingd Expedition:  
How many Townes armd with theis new Pretenders,  
Stird up and steeld by founders of new doctrines,  
The collour to their Cause, hath he (and sodainely)  
Disarmd againe and settled in obedience,  
And without bloodshed, Lords, without the Sword  
And those Calamities that shake a kingdom:  
So gently and without noyse he has performd this  
As if he had don it in a dreame.

*Vand.* Most certaine,  
He has run through a busines will much add to him  
And set his vertues of with greater Lustre:  
But that a man so wise as Mounseieur *Barnavel*,  
So trusted, so rewarded for his Service,  
And one that built the ladder to his honour  
Of open, honest actions, strong and straight still,  
Should now be doubted!

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*Bred.* I know not nor I wish it not, But if he have a fowle hart't has byn hid long, And cunningly that poyson has byn carried.

*Vand.* But why a father to theis new professions?  
Why should he strengthen those opinions  
That all true learning much laments and greives at  
And sincks the soules sweet union into ruyn?  
Why theis, my lords? and why in every Garrison,  
Unles he had an end that shot at evill,  
Should he so strongly plant theis fire-brands  
And through his powre add daylie to their numbers?

*Bred.* Most sure he is suspected, strongly suspected  
But that a man of his great trust and busines  
Should sinck or suffer under doubts or whispers  
Or loose his honour by an others envy,  
Is not faire play nor honest. The Prince of *Orange*,  
Most thinck, affects him not, nor he the Prince.  
That either of their angry wills should prove  
A lawful act to ruyn one another,  
And not a medium of more open Justice,  
More equall and more honorable, step in,  
Man had no powre to stand nor fall with honour.  
If he be falce, honest and upright proofes  
Will ripen the Imposture.

*Enter Barnavelt and his Son.*

[1 *Lord*. [166] Here he comes, sir.]

*Vand.* Methincks he beares not in his Countenance  
The fulnes of that grave and constant sperit,  
Nor in his eye appeeres that heat and quicknes  
He was wont to move withall.—Salute, and counsell:  
Let's leave him to his thoughts.

*Son.* They mind ye not: Now, as I have a soule, they looke not on ye.

*Bar.* My noble Lords, what is't appeeres upon me  
So ougly strange you start and fly my Companie?  
What plague sore have ye spide, what taynt in honour,  
What ill howre in my life so cleere deserving  
That rancks in this below your fellowships?  
For which of all my cares, of all my watches,



My services (too many and too mightie  
To find rewards) am I thus recompenced,  
Not lookd on, not saluted, left forgotten  
Like one that came to petition to your honours,—  
Over the shoulder sleighted?

*Bred.* Mounseieur *Barnavel*t,  
I am sorry that a man of your great wisdom  
And those rare parts that make ye lov'd and honourd,  
In every Princes Court highly esteemd of,  
Should loose so much in point of good and vertue  
Now in the time you ought to fix your faith fast,  
The creadit of your age, carelessly loose it,—  
I dare not say, ambitiously—that your best frends,  
And those that ever thought on your example,  
Dare not with comon safetie now salute ye.

*Bar.* I loose in point of honour! My frends feare me! My age suspected too! now as ye  
are iust men Unknit this riddle.

1 *Lord.* You are doubted, strongly doubted.

*Bar.* O the devill.

2 *Lord.* Your loialtie suspected.



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*Bar.* Who dare doe this?

*Bred.* We wish all well; and you that know how dangerous  
In men of lesser mark theis foule attempts are  
And often have bewaild 'em in the meanest,  
I make no doubt will meet your owne fault sodainely  
And chide yourself; grow faire againe and flourish  
In the same full esteeme ye held and favour.

*Bar.* And must I heare this sett downe for all my service?  
Is this the glorious mark of my deservings?  
Taynted and torne in honour must I perish,  
And must theis silver curles, o you unthanckfull,  
Theis emblemes of my frostie cares and travells  
For you and for the State, fall with disgraces?  
Goe, fall before your new Prince! worship him,  
Fill all your throates with flattery, cry before him  
'Tis he, and onely he, has truly serv'd ye!  
Forget me and the peace I have wrought your Cuntry;  
Bury my memory, raze out my name,  
My forty yeares endeavoures write in dust  
That your great Prince may blow 'em into nothing;  
And on my Monument (you most forgetfull)  
Fling all your scornes, erect an yroon-toothed envy  
That she may gnaw the pious stones that hides me.

*Vand.* Ye are too much mov'd, and now too late ye find, Sir,  
How naked and unsafe it is for a long Gowne  
To buckle with the violence of an Army.  
The Emperour *Traian* challenging a yong man  
And a swift runner to try his speed against him,  
The Gentleman made answeare sodainely  
It was not safe nor fitt to hold contention  
With any man commaunded thirtie legions.  
You know the Prince and know his noble nature,  
I thinck you know his powre, too: of all your wisdomes  
This will not show the least nor prove the meanest  
In good mens eyes, I thinck, in all that know ye,  
To seeke his love: gentle and faire demeanours  
Wyn more then blowes and soften stubborne angers.  
Let me perswade ye.

*Bar.* When I am a Sycophant  
And a base gleaner from an others favour,





As all you are that halt upon his crutches.  
Shame take that smoothnes and that sleeke subjection!  
I am myself, as great in good as he is,  
As much a master of my Cuntries fortunes,  
And one to whom (since I am forcd to speak it,  
Since mine owne tongue must be my Advocate)  
This blinded State that plaies at boa-peep with us,  
This wanton State that's weary of hir lovers  
And cryes out "Give me younger still and fresher!"  
Is bound and so far bound: I found hir naked,  
Floung out a dores and starvd, no frends to pitty hir,  
The marks of all her miseries upon hir,  
An orphan State that no eye smild upon:  
And then how carefully I undertooke hir,  
How tenderly and lovingly I noursd hir!  
But now she is fatt and faire againe and I foold,  
A new love in hir armes, my doatings scornd at.  
And I must sue to him! be witnes, heaven,  
If this poore life were forfeyt to his mercy,  
At such a rate I hold a scornd subiection  
I would not give a penney to redeeme it.  
I have liv'd ever free, onely depended  
Upon the honestie of my faire Actions,  
Nor am I now to studdy how to die soe.



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*Bred.* Take better thoughts.

*Bar.* They are my first and last,  
The legacie I leave my friends behind me.  
I never knew to flatter, to kneele basely  
And beg from him a smile owes me an honour.  
Ye are wretches, poore starv'd wretches fedd on crumbs  
That he flings to ye: from your owne aboundaunce  
Wretched and slavish people ye are becom  
That feele the griping yoak and yet bow to it.  
What is this man, this Prince, this God ye make now,  
But what our hands have molded, wrought to fashion,  
And by our constant labours given a life to?  
And must we fall before him now, adoare him,  
Blow all we can to fill his sailes with greatnes?  
Worship the Image we set up ourselves?  
Put fate into his hand? into his will  
Our lives and fortunes? howle and crye to our owne clay  
"Be mercifull, o Prince?" o, pittied people!  
Base, base, poore patch men! You dare not heare this;  
You have sold your eares to slavery; begon and flatter.  
When ere your politick Prince putts his hooke into my nose  
Here must he put his Sword too.

*Bred.* We lament ye.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Son.*

*Son.* We are undon, Sir.

*Bar.* Why?

*Son.* For certaine perishd. *Utrecht* is taken in, *Modesbargen* fled, And *Leidenberge* a  
Servant to their pleasures,— A prisoner, Sir.

*Bar.* Ha!

*Son.* 'Tis too true.

*Bar.* A prisoner?

*Son.* And, some say, has byn tortured, reveald much,  
Even all he knowes. No letters are against ye,



For those he burnt; but they have so much foold him  
That his owne tongue—

*Bar.* He cannot be so boyish.

*Son.* My goverment of *Barghen* is disposd of; Their anger now against us all profest,  
And in your ruyn all must fall.

*Bar.* A prisoner!

*Modesbargen* fledd! I am glad he is scapt their fingers.

Now if the devill had but this *Leidenberge*

I were safe enough. What a dull foole was I,

A stupid foole, to wrap up such a secreat

In a sheepes hart! o I could teare my flesh now

And beat my leaden braines!

*Son.* Faith, try the Prince, Sir; You are at your last.

*Bar.* Art thou my Son? thou lyeest;

I never got a Parasite, a Coward.

I seeke the Prince or bend in base submission!

Ile seeke my grave first. Yf I needes must fall

And that the fatall howre is cast of *Barnavel*,

Just like a strong demolishd Tower ile totter

And fright the neighbour Cuntries with my murmour.

My ruyns shall reach all: the valiant Soldier,

Whose eies are unacquainted but with anger,

Shall weep for me because I fedd and noursd him;

Princes shall mourne my losse, and this unthanckfull,

Forgetful Cuntry, when I sleepe in ashes,

Shall feele and then confes I was a father.



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[*Exeunt.*

### SCAENA 2.

*Enter P. of Orange, William, Bredero, Vandort, Lords, Collonells, Captaines.*

*Bred.* Will your Excellence please to sitt?

[*Table: Bell.*

*Or.* I am proude your Lordships  
So willingly restore me to that place  
From which the envy of the Advocate  
Of late hath forced me. And that you may know,  
How ere his mallice live to me, all hatred  
Is dead in me to him, I am a Suitour  
He may be sent for; for, as *Barnavel* is  
A member of this body politique,  
I honour him, and will not scorne to yeild  
A strict accompt of all my Actions to him;  
And, though my Enemie, while he continues  
A friend to his owne fame and loyall to[167]  
The State, I love him and shall greive that he,  
When he falls from it must deserve my pittie.

*Vand.* This disposition in your Excellence  
Do's well becom you, but would wrong our iudgements  
To call one as a partner to these counsailes  
That is suspected, and ev'n then when all  
His dark designes and deepest purposes  
Are to be sifted.

*Bred.* It were most unfit, And therefore we entreat your Highnes to[167] Presse it no further.

*Or.* My good lords, your pardon;  
You are your owne disposers.—Gentlemen,  
I shall a while entreat ye to forbear  
The trouble that you put upon yourselves  
In following me. I can need no defence here,  
Being left among these whose grave counsailes ever



Have lookd out for my safetie. 'Tis your pleasure  
And therefore I embrace it.

*[Exeunt Collonells & Captaines.]*

*Vand.* Now, when you please,  
Your Excellence may deliver what you have  
Observ'd concerning the *Arminian* faction,  
What hopes and heads it had, for without question  
It found more favorers, and great ones too,  
Then yet we have discoverd.

*Or.* My grave Lords,  
That it hath byn my happines to take in,  
And with so litle blood, so many Townes  
That were falne of, is a large recompence  
For all my travell; and I would advise  
That (since[168] all now sing the sweet tunes of Concord,  
No Sword unsheatd, the meanes to hurt cut off,  
And all their stings pluckd out that would have used them  
Against the publique peace) we should end here  
And not with labour search for that which will  
Afflict us when 'tis found. Something I know  
That I could wish I nere had understood,  
Which yet if I should speake, as the respect  
And duty that I owe my Cuntry binds me,  
It wilbe thought 'tis rather privat spleene  
Then pious zeale. But that is not the hazard  
Which I would shun: I rather feare the men  
We must offend in this, being great, rich, wise,  
Sided with strong frends, trusted with the guard  
Of places most important, will bring forth

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Rather new births of tumult, should they be  
Calld to their Triall, then appease disorder  
In their iust punishment; and in doing Justice  
On three or foure that are delinquents, loose  
So many thousand inocents that stand firme  
And faithfull patriots. Let us leave them therefore  
To the scourge of their owne consciences: perhaps  
Th'assurance that they are yet undiscoverd,  
Because not cyted to their answeare, will  
So work with them hereafter to doe well  
That we shall ioy we sought no farther in it.

*Vand.* Such mild proceedings in a Goverment  
New settled, whose maine strength had it's dependaunce  
Upon the powre of some perticuler men,  
Might be given way to, but in ours it were  
Unsafe and scandalous: then the *Provinces*  
Have lost their liberties, Justice hir Sword,  
And we prepared a way for our owne ruyn  
When for respect or favour unto any,  
Of what condition soever, we  
Palliat seditions and forbear to call  
Treason by hir owne name.

1 *Lord.* It must not be: Such mercie to ourselves were tirranie.

2 *Lord.* Nor are we to consider who they are  
That have offended, but what's the offence  
And how it should be punishd, to deter  
Others by the example.

*Bred.* Which we will doe;  
And using that united powre which warrants  
All we thinck fitt, we doe intreat your Highnes  
(For willingly we would not say comaund you),  
As you affect the safetie of the State  
Or to preserve your owne deserved honours  
And never-tainted loyaltie, to make knowne  
All such as are suspected.



*Or.* I obey you;  
And though I cannot give up certaine proofes  
To point out the delinquents, I will name  
The men the generall voice proclaimes for guiltie.  
*Modesbargens* flight assures him one, nor is  
The pentiary of *Roterdam*[169] *Grotius*,  
Free from suspition: from *Utrecht* I have brought  
The Secretarie *Leidenberge*, who hath  
Confest alredy something that will give us  
Light to find out the rest. I would end here  
And leave out *Barnavel*t.

*Bred.* If he be guiltie He's to be nam'd and punishd with the rest.

*Vand.* Upon good evidence, but not till then To be committed.

*Will.* 'Twer expedient That something should be practisd to bring in *Modesbargen*. Out  
of him the truth of all May be wroong out.

*Bred.* The advice is sound and good.

*Vand.* But with much difficultie to be performd;  
For how to force him out of *Germanie*  
(Whether they say hee's fledd) without a war,  
At least the breaking of that league we have  
Concluded with them, I ingeniously  
Confes my ignoraunce.

*Or.* Since you approve it, Leave that to me.

*Enter Officer*[170]

*Off.* My lord.



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*Or.* Call in the Captaine You saw me speake with at the dore.

*Off.* 'Tis don. [*Exit.*]

*Bred.* What does your Excellence ayme at?

*Or.* Have but patience, You shall know sodainely.

*Enter Captaine.*[171]

*Cap.* My good Angell keepe me And turne it to the best.—What am I sent for?

*Or.* You are wellcom, Captaine; nay 'tis for your good That you are calld for. You are well acquainted With all the parts of *Germanie*?

*Cap.* I have livd there. Most of my time.

*Or.* But doe you know the Castle Belonging to *Modesbargens* Aunt or Cosen,— Which 'tis I know not?

*Cap.* Very well, my Lord; A pleasant Cuntry 'tis, and yeilds good hunting.

*Bred.* And that's a sport *Modesbargen* from his youth Was much inclind to.

*Or.* Wee'll make use of it. It is of waight that you must undertake, And does require your secrecie and care.

*Cap.* In both I wilbe faithfull.

*Or.* I beleeve you;  
And, to confirme it, with all possible speed  
I would have you to post thether: from the Borders  
Make choice of any horsemen you thinck fitt,  
And, when you come there, devide them into parties  
And lodge neere to the Castle. Yf *Modesbargen*  
Come forth to hunt, or if at any time  
You find the draw-bridge up, break in upon him  
And willing or unwilling force him hether.  
You shall have gold to furnish you, and this don  
Propose your owne rewards, they shalbe graunted.

*Cap.* Yf I be wanting let my head pay for it; Ile instantly about it. [*Exit.*]

*Or.* Doe, and prosper.





*Will.* What will you do with *Leidenberge*?

*Bred.* Let him be  
Kept safe a while: for *Barnavel*t, till we have  
Some certaine proofes against him, I hold fitt  
He have his libertie, but be suspended  
From any place or voice in Court untill  
His guilt or innocence appeere.

*Vand.* I like it.

*Lords.* We are all of your opinion.

*Or.* Bring in *Leidenberch*.

*Enter Leidenberch, Boy, Guard.*

*Boy.* Doe all theis, father, wayt on you?

*Leid.* Yes, Boy.

*Boy.* Indeed I doe not like their Countenaunces; They looke as if they meant you litle good. Pray you, put them away.

*Leid.* Alas, poore inocent,  
It is for thee I suffer; for my self  
I have set up my rest.

*Or.* Now, Mounseiur *Leidenberch*,  
We send not for you, though your fault deserve it,  
To load you with reproofe, but to advise you  
To make use of the way we have found out  
To save your life and honour. You already,  
In free confession of your fault, have made  
A part of satisfaction; goe on in it,  
And you shall find a faire discovery  
Of youre fowle purposes and th'agents in 'em  
Will wyn more favour from theyr lordships to you  
Then any obstinate deniall can doe.



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*Leid.* All that I know I will deliver to you, And beyond that your Excellence nor their Lordships Will not, I hope, perswade me.

*Vand.* In the meane time You are a prisoner.

*Boy.* Who? my father?

*Bred.* Yes, Boy.

*Boy.* Then I will be a prisoner, too. For heaven sake  
Let me goe with him, for theis naughtie men  
Will nere wayt on him well. I am usd to undresse him  
When he's to goe to bed, and then read to him  
Untill he be a sleepe, and then pray by him:  
I will not leave him.

*Bred.* Why, thou shalt not, Boy. Goe with thy father.

*Boy.* You are a good Lord,  
Indeed I love you for't and will pray for you.  
Come, father; now I must goe too, I care not.  
While I am with you, you shall have no hurt,  
Ile be your warrant.

*Leid.* I have lost myself, But something I shall doe.

[*Exeunt Leid., Boy, Guard.*]

*Or.* 'Tis time to rise; And, if your Lordshipps please, we will defer Our other busines to an other sitting.

*Vand.* In the meane time wee'll use all honest meanes To sound the depth of this Confederacie, In which Heaven's hand direct us and assist us.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCAENA 3.

*Enter 2 Captaines.*[172]

1 *Cap.* This is a strange cutting time.

2 *Cap.* Let 'em cutt deep enough, They will doe no great cure els. I wonder strangely They carry such a gentle hand on *Leidenberch* That any frends come to him.



1 *Cap.* 'Has confest much, Beleeve it, and so far they feare him not, They would be els more circumspect.

2 *Cap.* Pray ye, tell me, Is there no further newes of those are fledd,— I meane those fellow Instruments?

1 *Cap.* None as yet,—  
At least divulg'd abroad. But certainly  
The wise States are not idle, neither at this time  
Do's it concerne their safeties. We shall heare shortly  
More of theis monsters.

2 *Cap.* Let's to dynner, Sir; There we shall heare more newes.

1 *Cap.* Ile beare ye companie.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 4.

*Enter Barnavelt & Provost.*

*Bar.* And how doth he take his imprisonment, *Mr. Provost*?

*Pro.* A litle discontent, and't please your Lordship, And sad as men confind.

*Bar.* He does not talke much?

*Pro.* Litle or nothing, Sir.

*Bar.* Nor wrighte?

*Pro.* Not any thing, Yet I have charge to give him those free uses.

*Bar.* Doe you keep him close?

*Pro.* Not so close, and't like your Lordship, But you may see and speake with him.



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*Bar.* I thanck ye.

*Pro.* Pray ye give me leave; Ile send him to your Honour.

[*Exit.*

*Bar.* Now, *Barnavelt*, thou treadst the subtlest path,  
The hardest and the thorniest, most concernes thee,  
That ere thy carefull course of life run through:  
The Master peece is now a foot, which if it speed  
And take but that sure hold I ayme it at,  
I make no doubt but once more, like a Comet,  
To shine out faire and blaze prodigiously  
Even to the ruyn of those men that hate me.

*Enter Leidenberch.*

—I am sorry for your fortune.

*Leid.* 'Tis a sad one And full of burthen, but I must learne to beare it. How stands your State?

*Bar.* Upon a ball of yce That I can neither fix, nor fall with safetie.

*Leid.* The heavie hand of heaven is now upon us And we exposd, like bruizd and totterd vessells, To merciles and cruell Seas to sinck us.

*Bar.* Our Indiscreations are our evill fortunes,  
And nothing sincks us but [our] want of providence.  
O you delt coldly, Sir, and too too poorely,  
Not like a man fitt to stem tides of dangers,  
When you gave way to the Prince to enter *Utrecht*.  
There was a blow, a full blow at our fortunes;  
And that great indiscreation, that mayne blindnes,  
In not providing such a constant Captaine,  
One of our owne, to commaund the watch, but suffer  
The haughtie *English* to be masters of it,—  
This was not well nor fitting such a wisdom,  
Not provident.

*Leid.* I must confes my errour; The beastly coldnes of the drowsy Burgers Put me past all my aymes.

*Bar.* O, they are sweet Jewells!  
He that would put his confidence in Turnops[173]



And pickled Spratts—Come, yet resume your Courage,  
Pluck up that leaden hart and looke upon mee;  
*Modesbargen's* fledd, and what we lockt in him  
Too far of from their subtle keys to open,  
Yf we stand constant now to one another  
And in our soules be true.

*Leid.* That comes too late, Sir, Too late to be redeemd: as I am unfortunate In all that's  
gone before, in this—

*Bar.* What?

*Leid.* O, In this, this last and greatest—

*Bar.* Speake.

*Leid.* Most miserable. I have confesd. Now let your eies shoot through me And if  
there be a killing anger sinck me.

*Bar.* Confesd!

*Leid.* 'Tis done: this traitor tongue has don it, This coward tongue.

*Bar.* Confesd!

*Leid.* He lookes me blind now.



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*Bar.* How I could curse thee, foole, despise thee, spurne thee,  
But thou art a thing not worthie of mine anger.  
A frend! a dog: a whore had byn more secreat,  
A common whore a closer Cabinet.  
Confest! upon what safety, thou trembling aspyn,  
Upon what hope? Is there ought left to buoy us  
But our owne confidence? What frends now follow us,  
That have the powre to strike of theis misfortunes,  
But our owne constant harts? Where were my eies,  
My understanding, when I tooke unto me  
A fellow of thy falce hart for a frend?  
Thy melting mind! foold with a few faire words  
Suffer those secreats that concerne thy life,  
In the Revealer not to be forgiven too,  
To be pluckt from thy childes hart with a promise,  
A nod, a smile! thyself and all thy fortunes  
Through thy base feare made subject to example!  
Nor will the shott stay there, but with full violence  
Run through the rancke of frends, disperse and totter  
The best and fairest hopes thy fame was built on.

*Leid.* What have I done, how am I foold and cozend! What shall redeeme me from this  
Ignoraunce!

*Bar.* Not any thing thou aymst at, thou art lost: A most unpittied way thou falst.

*Leid.* Not one hope To bring me of? nothing reservd to cleere me From this cold  
Ignoraunce?

*Bar.* But one way left,  
But that thy base feare dares not let thee look on;  
And that way will I take, though it seeme steepe  
And every step stuck with affrights and horrors,  
Yet on the end hangs smyling peace and honour,  
And I will on.

*Leid.* Propound and take[174] me with ye.

*Bar.* Dye uncompelld, and mock their preparations, Their envyes and their Justice.

*Leid.* Dye?

*Bar.* Dye willingly,  
Dye sodainely and bravely: So will I:



Then let 'em sift our Actions from our ashes.  
I looke to-morrow to be drawne before 'em;  
And doe you thinck, I, that have satt a Judge  
And drawne the thred of life to what length I pleasd,  
Will now appeare a Prisoner in the same place?  
Tarry for such an ebb? No, *Leidenberch*:  
The narrowest dore of death I would work through first  
Ere I turne Slave to stick their gawdy triumphes.

*Leid.* Dye, did you say? dye wilfully?

*Bar.* Dye any way,  
Dye in a dreame: he that first gave us honours  
Allowes us also safe waies to preserve 'em,  
To scape the hands of infamy and tirrany.  
We may be our owne Justice: he that loses  
His Creadit (deere as life) through doubt or faintness  
Is guilty of a doble death, his name dies;  
He is onely pious that preserves his heire  
His honour when he's dead.

*Leid.* 'Tis no great paine.



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*Bar.* 'Tis nothing:  
Imagination onely makes it monstrous.  
When we are sick we endure a hundred fitts,  
This is but one; a hundred waies of torture,  
And cry and howle, weary of all about us,  
Our friends, allyes, our children teadious to us,  
Even our best health is but still sufferance.  
One blow, one short peece of an howre dos this,  
And this cures all; maintaines no more phisitions,  
Restores our memories, and there's the great cure,  
Where, if we stay the fatall Sword of Justice,  
It moawes the man downe first, and next his fashion,  
His living name, his creadit.

*Leid.* Give me your hand, Sir;  
You have put me in a path I will tread strongly;  
Redeeme what I have lost, and that so nobely  
The world shall yet confes at least I lov'd ye.  
How much I smile at now theis peoples mallice!  
Dispise their subtle ends, laugh at their Justice!  
And what a mightie Prince a constant man is!  
How he can set his mind aloft, and looke at  
The bussings and the busines of the spightfull,  
And crosse when ere he please all their close weavings.  
Farwell, my last farwell.

*Bar.* A long farwell, Sir.

*Leid.* Our bodies are the earthes, that's their dyvorsse: But our immortall names shall  
twyn together.

*Bar.* Thus tread we backward to our graves;—but faint not.

*Leid.* Fooles onely fly their peace: thus I pursue it.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 5.

*Enter Grotius & Hogerbeets.*

*Gro.* They have arrested him, *Hogerbeets*?





*Hog.* Yes;

That you all know, *Grotius*, they did at *Utrich*,  
But since they have with more severitie  
And scorne of us proceeded. Monsieur *Barnavelt*  
Walkes with a thousand eies and guards upon him,  
And has at best a painted libertie;  
Th'Appollogie he wroat so poorely raild at,  
(For answeard at no part a man can call it)  
And all his life and Actions so detracted,  
That he, as I am certainly informed,  
Lookes every howre for worsse.

*Gro.* Come, come, they dare not,  
Or if they should I will not suffer it;  
I that have without dread ever maintaind  
The freedom I was borne to, against all  
That ever have provoakd me, will not feare  
What this old Grave or the new Prince of *Orange*  
Dare undertake beyond this, but will rise up  
And if he lay his hands on *Barnavelt*,  
His Court, our Guift, and where the generall States  
Our equalls sit ile fry<sup>[175]</sup> about their eares  
And quench it in their blood. What now I speake  
Againe ile speake alowd; let who will tell it,  
I never will fly from it.

*Hog.* What you purpose I will not fly from.

*Gro.* Back you then to *Leyden*, Ile keep at *Roterдам*: there if he fetch me Ile nere  
repent whatever can fall on me.



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[Exeunt.]

### SCAENA 6.

*Enter Leidenberch & Boy.*

*Boy.* Shall I help you to bed, Sir,  
[Taper, pen & inke: Table.]

*Leid.* No, my Boy, not yet.

*Boy.* 'Tis late and I grow sleepe.

*Leid.* Goe to bed then, For I must wryte, my Childe.

*Boy.* I had rather watch, Sir, If you sitt up, for I know you will wake me.

*Leid.* Indeed I will not; goe, I have much to doe; Prethee to bed; I will not waken thee.

*Boy.* Pray, Sir, leave wryting till to morrow.

*Leid.* Why, Boy?

*Boy.* You slept but ill last night, and talkd in your sleep, too; Tumbled and tooke no rest.

*Leid.* I ever doe soe. Good Boy, to bed; my busines is of waight And must not be deferrd: good night, sweet Boy.

*Boy.* My father was not wont to be so kind To hug me and to kisse me soe.

*Leid.* Why do'st thou weep?

*Boy.* I cannot tell, but sure a tendernes,  
Whether it be with your kind words unto me  
Or what it is, has crept about my hart, Sir,  
And such a sodaine heavynes withall, too.

*Leid.*—Thou bringst fitt mourners for my funerall.

*Boy.* But why do you weep, father?

*Leid.* O, my Boy,  
Thy teares are dew-drops, sweet as those on roses,  
But mine the faint and yron sweatt of sorrow.  
Prethee, sweet Child, to bed; good rest dwell with thee,



And heaven returne a blessing: that's my good Boy. [*Exit boy.*  
—How nature rises now and turnes me woman  
When most I should be man! Sweet hart, farewell,  
Farewell for ever. When we get us children  
We then doe give our freedoms up to fortune  
And loose that native courage we are borne to.  
To dye were nothing,—simply to leave the light;  
No more then going to our beds and sleeping;  
But to leave all these dearnesses behind us,  
These figures of our selves that we call blessings,  
Is that which troubles. Can man beget a thing  
That shalbe deerer then himself unto him?  
—Tush, *Leidenberch*: thinck what thou art to doe;  
Not to play *Niobe* weeping ore her Children,  
Unles that *Barnavel*t appeere againe  
And chide thy dull-cold nature.—He is fast: [*Son abed.*  
Sleepe on, sweet Child, the whilst thy wretched father  
Prepares him to the yron sleepe of death.  
Or is death fabled out but terrable  
To fright us from it? or rather is there not  
Some hid *Hesperides*, some blessed fruites  
Moated about with death. Thou soule of *Cato*,  
And you brave *Romaine* speritts, famous more  
For your true resolutions on yourselves  
Then Conquest of the world, behold, and see me  
An old man and a gowne man, with as much hast  
And gladnes entertaine this steele that meetes me  
As ever longing lover did his mistris.  
—So, so; yet further; soe.



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*Boy within.* Oh!

*Leid.* Sure the Boy wakes And I shalbe prevented.

*Boy.* Now heaven blesse me. O me, O me!

*Leid.* He dreames and starts with frightings.  
I bleed apace but cannot fall: tis here;  
This will make wider roome. Sleep, gentle Child,  
And do not looke upon thy bloody father,  
Nor more remember him then fitts thy fortune.  
—Now shoot your spightes, now clap on all your councells;  
Here is a constant frend will not betray me.  
I, now I faint; mine eies begin to hunt  
For that they have lost for ever, this worldes beutie—  
O oh, o oh! my long sleepe now has ceizd me.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* I heard him groane and cry; I heard him fall sure.  
O, there he lyes in his owne blood! o father,  
O my deare father, dead and bequeathd no blessing!  
Why did I goe to bed, why was I heavy?  
O, I will never sleep againe. The house there!  
You that are verteous rise! you that have fathers!  
Ho, Master *Provost*! o my deerest father.  
Some Surgeons, Surgeons!

*Enter Provost & Servts.*

*Prov.* 'Twas the Boyes voice, certaine.

*Ser.* What bloody sight is this? 'has killd himself: Dead, stone-cold dead; he needs no art of Surgeons.

*Prov.* Take of the Boy.

*Boy.* O let me dwell here ever.

*Prov.* This was a fatall stroak, to me a heavy,  
For my remissnes wilbe loaden with it.  
Bring in the Boy; ile to the State instantly;  
Examine all the wounds and keep the knives;  
The Boy fast too,—may be he knowes some circumstance.



*Boy.* O that I never knew againe.

*Prov.* In with it.

*[Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Captaine[176] and Soldiers.*

*Cap.* Are the Horses left where I appointed 'em, And all the Soldiers ready?

*Sold.* They are all, Captaine.

*Cap.* 'Tis well: *Modesbargen* is abroad, for certaine, Hunting this morning.

*Sold.* Tis most likely, Sir; For round about the Castle, since the dawning, We have heard the merry noyse of hornes.

*Cap.* Dispeirce then,  
Except some three or foure to watch the Castle  
Least he break in againe. What Company  
Have ye discoverd that attends him?

*Sold.* Few, Sir: I do not thinck he has five within the fort now Able to make resistance.

*Cap.* Let 'em be twenty  
We are strong enough to fright 'em; and by all meanes  
Let those that stay seek by some trick or other  
To make the Bridge good, that they draw it not  
If he returne upon us.

*Sold.* With all care, Sir.

*[Exeunt.—Hornes.*

*Enter Modes-bargen & Huntsmen[177].*

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*Mod.* The doggs have hunted well this dewy morning, And made a merry cry.

*1 Hunt.* The Hare was rotten[178];  
You should have heard els such a rore, and seene 'em  
Make all hir dobles out with such neat hunting  
And run at such a merry rate togeather,  
They should have dapled ore your bay with fome, Sir.

*Mod.* 'Tis very well, and so well I affect it  
That I could wish I had nere hunted after  
Any delight but this, nor sought more honour.  
This is securely safe, drawes on no danger,  
Nor is this Chace crost with malignant envy.  
How sweatly do I live and laugh upon  
The perrills I have past, the plotts and traynes!  
And now (methincks) I dare securely looke on  
The steepe and desprat follyes my indiscretion  
Like a blind careles foole had allmost cast me on.  
Here I stand saffe 'gainst all their strengths and Stratagems:  
I was a boy, a foole to follow *Barnavelt*,  
To step into his attempts, to wedd my freedom  
To his most dangerous faction, a meere Coxcomb;  
But I have scapd their clawes.—Have ye found more game?

*Enter 2 Huntresmen*[179].

*2 Hunt.* Beating about to find a new Hare, we discovered—

*Mod.* Discoverd what?

*2 Hunt.* Horsemen, and't please ye, Sir, Scowt round about us, and which way still the  
doggs went They made up within view.

*Mod.* Look't they like Soldiers?

*2 Hunt.* For certaine they are Soldiers; for if theis are eyes I saw their pistolls.

*Mod.* Many?

*2 Hunt.* Some half a score, Sir.

*Mod.* I am betraide: away and raise the Boores up, Bid 'em deale manfully.

*1 Hunt.* Take a close way home And clap your spurres on roundly.



*Mod.* No place safe for me! This Prince has long armes, and his kindled anger A thousand eyes—Make hast and raise the Cuntry.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter Captn & Soldiers.*

*Cap.* This was a narrow scape; he was ith' feild, sure.

*Sold.* Yes, that was certaine he that ridd of by us, When we stood close ith' brakes.

*Cap.* A devill take it! How are we cozend! pox of our goodly providence! If he get home or if the Cuntry know it!

*Sold.* Make haste, he is yet unmand: we may come time enough  
To enter with him. Besides there's this advantage:  
They that are left behind, instead of helping  
A Boores Cart ore the Bridge, loden with hay,  
Have crackt the ax-tree with a trick, and there it stands  
And choakes the Bridge from drawing.

*Cap.* There's some hope yet. Away and clap on spurs: he shall scape hardly If none of us salute him. Mounte, mounte.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter Modesbargen & Huntresmen.*

*Mod.* Hell take this hay! 'tis set on purpose here: Fire it and draw the Bridge: clap faggotts on't And fire the Cart and all. No Boores come in yet? Where be your Musketts, Slaves?

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*Hunt.* We have no powder, Sir.

*Mod.* You have sold me, Rogues, betrayd me: fire the Cart, I say, Or heave it into th' Moat.

*Hunt.* We have not men enough. Will ye goe in? the Cuntry will rise presently, And then you shall see, Sir, how wee'll buckle with 'em.

*Mod.* I see I am undon: the[180] hay choakes all, I cannot get beside it.

*Enter Captaine & Soldiers.*

*Cap.* Stir not a foote,  
For he that do's has mett his preist.—Goe, ceize his body,  
But hurt him not. You must along with us, Sir:  
We have an easie nag will swym away with ye,—  
You ghesse the cause, I am sure. When you are ith' saddle once,  
Let your Boores loose; we'll show 'em such a baste.  
Do not deiect yourself nor rayle at fortune;  
They are no helpes: thincke what you have to answeare.

*Mod.* Captaine, within this Castle in ready coyne I have a thousand ducketts: doe me one curtesie, It shalbe brought out presently.

*Cap.* What is it? For I have use of money.

*Mod.* Doe but shoot me, Clap both your Pistolls into me.

*Cap.* No, I thanck ye,  
I know a trick worth ten o'that: ile love ye  
And bring ye to those men that love to see ye.  
Away, away; and keepe your pistolls spand still:  
We may be forced.

*Mod.* I am undon for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 2.

*Enter Orange, Bredero, Vandort.*

*Bred.* Is't possible he should be so far tempted[181] To kill himself?





*Vand.* 'Has don it and most desperately, Nor could strong nature stay his hand,—his owne Child That slept beside him: which shoves him guilty, lords, More then we suspected.

