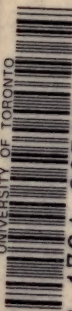
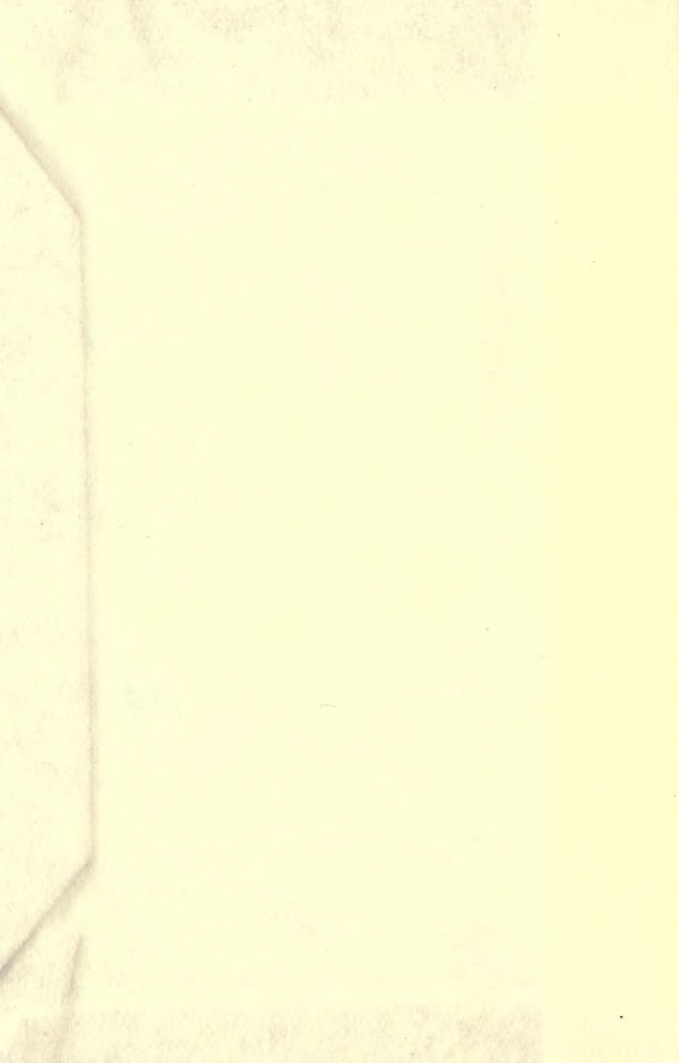


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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, A.B.

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IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE GREAT KING

OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY

JOHN HAYES

OF THE BARR

AT THE BARR



July. 28^o 1621

J. Worcester

[Edward Somerset, Earl of Worcester, Heywood's principal patron from 1602 to 1628.]

H6227W

A WOMAN KILLED WITH
KINDNESS

AND

THE FAIR MAID OF THE
WEST

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD

EDITED BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES, Litt.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

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Foreword

THE present volume, by the kind permission of the general editor, so far deviates from the general plan of the series as to use the introductory space for biographical rather than critical discussion. A little light is thrown on the circumstances and character of the one relative Heywood mentions, his uncle Edmund Heywood, by the finding of that uncle's will. A study of the parish registers of St. James, Clerkenwell, has established the date of Heywood's death and shown that Clerkenwell, the suburb in which the Red Bull stood, was for many years his place of residence. The existing biographical data have been reviewed and restated, with touches of addition here and there and with the effort to make more definite the circle of Heywood's fellows, friends and patrons. Investigation of his non-dramatic work has cleared his reputation, it is hoped, of certain polemical pamphlets and other "T. H." publications wrongly ascribed to him, as well as brought to light his *Three Wonders of this Age* and afforded a clue to his *Mistakes, Clinches, Tales, &c.* The method of this volume has thrown an unusual burden upon the source-studies of the two plays and upon the notes. In *A Woman kille with Kindnesse* the hawking scene has been made more intelligible by taking the definitions for the technical terms, as *querre* (i, iii, 11) from that original authority for all Elizabethan treatises on hawking, the *Boke of Saynt Albans*. Much gratitude is due to Mrs. Roselle Lathrop Shields of London for patiently searching through a series of old books on falconry to confirm my suspicions of a persis-

tently misprinted line (1, iii, 8). New suggestions are offered for the sources of *The Fair Maid of the West* and certain points are illustrated by passages from Heywood's rarer works, as his *Philocothonista*. The Glossary especially notes instances of Heywood's characteristic diction, and the Bibliography comprises a list of the known allusions to Heywood in his own century.

Introduction

HEYWOOD — THE PLAYWRIGHT

“ Good deeds excel ;
And, though but homely done, may be done well.”

If you know not me, you know no bodie.

(*Works*, 1, 322.)

Date of Birth. — The date of Heywood's birth was probably about 1570. It is true that in *An Apology for Actors*, 1612, he speaks of himself as a novice. “ Loath am I (I protest) being the youngest and weakest of the Nest wherin I was hatcht, to soare this pitch before others of the same brood more fledge, and of better winge then my selfe.” And again, speaking in favor of university plays as helping their student actors toward good delivery and gesture, he says: “ I take not upon me to teach, but to advise: for it becomes my Juniority rather to be pupiled my selfe, then to instruct others.”

It may be granted that this is curious language for a man turned forty, but no less is it curious language for one who, as was the case with Heywood in 1612, had been for at least fourteen years a regular London player, recognized as a leading playwright. Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, listed Heywood with “ the best for Comedy amongst us.” A large allowance must always be made for his characteristic

modesty and self-depreciation. As for actual juniority, he may have had in mind "famous Maister Edward Allen" and other veteran members of the Admiral's company under whose tutelage, it would seem, he served his apprenticeship to the London stage. At all events, if Heywood, already well versed in classical learning and under way as a playwright, was in 1594 writing for the Admiral's men,¹ he cannot at that time have been much younger than twenty-four. He tells in the *Apology* of his residence in Cambridge, employing academic terms with the ease of familiarity, and William Cartwright, a player who took up with the book-trade under the Commonwealth and who reprinted the *Apology*, probably in 1658, as *The Actor's Vindication*, says that Heywood was "a fellow of Peter House." Researches undertaken at the instance of Sir A. W. Ward have failed to find any mention of Heywood in the University Registers or in the records of St. Peter's College, whose extant admission book dates from 1615, but there are certain slight references in the plays that indicate acquaintance with Cambridge. There is allusion to Cambridge and to a "worthy Arts-master" there in *The faire Maide of the Exchange*;² and in *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon*, Sencer, playing the pedant, answers a question as to his college membership: "*Petrus dormit securus*; I was Sir of Peeter house."³ Yet Cartwright, penning what was most likely a hearsay statement nearly twenty years after Heywood's death, may easily be wrong as to the

¹ Greg's *Henslowe's Diary*, part II, p. 166.

² *Works*, II, 41.

³ *Works*, v, 321.

particular college. In the Cambridge *Tbrenodia* for Queen Elizabeth, 1603, there are (pp. 3-4) some Latin verses signed *T. H. Regal*, and in default of a better clue, it might be well to search the records of King's. But whatever the college, and whether Heywood ever arrived at the dignity of a fellowship or not, we cannot doubt his own statement that he had been in attendance at Cambridge. As to the length of his residence, we only know that his early writings, like his latest, attest copious Latin reading and an extraordinary enthusiasm for classical mythology. The *Apology* implies¹ that he had been keenly interested in the "tragedyes, comedyes, historyes, pastorals, and shewes," that he saw "publickly acted" in Cambridge, with parts especially fitted to "graduates of good place and reputation," but he was no Marlowe to rush up to London and revolutionize the stage with a *Tamburlaine*, — though Marlowe himself could hardly have been younger than twenty-three when his Scythian hero first stalked the boards.

List of Plays. — Heywood always held his plays in small esteem, — a fact which makes it impossible now to enumerate more than one fourth of those dramatic pieces in whose production he seems to have been more or less steadily engaged for upwards of forty years. Of the eight plays in which he was concerned during the winter of 1602-3, we should have known of his connection with but one had it not been for Henslowe's scribbled account-book, whose theatrical entries ended in March, 1603. In the address *To the*

¹ Shakespeare Society ed., p. 28.

Reader, prefixed to *The English Traveller* in 1633, near the close of his career as a playwright, Heywood speaks of this tragi-comedy as "being one reserved amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I have had either an entire hand or at the least a maine finger."

The extant Heywood plays gathered together and published by Pearson in 1874 number twenty-three (exclusive of those in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*), and to these Mr. Bullen's happy discovery has added *The Captives*.¹ To three of these, *The foure Prentises of London*, *The golden Age*, *Lucrece*, Heywood prefixed an address, protesting against the piracies which had forced his own publication. Others, *Loves Mistris* with its classical mythology, the two parts of *The Iron Age* with their Trojan story, *The English Traveller* with its Plautus underplot, he furnished with dedication to friend or patron and with his characteristic motto: *Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare*. Several, *The Silver Age*, *A Maydenhead well lost*, *The late Lancashire Witches* (with Brome), *A Challenge for Beauty*, *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon*, *The Royall King*, and *The Loyall Subject* have the motto without dedication, while the two parts of *The Faire Maid of the West* have dedication without motto. These fifteen were all printed with Heywood's name, and three others, *A Woman kille with Kindnesse*, *The Brazen Age*, and *Fortune by Land and Sea* (with William Rowley, not issued till 1655), declared their authorship on the title-page. That singularly incoherent play in two parts, piratically printed in a "most

¹ Printed in *Old Plays*, vol. iv, 1885.

corrupted copy" under the clumsy title *If you know not me, you know no bodie*, but called by Heywood in his Prologue at the Cockpit revival, the "Play of Queene Elizabeth," is acknowledged by its author through the Prologue, preserved in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*. The two parts of *King Edward the fourth*, although Fleay has questioned the authorship,¹ are clearly in Heywood's tone and manner. *The faire Maide of the Exchange* has fainter but perceptible traces of Heywood's hand — traces still further dimmed, perhaps, by piracy and collaboration.² To these twenty-three should be added not only *The Captives*, but at least three of the classical dialogues printed in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, — viz, *Jupiter and Io*, *Apollo and Daphne*, *Amphrisa*. Concerning the various contents of this book, Heywood says in his address *To the Generous Reader*: "For such as delight in Stage-poetry, here are also divers *Drammas*, never before published: Which though some may condemne for their shortnesse, others againe will commend for their sweetnesse." The twenty-seven plays become thirty-four if we count in the seven Lord Mayor's pageants composed by Heywood (in 1631, 1632, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1638, 1639); thirty-five if we add the *Masque at Hunsdon House*, of which certain prefatory speeches are given in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, and thirty-seven if we may infer from cer-

¹ *English Drama*, 1, 288-89, but cf. 1, 184.