*Or.* 'Tis to be feared soe  
And therefore, howsoever I movd your lordships  
To a mild and sweet proceeding in this busines,  
That nothing might be construde in't malicious  
And make the world believe our owne ends wrought it,  
Now it concernes ye to put on more strictnes  
And with severer eyes to looke into it:  
Ye robb yourselves of your owne rightes els, Justice,  
And loose those pious names your Cuntries safeties.  
And sodainely this must be don and constantly:  
The powrs ye hold els wilbe scornd & laughd at,  
And theis unchristian stroakes be laid to your charge.

*Bred.* Your Grace goes right; but with what generall safetie  
(For ther's the mayne point), if we proceed severely  
May this be don? We all know how much followed  
And with what swarms of love this Mounsieur *Barnavelt*  
Is courted all the Cuntry over. Besides, at *Leyden*  
We heare how *Hogerbeets* behaves himself,  
And how he stirrs the peoples harts against us.  
And *Grotius* has byn heard to say, and openly,  
(A man of no meane mark nor to be slighted)  
That if we durst imprison *Barnavelt*  
He would fire the Court and State-house, and that Sacrifice  
He would make more glorious with your blood and ours, Sir.

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*Vand.* All angers are not armd; the lowdest Channell Runs shallowest, and there betrays his weaknes: The deep & silent man threatens the danger.

*Or.* If they had equall powre to man their wills  
And hope, to fling their miseries upon us,  
I that nere feard an Army in the feild,  
A body of most choice and excellent Soldiers  
And led by Captaines honourd for experience:  
Can I feare them or shake at their poore whispers?  
I that have broke the beds of Mutenies  
And bowde againe to faire obedience  
Those stubborne necks that burst the raynes of order,  
Shall I shrinck now and fall, shot with a rumour?  
No, my good Lords, those vollyes never fright me;  
Yet, not to seeme remisse or sleep secure here,  
I have taken order to prevent their angers;  
I have sent Patents<sup>[182]</sup> out for the choicest Companies  
Hether to be remov'd: first, Collonell *Veres*  
From *Dort*; next Sir *Charles Morgans*, a stowt Company;  
And last my Cosens, the Count *Ernest's* Company:  
With theis I doubt not to make good our busines;  
They shall not find us babes.

*Bred.* You are nobely provident.

*Vand.* And now proceed when it please you, and what you thinck fit We shall subscribe to all.

*Or.* I thanck your Honours. Call in the Captaine of my Guard.

*Serv.* Hee's here, Sir.

*Enter Captaine.*

*Or.* Harck in your eare.

*Cap.* I shall, Sir.

*Or.* Doe it wisely And without tumult.

*Cap.* I observe your Grace.

*Or.* Now take your rest, my lords: for what care followes Leave it to me.

*All.* We wish it all succes, Sir.

[Exeunt.

### SCAENA 3.

*Enter Barnavelt (in his studdy).*

*Bar.* This from the King of *Fraunce*, of much importance,  
And this from *Englands* Queene, both mightie Princes  
And of immortall memories: here the Rewards sett,—  
They lou'd me both. The King of *Swechland* this,  
About a Truyce; his bounty, too. What's this?  
From the Elector Palatine of *Brandenburge*,  
To doe him faire and acceptable offices:  
I did so; a rich iewell and a chaine he sent me.  
The Count of *Solems*, and this from his faire Countess  
About compounding of a busines:  
I did it and I had their thancks. Count *Bentham*,  
The Archbishop of *Cullen*, Duke of *Brunswick*,  
Grave *Embden*: theis from Citties, theis from Provinces;  
Petitions theis; theis from the States for places.  
Have I held correspondence with theis Princes,  
And had their loves, the molding of their busines,  
Trusted with their most secreat purposes?  
Of every State acquainted with the misteries?

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And must I stick here now, stick unreleevd, too?  
Must all theis glories vanish into darknes,  
And *Barnaveit* passe with 'em and glide away  
Like a spent exhalation? I cannot hold;  
I am crackt too deepe alredy. What have I don  
I cannot answeare? Foole! remember not  
Fame has too many eares and eyes to find thee!  
What help, o miserable man? none left thee.  
What constant frends? 'tis now a cryme to know thee  
... .. be death.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lady would entreat, Sir—

*Bar.* My head? What art thou? from whom sent?

*Serv.* Heaven blesse me!

*Bar.* Are they so greedy of my blood?—O, pardon me: I know thee now; thou art my honest Servant. What would thy Lady?

*Serv.* Your Company to supper, Sir.

*Bar.* I cannot eate; I am full alredy, tell hir:  
Bid hir sitt downe: full, full, too full. [*Exit Serv.*  
My thancks  
Poyzd equally with those faire services  
I have done the States, I should walk confidently  
Upon this high-straind danger. O, this end swayes me,  
A heavy bad opinion is fixt here  
That pulls me of; and I must downe for ever.

*Enter Daughter*[183]

*Daught.* Sir, will it please ye—

*Bar.* Ha!

*Daught.* Will it please ye, Sir—



*Bar.* Please me! what please me?—that I send thee, Girle, To some of my great Masters to beg for me. Didst thou meane so?

*Daught.* I meane, Sir—

*Bar.* Thou art too charitable  
To prostitute thy beutie to releeev me;  
With thy soft kisses to redeeme from fetters  
The stubborne fortune of thy wretched father.

*Daught.* I understand ye not.

*Bar.* I hope thou do'st not.

*Daught.* My Lady Mother, Sir—

*Bar.* Prethee, good Girle,  
Be not so cruell to thy aged father  
To somme up all his miseries before him.

*Daught.* I come, Sir, to entreat your Company.

*Bar.* I am not alone.

*Daught.* My Mother will not eate, Sir. —What fitt is this!

*Bar.* There can be no attonement:  
I know the Prince: *Vandort* is fleshd upon me,  
And *Bredero*, though he be of noble nature,  
Dare not step in. Wher's my Son *William*?  
His Goverment is gon, too; and the Soldier,  
O, the falce Soldier! What! wouldst thou have a husband?  
Goe, marry an English Captaine, and hee'll teach thee  
How to defy thy father and his fortune.—  
I cannot eate; I have no stomach, Girle.

*Daught.* Good Sir, be patient.

*Bar.* No news from *Grotius*? No flow of frends there? *Hoger-beets* lye still, too? —  
Away: ile come anon.

*Daught.* Now heaven preserve ye! [*Exit.*



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*Bar.* A gentle Girle: why should not I pray, too?  
I had nere more need. When I am sett and gon,  
What understanding can they stick up then  
To fill the place I bore? None, not a man:  
To traffick with Great Princes? none: to deale  
With all the trobles of the war? None, certaine, no man:  
To bring in daylie treasure? I know no man;  
They cannot pick a man made up to serve 'em.  
Why should I feare then? doubt, and fly before  
Myne owne weake thoughts?—Art thou there, too?

*Enter Wife[184] and Daughter.*

*Wife.* Fy, fy, Sir:  
Why do you suffer theis sad dead retirements  
To choake your speritts? You have studied long enough  
To serve the uses of those men that scorne ye;  
'Tis time you take your ease now.

*Bar.* I shall shortly; An everlasting ease, I hope.

*Wife.* Why weep ye, My deere Sir? speak.

*Bar.* Never till now unhappie! Thy fruit there and my fall ripen together And fortune  
gives me heires of my disgraces.

*Wife.* Take nobler thoughts.

*Bar.* What will becom of thee, Wiffe,  
When I am gon? When they have gorgd their envies  
With what I have, what honest hand in pittie  
Will powre out to thy wants? What noble eye  
Will looke upon my Children strooke with miserie  
And say 'you had a father that I honourd;  
For his sake be my Brothers and my Sisters.'

*Wife.* There cannot be such crueltye.

*Bar.* I hope not;  
Yet what so confident Sailour that heares the Sea rore,  
The winds sing lowd and dreadfull, the day darkend,  
But he will cry 'a storme!' downe with his Canvas  
And hull, expecting of that horrid feavour?

*Enter Son.*



—How now? What newes?

*Son.* Plucke up your hart, Sir, fairely And wither not away thus poorely from us; Be now secure: the myst ye feard is vanishd,— *Leidenberch's* dead.

*Bar.* Dead?

*Son.* Killd himself; his owne hand  
Most bravely was his Justice; nor left behind him  
One peece of paper to dishonour ye.  
They are all to seeke now for their Accusations.

*Bar.* And is he dead? so timely, too? so truly? Speak't againe, *Will*?

*Son.* Hee's dead, Sir, if I live here.

*Bar.* And his owne hand?

*Son.* His hand and will performd it.

*Bar.* Give me some wyne. I find now, notwithstanding  
[*Enter Servant with wine.*

The opposition of those mindes that hate me,  
A wise-man spyns his owne fate and secures it.  
Nor can I, that have powre to perswade men dye,  
Want living frends to iustifie my Creadit.  
Goe in and get me meat now; invyte my frends,  
I am determind to be high and merry.  
Thou hast lost thy Charge; wee'll have another, *Will*;  
It shall goe hard els. The Prince of *Orange* now  
Will find what frends I have, and of what reckning;  
And when he seekes this life, he must make passage  
Through thousands more and those he little dreames of.



## Page 133

*Son.* I wonder how he got that speritt, Sir, to dye soe?

*Bar.* He was a weak man, indeed, but he has redeemd it: There be some other I could wish of his mind. Do'st thinck they dare doe any thing now.

*Son.* 'Troth, I thinck not, Sir.

*Bar.* No, Boy, I warrant thee; they make great soundes, But mark what followes. Prethee, let's be merry, I want it much.

*Son.* I am glad to see you so, Sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Bar.* I cannot be above two daies from Councell, I know their wants. How now, what haste?

*Serv.* O, Sir, ye are undon; We have lost ye.

*Bar.* Ha!

*Serv.* For ever lost ye.

*Bar.* Why?

[*Serv.*] The Captaine of the Guard, the Princes Captaine—

*Bar.* Where? how?

*Enter Wife & Daughter.*

*Serv.* Is broken in now upon us.

*Wife.* He will not be denyde. O, my deare Husband! The cruell Princes Captaine!

[*Captaine within.*

*Cap.* Ope the dore; Wee'll force it els, and all that dare resist us Wee'll put to th'Sword.

*Bar.* Open the dore: farewell, Wiffe; Goe to the French Embassadour presently; There's all my hope. To him make knowne my misery, Wooe him with teares, with praires: this kisse; be happie.

*Wife.* O, we shall never see ye more!

[*Exeunt Wife and Daughter.*





*Enter Captaine & others.*

*Bar.* Away!— You Instrument of blood, why doe ye seeke us? I have knowne the day  
you have wayted like a suppliant And those knees bended as I past. Is there no  
reverence Belonging to me left now, that like a Ruffian Rudely ye force my lodgings?  
No punishment Due to a cryme of that fowle nature?

*Cap.* You must pardon me,  
I have commission, Sir, for what I offer,  
And from those men that are your Masters, too;  
At least you'll find 'em soe. You must shift your lodging,  
And presently: I have a charge to see ye  
Yeild yourself quietly.

*Bar.* Goe and tell their Lordships  
I will attend to-morrow. I know my time  
And how to meet their mallice without guards.  
This is the Prince, the cruell Prince your Master,  
The thirstie Prince of this poore Life.

*Cap.* Be not vext; That will not help ye, Sir.

*Bar.* I wilbe vext,  
And such an anger I will fling amongst 'em  
Shall shake the servile soules of these poore wretches  
That stick his slight deservings above mine.  
I charge ye draw your Guard off and disperce 'em:  
I have a powre as full as theirs.

*Cap.* You'll find not; And I must have ye with me.

*Bar.* And am I subiect  
That have stood the brunt of all their busines,  
And when they slept watcht to secure their slombers,—  
Subiect to slights, to scornes, to taynts, to tortures?  
To feed one privat mallice am I betrayd?  
Myne age, myne honour and my honest dealing  
Sold to the hangmans Sword?

## Page 134

*Cap.* I cannot stay.

*Bar.* Take me  
And glory in my blood, you most ungratefull;  
Feed your long bloody hopes and bath your angers  
In *Barnavelts* deservings; share my Services;  
Let it be death to pittie me; to speak well of me,  
The ruyn of whole famylies. When I am gon  
And angry war againe shall ceize your Cuntry,  
Too late remember then and cursse your follyes.  
—I am ready. Farwell, Son; remember me  
But not my fortune; let them cry that shall want me.

*Cap.* No man come neere on paine of death: away with him.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCAENA 4.

*Enter Orange & 1 Captaine.*[185]

*Cap.* And as I told your Highnes, so wee tooke him.

*Or.* 'Twas with discretion and valour followd. You were not noted as you made  
entraunce Into the *Hague*?

*Cap.* No, Sir; 'twas about midnight, And few were stirring but the Guard.

*Or.* The better.  
Let his being brought in be still conceald, and tell him  
If uncompelld he will confes the truth  
At *Barnavelts* Arraignement, that all favour  
That I can wyn him shall prepare a way  
To quallifie his fault.

*Cap.* Ile work him to it And doubt not.

*Enter Burgers & Women with bowghs & flowres.*

*Cap.* 'Tis Kramis[186]-time, In which it is a custome with the people To deck their dores  
with Garlonds, Bowghes, and flowres That are most gratious.

*Or.* I remember. —Stand close.



[1] *Burg*. Strew, strew: more Garlonds and more Flowres.  
Up with the Bowghes! Sacramant, I will have  
My noble frends house, Mounseieur *Barnavelts*,  
As well deckt as his Excellencies Court,  
For though they have got him in prison he deserves  
As well as any.

*Cap*. Mark you that.

2 *Burg*. 'Tis said They will cutt of his head.

1 *Burg*. Much![187] with a Cusshin! They know he has too many frends.

[2] *Burg*. They dare not. People will talke: I hope ere long to see him As great as ever.

[1] *Burg*. Greater too, I doubt not, And of more powre; his feet upon the necks Of all his  
Enemies.

*Or*. I am glad I heard this;  
And *Barnavelt* shall feele I will make use oft.  
Come; follow me.

[*Exeunt*.

2 *Burg*. So, now the merry Song We made for his good Lady. Lustique,[188] hoa!

[Song.

*Enter Wife above*.

*Wife*. All thancks, kind frends, that a sad house can give ye  
Pray you receive; for I rest well assur'd,  
Though theis sports are unseasonable here,  
They testifie your loves; and, if my Lord  
Ere live to be himself againe, I know  
He will remember it.



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1 *Burg*. Now for the Daunce, Boyes.

*Wife*. Ther's something for your paines: drinck it, I pray.

2 *Burg*. To a doyt, my vroat, to thy Lords health and thyne.  
The Bree[189] for his Excellencie and the Heeres  
That love him not. Ten hundred thousand blessings  
To him and thee, my vroat.

[*Daunce*.

*Wife*. I thanck you, frend.

[*Exeunt*.

## SCAENA 5.

*Enter Orange, Bredero, Vandort, William, Lords.*  
[*Table*.

*Vand*. Let him be sent for presently: he shall know,  
[*A Bar brought in*.

Were he ten times more popular, his frends  
And flatterers Centuple, the Sword of Justice  
Shall fall on him as on the meanest man  
Since he deserves it.

*Enter Provost, Capitaines & Guard with Barnavelt*.

*Pro*. Make roome for the Prisoner.

*Bar*. My dutie to your Highnes and theis Princes  
And an increase of wisdom to your Lordships,  
For which the world admires you, I wish to you.  
Alas, what trouble do's a weake old man,  
(That is, being out of all imployment, useles)  
The bag of his deserts, too, cast behind you,  
Impose upon this Senat? My poore life  
(Which others envy makes your Instruments  
To fight against) will hardly be a Conquest  
Worthie such great performers.

*Vand*. Mounseieur *Barnavelt*,  
'Tis no mans envy that hath brought us hether



To sitt as Judges on you, but your owne.  
Your owne late actions they have raisd a war  
Against your former merritts, and defeated  
What ever then was ranckt for good and great,  
For which your Enemies, those that you thought frends,  
Triumph, not wee.

*Bre.* We rather wish you could Acquitt yourself of that for which we have Too evident proofes, then labour to intrap you.

*Bar.* I must beleeve and suffer whatsoever Your Lordships charge me with: yet would gladly heare What my faultes are.

*Vand.* Read the Confessions Of *Leidenberch* and *Taurinus*.

*Bar. Leidenberch!*

*Officer reads.* First, that the *Arminian* faction (of which Sir *John Van Olden Barnavelt*, late Advocate of *Holland* and *West Frizeland* and Councillor of State, was without contradiction the head) had resolved and agreed to renounce and break the generallity and unitie of the State.

Secondly, Change and alter the Religion, and to that end, without the Consent of the Generall States, had raysed up and dispeirsd 3000 *Arminian* Soldiers.

Thirdly, To degrade the Prince of *Orange*.

Fourthly, To massacre the people of the Townes which were their greatest Enemies or offered resistaunce.

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Fiftly, yf that fayled, to take in assistaunce of some forreigne Potentates, as *Spaine* or *Brabant*, delivering unto them *Utricht*, *Nunweghen*, *Bergen op Zone*, and the *Brill*—

*Bar.* And that, with others, this was *Barnavelts* purpose? For so your Lordships take it.

*Bred.* With good reason.

*Vand.* Too many and strong proofes invyting us To creadit it.

*Bar.* Yf you will have them such,  
All truth I can bring to dyvert your Lordships  
From your determinate opinion that way  
Will not remove them. Yet 'tis strange that man  
Should labour to devide those Generall States  
That had no weak hand in unyting them,—  
That *Barnavelt* (a name you have remembered  
When you have thought by whom you were mad happie)—  
That *Barnavelt* (alowd I dare repeat it),  
Who, when there was Combustion in the State,  
Your Excellence, Grave *William* and Count *Henrie*,  
Taking instructions for your Commaunds  
From one that then ruld all; the Provinces  
Refusing to bring in their Contributions  
And arguing whether the West *Frizeland*  
And *Hollander* had powre to raise such Tribut,  
When many of the Governours stood ill  
Affected to you, all our Garrisons  
Not sworne then to the Generall States but others,  
Which the promiscuous multitude gladly followed:  
When *Graves* and *Vendloe* were held by the *Spaniard*  
And *Nunweghen* with violence assaulted,  
Confusion with one greedy gripe being ready  
To seaze on all; then when the *Sluice* was lost  
And all in muteny at *Midleborough*,  
Who then rose up or durst step in before me  
To doe these Cuntries service? Who then labourd  
More then the now suspected *Barnavelt*  
T'appease seditions and compound all Quarrells?  
Who pacified the Malcontents? Who taught you  
To stand upon your Guards and trust yourselves?  
O, you forgettfull, all this I performd  
And in the golden fagot of faire Concord  
Bound safely up those strengthes which Mutenies,  
Corruption and homebred Traitors scatterd.



*Vand.* This is a point you often choose to treat of, And yet some part of theis good services None will deny you.

*Or.* But to ingrosse all Would argue me your ward, should I give way too't, And these grave Lords your Schollers.

*Bar.* In the Art  
Of Goverment they scornd not once to be soe,  
Nor you to give me hearing: and if ever  
'Twer lawful th' unthanckfull men t'upbraid  
Unequall benefitts, let it not in me  
Be now held glorious if I speake my best.  
I have five times in regall Embassies  
Byn sent the principall Agent for theis Cuntries,  
And for your good have spoken face to face  
With mightie Kings: twyce with that virgin Queene,  
Our Patronesse of happie memory,  
*Elizabeth of England; twyce in Fraunce*



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With that invincible King that worthely  
(Though dead) is still'd the *Great, Henry the fourth*;  
Once with the King of *Britaine* that now is:  
Yet let my greatest Enemy name the least  
Of theis so high Imployments in which I  
Treated without advantage, and returnd not  
With proffitt, as with honour, to my Cuntry,  
And let me fall beneath the worst aspersion  
His mallice can throw on me. Besides Soldiers  
So often levied by my meanes for you,  
Which to particularize were teadious,  
Two millions and five hundred thousand pounds,  
For which the Provinces stood bound, I wrought  
Freely to be dischargd; the Townes they pawnd  
To be deliverd up; and after all  
Theis meritorious and prosperous travells  
T'unyte theis States, can *Barnavelt* be suspected  
To be the authour to undoe that knot  
Which with such toyle he fastend[190].

Or. Pawse, I beseech you,  
And while you gather breath to fill the Trumpet  
Of your deserts give me leave to deliver  
A litle for the States and mine owne honour.  
We have heard a glorious Catalogue of your vertues  
But not one vice or slip of yours rememberd;  
But I will help your memory:—who was he  
That gave intelligence of my sodaine comming  
To surprize *Antwerpe*? They that brought the Letters  
Were knowne and but from you could have no notice  
Of any such design. Who hinderd me  
From rescuing of *Rheinberch* in the last Seige?  
Who warranted the yeilding of it up  
Without necessitie to the Governour?  
Who was the cause no greater powre was sent  
Against the Enemy when he past the Rhine  
And tooke the Townes of *Oldensell, Lingen, Groll*?  
To thinck of this would give a litle vent  
To the windy bladder of your vanitie  
Which you have blowne to an unlymitted vastnes.





Your Insolence to me before the Battaile  
Of *Flaunders* I forget[191].—  
Call in *Modesbargen*.

*Bar.* [aside[192]] He a prisoner, too! Then I am lost.

*Enter Capitaine with Modesbargen.*

*Or.* Ha! do's that startle you?

*Bar.* [aside[192]] I must collect myself.

*Or.* You shall heare more.

*Modesb.* O, Mounseieur *Barnavel*t, do we meet thus?  
I am as sorry to behold you there  
As know myself a Prisoner. Now you perceive  
To what a desperate state your headlong Counsells  
And rash designs have brought us: to stand out now  
Were to no purpose, for, alas, they have  
Too pregnant proofes against us.

*Bar.* You that feele  
The horreur of fowle guilt in your falce bosom  
Confes yourself soe; my strong Inocence  
To the death stands constant.

*Or.* Take *Modesbargen* in.

[*Exit Cap. and Modesb.*]

*Vand.* This is an impudence I never read of.  
But now wee'll show thee, miserable man,  
Such further proofes as would call up a blush  
Upon the devills cheeke. Looke upon this,  
Signd by the Governor, Chauncellor and Counsell  
Of *Gilderland* and *Zutphen*, who here name thee  
The roote and head of the late Schisme.

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*Bred.* And this  
Sent from the Lords of *Utrecht*, where 'tis prov'd  
That the new Companies were raisd by you,  
And to what purpose.

*William.* To subvert Religion, To deface Justice and to breake the union And holly  
League betweene the *Provinces*.

[*Henry*.<sup>[193]</sup> The Proclamations are allowd by you  
Sent forth against the Protestants; and here  
Your resolution to degrade my Brother  
And then dispose of him as you thought fitt.]

*Vand.* Your plott here to withdraw all the old Soldiers From the Commandement of the  
States, and wyn them To serve for your ends in a Civill war.

*Bred.* To raise up Cittizen against Cittizen, Stranger gainst stranger, Soldier against  
Soldier, And Maiestrates against the Maiestrates.

*Or.* To waste the Land within that with lesse danger  
The forraigne Enemy might make his entraunce.  
Yf then this be not treacherie beyond  
All presidents of Traitours—

*Bar.* Give me Leave  
Onely to smile, then say all theis are falce,  
Your witnesses subornd, your testimonies  
And wrytings forgd, and this elaborate forme  
Of Justice to delude the world a cover  
For future practises: this I affirme  
Upon my soule<sup>[194]</sup>. Now when you please condempne me:  
I will not use one sillable for your mercy  
To have mine age renewd and once againe  
To see a second triumph of my glories.  
You rise, and I grow tedious; let me take  
My farwell of you yet, and at the place  
Where I have oft byn heard; and, as my life  
Was ever fertile of good counsell for you,  
It shall not be in the last moment barren.  
*Octavius*<sup>[195]</sup>, when he did affect the Empire  
And strove to tread upon the neck of *Rome*  
And all hir ancient freedoms, tooke that course<sup>[196]</sup>  
That now is practisd on you; for the *Catos*  
And all free sperritts slaine or els proscribd



That durst have stir'd against him, he then sceasd  
The absolute rule of all. You can apply this[197]:  
And here I prophecie I, that have lyvd  
And dye a free man, shall when I am ashes  
Be sensible of your groanes and wishes for me;  
And when too late you see this Goverment  
Changd to a Monarchie[198] youll howle in vaine  
And wish you had a *Barnavel*t againe.  
Now lead me where you will: a speedy Sentence:  
I am ready for it and 'tis all I ask you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quintus.*

SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Wife, Daughter, Servant with Peares.*

*Wife.* Denyde to see my Husband! o you Tirants!  
And (to increase my misery) in vaine  
By heaven I kneeld for't, wept and kneeld in vaine  
To such as would, while *Barnavel*t was himself—  
But why do I remember that word 'was,'  
That never happie word of 'was.'

*Serv.* Good Madam,  
Beare (with your usuall wisdom) what is not  
In you to help. The strict guard's kept upon him;  
His State ceizd on; my Lord your Son disgracd, too,  
And all your frends suspected, may assure you  
No price beneath his head must answeare for him.

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*Daughter.* But is he not alredy dead?

*Wife.* I, I, There lyes my feare.

*Serv.* I sweare to you I saw him  
Not many howres since, and hundreds more;  
But yet, as one that's bound to honour him,  
I had rather have had assuraunce of his death  
Than so to have seen him.

*Both.* Why?

*Serv.* I have followd him  
When every step he made met a Petition,  
And these, that are his Judges now, like Clyents  
Have wayted on him. The whole Court attended  
When he was pleasd to speake, and, with such murmours  
As glad Spectators in a Theater  
Grace their best Actors with, they ever heard him;  
When to have had a sight of him was held  
A prosperous omen; when no eye gazd on him  
That was not filld with admiration, not  
As now with scorne or pittie. His rude Guard,  
For prooffe that they contempne all such as ayme  
Or hope for his release (as if he were  
Some prodigie or monster), each night show him  
To such as greive his fortune, which must be  
To him worse then ten thousand deaths made horrid  
With all the actes of Crueltie.

*Daught.* I have hope yet To see an alteration.

*Wife.* My good Servant,  
He has some frends left yet and powerfull ones  
That can doe more then weepe for him as we doe;  
Those I will strayt sollicite. In the meane time,  
That to his comfort he may know so much,  
Endeavour thou to have this simple present  
As from thy self sent to him.

*Serv.* I will hazard All that can fall upon me to effect it.

[Exeunt[199] *Wife and Daughter.*



*Enter Provost & Guard.*

*Pro.* What makes this fellow here? Whether would ye, Sir?

*Serv.* Sir, to desire accesse unto my Lord  
Were to ask that I know must be denide,  
And therefore I forbear it; but intreating  
What cannot wrong you in the graunt, I hope  
To find you courteous.

*Pro.* What's the Suit?

*Serv.* This onely:  
My Lord, your prisoner, for my service gave me  
A poore house with an Orchard in the Cuntry.  
The fruites of which he did not scorne to taste of  
In th'height of his prosperitie; but of all  
That pleasd his pallat there was one faire tree,  
On which theis Peares grew, which by his appointment  
Were still reservd for him, and as a Rent  
Due for my Living I stood bound to tender.  
Theis, yf you please, the last I shall pay to him,  
I would present him with, by what Attorney  
Your goodnes shall prescribe me.

*Prov.* They are faire Peares, Exceeding faire ones: ile make bold with one, The rest  
beare to him.

*Serv.* [aside[200]] All wilbe discoverd, I am glad I am got off, yet. [*Exit.*

*Enter Provosts Wife*[201].

*Prov.* What make you here? Do you come to traile a pike or use a Musket?



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*Wife.* For neither, Sir; I came to see you.

*Pro.* Home! This is no place for women. To your Gossips! This burthen would become a Chamber better.

*Wife.* 'Tis a faire Peare.

*Prov.* You long for't: pray you take it,  
You are priviledgd now to beg.—Ha! charmes in't? stay,  
Give mee't. I would not for a thousand dollars  
This had byn undiscoverd. Pray you goe home;  
At night ile see you.

*Wife.* You know my obedience And I must practise it.

*Prov.* Make out for the fellow  
That came with this device. 'Twas queintly carried:  
The stalke pluckt cleanly out, and in the quill  
This scroll conveyd. What ere it be the Prince  
Shall instantly peruse it.

*Enter Orange, Wm., Vandort, Bredero.*

*Or.* How came you by this?

*Prov.* I intercepted it in a dish of Peares Brought by a man of *Barnavelts*, but sent to him From some of better ranck.

*Or.* See what is written here,— 'You have frends left and therefore, Sir, dispaire not.'

*Vand.* 'Tis this that feeds his Insolence, theis are they  
That, when they should have paid their prairs for him  
As for a guilty man, adoarnd his house  
In the dispight of us and of our Justice.

*Bred.* But such shall find their flattering breath but makes The fire, our Cuntries safetie  
byds us cherish, To burne with greater heate.

*Vand.* And so consume him.

*Or.* The freedom of our goverment, and our honours,  
And what we dare doe now lies at the stake.  
The better part of all the christian world  
Marks our proceedings, and it wilbe said,  
Yf having the Conspirators in our powre



We sentence none of them, being convincd, too,  
Of fowre and thirtie Articles and each treason,  
'Tis don for feare. Then, to affright the rest,  
I hold it fitt that *Barnavel*, one that has  
Most frends and meanes to hurt, and will fall therefore  
With greater terror, should receive his Sentence,  
Then dye as he deserves. For *Modesbargen*  
And *Hogerbeets* we shall find fitt time to  
Thinck of them hereafter.

*Bred.* Let him be sent for.

*Vand.* In the meane time 'tis fit we should give hearing To the *French* Embassadors,  
who, I know, come now To mediat for him.

*Bred.* Wayt upon them in: Their Propositions shalbe answeard freely, And by such men  
as are their frends, not Servants.

*Enter Boisis, Morier, Wife, Daughter, Attendants.*

*Boi*[202]. We will plead for him and prevaile, we doubt not.  
Take comfort therefore, Madam, and a while,  
Since you are not to be admitted here,  
Leave us to our endeavors.

*Wife.* Heaven direct And prosper theis your charitable traviles.

[*Exeunt Wife & Daughter.*]

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*Or.* Bring Chaires there for their Lordships.

[2 *Chaires.*

*Vand.*[203] And prepare them A sylent hearing.

*Bois.* My good Lords,  
We are commaunded by the King our Master  
(Who ever hath respected your affaires  
As the tranquility of his owne kingdoms)  
To let you thus far understand his pleasure:  
He do's exhort you, as the best foundation  
Of your estate, with all care to preserve  
The union of your provinces, and wishes  
The change that you have made of Maistrates,  
The Advocate and Counsellors of State  
In many of your Townes, breed not dissentions  
In steed of ceasing them. Touching your Prisoners  
That stand accusd of detestable Crymes,  
His Counsaile is, if they be culpable,  
That you use speedy Justice and with rigour.

*Mor.* Ever remembring that the greatest Princes  
Have sometimes to their glory byn most apt  
To pardon what was enterprizd against  
Their Goverments, nay their lives; and that the freest  
And the best Common-Wealthes, have alwaies usd  
To spare the blood of their owne Cittizens,  
And that in great offenders—it still being  
The principall signe of libertie and freedom  
Not easily, but with mature advice,  
To touch the lives of Cittizens.

*Bois.* And the rather  
When question is made of such as are  
Your officers placed in authoritie,  
Of whom the ancientst Mounsieur *Barnavelt*,  
So much commended for so many good  
And notable services don for theis Cuntries,  
Deserves most serious regard. My Master  
And other Kings & Princes your allyes,  
Lyving yet witnesses of his great meritts  
And with such admiration that they can  
Be hardly brought to thinck he should conspire





Against these States, for which yourselves best know  
What travayles he hath undergon; and therefore  
Once more he do's advice you to use mercy,  
Which if you doe, he then shall thinck you merit  
The many favours you have tasted from him:  
Yf not, he having given you whollsom Counsaile,  
Yf you refuce it he must thinck himself  
Slighted in his requests; and then, perhaps,  
Hereafter you may misse that promptnes in him  
Which you have found when your wants most requird it.

*Vand.* May it please your Highnes in the names of all To make their Lordships  
answeare.

*Or.* Willingly;  
For I must still be glad to take occasion  
To speak how much your Lordships and myself  
Ever stand bound to that most Christian King  
Whose favours, with all thancks, we must acknowledge  
As with all care preserve. Onely we hope  
His Maiestie will give us leave to say  
We greive that he is misinformd of us  
And our proceedings, of which we hereafter  
Will give him certaine and unanswerable proofes  
To iustefie our Actions, which we will  
Make knowne to all the world; till when we wish  
He will be pleasd to give way to the States  
To finish what they have begon, with Justice  
Temperd with mercy; and that your good Lordships  
Will give his Grace to understand thus much,  
If with the generall voice you doe approve it.

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*Bred.* We will confirme it with our generall Seale, And send our answeare to his Propositions With our respect and duties.

*Mor.* This we shall Make knowne unto him.

*Or.* Roome there for their Lordships.

[*Ext. Embs.*

*Bred.* What thinck you now, my Lords?

*Vand.* In my opinion 'Tis time he had his Sentence!

*Wm.* Is it drawne?

*Vand.* Yes, here it is. The peoples loves grow daungerous;  
In every place the whispers of his rescue;  
The lowd and common voice of his deservings  
Is floong abroad. Nor doe they handle theis things  
By rules of truth and reason, but their owne wills—  
Their headstrong hott affections.

*Bred.* Is he sent for?

*Or.* Yes and will presently be here.

*Bred.* Sit downe then, And now with speedy Justice let's prepare To cutt off this Imposthume.

*Enter Provost & Guard, with Barnavel.*

*Vand.* 'Tis high time, Sir.

*Prov.* Roome for the Prisoner!

*Vand.* Bring him in; Sit downe, Sir, And take your last place with us.

*Bar.* 'Tis your forme And I infringe no order.

*Bred.* Mounseiur *Barnavel*,  
Will ye confes yet freely your bad practises  
And lay those Instruments open to the World,  
Those bloody and bold Instruments you wrought by?  
Mercy may sleepe awhile but never dyes, Sir.



*Bar.* I have spoake all I can, and seald that all With all I have to care for now, my Conscience. More I beseech your honours—

*Or.* Take your pleasure.

*Vand.* You will give us no more lights: What this world gives you, To morrow thus we take away. Receive it.

*Bar.* My Sentence?

*Vand.* Yes; consider for your soule now, And so farewell.

*Bar.* I humbly thanck your honours: I shall not play my last Act worst.

*Bred.* Heavens mercy And a still conscience wayt upon your end, Sir.

*Or.* Now guard him back againe: by the break of day You shall have order from us.

*Prov.* Roome for the Prisoner!—

[*Ext. Provost and Guard, with Barnavelt.*

*Or.* The world shall know that what's iust we dare doe.

*Vand.* Nor shall the desperate act of *Leidenberch*  
Delude what we determind. Let his Coffin  
Be therefore hangd up on the publique Gallows.  
Th'Executioners like hungry vultures  
Have smelld out their imployment.

*Or.* Let them have it:  
And all that plot against the generall good  
Learne from this mans example, great in age,  
Greater in wealth and in authoritie,  
But matchles in his worldly pollicie,  
That there is one above that do's deride  
The wisest counsailes that are misaplide.

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[Exeunt.]

### SCAENA 2.

*Enter Harlem, Leyden & Utrecht Executioners.*

*Har.* Now hard and sharpe, for a wager, who shall doe it. Here's a Sword would doe a man's head good to be cut of with it; cures all rhumes, all Catharres, megroomes, verteeagoes: presto, be gone!

*Ley.* You must not carry it, *Harlem*: you are a pretty fellow and lop the lyne of life well, but weake to *Baltazar*. Give roome for *Leyden*: heer's an old Cutter, heer's one has polld more pates and neater then a dicker[204], of your Barbers; they nere need washing after. Do's not thy neck itch now to be scratchd a little with this?

*Har.* No, in truth do's it not; but if you'll try first, yf I doe not whip your dodipoll as clenly of and set it on againe as handsomely as it stands now, that you may blow your nose and pledge me too Cans after—

*Ley.* I was afraid The rogue had don't indeed.