² See Laura A. Hibbard's discussion of the authorship of this play in *The Journal of Modern Philology*, January, 1910, and Philipp Aronstein's rejoinder in *Englische Studien*, July, 1912.

tain prologues and epilogues printed in this same volume that Heywood furnished the Earl of Dover with a Christmas play and a Candlemas play. A study of Henslowe's *Diary*, with Mr. Greg's illuminating comment, gives, together with the mention of two unnamed plays of Heywood,¹ the titles of nine: *War without Blows and Love without Suit*; *Joan as Good as my Lady*; *The London Florentine*, part 1, with Chettle; *Albere Galles*, with Wentworth Smith; additions to *Cutting Dick*; *Marshal Osric*, with Smith; *Lady Jane*, part 1, with Chettle, Dekker, Smith and Webster; *Christmas Comes but Once a Year*, with Chettle, Dekker and Webster; *The Blind Eats Many a Fly*. To these forty-six may confidently be added, now that Mr. Law has vindicated the good faith of Cunningham, *How to Learn of a Woman to Woo*. Three others appear in the Stationers' Registers: *Loves Masterpiece*, entered May 22, 1640, and *The Apprentice's Prize*, and *The Life and Death of Sir Martin Skink*, both entered April 8, 1654, as by Brome and Heywood. Strong cases have been made out for *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*,² *A Warning for Fair Women*, *Appius and Virginia*, and scenes of *Sir Thomas Stukeley*. More doubtful are *The Isle of Dogs*;³ the Bellamira scenes in *The Jew of Malta*,⁴ and *The Bold Beachams*.⁵ Mr. Bullen's tentative ascription to Heywood of *Dick of Devonshire* may be set

¹ Greg, part 1, pp. 45 and 187, with xliii.

² See bibliography for 1912, 1913, 1916.

³ Greg, II, 185-86.

⁴ Greg, II, 151.

⁵ Fleay's *English Drama*, I, 287-88.

aside, as well as the suggestion that Heywood was part author of *Pericles*,¹ more readily than Hazlitt's of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, where touches of the Heywood vocabulary are in evidence as well as the Heywood flavor. This play, it is of interest to note in passing, alludes to reading long at Cambridge "the liberal arts" and to watching many nights "on the top of Peter-house highest tower." It belonged, however, to the King's men. But this is not the place to discuss problems of disputed authorship nor possible identification of certain of the Henslowe plays with those extant under different titles; nor is it necessary to notice the Robin Hood dramas and others erroneously attributed to Heywood by Kirkman, Langbaine, and their followers. As for *Fast Bind Fast Find*, the context of the original reference in Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation* of 1593² makes it clear that he is not referring to Thomas Heywood nor to a play at all,³ but to John Heywood, whom he mentions in this same tract (p. 311) among "our late writers" and who gives in his *Epigrams upon Proverbs* one (no. 283) *Of Fast Binding*. Mr. Albert Forbes Sieveking, in his edition (1904) of that Cambridge "Shew" of 1615 entitled *Worke for Cutlers Or A Merry Dialogue betweene Sword, Rapier and Dagger* ingeniously defends his hypothesis of Heywood authorship, but subject, manner, phrasing are all against it.

The number of dramatic pieces, then, which we can at present identify as by Heywood amounts to little more than fifty, and a few of these, as the later Lord

¹ Daniel Lindsey Thomas in *Englische Studien*, 39, 210.

² Grosart ed., II, 311. ³ Cf. Fleay's *English Drama*, II, 369.

Mayor's pageants, date after his statement in 1633 that he had either entirely written or substantially collaborated in two hundred and twenty plays. His word may well be taken as the literal truth, for although such continuous production argues remarkable industry, it is this very quality in Heywood that especially impressed his contemporaries. Henslowe's *Diary* notes, between September 4, 1602 and February 12, 1603, eight plays on which Heywood was engaged, as writer of additions, collaborator or, in case of *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse*, as sole author. This facile writer would not have had to average eight plays in six months, nor eight plays a year, to attain his two hundred and twenty in thirty years, much less forty. Nor is his record for rapid work unique. In the two years 1598 and 1599 Dekker wrote six plays single-handed and collaborated in at least eighteen. Daborne produced seven plays, with little help from collaborators, between April, 1613 and March, 1614, and Drayton wrote, or had a share in writing, for the Admiral's men, eighteen plays in thirteen months. Heywood, like these, wrote as a practical playwright, attaching little consequence beyond the immediate uses of the theatre to his dramas, working in the mood of the journalist rather than that of the artist. The wonder is, under these circumstances, not that he wrote so much, but that, at his best, he wrote so well.

At the Rose and Curtain. — Heywood must already have had some experience as an actor, though perhaps mainly at Cambridge, when Henslowe engaged him, March 25, 1598, on what was then reckoned the first

day of the year, as a covenant servant for two years, during which time he was bound under a penalty of forty pounds "not to playe any wher publicke a bowt london not whille these ij yeares be expired but in my howsse."¹ This was a common practice on Henslowe's part, and in one of these agreements (with Thomas Hearne, July 27, 1597) wages are specified, five shillings a week for the first year and six shillings eightpence for the second.² Heywood had already, in his capacity of a playwright, dealt with Henslowe, whose *Diary* records in 1596, between October 14 and 29, a loan to the Admiral's men of thirty shillings "for hawodes bocke." And Mr. Greg substantially confirms Fleay in interpreting certain earlier entries in the *Diary* as indicating that during the two years previous Heywood had been furnishing the Admiral's men with plays, — perhaps his *Four Prentices*, entered by Henslowe as *Godfrey of Bulloigne*; the first part of *Edward IV*, entered as *The Siege of London*; *The Golden Age*, entered as *Coelo et Olympo* ("Selio and Olimpo"); *The Silver Age* and *The Brazen Age* entered as the two parts of *Hercules*; and a trial version of *The Iron Age* as *Troy*, with a group of short mythological dramas (three of which may be those printed in *Pleasant Dialogues*) as *Five Plays in One*. The average sum then paid by a company of actors for a play seems to have been six pounds,³ though under the Stuarts prices were

¹ Greg, I, 204.

² Cf. Sheaven's *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age*, p. 94, note 2.

³ Greg, II, 126-27.

considerably advanced.¹ Heywood received only five pounds each for *War without Blows* and *Joan as Good as my Lady*. *The London Florentine* brought six pounds ten shillings, but this sum was divided between Heywood and Chettle. Heywood had to share with Wentworth Smith the six pounds paid for *Albere Galles*, and the six for *Marshal Osric*. He received one pound for his additions to *Cutting Dick*, shared with Chettle, Smith, Dekker and Webster the eight pounds paid for *Lady Jane*, and with Chettle, Dekker and Webster the seven pounds paid for *Cbristmas Comes but Once a Year*. For *The Blind Eats Many a Fly* Heywood received six pounds, and only six pounds, too, for *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse*, — less than was paid for Mistress Frankford's dress, that "womones gowne of blacke velvett" which, with its satin and "lynenges," cost the company eight pounds less one shilling.

Henslowe's "house," where Heywood had agreed to play exclusively for two years, was the Rose on the Bankside. Here the Admiral's men had been established since the summer of 1594, but they appear to have abandoned it in July, 1600, reopening in the late autumn at the comparatively splendid new theatre, the Fortune, built by Henslowe and Alleyn in Golden Lane, outside Cripplegate.² The indications are that Heywood did not go with them to the Fortune. There is no mention of him in the *Diary* from February 12, 1599, when he received the second payment for *Joan as Good as My Lady*, till September 1, 1602, when Henslowe

¹ See Sheaven's *The Literary Profession*, ch. iv.

² Murray's *English Dramatic Companies*, 1, 129-30.

lent him half a crown "to bye hime a payer of sylke garters."

Heywood's *Edward IV* was acted by the Earl of Derby's servants, who apparently opened at the Curtain in the spring of 1599.¹ Since Heywood's obligations to the Rose ceased in March, 1600, this play, entered S. R. August 28, 1599, "as yt was lately acted by the Right honorable the Earl of Derbye his servantes," may have precluded his venture with another "cry of players." In any case, his contract with Henslowe related only to acting and did not preclude his writing for other companies than the Admiral's men. When he reappears in the *Diary*, he is a shareholder in Worcester's company. This company had taken part that year (1601-2) in the Christmas revels at Court, as an entry of the Exchequer² shows: "To William Kempe and Thomas Heywoode servauntis to The earle of Worcester upon the counceilis warrant dated at the court of Richmond ultimo die Februarii 1601 [1602] for an Enterlude or Playe by them and there followers presented before her Ma^{tie} on the Sondaye night after New yeares daye VI li. XIIIIs. IIIId and by way of her maties rewarde LXVIIs. VIIIId. In all X li." Mr. Greg states³ that there was a second performance at court February 14, for which also payment was made to Kemp and Heywood. Worcester's men occupied the Rose, their costly new "flage of sylke" fluttering proudly at its mast-top, from August, 1602, till the following May. Soon after the accession of James, they

¹ Fleay: *English Drama*, 1, 289. Greg, II, 106.

² Pipe Rolls, 543.

³ *Diary*, II, 106.

passed from the patronage of Edward Somerset, fourth Earl of Worcester, to that of Queen Anne. In the two patent lists, 1603-4 (?) and 1609, for the Queen's men, Heywood's name stands third, preceded by the names of Thomas Greene and Christopher Beeston, and directly followed by the names of Perkins and Pallant. All these, except Thomas Greene, had been Worcester's men, as also had Duke and probably Lee.¹ Apparently Heywood's new fellows in the Queen's company were Swinnerton, Holt and Robert Beeston.² The undated patent³ which Fleay assigns to May, 1603, but which Greg places a year later, authorizes "Hawood" and the rest to play in their usual houses called "the Curtayne and the Bores Head," this latter being, apparently, the famous Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap. The Queen's players performed mainly at the Curtain till 1609 or 1610⁴ and then took possession of the Red Bull.

There is not even a tradition in regard to Heywood's standing as a player, though the tone of the *Apology*, in contrast to Shakespeare's tone in the *Sonnets*, shows that he respected his profession. His views on the art of acting there expressed are so sound that they invite comparison with Shakespeare's as given in *Hamlet*. Yet the Queen's men, do all that Heywood and his fellows might, were not able to hold their own against the

¹ Greg, II, 294.

² For comparison of lists, see Greg, II, 108.

³ *Calendar State Papers, Domestic, Addenda, 1623-25*, p. 530.

⁴ Fleay's *London Stage*, p. 191. But cf. *Nebraska University Studies*, October, 1909, p. 29, where Mr. Wallace contends for an earlier date, between 1603 and 1605.

King's men, where Shakespeare and Burbage carried all before them. The difference was not so obvious then as now. Kemp, who had been chief comedian for the Lord Chamberlain's men, playing Peter in *Romeo and Juliet* and Dogberry in *Much Ado*, left them for Worcester's servants, and with him had come Christopher Beeston, Duke, Pallant and perhaps Lee.¹ And Perkins, although later, on quitting the Red Bull, he joined the King's men, is found after two or three years playing again with his old fellows, at the Cockpit. As time went on, the King's men were not without their share of reverses. The Globe was burned in 1613; three years later, Shakespeare died, and in 1619 came the death of Burbage; but they swiftly rebuilt the Globe, engaged Fletcher and Massinger as dramatists and made the best of Joseph Taylor for a Hamlet and an Iago. The lead in court favor, which they had gained as the Lord Chamberlain's men, they held until the closing of the theatres, and so established themselves in popular respect that the players of Blackfriars were remembered at the end of the century² as "men of grave and sober behaviour." Yet the Queen's men, too, had a modest share of royal favor, and seem to have lived quietly and reputably enough in their suburb of Clerkenwell anciently associated through its Miracle Plays with the drama.³

Toward such success as his company had, Heywood's writing, if not his acting, largely contributed. Out of the thirty plays given at court in the splendid Christmas

¹ Greg, II, 108, 294.

² *Historia Histrionica*.

³ *An Apology for Actors*, Shakespeare Society ed., pp. 60-61

revels of 1603 the Queen's men presented two (before Prince Henry, January 2, January 13), and they appeared once (before King James, December 30) in the revels of 1604. The names of the two earlier plays are not recorded, but *The Revells Booke* designates the third as *How to Larne of a woman to woove*. The author is given as "Hewood" with the same easy indifference to spelling that is shown in the preceding entry where *a plaie of Errors* is attributed to "Shaxberd." *The Blacke Boke*, published in 1604 and commonly assigned to Middleton,¹ attests the popularity of at least one of Heywood's plays in suggesting how a woman, who would rid herself of an unwelcome attendant, "shall turn the honest, simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see *The Merry Diuel of Edmonton* or *A Woman kilde with kindnesse*." A play was performed by the Queen's company at court, before the king, in the Christmas revels of 1605 (December 27), but the payment was a little less than usual. The royal Yule was kept as merrily as ever in 1606 and 1607. The King's men, with *Lear* added to their repertory, were in high favor, presenting nine plays, as against six given by the Prince's men, the first winter, and thirteen, against four by their out-distanced rivals, the second; but the Queen's men were not called to court at all.

Earlier Publications. — When to the natural chagrin that must have touched even Heywood's modest and generous temper was added the inactivity imposed upon

¹ See Fleay's *English Drama*, II, 89, for doubts as to this assignment.

players and playwrights by the long continuance of the plague, substantially closing the theatres from the end of July, 1608, to the beginning of December, 1609, it is no wonder that he turned to the press for a living. Already several of his plays had been piratically published and, judging from the number of editions, had readily found a market. The two parts of *Edward IV*, entered at Stationers' Hall, August 28, 1599 (to Oxenbridge and Busby, the latter assigning his interest to Lownes February 23, 1600), were published together in black letter, 1600, by Lownes and Oxenbridge and, in 1605 and 1613, by Lownes alone. There were also two undated black-letter editions. The first part of *If you know not me*, entered to Nathaniel Butter July 5, 1605, was printed this same year, and again in 1606, 1608, 1610 and 1613. The second part, entered to Butter September 14, 1605, was printed in 1606 and again in 1609. When *If you know not me* was revived at the Cockpit some twenty years later, Heywood's prologue, "in which the Author taxeth the most corrupted copy now imprinted," protested against the short-hand method of publishing poetry, incidentally stating that the play had originally been well acted and had drawn large audiences, — that it

"Did throng the Seates, the Boxes, and the Stage
So much that some by Stenography drew
The plot : put it in print : (scarce one word trew.)"

The Fair Maid of the Exchange, entered to Henry Rocket April 24, 1607, was published that same year; in 1607, too, *A Woman kille with Kindnesse*, which

seems to have evaded Stationers' Hall, was brought out by William Jaggard, — the first publication on record with Heywood's name as author. *Lucrece*, entered June 3, 1608, to Busby and Butter, is preceded by a deprecatory address of much significance, but Heywood's translation of Sallust's *Catiline* and *Jugurtha*, "The Two most worthy and Notable Histories which remaine unmaimed to Posterity," entered to William Jaggard, February 15, 1608, and published by his brother John Jaggard that same year, was a willing venture into print. Through the autumn of 1608 Heywood was hard at work, we may reasonably conjecture, on his versified history of England, published the following year as *Troia Britanica: or, Great Britaine's Troy*. In 1609 he may have been engaged on his rumored *Lives of the Poets*, a peculiarly congenial task, but with the hard frosts of that autumn there came, at last, a check to the ravages of the pestilence, and early in December the theatres were reopened.

At the Red Bull. If the Queen's men did not open at the Red Bull, they soon moved to this theatre from the old Curtain. The Red Bull stood at the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell. It was a so-called public theatre, like the Globe and the Fortune, designed for day performances and roofed only in part, so that the pit lay open to the weather. It was large¹ and boasted curtains of Naples silk,² but here, as at the Curtain, the audiences were of the rougher sort.

¹ Kirkman as quoted in *The Shakspeare Allusion-Book*, ed. 1909, II, 199.

² Cf. Tatham in Collier's *Bibliographical Account*, ed. 1866, IV, 132.

At the Red Bull the Queen's men made a fresh and brave beginning. Dekker, who had previously written for the Admiral's men and Worcester's men, sometimes collaborating with Heywood, was working for them now as for his "loving and loved friends and fellows."¹ And no less a tragedy than Webster's *White Devil* fell to the lot of her Majesty's servants. This play was published in 1612, and in the prefatory *Address to the Reader* Webster cordially praises Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, "and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-spere, M. Decker, & M. Heywood."

Heywood's *Ages* stood the Queen's men in good stead. On *The Golden Age* "comming accidentally to the Presse" late in 1611 (S. R. to W. Barrenger, October 14, 1611), Heywood furnished it with a foreword describing it as "the eldest brother of three Ages, that have adventured the Stage." This would indicate that the *Troy* of 1596 was, if Heywood's at all, no more than a first Homeric sketch, and that the two parts of *The Iron Age*, as we know them, had not been written or, at least, not acted by 1611. They were not printed until 1632, when Nicholas Okes, who had published both *The Brazen Age* and *The Silver Age* in 1613, brought them out in quarto with martial frontispieces, and Heywood's *Address* reminded the reader that "these were the Playes often (and not with the least applause,) Publikely Acted by two Companies, upon one Stage at once, and have at sondry times

¹ Address to *If this be not a good play, the Diuell is in it.*

thronged three severall Theaters, with numerous and mighty Auditories." In Heywood's *An Apology for Actors*, printed by Okes in 1612, he refers again to the telling effect with which these plays were staged and acted. "To see as I have seene, Hercules, in his owne shape, hunting the boare, knocking downe the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chaynes, and lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*, Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander!"

The Queen's men, what with the stir made by the *Ages* and with the popularity of their comedian, Thomas Greene, "the lean fool of the Bull,"¹ had been heard of at court again. They had been passed over in the Christmas revels of 1608, as in those of the two preceding years; in the plague winter of 1609-10 not any London company, not even the King's men, appeared at court; but in the following Yuletide Heywood and his fellows had the happiness of presenting three plays before the King and Prince Henry. The Christmas of 1611 saw them six times at court. On December 27 and again on February 2 they acted before the King and Queen John Cooke's *The City Gallant*, a play to which Greene's comic success in the part of Bubble had given the new and lasting name, Greene's *Tu Quoque*. January 16 and 23 they presented two unnamed plays before the Prince and his sister, the Lady Elizabeth. But Heywood's personal

¹ Fleay's *London Stage*, p. 375.

triumph came on Sunday, January 12, and the Monday night next following, when the King's men united with the Queen's men in performing at Greenwich, before the Queen and Prince Henry, *The Silver Age* and *Lucrece*. This unusual procedure on the part of the King's company may be accounted for by the fact that *The Silver Age* has thirty-three distinct characters besides "2 Captaines, 6 Centaures, Serving-men, Swaines, Theban Ladies, The seven Planets, Furies," and *Lucrece* twenty, in addition to senators and serving-men.

In this year 1612 Heywood brought out his *Apology for Actors*, conducting the defence under the three heads: *Their Antiquity, Their Ancient Dignity, and The true use of their Quality*. When Heywood urges his weakness as a champion, stating that his pen "hath seldome appeared in presse till now," he was doubtless thinking of himself as the translator of Sallust and the author of *Britain's Troy*, for with the publication of the eight plays of his before that date he had no more to do than fix a "few lines in the front" of *The Golden Age* and, in case of *Lucrece*, protect himself against the wrong of a "corrupt and mangled" imprint, "copied onely by the eare," by furnishing out this play "in his native habit." The thin quarto has a double dedication, first to the Earl of Worcester and then "To my good Friends and Fellowes the *Citty-Actors*," to whom Heywood wishes "judiciall audiences, honest poets, and" — with a hint of those knavish door-keepers who, scratching their heads, used to drop shillings in at their collars — "true gatherers." His

address to the Reader is, like the treatise itself, in cheerful and tranquil temper, and though we are given to understand that "a kind of necessity" enjoined him to "so sudden a businesse," and that this necessity was connected with royal limitation on "the use of certain publicke theaters," the exact situation is not known.

The winter of 1612-13 was stormy, with "tempestuous weather bothe at Sea and Land." Tracts and ballads were written on the inclemency of the season. That windy autumn brought grief to England, for on the sixth day of November the heir to the throne, Prince Henry, a singularly promising youth of eighteen, died of a virulent fever. On the seventh the Water-Poet entered his elegy at Stationers' Hall, and *Lachrymae, Lamentacons, Funerall Teares, Muses Teares*, followed in swift succession. The poets vied with one another in ghastly attractions. Chapman adorned his lament with a folding plate depicting the "Hearse," while Sylvester printed his in a border of skeletons and sheeted ghosts. Heywood's friend Peacham added his drop to these "Icie Showers." Heywood's tribute, entered at Stationers' Hall December 23, appeared as one of the three *Funerall Elegies on Prince Henry* (published by Welbie), the others being by Webster and Tourneur.