*Utr.* You two imagine now You are excellent workmen and that you can doe wonders, And *Utrecht* but an Asse. Let's feele your Raizors: Handsawes, meere handsawes! Do you put your knees to'em too, And take mens necks for timber? You cutt a feather? Cut butter when your tooles are hot! Looke here, puppies; Heer's the sword that cutt of *Pompeis* head.

*Har.* The head of a Pumpion.[205]

*Utr.* Looke on't but come not neere it: the very wind on't Will borrow a leg or an arme. Heers touch & take, boyes! And this shall moaw the head of Mounsieur *Barnavelt*. Man is but grasse and hay: I have him here And here I have him. I would undertake with this Sword To cutt the devills head of, hornes and all, And give it to a Burger for his breakfast.

*Ley.* We know you have byn the headman of the parish A great while, *Utricht*, and ministerd much Justice, Nickt many a worthie gamester; and that you, *Harlem*, Have shortend many a hanging cause, to your Commendation: Yet, for all this, who shall trym Monsieur *Barnavelt* Must run by fortune. You are proper men both; But why before me that have studdied the true trick on't Theis twenty yeeres, and run through all the theorems?

*Har.* Let's fling for't then.

*Ley.* I am content.

*Utr.* And I.

*Har.* Sit round, then: here are dyce, and ile begin to ye. Have at your head, Sir *John*! dewce ace[206]; a doggs-head![207] The devill turnd this ace up. Farwell, velvet gowne! Thou hast mist the luckiest hand to scratch thy Coxcomb.

*Ley.* No, no, Sir. Now for my part. Heigh! fight aloft for the head, boyes. How? Cater-trey[208]?

*Utr.* Will you take a sleeve for your share, Sir?

*Ley.* 'Tis but a desperat cast, and so hee'l find it, If it fall to me. Cast for your game.



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*Utr.* Have at it: Stay, let me swing my Sword thrice round first: now, Now the Graves head ... goose giblitts.— Two sixes, boyes! I knew I should performe it.

*Har.* Ye have it: thanck your fortune.

*Utr.* I could not misse it,  
I never lost so faire a stake yet. How ile doe it  
And in what posture: first, how ile take my leave of him,  
With a few teares to draw more money from him;  
Then fold up his braunchd[209] gowne, his hat, his doblet,  
And like the devill cry 'mine owne! lye there, boyes!'  
Then bind his eyes; last stir myself up bravely  
And, in the middle of a whollsome praire,  
Whip and—*hic iacet Barnavel.*—  
Come, let's sing our old Song,  
And then come view me how I doe my busines.  
Boy, come, sing you for me.

[*Song. Exeunt.*]

### SCAENA 3.

*Enter 2 Captaines[210] & their Soldiers, severally.*

1 *Cap.* Here stand we fast.

2 *Cap.* Cock all your Musketts, Soldiers, now, And gentlemen be ready to bend your pikes; The prisoner's comming out.

1 *Cap.* But doe you thinck They meane to take his head of, or to fright him?

2 *Cap.* Heaven keep me from such frights. Why are theis Guards Commaunded to make good the Execution, If they intend not death?

1 *Cap.* But dare they doe it?

2 *Cap.* What dare not Justice do that's right and honest?  
Is he not prov'd a guilty man? What bugs  
Should publick safety be afraid to looke on?  
Do you hold the United States so tame to feare him,—  
Feare him a Traitor, too?

1 *Cap.* You know hee's much lov'd, And every where they stir in his Compassion.



2 Cap. They'll stir so long till some of 'em will sinck for't, Some of the best I feare that glewd his faction; Their building lyes discoverd and their bases broken.

1 Cap. There is much money laid in every place, too, Hundreds and thousands, that they dare not strike him.

2 Cap. Give losers leave to play the fooles; 'tis lost all. Secure yourself he dyes; nor is it wisdom To go an ace lesse with him: he is monstrous. —The people hurry now; stand fast, he is comming.

*Enter Provost, Soldiers & Executioners, with a Coffin & a Gibbett.*

Pro. Make roome before! cleere all theis gaping people And stop their passage.

1 Cap. How now? What wonder's this?

Prov. Stay! or ile make ye stay: I charge ye stir not.

2 Cap. What thinck you now? dare not theis men do Justice? This is the body of *Leidenberg*, that killd himself To free his Cause: his shame has found him yet.

Prov. Up with him, come: set all your hands & heave him!

Exec. A plaguy, heavy Lubber! Sure this fellow Has a bushell of plot in's belly, he weighes so massy. Heigh! now againe! he stincks like a hung poll cat. This rotten treason has a vengeance savour; This venison wants pepper and salt abhominably.



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*Prov.* Pyn him aloft, and pin him sure.

*Exec.* I warrant ye;  
If ere he run away againe ile swing for him.  
This would make a rare signe for a Cookes shop,  
The Christmas pie.

*[Exeunt Executioners.]*

*Prov.* Come; now about the rest.—Keepe the Court cleere still.

*[Exeunt Provost and Soldiers.]*

*2 Cap.* What thinck you now?

*1 Cap.* Now I am afraid of him. This prologue should portend a fatall Tragedie: Theis examples will make 'em shake.

*2 Cap.* 'Tis well they have 'em; Their stubbornenes and pride requires 'em greater. The Prince strikes iust ith' nick and strikes home nobely: This new pretending faction had fird all els; They had floong a generall ruyn on the Cuntry.

*Enter Boyes & Burgers.*

*1 Boy.* He comes, he comes, he comes! o for a place now!

*2 Boy.* Let's climb the Battlements.

*Cap.* Away with theis rogues.

*1 Burg.* I saw the Guard goe for him: Where shall we be now?

*2 Burg.* He will make a notable Speech, I warrant him.

*3 Burg.* Let's get us neere the Skaffold.

*1 Cap.* Keep of, Turnops: Ye come upon our Pikes els.

*1 Burg.* Pox o' theis Soldiers? We cannot see our frends hangd in quiet for 'em.  
Come, come, to th' top oth' hall.

*[Exeunt Boys & Burgers.]*

*2 Cap.* Away, good pilchers![211] Now blow your matches and stand fast: he comes here.

*1 Cap.* And now bend all your pikes.





*Enter Provost, Barnavelt, Lords, Guard.  
(A Scaffold put out) Executioner.*

*Prov.* Cleere all the Skaifold; Let no more into th'Court; we are choakd with people.

*Bar.* You are curteous in your preparations, gentlemen,

*1 Lord.* You must ascend, Sir.

*Bar.* Feareles I will, my lords,  
And, what you can inflict, as feareles suffer.  
Thus high you raise me, a most glorious kindnes  
For all my Cares! For my most faithfull service  
For you and for the State thus ye promote me!  
I thanck ye, Cuntrymen, most nobely thanck ye.  
—Pull of my Gowne. Of what place are ye, frend?

*Exec.* Of *Utrich*, Sir.

*Bar.* Of *Utrich*! Wherefore, prethee, Art thou appointed here?

*Exec.* To tell you true, Sir, I won this place at dyce: we were three appointed.

*Bar.* Am I becom a generall game? a Rest[212] For every Slave to pull at? Thanck ye still: You are growne the noblest in your favours, gentlemen. —What's that hangs there? what Coffin?

*Lord.* How it stirrs him.

*2 Lord.* The body, Sir, of *Leidenberch*[213] the Traitour.

*Bar.* The traitour?



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2 *Lord.* I, the Traitour, the fowle Traitour, Who, though he killd himself to cleere his cause, Justice has found him out and so proclaimed him.

*Bar.* Have mercy on his soule! I dare behold him.

1 *Lord.* Beleeve me, he's much moved.

2 *Lord.* He has much reason.

*Bar.* Are theis the holly praires ye prepare for me—  
The comforts to a parting soule? Still I thanck ye,  
Most hartely and lovingly I thanck ye.  
Will not a single death give satisfaction,  
O you most greedy men and most ungratefull,—  
The quiet sleep of him you gape to swallow,  
But you must trym up death in all his terrors  
And add to soules departing frights and feavors?  
Hang up a hundred Coffins; I dare view 'em,  
And on their heads subscribe a hundred treasons  
It shakes not me, thus dare I smile upon 'em  
And strongly thus outlooke your fellest Justice.

2 *Lord.* Will ye bethinck ye, Sir, of what ye come for.

*Bar.* I come to dye: bethinck you of your Justice  
And with what Sword ye strike, the edge of mallice.  
Bethinck ye of the travells I had for ye,  
The throaes and grones to bring faire peace amongst ye;  
Bethinck ye of the dangers I have plundgd through  
And almost gripes of death, to make you glorious.  
Thinck when the Cuntry, like a Wildernes,  
Brought nothing forth but desolation,  
Fire, Sword and Famine; when the earth sweatt under ye  
Cold dewes of blood, and *Spanish* flames hoong ore ye,  
And every man stood markt the child of murder  
And women wanted wombes to feed theis cruelties;—  
Thinck then who stept in to you, gently tooke ye  
And bound your bleeding wounds up; from your faces  
Wipd of the sweatts of sorrow, fed and nurssd ye;  
Who brought the plowgh againe to crowne your plenty;  
Your goodly meadowes who protected (Cuntrymen)  
From the armd Soldiers furious marches; who  
Unbard the Havens that the floating Merchant  
Might clap his lynn wings up to the windes



And back the raging waves to bring you proffit.  
Thinck through whose care you are a Nation  
And have a name yet left,—a fruitfull Nation  
(Would I could say as thanckfull)—bethinck ye of theis things  
And then turne back and blush, blush [for] my ruyne.

1 *Lord*. 'Tis strange how this [man b]rags; 'tis a strange impudence  
Not to be pittied in his [case], not sufferd.  
You breed the peace, you bring the plowgh againe?  
You wipe the fire and blood of from this Cuntry,  
And you restore hir to hir former Beuty?  
Blush in thine age, bad man; thy grave blush for thee  
And scorne to hide that man that holds no Creadit.  
Beare witnes all the world that knowes our Trobles  
Or ever greiv'd our plagues, what we have sufferd  
And, under Heaven, by what armes we have cur'd theis,—  
Councells and frends; in which I tell thee (*Barnavel*t),  
And through thy Impudence I here proclaime it,  
Thou hadst the least and last share. 'Tis not your face, Sir,  
The greatnes of your friends, corruptly purchast,  
The Crying up of your manie Services,  
Which lookd into wither away like Mushrumps,  
Shall scandall us.



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2 *Lord.* Your *Romaine* end, to make men  
Imagine your strong conscience fortifide,  
No, nor your ground Religion. Examine all men  
Branded with such fowle syns as you now dye for,  
And you shall find their first stepp still Religion.  
*Gowrie* in *Scotland*, 'twas his maine pretention:  
Was not he honest, too? his Cuntries father?  
Those fyery Speritts next that hatchd in *England*  
That bloody Powder-Plot, and thought like meteors  
To have flashd their Cuntries peace out in a Moment:  
Were not their Barrells loden with Religion?  
Were not they pious, iust and zealous Subiects?  
Humble your soule for shame, and seeke not now, Sir,  
To tumble from that happines even Angells  
Were throwne from for their pride. Confes, and dye well.

1 *Lord.* Will ye confes your faultes?

*Bar.* I come not heather To make myself guilty; yet one fault I must utter, And 'tis a great one.

2 *Lord.* The greater mercy.

*Bar.* I dye for saving this unthanckfull Cuntry.

1 *Lord.* Play not with heaven.

*Bar.* My Game's as sure as yours is,  
And with more care and innocence I play it.  
Take of my doblet; and I prethee, fellow,  
Strike without feare.

*Exec.* I warrant ile fitt ye. I pray forgive me, Sir.

*Bar.* Most hartely,  
And heer's my hand. I love thee, too: thy physick  
Will quickly purge me from the worldes abuses.  
When I speak lowdest, strike.

*Exec.* I shall observe ye.

*Bar.* Farwell, my lords: to all your Counsailes fortune,  
Happie succes and proffit; peace to this Cuntry;  
And to you all, that I have bredd like children,



Not a more faithfull father but more fortunate.  
Doe not I stay too long?

2 *Lord.* Take your owne time, Sir.

*Bar.* I have a wiffe, my lords, and wretched children,  
Unles it please his Grace to looke upon 'em  
And your good honours with your eies of favour.  
'Twill be a litle happines in my death  
That they partake not with their fathers ruyns.

1 *Lord.* Let not that troble ye: they shall not find it.

*Bar.* Commend my last breath to his Excellence;  
Tell him the Sun he shot at is now setting,  
Setting this night, that he may rise to morrow,  
For ever setting. Now let him raigne alone  
And with his rayes give life and light to all men.  
May he protect with honour, fight with fortune,  
And dye with generall love, an old and good Prince.  
My last petition, good Cuntrymen, forget me:  
Your memories wound deeper then your mallice,  
And I forgive ye all.—A litle stay me.—  
Honour and world I fling ye thus behind me,  
And thus a naked poore man kneele to heaven:  
Be gracious to me, heare me, strengthen me.  
I come, I come, o gracious heaven! now, now,  
Now, I present—

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*Exec.* Is it well don mine Heeres?

1 *Lord.* Somewhat too much; you have strooke his fingers, too, But we forgive your haste. Draw in the body; And Capitaines, we discharge your Companies.

*Vand.* Make cleere the Court.—Vaine glory, thou art gon! And thus must all build on Ambition.

2 *Lord.* Farwell, great hart; full low thy strength now lyes: He that would purge ambition this way dies.

*Exeunt.*

### INTRODUCTION TO CAPTAIN UNDERWIT.

This anonymous Comedy is printed, for the first time, from Harl. MS. 7,650,—a small quarto of eighty-nine leaves. I have followed Halliwell (*Dictionary of Old Plays*) in adopting the title, *Captain Underwit*. There is no title-page to the MS.

An editor with plenty of leisure on his hands would find ample opportunities in *Captain Underwit* for discursive comment. Sometimes I have been obliged to pass over odd phrases and out-of-the-way allusions without a line of explanation; but in the index at the end of the fourth volume I hope to settle some difficulties that at present are left standing.

The date of the play I take to be circ. 1640 or 1642. In I. 1 there is a mention of the “league at *Barwick* and the late expeditions,” where the reference can only be to Charles I.’s march into Scotland in the spring of 1639, and to the so-called Pacification of *Berwick*. Again, in III. 3, there is an allusion to the Newmarket Cup. Historians of the Turf say that Newmarket races date from 1640; but this statement is incorrect, for in Shirley’s *Hyde Park* (V. 1),—a play licensed in 1632 and printed in 1637,—mention is made of a certain “Bay *Tarrall* that won the Cup at Newmarket.” We find also an allusion to the “great ship” (III. 3), which was built in 1637. Of Mr. Adson’s “new ayres” (IV. 1) I know very little. He brought out in 1621 a volume of “Courtly Masquing Ayres,” but published nothing later,—although, of course, he may have continued writing long afterwards. Hawkins and Mr. Chappell are altogether silent about Adson’s achievements.

Gerard Langbaine tells us that Shirley left at his death some plays in manuscript: I have little doubt, or rather no doubt at all, that *Captain Underwit* is one of them. In the notes I have pointed out several parallelisms to passages in Shirley’s plays; and occasionally we find actual repetitions, word for word. But apart from these strong proofs, it would be plain from internal evidence that the present piece is a domestic comedy of Shirley’s, written in close imitation of Ben Jonson. All the characters are old acquaintances. Sir

Richard Huntlove, who longs to be among his own tenants and eat his own beef in the country; his lady, who loves the pleasures of the town, balls in the Strand, and masques; Device, the fantastic gallant,—these are well-known figures in Shirley's plays. No other playwright of that day could have given us such exquisite poetry as we find in Captain *Underwit*. The briskness, too, and cleverness of the dialogue closely recall Shirley; but it must be owned that there are few plays of Shirley's written with such freedom, not to say grossness.

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[CAPTAIN UNDERWIT, A COMEDY.]

*Act the First.*

*Enter Captaine Underwit and his man Thomas.*

*Un.* Come, my man *Thomas*, and my fathers old man *Thomas*; reioyce, I say, and triumph: thy Master is honourable.

*Tho.* Then wee are all made.

*Un.* No, tis only I am made.

*Tho.* What, and please your worship?

*Un.* I am made a Captaine of the traind band,[214] *Thomas*, and this is my Commission, this very paper hath made me a Captaine.

*Tho.* Are you a paper Captaine, Sir? I thought more had gone to the makeing up of a Captaine.

*Un.* They are fooles that thinke so, provided he have the favour of the Livetenant of the County.

*Tho.* Which it seemes you have.

*Un.* The honour of it is more then the thing, *Thomas*, since I did not bribe the Secretarys steward or what servant else so ever hath the government of his Lordship therein.

*Tho.* This is very strange.

*Un.* Not so much as transitorie wicker bottles to his Deputy Livetenant, no fewell for his winter, no carriages for his summer, no steeple sugarloaves to sweeten his neighbours at Christmas, no robbing my brave tennants of their fatt Capons or Chickens to present his worship withall, *Thomas*.

*Tho.* I cry your worship mercy, you sold him land the last terme; I had forgott that.

*Un.* I, that lay convenient for him. I us'd him like a gentleman and tooke litle or nothing; 'twere pittie two or three hundred acres of dirt should make friends fall out: we should have gone to fenceing schools.

*Tho.* How, sir?

*Un.* I meane to *Westminster* hall, and let one another blood in Lawe.



*Tho.* And so the Land has parted you?

*Un.* Thou saist right, *Thomas*, it lies betweene both our houses indeed. But now I am thus dignified (I thinke that's a good word) or intituled is better, but tis all one; since I am made a Captaine—

*Tho.* By your owne desert and vertue.

*Un.* Thou art deceavd; it is by vertue of the Commission,—the Commission is enough to make any man an officer without desert; *Thomas*, I must thinke how to provide mee of warlike accoutrements to accomodate, which comes of Accomodo[215]:

*Shakespeare.* The first, and the first—

*Tho.* No, Sir, it comes of so much money disburs'd.

*Un.* In troth, and it does, *Thomas*; but take out your table bookes and remember to bring after me into the Country, for I will goe downe with my father in law Sir *Richard* this morning in the Coach,—let me see—first and formost: a Buff Coate and a paire of breeches.

*Tho.* First and formost: Item, a Buff Coate fox and a paire of breeches of the same Cloth.

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*Un.* A paire of bootes and spurres, and a paire of shooes without spurres.

*Tho.* Spurres.

*Un.* A paire of gray stockins, thick dapple gray stockins, with a belt, to be worne either about my shoulder or about my wast.

*Tho.* Wast.

*Un.* A *London Dutch* felt without a band, with a feather in't.

*Tho.* Without a feather in't.

*Un.* An old fox[216] blade made at *Hounsloe* heath, and then all the Bookes to be bought of warlike discipline, which the learned call Tacticks.

*Tho.* Ticktacks.[217]—If your worship would take my Counsell, considering the league at *Barwick*[218] and the late expeditions, wee may find some of these things in the North or else speake with some reform'd Captaine, though he bee a Catholike; and it may bee wee may have them at cheaper rates.

*Un.* 'Tis true, Thomas: but I must change the lynings of the breeches, for I love to bee cleanly.

*Tho.* So you may, Sir; and have the fowling of them yourselfe.

*Un.* Let me see: A leading staffe—

*Tho.* A leaden staffe—

*Un.* A lead'ing staffe.

*Tho.*—ding staffe. Why, a Cane is a leading staffe in a Captaines hand.

*Un.* But I must have tassells, *Thomas*, and such things.

*Tho.* At the harnesse of the Carthorses there are tassells and Bells, too, if you will.

*Un.* Bells? What should I doe with em?

*Tho.* Ring all your companie in.

*Un.* Thou would'st make me a Captaine of a Morris dance. What serve the phifes and Drumms for, prethee?



*Tho.* But does your worship thinke you shall endure the bouncing of the Gunns? I observed you ever kept a way of at the Musters.

*Un.* Thou shalt therefore every morne goe a birding about the house to inure me to the report. By that tyme thou hast kild all my pigeons I shall endure the noise well enough.

*Tho.* But, Sir, you must have a dry Nurse, as many Captaines have. Let me see: I can hire you an old limping decayed Sergeant at *Brainford* that taught the boyes,—he that had his beard sing'd of at the last Muster: hee'le doe it bravely.

*Un.* What must he have?

*Tho.* Alas, twenty pipes[219] of *Barmudas* a day, six flagons of March[220] beere, a quart of Sack in a weeke, for he scornes meate; and the kitching wench to bring the shirt to him and the only band, for Cuffs he gets none but such as his drunkennes procures him with quarrelling.

*Un.* No, I shall be bashfull to learne of a stranger, thou sha't goe seeke out Captaine *Sackburye*.

*Tho.* He that weares no money in his scarlett hose, and when he is drunke is infected with Counsell?

*Un.* The very same; you shall find him at his Lodging in *Fleetstreet* or in the next taverne. Give him this Letter; tell him I desire his Companie this summer in the Country. He shall have a horse of mine, say:—here, give him this gold, too.

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*Tho.* I hope it is gameing gold.

*Un.* He shall read warres to me and fortification.

*Tho.* I can teach you to build a sconce[221], sir.

*Un.* Beside, he is very valiant; he beate me twice when he was drunk, but, poore fellow, I ask'd him forgivenes the next day. Make hast, good *Thomas*, and remember all the Tacticks.

*Tho.* I warrant you, Sir: I know 'em well enough. [*Exit.*

*Un.* So, so; here's Sir *Richard*.

*Enter Sir Richrd Huntlove, his Ladie and Mistresse Dorothy.*

*Sir Rich.* Me thinkes you looke more sprightly since you were made a Captaine.

*Un.* Oh, good Sir *Richard*, indeed my face is the worst part about mee; and yet it will serve at the Muster.

*Do.* Serve! With reverence to the title, I have seene a Generall with a worse Countenance. It is a good leading face, and though you have no cut ore the nose or other visible scarre, which I doubt not but you may receive all in good tyme, it is a quarrelling face and fitt for a man of warre.

*Un.* I thanke you, sweet mistress *Dorothy*: I will commend you as much when you are in the Countrey.—But doe you resolve to goe downe this morning, Sir?

*Sir Rich.* By all meanes: is your sister readie? bid the Coachman make hast, and have a care you leave none of your trinketts behind: after a little dialogue with my scrivenour Ile returne, and then to Coach.

*Lady.* But why this expedition, this posting out of towne as the Aire were infected?

*Sir Rich.* The[222] truth is, my sweet Ladie, we have no Exchange in the Country, no playes, no Masques, no Lord Maiors day, no gulls nor gallifoists[223]. Not so many Ladies to visit and weare out my Coach wheeles, no dainty Madams in Childbedd to set you a longing when you come home to lie in with the same fashion'd Curtaines and hangings, such curious silver Andirons, Cupbord of plate and pictures. You may goe to Church in the Countrey without a new Satten gowne, and play at penny gleeke[224] with a Justice of peaces wife and the parsons; show your white hand with but one Diamond when you carve and not be asham'd to weare your owne wedding ring with the old poesie. There are no Doctors to make you sick wife; no legends of lies brought home by yong gallants that fill my Dyning roome with fleas and new fashions, that will



write verses upon the handle of your fanne and comend the education of your Monkey, which is so like their worships as they were all of one familie. I have no humour to provokeing meates; I will downe and enter into a Christian diett, Madam. There is sport in killing my owne partridge and pheasant; my Trowtes will cost me less than your Lobsters and crayfish drest with amber greece<sup>[225]</sup>, and I may renew my acquaintance with mutton and bold chines of beefe; entertaine my tenants, that would pay for my housekeeping all the yeere and thanke my worship at Christmas, over and above their rents, with Turkies and Beeves of supererogation. You may guesse I have some reason to change the aire, wife, and so I leave you to prepare your selfe: You have my purpose and may expect mee.

[Exit.

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*Lady.* However he may pretend, and point at charge  
Which makes his stay unpleasant, 'tis his Jealousie  
That strikes him into wildnes and dislike  
Of all things here: he does not use mee well.  
—Where is my sister?

*Do.* In the Closet, Madam. —I must waite upon my Ladie, sweete Captaine.

[*Exeunt Lady & Dorothy.*]

*Un.* This Wench has a notable witt, if I have any Judgment: I doe not thinke but shee's in love with me. If I thought shee were not given to be with child I would examine her abilities; but these waiting women are so fruitfull, when they have a good turne from a gentleman they have not the vertue of concealment: touch a Chambermaide and take a Child, —everything workes with their soluble bodies.

*Enter Monsir Device.*

*De.* Noble Mr. *Underwitt*!

*Un.* I know not whome you meane, sir: he that comands the family in chiefe, hath been honor'd with a sword and “rise Sir *Richard*” (who is but my father in lawe[226] to a[nd?] by a former wife): for Mr. *Underwitt*, whome to salute you humbled your Cloth a gold Dublet, I ken not the wight.

*De.* Doe not you know mee, noble Sir?

*Un.* Upon even tearmes I may call your name to memorie, but if you understand not my addition[227] it is honourable to forgett the best friend I have.

*De.* What's the mistry of this? Your addition? pray honour me to know it.

*Un.* He that was Mr. *Underwit* is made a Captaine; you may, if you please, take notice of his title.

*De.* I beg your mercy, noble Captaine, and congratulate your addition of honour. It was Ignorance which, I professe, made me salute you with a wrong preface. Now, Capt., I shall bee proud to march under the ensigne of your favour.

*Un.* Friend *Device*, how does thy body? I am thy vassall; servant is for porters, watermen & lacquies, & is no witt neither. You preserve your tropes and your elegancies? What fancies doe adorne to-day? If I were a Constable I might apprehend you for suspition you had robd a pedlar. Does this thatchd cottage head hold still in fashion? What paid you for this dead mans hair? Where's your night rail[228]? The last time I saw you was in *Fleetstreet*, when at Complement and bare to an other

gentleman. I tooke him for a Barber and I thought you by the wide lynnen about your neck [to] have been under correction in the suds[229], sir.

*De.* Wee are govern'd by the Mode, as waters by the Moone; but there are more changes in th'one than t'other. But does your Comand extend to the Sea or the land service?

*Un.* I never see the Sea in my life, sir, nor intend it.

*De.* You are not the first Captaine that has seene no service: 'tis time lost to travell for't when a man may bee a Comander at home. I never traveld myselfe.



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*Un.* No, Sir?

*De.* And yet I understand garbes, from the elevation of your pole to the most humble galosh.

*Un.* Can your hanches play well in these close cut breeches? they want but a pummell to distinguish 'em from Trousers[230].

*De.* O sir, there is a perfect geometry in these breeches; you doe not observe the morality of your fancie, nor the gentile play and poize of your Lemon, Orange or Melon: this is gentry. Why, I understand all the curiosities of the Mode to a Mathematicall point, and yet I never travaild in all my life for't.

*Un.* These are extraordinary parts. Alas, a Captaine has but fifty or a hundred at most to looke after, and all they have not so much witt as your *French* Lacquey. And what need any travaile to instruct them? I can teach them their motions by word of mouth: when they come to fight, my Countrymen will retreate naturally.

*Enter Ladie and her Sister.*

*Lady.* Now in revenge could I bee rich, but that I would not be a prisoner to my Chamber. These superstitions will make women doe Strange things sometymes.

*Sis.* Of whome doe you thinke he should be jealous, sister?

*Lady.* Of Duke *Eneas* in the hanging.

*Sis.* I hope he has no suspition of my servants,  
That, under the pretence of formall Courtship  
To mee, should ayme at his dishonour: there's  
One that would weare my livery.

*Lady.* Device?

Hang him, outside! no, my husband loves  
His folly and would have him the state foole,  
His garbes are so ridiculous.

*Sis.* What opinion  
(Still with a confidence of your cleere thoughts)  
Holdes he of the Knight Sir *Francis Courtwell*,  
That often visits us?

*Lady.* Sure a Noble one,  
If I may aske my Innocence; yet I find  
Him very amorous. O my husband loves him;



He is a powerfull man at Court, whose friendship  
Is worth preserving. Sister, I confesse  
His nobleness and person hath prevaild  
With mee to give him still the freest welcome  
My modestie and honor would permitt;  
But if I thought my husband had a scruple  
His visits were not honourable, I  
Should soone declare how much I wish his absence.

*Un.* Your Mistresse and my Lady; I have some Affaires require despatch, ile leave you  
to 'em. [*Exit.*]

*Sis.* My witty servant!

*Lady.* Most pretious Alamode, Monsir *Device*!

*De.* I blesse my lipps with your white handes.

*Lady.* You come to take your leave as knowing by instinct wee have but halfe an hour  
to stay.

*Sis.* Wee are for the Countrey as fast as your *Flanders* mares will trott, sir.

*De.* That's a Solecisme till the Court remove;—are you afraid of the small pox?

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*Sis.* The less the better for a gentlewoman.

*De.* And the greater more genty for a Cavallier. By this glove (a pretty embroidery is't not?) you must not deprive us so soone of your sweet presence. Why, there's a Ball to night in the *Strand* and tomorrow I had a purpose to waite upon you to the pictures; I ha' bespoke regalias[231] there, too. There will be a new play shortly, a pretty Comedy written by a profest Scholler: he scornes to take money[232] for his witt, as the Poetts doe.

*Lady.* He is Charitable to the Actors.

*Sis.* It may be their repentance enough to play it.

*De.* You must needs stay and give your opinion. What will become of me when you are gon, Ladie?

*Lady.* If your devotion catch not cold you may breath your *Barbary* and visit us, where you may be confident of your welcome.

*De.* I dare as soone doubt I was Christned. But pray let us visit the Exchange and take a trifle to weare for my sake before you goe. What say, Madam? my owne Coach is at dore, the lynyng is very rich and the horses are very well matcht.

*Lady.* Alas, wee expect upon my husbands returne to take Coach immediatlie.

*Sis.* But if wee see you in the Countrey you will doe us an honour?

*De.* You invite me to my happines. I can play well o' the kittar; I thinke your musique is but course there; wee'le have a Countrey dance after supper and a song. I can talke loud to a Theorbo[233], too, and thats cald singing. Now, yee shall heare my Ballet.

*Sis.* Did you make a Ballet?

*De.* Oh I, the greatest wit lies that way now; a pittifull Complaint of the Ladies when they were banish'd the Towne[234] with their husbands to their Countrey houses, compeld to change the deere delight of Maske and Revells here for Wassail and windie bagpipes; instead of Silken Fairies tripping in the Banquetting Roome, to see the Clownes sell fish in the hall and ride the wild mare, and such Olimpicks, till the ploughman breake his Crupper, at which the Villagers and plumporidge men boile over while the Dairy maid laments the defect of his Chine and he, poore man, disabled for the trick, endeavours to stifle the noise and company with perfume of sweat instead of Rose water.

*Lady.* This must be our Countrey recreation, too!

*Enter Sir Francis Courtwell.*

*De.* Who is this?

*Lady.* 'Tis Sir *Francis Courtwell*; You cannot choose but know him.—This must bee A favour, Sir, to visit us at parting.

*Sir Fr.* I came with other expectation, Madam, Then to heare this: I could receave no newes So unwelcome. What misfortune doth conclude The Towne so unhappie?

*Lady.* 'Tis my husbands pleasure, Affrighted with some Dreame he had last night; For I can guess no other cause.

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*Sir Fr.* Could hee Bee capable of fright and you so neere him?

*De.* He cannot choose but know me then.—Sir, I kisse your noble hand and shall be stellified in your knowledge.

*Sir Fr.* What thing's this that looks so like a race Nagg trick'd with ribbands?

*Sis.* He is one of my inamoratos, Sir; They call him Mounsir *Device*.

*Sir Fr.* Lady, your faire excuse.—He has, it seemes, Some confidence to prevaile upon your liking That he hath bought so many Bride laces.

*Sis.* You may interpret him a walking mirth.

*Sir Fr.* He moves upon some skrues and may be kinsman To the engine that is drawne about with Cakebread, But that his outside's brighter.

*De.* Sir *Francis Courtwell*.

*Sir Fr.* That's my name, Sir.

*De.* And myne Mounsieur *Device*.

*Sir Fr.* A *Frenchman* Sir?

*De.* No, sir; an *English* Monsier made up by a *Scotch* taylor that was prentice in *France*. I shall write my greatest ambition satisfied if you please to lay your Comands upon mee.

*Sir Fr.* Sweet lady, I beseech you mussell your beagle; I dare not trust my selfe with his folly, and he may deserve more beating then I am willing to bestow at this tyme.

*Sis.* Take truce a little, servant.

*Sir Fr.* Will you consider, Madam, yet how much A wounded hart may suffer?

*Lady.* Still the old busnesse;  
Indeede you make me blush, but I forgive you  
If you will promise to sollicite this  
Unwelcome cause no more.

*Sir Fr.* 'Tis my desire;  
I take no pleasure in a pilgrimage.  
If you instruct a nearer way, 'tis in  
Your will to save your eare the trouble of



My pleading, Madam, if with one soft breath  
You say I'm entertain'd; but for one smile  
That speakes consent you'll make my life your servant.

*Lady.* My husband, Sir—

*Sir Fr.* Deserves not such a treasure to himselfe And starve a noble servant.

*Lady.* You but pleade  
For vanitie: desist, for if I could  
(Forgetting honour and my modestie)  
Allow your wild desires, it were impossible  
That wee should meete more then in thought and shadowes.

*Sir Fr.* If these shadowes, Madam, be but darke enough,  
I shall account it happines to meet you.  
But referr that to opportunitie,  
Which our kind starrs in pittie will sooner offer  
To both our ioyes.

*Lady.* But he is very Jealous.

*Sir Fr.* That word assures my victorie; I never  
Heard any wife accuse her husband of  
Or cold neglect or Jealousie, but she had  
A confirm'd thought within to trick his forehead—  
It is but Justice, Madam, to reward him  
For his suspitious thoughts.



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*Lady.* D'ee thinke it fitt  
To punish his suspition yet perswade  
To act the sinne he feares?

*Sir Fr.* Custome and nature make it less offence  
In women to comitt the deed of pleasure  
Then men to doubt their chastity; this flowing  
From poison'd natures, that excus'd by fraielyty.  
Yet I have heard the way to cure the scare  
Has bin the deed; at truth the scruples vanish.  
I speake not, Madam, with a thought to suffer  
A foule breath whisper your white name; for he  
That dares traduce it must beleieve me dead,  
Or my fame twisted with your honour must not  
Have pitty on the Accusers blood.

*Device.* I will attend you in the Countrey;  
I take my leave and kiss your ivory hand;  
Madam, and yours. *Sir Francis*, your obliged.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Fr.* You bless me with this promise.  
—How can you, lady, suffer this impertinent  
Afflict you thus?

[*Ex. Lad.*

*Sis.* Alas, my parrat's dead and he supplies the prattle: ith' spring and fall he will save  
me charge of phisick in purgeing Melancholy.

*Sir Fr.* If you dare  
Accept a servant, Ladie, upon my  
Comends, I should present a kinsman t'ee  
Who sha'not want a fortune nor, I hope,  
A meritt to possesse your faire opinion.

*Sis.* You doe not say he is handsome all this while, and that's a maine consideration. I  
wod not have a man so tall as a Mast, that I must clyme the shroudes to kisse him, nor  
so much a dwarfe that I must use a multiplying glass to know the proportion of his  
limbes. A great man is a great house with too much garret and his head full of nothing  
but lumber: if he be too round agen hees only fitt to be hung upp in a Christall glasse.  
The truth is the man I love must please me at first sight; if he take my eye I may take  
more tyme to examine his talent.



*Sir Fr.* Do you but grace him with accesse and aske your owne fancie, Ladie, how you can affect him. Ile not despaire if he were cur'd of modesty, which is the whole fault in his behaviour; but he may passe without contempt.

*Do.* That modestie is a foule fault.

*Enter Captaine Underwitt.*

*Un.* Come away, Cosen; Sir *Richard's* come and calls for you; the Coachman is ready to mount. Noble Sir *Richard*, because you may not loose breath, you may call me a Captaine, please you, a Captaine o' the train'd band.