The poets of England had hardly more than three months in which to grieve for Prince Henry. In the early English spring that followed this wild winter, the Princess Elizabeth, only sixteen years of age, was married, on February 14, to Frederic V, Count Palatine of the Rhine, regarded as the future leader of the Pro-

testant cause in Germany. Even before the wedding date *nuptiall Poems, Joyes and triumphes* pressed for entry in the Stationers' Registers. Heywood's *Epithalamium* (published by Marchaunt), entered the day after the wedding, remembers Prince Henry, but

" since 't is best
To wake him not from his eternall rest,"

casts off " Ravens plumes " for " feathers from the Swans white wing. "

These court poems may have brought Heywood reputation, for in 1614 Edmund Howes, in his *Continuation of Stow's Annals*, counts among the English poets " Mr. Thomas Heywood gentleman, " but that they did not bring him any considerable sum of money — though perhaps he fared as well as Sylvester, who received five pounds for his elegy — we may infer from a volume of this same year, Thomas Freeman's *Rubbe, and a great Cast*. Epigram 93, addressed " To his worthy friend Maister Heywood, of his Gold and Silver Age, " runs :

" So wrote the ancient Poets heretofore,
So hast thou lively furnished the stage,
Both with the golden, and the silver age,
Yet thou, as they, dost but discourse of store,
Silver and gold is common to your Poet,
To have it, no; enough for him to know it. "

Heywood was again numbered among the poets in 1620, this time by John Taylor in his *Praise of Hempseed*, but meanwhile there are few traces of Heywood's pen. His friends Brathwait and Peacham were continually in the press. Once (September 13 and 15,

1619), three works by Brathwait were entered at Stationers' Hall within three days. In 1612 Heywood had written a prefatory poem for Peacham's *Minerva Britanna*, praising the artist-author's skill, and it is possible that the Latin verses signed T. H., prefixed in 1614 to young Thomas Ravenscroft's work of musical heresy, *A Briefe Discourse, &c.*, are his. In that same year Purfoot, not one of Heywood's publishers, brought out a modernized version of Lydgate's *Troy Book* as *The Life and Death of Hector*, a work which has been attributed, on no very convincing grounds, to Heywood. *The Foure Prentises of London*, which had already suffered the honor of being made fun of by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, was printed in 1615, "As it hath bene diverse times Acted, at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Servants." Heywood explains, in his dedication "To the Honest and High-spirited Prentises, the Readers," that he had learned, too late to help it, of the proposed publication of this play, "written many yeares since, in my Infancy of Judgment in this kinde of Poetry, and my first practise," and was well aware of its shortcomings in plot and style.¹ But the prentices were so far from critical that another edition was ventured in 1632. There came out in 1615 a belated *Refutation* of Heywood's *Apology* by J. G., initials interpreted by the British Museum catalogue as J. Greene. The author seems to distinguish Heywood only as one player "amongst the whole crew," and while he

¹ For date of composition, see Fleay's *English Drama*, 1, 182-3, 282-3.

accuses "Mr. Actor" of impiety, and derides his "idle Profession," his learning and his logic, he flings at him none of those personal taunts so common in the pamphlet controversies of the day. The tone is Puritanical, the writer bitterly resenting the way in which the people "flock thick and three-fould to the Play-houses, and with all Celerity make speed to enter in them, least they should not get place neere enough unto the Stage (so prone and ready are they to evill;) when the Temple of God shall remaine bare and empty."

Apart from the publication of the three plays already mentioned, *The Silver Age* and *The Brazen Age* in 1613, and *The Foure Prentises* in 1615, and from another edition of *A Woman kilde with kindnesse*, issued by Isaac Jaggard, William Jaggard's son, in 1617, Heywood did not figure — at least by name — in the press between the appearance of his *Epithalamium*, in 1613, and that of his *Gunaikeion*, in 1624. "The Apologetick Atlas of the Stage" was finding it more than he could do to uphold the fortunes of his own theatre. He had been an active member of Worcester's company, for which he was toiling so prodigiously through the winter of 1602-3, and the Greenstreet papers¹ make it evident that he was a leader among the Queen's men. Their prospects, which had brightened on their removal to the Red Bull, soon clouded over. There were no more plays from poor Dekker, who spent the years 1613-19 in a debtors' prison, the King's Bench, nor from Webster, whose *Duchess of Malfi*, dated 1617 by Mr. Stoll,² was acted by the

¹ Fleay's *London Stage*, pp. 270-98. ² *John Webster*, pp. 22-30.

King's men. But the loss they felt most keenly was that of Thomas Greene, their popular fool, whose death not only deprived the Red Bull of its chief attraction but involved his fellows in a hampering net of financial difficulties.

An epigram (in *Remains after Death*, by Musophilus, 1618) "Upon an Actor now of late deceas'd: and upon his Action *Tu quoq*: and first upon his Travell" implies that Greene had died suddenly on his return from a voyage and raises the question whether the Queen's men had been playing on the Continent:

"Hee whome this mouldered clod of earth doth hide,
New come from Sea, made but one face and dide."

There are lines, too, *Upon his Creditors* and *Unto his fellow Actors*. Greene's will,¹ made July 25, 1612, declares him of the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell. He left legacies to his daughter Honor, to the five minor children, named Browne, of his wife by an earlier marriage, to a sister and two brothers, remembered his baker and brewer and one or two friends, and bequeathed to his "fellowes of the house of the redd Bull forty shillings, to buy gloves for them." Heywood (Heyward), Beeston and Perkins were among the witnesses of the will, and the two latter were associated with one of Greene's brothers as "overseers." The St. James Register records the burial, August 7, 1612, of "Thomas Greene, householder, in the Chancell," where, six years later (October 24, 1618), his daughter Honor was laid beside him. His widow, who, within a year, had married a third husband, James

¹ Fleay's *London Stage*, 192-4.

Baskerville, pressed the Queen's men for £117, a sum which she claimed was due to Greene, in that he had been the owner of one full share, estimated at £80, and had moreover advanced various amounts. The company, further embarrassed, it would seem, by Christopher Beeston's questionable financial management,¹ attempted to satisfy her demands, now in one way, now in another, but were continually behind with the stipulated payments. The Queen's servants took part in the Christmas revels of 1613, playing twice (December 28 and January 5) before their Majesties. They were not at court again, and with the death of Queen Anne, 1619, her company went nominally out of existence. Some members remained for a time at the Red Bull, obtaining a Privy Seal, July 8, 1622, for a new adult company to be known as the Children of the Revels, — a company that held together only a few months. Heywood's name does not appear in their list,² and Fleay very reasonably infers³ that Heywood had gone with Beeston to the Lady Elizabeth's men at the Cockpit (Phoenix). Although Heywood's name is not mentioned, as Beeston's is, in Herbert's 1622 list of "the chiefe of them at the Phoenix," he is prominently counted in by Mrs. Baskerville, in her Chancery statement of June 16, 1623, among those "fellowes and Sharers" of the Queen's company "now comme, or shortlie to come from

¹ C. W. Wallace in *Nebraska University Studies*, October, 1909, pp. 29-56.

² Murray's *English Dramatic Companies*, 1, 198.

³ *London Stage*, 273.

the said Playhowse called the Redd Bull to the Playhowse in Drurie Lane called the Cockpitt." In these Chancery documents Heywood's name is well to the fore, sometimes standing directly after that of Beeston, the manager, while sometimes the name of Perkins, an actor of excellent repute (see note, pp. 252-3) intervenes. But Heywood, though we know from his introductory note to Greene's *Tu Quoque*, printed in 1614, that his feeling toward this "entirely beloved Fellow" was characteristically kind and loyal, seems to have been unable to bear his full portion of the common burden. Eight of the Queen's men had undertaken, in three groups, to make¹ certain payments, each of £5 16s 8d, on specified dates. The first two of these payments were duly made, but so late as the summer of 1623 the redoubtable Mrs. Baskerville asserts that the bond subscribed by Heywood, Blany, and Drue, "payable the said last daie of August 1617, is yett unsatisfied."

At the Cockpit (Phoenix).— That before the summer of 1623 Heywood's dramatic activity had been transferred from the Red Bull, where the Prince's men were established in August, to the Cockpit, is altogether probable. Mr. Murray, in questioning Fleay's assertion to this effect,² recognizes as the only evidence for Heywood's connection with the Lady Elizabeth's men the fact that on September 3, 1624, *The Captives* was licensed by Herbert for the Cockpit company (not, as Murray states, "produced" on this date). There is,

¹ Fleay's *London Stage*, 288-9.

² Murray's *English Dramatic Companies*, 1, 256, note.

however, plenty of evidence — as follows — for Heywood's continued connection as playwright with the Cockpit after the Lady Elizabeth's men had become (about June 24, 1625) Queen Henrietta's men, and although his name does not appear in any of their extant lists of actors, he would naturally have filled in minor parts from time to time. Mr. Murray is wrong in affirming that after 1619 "Heywood is not mentioned as an actor." As late as 1640 the old player was advised, in an epigram slightly tinged with contempt, that "groveling on the stage" did not become his years.¹

The Cockpit was one of the smaller theatres, adapted to candle-light performances. It had been first built in 1616, or a few months earlier, torn down in a Shrove Tuesday riot of the prentices in 1617 and promptly rebuilt as the Phoenix. Although the Cockpit ranked as much below the Blackfriars, the winter house of the King's men, as the Red Bull, where one might see "a play for twopence, and a jig to boot" (prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*) ranked below their summer house, the Globe, yet it had, at the time when the Lady Elizabeth's company was taking over one after another of Queen Anne's men, some effective actors. Their manager was Christopher Beeston, and among the players were William Sherlock, Antony Turner² and Andrew Cane.³ William Robins or Robinson⁴ may have taken as a comedian the place of Cane, when Cane returned to the Fortune.

That Heywood counted for less at the Cockpit than

¹ See *infra*, p. lxxi.

² For these see notes, pp. 255 and 256-7.

³ See notes, pp. 276-7. ⁴ See note, pp. 255-6.

at the Red Bull may have been due in part to his age, impairing his effectiveness as an actor, and in part to his poverty, excluding him, perhaps, from the shareholders. From 1624, the date when his *Gunaikeion: or, Nine Bookes of Various History Concerninge Women; Inscribed by y^e names of y^e Nine Muses*, was published, he evidently depended more and more upon the press for a livelihood.

King James died March 27, 1625, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, May 5. Heywood promptly wrote *A funeral elegie upon the much lamented death of the Trespuissant and unmatchable King*, entered at Stationers' Hall by Thomas Harper April 4 and published with a frontispiece representing the dead king lying in state.

It was a sickly season in England. Evelyn's *Diary* states of 1625: "This was the year in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5000 a-week." Southampton's eventful career had ended in the autumn of 1624, and Peacham's patron, the Earl of Dorset, had died the preceding spring. The death of Heywood's uncle, Edmund Heywood, occurred before February 1, 1626. One suspects that the reign of Charles did not open blithely for our dramatist, old-fashioned now, with the hair whitening above that ruddy face noted in a contemporary squib. This drollery¹ repeats an earlier jest on Heywood:

"Well of the Golden Age he could intreat,
But little of the mettall he could get."

¹ *On the Time-Poets*, repr. *Shakespeare Society Papers*, 1847, III, 172.

Yet his Uncle Edmund's bequest¹ does not imply, as in the case of William Heywood, any extreme pressure of poverty, though such may have come with the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1628.