*Sis.* 'Tis very certaine.

*Sir Fr.* I congratulate your title, Sir.

*Un.* If you come into the Countrey you shall see me doe as much with my leading staff as another.

*Sir Fr.* You wonot thrash your men?

*Un.* If I did 'tis not the first time I ha thrash'd. If I find my Souldiers tractable they shall find me but a reasonable Captaine.

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*Enter Sir Richard [and] Lady.*

*Sir Rich.* Sir *Francis*, I am sorrie the violence of my affaires wonot let me entertaine you to my wishes. Pray honour us with your presence in the Countrey, if you can dispence with your employments, when I shall satisfie for this haste of my departure.

*Sir Fr.* I shall attend you, Sir, and present a kinsman of mine to this virgin Ladie: he is like to be Master of no narrow fortune. It was my busines at this tyme only to prepare his accesse.

*Sir Rich.* He shall have my vote for your sake, Sir *Francis*. Come, Madam.

*Sir Fr.* Ile waite upon you to the Coach and take my leave.

*Un.* Sweet Mistresse *Doritye*.

[*Exeunt.*

*Act the Second.*

*Enter Captaine Sackburie, reading a Letter, and Thomas.*

*Capt.* Hum—hum—Where's the gold?

*Tho.* Here, Sir; one, two, three, fowre, and five.

*Cap.* Thou hast learnd the Cinque pace[235], *Tho*: is the gold weight?

*Tho.* I hope so, Sir.

*Cap.* Hum—into the Country;—thou hast a horse, too?

*Tho.* Not about me, Sir, but he is ready, all but brideling and sadling, at our Inne, Captaine. My master sayes you shalbe troubled with no horse but his.

*Cap.* Why, is he lame?

*Tho.* What? *Truehunt*, the black nag with three white feete? he lame? You meane that I ride upon my selfe.

*Cap.* Hum,—'make hast as you will preserve the reputation of your true friend and servant:'—so, so—Comend me to him, *Thomas*; I wonot faile to visit him.

*Tho.* You may demand the Nag, if you ask for *Humfrey* the Ostler, by the same token he has bin there this foure dayes and had but one peck of provender.





*Cap.* Enough I wonot faile, I say. Farewell, honest *Tom a Lincolne*, farewell: comend me to the traind band.

*Tho.* Pray doe not fall a drinking and forgett it: bu'oy[236], noble Captaine.

[Exit.

*Enter Mr. Courtwell.*

*Cap.* My expectation of the Lawz well mett!

*Cou.* I am glad to see you, Captaine.

*Cap.* Is thy sight perfect?  
Thy poring upon statutes and booke cases  
Makes me suspecte. But dost thou thinke to bee  
A Dominus factotum on the Bench,  
And be a Civill Lawyer?

*Cou.* You are merry.

*Cap.* Tis more then thou hast been this twelvemonth: th'ast  
Lost thy Complexion with too much study.  
Why, thou shalt be an heire and rule the rost  
Of halfe a shire, and thy father would but Dye once;  
Come to the Sizes with a band of Janisaries  
To equall the Grand Signor, all thy tenants,  
That shall at their owne charge make themselves fine

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And march like Cavaliers with tilting feathers,  
Gaudy as *Agamemnons*[237] in the play:  
After whome thou, like *St. George* a horseback  
Or the high Sheriff, shall make the Cuntrey people  
Fall downe in adoration of thy Crooper  
And silver stirrup, my right worshipfull.  
A pox a buckram and the baggage in't!  
Papers defil'd with Court hand and long dashes,  
Or Secretarie lines that stradle more  
Then *Frenchmen* and lesse wholesome to the Client.  
Is thy head to be fild with Proclamations,  
Rejoynders and hard words beyond the *Alchemist*[238]?  
Be ruld, and live like a fine gentleman  
That may have haukes and hounds and whores and horses,  
And then thou art fitt Companie.

*Cou.* You talke wildlie;  
I wou'd you saw your Errour that place all  
Your happinesse upon such course delights.  
I should degenerate too much and forfeit  
My education.

*Cap.* Education! he has gott a tune:  
I doe not thinke but thou wilt leave thy law  
And exercise thy talent in composeing  
Some treatises against long haire and drinking  
That most unchristian weed yclipt tobacco;  
Preach to the puisnes[239] of the Inne sobrietie,  
And abstinence from shaveing of lewd Baylies  
That will come shortlie to your Chamber doores  
And there with reverence entreat your worships  
Come forth and be arrested,—precious tappoles!  
I wo'd not willingly despaire of thee,  
For thy Lands sake and cause I am thy Countreyman.  
One generous Vagarie, and thou wer't wise,  
Would breake somebodies hart within a sennight,  
And then th'art Lord of all. Have but the grace  
To dine wo' mee at taverne and ile tell  
Thy friends there is some hope.



*Cou.* My friends?

*Cap.* Thy father's  
In *Essex*: if he live heele purchase *Romford*;  
If he die sooner then the towne's our owne;  
Spend but an acre a day and thou maist live  
Till all the world be wearie of thee. Betweene  
Us two, what thincke you of a wench?

*Cou.* Nothing.

*Cap.* You meane one wench betweene us two is nothing.  
I know a hundred Leverets[240], things that will  
Bound like a dancer on the rope and kiss thee  
Into thy naturall complexion:  
A sinner that shall clime thee like a squirrell.

*Cou.* And crack me like a Nutt. I ha no kernell To spare for her sweet tooth.

*Cap.* That was a metaphor: hee's not desperate!

*Cou.* Buoy, my deere Captaine.

*Cap.* Wy, farewell, Countreyman: I may live yet to witnes thy conversion. [*Exit.*

*Enter a Footeman.*

*Cou.* How does my uncle?

*Fo.* He desires presentlie To speake with you at his lodging.

*Cou.* Ile attend him.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE 2.]

*Enter Captaine Underwit and Thomas.*

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*Un.* And hast thou been carefull of all those things I gave charge to be provided?

*Tho.* There is a note of the particulars.

*Un.* Tis very well done, *Thomas*.—Let me see: Imprimis—

*Tho.* The Captaine wonot faile to be w'ee, sir. He was not at his lodging; and inquiring at the *Horne* tavern, I heard he had been there with two or three Cittizens that ow'd him mony.

*Un.* That he owde mony to.

*Tho.* Tis all one, I thinke, Sir; for when Captaines have not pay, the creditors may pay themselves. Here they said he did mollifie the hart of the haberdashers and dranke himselfe a little mellowe ere they parted, which gave me some hope I might find him ere night at the *Divell*, where indeed I fetcht him out of the fire and gave him your Letter.

*Un.* And the gold too?

*Tho.* That was the first word he read; if you did not write it in text he could not have found it out so soone. His eye was no sooner in the inside but his arme flew out with an open mouth and his very fingers cryed “give me the gold”! which presumeing to be weight he put in his hocas pocas, a little dormer under his right skirt; and so takeing his word to come downe and turning over your horse to him, with caution not to be drunk and forgett your worship, I tooke my leave and went about my Inventorie.

*Un.* Theis things are very right, *Thomas*. Let me see now the bookes of Martiall discipline.

*Tho.* I bought up all that I found have relation to warr and fighting.

*Un.* That was weldone.—Item: *The Sword Salve*.

*Tho.* This I conceiv'd to have the vertue of *Achilles* speare: if you bee hurt you need goe no further then the blade for a Surgeon.

*Un.* The *Buckler of Faith*.

*Tho.* You had the sword before, Sir.

*Un.* A *Booke of Mortification*.

*Tho.* I, Sir, that is a kind of killing which I thought very necessary for a Captaine.

*Un.* Item: the *Gunpowder Treason* and the *Booke of Cannons*.

*Tho.* I wod not lett any shott scape mee.

*Un.* *Shakespeares Workes.*—*Why Shakespeares Workes?*

*Tho.* I had nothing for the pikemen before.

*Un.* They are plays.

*Tho.* Are not all your musterings in the Countrey so, Sir? Pray, read on.

*Un.* *Bellarmines Controversie* in six tomes.

*Tho.* That I took upon the Stationers word, who had been a pretty Schollar at Paules; for the word *Bellarmino*, he said, did comprehend warr, weapons and words of defiance. Ill words provoke men to draw their sword, and fighting makes an end of the busines; and all this is controversy. Pray, goe on, Sir.

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*Un.* Two paire of Tables.—Tables for what?

*Tho.* Oh, sir, for ticktack. You know it was in my note, which though I doubted at first, yet considering you were newly made a Cap: I conceiv'd it was fitt you should learne to sett and or[d]er your men.

*Un.* Tacticks, man: thou didst mistake, they are bookes of warre.

*Tho.* You cannot know these from bookes as they are painted, I warrant you.

*Un.* Why, dost thou thinke theis will make a Souldier?

*Tho.* Not of themselves, Sir, and therefore I provided: please you read on, Sir.

*Un.* *Parsons Resolutions* and *Felthams Resolves*[241].

*Tho.* All is nothing I knew, Sir, without resolution.

*Un.* Summa totalis three and twenty poundes nyneteene shillings and sevenpence.—Thou hast undone mee.

*Tho.* If you doe not like the pennyworths tis but the charges of my selfe and a horse agen to *London*. I will lose but the three odd pounds 19s and 7d: it may be you doe not understand these Authors: when the Captaine comes he will expound 'em to you.

*Un.* What a Coxcombe have I to my man! but I dare not be angry with him. Well, carry 'em into my study, *Thomas*.

[*Ext. Tho.*

*Enter Device.*

*De.* Most honor'd Captaine.

*Un.* My compleat Monsier *Device*, this is a grace to us. You come to visit your Mistres my Cosen. As if by instinct she had knowledge of your

[*Enter Ladie and Sister, & Dorothy.*  
approach, she is come to meet you.—Shall I never get opportunitie with that shee waiter! If I gett her with Child my man *Thomas* shall marry her.

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.* Sir, the Captaine is new alighted.

*Un.* Gett a bottle of sack up to my Chamber presently.



[Ext. *Underwit & Thomas.*

*La.* You are a gentleman of your word.

*Sis.* And such a gentleman is to be trusted, Madam.

*De.* He is an Infidell that will breake his word with a Ladie.

*Sis.* I suspect, servant, you have many Mistresses.

*De.* Not I, by this white hand. I must acknowledge there are some Ladies in the Court in whose eyes and opinion I am favour'd. I cannot obscure my selfe from their observation; but my heart with contempt of all other endearment is only devoted to your service.

*Sis.* Is't not a charge to dresse your selfe with such variety of Ribbands every day?

*De.* Is that your scruple? Tis the Mode to express our fancie upon every occasion; to shew the turne and present state of our hope or feares in our Affection. Your colours to an understanding Lover carry the interpretation of the hart as plainely as wee express our meaning one to another in Characters. Shall I decipher my Colours to you now? Here is Azure and Peach: Azure is constant, and Peach is love; which signifies my constant Affection.

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*Sis.* This is very pretty.

*De.* Oh, it saves the trouble of writing, where the Mistres and Servant are learned in this amorous blazon. Yesterday I wore Folimort, Grisdelin and Isabella: Folimort is withered, Grisdelin is absent, and Isabella is beauty, which put together express I did wither or languish for your absent beautie.

*Sis.* But is there any reason for theis distinctions?

*De.* Yes, Lady: for example, your Follimort is a withred leafe, which doth moralise a decay: your yellow is joy, because—

*La.* Why, yellow, Sir, is Jealous.

*De.* No, your Lemon colour, a pale kind of yellow, is Jealous; your yellow is perfect joy. Your white is Death, your milke white innocence, your black mourning, your orange spitefull, your flesh colour lascivious, your maides blush envied, your red is defiance, your gold is avaritious, your straw plenty, your greene hope, your sea greene inconstant, your violet religious, your willow forsaken.

*Sis.* We may then comitt a solecisme and be strangely interpreted by such curious expounders in the rash election and wearing of our colours, I p[er]ceave.

*La.* Tis pittty but there should be some bookes for our instruction in this art.

*De.* Your Hieroglyphick was the *Egyptian* wisdom, your *Hebrew* was the Cabala, your *Roman* had your Simball or impresse; but they are now obsolete, your embleme trite and conspicuous, your invention of Character and Alphabetical key tedious and not delightfull, your motto or rebus too open and demonstrative: but the science and curiosity of your Colours in Ribbands is not only instructive but an ornament and the nearest Comentator of Love; for as Love is entertain'd first by the eye, or, to speake more plaine, as the object affected is tooke in first by these opticks which receive the species of the thing colord & beautifide, so it is answerable to nature that in the progresse of our passion we should distinguish by our eye the change or constancy of our affections in apt and significant colours.

*Sis.* You have tooke paines to study this learn'd heraldry.

*De.* It is the onely gentile knowledge or philosophie in the world. I will undertake to open any man or womans hart.

*La.* Heaven forbid!

*De.* Tell the most secret imaginations and signes conclude every passion and scruple, if they be carefull to observe the artificiall method of their colours.



*Sis.* Why, this may be a way of fortune telling too.

*De.* You say right, Lady: physiognomy and chiromancy are but trifles; nay, your geomancie meere coniecturall, the execution of your schemes circumstantiall and fallible, but your quaint alamode weare of your fancie more then astrologicall.

*La.* Tis a kind of Divinitie.

*De.* You say very true, Madam, and comes neere to propheticall if the minds of Ladies and gentlemen were elevated to the just and sublime consideration.



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*Sis.* What paines he takes to be ridiculous!

*Do.* This gentleman has a notable fancie and talkes poetically.

*Sis.* Yes, yes; he can write verses.

*Do.* Well, I have read Authors in my dayes and knew the length of the poets in my tyme too, which was an hexameter and which a pentameter, but the wits are not as they have been—right and strait.

*Sis.* Why, *Doroty*?

*Do.* Why, because wind is the cause of many things; now if the wind bee not in the right corner tis the ill wind our proverbe speakes of that blowes nobodie good; for when vapors and wind flie into the head it cannot be in two places at one time: and that's the reason your men of most wit doe seldome love a woman.—But here comes my Master and *Sir Francis*.

*Enter Sir Richard and Sir Francis, and Mr. Courtwell.*

*Ri.* This is a double honour to us, *Sir Francis*. I shall want language, but not a friendly hart to entertaine you and your noble kinsman. What my exquisite Cavalier *Device*!—tis to no purpose I see to remove into the Countrey to save charges and be quiet; the whole Citty will come hither if I stay. I have no stomach to my kn't.

*Fra.* I hope, madam, you will be no enemy to my kinsman.

*Ri.* Sister, I present this gentleman; observe and cherish him; he has been i'th Universitie.

*Sis.* Any degree, Sir?

*Co.* Onely Bachelour, forsooth!

*Ri.* If he winne you to marriage, Lady quicksilver—

*Sis.* He wilbe Master of his Art.

*Ri.* My vote is for him.

*De.*—I like not the induction of this rivall.

*Ri.* He studies now the law, And thats the high way to preferment, Sister.



*Sis.* Indeed it is the high way in which some  
Deliver up their purses. He may clime  
To scarlet, but that he has too good a face.

*De.* Sir, I hope—

*Ri.* Troth, do not, Sir,—I meane, trouble yourself:  
He is too bashfull to prevaile upon  
Your spirited mistres!

*Enter Mr. Engine.*

*En.* Sir Richard.

*Ri.* More customers? Mr. *Engine*, welcome; Your presence was unexpected in the  
Countrey.

*En.* Twas my ambition with some intents To serve you, sir. Please you vouchsafe your  
privacie, I bring Affaires are worth your entertainment: I have rid hard.

*Cou.* What Cavallier's this, Uncle?

*Fra.* He is the inventor of new proiects, cosen, They say, and patents; one that lives like  
a moth Upon the Common wealth.

*Cou.* He lookes like one.

*Ric.* You will excuse me, gentlemen.—Make much of Sir *Francis*, Madam.

*Ext.* [*Sir Richard and Engine.*



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*Fra.* Weele leave my Nephew and your sister, Madam, And take a turne i'th garden.

*Sis.* You may be confident.

*[Exeunt Sir Francis, Lady, and Dorothy.]*

*De.*—I doe not like the fancie in his hat; That gules is warre and will be ominous.

*Ext. [Device.]*

*Sis.* The gentleman's turnd statue! blesse me how  
He staires upon me and takes roote, I thinke.  
It mooves, and now to earth is fixt agen;  
Oh, now it walkes and sadly marches this way.  
Is't not a ghost? heele fright me. Oh, sweet sir,  
Speake if you can and say who murderd you.  
It points at me: my eyes? ungentle eyes  
To kill so at first sight! Ile have my lookes  
Arraigned for't and small *Cupid* shall be judg,  
Who for your sake will make me blind as he is.

*Co.* Ladie—

*Sis.* The man's alive agen and has  
A tongue! discretion guide it; he but sent  
His soule forth of an arrand; tis returnd,  
Now wee shall have some sentences.

*Co.* Such are the strange varieties in love, Such heates, such desperate coldes,—

*Sis.* No more winter, and you love me, unlesse you can command the colepits; we have  
had a hard tyme on't already for want of fuell.

*Co.* I'me all turnd eares and, Lady, long to heare you,  
But pressing to you doubt I am too neare you.  
Then I would speake, but cannot; nought affordes  
Expression, th'Alphabet's too poore for wordes:  
He that knowes Love knowes well that every hower  
Love's glad, Love's sad, Love's sweet—

*Sis.* And sometymes sower. Theis wordes would goe well to a tune; pray letts heare  
you sing. I doe not thinke but you can make me a ioynture of fower nobles a yeare in  
Balletts, in lamentable balletts; for your wit I thinke lies tragicall. Did you make the  
*Ladies Downefall*[242]. You expresse a passion rarely, but pray leave Your couplets  
and say something in blanck verse Before you goe.



Co. Before I goe? breath not that killing language:  
There is no sunne but in your eyes, and when  
I once take leave of those celestiall beames  
I meet with darkenes in my habitation;  
Where stretch'd on sable ground I downe shall lay  
My mournefull body, and with folded Armes  
Heare sadder noats uppon the *Irish* harpe[243]  
And drop division with my brinish teares.[244]

Sis. This must be lamentable musick sure!

Co. But I have found an art to cure this wound,  
For I with fancies pencill will so draw  
Your picture in the table of my hart,  
Your absence shall but like darke shadowes stand  
To sett you of and see you, Lady, better  
Then Love will lett me when I looke upon you.

Sis. Could this be true and meant, sweet sir, to me,  
I should be kinder then the gentlest spring  
That warms the world and makes fierce beasts so tame  
And trees to swell themselves to cheerefull greene;  
More jocund then the proudest quire of birds,  
What ere they be that in the woods so wide  
Doe sing their merry catches.—Sure he does  
But counterfeit.



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Co. Oh, now I see that Love Is sweet as flowers in their fragrant birth, Gentle as silke, and kind as Cloudes to Earth?

Sis. One rime more and you undoe my love for ever. Out upon't! pedlars *French*[245] is a Christian language to this. I had rather you should put me a case out of *Littleton*. They say you are a pretty Lawyer.

Co. Tenant[246] per la Curtesie d'Engleterre est, hon home prent feme seisie in fee simple ou en fee taile generall, ou seisie come heire de la taile speciall et ad issue per mesme la fame, male ou female, oies ou wife, soit lissue apres mort ou en vie si la feme de aie, la baron tiendra la terre durant sa vie, per la ley dengleterre.

Sis. Nay, here's enough a Conscience! What a Noise this confusion of languages make; tis almost as good as a beare baiting. Harke you, Sir, you are never like to recover me by law.

Co. You are not the first sweet Ladie has been overthrowne at Common Lawe.

Sis. Not by tenn thousand, Sir. Confest: but I have no mind to come to issue with a Lawyer; when he should consider my cause at home, heele be at *Westminster*, teaching men the Statutes. No, no, I wo'not marry a Judge.

Co. Why, Lady?

Sis. They are casuall things and men that hold such strange opinions.

Co. Lady, you may be misinform'd: *Astraea*  
Hath not quite left the earth, and the abuses  
Of some which shame the calling are but like  
Patches of beauty on the shape of lawe  
To set the whitenes of.

Sis. Farewell, Sir:  
You are in love with a barrd gown, not beauty;  
If you will be my learned Counsell, leave it  
—This yong thing is a foole or a fine fellow. [*Exit*.

Co. She kicks and flings out like a Colt unwayed;  
Her witt's a better portion then her money;  
I would not love her yet, and I could help it.—  
My Uncle and his Mistres: Ile not hinder em.

[*Ex*.

[SCENE 3.]



*Enter Sir Francis and Ladie.*

*La.* It is no honour, Sir, if arm'd with so  
Much eloquence you overcome a woman.  
I blush to say I love you now too much;  
I wish you would release what your sweet charmes  
Won from my tongue; I shall repent my promise.

*Fra.* Make me not miserable after so much blessing.  
Why, Madam, tis on honourable tearmes,  
Since not upon the first attempt but after  
A tedious seige in to your faire love you give up  
What shall enrich us both. It were a sinne  
To feare you can retract what both our lipps  
Have seal'd, and loose a happines so neare  
And so secure. Your husband holds his pleasure  
Of early hunting constant, and when he  
Pursues the tymerous hare to morrow morne,  
*Cupid* will waite to bring me to *Elizium*,  
Your bed, where every kisse shall new create us.

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*La.* You must be wise in your excuse, to quit His importunitie.

*Fra.* Leave that to me:

I weare not worth the name of him that serv'd you  
To loose my glorious hope for want of such  
A thinne device. In your thought wish me prosper,  
And I am fortifide against the power  
Of fate to seperate us; and when thou art  
Within the amorous circle of my armes,  
We will make lawes to love; teach him new motion  
Or chaine[247] him with the cordage of his haire,  
Like a tame thing, to walke, and watch our pillow  
And be our pleasures Centinell.

*La.* I see My husband; tis not safe he should observe us: Be wise and constant. [*Exit Lady.*]

*Fra.* All that's sweet attend thee.

So I am sailing now to my owne *Indies*,  
And see the happie Coast, too: How my wings  
Doe spread to catch the wind which comes to court 'em,  
And the green Sea, enamour'd on my barke,  
Doth leap to see how *Cupid* sitts at helme.  
And steeres my soule to his new world.

*Enter Sir Richard and Engine.*

*Ri.* A monopolie say you For Perriwigs?

*En.* Is't not a rare designe? and by such art  
And reasons I can name, most beneficiall  
To the common wealth, preventing the diseases  
Which some unwholsome haire breeds in mens heads,  
It will be worth our agitation, Sir;  
And you, after the rate of every thousand  
Per Annum milk'd out of the comon purse  
Into your owne, may easily defaulke  
To me a hundred for my first projection.  
Did I not love you, Sir, I could make choice  
Of other able men that would be glad  
To multiplie their money.

*Ri.* Sir, I thanke you,  
But have no mind to thrive upon abuse of





My princes favour nor the peoples curse.  
Here is a gentleman, Sir *Francis Courtwell*,  
Perhapps will undertake it.

*Fra.* What, Sir *Richard*?

*Ri.* A Monopolie for composeing and selling of perriwiggs.

*Fra.* Excuse me, Sir, I dare not deale in 'em.  
If I be not mistaken, Sir, your name  
Is *Engine*?

*En.* Yes, Sir.

*Fra.* The projector generall?  
If I may advise you, Sir, you should make your will,  
Take some convenient phisick and dye tymely  
To save your credit, and an execution:  
It is thought else—

*En.* Oh—

*Fra.* What aile you, Sir?

*En.* A Megrim in my head.

*Ri.* Whoes there?

*Enter Thomas.*

Looke to Mr. *Engine* heere, he faints, and send  
To your Ladie for some Cordiall waters presently.

*Tho.* There is a Sovereigne Well hard by has done  
Strange cures: please you, ile throw him into that.

*Ext. [Thomas; carrying away Engine.]*

*Ri.* Though I distast his busines I wod not  
He should miscarry here; you frighted him.  
But come, I thinke tis supper tyme, Sir *Francis*.  
I shall expect youle hunt with me i'th morning;  
I have a pack of Doggs sent me will make  
The Forrest ring.



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*Fra.* Ile cheerefully attend you, I love the sport; as earlie as you please, Sir.

*Ri.* I wish wee had all pleasures to delight you, But no thing wants in my true love to serve you.

*Fra.*—Yet I must cuckold him; I cannot helpe it.

*Act the Third.*

*Enter Thomas with Sir Richards bootes.*

*Tho.* Sir.

*Within Ri.* Whoes that? *Thomas?*

*Tho.* The sun is up before you. Here be your bootes.

*Ri.* That's well.

*Within La.* I preethe donot rise yet; it is hardly day. Sirra, who bid you call him so earlie? *Sir Richard* wonot rise yet.

*Tho.* I cannot helpe it, it is none of my fault.

*La.* Wheres *Doroty?*

*[Enter Doroty.*

*Do.* Here, Madam; what make you up so soone, *Thomas?*

*Tho.* O Mistres *Dority*, tis e'ne long of you, for betweene sleepe and awake your remembrance came to me this morning, and *Thomas* was up presently.

*Enter Sir Richard [& Lady].*

*Ri.* You must excuse me, wife;  
I meane to kill a brace of hares before  
You thinke tis day. Come, on with my Bootes, *Thomas*;  
And *Dorothy* goe you to Sir *Francis* Chamber,  
Tell him the Day growes old and I am readie,  
Our horses and the merry hounds expect us.

*La.* Any excuse to leave me.

*Ri.* You may take  
Your ease a bed still, Madam. Ile not loose



One morning that invites so pleasantly,  
To heare my Doggs, for a new Maidenhead, I.  
Twas for these sports and my excess of charge  
I left the towne: besides the Citty foggs  
And steame of Brick hills almost stifled me;  
This Aire is pure and all my owne.

*Tho.* My Ladie  
Meanes shee would have you gett another heire,  
Sir, for your lands; though it be against my Master  
The young Captaine, yet she speakes but reason.  
And now I talke o'th Captaine, Sir,  
Would you had given him Counsell.

*Ri.* To what?

*Tho.* Before he tooke this huffing[248] trade upon him,  
To have been a man of peace, I meane a Justice.  
Nature has made him fit for both alike.  
Hee's now at charge to keepe a Captaine Schoolemaster;  
He might have sav'd the qua[r]teridge of his Tutor  
If I had been his Clarke: and then the income  
That broken heads bring in, and new yeares guifts  
From soder'd virgins and their shee provintialls  
Whose warren must be licenc'd from our office!

*Ri.* Away you prating knave.—

[Enter Dorothy.

What? is he readie?

*Do.* Alas, hee's almost dead.

*Ri.* How? dead?

*Do.* He has been troubled with a fitt o'th stone, Sir, all this night. Sweet gentleman he groanes, And sweates, and cannot—



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*Ri.* What?

*Do.* Make urine, Sir.

*Tho.* I heard my Ladie has an excellent Receipt to cure the Stone; she is a peece Of a rare Surgeon.

*Ri.* Well, away and get the horses readie, sirra, For I shall ride you and your witt together.

*Tho.* Alas, any foole may ride me, but I would faine see any man ride Mistres *Dorothy*.

*Do.* How, sirra?

[*Exit Thomas.*

*Ri.* I am sorry I must leave such a Companion.  
But more lament the cause. I wish him health;  
My presence cannot serve him. Morrow, wife:  
I cannot lose my sport. [*Exit.*

*Do.* Nor shee when you are gone. My Lady does expect another hunt's up.

*La.* Now I must trust thy secresie.

*Do.* You shall not doubt me, Madam, and t'assure you  
My faith, I have a suit to your Ladiship  
Whose grant, were there no other bonds upon me,  
Would tye me everlastinglie to silence.

*La.* What ist? but name, and I shall soone confirme thee.

*Do.* Our Captaine o'th traind band has been offering  
To chaffer Maidenheads with me. I must  
Confesse I can affect the foole upon  
Good tearmes, and could devise a plott to noose  
My amorous woodcock, if you privatlie  
Assist me and dare trust me with some Jewell  
Of price, that is not knowne, which shalbe faithfully  
Restor'd Madam.

*La.* I that dare trust my honour with thee sha'not  
Suspect thy faith in any treasure else.  
But prethe draw the Curtains close, while I  
Expect this friend: I needes must hide my blushes.  
Thou maist discover from the Gallory windowe



When they are hors'd. I tremble to consider  
What I have promis'd.

*Do.* Tremble to meet a Ghost!  
You are more fearefull then a Virgin, Madam.  
Why this setts me a longing; but ile watch:  
This is the timerous world of flesh and blood.

[Exit.

*Enter Sir Richard.*

*La. within.* Alas!  
What doe you meane? retire for heavens sake!  
My husband is not gone, I heare his voice yet;  
This rashnes will undoe my fame for ever  
Should he returne.

*Ri.* How's this?  
"Returne for heavens sake! my husband is not gone:  
I heard his voice; this will undoe my fame!"  
It was my wife, and this is sure my bed chamber.

*La. (looking forth.)* I have undone my selfe; it is my husband.

*Ri.* My forehead sweats: Where are you, Madam?  
Whome did you talke too or take me for? ha! Asleepe  
Alreadie, or doe I dreame? I am all wonder.  
Madam,—

*La.* You may kill him and please you, sweet heart; I cannot abide a Blackamore.

*Ri.* How's this, wife?

*La.* Helpe, helpe, deare husband, strangle him with one Of my Lute strings; doe, doe,  
doe.



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*Ri.* If shee be a sleepe she was not us'd to talke thus: She has some hideous dreame. She spake to me, to; Whom should I strangle, sweet hart, with a lute string?

*La.* The King of *Morocco*, I thinke.

*Ri.* Tis so, she dreames. What strange Chimeras wee Doe fancie in our sleepe! I were best wake her. Madam, Madam!

*La.* O Murder, Murder!

*Ri.* Sweet heart, Madam, wake!

*La.* Whoes that?

*Ri.* Tis I.

*La.* Sir *Richard*? Oh you have delivered me From such a dreame I quake to thinke upon't.

*Ri.* I must confesse you frighted me at first.

*Enter Dorothy.*

*Do.*—My Master come back? if he had found the [sic] Sir *Francis* here!

*Ri.* How now? art thou frightened too?

*Do.* Frighted, quoth a! Oh, Madam, the key of the Closet quickly. I must have some Cordiall water for Sir *Francis*; I feare this fitt will kill him.

*La.* Alas, good gentleman! make hast.

*Do.*—His appearance would betray all: I thus prevent it.

*La.* Nay, sweet hart, you sha'not leave me till I ha told  
What a cruell Dreame I had. Methought a king  
Of Blackamores was in love with me, and haveing  
By flattering Courtship drawne me to his bed chamber,  
With my consent or force swore to enjoy mee.  
I knew not by what reasons to divert  
The Ravisher, but told him that I heard  
Thy voice, and bid him if he lov'd his life  
Retire, for thou wouldst deere revenge my honour.  
But he pursueing me, I cry'd out Murder!  
At which sad noise methought I saw thee enter,



But, having nere a sword, I counsell'd thee  
To strangle him with a Lute string, for which cruelty  
Of mine, me thought he threw an Arrow at me,  
Which, if thou hadst not wak'd me as thou didst,  
Would as I slept with my strong feares ha killd me.

*Ri.* This was the King of *Morocco*: well, I'me glad I came to take away thy fright.

*La.* But, sweet, you left me with a resolution To hunt this morning. Have you done already?

*Ri.* The theeves prevented me. My Stable has been rob'd to night; two geldings And my roane Nagg are vanished.

*La.* How?

*Ri.* Nay, doe not thou vexe:  
I have sent hue and cry that may oretake 'em.  
But come, Ile leave thee to my glasse,  
And visit Sir *Francis* now shees return'd.—

[*Enter Dorothy.*

How does our Noble guest?

*Do.* Hees pretty well: he has voided one stone since And now finds ease.

*Ri.* Tis well: attend your Mistres. [*Exit.*

*La.* O, wench, I had almost undone my selfe, Come o'tother side, reach me that peticote; Ile tell the storie as I make me ready.

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*Ex[eun]t.*

[SCENE 2.]

*Enter Device, Sister.*

*Sis.* Ist possible you can talke thus and be no travailer?

*De.* I have traveld in my fancie, Ladie, and with the Muses, and do for my recreation of witt compose some wonders in verse, poetically essaies, as once upon the report of a heate that was in *Egipt*.

*Sis.* Lets heare 'em.

*De.* In Countreys I have been  
Under the Equinoctiall, where I have seene  
The Sunne disperse such a prodigious heat  
That made our sive-like skins to raine with sweat.  
Men would have given for an Ecclipse their lives,  
Or one whisper of Aire; yet each man strives  
To throw up grasse, feathers, nay women, too,  
To find the wind: all falls like lead, none blew.  
The Dogstarre spits new fire till't came to passe  
Each eye became his neighbours burning glasse.  
Leane men did burne to ashes presentlie,  
Fatt men did wast to leane Anatomye;  
Young womens heat did gett themselves with child,  
For none but they themselves themselves defild;  
Old women naturally to witches turne,  
And onely rubbing one another burne.  
The beasts were bak'd, skin turnd to crust, they say,  
And fishes in the River boild away.  
Birds in the aire were rosted and not burn'd,  
For, as they fell downe, all the way they turn'd.

*Sis.* Most excellent!

*De.* I have seene Larkes in that motion at fire With an Engine of packthread perpendicular.

*Sis.* What would they have given for a shower in those Cuntries?

*De.* Now you talke of a Shower you shall heare Another coppie of Verses that I made Of a mighty raine which fell once in the *Indies*.





*Sis.* That you made? If you will venture your lungs let me heare more impossible stories to passe away the tyme.

*De.* Heaven did not weepe, but in its swelling eye  
Whole Seas of Rhume and moist Catarrs did lie,  
Which so bespauld the lower world, men see  
Corne blasted and the fruit of every tree;  
Aire was condenst to water gainst their wish,  
And all their foule was turn'd to flying Fish;  
Like watermen they throng'd to ply a fare,  
As though it had been navigable Aire.  
Beasts lost the naturall motion of each limbe,  
Forgott to goe with practiseing to swime:  
A trout now here you would not thinke how soone  
Taken and drest for th'Emperour o'the Moone,  
The fixed Starres, though to our eyes were missing  
Wee knew yet were by their continuall hissing.  
Weomen were mermaides sailing with the wind,  
The greatest miracle was fish behind:  
But men were all kept chast against their wish,  
And could comitt but the cold sin of fish\_.

*Sis.* And that synne would puzzle all the Civell Lawyers in the kingdome. Sinns of the flesh they are perfect in; they know well enough what belongs to Adultery and simple fornication, but you would much improve and oblige the practise of the Court, if you could bring this sinne of fish under the Commission. But now, I hope, the raine is over we shall have faire weather.

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*De.* Now I can tell you, Lady, what a strange frost was in one part of the world—

*Sis.* I shall cry out fire if you doe; I had rather have some discourse to keepe me warm still.

*De.* Or how the whole world was troubled with the wind Collick.

*Sis.* No more Earthquakes, I beseech you. Some frends of myne lost a great deale of land the last terme, and for ought I know tis never like to be recover'd. Why, all these verses you have honourd me to heare were translated out of *French*.

*De.* You say very right, Lady.

*Sis.* No, no; they are out of *Spanish*, as I remember.

*De.* I thinke it be out of *Spanish*, indeed.

*Sis.* Or else the *Italian*.

*De.* Troth, I know not which very well.

*Sis.* And yet you made 'em! Some gentlemen have the faculty to make verses and forgett what language was the Originall: tis Alamode, I confesse, sir.

*De.* Thers the mischiefe in poetry: a man might have told 200 lies in prose upon his owne name, and never miscaried.—But, leaving these rude rymes, Ladie, how do you like the novice that Sir *Richard* comended.

*Sis.* Mr. *Courtwell*?

*De.* Is he not a pretty Chrisome[249]? I could not choose but laugh to observe in what rurall deportment he came to salute you, that should have made his address in theis postures.

*Sis.* Tis enough, sir; I apprehend what you would doe. The truth is, touching that thing in black, I doe not love him.