Heywood's old plays were not forgotten. *Lucrece* was acted by Queen Henrietta's men at the Cockpit August 6, 1628, was republished in 1630 and again, with five new songs, "which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part," in 1638. *Edward IV* went into fresh editions in 1619 and 1626, and *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* in 1625, 1635 and 1637. *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse* was not reprinted after 1617, but a far inferior play, *If you know not me*, revived at the Cockpit when it was (*Prologue*) more than twenty-one years old, was republished, the First Part in 1632, the Second in 1623 and 1633. Through the thirties, too, Heywood was bringing to the press new plays, or old plays hitherto unpublished, at the rate of about one a year. If he was trying to do what Ingenioso purposed (in *The Returne from Parnassus*), "live by the printinge house," it is to be hoped that he fared better than Ingenioso, to whom the printer offered for his book "40 shillings and an odde pottle of wine." In 1631 (S. R. June 16) Richard Royston brought out in one volume the two parts of *The Faire Maid of the West* "As it was lately acted before the King and Queen, with approved liking. *By the Queens Majesties Comedians.*" The prologue "Spoken to their two Majesties at Hampton Court" is graceful without fulsomeness. Heywood

¹ See pp. cviii-cix.

states (*Dedication* to Second Part) that the play has found favor with its auditors from "the *Plebe* and *Gentrie*" up, "as also of our royall *Augustus* and *Livia*," and the address *To the Reader* (First Part) asserts that both parts were "plausible in the public acting" and that upon them "the greatest and best in the kingdome" had "vouchsafed to smile." When, in 1632, Okes published the two parts of *The Iron Age*, Heywood says, in the address *To the Reader* (Second Part): "These Ages have beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then: I know not how they may be received in this Age, where nothing but *Satirica Dictaeria*, and *Comica Scommata* are now in request: For mine own part, I never affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or private." *The English Traveller*, entered by Okes July 15, 1633, is dedicated to Sir Henry Appleton in acknowledgment of the friendship he had maintained with Heywood's Uncle Edmund. The publishing of plays was now so much in vogue that the fierce young Puritan, William Prynne, avowed enemy of theatres, "Divels Chappels," and all their works, declared (*Histrionastix*) in a mood too angry for accuracy, that there had been "above forty thousand Playbookes printed within these two yeares." Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, revived by Queen Henrietta's men probably at Heywood's instigation, was first published in 1633 (S. R. November 22, 1632). Heywood had apparently known Marlowe, "the best of Poets in that age," and perhaps seen Allen, "the best of Actors," in the part of Barabas. There are reminis-

cences of Marlowe in Heywood's plays, as there are of Kyd and Peele, and he, like Shakespeare, quoted (in *The Captives*) Marlowe's "excellent sayeing":

"He never lov'd that lov'd not att fyrst sighte."

Heywood wrote prologue and epilogue for the Cockpit revival and also for the performance "in his Majesties Theatre at White-Hall." In the Cockpit prologue he says that Perkins, "at the urgence of some friends," had undertaken the rôle of Barabas, and deprecates comparison with Allen.

In Heywood's *Epistle Dedicatorie* to *The English Traveller* he alluded to the recent attack on the stage by Prynne, that "Separisticall humorist," whose book included an attempted refutation of Lodge's *Defence* and Heywood's *Apology*, and said he was meaning to answer it at once. But by the date of the address *To the Reader* prefixed to his next published play, *A Maiden-head well Lost*, printed by Okes in 1634 (S. R. June 25) "that most horrible *Histriomastix*" had passed, because of its supposed insult to the Queen, from the realm of literary controversy into political arraignment. In 1634 (S. R. October 28) was published (by Harper) *The late Lancashire Witches* as by Heywood and Brome. Although Heywood, as the *Gunaikeion* proves, honestly believed in witchcraft as a diabolic pact, the epilogue shows that he recognized the injustice of prejudicing popular judgment while there was yet chance of acquittal. In 1635 no play of Heywood's issued from the press, although his *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* was entered August 29 to Richard Hearne,

and his *Loves Mistris* September 30 to John Crouch. Two plays came out in 1636, *A Challenge for Beautie* (S. R. June 17, to Robert Raworth), whose prologue shows that Heywood, always an Elizabethan, was conscious of being out of tune with "These queasie Times," and *Loves Mistris* (printed by Raworth for Crouch and reprinted, as "corrected by the Author," in 1640), a masque whose success at court gave the old playwright undisguised satisfaction. The long quarrel between Jonson and Inigo Jones had reached the point of final rupture in 1631. Inigo Jones had triumphed; the masque-loving court could spare its poet better than its carpenter, who must look elsewhere for a co-worker in creating those "glorious Spectacles of vanity." He tried Townshend, Carew, Shirley, Cartwright, D'Avenant, and once, when the Queen would entertain the King on his birthday, November 19, in her own palace of Denmark House, he coöperated with Heywood. Queen Henrietta, who liked to visit the private theatres, had apparently first seen the play as given by her company at the Phoenix and been so well pleased that she had bidden Inigo Jones embellish it with "rare decorations" for the birthday. Heywood's prologue of welcome to the Queen on her "entering hither at our public gate" stated that his drama was "both fresh and new." For the birthday celebration he wrote enthusiastic prologue and epilogue, spoken, as before, by Cupid, and when their Majesties called for another performance the same week — three presentations before royalty within eight days! — Cupid, in still another prologue, invoked all earthly and celestial joys upon them.

Fleay is probably right in assigning¹ these three performances of *The Queens Masque* to 1634, though it would have been most unlike Heywood to load his play with a run of satirical allusions to Shirley. But the S. R. entry (September 30, 1635) indicates 1634, and this, too, was the one year between 1630 and 1636 when Heywood's autumn was not taken up by the preparation of the Lord Mayor's Show. Heywood first received this civic appointment in 1631 for a Lord Mayor, George Whitmore, with whom he may have had previous acquaintance, as the poet makes him an "affectionate presentment of this annuall Celebration." Heywood naïvely expresses his surprise² at the intelligence of the committee of citizens to whom he had to submit his plans, but the Puritan tradesmen and the old player got on so well together that Heywood had the appointment in 1632 and again in 1633. In 1634 John Taylor devised the pageant, probably making the most of the shows by water, but Heywood was earning his ten pounds again³ in 1635. There is no pageant recorded for 1636, but Heywood officiated for the next three years. In 1640 there was no Lord Mayor's Show, nor again until the Puritan austerity had spent itself and, in 1655, merriment was welcomed back to London. Peele, Munday, Dekker, Middleton and Webster had not disdained, before Heywood, to devise these street and river spectacles for the amusement of

¹ *English Drama*, I, 298-300.

² *Works*, IV, 279; V, 374; Fairholt's *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, *Percy Soc. Pub.*, vol. 10, part II, p. 277.

³ Fairholt, vol. 10, part I, p. 174.

“Th’ impatient Crow’d that thrust and hunch,
 And Nuts must crack, or plumb-cake munch,
 Until long-look’t-for *Shew* pass by
 To cram their ever-greedy eye,”

and Heywood worked through his decade cheerfully enough, easily making the transition from “Court-pleasures” to “City-curiosities.” If his lines could not here gain lustre from

“a gawdy Showe
 Of Boards and Canvas, wrought by Inigo,”

his genial temper found much to praise in the lions and unicorns, mermaids and monsters, camels, crocodiles, and the like “Figures or ornaments” wrought by “that most ingenious artist, Mr. Gerard Christmas” and, after his death, by his sons John and Matthias. Heywood’s seven known pageants were printed, year by year, usually by Okes, but once, at least, by Rarworth, and generally with the motto: *Redeunt spectacula.*

Another of Heywood’s plays, *The Royall King, and The Loyall Subject*, appeared in 1637 (S. R. March 25) printed by Nicholas Okes and his son, John Okes, for James Beckett. The prologue indicates that it was presented later than *Loves Mistris*. The epilogue (affixed also to Henry Shirley’s *The Martyr’d Soldier*, a Phoenix play printed by Okes the following year) admits that it was old. It was in 1637, too, that the interesting little volume, *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* (not reprinted in its entirety by Pearson) came from the press. This is a miscellany of translations and adaptations “Selected out of Lucian, Erasmus, Textor, Ovid, &c.,” together with “other Fancies translated

from Beza, Bucanan, and sundry Italian Poets," some forty-six "*Emblems* extracted from the most elegant *Jacobus Catsius*," prologues and epilogues. "As also certaine Elegies, Epitaphs, and *Epithalamions* or *Nuptiall Songs: Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*." The last play of Heywood's to be printed in his lifetime was *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon*, entered March 12, 1638, for Henry Shephard. The author seems to have had no hand in its publication. No theatre nor company is mentioned on the title-page. *The Faire Maid of the West*, *The English Traveller*, *A Mayden-bead well Lost*, *Loves Mistris*, *The Royall King*, and *the Loyall Subject* were all played at the Phoenix by Queen Henrietta's men, but *A Challenge for Beautie* and *The late Lancashire Witches* were published as acted by the King's men at the Globe and Blackfriars. The reason why Heywood at the close of his career was carrying his wares to the rivals of his old fellows almost certainly has to do with Shirley. This fluent playwright began, a man of thirty, to write for the Lady Elizabeth's players in 1625, a year or two after the remnant, including Heywood, of what had been Queen Anne's company left the Red Bull for the Cockpit. Shirley took the taste of the times and rose so rapidly in general favor that Heywood's work was to a large degree superseded. It may be granted that this would be hard for the elder dramatist to bear, and that Shirley's jests at the expense of the Lord Mayor's Shows did not help matters, without believing, as Fleay would have us, that Heywood fell so far below his past and his principles as to fling clumsy insults at the playwright who had excelled him.

Date of Heywood's Death. — The plague was hot again in 1636, closing the theatres, but Heywood was no longer dependent on the activities of the stage. Through the last few years of his laborious life he was driving his pen on strangely diverse subjects for the press. Only death could have stayed so busy a hand. The literary historians who still state that Heywood lived on to 1650 should account for his sudden and continued silence. A passage in *A Satyre against Separatists* (1648) is responsible for this error. The cavalier author, scoffing at the plebeian congregations and their resolves to purify the state, ironically cheers them forward :

“ Go on brave *Heroes*, and perform the rest,
 Increase your fame each day a yard at least,
 Till your high names are grown as glorious full
 As the four *London* Prentices at the Red-Bull :

So may your goodly Ears still prickant grow,
 And no bold Hair increase to mar the show,
 So may your *Morefields* pastimes never fail,
 And all the Rooms about keep mighty Ale.

And so rare Pageants grace the Lord Mayors show,
 And none find out that those are Idols too.
 So may you come to sleep in Fur at last,
 And some *Smectimnuan*, when your days are past,
 Your Funerall Sermon of six hours rehearse,
 And Heywood sing your praise in lofty verse.”

In the later edition (1675) the name Taylor replaces that of Heywood, though Taylor had died in 1653. Either name is to the scornful satirist no more than a synonym for City-Poet. In those troubled times

he would have neither known nor cared whether Heywood was living or not. A poet was only a poet. No court correspondence of 1616 mentions Shakespeare's death. Mr. Pory, in a letter (of September 20, 1632) to Sir Thomas Puckering, says: "Ben Jonson, who I thought had been dead, hath written a play against next term, called 'The Magnetic Lady.'" ¹ Unless we are to infer from *A Satyre against Separatists* that the Lord Mayor's Shows, discontinued after 1639 for sixteen years, were going on in 1648, we cannot consistently infer that Heywood was then alive.