*De.* I know't; tis impossible.

*Sis.* Why is't impossible? The man's a pretty indifferent meaning man, but I must have one of a more active spiritt. No, no, the man's a Coward.

*De.* He looks like one.

*Sis.* I put him to't, he dares not fight; and he that expects my favour to so high a degree as marriage must be none of my lord Maiors whifflers[250]; he must be valiant in



Armes. I am not taken with a ring or Caskanet, as some avaritious Ladies; he that presents me with the sword of his rivall is more welcome then all the silken soft natur'd six hundreds a yeere, that will be baffeld in their best clothes and goe downe into the Country every Vacacon like Attorneys to be beaten against next terme and get damage by it, but I forget some affaires that concerne me. I take my leave. Your deserts upon me are eminent and many, and for all your noble services I—will promise you nothing: you apprehend me?

*De.* O, sweet Lady, tis too much.

*Sis.* I am so weary I can stay no longer w'ee. [*Exit.*

*De.* You make mee over happie.—So, so; the matters done. I may write my friends. *Hum:* well thought upon! I shall leave her joyes without any bound to entertaine me if I first beat this foolish rivall of mine and present her with his sword. She assures me he dares not fight: it shall be so. Thus with one baffling and disarming him I shall secure my Mistresse and get the reputation of a fighting Cavallier, which may save me many a knock hereafter among men of strong faith that shall heare how much honour I have elsewhere taken upon the ticket.



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[SCENE 3.]

*Enter Captaine and Underwit.*

*Un.* Stand right to your files, make even your rankes, silence!  
Front to the right hand.

As you were.

To the right hand about.

By the left hand.

As you were.

Rankes to the right double.

Rankes as you were.

Rankes to the left double.

Midlemen to the right hand double the front; as you were,—to the left,  
—double the front; middle-men to the right entire [or[251] by division]  
double the front; files to the right,—to the left,—to the right hand  
countermarch,—to the right,—to the left,—wheele about—

*Cap.* Ran tan: enough,—you must not wast your lunges  
Too much at once. March faire and make a Captaine.  
When these words of Command are rotten (rooted?) wee  
Will sowe some other military seeds.  
You beare[252] a braine and memory.

*Un.* I hope so.

[*Cap.*[253]] And now you are chose a Captaine for your Countrey  
You must give good example to your Soldiers  
And cherish nature after exercise:  
You must drinke sack, sack is a fortifier.  
Come, wee'le to the taverne.

*Un.* With all my heart.

[*Enter Mr. Courtwell.*

Here's Mr. *Courtwell*: lett's take him with us.

*Cap.* My costive Countrey man? hee's an Anabaptist: he wonot drinke, and yet kist the  
Cupp of last night, me thought, when his Mistres— drank to him: wee'le try. How ist,  
my man of mortall breeding?

*Cou.* My man of warre, trebonn.—Your servant, Captaine.



*Cap.* Why, this was spoke like one of us; canst doo't  
Agen? thy voice is more authentick, soundes  
As I have heard a Cavalliers in taverne,  
Or like the merry master of the *Dragon*,  
Small *Neptune*, that controlls the rich Canaries,  
When he Comaunds the Tritons of his cellar  
'Skud, and bring wine, you varlotts, with a flavour  
For my Nobilitie.' Wee were conspiring  
To goe to'th taverne.

*Cou.* Ile make one, gentlemen, to wash away some melancholy.

*Cap.* Spoke boldlie, like an *Argonaute*.

*Cou.* I am not now in *London*,  
Upon a hall day marching with the puisnes,  
Twenty on's in a teame, to *Westminster*  
In our torne gownes, embroiderd with *Strand* dirt,  
To heare the Law.

*Cap.* Is not thy father dead, thou talkst so well? How I was cosend in thee: come away.

*Enter Thomas.*

*Un.* Here's my man *Thomas*.

*Cap.* Now the Newes, Sir *Tristram*.

*Tho.* Oh the Gentleman is mad.

*Un.* What gentleman?

*Tho.* Why, Mr. Engine that did faint last night.

*Un.* With feare of being hang'd for his projections.

*Cou.* My Uncle told me of him.

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*Cap.* Let him to Bedlam\_ then; what makes he here? Clean straw and a good whip are held restoratives.

*Tho.* He walkes and talkes the madliest; twenty midwives  
Are nothing to him, he drownes all their noise.  
His tongue is twenty ring of Bells, and yett  
He seemes so merry.

*Enter Engine.*

*En.* Save you, gentlemen, gallants, Cavalliers. How farre travell you: me thinkes you are very finely accomodated. Are you a Doctor, sir?

*Cap.* No, but I can tell you how to purge, and please you.

*En.* You say very well. Troth, gentlemen you must pardon me: cry you mercy, your name is Captaine *Underwit*.

*Un.* Yes, sir, but my mother came of the *Over-muches* by the *Peake*. She broke my father's hart, and Sir *Richard* buried her: things must be as please the starres.

*En.* What thinke you of the blazeing starre in *Germany*? according to *Ptolmy* tis very strange. Does the race hold at *Newmarket* for the Cup[254]? When is the Cocking, gentlemen? There are a parcell of rare Jewells to be sold now, and a man had money. I doe meane to build a very fine house next summer and fish ponds. What did you heare of the new play. I am afraid the witts are broke; there be men will make affidavit that [they] have not heard a good jest since *Tarleton*[255] dyed. Pray, may I crave your name, sir?

*Cou.* My name is *Courtwell*, sir.

*En.* In your eare; I have a cast of the best Marlins[256] in England, but I am resolv'd to goe no more by water but in my Coach. Did you ever see the great ship?[257]

*Cap.* I have been one of twenty that have dind in her lanterne.

*En.* It may be so; she is a good sailer. But ile tell you one thing: I intend to have the best pack of hounds in *Europe*; Sir Richard loves the sport well. And then if I can but find out the reason of the loadstone I were happie and would write *Non Ultra*.

*Cap.* The philosophers stone were better in my opinion. Have you no project to gett that?

*Cou.* That has startled him: I doubt this fellow does but counterfeit.



*Un.* What thinke you of the Dromedary that was to be seene at the back side[258] of the *Bell*.

*En.* I have seene a stranger beast.

*Cap.* So have I; I have seene you before now, sir.

*En.* Why then, ile tell you: the strangest beast that ever I saw was an Ostridge that eate up the Iron mynes. But now you talke of birds I saw an Elephant beat a Taylor in the fenceing schoole at his owne weapon.

*Tho.* The *Spanish* needle?

*En.* He did out eat him in bread, and that was miraculous. I have seene a Catamountaine[259] once; but all was nothing to the wench that turnd round and thred needles.

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*Cou.* Troth, sir, I thinke you have turnd round, too, and are not settled yet.

*En.* Now you talke of setling I knew a gentleman, that was borne to a good fortune, sold all his land, went to sea in a *Hollander*, was taken by the *Dunkirke*; at seaven yeares end stole away in an *English* botome; after that saw both the *Indies*; for all this was taken by a *Turks* man of warre, put into the Gallies, and for ought I heare by credible report is not settled yet.

*Tho.* Sure he is a great scholler; a man cannot understand him.

*Un.* His braines are out of tune.

*En.* Now you talke of Musick theres no man in the world loves musick better then I,—ile give you the reason: I have been deafe almost this halfe yeare, and it came with a cold sitting up a primero.

*Co.* Now you talke of the cold it puts me in mind of the new device of fire for brewing and bakeing. Had you no hand in the project?

*Cap.* Againe hees startled: come, he shall to taverne with us and confess all. If he do not strip his soule stark naked to us, say I am no fortune teller.—Please you to honour our society: we are going to indulge at the taverne hard by.

*En.* You shall comand me, sir. Oh the Neats tongues and partargoes that I have eaten at Stillyard, but of all things in the world I do not love a black catt: next a brewers cart, there's nothing will stay a man so much in the night as a Constables. One word before you go, and I beseech you give me your opinion cleerely: was not the *Morocco* Ambasadour a very fine gentleman for a pagan?

*Cap.* Yes, surely, and the lead mines in *Darbishire* hold still for the Allom businesses. But come; will you walke, Sir?

*En.* I do use to goe a foote sometymes but when I ride; and then I must confesse there is no striving with the streame. You were in *London* lately: they say the people are more affected to beare baiting then in former tyme.

*Cap.* There are some a late are drawne like beares to the stake; but for your owne part the gout and the grand pox are all one to you. What price beare[s] meat in the shambles?

*En.* Flesh rises and falls as it us'd to doe, sir; but a Countrey life is the best when all's done. What thinke you of a bridg from *Lion* key to *Flaunders*? You may guess I talke at randum, gentlemen; but you must not interpret all foolish discourse a distemper of the braine: Lords would take it for a *Scandalum Magnatum* and your Ladies would bee angry too.





*Enter Sir Francis and Lady.*

Now you talke of Ladies—

*Cap.* By no meanes, Mr. *Engin*; that gentleman loves you not. Come, ile bring up the rere. Where's *Thomas*?

*[Exeunt Underwit, Captain, Courtwell and Engine.]*

*Tho.* Ile follow, sir.—I would give my fower marks a yeare that I could talke like that mad gentleman. Hee's here and there and everywhere. How will his tongue run when his Coggs are oild; theile drench him! *[Exit.]*



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*Fra.* Although I mist a happines, I applaud Your nimble wit that securd both our honours. You have an excellent Instrument too o' your gentlewoman.

*La.* Oh she deliver'd to the life how you  
Were troubled with the Stone. At first I did  
Beleev't my selfe, and thinke of the sad consequence.  
But tyme is pretious now: although our Starres  
Have not been yet propitious to our meeting  
Ile try my art to night to make 'em shine.  
With happie influence on our Loves.

*Fra.* Most excellent Madam, how?

*La.* Ile not engage Your visit to my chamber, since the first Prov'd so unfortunate, but come to youres.

*Fra.* This night? wonot your husband be at home.

*La.* Yes.

*Fra.* You enjoy but one bed.

*La.* Without witchcraft, sir,  
I have a stratageme to delude my husband  
And all his jealous waking eyes, a plott  
That cannot faile if you dare but expect me.

*Fra.* I grow immortall with my hopes and fancie  
More than the worlds most pretious Empire in  
Our first embrace. I should runne back into  
An Infant once agen, and by degrees  
And tyme grow up to meet so vast a happines.  
Ages in expectation spent were poore  
And easy sufferings weigh'd against this triumph!  
Methinkes I am not man but something of  
A more exalted essence: humane nature  
Hath not capacity to understand  
And owne theis spacious blessings.

*La.* No more rapture;  
But with the confidence of a lover spread  
Your equall thoughts, and in your heart and armes  
Prepare an entertainment for that guest  
That hath no life or name but what you give.



A kisse! and leave our soules to thinke upon  
The joyes this night attend us.

*Fra.* Sullen day, Do not tire now; tis downehill all the way.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Act the Fourth.*

[SCENE 1.[260]]

*[Captain,[261] Underwit, Courtwell and Musicians,  
discovered in the Tavern.]*

*Capt.* Come, my *Apollos*, my *Orpheuses* or my *Bacchus* his Minst[rels], which, to leave poetick expressions, in broader phrase is Taverne fiders, some of your new tunes, my Masters; doe you heare?

1. Do you meane Mr. *Adson's*[262] new ayres, Sir?

*Cap.* I, Sir; but they are such phantasticall ayres as it putts a Poet out of his witts to rhyme to them; but let mee heare.

1 *Play.*

*Capt.* No, I doe not like that.

1 *Play againe.*

*Capt.* Nor that. (*Play againe*)—No, no, no, neither.

1. An't please your Worship, Mr. *Capt.*, our Boyes can singe songs to these.

*Cap.* No, no, saveing your presence, your Boyes have nothing, sarreverence,[263] but Love songs, and I hate those monstruously, to make thinges appeare better then they are, and that is but *deceptio Visus*, which after some embraceings the parties see presently what it is.

*The Musique Playes.*



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*(Hee sings and reeks and fillips all the time with his finger, then sayees:)*

Cap. I, I, this thumping tune I like a life; a Song, a Song to it!

*One Singes.  
This Song.*

*The Juice of Spanish squeez'd Grapes is It That makes a dull Braine so full of witt; The Lemonades cleere sparkling wine The grosser witts too, doth much refine. Then to bee foxd[264] it is no crime, Since thickest and dull Braines It makes sublime. The Stillyards Reanish wine and Divells white, Who doth not in them sometimes take delight? If with Mimique Gestures you'le keep you from sadnes, Then drinke lusty Clarett twill put you in Madnes; And then to settle you no hopes in Beer But wholesome Potts of Scotch ale though its deere.*

Cap. But looke you, Child, you say the Divells white in your Song. You have beene ill catechiz'd, Boy, for a *White Divell* is but a poetick fiction[265]; for the Divell, God bless us, Child, is blacke.

Boy. No, Captaine, I say white wine at the Divell.

Cap. That's true; thats a good Boy, indeed. *Underwit*, lend mee a Peice to give these harmonious men there. And now begon, my Masters, without noise, for I will have no more fiddle-faddle for my money, no tunes of supererrogation after the Musickall Bill is paid.

*[Exeunt[266] omnes.*

*[SCENE 2.]*

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.* They are all drunke already, and such Confusion in their heads and tongues, my master kisses the next man and calls him Mistres *Dorothy*; Mr. *Courtwell*, possest with the spiritt of defiance to *Cupid*, is ready to beat him for being in love; my Projector dead drunk in a Chaire, and the Captaine peepeing into his mouth like a tooth drawer and powring downe sack which he feeles not, but his chapps shut againe like a spring lock till he returne with a key to open his teeth, to poure in the next health.

*Enter Courtwell.*

*Cou.* My Cloake and sword, Drawer.

*Tho.* Tis here, sir.



*Cou.* Thou art a pretty fellow; here's half a Crowne, say I am gone *Thomas*.

*Tho.* You are pretty well.

*Enter Captaine and Underwit.*

*Un.* What shalls doe with him; this Engine burnes like *Etna*.

*Cap.* Throw him into the River.

*Un.* Hee's able to mull the *Thames* well, for my owne part would Mistresse *Dorothy* were here to open her files.

*Cou.* Did you not name a woman. I will have no mention of any thing that's female.

*Un.* May not a man talke of Sack?

*Cap.* Sack is a soveraigne medicine.

*Un.* Oh very Soveraigne.

*Cap.* Is it not *hic et hec* sack, both for he and she. Stay, is my Countryman gone? come hither, *Thomas*; do you thinke I am drunke?



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*Tho.* Truly, Captaine, I cannot tell.

*Cap.* You cannot tell? there's your ignorance. Drink is a vice I am as little given to as another man, for I doe abhorre it in my selfe. I do wonder how any reasonable man can be drunk; therefore every wise man take Counsell and example by me, and he may see very plainely what an odious thing it is; for you must follow your leader, and vertue, which is an Antient—

*Tho.* Vertue an Antient?

*Cap.* I, an Antient old gentlewoman that is growne very poore, and nobodie knowes where she dwells very hard to find her out, especially for a Capt.; you will find it very difficult for a Livetenent. But wee will endeavour the best wee can; you see my courses, I have travel'd to find her out, and I could never yet see her at a baudihouse.

*Un.* Who is to be seene at a baudihouse? to the right hand countermarch.

*Tho.* He talkes of vertue, sir.

*Un.* Vertue? she never comes there; why do you thinke she should be there, Captaine?

*Cap.* Why, because she is an old gentlewoman and might keepe the house.

*Tho.* Alas, Captaine, Mistris *Vertue* is poore and leane.

*Cap.* Nay, then she is not fit to be a baud, but tell me did you ever see her, or if so did you ever doo't with her?

*Un.* No, but twas none of my fault; I know not what I may do in time when she understands the wordes of Command.

*Tho.* He does not meane Mistris *Dorothy*: but, Captaine, I would faine know the reason why your baudes are so fat still.

*Cap.* A plaine case: they lie fallow and get hart, then they keepe themselves so in health and so soluble with stewd prunes; and then sipping of sack is a great matter to fatten 'em. But they are as good people as a man shall keepe company withall, and bring up the young gentlewomen so vertuously. I came into one of their houses tother day for a carreere, and I found the baud sick upon her death bed, very religious and much given to repentance for those poore sins she had comitted. When she had taken order for her soule, she told me the young gentlewoman I look'd for was in the next roome; and desiring her upon her blessing to give me content, she turnes herselfe to the wall and gives up the ghost very privatly, because she was loth to trouble us.

*Un.* By your relation theis appeare to be very good people. What if we went to visit one of these Matrons? I have a great mind—

*Cap.* Wy, now you speake like an understanding soldier, and one that may come to something in the end. Lett us therefore march on.

*Un.* March on to *Venus* Warres.

*Cap.* For you know, *Thomas*, that the Spider and the Bee, the Spider and the Bee, do both—something, but in troth I have forgott what tis.

*Un.* Tis no matter what; let us goe.



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*Cap.* Goe? no more but goe? though I be a Captaine, if I be not chosen in this imployment—

*Tho.* What, then, Captaine?

*Cap.* Why, then—I cannot goe.

*Tho.* Very right; but wo' not those young gentlewomen you talk'd of give a man something to make a man afraid of pepper upon occasion?

*Cap.* You will be prating so long till I breake your head for pretending to that which you have not, sirra.

*Tho.* Alas, I never had it in my life.

*Un.* What's that, Captaine?

*Cap.* Wit, I talke of wit.

*Un.* Who has any wit? does my man offer to have wit?

*Cap.* Nay, take no offence at it, for I meant none to either of you by this sack. Drawer, give me my oath, cannot you drinke without wit? cannot you game without wit?

*Un.* And yet by your favour the gamesters are cald the wits now.

*Cap.* Tis no wit to cozen; confederacy and dishonesty will doo't without wit. Ile iustifie it: do not you know the receit of Cozenage? take an ounce of knavery at the least,—and confederacie is but so many knaves put together,—then you must take a very fine young Codling heire and pound him as small as you can.

*Un.* And what then, Captaine?

*Cap.* Why, then you must cozen him.

*Un.* But which way?

*Cap.* Which way? Why, which way you will: is not cozen him enough? thou art a pretty fellow, ile talke with thee. Thy name's *Thomas*; take heed, I say still, *Thomas*, of being drunke, for it doth drowne the mortall soule; and yours cannot swim, *Thomas*,—can it?

*Tho.* Not as I know, Captaine; if it scape fire tis as much as I looke for.

*Within Eng.* Oh—oh—

*Cap.* What's that?





*Tho.* Tis Mr. *Engine* recovered from his dead sleepe. [*Exit.*

*Un.* D'ee heare, Captaine, for all this I have a great mind to a wench, and a wench I must have if there be one above ground. Oh *London, London*, thou art full of frank tenements, give me *London*. Shall we wheele about yet?

*Cap.* Give you *London*? Wo'nott *Cheapeside* serve your turne, or the *Exchange*?

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.* Oh, gentlemen, Mr. *Engine* is surely bewitch'd.

*Cap.* What, what's the matter? bring the witch and Mr. *Engine* before us.

*Tho.* He does vomit the strangest things yonder.

*Cap.* Did not I say, murder will out?

*Tho.* I thinke he has eaten and drunke nothing but Monopolies, and too hard to be digested they come up againe.

*Within Eng.* Oh!

*Tho.* Harke, I must hold his head. [*Exit.*

*Cap.* Did not I tell you something would come out?



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*Tho.* Pins, pins, they lay across his throat. I told you he was bewitch'd. Heyday! cards and dice, out with 'em, the Divells a gamester and paies the box soundly—Now, now, now.

*Un.* Whats that?

*Tho.* Tis something clammy,—now,—oh, tis sope!

*Cap.* Sope? give a man leave to wash his mouth.

*Un.* Does not the lyme burne his throat, *Thomas*?

*Tho.* Alas, poore gentleman, something now agen is ready to strangle him; out with em, —hides, hides,—it was the hornes stuck in his gullett.

*Within.* Oh—

*Tho.* Well straind; what a foule stomach he has! open your mouth, Mr. *Engine*.

*Cap.* Throw downe a pottlepot.

*Tho.* I have, sir, and it has come up full of medium wine; if you have any charity come and helpe me to hold his head; now agen!

*Within.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Un.* This is very strange, Captaine; the man is certainly enchanted.

*Tho.* Master, master, tis *Shrovetuesday*[267] and the prentices are pulling downe *Covent Garden*; the Brickes come as whole out as if he had swallowed Cherristones. Hey! will you take Tobacco in the Roll? here is a whole shiplading of *Bermudas* and one little twopenny paper of berrinas, with a superscription 'To my very loving friends the Custome-house.'

*Cap.* Put up that for a relique, *Thomas*, and open it upon high dayes to clear the sore eyes of our *Spanish* Marchants. *Thomas*, no more, but call the Drawer, an understanding Drawer and one that writes orthographie.

[*Enter Drawer.*

—Sirra, I charge you set a padlock upon that Chamber doore; there is a dangerous fellow must be brought to his purgation. And looke all the goods that he hath vomitted be forthcomeing, while we discreetly goe and enforme the Magistrates.—At your perill, sirra, at your perill seale up the Doore; and do you pay the reckoninge.



*Un.* Sir *Richard* is a Justice. There's your money, and yet wee need not pay; the gentleman hath left enough for the Reckoning in the next Roome.

*Un.* I ha made him fast, you are very welcome, gentlemen. All's paid in the Percullis.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

*Enter Courtwell and Sister.*

*Sis.* Ile walke no further; if you have a secret To impart, you need not feare this place; the trees And hedges will not listen. What's the business? I hope your phlegmatick stock of verse is spent.

*Cou.* Why then in prose, the worst that I can speake in, I doe not love you, Lady.

*Sis.* How? you ha not Traind me thus farr to tell me that?

*Cou.* You are  
Of all your sex the poorest emptiest trifle,  
And one with whome tis most impossible  
I ere should change Affection; theres nothing  
To invite me too't, not so much as that  
Wee call a seeming reason, upon which  
All Love is built, seeming, I say, not it,  
My understanding Ladie.



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*Sis.* You thinke I am very dull that you expound  
Your witt thus, but it needes no Comentator,  
Not by the Author, tis so very plaine;  
But to despise me most of all the sexe  
Is something oversaid. Though I affect  
No flattery, I hate uncivill Language.  
You do not meane to quarrell, now you have  
Betraid me to the feilds, and beat me, Sir?

*Cou.* What is there in your face more to attract mee  
Then that Red Cowes complexion? Why the Divell  
Do you thinke I should dote upon your person?  
That thing when she is stroak'd gives milke.

*Sis.* By that  
I understand all this revenge, because  
You thinke I did neglect you. Pray, sir, tell me,  
And tell me seriouslie, put the Case that I  
Should love you now, could not you love agen?

*Cou.* In troth I thinke I could not.

*Sis.* You do but thinke.

*Cou.* Nay, ile bind it with an oath before the parish, And when I have given my reasons,  
too, the Clarke Shall praise me fort and say Amen.

*Sis.* What reasons?

*Cou.* I shall be very loath  
To say your eyes are twinckling Starres agen,  
Your lipps twin cherries and out blush the rubie,  
Your azure veines vye beauty with the Saphire  
Or that your swelling breasts are hills of Ivory,  
Pillowes for Jove to rest his amorous head,  
When my owne Conscience tells me that *Bunhill*  
Is worth a hundred on 'em, and but *Higate*  
Compar'd with 'em is Paradise. I thanke you;  
Ile not be vext and squeez'd about a rime  
Or in a verse that's blanke, as I must be,  
Whine love unto[268] a tune.

*Sis.* This all your feare?



*Cou.* No, I doe feare to loose my tyme, my businesse, And my witts too, jolting them all away To waite on you in prouder Coaches.

*Sis.* Is this all?

*Cou.* To spend my selfe to nothing and be laugh'd at  
By all the world when I shall come at last  
To this reward for all my services,  
To bee your lay Court Chaplaine and say gravely  
A hastie grace before your windowes breakfast.

*Sis.* But how  
Came you thus cur'd? You were a passionate  
(I may say) foole, in hope you will deserve it.  
What phisick tooke you that hath thus restor'd you?

*Cou.* A little sack had power to cure this madnes.

*Sis.* I hope you are not sober yet, the humour May change when you ha slept.

*Cou.* Ile rather stick My Eyelids up with Sisters[269] thread and stare Perpetually.

*Sis.* Then you may see me agen.

*Cou.* I thinke I sha'not, unless it be to wonder,  
When you are in the Ivie bush, that face  
Cut upon Tafata, that creame and prunes,  
So many plums in white broth, that scutcheon of  
Pretence powderd with ermines. Now I looke upon't,  
With those black patches it does put me in mind  
Of a white soule with sinns upon't, and frights me.  
How sell you grapes? Your haire[270] does curle in bunches;  
You[r] lipps looke like the parsons glebe, full of  
Red, blew and yellow flowers; how they are chopt  
And looke like trenches made to draine the meadowe.

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*Sis.* This rudenes Is beyond the manners of a gentleman.

*Cou.* I cannot helpe it, and I hope you thinke so.

*Sis.* I am confirm'd that now I am forsaken, But if your passion have not drownd all reason I pray let us part civilly.

*Cou.* With all my heart; I dare then take my leave, to[o].

*Sis.* Whoe's there?

*Cou.* Where?

*Sis.* Behind that tree?

*Cou.* You have no plott to accuse me for a rape? Twas at the worst but felony, for cherries That look'd as they had been a fortnight gather'd.

*Sis.* I know youle bring me home in Curtesie.

*Cou.* Not I, I wo' not trust my selfe; and you Will hardly meet a worse to interrupt you. Fare you well, Ladie.—Do you see that Bull?

*Sis.* Yes, Sir.

*Cou.* That is a happie beast

*Sis.* Why happie, sir?

*Cou.* He writes no verses to his Mistresse, is  
Not cosend nor forsworne to gett her favour,  
Bestowes no rings nor empties his Exchequer  
To appear still in new rich suites, but lives  
Free o' the stock of Nature, yet loves none.  
Like the great *Turke* he walkes in his Seraglio,  
And doth command which concubine best pleases;  
When he has done he falls to graze or sleepe,  
And makes as he had never knowne the Dun,  
White, Red or Brindled Cowe.

*Sis.* You are unmanly.

*Cou.* Nay, I know you will raile now; I shall like it.  
Call me a scurvy fellow, proud and saucie,  
An ill bred, crooked Clowne; ile here this rather



Then live upon your pittie. And yet doe not;  
For, if you raile, too, men that know you can  
Dissemble, may beleieve you love me, and  
Tis not my ayme.

*Sis.* You are a fine man!

*Cou.* I am in my best clothes?

*Sis.* I perceave That tis truth now what the world saies of you, And yet tis strange.

*Cou.* 'Twere strange it should be otherwise.

*Sis.* You give your tongue a licence, nor will I hope  
Your malice should spare me abroad that have  
So prodigally abus'd a Ladies fame  
That deserv'd nobly from you; but you men  
Care not whose name you blast with a loose character,  
So you maintaine your pride of talke.

*Cou.* Howe's this?  
It is confess'd I have talk'd in my tyme  
And talk'd too much, but not too much of you;  
For I but seldome thought of such a woman:  
For any other—

*Sis.* Nay, sir, I am satisfied; You can talke your pleasure.

*Cou.* Have I not done it, too?

*Sis.* Yes, by your own report, and with a lady So much in vertue and in birth above you;  
And therefore I expect not—

*Cou.* Stay; this moves me.  
I never tooke a pleasure yet to lie  
With Ladies fames, or ever thought that sport  
Lay in the tongue. Such humours are for men  
That live by brothell offices: let me know  
Who hath traduc'd me to you thus, he shall  
Be knowne no more.



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*Sis.* Ile not be guiltie, sir,  
Of any murder; when we meet agen,  
And you in better humour, I may tell you.  
So farewell, *Gondarino*, [271] nothing's lost  
When you turne *Woman Hater*. [Exit.

*Cou.* She has vext me.  
If we make Matrimony after this rate,  
The Divell is like to dance at our wedding. Ho!

*Enter Device.*

*De.* Hee's here,  
Alone too, and the place most opportune.  
How shall I beginne?—Mr. *Courtwell*, do you love  
Any friend of mine?

*Cou.* Not to my knowledge, Sir; I should be sorry.

*De.* Do not you love a gentlewoman?

*Cou.* If she be a friend of yours ile take the first Occasion to neglect her for your sake.

*De.* It will become your wisdom and your safety.

*Cou.* What mischiefe have done to your face?

*De.* My face?

*Cou.* You looke so scurvily; come hither, thou  
New Monster, with more feet then a Caterpillar;  
What tyme a day ist? you that move upon  
So many wheelles, say, Monsier, are you not  
A walkeing Clock? I have a mighty mind  
To see you tooke a peeces.

*De.* I doe not like this.— You wo'not put me, sir, together againe.

*Cou.* I wo'not take the paines. Why do you smile now?

*De.* At your conceite to thinke I was a Clock: I am a watch, I never strike.—Hee's  
valiant.

*Cou.* You have pretty colours there; are these your Mistresses?





*De.* If you did know the mistery you would applaud 'em. Have you read *Livre de blason*? What meane you?

*Cou.* I will bestow 'em, sir, upon some forehorse? They will become a countrey teame rarely.

*De.* Mor bleu!

Why, you dare fight, it seemes, and I was told  
You were no Cavellier, a very dreame [droane?]  
A wedg for men to breake their swords upon.  
I shall never trust fame agen for your sake.

*Cou.* Thou never cosendst me.

*De.* I was never so illiterate in man.

*Cou.* For I did ever thinke thou durst not fence  
But at a complement; a glittering vapour,  
A thing of clothes and fitt for chambermaides  
To whet their witts upon, but now resolve  
Either to have your skin flead of or fight wo' me  
For troubling my present meditations.

*De.* Why, sir, if you be serious I shall quit  
That prejudice you have upon my valour.  
Looke you, sir, I can draw, and thus provok'd  
I dare chastise you, too. Cause I was merry  
I was not bound to feed your spleen eternally  
With laughter; yet I am not ignorant  
What an advantage, sir, your weapon gives you  
In length.

*Cou.* Wee'le change; why, this is honour in thee.

[*They measure and Device getts both weapons.*]

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*De.* Now, sir, keepe of.

*Cou.* Th'art not so base?

*De.* I never cosen'd you, do you remember? These two will guide me on the rope.

*Cou.* You meane to dance, then?

*De.* Yes, the Canaries,[272] but with quicker tyme Then you, I hope, can follow: thus I begin. Fa, la, la, &c. [*Excurrit.*

*Cou.* What a heathen Coward's this? how the rogue tripps like a fairie to the towne with 'em! He has been a footman, sure; I have not aire enough to overtake him, and twill be darke presently. If I loose the sight on him ile search the towne, and if I find him not there, pursue him with hue and cries and after hang him.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE 4.]

*Enter Sir Francis, a taper prepar'd.*

*Fra.* The sun whose busie eye is still employ'd  
A spie upon our actions, tir'd with waiting,  
Is drowsie gone to bed, about whose pillow  
Night hath hung all her wings and set up tapers  
As if the Day were timerous like a Child  
And must have lights to sleepe by. Welcome all  
The houres that governe pleasure, but be slow  
When you have blest me with my wishes. Time  
And Love should dwell like twins; make this your bower  
And charme the aire to sweetnes and to silence.  
Favour me now and you shall change your states;  
Time shall be old no more, I will contract  
With Destiny, if he will spare his winges  
To give him youth and beauty, that we may  
Find every minute a fresh child of pleasure.  
Love shall be proud to be no more a boy  
But grow to perfect strength and bold consistence[273];  
For when too Active Lovers meet, so happie  
As wee, whose equall flames light to embraces,  
Twill be no weight to number many yeares  
In our delights and thinke all age a blessing.  
But language is to narrow to expresse



What I expect, tis fitt my soule retire  
Till she present her selfe; and, if it can  
Measure my hop'd for ioyes with thought, prepare  
To entertaine the happines.

[Exit.

[SCENE 5.]

*Sir Richard and his Lady abed. Enter Dorothy with a Light.*

*Do.* I have set already my designe a moveing  
To take my Captaine *Underwit*, who in wine  
Was late more feirie upon me. I'th meane tyme  
I cannot choose but laugh at the device  
Wee have to cheat my Master; sure the Divell  
Is a great friend to women that love men,  
He doth so furnish us with quaint inventions.  
Presently after supper she began  
Her fitt othe toothach, and did counterfeit  
So naturally; but since she went to bed  
She almost rav'd by turnes:—I heare her at it.

*La.* Oh—oh, whoe's there?

*Do.* Tis I forsooth, I heard you groane and I Have not the hart to sleepe. Shall I watch by you?

*La.* Oh, no, no, no; get you to bed, make fast the Chamber; I cannot endure the candle.



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*[Dorothy towards the dore putts out the Candle and returns.*

*Ri.* Deare hart be patient.

*La.* I, you have your homilies of patience, but if you had my paine twould make you wild. Oh!

*Ri.* Ile send for the *french* toothdrawer in the morning.

*La.* Oh, there is no rack nor torture like it. What shall I do? I shall never sleepe agen.

*Ri.* Which tooth ist?

*Do.*—The sweet one you may be sure which troubles her.

*La.* This, this, O that there.

*Ri.* They are happie that are old and have no teeth.

*La.* Oh, take heed, now it shoots up to my head.

*Ri.* Thou dost make my head ake with the noise.

*La.* If you knew what I suffer your head would ake indeed. I must rise and walke in the Chamber; there is no remedy.

*Ri.* You will catch more cold.

*La.* Oh, no, no, deere life, do not crosse me; and you were in my torment you would rise and trie any thing for a little ease. It cannot be worse; the paine sure came with a cold, and who knowes but an other cold may cure me.

*Ri.* I prethe come to bed agen.

*La.* So, so, do not troble me; I am now in some little ease; its a heavenly thing to be goeing.

*Ri.* Dost heare?

*La.* Your noise will bring my paine back agen; if you knew what a vexation it were for me to speake, You wo'not put me too't so. If you doe talke I wo'not answere a word more, oh!

*Ri.* Well by this no light ile to *London* tomorrow.

*[She takes Dorothy by the hand and exit.*



Now do I see it is possible that a womans teeth should be as troublesome as her tongue.

*Do.* Oh, oh!

*Ri.* I cannot choose but pittie her, that any woman should hold so much paine in a hollow tooth.

*Do.*—If my Mr. touched with so much compassion should rise and force me to bed with him, I must not cry out a rape; tis at the worst on my side but fornication in my owne defence.

*Ri.* I prethe come to Bed.

*Do.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Ri.* The musick at a convocation of Catts upon a witches upsetting is the spheres to this Catterwalling. I will thrust my head into the pillow, as *Dametas*[274] did in a bush when the beare was a comeing, and then I shanot heare her.

*Do.* Oh, this is a kind of Purgatory for sins of the flesh. If she should fall asleepe with the tother knight it is not possible I should hold out till morning; that which would fright away an Ague would put me into a feare, I shall ha the toothache indeed with counterfeiting; I have knowne some men caught the stammers so; my gums begin to murmure, there is a feare all over my flesh, she will stay so long, and then—



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*Ri. coughs.*—Uh, uh!

*Do.* Oh, oh!—He shift places to shew more distraction; at the worst my noise shall be within his reach; it may give her notice to returne too.

*[Exit.*

[SCENE 6.]

*Sir Francis a sleepe; a table, inke, and paper. Enter Lady.*

*La.* I am full of feares, and my owne motion frights me;  
This furious love is a strange pilot. Sir,  
Where are you? ha! asleepe! can any dulnes  
That is not Death possess a gentleman,  
So valiant in desires, when he expects  
To meete his Mistresse? How I blush to raise him!  
Was I not worth thy waking expectation?  
Farewell; yet something that [like?] a charme that's fastned  
To my poore hart restraines me. Inke and paper!  
He leave him a short monument of this shame  
And my neglected Love. *[Writes.*  
He knowes my hand: farwell, forgetfull Lover.