An allusion more to the purpose is furnished by Martine Parker's *The Poets blind mans Bough* (1641), — a tract in which the writer denies the charge of anonymous publication. He groups together three old poets who had made a practice of signing their names to their works, Chaucer, Spenser, Surrey, and adds:

"Sydney and Shakspeare, Drayton, Withers, and
Renowned Jonson, glory of our land,
Deker, learn'd Chapman, Haywood, althought good
To have their names in publicke understood."

If this were written after the summer of 1641, all these poets thus named together were dead except, possibly, Dekker, and except Withers, who states in *The Authors Epitaph* that false reports of his death had been four times put into circulation and believed.

There was plague that year in London,² and Heywood was then far advanced in age, having been, as Dekker said of himself in 1631, "a Priest in *Apollo's*

¹ Birch's *Court and Times of Charles I.*

² See Evelyn's *Diary*, October 10, 1641.

Temple many yeares." He was still full of projects,— a book of *Nine Worthby Men* and his precious, too-long-postponed *Lives of the Poets*. But the time had come for him to perform "that taske to which all mortality is injoyned." In point of fact, his burial record stands just where one would expect to find it, in the Registers of St. James, Clerkenwell, under date of August 16, 1641:

"Tho. Heywood, Poet, bd in ye Church."

HEYWOOD — THE MAN

"It is much, that one so fancyful should be so conscientious."
— Th. Fuller on John Heywood, *The Worthies of England*, 1811 ed., II, 82.

From Lamb to Swinburne, from Hazlitt to Ward, our dramatic critics have felt something very like a personal affection for Heywood. While finding in his plays freshness, vivacity, naturalness, ease, as well as stage effectiveness, especially in the handling of dramatic situations, they admit the lack of great construction, of varied and profound characterization, of passion and of poetry. Nevertheless they feel, amid the granted imperfections of his work, the touch of a spirit so merry, tender, generous, humane, that Lamb crowned Heywood with no less a praise than a "prose Shakespeare."

In the two plays here reprinted, the one his masterpiece of domestic pathos and magnanimity, the other his blithest, most extravagant romance of Elizabethan adventure, we have him at his best ; but their appeal is

so immediate, their charm so obvious, that it has seemed better to leave them to speak for themselves, and devote these few pages to an effort to discern a little more clearly, through the shadows of time, the man whose personality remains the vivifying quality of his work.

Family. — Our knowledge of Heywood's family is at present confined to three sources, furnishing but slight and indirect information. One is *A Funerall Elegie upon the death of the thrice noble Gentleman Sir George Saint Poole of Lincolne-shire my Countryman*, printed in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*. From this we learn that Heywood's native county was Lincolnshire, a fact affirmed again in prefatory verses to a volume of heraldic lore, *The Union of Honour*, by James Yorke, a Lincoln blacksmith, whom Heywood addresses as "my Friend and Country-man," using *country* in the then current sense of *county*. This Sir George St. Poole (Paule), whose bounty and hospitality Heywood's poem celebrates, was apparently connected by marriage¹ with Sir William Elvish (Ellwis), gratefully mentioned in the dedication (to Sir Henry Appleton) of *The English Traveller* as having stimulated Heywood's first attempts at play-writing. "I must confesse, I had altogether slept (my weaklines and bashfulnesse discouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir *William Elvish*, whom (for his unmerited love many ways extended towards me,) I much honour." The St. Pooles had been a leading family in Lincolnshire throughout the sixteenth century, but

¹ *Visitation of Lincolnshire, 1634.*

Sir George St. Poole, created a baronet in 1611 and dying in 1614 without children, was the last of his line. Sir Henry Appleton was of Essex,¹ but his son, Sir Henry Appleton, married "Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Oldfield of Spalding, Lincolnshire."² In all this there is at least a suggestion that Heywood came of a family accustomed in Lincolnshire to gentle association.

Our second source, the dedication to *The English Traveller*, names an uncle of Heywood's and commemorates the special friendship existing between that uncle and Sir Henry Appleton. "For many reasons I am induced, to present this Poem, to your favourable acceptance; and not the least that alternate Love, and those frequent curtesies, which interchangably past, betwixt your selfe and that good old Gentleman, mine unkle (Master Edmund Heywood) whom you pleased to grace by the title of Father."

In view of these two facts, a Lincolnshire birth and an uncle Edmund Heywood, I have noted the possibility (see *A Conjecture as to Thomas Heywood's Family*, in *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, January, 1913) that Heywood was the grandson of one Richard Heywood, a thriving barrister of Lincoln's Inn, a governor of Highgate Grammar School and such a keen buyer of real estate that he acquired extensive manors in both Kent and Lincolnshire. The suggestion is of interest in that it tends to make connection be-

¹ See *Cal. State Papers, Domestic*, November 18, 1623; May 10, 1637.

² Burke's *Extinct Baronetcies*.

tween the two Heywoods of English drama. Richard Heywood was survived by three brothers, "William Heywoode of Stoke in the countie of Essex," "Sir Thomas Heywoode the parson," and "John Heywoode." Richard Heywood seems to have been a trusted friend of Sir Thomas More, to whom John Heywood of the interludes was related by marriage. We read of Richard Heywood in William Roper's *Life of More* as one of the gentlemen "of good credit" present at More's arraignment and reporting the proceedings to the family. With this Roper, More's son-in-law, Heywood was associated in legal practice. They shared chambers at Lincoln's Inn and both are on record as having befriended fugitive Papists. Richard Heywood protected the estate of the Italian merchant, Antonio Bonvisi, to whom More wrote from the Tower with a coal, calling him the half of his heart.

Richard Heywood died in 1570, leaving a son Christopher,¹ a man of thirty, an "unthrift" whom the father tried his best to disinherit, a son John of Lincoln's Inn, and young sons, Edmund and Thomas, — all More or Roper names — besides two daughters. The English right of primogeniture prevailed against all the precautions of the old lawyer's voluminous will, and Christopher Heywood, recognized as heir, soon ran through the property. If Thomas Heywood the dramatist were of this family, he must have been the son of Christopher, for Edmund would have been the uncle, Thomas was too young, and at John Hey-

¹ A "Chr. Heywood" took the B.A. degree, 1565, and the M.A., 1568, from Cambridge.

wood's death, in 1605 or 1606, his eldest son, John Heywood, was but thirteen years old. The registers of those Lincolnshire parishes where Christopher Heywood's manors lay do not go back to his time, so that the birth of his children, if children were born to him there, is not on record, and a family that was in such fleeting possession of Lincolnshire estates would naturally have left no trace of itself in the county. Thomas Heywood, though a native of Lincolnshire, seems to have been reared in London, with whose bustling life his plays are so impregnated. There is a single reference to Sutton Windmill (*Works*, I, 45) as against scores upon scores of intimate allusions to the "glorious City" whose "beautiful aspect" rejoiced him to the last.

Our third source of information is Edmund Heywood's will (printed at the end of this Introduction), which I found, together with Richard Heywood's, in the Probate Registry of Somerset House. This will of "Edmond Heywood of the parish of Christchurch London gentleman" was made October 7, 1624, and proved February 1, 1626, by his only child, "Anne Wright, widow," and William Screven. It mentions Sir Henry Appleton twice, in terms of assured trust and friendship. It states that the testator had passed most of his life in the office of the Exchequer and asks that his body be buried in Christ Church, whose registers from 1588 to 1666 are missing, probably destroyed in the Great Fire. The will, by its bequest to "Thomas Heywoode and his wief," establishes the fact of Heywood's marriage. It shows that the uncle

was a citizen of worth and dignity, his wide circle of friends embracing baronets and titled ladies as well as the Dean of Hereford. In point of worldly substance, "these Temporall blessings with which god hath indued me," the will disposes of at least four houses, one of them a tavern, and in addition to gifts of plate and clothing, leaves legacies to the value of over three hundred pounds. The largest inheritor, after his daughter, is another Anne Wright, apparently the eldest grandchild, but on condition that she marry "with the likeinge and consent of her mother." There is a pleasant, grandfatherly effect in the distribution of special pieces of his plate among the five other grandchildren, Heywood his godson, Henry, Marie, Elizabeth and Martha. He remembers the poor of his parish, the Blue-Coat Boys, his servants, and forgives a debtor. Only his most distinguished friends, "the right noble the Ladie Hamfert" and "the right noble Sir John Osborne knighte Treasurer, Remembrancer of the Exchequer" are counted worthy of forty-shilling memorial rings. His executor, who was his "verie lovinge frende and kinde neighbor," and Sir Henry Appleton stand in the second rank with thirty-shilling rings. The third group comprises a number of relatives, Hudsons, Pearsons, Fawcetts, the Thomas Heywoods and the William Heywoods, in addition to the godly and learned Prices of Hereford and two other couples, Hooke and Sanders by name. These may be relatives, too, for the testator does not always mention the fact of kinship. Thomas Heywood, for instance, is not designated as a nephew. The men of this group and most of the women receive

twenty shillings apiece for their mourning rings, but the Price ladies have, like Henry Pearson's sister, "my cozen Fairebrother," only thirteen shillings fourpence each. This is the regular sum for the fourth group, which includes the wife of the executor, Anthony and Alice Stoddard, Grace Revel and Sarah Houghton. The testator's clerks are to have ten shillings apiece for their rings, in addition to mourning cloaks, and his godchildren three shillings fourpence "to make each of them a feomall [female, inferior] Ringe to weare for my sake." "Mr. William Sutton and his wief," though so respectfully named, are to have but five shillings each. There is a generous bequest to Susan Franklin, a member of Edmund Heywood's household. Not one of the names occurring in this will, — though some of the uncle's relatives would naturally have been the nephew's, too — appears in Thomas Heywood's dedications, addresses, poems or other known writings. It may be that William Heywood, with the conspicuous legacy of old clothes, was a brother of the dramatist. The will mentions him in close connection with Thomas Heywood and he seems to have lived in the same parish, for the registers of St. James, Clerkenwell, record the burial, August 9, 1625, of "William Heywood householder."

The main interest of that very human document, Edmund Heywood's will, lies in its kindly religious temper, so like Heywood's own, and in its tender indulgence of even the whims and crochets of the bedridden old wife, whom, since she "is nowe unfitt to take care of the thinges of this world," the will sol-

emly commits to the charge of her daughter. The testator lays down special instructions that this "wellbeloved wief" is not to be removed from her home and that her regular attendant shall be a woman chosen, not at Mistress Wright's discretion, "but accordinge to her owne likinge." Having scrupulously provided for all her necessities, he leaves her a liberal sum to be at her own disposal "together with all her wearinge apparrell and her hatt bande set with goulde buttons and her ringe." No more appropriate uncle than the maker of this testament could be desired for the author of *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse*. Chivalrous gentleness, cherishing care, sympathy, patience, pity for woman-kind may well have been essential Heywood traits.