*[Exit.*

*Fra.* What? have I slept? some witchcraft did betray  
My eyes to so much darkenes; yet my dreame  
Was full of rapture, such as I with all  
My wakeing sence would flie to meet. Me thought  
I saw a thousand Cupids slide from heaven,  
And landing here made this their scene of revells,  
Clapping their golden feathers which kept tyme  
While their owne feet strook musike to their dance,  
As they had trod and touched so many Lutes.  
This done, within a Cloud formd like a Throne,  
She to whom love had consecrate this night,  
My Mistresse, did descend and, comeing toward me,  
My soule that ever wakes, angrie to see  
My body made a prisoner and so mock'd,  
Shook of the chaines of sleepe, least I should loose  
Essentiall pleasure for a dreame. Tis happie;  
I will not trust my selfe with ease and silence,  
But walke and waite her comeing that must bless me.  
Forgive me, you bright starres, and do not frowne



That I have not attended as became  
One that must live by your kind influence.  
Not yet appeared? She did comand I should  
With confidence expect her. Ha! what's here?  
This Character, was not visible before.  
*That man's too much compos'd of phleame  
Will loose his Mistress for a Dreame. [Reades.*  
Tis her's, I know't; she has been here, oh fatall!  
And finding me asleepe scorn'd to uncharme  
My dull and cursed silence. This distracts me:  
Have I so long, with so much Art and study,  
Labour'd this honour, and obtaind what my  
Ambition look'd at, her consent; and when  
The tree it selfe bowed downe its golden fruit  
And tempted me to gather, must I make  
My selfe uncapable and be guilty of  
So black, so base a forfeit? I could teare  
My eyelids of, that durst let in a Mist  
So darke and so destroying, must I sleepe  
At such a tyme that the Divell must be over  
Watche too! This houre hath blasted such a hope

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As the Earth never teemd with nor the spring  
Gave up in smileing blosomes to the breath  
Of those sweet windes that whisper from the West  
A tale of triumph to the yeere. I could  
Dissolve with curseing of my Lathargie.  
How shall I looke upon her face whose love  
And bold adventure I have thus rewarded?  
But passion cannot cure my wound; which must  
Bleed till I see her, and then either cease,  
Blest by her pardon, or dismiss a life  
(Though iust) too poore a Sacrifice for her anger.  
Where shall I hide my selfe and shame for ever!

[Exit.

*The Fifth Act.*

*Enter Sister.*

Sis. I cannot forgett my carelesse gentleman: his neglect and reproaches have wrought strangely upon me.—Hee's here.

*Enter Courtwell.*

Cou. Is there not a weesill crept into your Chamber, lady?

Sis. A weesill, sir?

Cou. A Mounsier sucklegge.

Sis. Do you take my Chamber for a henns neast?

Cou. There is a thing that calls himselfe *Device*,  
One that will break the hart of a post horse  
To continue a hand gallop with him; your Alamode,  
Your fighting faery feather'd footed servant,—  
When saw you him?

Sis. My fighting servant? has he beaten you, sir? Perhapps he thought you were his Rivall; surely I saw him not since yesterday.





*Cou.* Bu'y, Ladie.—  
How many mile ist to the next Cutlers?  
The rogue has pawn'd or sold my sword.  
*[Offers to go forth.]*

*Sis.* Dee heare, sir? I can tell you now what Lady twas you did Abuse so.

*Cou.* I abuse a Ladie! tell me the slave Reported it. I hope twill prove this Mounsieur. If ere we meet agen! Who wast?

*Sis.* Upon condition, sir, you will requite me But with one gentle favour.

*Cou.* Any thing—

*Sis.* You must sitt downe and heare me then while I At a distance thus deliver—

*Cou.* Tis more state.

*Sis.* I am most unfortunate.

*Cou.* In what, deare Damsell?

*Sis.* And much wrongd by a gentleman I lov'd.

*Cou.* Can he be a gentleman that dares Wrong so much love and beauty? what's the offence?

*Sis.* He wo'not love agen.

*Cou.* And you would have The stubborne man corrected?

*Sis.* I would be  
Revengd if I knew how, and honour him  
Should do me Justice.

*Cou.* Name the man; Ile doot.

*Sis.* I cannot.

*Cou.* How?

*Sis.* Yet turne your face: alas, it is yourselfe. I have your word to punish him.

*Cou.* Sweet Ladie,  
I am well acquainted with the worthy gentleman,  
But will not kill nor strike him, for I know  
He has just reason not to love you—you  
Of all your sex; he told me so.



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*Sis.* His reason?

*Cou.* Was in these wordes; suppose you hear him speak it;  
Now do you sit—Lady, when I consider you,  
The perfect frame of what we can call handsome,  
With all your attributes of soule and body,  
Where no addition or detraction can  
By *Cupids* nicer Crittick find a fault,  
Or *Mercury* with your eternall flame;  
And then consider what a thing I am  
To this high Character of you, so low,  
So lost to noble merits, I despaire  
To love a Mistresse cannot love agen.

*Sis.* This is a much dissembled Modesty.

*Cou.* Therefore give me the kinder Chambermaid,  
That will returne me love for my two peeeces  
And give me back twelve pennyworth agen,  
Which is as much as I can well receive;  
So there is thirty and nyne shillings cleere  
Gotten in Love, and much good do her too't;  
I thinke it very well bestow'd.

*Sis.* But if I thinke you worthy, and accept Your service, it destroies this other reason  
For your despaire. Why, I can praise you, too.

*Cou.* No, lett it alone I have other reasons Lady  
Among my papers. But to love or to be in love  
Is to be guld; that's the plaine *English* of *Cupids Latine*.  
Beside, all reverence to the calling, I  
Have vowd never to marry, and you know  
Love may bring a Man toot at last, and therefore  
My fine Gewgaw do not abuse me.

*Sis.* How can I When you will neither Love nor marry me?

*Cou.* I was not made for a husband.

*Sis.* But I would make you.

*Cou.* I know what you would make me.

*Enter Servant.*



*Ser.* Mounsier *Device*, if you be alone, would present his service.

*Cou.* Is he come?

*Sis.* Sir, do me but one favour, ile recant  
My Love, I wonot have so much as one  
Good thought on you; I will neglect you, sir,  
Nay and abuse you, too, if you obscure  
But for three minutes.

*Cou.* Ile have patience so long.

*Sis.* Admitt him.—I wilbe reveng'd o' somebody.— Now, Sir.

*Enter Device.*

*De.* I ha brought you a weapon, Lady.

*La.* Mee, what to do, Sir?

*De.* Tis Justice I present it to your feete Whose love arm[e]d me to vindicate your honour.

*Sis.* My honour?

*De.* This is but the first of my valour in your cause;  
If you affect these Monuments ile make  
You up an Armorie; meane tyme receave  
My Service with this sword: if he provoke me  
To fight with him agen, Ile cut his hand of  
And bring that wo' me to present the next.

*Sis.* Whose hand, deare servant?

*De.* He is not worth the nameing; las, this does not  
Deserve your knowledge. Only thinke what I  
Dare do when your bright name is question[e]d,  
And I in tyme may merit to be cald  
The darling of your virgin thoughts.



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*Sis.* I pray stay.  
My name traduc'd? who was so impudent?  
Do me the grace to let me know on whome  
Your valour had been exercis'd.

*De.* Why, the formall thing *Courtwell*; I would [not] call him  
Gentleman; but that I ha baffled him  
You need no other witnes but his sword  
With that fine holliday hilt, Ladie.

[*She shutts the Doore.*

*Sis.* Looke you, sir, I ha made fast the Doore,  
Because I meane before you goe to have  
A satisfaction for the base injury  
You ha done me.

*De.* I done you injurie!

*Sis.* Not that I value *Courtwell*, whome you would  
Pretend has been to saucy with my honour;  
But, cause I scorne to owne a goodnes should  
Depend upon your sword or vindication,  
Ile fight with you my selfe in this small vollume  
Against your bulke in folio.

*Cou.* Excellent wench!

*De.* I was your Champion, lady.

*Sis.* Ide rather have no fame then heare thee name it.  
Thou fight for a Ladies honour and disarm  
A gentleman, thou! fence before the pageants  
And make roome for the porters, when like Elephants  
They carry once a yeare the Citty Castles,  
Or goe a feasting with the Drum and foot boyes  
To the *Bankeside* and save the Beares a whipping  
That day thou art cudgeld for thy saucy challenging  
A sergeant with one eye, that was to much too.  
Come, Sir, I meane to have a bout with you.

*De.* At that weapon?

*Sis.* This, and no other.



*De.* Ile rather bleed to death then lift a sword  
In my defence, whose inconsiderate brightnes  
May fright the Roses from your cheeke and leave  
The Lillies to lament the rude divorce.  
But were a Man to dare me, and your enemy,  
My rage more nimble then [the] *Median* shaft  
Should flie into his bosome, and your eye  
Change anger into smiles to see me fight  
And cut him into a ragged staffe.

*Enter Courtwell.*

*Cou.* I can hold no longer. You have gott a stomach, Sir, with running; ile try how you can eate a sword.

*De.* Ha you an ambush, Lady? Ile cry out murder. Is two to one faire play?

*Cou.* Let me cut one legg of, to marre his running.

*De.* Hold, let me speake.

*Cou.* What canst thou say for thy baseness?

*De.* Some men loves wit, and can without dishonour  
Endure a jeast. Why, do you thinke I know not  
You were here, and but obscur'd to see my humour.  
I came to waite upon you with your sword, I.

*Cou.* How came you by'te? confesse before this Lady.

*De.* Dost thinke her witts so limber to believe  
I could compell it from thee. Twas a trick,  
A meere conceipt of mirth; thou sha't ha mine.  
Dost thinke I stand upon a sword? Ile gi' thee  
A case of Pistolls when we come to *London*;  
And shoot me when I love thee not. Pox ont,  
Thou apprehende'st me well enough.



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*Cou.* But I am not Satisfied: do you affect this gentlewoman?

*De.* Hum.

*Cou.* You will resolve, sir?

*De.* As may become a stranger; ile not loose Thy friendship for all woman kind.

*Cou.* He dares not owne you.

*Sis.* I easilie forgive him; I should hate My selfe, if I depended on his pitty.

*Cou.* Th'art a noble wench. Shall we leave of These jigs and speake our harts in earnest? By These twin lips I love thee extreame.

*Sis.* Sweare by your owne.

*Cou.* They shall bee mine. Mounsier, For your penance you shall along and witnes.

*Sis.* What, I pray?

*Cou.* The Priest shall tell you; come, we have both dissembled, We do love one another.

*Sis.* Tis not possible.

*Cou.* Unless you will denie me i'the church.  
I ha vou'd to lie with you to night: *Device,*  
Amble before and find the parson out;  
We will bee friends and thou shalt be her father.

*De.* I must maintaine my humour or be beaten. [*Ex.*

*Cou.* Come, wee le have no more acquainted.

*Sis.* Very pretty. —I may deceave you yet for all your confidence.

*Cou.* If the skie fall wee le have the larkes to supper.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 2.]

*Enter Ladie, Sir Francis, Dorothy.*

*La.* It was strange neglect, sir.



*Fra.* I confesse it, And not deserve to live for't; yet if you But knew my sufferings—

*La.* Let her be Judge.

*Fra.* By no meanes, Madam.

*La.* You may trust her knowledge.

*Fra.* This is worse then a whipping now; these Ladies  
Have no mercy on a delinquent. I must stand toot.  
There is no tyrant to a chamberwoman  
Made judg in such a cause; Ide give a Limbe  
To be quit now, but, if she choose, I am  
A Cripple for this world.

*Do.* Ist possible a man and such a beast?

*Fra.* So, I must to the shameles.

*La.* What punishment can be equall to the offence?

*Do.* He lookes with some compunction for his fault. Troth, Madam, choose an other  
night and trye Whether he will sleepe agen.

*Fra.* Mercifull wench! If we peece agen it shall be a good turne in thy way.

*La.* My husband is this day resolv'd for *London*; It is his humour, or els, worse,  
suspition. Ther's no pretence for him to stay behind.

*Do.* You have made ill use of your time, Sir *Francis*; I know not how to helpe you.  
Seaven yeare hence You may have such an other oportunitie.

*La.* Watch if my husband come not this way, *Dorothy*. —Well, sir, though your  
transgresse deserve no pardon, Yet I am charitable upon Condition—



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*Fra.* Anything, Madam. This shewes exlent in you;  
No pennance shall displease so you absolve me.  
Bid me to clime some Rock or Pyramide,  
Upon whose narrow spire you have advanc'd  
My peace, and I will reach it or else fall,  
Lost to the world in my attempt.

*La.* You speake  
Gloriously; the condition that assures  
Your pardon, 's only this—that you conclude  
Here all your loose desires with a resolve  
Never to prosecute or hope to enjoy me.

*Fra.* Call you this Charity? let me rather loose  
Your pardon then for ever to be thus forfeited;  
Bind me never to see you (and yet that  
Were cruelty) then charme me to forgett  
That I am man or have a hart, and you  
A beauty, which your absence can as well  
Make nothing as devide from my adoring.  
It is not cure but killing to prescribe  
I never must enjoy you. If you have  
Resolv'd a Death upon me, let it bee  
When we like Lovers have embrac'd—

*La.* It is not possible.

*Fra.* Nothing in love  
Can be impossible to willing mindes.  
Ile tell you, Madam—(sure the Divell has  
Forsworne the flesh)—there may be a plot. I have it!  
An exelent rare devise, if you but favour it.  
Your husband is imediately for *London*,  
I must in modesty ride with him; you  
Are left behind.

*La.* How can that profitt you?

*Do.*—What a deale of submission these foolish men Trouble us women with, that are  
more forward To be friends agen then they are!

*Fra.* I will counterfeit a fall.

*La.* A fall?





*Fra.* I, from my horse; observe me, then—

*Do.*—My confederate, I hope, by this time is at gate  
Enquiring for Sir *Richard* very formally  
From the old knight, his Master, and good Ladie.  
The fellow has witt to manage it.

*Fra.* My footman shall pretend himselfe the Surgeon  
To attend me; is't not rare?  
Stand but to'th fate of this, and if it faile  
I will sitt downe a Convert and renounce  
All wanton hope hereafter. Dearest Madam,  
If you did meane before this honour to me,  
Let not your loving thoughts freeze in a Minuit.  
My genius is a prophet.

*Do.* Sir *Richard*, Madam, Is comeing this way.

*Fra.* Shall I hope agen?

*La.* I wo'not say you shall despaire.

*Fra.* You blesse me. [*Exit.*

*Do.* My busines is a foote; your Jewell, Madam, Will credit much the cause.

*La.* Wee will withdraw And let me know how you have cast the plott.

[*Exeunt.*

### (SCENE 3.)

*Enter Sir Richard, opening a Letter; a Footman waiting.*

*Ri.* From thy Master? his name?

*Foo.* Sir *Walter Littleland*.



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*Ri.* I doe not know him.

*Foo.* His name is well knowne in *Lincolnsheire* neere the fenns: there were his family antient gentlemen before the Conquest; some say ever since the flood.

*Ri. Littleland!*

*Foo.* But he has now more land then three of the best in the shire, thanke the *Duchmen* that have drunk up all the water.

*Ri.* They water drinkers?

*Foo.* Why not, as well as eate dry land? they are lin'd with butter, Sir, and feare no Dropsie.

*Sir Richard reades.*

*She has been absent theis two yeares; the occasion, her dislike and disaffection to a gentleman whome I confesse I did too severely urge her to marry. If she have liv'd with you, as my late intelligence hath enformed me, in the nature of a servant, which is beneath my wishes and her condition, I hope upon this knowledge you will with consideration of her quality (she being the onely Child and heire to my fortune) use her like a gentlewoman. And though my yeares have made me unfitt for travell, I do intend, upon returne of your Letters, personally to give you thanks for your respects to my Daughter, whome I shall receive as new blessing from you, and be happie upon any turne presented to expresse my selfe for your favours, your true friend and servant*  
*W. Littleland.*

My maide *Dorothy* a Knights Daughter and heire! Doe you know your yong Mistresse.

*Foo.* I shall be happie to see her and present her with a Letter & some token from her Ladie Mother.

*Ri.* I pray trust me to deliver it.

*Foo.* With all my hart, Sir, you may comand.

*[Enter Thomas.*

*Ri. Thomas,* pray entertaine this footman in the butterie; let him drinke and refresh himselfe, and set the cold chine of Beefe before him: he has ranne hard.

*Tho.* That will stay his stomach, indeed, but Claret is your only binder.

*Foo.* Sack, while you live, after a heat, Sir.



*Tho.* Please you, my friend, ile shew you the way to be drunke.

[*Exit. [Tho. with footman.*

*Ri.* To my loving Daughter. May not this be a trick? By your favour, Madam. [*He opens the Letter.*

*Enter Underwit.*

Captaine, gather you the sence of that Letter while I peruse this. You know Mistress *Dorothy.*

*Un.* I have had a great desire to know her, I confess, but she is still like the bottome of the map, *terra incognita.* I have been a long tyme hovering about the *Magellan* streights, but have made no new discoveries.

*Ri.* Ha! this is not counterfeit, I dare trust my owne Judgment; tis a very rich one. I am confirmed, and will scale them up agen. My Ladies woman Sir *Walter Littlelands* Daughter and heire! What think you now of Mistris *Dorothy?*

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*Un.* A great deale better than I did; and yet I have lov'd her this halfe yeare in a kind of way. O' my conscience why may not I marry her?

*Ri.* This Jewell was sent by her mother to her.

*Un.* Deere Uncle conseale till I have talk'd with her. Oh for some witchcraft to make all sure.

*Ri.* I like this well; shees here.

*Enter Dorothy.*

*Un.* I vow, Mistris Dorothy, if I were immodest twas the meere impudence of my sack and not my owne disposition; but if you please to accept my love now, by the way of Marriage, I will make you satisfaction like a gentleman in the point of honour.

*Do.* Your birth and estate is to high and unequall for me, sir.

*Un.* What care I for a portion or a face! She that has good eyes has good——Give me vertue.

*Do.* You are pleas'd to make your mirth of me.

*Un.* By this Rubie, nay you shall weare it in the broad eye of the world, dost thinke I am in Jeast.

*Do.* Sir *Richard*—

*Un.* And were he ten Sir *Richards*, I am out of my wardship.

*Do.*—How he flutters in the lime bush! it takes rarely.

*Un.* What a necessary thing now were a household Chaplaine.

[*Ext. [Dorothy & Underwit.*

*Ri.* So, so, the wench inclines. I will hasten my journey that I may appear with more excuse when they are married in my absence.

*Enter Captaine and Engine.*

*Cap.* Sir, I heare you are for *London* presentlie; It will concerne you take this gentleman Along w'ee to bee cur'd.

*Ri.* Mr. *Engine* sick!



*Cap.* Oh, sir,  
Dangerously; he has purg'd his stomach, but the ill spiritts  
Are flowne into his head and spoild his eares.  
He was ever troubled with Devices in his head;  
I stronglie feare he must have his scull open'd,  
His brains are very foule within. I know  
And can direct you to an excle'nt Surgeon.

*En.* I cannot heare you, Captaine—

*Cap.* One that has a rare dexteritie at lanceing  
Or opening of a stomach that has crudities;  
So neat at separation of a limbe  
And quartering of treason.

*Ri.* You meane the hangman?

*Cap.* He has practised late to mend his hand, and now With the very wind and flourish  
of his instrument He will strike flatt a projector at twelve score.

*Ri.* Does he not heare you?

*Cap.* He has lost that sence he saies, unless he counterfeits;  
It wilbe your securitie to see him  
Safe in the Surgeons hands.  
*[they whisper.]*



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*En.*—Into what misery have my Projects flung me!  
They shanot know I understand 'em. That  
I were quitt with loss of both my eares, although  
I cut my haire like a Lay Elder, too,  
To shew the naked conyholes! I doe thinke  
What cursed Balletts will be made upon me  
And sung to divilish tunes at faire and Marketts  
To call in cutpurses. In a puppet play,  
Were but my storie written by some scholler,  
Twould put downe *hocas pocas* and the tumblers  
And draw more audience than the Motion  
Of *Ninivie*[275] or the dainty docile horse[276]  
That snorts at *Spaine* by an instinct of Nature.

*Cap.* Ile leave him to you and seeke out Captaine *Underwit*.

[*Exit.*

*Ri.* Come, Master *Engine*, weele to horse imediately.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 4.]

*Enter Courtwell, Sister and Device.*

*Cou.* So, we are fast enough, and now I have thee  
Ile tell thee all the fault I find; thou hast  
A little too much witt to bee a wife;  
It could not be too nimble for a Mistresse.—  
*Device*, there is a part still of your pennance  
Behind. You would pretend to be a Poet;  
Ile not disgrace the name to call thee one,  
But let me have rimes against we go to bed,  
Two Anagrams that weigh an ounce, with coment,  
And after that in verse your Affidavit  
That you do wish us joy, and I discharge you.

*De.* Tis tyme I were at study then.

*Cou.* About e'm:  
Your double congey and depart with silence. [*Exit Device.*  
Now prethe tell me who reported I



Had wrong'd a Ladie? Wast not thy revenge  
To make me angrie?

*Sis.* Twas, indeed. Now tell me: Why at the first approach seem'd you so modest?  
You have confidence to spare now.

*Cou.* Troth I came not With any wooing purpose; only to please My Uncle, and try thy  
witt; and that converted me.

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.* Did you see my Master, Captaine *Underwit*?

*Cou.* Yes, hee's talking with the priest and Mistris *Dorothy*.

*Tho.* Her fathers footman was here; she is a knights daughter And heire, but she does  
not know it yet.

*Sis.* I thinke so.

*Cou.* Where's my Uncle.

*Tho.* A mile ons way to *London* by this tyme with Sir *Richard*. I long to see my Master.  
[Exit.

*Cou.* Wee shall want companie to dance.

*Enter Ladie.*

*Sis.* My Sister.

*Cou.* If you please, Madam, you may call me Brother:  
We have been at 'I *John* take the *Elizabeth*'.  
A possett and foure naked thighes a bed  
To night will bid faire earnest for a boy, too.



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*Sis.* Tis even so; Madam, the preist has done it.

*La.* May then all joyes attend you; if this had Been knowne, it might have staid Sir *Richard* and Your Uncle one day more.

*Enter Underwit, Dorothy, Captaine, Thomas.*

*Un.* Come for another Couple.

*Tho.* In hell[277]; my Master is married.

*La.* My husband left some letters and a token  
Was sent you Mistris *Dorothy*. You did ill  
To obscure your selfe so much; you shall not want  
Hereafter all respects that may become you.

*Do.* Madam, I know not what you meane.

*Cap.* She wonot take it upon her yet.

*Un.* Theres the sport.

*Enter Device.*

*De.* Oh, Madam, newes, ill newes, an accident Will blast all your mirth: Sir *Francis*—

*Cou:* *La.* What of him?

*De.* Has brooke—

*Cou.* His neck?

*De.* You guest very neere it, but his shoulder Has sav'd that joynt. A fall from's horse,  
they say, Hath much endanger'd him.

*Cou.* My Uncle hurt! [*Exit.*

*La.* He has kept his word; now if he but counterfeit handsomely.

*Un.* Mounsier *Device*, I must entreat a Courtesie; you have wit, and I would have a  
Masque to entertaine my new father-in-law Sir *Walter Littleland*. Mistres *Dorothy*, now  
my wife, is his onely Daughter and heire.

*Do.* Who has guld you thus? I am no knights *Daughter*; You may share your poeticall  
invention, sir.





*De.* Give you joy, Captaine.

*Un.* She is still loth to confesse it.

*Enter Sir Francis, Lady, Courtwell, Sister, Captaine.*

*Fra.* If you have charity a bone setter.

*La.* He does counterfeit rarely.—Wheres Sir *Richard*?

*Fra.* He rid before, but I sent my footman to tell him this misfortune. Oh, Madam!

*La.*—This is better then the toothack; he carries it excellently.

*Fra.* Aske me no torturing questions; I desire, Madam, a little conference with you. Ile thanke the rest if they withdraw: oh!

[*Cou.*[278]] Letts leave him.

*Un.* Wee'le to my chamber, captaine.

*Cap.* You have a mind to examine the business privatly?

*Do.* No, good Captaine, you may be present.

*Cou.* Come, *Thomas*, thou shat be witnes, too.

[*Ext. all but Sir Francis and Lady.*

*La.* They are gone; they feigne most artificially, Let me embrace you.

*Fra.* Oh, take heed.

*La.* What's the matter?

*Fra.* Tis no dissembling,—Madam; I have had  
A fall indeed, a dreadfull fall; I feele it.  
I thinke my horse saw the Divell in some hedge:  
Ere I had rid three furlongs, gave a start,  
Pitcht me of ons back like a barr and broke  
A flint with my shoulder, I thinke, which strooke fire too;  
There was something like it in my eyes, lme punish'd.



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*La.* But is this serious? are you hurt indeed?

*Fra.* Hurt? I ha broke my shoulder feelingly,  
And I am of opinion when I doe  
Enjoy you, Madam, I shall breake my neck;  
That will be next. Ile take this for a warning  
And will leave of in tyme.

*La.* This makes me tremble.

*Fra.* I will be honest now; and so forgive me. Not the Surgeon come yet?

*La.* Heaven hath cur'd us both.

*Fra.* I am not cured yet. Oh for the bone setter! If ere I counterfeit agen.

*La.* There is a blessing falne upon my blood.  
Your only charme had power to make my thoughts  
Wicked, and your conversion disenchants me;  
May both our lives be such as heaven may not  
Grieve to have shew'd this bounty.

*Enter Courtwell.*

*Cou.* Sir *Richard*, Madam.

*La.* You may enter now, sir.

*Enter the rest and Sir Richard.*

*Ri.* I do not like this stratageme; Sir *Francis*  
Must not heere practise his Court tricks; I wo't not  
*Enter Surgeon.*

Trust my wives surgerie. Hee's come.—How ist,  
Noble Sir *Francis*? Best withdraw; ile see  
Him drest my selfe. [*They lead out Sir Francis.*

*Enter Underwit, Dorothy, Captaine, Thomas.*

*Un.* Madam and gentlemen, Mistris *Dorothy* wo't not acknowledge she is a knight's  
daughter; she sweares she knows no *Littleland*.

*Do.* Till it appeare to whom this gemme was meant, Deare Madame, be you treasurer.  
I confesse I have wealth enough in such a noble husband.



*La.* It shall belong to thee; be honest, *Dorothy*, And use him well.

*Do.* With my best study, Madam.

*La.* Where is the footman you talke of?

*Tho.* He pretended Letters to carry two mile of to a kinsman of his Masters, and returne presently. He dranke three or fower beere glasses of sack, and he ran away so lightlie.

*Do.* His reward shall overtake him.

*Un.* Will you have her? she will doe you service, Captaine, in a *Low Country*[279] Leaguer. Or thou, *Thomas*? ile give thee a Coppiehold.

*Tho.* You have one life to come in that lease, yet I thank you: I am free, and that's inheritance; for ought I know she may serve us both.

*La.* Come you may perswade her to looke high and take it upon her for your credit. The gullery is yet within these walles; let your shame goe no farther. The wench may prove right, she may.

*Enter Sir Richard.*

*La.* What news from Sir *Francis*?

*Ri.* Wife, I hardly aske thee forgivenes; I had jealous thoughts, but all's right agen.

*La.* I will deserve your confidence.



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*Ri.* No great danger, his blade bone dislocated; the man has put everything in his right place.

*Un.* Dee heare, Sir *Richard*? wee are married.

*Ri.* Tis well done, send you joy; tis to my mind.

*Un.* Come hither, *Dorothy*.

*Cap.* But where's Mr. *Engine*?

*Ri.* He rid before.

*Cap.* If the rascall have any wit left he will ride quite away with himselfe; tis his best course to fly oversea.

*Tho.* If he were sure to flie, he were sure to escape.

*Cap.* At the worst, drowning is a most [sic] honourable death then hanging.

*Do.* My mother died, I have it by tradition, As soone as I was borne; my father (but No knight) is now i'th *Indies*, a poore Merchant, That broke for 20,000 pounds.

*Ri.* The shipps may come home. Hee!

*Do.* You were best use me well, now we are married.  
I will be sworne you forc'd me to the Church  
And thrice compeld me there to say *I Dorothy*.  
The Parsons oath and mine, for ought I know,  
May make it halfe a rape.

*Ri.* There is no remedy;  
We can prove no conspiracie. And, because  
I have been guld my selfe, gett her with child,  
—My Doe is barren,—at birth of her first baby  
Ile give her a hundred peeces.

*Un.* That's somewhat yet, when charge comes on. Thy hand! a wife can be but a wife:  
it shall cost me 500 pounds but ile make thee a Ladie in earnest.

*Enter Sir Francis and Surgeon.*

*Ri.* How ist, Sir *Francis*?

*Fra.* My Surgeon sayes no danger; when you please, I may venture, Sir, to *London*.

*Ri.* No hast now.

*Cou.* Not to-night, Sir; wee must have revells and you salute my Bride.

*Un.* And mine.

*Tho.* A knights Daughter and heire.

*Fra.* May all joy thrive upon your Loves. —Then you are cosend of your Mistres,  
Mounseir?

*Do.* But your nephew knowes I have met with my match. Some bodie has been put to  
the sword.

*Ri.* Come, we loose tyme.

*Fra.* Preserve your marriage faith: a full increase Of what you wish confirme your  
happinesse.

[*Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**

## **APPENDIX I.**

The folio volume numbered *Eg.* MS. 1,994 contains 349 leaves. It was purchased by the British Museum, for the very modest sum of thirty-three pounds, at the sale of Lord Charlemont's library on August 6, 1865. Mr. Warner (of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum), to whom the public are indebted for an excellent catalogue of the Dulwich Collection, thinks that the volume originally belonged

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to Dulwich College. Towards the end of the XVIIth century Cartwright, the actor, bequeathed to the College a number of MS. plays, which the College authorities in the middle of the last century exchanged (horrendum dictu!) for tomes of controversial divinity. Of all the plays left by the actor only one[280]—and that imperfect—remains. The late Lord Charlemont was a friend of Malone, and it is well known that Malone had many of the Dulwich documents in his possession for years. Mr. Warner's theory is that Malone lent the volume to Lord Charlemont, and that it was never returned. The objection that naturally suggests itself is, "How came so acute a scholar as Malone to fail to draw attention to a Collection of such considerable interest?" And I confess that I am not able to offer any satisfactory answer.

The volume contains in all fifteen plays, written in various hands. One piece has the author's initials attached, but the others have neither name nor initials.

First in order, leaves 1-29, stands Fletcher's *Elder Brother*. I have compared the MS. with Dyce's text, and find the variations to be few and unimportant. In III. 3 Dyce follows the old copies in reading:—

What a noise is in this house! my head is broken  
Within a parenthesis: in every corner,  
As if the earth were shaken with some strange colic,  
There are stirs and motions.

As the words "within a parenthesis" were found in all the old copies Dyce did not feel justified in rejecting them, although he had only the most grotesque meaning to assign to them. Theobald rightly saw that "within a parenthesis" was a marginal note, mistaken for a part of the text when the book was sent to press. The MS. gives—

Sweet heart,  
What noyse is in this house? my head is broken  
In every corner, as the earth were shaken  
With some strange Collick: there are stirs and motions:  
What planet rules this house? Whos there?

In III. 5 the MS. supports Mason's correction "Their blue veins *and* blush disclose," where Dyce followed the old reading "*in* blush."—At the end of the play, after the Epilogue, are written the three following Epigrams:—

A freemans life is like a pilgrimage:  
What's his life then that lives in marriage?  
Tis *Sisyphus* his toyle that with a stone  
Doth doe what surely for ease must be done.



His labours journey's endles; 'tis no riddle,  
Since he's but halfe on's way that stands inth' middle.

*Ad Janum.*

Take comfort, *Janus*; never feare thy head  
Which to the quick belongs, not to the dead.  
Thy wife did lye with one; thou, being dead drunke,  
Then art no Cuckold though she bee a Punke.

Tis not the state nor soveraintie of *Jove*  
Could draw thy pure affections from my love:  
Nor is there any *Venus* in the skyes  
Could from thy lookes withdraw my greedy eyes.

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Leaves 30-51 are taken up with *Dick of Devonshire*. Then follows an unnamed play (leaves 52-73), written in a villainous hand. If I succeed in transcribing this play I shall print it in the third volume, for it seems to be an unpublished play of Heywood's. The next piece, entitled *Calisto* (leaves 74-95), which is written in the same hand, consists of scenes from Heywood's *Golden Age* and *Silver Age*. There are many variations from the printed copies, showing that the most active of the old playwrights found time to revise his works. Here is a song that was omitted in the printed copy. Its proper place in Pearson's *Reprint* of Heywood is vol. iii. p. 67:—

Whether they be awake or sleepe,  
With what greate Care ought Virgins keepe,  
    With what art and indevor,  
The Jewell which they ought to pryse  
Above the ritchest marchandise,—  
    And once lost lost for ever!

Virginitie is a rare gem,  
Rated above a diadem,  
    And was despised never:  
'Tis that at which the most men ayme  
And being gott they count their game  
    And once lost lost for ever.

Of the charming song "Haile beauteous *Dian*, Queene of Shades" the MS. gives a far inferior version:—

Thou *Trivia*, dost alone excell,  
In heaven when thou dost please to dwell  
Cald *Cynthia*, *Proserpine* in Hell:  
    But when thou theair art fyred  
And takest thy bugle and thy bowe,  
To chase on Earth the hart or doe,  
Thee for *Diana* all men knowe,  
    Who art mongst us admired:  
*Pan* and *Pomona* boath rejoyce,  
So swaynes and nimphes with pipe and voyce.

Off all chast vestalls thou art queene  
Which are, which heretofore have been;  
The fawnes and satyres cladd in greene  
    On earth wayte to attend thee;  
And when that thou on huntinge goest,  
In which thou art delighted moest,  
They off their active swiftnes boast,



For which we all comend thee.  
*Pan* and *Pomona* boath rejoyce,  
So swaynes and nimphes with pipe and voyce.

We come now to a chronicle play (leaves 97-118), *Edmond Ironside: The English King*. This piece had a second title—*A trew Chronicle History called War hath made all friends*. It must be confessed that this old play is a tedious business, sadly wanting in life and movement. The following extract will give a taste of the author's quality:—

*Enter Canutus, Edricus with other Lords and souldiers.*

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*Canutus.* A plague upon you all for arrant cowards! Looke how a dunghill cocke not rightly bred Doth come into the pitt with greater grace, Brislinge his feathers, settinge upp his plumes, Clappinge his winges and crowinge lowder out Then doth a cocke of game that meanes to fight; Yett after, when he feeles the spurres to pricke, Crakes like a Craven and bewrayes himself: Even soe my bigbond *Daines*, adrest to fight As though they meant to scale the Cope of heaven, (And like the Giants grapple with the gods) At first encounter rush uppon their foes But straight retire: retire? nay, run awaye As men distraught with lightninge from above Or dastards feared with a sodaine fraye.*Edricus.* Renowned Sovereigne, doe not fret your self. Fortune in turninge will exalt your state And change the Countenance of her cloudy browe, Now you must hope for better still and better And *Edmond* must expect still worse and worse, A lowringe morning proves a fayer daye, Fortunes ilfavord frowne shewes shee will smile On you and frowne on *Ironside*.*Canutus.* What telst thou mee of fortune and her frownes, Of her sower visage and her rowling stone? Thy tongue rowles headlong into flattery. Now by theis heavens above our wretched heades Ye are but cowards every one of you! *Edmond* is blest: oh, had I but his men, I would not doute to conquer all the world In shorter time the [then] *Alexander* did. But all my *Daines* are Braggadochios And I accurst to bee the generall Of such a stocke of fearefull runawaies.*South.* Remember you have lost Ten Thousand men, All *English* borne except a Thousand *Daines*. Your pensive lookes will kill them that survive If thus to Choller you give libertie.

*Canutus.* It weare no matter if they all weare slaine,  
Then they should neaver runne awaye againe.