Of the many Heywood wills searched at Somerset House and in the Probate Registry of Lincoln, only one, apart from Richard Heywood's, could furnish the dramatist with both his requisites of Lincolnshire birth and an Uncle Edmund. This is the will of a North Country clergyman, poor, devout, charitable, holding his few books precious. "Robert Heywoode clerk parson of Ashbye" made his will in sickness February 13, 1592-3. The bequests are picturesque,— "twoe ewes and twoe Lambes," "the Quye with calfe," "my newe freese coate," "my graye ambling nagge," "my Booke called the poore mans Librarye. and my gilded Testament." He speaks of his "pore children," grouping them all together with their mother, without naming them, as if they were all young — whereas the dramatist was probably of age in 1592 — and leaves ten shillings to "my brother Edmund Heywood." This can hardly

be the wealthy Edmund Heywood of the Exchequer, whose testament mentions no name that occurs in Robert Heywood's.

Only in case of a few of those forgotten worthies whose names stand in Edmund Heywood's will are wills to be found at Somerset House, and no one of these sheds light on the Heywoods. A number of Heywood wills of the period I have searched, but without result. In these the names Thomas Heywood, Edmund Heywood, William Heywood, John Heywood, Anne Heywood, are only too common. There was an ancient family of Heywood Hall, in Lancashire, seated there from the time of Edward I. It produced a poet, Robert Heywood, who died in 1645. It is supposed that from a younger branch — the pedigree is incomplete — descended the nonconformist Heywoods of Yorkshire. One of these, Dr. Oliver Heywood, son of Richard Heywood who died about 1676, was a preacher and theologian of some note. Of this branch was Peter Heywood, justice of peace at Westminster, who was slain by a recusant in 1640. Another well-known Heywood contemporary with the dramatist was the royalist divine, Dr. William Heywood, who rose rapidly in the church, becoming one of Laud's domestic chaplains, chaplain in ordinary to Charles I and prebendary of St. Paul's. This is the "Master Heywood" who, representing "my Lord of Canterbury," from 1631 on into 1637 occasionally appears in the Stationers' Registers as licensing for publication books of religious or learned character, and was mistaken by Fleay¹ for a

¹ *English Drama*, 1, 282.

master stationer who might, Fleay thought, be identified with the dramatist. Opposite the frontispiece of Heywood's *Hierarchie of the blessed Angells* is printed, under date of November 7, 1634, the permission to publish as given by "Guilielmus Haywood, *Capell. domest. Archiep. Cantuar.*"

Love of Learning. — Whether or no Heywood's love of learning was due to Cambridge, it was a genuine, lifelong devotion. His plays in general he might regard with indifference. In the address to the reader, prefixed to that excellent drama, *The English Traveller*, he explains that, having heard of this play "coming accidentally to the Presse," he thought fit to acknowledge it, adding: "True it is, that my Playes are not exposed unto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reason is, That many of them by shifting and change of Companies, have been negligently lost, Others of them are still retained in the hands of some Actors, who thinke it against their peculiar profit to have them come in Print, and a third, That it never was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Voluminously read." But however lightly Heywood might regard even his triumphs of dramatic invention and insight, he had inordinate esteem for his *Ages*. Ovid and Homer were not to him what Holinshed, Painter and Plutarch were to Shakespeare, quarries from which to hew immortal groups. They were sacred in themselves, the classic Bible which it was his proudest employ to interpret. Easy-going in most matters relating to his literary rights, of this prerogative Heywood was jealous. One of the very few passages in which he assails

a contemporary is the prologue to his *Brazen Age*. Here he accuses Henry Austin, schoolmaster at Ham, of borrowing from him and then publishing as his own "certaine Translations of Ovid." Austin coolly republished the volume in dispute, *The Scourge of Venus*, in 1614, speaking in his epistle to the reader with exasperating suavity of the poet he had robbed: — "It was the labour of a man wel-deserving. . . . For as I have heard, 'twas done for his pleasure, without any intent of an impression: thus much I excuse him that I know not, and commend that which deserveth well. If I be partiall, I pray patience." To the modern reader the *Ages* are out of all cry inferior to Heywood's domestic tragedies and dramas of adventure; but the Renaissance reverence for the classics cast such a glamour over them that even Kirkman exempts them from his general contempt for Heywood's work. Heywood himself frankly exulted in them, not only regarding them in the light of University extension,

"Striving to illustrate things not knowne to all,"¹

but holding that "in all these seeming Fables, golden meanings were intended."² His modest but unrealized aspiration was to see them all printed together in "an handsome Volumne," which he should "Deo Assistentente" furnish "with an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Historical Comment of every hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to such as are not frequent in Poetry."³ His Latin reading was copious. The first publication in which he took satisfaction was his translation of Sallust, which he furnishes with

¹ *Works*, III, 255. ² *Gunaikeion*, 6. ³ *Works*, III, 351-2.

a prefatory *Epistle to the Reader* of twenty closely printed pages, embodying a characteristically "compendious" discourse on history and the ancient historians. That he does not quote Greek text may be due to the limitations of his printers, for he constantly draws material from Greek sources. That he had some knowledge of modern languages, too, is apparent. Professor Herford has pointed out¹ Heywood's exceptionally wide acquaintance with German chronicles and works of magical lore, but the most of these were written in Latin. Professor Bang, in his edition of the *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, notes indications in *Anna and Pbillis* that Heywood was not over sure of his French, but there are scraps of French in very early plays, *King Edward the Fourth* (*Works*, 1, 99) and *If You Know Not Me* (*Works*, 1, 312-15). He quotes and translates French and Spanish proverbs,² refers familiarly to Montaigne's *Essays*,³ and quotes Dante in the original at least twice,⁴ but in his edition (1631) of Richard Barcklay's *The Felicitie of Man*, where he divides the six sections into chapters and, like the practised book-maker he had come to be, supplies titles, marginal headings and a "Table," he translates the Latin quotations, but skips the Italian. Barcklay's book, whose 1603 edition cites, in its dedication to King James, the Horatian line:⁵

"Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetae,"

¹ *Literary Relations of England and Germany*.

² *Hierarchie, To the Reader*, and pp. 251-2.

³ *Gunaikeion*, p. 159.

⁴ *Gunaikeion*, p. 87; *Hierarchie*, pp. 412-13.

⁵ *Ars Poetica*, 333.

may have suggested to Heywood his chosen motto, slightly varied from Horace, which first appeared on the title-page of his *Troia Britanica*. Fifteen years later he expanded the text, with all faith and reverence, in his *Gunaikeion* (*Lib. 8, Of Poetry*, p. 383). This motto, if nothing more, might have commended Heywood's friendship to that curious character, Richard Brathwait, whose writings often express views or use illustrations closely akin to Heywood's and who, in his *Schollers Medley* (1614), says: "Such Histories I onely allow of as yeeld profit with delight."

Heywood's learning, ample rather than profound, is antiquated now, and his ingenuous attempts to deal with all subjects, from angels to wine-cups, by the "compendious" method amuse rather than instruct, but no conception of that busy, facile playwright, so careless of his best, can afford to ignore his wistful homage to the didactic Muses. There was ever to be found in him, through all disguises of the stage and all hard rubs of life, a "peece of a Scholler."

Non-Dramatic Works. — There are autobiographic hints and glimpses in Heywood's non-dramatic publications. We get our first appalling sense of his industry from his *Troia Britanica*, "A Poem Devided into XVII severall Cantons, intermixed with many pleasant poetical Tales. Concluding with an Universall Chronicle from the Creation, untill these Present Times." We even see him at his daily toil:

"Our Muse with Phœbus sets, and with the Sun
To Morrow rising, is our taske begun."

Though critical judgment of *Britain's Troy* must

take Heywood at his word: "I have more will then Art, and more Indevour then Cunning," though it be granted that the Muses gave but a scanty response to his prayer,

"With Hippocrenes drops besprinke my head,"

yet there are occasional touches of spirit in the monotonous flow of the stanzas, as, for instance,

"When suddenly young *Perseus* mounts the skies,
His shadow danc'st upon the silver wave."

Among the passages of personal interest that arrest attention are the eulogy of poets, and the picture of "the selfe-opinion'd Puritan," — a picture that may account for the cautious *proviso* when the book was entered (December 5, 1608) to William Jaggard, "that yf any question or trouble growe hereof. Then he shall answere and discharge yt at his owne Losse and costes."

Heywood's court poems compare very favorably, in point of dignity and freedom from sycophancy, with the general Jacobean crop of such effusions. His lament for Prince Henry, beside Tourneur's "broken Elegie" and Webster's "Monumental Column," which precede it in the one thin volume, is simple and straightforward, except for the inevitable tincture of learning. Henry, so "gravely yong," had well played his lofty part upon the stage of England, whose sins drew death upon him. The grief of King James and Queen Anne is as the grief of Priam and Hecuba over Hector; the tears of Prince Charles rain like those of Polytes, when Troylus fell; the weeping of the Princess Elizabeth is

as the weeping of Polyxena. Heywood's special patron, the Earl of Worcester, is likened in his sorrow to the "Pious Æneas," and the classic circle is complete. The elegy closes on an unaffected note of religious faith. There is more artificiality in the *Epithalamium*, — more effect of strained conceits. Heywood describes the Prince Palatine as a "lovely youth" of girlish look, whose beauty charmed to good behavior on the voyage over even the "boysterous Whale"; but absurdity melts away in a glow of actual poetry as he turns to lavish his honest English praises on the bride:

"She enters with a sweet commanding grace,
Her very presence paradic'd the place."

The final "applausive Hymne" rings with the name Heywood always held so dear, Elizabeth. He was five years behindhand with his elegy on Queen Anne, which first appeared in his *Gunaikeion*, at the opening of the third book "Treating of Illustrious Queens." His *Funerall Ode upon the death of Anna Panareta* is unusual in its light, lyrical movement, as if in memory of her dancing feet. It was slighting treatment on every hand that was given to the death of this poor, gay queen, who had so loved to trip it through a masque and take the leading part in dazzling shows. She died March 2, 1619; her funeral, "for want of money to buy the blacks," was put off till May 2, and even then was a popular disappointment, "but a drawling, tedious sight." Prince Charles, ever the best-beloved of her children, preceded the hearse, on which was laid a crowned, robed and sceptered

image of the queen, while that company of actors who had been so recently Her Majesty's players, Heywood and his fellows, each cloaked in his allotted four yards of black cloth, walked, like the other servants of her household, in the mourning train.

The elegy on King James is now almost the rarest of Heywood's books. Neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian has it, but there is a copy, lacking the frontispiece, in the library of Bridgewater House, accessible through the kindness of the Earl of Ellesmere. The poet draws freely on his learning in honor of so learned a monarch, adorning his title-page with a motto from Tibullus,¹ and describing "To the sad Reader" King James by the metaphor of a "Dodon Oake" whose shade and fruit had been of benefit to many. Heywood distinctly states that the king had never patronized him, yet he feels constrained, especially in the silence of so many poets who had enjoyed the royal favor, to pay such funeral homage as his humble abilities can compass.