*Uska.* My noble lord, our Cuntrymen are safe:  
In all their broyles *English* gainst *English* fight;  
The *Daines* or none or very few are slaine.

*Canutus.* It was a signe yee fledd and did not fight.  
[turns towards *Uskatant*.  
Ist not a dishonour unto you  
To see a foraingne nation fight for mee  
Whenas my homebred Cuntrymen doe runne,  
Leaving their king amongst his enimies?

*Edricus.* Give not such scoope to humerous discontent, Wee all are partners of your privat greefes. Kinges are the heads, and yf the head but ache The little finger is distempered. Wee greeve to se you greeved, which hurteth us And yet availles not to asswage your greefe. You are the Sunne, my lo., wee Marigolds; Whenas you shine wee spred our selves abroad And take our glory from your influence; And when you hide your face or darken yt With th'least incounter of a cloudy looke, Wee close our eies as partners of your woes, Droopinge

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our heades as grasse downe waid with due. Then cheere ye upp, my lord, and cheere upp us, For now our valours are extinguished And all our force lyes drownd in brinish teares, As Jewells in the bottome of the sea. —I doe beseech your grace to heare mee speake.

[*Edricus talks to him.*]

The next piece (leaves 119-135), which is without a title, is founded on the Charlemagne romances. My friend, Mr. S.L. Lee, editor of *Huon of Bordeaux*, in answer to my inquiries writes as follows: "Almost all the characters in this play are the traditional heroes of the French Charlemagne romances, and stand in the same relation to one another as in the *Lyf of Charles the Grete* and the *Four Sons of Aymon*, both of which were first printed by Caxton, and secured through later editions a wide popularity in England during the XVIth century. I believe, however, that the story of the magic ring is drawn from another source. It is unknown to the Charlemagne romances of France and England, but it appears in several German legends of the Emperor, and is said to be still a living tradition at Aix-la-Chapelle, where the episode is usually localised (cf. Gaston, Paris, *Histoire Poetique de Charlemagne*, p. 383). Petrarch has given a succinct account of it in a letter written from Cologne, in which he states that he learnt it from the priests of the city, and it is through his narrative that the legend appears to have reached England. John Skelton in his poem 'Why come ye not to court?' quotes the story, and refers to the Italian poet as his authority (cf. Dyce's Skelton, II. 48 and 364, where the letter is printed at length). Southey has also made the tradition the subject of a ballad entitled *King Charlemain* to which he has prefixed a French translation of the passage of Petrarch. In 1589 George Peele in a *Farewell* addressed to Morris and Drake on setting out with the English forces for Spain tells them to

Bid theatres and proud tragedians,  
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, & mighty Tamburlaine,  
King *Charlemagne*, Tom Stukeley and the rest  
Adieu.

Dyce, in a note on this passage (Dyce's Peele, II. 88) writes: 'No drama called *Charlemagne* has come down to us, nor am I acquainted with any old play in which that monarch figures.' But we know from Henslowe's diary that in at least two plays that were dramatised from Charlemagne romances the Emperor must have taken a part." Mr. Lee concludes his most interesting note by suggesting that the present play may be the one to which Peele alludes; but he will at once perceive from my extracts that the date 1589 is much too early. Here is a passage that might have been written by Cyril Tourneur:—

[*Ganelon stabs Richard, his dearest friend, suspecting him of treachery.*]

*Rich.* O you've slayne me! tell me, cruell sir,  
Why you have doone thys, that myne innocent soule  
May teache repentance to you— *dies.*



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*Gan.* Speake it out,— What, not a worde? dumbe with a littill blowe? You are growne statlye, are you? tys even so: You have the trycke of mightie men in courte To speake at leasure and pretend imployment. Well, take your tyme; tys not materyall Whether you speake the resydue behynde Now or at doomes day. If thy common sence Be not yet parted from thee, understand I doe not misse thee dyinge because once I loved thee dearlye; and collect by that There is no Devyll in me nor in hell That could have flesht me to this violent deathe Hadst thou beene false to all the world but me.

The concentrated bitterness of those lines is surpassed by nothing in the *Revenger's Tragedy*. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the whole play, which is very unskilfully constructed, is by Tourneur, or perhaps by the author<sup>[281]</sup> of the *Second Maiden's Tragedy*. All the figures are shrouded in a blank starless gloom; to read the play is to watch the riot of devils. Here is an extract from the scene where *Orlando*, returning from the wars, hears that *Charlemagne*, his uncle, has married *Ganelon's* niece, and that his own hopes of succession have been ruined by the birth of a son:—

*Orl[ando.]* I am the verye foote-ball of the starres, Th'anottomye of fortune whom she dyssects With all the poysons & sharpe corrosyves Styld in the lymbecke of damde pollycie. My starres, my starres! O that my breath could plucke theym from their spheares So with their ruyns to conclude my feares.

*Enter La Buffe.*

*Rei[naldo.]* Smoother your passions, Sir: here comes his sonne— A propertie oth court, that least his owne Ill manners should be noted thyeks it fytt In pollycie to scoffe at other mens. He will taxe all degrees & thynke that that Keepes hym secure from all taxation.

*Orl.* Y'are deceyvd; it is a noble gentyllman  
And hated of hys father for hys vertues.

*Buf.* Healthe and all blessinge wherewith heauen and earthe  
May comforte man, wayte on your excellence!

*Orl.* Although I know no mans good wyshe or prayrs Can ere be heard to my desyred good, I am not so voyde of humanytie But I will thancke your loue.

*Rei.* Pray, Sir, what newse  
Hath the courte latterly beene deliverd of?

*Buf.* Such as the gallymaufry that is fownd In her large wombe may promise: he that has The fayrest vertues weares the foulest shyfte And knowes no shyfte for't: none but journeymen preists Inway agaynst plurallytie of liueinge And they grow hoarse ithe cause, yet are without The remedye of sugar candye for't. Offices are like huntinge

breakfasts gott Hurlye burlye, snatcht with like greedynes, I & allmost disjested too assoone.

*Oli[ver].* I, but in sober sadnes whatts doone there?

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*Buf.* Faythe, very littill, Sir, in sober sadnes, For there disorder hurryes perfect thyngs  
To mere confussyon; nothing there hath forme But that which spoyles all forme, & to be  
shorte Vice only thrives & merrytt starves in courte.

*Rei.* What of the maryadge of your noble aunte  
Oure fayre eied royall empresse?

*Buf.* Trothe I wonderd, Sir, You spooke of that no sooner, yet I hope None here are  
jealyous that I brought one sparke To kyndell that ill flame.

*Orl.* No, of my trothe,  
I knowe thee much too honest; but how fares  
The Empresse now, my dear exequetresse?

*Buf.* Sir, as a woman in her casse may doe;  
Shee's broughte [to] bedd.

*Rei.* What, has she a chylde then?

*Buf.* I, my Lord.

*Orl.* A Sonne?

*Buf.* Mys-fortune hathe inspyrd you, Sir; tys true.

*Orl.* Nay when my fortune faylls me at a pynche  
I will thynke blasphemy a deede of merrytt.  
—O harte, will nothing breake the?

*Rei.* Tis most straunge.

*Orl.* Straunge? not a whytt. Why, if she had beene spayd And all mankynd made  
Euenucks, yet in spyght My ill fate would have gotten her with chylde— Of a son too.  
Hencefourthe let no man That hathe a projecte he dothe wishe to thryve Ere let me  
knowe it. My mere knowledge in't Would tourne the hope't successe to an event That  
would fryghte nature, & make patyence braule With the most pleasinge obiecte.

*Buf.* Sir, be at peace;  
Much may be found by observatyon.

*Orl.* Th'arte bothe unfriendlie & uncharytable. Thys observation thou advysest to Would  
ryvett so my thoughts uppon my fate That I should be distractt. I can observe Naughte  
but varyetye of mysseries Crossynge my byrthe, my blood and best endeavours. I neare  
did good for any but great *Charles*, And the meare doing that hath still brought fourth To  
me some plague too heavye to be borne, But that I am reserud onlye to teach The

studyed envye of mallignant starrs. If fortune be blynde, as the poetts houlde, It is with studyinge myne afflictions: But, for her standing on a roullinge stone, Theare learninge faylls theym, for she fixed stands And onely against me.

I may perhaps be tempted to print this play in full. The MS. has suffered somewhat, many lines having been cut away at the foot of some of the pages. Although the first scene is marked *Act 2, Scene 2*, [282] the play seemed to me to be complete. On the last leaf is written "Nella [Greek: phdphnr] la B." Some name is possibly concealed under these enigmatic letters; but the riddle would defy an Oedipus.



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The next play (leaves 136-160) is entitled *The fatal Maryage, or a second Lucreatya*. *Galeas*, on returning from the wars, crowned with praises, is requested by his widowed mother to make a journey into the province of *Parma* to receive moneys owed by Signor *Jouanny*. On his arrival he falls in love with *Jouanny's* daughter, *Lucretia*, runs away with her, and secretly marries her. *Galeas's* mother, angered at the match, practises to convey *Lucretia* to a nunnery and get her son married to an earl's daughter; but *Galeas* defeats his mother's machinations by killing himself and *Lucretia*. There is a second plot to this odd play, but enough has been said. The meeting between *Galeas* and *Jouanny* is the best thing in the play:—

*Enter Galeas & Jacomo.*

Ga. You spake with him as I comanded you?

Jac. And had his promise to meet you presently.

Ga. I have heard much fame of him since my arrive, His generall nature, hospitable love; His [He's?] good to all men, enemy to none. Indeed he has that perfect character Before I see him I'm in love with him.

Jac. Hee has the fame few Cittizens deserve.

Ga. Why, sir, few Cittizens?

Jac. His words his bond, and does not break that bond To bankrupt others; he makes you not a library Of large monopolie to cosen all men: *Subintelligitur*, he hates to deale With such portentous othes as furr his mouth In the deliverance.

*Enter Jouanny.*

Ga. Hee comes himselfe.

Jou. Sir *Galeas*, if I mistake not?

Ga. I weare my fathers name, sir.

Jou. And tis a dignity to weare that name.  
Whatts your affairs in *Parma*?

Ga. To visit you, sir.

Jou. Gladness nor sorrow never paid mans debts.  
—Your pleasure, sir?



*Ga.* The livery of my griefe: my fathers dead  
And mee hath made his poore executor.

*Jou.* What? ought hee ten thousand duckets?  
Thy fathers face fixt in thy front  
Should be the paymaster tho from my hand.

*Ga.* I doe not come to borrow: please yee read.

*Jou.* Read? and with good regard, for sorrow paies noe debts.

*Ga.* The summes soe great I feare, once read by him,  
My seeming frend will prove my enemy.

*Jac.* Faith, if he doe, hee proves like your French  
galloshes that promise faire to the feet, yet twice a day  
leave a man in the durt.

*Jou.* Was this your fathers pleasure?

*Ga.* It was his hand.

*Jou.* It was his writing, I know it as my owne,  
Wherein hee has wronged mee beyond measure?



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*Ga.* How? my father wrongd yee? I'm his sonn.

*Jou.* Wert thou his father I'm wrongd,— Iniurd, calumniated, baffled to my teeth; And were it not that these gray haire of mine Were priviledgd ane enemy to vallour, I have a heart could see your fathers wrong—

*Ga.* What? raile you, sir?

*Jac.* Challenge a half pint pot.

*Jou.* There in a sawpitt, knave, to quitt my self  
Of such an injury.—Hee writes mee here  
That I should pay to you tenn thousand crownes.

*Ga.* As being due to him.

*Jou.* But thatts not my quarrell, sir; for I did owe to him Millions of Crownes, millions of my love;— And but to send a note here for his owne! Ist not a quarrell for an honest man?

*Jac.* With very few, I thinke.

*Jou.* Why, looke yee, sir: When after many a storme and dreadfull blow Strooke from fire-belching clouds, bankrupt of life I have home return'd; when all my frends denide Their thresholds to mee, and my creditors Desir'd to sinke mee in a prisoners grave, Hee gave mee dying life, his helpfull hand Sent mee to sea and kept mee safe on land. Ist not a quarrell then to seeke butts owne?

*Ga.* Oh, pray, sir—

*Jou.* When all the talents of oppression Of usurers, lawyers and my creditors Had fangd upon my wife and family, Hee gave mee dying life, his helpfull hand Sent mee to sea and kept mee safe on land. Ist not a quarrell then to seeke but's owne?

*Ga.* Good sir—

*Jou.* Come in, sir, where I will pay all that you can demand:  
Noe other quarrell, sir, shall passe your hand.

*Ga.* If every [one] should pay as well as you  
The world were good, wee should have bankrupts few.

*Jac.* I'm of your mind for that. [*Exeunt.*]

We now come to a play (leaves 161-185), without title, and wanting some leaves at the end, on the subject of Richard the Second. I think with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who printed eleven copies of this piece, that it is anterior to Shakespeare's play. There is less extravagance of language than in most of the plays belonging to that early date (circ. 1593?); and the blank verse, though it is monotonous enough, has perhaps rather more variety than we should expect to find. Much of the play is taken up with *Greene* and *Baggott*; but the playwright has chiefly exerted himself in representing the murder of *Woodstock* at Calais. Before the murder, *Woodstock* falls asleep, and there appears to him the ghost of the *Black Prince*:

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... Oh I am nought but ayre:  
Had I the vigour of my former strength  
When thou beheldst me fight at *Cressy* feild,  
Wher hand to hand I tooke King *John* of *France*  
And his bould sonns my captive prisoners,  
Ide shake these stiff supporters of thy bed  
And dragg thee from this dull security.  
Oh yett for pittye wake; prevent thy doome;  
Thy blood upon my sonne will surely come:  
For which, deere brother *Woodstocke*, haste and fly,  
Prevent his ruein and thy tragedy. [*Exit Ghoste*.]

Undisturbed by this appeal, *Woodstock* slumbers on. Then enters the ghost of *Edward the Third*. His speech is worthy of Robert Greene:—

Sleepst thou so soundly and pale death so nye? *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, wake my sone and fly. Thy wrongs have roused thy royall fathers ghost, And from his quiat grave king *Edwards* come To guard thy innocent life, my princely sonne. Behould me heere, sometymes faire *Englands* lord: (7) warlicke sonnes I left, yett being gone No one succeeded in my kingly throne, &c.

I will not inflict more of this stuff on the reader. Suffice it to say that *Woodstock* wakes in terror and calls aloud. *Lapoole*, the governor of the city, who is close at hand with two murderers, enters and comforts him. Here the playwright shows a touch of pathos:—

Good nyght, *Lapoole*, and pardon me, I prethee,  
That my sadd feare made question of thy faith.  
My state is fearefull and my mynd was troubled  
Even at thy entrance with most fearefull visions  
Which made my passionnes more extreame and hastye.  
Out of my better judgment I repent itt  
And will reward thy love: once more, good nyght.

Now follows the *Lady Mother* (leaves 186-211), which I have proved to be a play of Glapthorne's. No doubt it is the same piece as the *Noble Trial*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, June 29, 1660, but not printed.

Then we have a masque (leaves 212-223). On the first page are given the *nomina actorum*, and underneath is written "August 5th, 1643." I was surprised to find in this masque a long passage that occurs also in Chapman's *Byron's Tragedie* (ed. Pearson, ii. 262). Ben Jonson said (to Drummond of Hawthornden) that only he and Chapman knew how to write a masque. The remark has always puzzled me, and certainly I should never have thought of Chapman's name in connexion with this masque. Here is an extract, containing the passage from *Byron's Tragedie*:—

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*Love.* For thy sake, Will, I feathered all my thoughts And in a bird's shape flew in to her bosome, The bosome of *Desert*, thy beautilous Mistris, As if I had been driven by the hauke In that sweet sanctuary to save my liffe. She smild on me, cald me her prety bird, And for her sport she tyed my little legs In her faire haire. Proud of my golden fetters I chirped for Joy; she confident of my lameness, Soon disintangled me & then she perchd me Upon her naked breast. There being ravishd I sung with all my cheere and best of skill. She answered note for note, relish for relish, And ran division with such art and ease That she exceeded me.

*Judgment.* There was rare musicke.

*Love.* In this swete strife, forgetting where I stood. I trod so hard in straining of my voice That with my claw I rent her tender skin; Which as she felt and saw vermillion follow Stayning the cullor of *Adonis* bleeding In *Venus* lap, with indignation She cast me from her.

*Will.* That fortune be to all that injure her.

*Love.* Then I put on this shepheards shape you see; I tooke my bow and quiver as in revenge Against the birds, shooting and following them From tre to tre. She passing by beheld And liked the sport. I offerd her my prey, Which she receved and asked to feele my bowe; Which when she handled and beheld the beauty Of my bright arrowes, she began to beg em. I answered they were all my riches, yet I was content to hazard all and stake em Downe to a kiss at a game at chess with her. "Wanton," quoth she, being privy to her skill, "A match!" Then she with that dexterrytey Answered my challenge that I lost my weapons: Now *Cupides* shafts are headed with her lookes. My mother soone perceiving my disgrace, My Arms beinge lost and gon which made me a terror To all the world, she tooke away my wings, Renouncd me for her child and cast me from her; And more, to be revengd upon *Desert*, Comanded *Danger* to be her strong keeper, That should she empt my quiver at the hearts Of men they might not dare to court her, fearing That horrid mischiefe that attends [on] her. On this I threw me headlong on the sea To sleepe my tyme out in the bottome off it; Whence you have puld me up to be a scorne To all the World.*Will.* Not so, my prety boy, Ill arme the againe; My breast shall be thy quiver, my sighes thy shafts: And heres an opportunitie to be wingd againe; Se here the wings of *Fortune*.*Love.* *Fortunes* wings Are full of giddy feathers to unsure For me to fly with all, but I will stay with you, I like so well this aire; onely you must Provide to keepe me from the hands of *Danger* That wayts upon *Dessert*.*Will.* Our selves and all *Arcadia* shall be your guard and wher *Love* passes and recides he shall be allwayes Armd and

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attended by a band of lovers, Such faithfull ones as if that ugly *Danger Were Lucifer* himselfe, they should defend you.

Next on our List (leaves 224-244) is the *Two Noble Ladyes, or the Converted Conjurer*. This "Tragicomicall Historie often tymes acted with approbation at the *Red Bull* in St. *John's* Streete by the company of the Revells," is a coarse noisy play. The comic part consists of the most absurd buffoonery, and the rest is very stilted. But there is one scene—and one only—which shows genuine poetic power. It is where *Cyprian*, the sorcerer, having by his magical arts saved *Justina*, a Christian maiden, tries to gain her love:—

*Enter Cyprian and Justina.*

*Cyprian.* Doe not disdayne, faire peece of Natures pride, To heare him plead for love that sav'd thy life. It was my pow'rfull arte produc'd those monsters To drowne those monstrous executioners That should have wrought your wracke.

*Justina.* Sir, I am sorry  
Hell had a hand in my delivery:  
That action cannot meritt my affection.

*Cyprian.* I not alleadge it for desert of grace  
But argument of mercie: pittie him  
That in distresse so lately pittie'd you.

*Justina.* I am the troth-plight wife of *Clitophon*,  
The Prince of *Babylon*; hee has my hart,  
And theres no share for others.

*Cyprian.* That high state Is now at a low ebbe: destruction Hangs like a threatning Commet ore the walls Of *Babilon*. Then fix thy love on him That can more then the greatest prince on earth. Love mee, and princes shall thy pages bee; Monarchs shall lay their crownes and royalties As presents at thy feet; the *Indian* mynes Shall be thy ioyntures; all the worldes rich marchants Shall bring their pearles and pretious stones to thee, Sweet gums and spices of *Arabia*, Fine *Median* linnen and Barbarian silkes; The earth shall beare no fruit of raritie But thou shalt taste it. Weele transforme ourselves In quaintest shapes to vary our delights. And in a chariot wrought out of a cloud, Studded with starres, drawne through the subtle aire By birds of paradise, wee'll ride together To fruitfull *Thessalie*, where in fair *Tempe* (The only pleasant place of all the earth) Wee'll sport us under a pavilion Of *Tyrian* scarlet.  
*Justina.* Should these rarities (Faithlesse as are your wondrous promises) Lead me into the hazard of my soule And losse of such ay-lasting happinesse As all earths glories are but shaddows to?  
*Cyprian.* Thincke you this rare pile of perfection. Wherein Love reads a lecture of delight, Ows not it's use to

Nature? There is love In every thing that lives: the very sunne Does burne in love while  
we partake his heate; The clyming ivy with



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her loving twines Clips the strong oake. No skill of surgerie Can heale the wounds, nor oceans quench the flames Made by all pow'rfull love. Witnesse myselfe: Since first the booke of your perfections Was brought so neare than I might read it ore, I have read in it charmes to countermand All my enchantments and enforce mee stoop To begge your love.*Justina*. How ere you please to style A lustfull appetite, it takes not mee. Heav'n has my bow my life shall never bee Elder then my unstain'd virginie.*Cyprian*. Virginie! prize you so dearely that Which common things cast of? Marke but the flow'rs That now as morning fresh, fragrant and faire, Lay ope their beautys to the courting sunne, And amongst all the modest mayden rose: These wanton with the aire until unleavd They die and so loose their virginie.*Justina*. In *India* there is a flow'r (they say) Which, if a man come neare it, turnes away: By that I learne this lesson, to descree Corrupt temptations and the tempter flie.

Leaves 245-267 are taken up with the *Tragedy of Nero*, which was printed in 1624. Then comes [Daborne's] *Poore Man's Comfort* (268-292), an inferior play printed in 1655. Afterwards follows a dull play (leaves 293-316), *Loves Changelings Changed*, founded on Sidney's *Arcadia*. The last piece in the book (leaves 317-349) is *The lancheinge of the May*, Written by W.M. Gent in his return from *East India*, A.D. 1632. There is a second title, *The Seamans honest wife*, to this extraordinary piece. On the last leaf is a note by Sir Henry Herbert:—"This Play called ye *Seamans honest wife*, all ye Oaths left out in ye action as they are crost in ye booke & all other Reformatiōs strictly observed, may bee acted, not otherwise. This 27th June, 1633. HENRY HERBERT.

"I command your Bookekeeper to present mee with a faire Copy hereaft[er] and to leave out all oathes, prophaness & publick Ribaldry as he will answer it at his perill. H. HERBERT."

It is plain therefore that the piece was intended for presentation on the stage; but it must have been a strange audience that could have listened to it. Dramatic interest there is none whatever. The piece is nothing more, than a laudation of the East India Company. In tables of statistics we have set before us the amount of merchandise brought from the East; and the writer dwells with enthusiasm on the liberality of the Company, and shows how new channels have been opened for industry. One extract will be enough:—

Nor doe our marchants tradinge into Spayne,  
The *Streights*, to *Venice*, *Lisbon* or the like,  
Give entertaynment unto novices  
Which have not some experience of the sea.  
But when all doors of Charitie are shutt  
The *East India* gates stand open, open wide,

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To entertayne the needie & the poore  
With good accomodation. Two monthes paye  
They have before hand for to make provision,  
Needfull provision for so longe a voyage,  
And two monthes paye theyr wives are yearely payd  
The better to mayntayne theyr poore estate  
Duringe the discontinuance of theyr husbands.  
Yf in the voyage he doe chance to [MS. doe] dye  
The widowe doth receave whatere's found due,  
Yf not by will disposed otherwise;  
Which often happeneth to be such a sume  
As they togeather never sawe the like.  
And when did any of these widowes begge  
For mayntenaunce in Churches as some doe?  
*Blackwall* proclaymes theyr bountie; *Lymehouse* speakes  
(Yf not ingrate) their liberalitie;  
*Ratcliffe* cannot complayne nor *Wapping* weepe,  
Nor *Shadwell* crye agaynst theyr niggardnes.  
No, they doe rather speake the contrary  
With acclamations to the highest heavens.

## APPENDIX II.

The following note is by Mr. Robert Boyle, of St. Petersburg, a Shakespearian scholar, whose name is well known to readers of the *Anglia* and the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*. Mr. Boyle, who has a close acquaintance with Massinger, on seeing the proof-sheets of *Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt*, pointed out several repetitions of expressions used in other plays of Massinger. It will be understood that I do not adopt Mr. Boyle's conclusions unreservedly. Possibly in an Appendix to Vol. IV. I may return to a consideration of *Barnavelt*, but the present volume has already swollen beyond its limits.

*Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt.*

This play, the most valuable Christmas present English scholars have for half a century received, appears indubitably to belong to the Massinger and Fletcher series. Even a cursory glance will convince the reader that it is one of the greatest treasures of our dramatic literature. That such a gem should lie in manuscript for over 200 years, should be catalogued in our first library, should be accessible to the eye of the prying scholar,

and yet never even be noticed till now, affords a disagreeable but convincing proof of the want of interest in our early literature displayed even by those whose studies in this field would seem to point them out for the work of rescuing these literary treasures from a fate as bad as that which befell those plays which perished at the hands of Warburton's "accursed menial." The present play has some remarkable features in it. It is taken from contemporary history (the only one as far as we know of that class in which Massinger was engaged). It was written almost immediately after the events it describes. These events took place in the country in which Englishmen then took more interest than in any other country in Europe. There is

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a tone of political passion in the play which, particularly in one place, breaks out in an expression which the hearers must have applied to their own country. There is no doubt that the audience wandered away in their thoughts from Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt, the saviour of his country from the Spanish yoke, as he professed himself in his defence on his trial, and Spain's determined enemy, to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose head had just fallen on the block, the victim of a perfidious foe and of a mean, shuffling king. The following is the passage:—

Octavius, when he did affect the Empire,  
And strove to tread upon the neck of Rome  
And all her ancient freedoms, took that course  
That now is practised on you; for the Catos,  
And all free spirits slain or else proscribed,  
That durst have stirred against him, he then seized  
The Absolute rule of all. *You can apply this.* p. 292.

In a note Mr. Bullen informs us, that “You can apply this” is crossed through. He does not state whether there is anything to show that this was done by Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, and consequently Censor for the Stage. But this would appear to be the case, the more so as the present play seems to have raised scruples in many places in the mind of the dramatic Cerberus. It is hardly possible to imagine that the spectators did not apply the “free spirits” to Raleigh, and the “Catos” to those members who were shortly after to be imprisoned on account of a memorable protest entered in the journals of the House, which Octavius, who was trying to seize the absolute rule of all, tore out with his own royal hands. There is a peculiar fitness in this hit at James as Octavius which probably did not escape the audience. There is another passage, on p. 253, which, singular to say, seems to have escaped the notice of the Censor:—

Such mild proceedings in a Government  
New settled, whose main power had its dependence  
Upon the power of some particular men,  
Might be given way to, but in ours it were  
Unsafe and scandalous.

Vandort, the speaker here, is opposing the idea of mercy to Barnavelt. The language is very mild, but receives a peculiar shade of meaning when read in connexion with the following passage by Massinger from the *Virgin Martyr*, I. 1, 236:—

In all growing empires  
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer  
And be set up examples to strike terror  
In others, though far off: but when a state

Is raised to her perfection, and her bases  
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy  
And do't with safety.



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The *Virgin Martyr* is noticed October 6th, 1620, as newly reformed. It was probably written not long before. The two passages above mentioned would seem to bring the two plays into connexion. But, it may be asked, what proof have we that it was a production of Massinger and Fletcher? As for the latter, there can be no doubt. His double endings are sufficient proof. As for the Massinger part, there is first the probability of his being Fletcher's partner, as the play belongs to a period when we know they were working together; secondly, the metrical style could belong to nobody else; thirdly, according to his well-known manner, he has allusions to and repetitions of expressions in his other plays. As I have gone through Massinger with a view to these repetitions, I propose to notice those that occur in the present play. When I allude to a play going under the name of Beaumont and Fletcher as partly Massinger's, I am supported either by Mr. Fleay's tables, published in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, or to my own extension of these tables published in the *Eng. Studien*, a German periodical for English literature and philology.

Act I. The First Scene is by Massinger, who almost always begins the joint plays. On page 210 we have—

When I should pass with glory to my rest.

Compare *Virgin Martyr*, V. 2. 319.

When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest.

On page 211,

And end that race  
You have so long run strongly, like a child,

is a repetition of the idea in *Virgin Martyr*. On page 212 "Grave Maurice"; here "Grave" is Count Maurice, who is also so called in *Love's Cure*, I. 2. Bobadilla's speech. (*Love's Cure* is by Massinger and another author, not Fletcher.)

Page 213.

The desire of glory  
Was the last frailty wise men ere put off.

This occurs again in *A Very Woman*, V. 4, line 10,—

Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
Wise men put off.

Though the thought occurs in Tacitus and Simplicius, Milton seems to have adopted it, as he has done many other of his most striking passages from Massinger. It occurs



also in at least one other play of Massinger's, but the passage has escaped me for the moment.

Same page:—

'Tis like yourself,  
Like Barnavelt, and in that all is spoken.

An expression which, with a slight change from "spoken" to "comprehended," occurs in almost every one of Massinger's plays.

Act I. Scene 2, is also by Massinger. On page 218,—

We need not add this wind by our observance  
To sails too full already.

This reminds us of the common Massinger simile,—

Too large a sail for your small bark.

And *Virg. Mar.*, l. 1. 85,—

You pour oil  
On fire that burns already at the height.

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Both similes occur in almost all Massinger's plays.

The situation on page 219 has a striking resemblance to a similar scene with Cranmer in *Henry VIII*. Both Maurice and Cranmer are to be disgraced by being kept waiting outside while their enemies were at Council. I cannot help here repeating what I have expressed before, that *Henry VIII*. as we have it is not the work of Shakespeare and Fletcher, but of Massinger and Fletcher, with only fragments of the Shakespeare play.

Act I. Scene 3, is by Fletcher.

Act II. Scene 1, is by Massinger.

On page 231 we have,—

When the hot lyon's breath  
Burns up the fields.

Compare *Parliament of Love*, I. 5., Montrose,—

When the hot lion's breath singeth the fields.

A little lower down, "At all parts" occurs in almost every play of Massinger.

On page 232, "This I foresaw," is also very common in similar situations. Among numerous cases I refer to the *Unnatural Combat*, Act III., about the end, and *Maid of Honour*, II. iii., where exactly the same words are used.

Page 233, "Be ne'er remembered," occurs in almost all Massinger's plays. It is the most frequent of his many repetitions.

A little lower down. "And something there I'll do," is a well-known Massingerism, occurring everywhere in his plays.

II. 2, is by Fletcher; 3, and 4, 5, 6, 7 are also probably his.

III. 1, is Fletcher's. On page 250 Barnavelt's hope that the soldiers will regret him because he fed and nursed them, stands in flagrant opposition to what Massinger says of Barnavelt's cashiering the Captain, on page 215.

III. 2, is by Massinger.

Page 252, "But that is not the hazard that I would shun," is one of the commonest Massingerisms. The passage on page 253 has been mentioned already. Massinger is



almost the only later dramatist who has a large number of dissyllable “tions.” We have here (253),—

Of what condi\_ti-on\_ soever, we  
Palliate seditions.

His share of the present play presents many such cases.

III. 3, seems also by Massinger.

III. 4, is by Fletcher. On page 263 there is an unmistakable reminiscence of *Henry VIII.*, Wolsey’s “Farewell.”

III. 5 (also marked 4), is by Massinger. On page 264 occurs, “At no part,” one of the commonest Massingerisms; and a little lower down,—

Ever maintained  
The freedom I was born to.

Compare *Great Duke of Florence*, I. 1-4,—

For I must use the freedom I was born with.

It also occurs in other Massinger plays.

III. 6, is by Fletcher.

IV. 1, is by Fletcher.

IV. 2, is by Fletcher.

IV. 3, is by Fletcher. Here occurs another allusion to *Henry VIII.*,—

## Page 212

And glide away  
Like a spent exhalation.

Compare *Henry VIII.*, III. 2, 226:—

shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening.

Fletcher does not repeat himself often, and these two exceptions are important.

IV. 4, is apparently by Massinger, but contains no repetitions.

IV. 5, is by Massinger. There are no clear Massingerisms, but the metrical style, and the allusion to Raleigh already mentioned, make it plain that the Scene is his.

V. 1, is also Massinger's. The end of this Scene I have not seen, as pages 296-305 were missing in the proof-sheets I examined. Nearly all Scene 2 is also missing. It and the rest of the play seem to be Fletcher's, who, as usual, spoiled Massinger's fine conception of Barnavelt, and makes him whine like Buckingham in *Henry VIII.* This moral collapse of all energy in the face of death in the two characters is significant. Massinger would have carried out the scene in quite another tone. Some of the Fletcher scenes in this play, in which he has an unusually large share, are surprisingly good, and remind us of Fletcher at his best, in *Philaster* and the earlier plays. He fails here, as he always does, in the delineation of character. Nowhere is this break-down more characteristic than in Buckingham and Barnavelt. It gives the end of our play quite a wrench, and deprives Barnavelt of the sympathies which we had been forced to turn on him through his intrepid behaviour in the great trial scene. We had almost gained the conviction that his aims were really pure, and here we are called on to witness his utter collapse, in which he almost whines for pardon for his sins, and, like all worthless fellows without character seems actually to soften in gratitude to the man who sent him to his death.

This conclusion, I say, weakens the dramatic power of the close, but it does not prevent Sir John Barnavelt from occupying a high place among our dramatic treasures. R.  
BOYLE.

ST. PETERSBURG,  
New Year's Eve, 1882.

**FINIS.**

## **FOOTNOTES:**

[1] Vid. Appendix.

[2] Reprinted in Mrs. Bray's *Tamar and the Tavy*.

[3] Printed in *The Court and Times of Charles the First, &c.* Edited, with an introduction and notes, by the author of *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I., &c.* (Vol. i. p. 104. London, 1848.) 8vo.

[4] Mr. Fleay thinks that *Dick of Devonshire* was written by R. Davenport. "The conduct of the plot," he observes, "the characterisation, the metre, the language are very like the *City Nightcap*." The reader must judge between us. I find it difficult to believe that Davenport could have preserved throughout five acts such clear directness of style.

[5] The old form of "pop-gun."

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[6] Xeres.

[7] Cadiz.

[8] Span. *picaro*, a rogue or thief. Nares quotes several instances of “*picaro*” and “*picaroon*” from our early writers.

[9] It would be an improvement to read “enkindled,” or “kindled at the first.”

[10] Cf. Heywood’s *Faire Maid of the West*: part one (Works, II. 306), “And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds.” The meaning is “band, company.” The word is not uncommon among Elizabethan writers, and is also found much earlier.

[11] Span. *caraca*, a ship of large size. Nares quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher.

[12] Halliwell quotes Minsheu: “The Spanish *borachoe*, or bottle commonly of a pigges skinne, with the haire inward, dressed inwardly with rozen and pitch to keepe wine or liquor sweet.” Hence the word came to be applied to a drunkard.

[13] A stately Spanish dance. Nares’ article sub. ‘Pavan’ is full and interesting.

[14] The repetition of the words “such a” is probably a clerical error: the Alexandrine is clumsy.

[15] Skirmishers or sharpshooters.

[16] Nares quotes from Taylor’s *Workes*, 1630:—“So horseman-ship hath the trot, the amble, the *racke*, the pace, the false and wild gallop, or the full speed,” &c.

[17] Street bullies, such as are introduced in Nabbes’ *Bride*, Middleton and W. Rowley’s *Fair Quarrel*, &c. The exploits of a “Roaring Girl” are admirably set forth by Dekker and Middleton.

[18] The full form “God refuse me” occurs in Webster’s *White Devil* (ed. 1871, p. 7), where Dyce quotes from Taylor, the water poet: “Would so many else in their desperate madnes desire God to Damne them, to Renounce them, to Forsake them, to Confound them, to Sinke them, to *Refuse* them?” “*Against Cursing and Swearing*,” Works, 1630.

[19] “The Saturday Night, some sixteen sail of the Hollanders, and about ten White Hall Men (who in England are called Colliers) were commanded to fight against the Castle of Punthal, standing three miles from Cadiz: who did so accordingly; and discharged in that service, at the least, 1,600 shot.” *Three to One*, &c. (Arber’s *English Garner*, I. 626).

[20] Sc. companions: *Mids. Night’s Dream*, III., i.; Shirley’s *Wedding*, k. v., &c.



[21] Middleton says somewhere (in *A Fair Quarrel*, I think):—

“The Infinity of Love  
Holds no proportion with Arithmetick.”

[22] To “look babies in the eyes” was a common expression for peering amorously into the eyes.

[23] Sc. fagot.

[24] “Barleybreake” (the innocent sport so gracefully described in the first book of the *Arcadia*) is often used in a wanton sense.

[25] A common form of expression. Everybody remembers Puck’s—

“I’ll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.”



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Cf. Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, I. 1.—

“In tall ships, richly built and ribd with brasse,  
To put a Girdle round about the world.”

[26] Furnished with “bosses,” which seem to have been the name for some tinkling metal ornaments. Nares quotes from Sp. *Moth. Hub.* I. 582:—

“The mule all deck’d in goodly rich array,  
With bells and bosses that full loudly rung.”

[27] Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, sc. vi.:—

“A man hanging and *tottering* and *tottering*,  
As you know the wind will wave a man.”

(Quoted by Mr. Fleay in illustration of the “tottering colours” in *King John*, v. 5, 7.)

[28] One is reminded of Shakespeare’s—

“Had I *as many sons as I have hairs*,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.”—*Macbeth*, v. 8.

[29] “That e’er o’erclouded,” I should prefer.

[30] MS. *Exit*.

[31] Eringoes are often mentioned as a provocative by early writers: *Merry Wives*, v. 5, &c.

[32] Sc. mallet.

[33] Sc. I lying in my *trundle-bed*.

[34] To “make ready” is to dress; so to “make unready” is to undress. The expression was very common.

[35] A large salt-cellar was placed in the middle of the table: guests of importance sat “above the salt,” inferior guests below. Abundant illustrations are given in Nares’ Glossary.

[36] In Brand’s *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn’s *Antiq. Libr.*, II. 70-77) there is an interesting article on “Groaning Cake and Cheese.”

[37] A large coach: the derivation of the word is uncertain.

[38] The next word is illegible in the MS. We should have expected "*Exeunt Fer., Man., & attendants.*"

[39] Vid. vol. i. 307.

[40] The schoolmen's term for the confines of hell.

[41] I have followed the punctuation of the MS., though I am tempted to read, "What to doe? pray with me?"

[42] A stage-direction for the next scene.

[43] Sc. bravadoes.

[44] The biting of the thumb is here a mark of vexation: to bite one's thumb *at* a person was considered an insult (*Rom. and Jul.*, i. 1).

[45] A diminutive of "cock" (*Tempest*, ii. 1, &c.).

[46] The conceit is very common. Compare (one of many instances) Dekker's *Match me in London*, iv. 1—

"You oft call Parliaments, and there enact  
Lawes good and wholesome, such as who so breake  
Are hung by the purse or necke, but as the weake  
And smaller flyes i'th Spiders web are tane  
When great ones teare the web, and free remain."

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[47] The reading of the MS. is “snapsance,” which is clearly wrong. “Snaphance was the name for the spring-lock of a musket, and then for the musket itself. It is said that the term was derived from the Dutch *snap-haans* (poultry stealers), a set of marauders who made use of it” (*Lilly’s Dramatic Works*, ed. Fairholt, II., 272). “Tarrier” must mean “a person that causes delay”: cf. a passage from Sir Thomas Overbury’s character of “a meene Petty fogger”:—“He cannot erre before judgment, and then you see it, only *writs of error* are the *tariers* that keepe his client undoing somewhat the longer” (quoted in Todd’s *Johnson*, sub *tarrier*).

[48] “One being condemned to be shot to death for a rape: the maid [sic] in favour of his life was content to beg him for her husband. Which being condiscended unto by the Judge, *according to the lawe of Spaine in that behalfe*: in steps me the hangman all in a chafe and said unto the Judge. Howe (I pray you, sir) can that be, seeing the stake is already in the ground, the rope, the arrowes, the Archers all in a readines, and heere I am come for him.” (Anthony Copley’s *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, p. 120.) Here is another merry tale, with rather more point in it, from the same collection:—“A fellow being to suffer, a maide came to the gallowes to beg him for her husband, according as the custome of *Spaine* dispenceth in that case. The people seeing this said unto the fellow: Now praise God that he hath thus mercifullie preserv’d thee, and see thou ever make much of this kinde woman that so friendly saves thy life. With that the Fellow viewing her and seeing a great skarre in her face, which did greatlie disfigure her, a long nose, thin lips and of a sowre complexion, hee said unto the Hangman: On (my good friend) doe thy duty: Ile none of her.” (p. 160.)

[49] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I., iii., 76, “Why, he’s a man of wax,” where Dr. Ingleby (who has no doubt learnt better by this time) once took the meaning to be, “a man of puberty, a proper man.” Steevens happily compared Horace’s “*cerea Telephi brachia*.”

[50] The old spelling for “bawbles.”

[51] “Slug. A ship which sails badly.” Halliwell. I cannot recall another instance of the use of the word in this sense.

[52] The “trundle-bed” (or “truckle-bed”) was a low bed moving on castors. In the day-time it was placed under the principal or “high” bed: at night it was drawn out to the foot of the larger bed. Vid. Nares, sub “truckle bed” and “trundle bed.”

[53] The reading of the MS. is unintelligible. For *All*. I would read *Alq.*, and for “Law you?”—by a very slight change—“Love you?” (the question being addressed to Henrico). Then what follows is intelligible.

[54] “Flay” is usually, if not always, written “flea” in old authors.

[55] MS. “For 3 hellish sins:” the word “For” is no doubt repeated from *Fer*.



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[56] The passage might be tortured into verse, somewhat as follows:—

“Nay but  
Shall I not be acquainted with your designe?  
When we must marry,  
Faith, to save charges of two wedding dinners,  
Lets cast so that one day may yield us bridegroome,—  
I to the daughter, thou to the mother.”

[57] We ought, no doubt, to read “professed,”—a trisyllable.

[58] An allusion is intended to the tailor’s “hell,”—the hole under the counter.

[59] *Vide* note on Vol. I., p. 175.

[60] MS. tracning.

[61] In the MS. the stage direction has been altered to “Enter Sir Gefferie & Bunche.” The whole of the colloquy between Sucket and Crackby is marked as if to be omitted. Doubtless this was one of the “reformacons” made at the instance of the Master of the Revels.

[62] Such would seem to be the reading of the MS., but it is not quite plain. I suspect that the true reading is “tripe-wives” (cf. oysterwives, &c.).

[63] *I.e.*, Besar las manos (hand-kissing).

[64] MS. “will.”

[65] Perhaps we should rather read:—

“Fie, Sister;  
'Tis a pretty gent[leman], I know you love him.”

[66] The words “I faith” have been crossed out in the MS.—as being irreverent.

[67] MS. “whom.”

[68] Cf. *The Ladies Privilege*, i. 1. (Glapthorne’s Works, ii. 99)—

“For my services  
Pay me with pricelesse treasure of a kisse,  
While from the balmy fountaynes of thy lips  
Distils a moisture precious as the Dew



The amorous bounty of the morne  
Casts on the Roses cheeke."

[69] In the MS. the word "witnes" has been crossed out and "vouchers" substituted.

[70] The introductory part of this scene, up to the entrance of the steward, had been omitted by the copyist and is added on the last leaf of the play.

[71] In the margin we find the words "Well said, Mr. Steward: a good observation."

[72] "Pride" has been crossed out in the MS.

[73] "What? does he plucke it out of his Codpeece? Yes, here lyes all his affeccion."—Marginal note in MS.

[74] "A verrie politique drunkard"—"I think the barrell of Hedlebergs in his bellye."—Marginal notes in MS.

[75] "Tis well his friends here to reconcile ... .. for assault and battery elce."—the other words in the marginal note are illegible.

[76] "It were but cast away on such a beast as thou art." Marginal note.

[77] To "take in" is a common phrase for "to take by storm."

[78] Pappenheim fell at the battle of *Luetzen*, November 16, 1632; but there had been fighting at *Maestricht* in the earlier part of the year.

[79] MS. pdue.

[80] The first reading was—"Hold, hold, good Captaine, tis our most temperate Steward."

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[81] 'Heere, here' is a correction (in the MS.) for 'what then?'

[82] MS. Trime.

[83] These words are crossed out in the MS.

[84] Therefore this play would seem to have been acted at the Whitefriars, *i.e.* at the Salisbury Court theatre. (F.G. Fleay.)

[85] The "jig" seems to have been a comic after-piece consisting of music and dancing. In Mr. Collier's *Hist. of Dram. Lit.*, iii. 180-85 (new ed.), the reader will find much curious information on the point. The following passage from Shirley's *Love in a Maze* (1632) is not noticed by Mr. Collier:—

"Many gentlemen  
Are not, as in the days of understanding,  
Now satisfied without a jig, which since  
They cannot, with their honour, call for after  
The Play, they look to be serv'd up in the middle:  
Your dance is the best language of some comedies  
And footing runs away with all; a scene  
Express'd with life of art and squared to nature  
Is dull and phlegmatic poetry."

—Works (ed. Gifford and Dyce), ii. 339.

[86] MS. him.

[87] The name of the musician, I suppose; but the reading of the MS. is somewhat illegible.

[88] The passage at first ran as follows: "Umh, how long have I slept, or am I buried and walke in Elizium as the poets faine? Goe to, where are they? in the ayre? I can percieve nothing nor remember anything has been don or said!"

[89] 'Grimes. Soe, now retire a little. Ile play him one fitt of mirth on my trebble to rouse him. *Ext.*' These words occur in the left-hand margin. Probably they should stand here in the text 'Ext.' may mean either '*exeunt*' (musicians) or '*exit*' (*Grimes* to disguise himself).

[90] 'Who are these! ha! the towne waits? why, how now, my masters, whats the matter, ha?'—Passage cancelled in MS.

[91] 'Bakside' is a correction (in the MS.) for 'buttock.'

[92] “Here Gent[lemen], share this amongst yee and pray for Grimes.” These words (addressed to the musicians) follow in the MS. but have been scored through.

[93] The MS. gives “aurescion.”

[94] The reading of the MS. seems to be “inuolute.” Mr. Fleay suggests “invoke.”

[95] The repetition of ‘loath’ in the next line is suspicious.

[96] The arrangement of the verse is not easy: perhaps we should read—

‘Wishes for husband.  
A proper Gent[leman]; lme happy  
She has made so iuditious an election.’

Our author usually makes a trisyllable of “gentleman”; here it counts only as a monosyllable.

[97] Between this word and the next there is a mark of omission in the MS., and the words “t’were Sir” have been written above.

[98] What follows, to the entrance of *Thurston*, is marked to be omitted. I have thought fit to restore it to the text. “Here’s Mr. *Thurston*,” concludes Clariana’s speech.

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[99] Cf. a similar passage in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable* (Works, I. 182):—

“a limber fellow,  
Fit onely for deare *Nan*, his schoole-fellow,  
A Grocer's daughter borne in *Bread-street*, with  
Whom he has used to goe to *Pimblico*  
And spend ten groats in cakes and Christian ale.”

From Shirley we learn that the apprentices took their pleasure in the mild form of treating their sweethearts to cream and prunes:—

“You have some festivals, I confess, but when  
They happen, you run wild to the next village,  
Conspire a knot and club your groats apiece  
For cream and prunes, not daring to be drunk.”  
(*Honoriam and Mammon*, v. i.).

Pimlico seems to have been a place near Hoxton famous for its ales and custards; cf. Mayne's *City Match*, II. 6.—

“Nay, captain, we have brought you  
A gentleman of valour, who has been  
In Moorfields often: marry it has been  
To squire his sisters and demolish custards  
At Pimlico.”

There is an unique tract entitled “Pimlyco or Runne Red cap, 'tis a mad world at Hoggesden,” 1609.

[100] I cannot find that “bob” is used as a technical term in falconry. Mr. Fleay suggests that a “bob'd hawke” merely means a “hawk cheated of her prey.” I rather think the meaning is a “hawk beaten or repulsed by her prey.”

[101] From “A Kalendar of the English Church,” p. 45 (Rivingtons: n.d., but 1865), one learns that “Marriage is restrained by Law at the following times unless with a License or Dispensation from the Bishop of the Diocese, his Chancellor, or Commissary, viz., from Advent Sunday until eight days after the Epiphany; from Septuagesima until eight days after Easter; and from the Monday in Rogation week until Trinity Sunday.”

[102] I venture to insert the word “poet”: both sense and metre are defective without it.

[103] In the MS. “thee” is corrected into “you.”

[104] Some words have been cut away.

[105] MS. throng.

[106] “*Thu*. And here she comes, I feare me”—crossed out in the MS.

[107] Here a line follows in the MS:—

“And verely she is much to blame in it.”

It is crossed through, and rightly.

[108] “Puny” is not uncommonly spelt “puisne” (Fr. puisne) in old authors.

[109] The metre requires “unman[ner]ly.”

[110] MS. have.

[111] MS. puisants.

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[112] The “Artillery Garden” was situated in Finsbury Fields, where also was the place of exercise for the City Trained Bands. In the “Antiquarian Repertory” (ed. 1807), i. 251-270, the reader will find an interesting account of the Trained Bands and the Artillery Company. Old writers are fond of sneering at the City warriors. The following passage is from Shirley’s “Witty Fair One,” v. 1:—“There’s a spruce captain newly crept out of a gentleman-usher and shuffled into a buff jerkin with gold lace, that never saw service beyond Finsbury or the Artillery-Garden, marches wearing a desperate feather in his lady’s beaver, while a poor soldier, bred up in the school of war all his life, yet never commenced any degree of commander, wants a piece of brass to discharge a wheaten bullet to his belly.”

[113] “*Vinum muscatum quod moschi odorem referat, propter dulcedinem*, for the sweetness and smell it resembles muske,” &c\_. Minsheu’s *Guide into Tongues* (apud Dyce’s *Glossary*).

[114] “Mooncalf” (originally the name for an imperfectly formed foetus) was used as a term of reproach, like dodypol, nincompoop, ninny, dunderhead, &c.

[115] Sc. trifling fellow, noodle.

[116] The blades from Bilboa in Spain were esteem’d as highly as those of Toledo manufacture.

[117] MS. two.

[118] “Striker” is a cant term for a losel, a wench.

[119] “Mew” is a falconer’s term for the place where a hawk is confined.

[120] This passage is repeated in *The Ladies Privilege*, at the end of Act I.

[121] “Curst” is an epithet applied to shrewish women and vicious beasts.

[122] This is the prettiest passage, I think, to be found in Glapthorne.

[123] MS. me.

[124] “Oh me” is crossed out, and “once” written above.

[125] The passage is bracketed in the MS., and was probably meant to be omitted.

[126] MS. Its.

[127] Throughout the scene “judge” is substituted in the MS. for “recorder.”

[128] MS. know.

[129] This passage is bracketed in the MS. It could hardly have been expected to escape official censure.

[130] MS. led.

[131] Bracketed in MS.

[132] Early Greek writers held up the Scythians as models of justice and simplicity (Iliad, xiii. 6, &c.). Clearchus (apud Athen., xii. 27) accuses them of cruelty, voluptuous living, and viciousness of every kind; but, in justice to the Scythians, it should be added that in his "animadversiones" to the "Deipnosophists" (when will somebody complete and print Dyce's translation?) the learned Schweighaeuser in no measured language accuses Clearchus of wanton recklessness and gross inaccuracy.

[133] "What is the matter there? looke to the prisoners," was the first reading.

[134] The passage is bracketed in the MS.

[135] Erased in MS.



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[136] Before correction the passage stood “And now, madam, being your servant and *Timothy* I bring you newes!” The words “Stay, stay Mr. Justice,” &c., were inserted afterwards.

[137] Bracketed in MS.

[138] The reading of the MS. appears to be “a lonely.”

[139] Bracketed in MS.

[140] The MS. is a folio of thirty-one leaves, written in a small clear hand: it was purchased for the National Library in 1851 from the Earl of Denbigh.

[141] In May, 1622, “by reason of sickness and indisposition of body wherewith it had pleased God to visit him, he had become incapable of fulfilling the duties and was compelled to resign.”—Vid. Collier’s “Hist. Eng. Dram. Lit.” I. 402 (new ed.).

[142] Mr. Warner, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, to whom we owe the excellent Catalogue of the Dulwich Collection, kindly drew my attention to the autograph letter.

[143] In the right-hand margin we find “Jo: R: migh.”—the names of the actors who took the Captains’ parts. Further on the name “Jo: Rice” occurs in full. John Rice stands last on the list of Chief Actors in the first fol. Shakespeare. The reader will find an account of him in Collier’s “Hist. of Eng. Dram. Lit.,” iii. 486-88. It is curious that he should have taken so unimportant a part; but perhaps he sustained one of the chief characters besides.—“Migh” = Michael.

[144] It seems to have been no uncommon thing for officers to keep the names of soldiers on the list after their death and pocket their pay: cf. Webster’s “Appius and Virginia,” v. i., &c.

[145] The reply of 1 *Cap.*, extending to thirteen lines, has been scored through in the MS., at the instance, I suppose, of the censorious Master of the Revels; it is, unfortunately, quite illegible.

[146] The MS. reads “*Enter Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, Leidenberck, Vandermetten, Grotius, Taurinus, Utenbogart, Hogebeets.*” Names not in italics are scored through.

[147] MS. Tau. *Hog.*

[148] All the characters remain on the stage in spite of this direction.

[149] At first the line ran, “Of this proud *Prince of Orange*, at the worst.”

[150] MS. *Enter Pr. of Orange, Gr: Henrie, Gra: William, Collonells & Captaines. Gr: Henrie* and *Collonells* are scored through. In the right-hand margin is written the name of an actor, *Mr. Rob*:

[151] The words “I feele too” probably belong to another speaker.

[152] Fletcher is fond of using “ye” for “you.”

[153] In the MS. there is a marginal note:—“I like not this: neither do I think that the pr. was thus disgracefully used, besides he is to much presented. G.B.” The initials are those of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels.

[154] “Shellain” is a corrupted form of Dutch *schelm*—a rogue, villain.

[155] The stage direction in the MS. runs thus:—“*Enter 1 Burger, Vandermitten, Grotius.*” *Vandermitten* finally takes the place of *1 Burger* and *Grotius*.

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[156] Beneath, in the MS., is written the name of the actor who took the part, “Mr. Gough.”

[157] In the right-hand margin are written the initials “R.T.” It is unknown what actor was the owner of them.

[158] “Jo: Ri:” is written above, and “migh” in the right-hand margin.

[159] “Mr. Rob.” took the Captain’s part.

[160] This Captain is identical with the one in the previous scene: “Jo: Rice:” took the part.

[161] In the MS. *Vandermitten* is scored through, and *Grotius* written above; but the alteration is not followed afterwards.

[162] “R.T.” was responsible for the part.

[163] In the right-hand margin are the initials “T.P.,” *i.e.* Thomas Pollard.

[164] In the right hand margin is a stage-direction, scored through,— “Droms—Enter ye Arminians: pass over.”

[165] MS. *Enter Bredero, Vandort* and 2 Lords. The words in Roman letters are scored through in the MS.

[166] The brackets are mine: whoever excluded the 2 *Lords* left these words standing by an oversight.

[167] These weak endings without a pause are characteristic of Massinger.

[168] Massinger is fond of the use of parentheses.

[169] In the MS. *Leiden* has been corrected into *Roterdam*.

[170] The officer was personated by “R.T.”

[171] In the right-hand margin we find “Mr. Rice.”

[172] The Captains’ parts were taken by “Mr. Rob.” and “Mighel.”

[173] The Dutch word *knol* signifies both a turnip and a blockhead.

[174] *i.e.* explain to me. (A very common expression.)

[175] “Fry” has here the unusual sense of “buzz, hiss.”

[176] In the right-hand margin we find “Cap. Jo: R.”

[177] Underneath is written Migh. who took the part of 1 *Huntsman*.

[178] “And bycause some Hares by haunting the lowe watrie places do become foule and mesled, such Hares doe never follow the hard ways nor make such pathes to their formes, but use all their subtleties and pollecies by the sides of the Ryvers, brookes and other waters.” Turberville’s *Booke of Hunting* (1575), p. 160.

[179] “R.T.” took the part.

[180] MS. they.

[181] “Tho: Po:” (i.e. Thomas Pollard) is written in the right-hand margin.

[182] MS. Potents.

[183] The part was taken by “G. Lowen.”

[184] The Wife’s part was taken by “Nich”, who may possibly be (as Mr. Fleay suggests) Nicholas Tooley; but I suspect that a younger actor than Tooley would have been chosen for the part.

[185] “Jo: Rice” took the part.

[186] A corruption of Dutch *kermis* (the annual fair).

[187] An ironical expression (very common) of denial or astonishment.

[188] Sc. merrily (Dutch *lustig*), “Lustick, as the Dutchman says.” —*All’s Well*, II. 3.

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[189] A corruption of Dutch *brui*. The meaning is “A plague on his Excellencie!”

[190] In the MS. follow two and a half lines, spoken by *Vandort*, and a speech of *Barnavelt's*, twenty-four lines long. These were cancelled on revision. I have succeeded in reading some of the lines; and perhaps after a keener scrutiny the whole passage might become legible. But I have no doubt that the lines were cancelled by the author himself (Massinger?) in order to shorten the scene.

[191] Nearly forty lines of dialogue that follow are cancelled in the MS., in order to shorten the scene.

[192] Not marked in MS.

[193] This passage is marked in pencil, as for omission, in the MS.

[194] The words “Upon my soule” are crossed through in the MS.

[195] This line and the eleven lines following are marked for omission in the MS.

[196] The words “tooke that course That now is practisd on you” are crossed through in the MS., and “cutt of his opposites” substituted in the right-hand margin.

[197] In the MS. the words “you can apply this” are crossed through.

[198] The words “to a Monarchie” are corrected in the MS. “to another forme.”

[199] Not marked in MS.

[200] Not marked in MS.

[201] T[homas] Holc[ombe] took the part.

[202] “Mr. Rob.” took the part.

[203] In the right-hand margin we find the actor’s name, “Mr. Bir.,” *i.e.* Bir[ch].

[204] “The quantity of ten of any commodity; as a *dicker* of hides was ten hides, a *dicker* of iron ten bars. See ‘Fragment. Antiq.,’ p. 192. Probably from *decas*, Lat.”—Nares.

[205] Sc. pumpkin (Fr.).

[206] “Dewse-ace. *Deux et az.*” Cotgrave. (Cf. *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, I. 2.) The lowest cast of the dice, two aces, was called “ames ace.”

[207] Among the Romans the highest cast was called *Venus* and the lowest *canis*. (Cf. a well-known couplet of Propertius, lib. iv. el. viii. l. 45—

“Me quoque per talos Venerem quaerente secundos  
Semper damnosi subsiluire canes.”)

[208] Sc. quatre et trois.

[209] Embroidered, figured.

[210] The actors' names, “Mr. Rob.” and “Mr. Rice,” are written in the right-hand margin.

[211] A term of contempt, like “poor John.”

[212] To set up one's rest, meant, as has been abundantly shown by Shakespearean commentators, to stand upon one's cards at *primero*; but the word “pull” in this connexion is not at all easy to explain. The general sense of the present passage is plain: “Is my life held in such paltry esteem that slaves are allowed to gamble for it as for a stake at cards?” We have nowhere a plain account of *primero*. When the “Compleat Gamester” was published (in 1674) the game had been discontinued. The variety of quotations given by Nares, under *Primero* and *Rest*, is simply distracting. There are two passages (apud Nares) of Fletcher's bearing on the present difficulty:—

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"My *rest is up*, wench, and I *pull* for that  
Will make me ever famous." *Woman's Prize*, I. 2.

"Faith, sir, my *rest is up*,  
And what I now *pull* shall no more afflict me  
Than if I play'd at span-counter." *Monsieur Thomas*, IV. 9.

Dyce accepts Nares' suggestion that *pull* means to *draw a card*; but if a player is standing on his cards, why should he want to draw a card? There is an old expression, to "pull down a side," *i.e.* to ruin one's partner (by bad play); and I am inclined to think that to "pull at a rest" in *primero* meant to try to pull down (beat, go beyond) the player who was standing on his cards. The first player might say, "My rest is up"; the other players might either discard or say, "See it"; then the first player would either "revie" it (cover with a larger sum) or throw up his cards. At length—for some limitation would have been agreed upon—the challenger would play his cards, and the opponents would "pull at his rest"—try to break down his hand. I am not at all sure that this is the proper explanation; but *pull* in the text cannot possibly mean *draw a card*.

[213] The body of Leydenberg was not exposed until two days after Barneveld's execution.

[214] Charles I. was particularly anxious that these trained bands should be made as efficient as possible. In the "Analytical Index to the Series of Records known as the Remembrancia" (printed for the Corporation of the City of London, 1878) there are several letters from the Lords of the Council to the Lord Mayor on this subject (pp. 533-9). The Directions sent round to the Lord Lieutenants (An. 1638) concerning the Trained Bands of the several counties are given in Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, Part 2, vol. i. p. 790.

[215] An allusion, of course, to Bardolph's famous definition of "accommodated" (2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2).

[216] *Fox* was a cant term for a sword of English make. At Hounslow Heath there was a sword-blade manufactory:—"Nov 30 (1639). Benjamin Stone, blade maker, Hounslow Heath, to the Officers of the Ordnance. Will always be ready to deliver 1,000 swords of all fashions every month throughout the year, and will put in such security as the office shall desire. Has now ready at the Tower and in his own house 2,000 swords to deliver when the officers shall please."—Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1639-40, p. 134.

[217] *Ticktacks* was a game somewhat similar to backgammon. It is described in the *Compleat Gamester*, 1674.

[218] The Pacification of Berwick took place in June, 1639.

[219] Tobacco-pipefuls; but no doubt a pun was intended. For *Bermudas* tobacco Nares quotes from *Clitus's Whimz.*, p. 135, "Where being furnished with tinder, match, and a portion of decayed *Bermoodus* they smoke it most terribly."



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[220] Our forefathers esteemed the March brewing; we the October.

[221] To “build a sconce” means, I suppose, to fix a candle in a candle-stick.

[222] This speech of Sir Richard’s is very much in Shirley’s style: cf. *Lady of Pleasure* (l. 1).

[223] Galley-foist was the name given to long many-oared barges, particularly the Lord Mayor’s barge of state. Foist is also a term for a sharper; and gallifoist was intended to be pronounced here gullifoist.

[224] An account of the way to play *Gleek* is given in the *Compleat Gamester*, 1674.

[225] Ambergrease was not uncommonly used for culinary purposes.

[226] Father-in-law is often used by old writers for step-father. Perhaps “by a” is a correction for “to a.”

[227] Title, mark of distinction (Hamlet, I. 4, &c.).

[228] A head-covering worn by women. “A night-rail (for a woman) pignon, pinon,” Sherwood’s Engl.-French Dict. 1650.

[229] To be “in the suds” was an expression for to be “in the dumps.”

[230] Vid. Notes of the Commentators on *Henry V.*, iii. 7 (“strait trossers”).

[231] Regals were a kind of small portable organ: vide Nares.

[232] Cf. a passage in Shirley’s *Witty Fair One* (IV. 2): “What makes so many scholars then come from Oxford or Cambridge like market-women with dorsers full of lamentable tragedies and ridiculous comedies which they might here vent to the players, but they will take no money for them?”

[233] The Theorbo was a kind of lute.

[234] On June 20, 1632, a royal proclamation was made “commanding the Gentry to keep their Residence in at their Mansions in the Country, and forbidding them to make their habitations in London and places adjoining.” The text of the proclamation is in Rushworth’s *Historical Collections* (1680), Pt. II. vol. i. p. 144. In a very interesting little volume of unpublished poems, temp. Charles I. (MS. 15,228, British Museum), there is an “Oade by occasion of his Maiesties Proclamatyon for Gentlemen to goe into the Country.” It is too long to quote here in full, but I will give a few stanzas:—



Nor lett the Gentry grudge to goe  
Into the places where they grew,  
Butt thinke them blest they may doe so:  
Who would pursue

The smoaky gloryes of the Towne,  
That might goe till his Native Earth  
And by the shineing fyre sitt downe  
Of his own hearth;

Free from the gripeing Scriv'ners bands  
And the more biteing Mercers bookes,  
Free from the bayte of oyled hands  
And painted lookes?

The Country, too, eene chops for rayne:  
You that exhale it by your pow'r,  
Let the fatt drops fall downe again  
In a full show'r.

And you, bright beautyes of the time,  
That spend your selves here in a blaze,  
Fixe to your Orbe and proper Clime

Your wandring Rayes.

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Lett no dark corner of the Land  
Bee unimbellisht with one Gemme,  
And those which here too thick doe stand

Sprinkle on them.And, trust mee, Ladyes, you will find  
In that sweet life more sollid joyes,  
More true contentment to the minde,

Then all Towne-Toyes.Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,  
Butt heads his shafts with chaster love,  
Not feath' red with a Sparrow's quill

Butt of a Dove.There may you heare the Nightingale,  
The harmeless Syren of the wood,  
How prettily shee tells a tale

Of rape and blood.Plant trees you may and see them shoot  
Up with your Children, to bee serv'd  
To your cleane Board, and the fayr'st fruite

To bee preserved;And learne to use their sev'rall gumms.  
Tis innocente in the sweet blood  
Of Cherrys, Apricocks and Plumms

To bee imbru'd.

[235] The Galliard, a lively French dance described in Sir John Davies' *Orchestra* (st. 67).

[236] Sc. good-bye. Cf. Shirley's *Constant Maid*, i. 1, "Buoy, *Close*, buoy, honest *Close*: we are blanks, blanks."

[237] Can the reference be to *Troilus and Cressida*?

[238] Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

[239] Puisne (i.e. puny) was the term applied to students at the Inns of Court; also to Freshmen at Oxford.

[240] Cf. Shirley's *Honoriam and Mammon*, i. 2:

"Go to your Lindabrides  
I'the new brothel; she's a handsome *leveret*."

[241] The first edition of this well-known book was published in 1628. *Parsons Resolutions* is a fictitious book.

[242] The “lamentable ballad of the Lady’s Fall” has been reprinted by Ritson and Percy.

[243] In the MS. follows a line, scored through:—

“And while my footman plaies sigh out my part.”

[244] Shirley delights in ridiculing the affectation in which the gallants of his time indulged. Cf. a very similar passage in *The Lady of Pleasure*, v. 1.

[245] The cant language of thieves. In Harman’s *Caveat for Coursitors*, or some of Dekker’s tracts, “Pedlars’ French” may be found in abundance.

[246] I print this passage exactly as I find it in the MS. With a little trouble it might be turned into good law.

[247] *Aut Shirley aut Diabolus*. Cf. *Duke’s Mistress*, iv. 1:

“You shall lead destiny in cords of silk,  
And it shall follow tame and to your pleasure.”

[248] Sc. swaggering.

[249] A Chrisome child was one that died within a month after birth, at the time of wearing the Chrisome cloth (i.e. the cloth formerly wrapt round a child after baptism). Device implies that his rival is perfectly helpless among ladies, a mere child.

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[250] "In the City of London," says Nares, "young freemen who march at the head of their proper companies on the lord mayor's day, sometimes with flags, were called *whifflers* or *bachelor whifflers*, not because they cleared the way but because they went first as whifflers did.—'I look'd the next Lord Mayor's day to see you o' the livery, or one of the *bachelor whifflers*. *City Match*.'"

[251] These words are scored through in the MS.

[252] To "bear a brain" means to have understanding. The expression is very common.

[253] Not marked in the MS.

[254] The earliest reference I have yet found to the "Cup at *Newmarket*" is in Shirley's *Hyde Park*, v. 1.

[255] The exact date of his death is unknown; he was dead before the performance of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

[256] "Merlin. The *falco aesalon* of Linnaeus, a small species of hawk; sometimes corrupted into murleon. It was chiefly used to fly at small birds, and Latham says it was particularly appropriated to the service of ladies."—Nares.

[257] Thomas Heywood gives an account of the "great ship" in his "True description of his Majesties Royall Ship built this yeare 1637 at Wool-witch in Kent," &c. 1637. 4to.

[258] "Back side" = back yard.

[259] A wild cat.

[260] This scene was added, as an afterthought, at the end of the MS. In the body of the MS. we find only "*A song ith taverne. Enter Thomas*."

[261] The stage direction is my own.

[262] All that I know at present of Mr. Adson is that he published in 1621 a collection of "Courtly Masquing Ayres."

[263] A corruption of "save-reverence": we usually find the form "sir-reverence."

[264] *i.e.* drunk.

[265] An allusion to Webster's "*Vittoria Coromborea, or the White Devil*."

[266] Not marked in MS. We have, instead, a note:—

"*And then begin as was intended*."



[267] Old authors constantly allude to the riotous conduct of the 'prentices on Shrove Tuesday.

[268] This is a correction (in the MS.) for "to a Beggars tune."

[269] So in Dekker & Middleton's *First Part of the Honest Whore* (IV. 3):—

"A sister's thread i' faith had been enough."

Dyce was no doubt right in thinking that the expression is a corruption of *sewster's* thread. In Ford's *Lady's Trial*, Gifford altered "sister's thread" to "*silver* thread." Shirley has "sister's thread" in *Hyde Park* (V. 1).

[270] With this abuse cf. a very similar passage in Shirley's *Duke's Mistress* (IV. 1).

[271] The *Woman Hater* in Beaumont and Fletcher's play.

[272] "Canaries" was the name of a quick, lively dance. Cf. Middlemen's *Spanish Gipsy* (IV. 2): "Fortune's a scurvy whore if she makes not my head sound like a rattle and my heels dance the canaries."

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[273] Cf. a similar passage in Shirley's *Brothers* (iii. 1).

[274] In Sidney's *Arcadia*.

[275] Cf. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, II. 1: "They say there's a new motion of the city of *Niniveh* with *Jonas* and the whale to be seen at *Fleet bridge*." (A *motion*, of course, is a puppet-show.)

[276] This line occurs, word for word, in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage* (IV. 1):—

... "A bird to be made much on. She and the horse  
That snorts at Spain by an instinct of nature  
Should have shown tricks together."

[277] An allusion to the game of "barley-break."

[278] In the MS. the speaker's name is omitted. I have chosen *Courtwell* at a venture.

[279] *Holland's Leaguer* was the name of a notorious brothel in Southwark.

[280] *The Tell-Tale*. Through the courtesy of the Master, Dr. Carver, I have had an opportunity of examining this play. It is of no particular interest. The comic part is very poor, suggesting William Rowley at his worst. Here are some fair lines, the best I can find:—

*Fide[l]io*. How? dead in prison?

*Duke*. Dead, *Fidelio*: Things of their nature, like [a] vipers brood, Kill their own parents. But having sett the Court In some good order, my next business thus disguis'd to overlooke the Camp; For a rude army, like a plott of ground Left to yt selfe, growes to a wilderness Peopled with wolves & tigers, should not the prince Like to a carefull gardner see yt fenct, Waterd & weeded with industrious care, That hee ithe time of pruning nether spare Weeds for faire looks and painted bravery, nor Cut downe good hearbs and serviceable for Their humble growth: the violet that is borne Under a hedg outsmells the blossomd thorne That dwells fare higher.

*Fide*. Yare full of goodnes & have layd out much  
In provision for the whole state.

*Duke*. My place: I am overseer And bound to seet provided for by pattent. For as the sunn, when lesser plannets sleep, Holds his continued progresse on and keepes A watchful eye over the world, so kings (When meaner subjects have their revillings And sports about them) move in a restless herde; The publique safty is theyr privat care. But now farewell; the army once surveighd Expect mee here.

*Fid.* Your pleasure bee obaid.

[281] A few years ago I suggested in "Notes and Queries" that this unknown author was Cyril Tourneur. Afterwards I discovered that I had been anticipated by Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Curiously enough Mr. Fleay had independently arrived at the same conclusion. Mr. Swinburne (*Essay on Chapman*) is inclined to attribute the *Second Maiden's Tragedy* to Middleton.

[282] The next scene is marked *Act 2, Scene 1*.