" Since some even deerely by him once affected,
To such great worth and goodnesse have neglected
Rites due and needfull, as scarce once complaine,
For such a royall Patriot from us tane.
Excuse me even the weakest, if I (tho
Not knowne to him) that onely saw him grow
To others profit, have my griefes displayd,
Yet never tasted of his mast or shade."

Heywood goes on to praise, with much grandiloquence of classic allusion, the king's wisdom and his

¹ *Lib. 5, Eleg. 2, Non ego firmus, etc.*

peaceful government. Amazed at his own presumption in venturing on so high a theme, he pauses to collect himself and falls into reflection on the old prediction *Beware the Ides of March*.

“In th’ Ides of March the blest *Eliza* fell,
The famous Mother of our *Israel*.
In March Queene *Anne*, a Princesse much admir’d
(As much lamented in her death) expir’d.
Now lastly in these ominous Ides of March
Is snatcht away, our strong and glorious Arch,
(As violently by death from us extorted)
By whom three mighty Kingdomes were supported.”

He comments on the stormy weather of that fatal March and digresses again to mourn the several nobles who had died shortly before the king, — the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, the Earl of Dorset, the Duke of Lenox who succeeded his brother, but died almost immediately,

“Now Duke, now dead, stooping to th’ earth his knee
Ere he could well expresse what he would be,”

the Earl of Nottingham, the Earl of Southampton, — and here he breaks off for a special memorial.

“*Henry, Southamptons Earle*, a Souldier proved;
Dreaded in warre, and in milde peace beloved.
Oh give me leave a little to resound
His memory, as most in dutie bound,
Because his servant once.”

He has still to commemorate that “*Northerne Peere*,” the Marquis of Hamilton,

“A mighty prop and collume of the Land,”

and Lord Belfast,

“forerunning
To tell the Saints, the King of peace was comming.”

These tributes paid, the poet turns in apostrophe to King Charles and sympathetically invites him to consider the grief of the Princess Elizabeth whose little children about her knee will weep because she weeps; of the Palsgrave; of Queen Anne's brother, King Christian of Denmark; of Queen Anne's sisters, the Duchess of Saxony and the Duchess of Brunswick. He returns to the sorrow of King Charles in a "short Consolatory *Elegie*," which he concludes with a passage from Seneca's *Hercules Furens*. Finally he passes to felicitations on the inauguration of the new sovereign.

Heywood had the year before (1624) put forth his *Gunaikeion*, his principal prose work. He felt himself already old (p. 121) when he wrote this still entertaining volume, and care was his daily companion. "In this my worke," he says (p. 463), "she hath rise earely with mee in the Morning, and againe sat up with me till past Midnight." We may believe he had pleasanter domestic society, for his wife is mentioned this same year in his Uncle Edmund's will, and the *Gunaikeion* says (p. 120) in reference to wives that there is "nothing more wholesome and comfortable to man than one provident, gentle, and well addicted."

The *Gunaikeion* has much significance for Heywood students. The author insists that his treatise, a folio of 466 pages, is "succinct and compendious," for he desires "to be prolix in nothing," but he often interrupts his epitomes of Ovid and the historians for a racy story or bit of current gossip, and lightens his learned discourse by dropping from time to time into verse. The book carries his familiar motto inscribed upon the

title-page, but its purpose, he says, is "to exemplifie, not to instruct." His tone toward women is Chaucerian in its charity and good-will, as for instance (p. 119): "I need not speake much of the worth of your sex, since no man (I thinke) that remembers hee had a mother but honours it." The *Gunaikeion* contains the story of *The English Traveller* (193-6), the underplot of *The Captives* (253-6) and much gruesome discourse (*Lib.* 8) of witches, some of which reappears in *The Late Lancashire Witches*. Although Heywood could penetrate the tricks of the Wise Woman of Hogsden and her withered sisterhood, Mother Redcap, Mother Mischief, Mother Midnight, Mother Damnable, "Mother Sturton in Goulden-lape," "Mother Phillips of the Banke-side," and the "very reverent Matron on Clerkenwell Green," he had a credulous ear for the supernatural. The *Gunaikeion* tells (pp. 414-15) that one of his neighbors, a "woman of good credit and reputation, whom I have knowne above these foure and twenty yeares and is of the same parish where I now live" (presumably Clerkenwell) had often related to him "upon her credit with manie deepe protestations" an astounding tale of her own experience with a flying witch of Amsterdam.

In this book Heywood makes puzzling allusion to his *Lives of the Poets*, mentioned by Brathwait as in progress ten years before. In his *Schollers Medley* Brathwait, alluding to Homer, had said in a marginal note: "shadowed onely at, because my Judicious friend Maister Tho: Heywood hath taken in hand (by his

great industry) to make a Generall (though Summary) description of all the Poets lives." Now Heywood, writing of Homer (p. 174) says: "But I may have occasion to speake of him in a larger worke intituled The lives of all the Poets Moderne and Forreigne, to which worke (if it come once againe into my hands) I shall refer you." Does he mean that the manuscript was lent, or lost, or, under pressure of other occupations, laid aside unfinished?

The *Gunaikeion* was published by Adam Islip with a frontispiece depicting Apollo and the Muses. The address to the "Generous Reader" explains that merry tales are inserted among the grave histories on the stage principle of intermingling foolery with serious matter. He apologizes for his book as "a suddaine Businesse, which began with the Presse, kept it still going, and ended some few dayes before it," the whole work, from its first conception to its final proof reading, having been accomplished, he says, within seventeen weeks. His *Laus Deo* at the end must indeed have been heartfelt.

The popularity of the *Gunaikeion* is attested by the various plagiarisms it has suffered. In 1651 "C. G. Gent." (Charles Gerbier), a novice essaying his "young Eagles flight," brought out a tiny volume (16mo.) entitled *Elogium Heroinum, or the Praise of worthy Women*, into which paragraphs exactly copied from Heywood's pages are without the slightest acknowledgment introduced. In 1657 appeared *The Generall History of Women, Containing the Lives of the most Holy and Prophan, the most Famous and Infamous in all ages, exactly described not only from Poeticall Fictions, but*

from the most Ancient, Modern, and Admired Historians, to our Times. By T. H. Gent. London. Printed by W. H.” The address to the reader, signed E. P., makes no mention of Heywood nor of any earlier edition. This address is, in general, an amplification of the first half of Heywood’s address, sometimes paraphrasing and sometimes using Heywood’s language outright. E. P. speaks as if the book were his own, whereas it is merely a word for word reprint of the *Gunaikeion*. E. P. is Edward Phillips,¹ who was, at that date, doing a variety of hack-work for the press, — work to which he habitually set his initials. He derived no less than thirty-eight women from the *Gunaikeion* for his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), but dismissed Heywood himself with a contemptuous paragraph. It must have been later than this 1657 publication that there came out, without date, a fat octavo printed (and villanously ill-printed) by Will. Hunt: *The Generall Historie of Women: of the most holy, and prophane; The most Famous, and Infamous in all Ages.* “E. P.” and his plagiarized address are still in evidence, but all remembrance of the actual author is gone.

In 1631 (S. R. April 26) Philip Waterhouse issued a duodecimo called *Englands Elizabeth Her Life and Troubles During Her Minoritie, from the Cradle to the Crowne*. More than ever, perhaps, as the world changed about him, Heywood lived in the past. His mind, like Dekker’s, went back to “the Greatness,

¹ See in the Wellesley College Library Ruth Dane Eddy’s ms. ed. of Phillips’ *Theatrum Poetarum*.

Magnanimity, Constancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late Queene." The story of Elizabeth's imperiled girlhood is simply narrated, but in a tone of old-time reverence for her "whose never-dying fame even in this our age is so sacred amongst all good men, that it is scarce remembered, at the least uttered without a devout thanks-giving." Heywood's name is put to the dedication; but the address *To the Generous Reader*, from which the above passage is taken, is signed N. R. It must nevertheless, I think, be Heywood's, although it is curious that he should speak here of his "little historicall Tractate," written in prose, as a "Poeme." The initials may refer to some nickname known to his circle. Four years later young Donne addresses him as "Nephtophilus." This small volume, reprinted at Cambridge in 1632 and again in 1641, contains passages, as Heywood frankly admits, that are not his work. "I have borrowed them from my good friend Mr. H. H. Stationer, who hath not onely conversed with the titles of Bookes, but hath looked into them, and from thence drawne out that industrious Collection, Intituled *Herologia Anglicana*."

In 1635 Heywood's name was set to two books of such widely divergent character as few personalities but his could reconcile, — a prose treatise on drinks and drinking, *Philocothonista, or, the Drunkard, Opened, Dissected, and Anatomized*, published by Raworth, and a sacred poem in nine books, *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells, their Names, Orders and Offices*, published by Islip. Ward questions Heywood's au-

thorship of *Philocothonista*, but Raworth is one of his regular publishers, the S. R. entry (May 26) has the usual "by master Heywood," the Latin verses upon the frontispiece — a cut of a quarrelsome drinking-scene, where the revellers are beast-headed — is translated and the translation signed T. H., and the opening lines, *The Author to the Booke* in dispraise of drunkenness, have the punning Latin signature, *Tbo. Faeni-lignum*. The "compendious" style, moreover, is Heywood's own.¹ The badly printed pages are packed with snatches of translation from the classics and with Heywood's favorite sorts of learning. He has a list of *errata*, to which he adds: "Diverse mistakes are in the proper names, which I intreat the understanding Reader favourably to correct." Against drunkenness the author cites the Scriptures, Seneca, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Boethius and other sage authorities. He advises "limit and moderation" in drinking, but holds that "To drinke moderately sharpeneth the appetite, helpeth digestion, and prepareth the spirits to active mirth and alacritie." This use of the word *alacrity* (see Glossary) is characteristic of Heywood. His allusions often suggest stage memories, as when he speaks of the deep drinking of the Danes, using the phrase "take their rowse"; of "Sir John Falstaffe . . . who never durst ride without a Pistoll, charged with Sacke, by his side"; and of the story of *The Yorksbire Tragedy*. The book is a jumble of Renaissance learning, Paul and Plato being quoted in the same breath; of tavern experience,

¹ For extracts see notes on *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse*, pp. 134-5, and on *The Faire Maid of the West*, pp. 260-1, and 269-70.

and of moral intention. It abounds in pleasantries, often indecorous, and relates broad anecdotes, as a warning against drunkenness, with a gusto that confuses the effect; but the concluding paragraphs are grave and godly. Here and there one catches the note of personal excuse: "He that hath past forty yeeres, and shall be sometimes invited to feasts, and banquets, may amongst the rest of the Gods, offer some Ceremonious rights to *Bacbus*, as to him that is healthfull and medicinable to Austeritie and old age: because hee infuseth into them that alacrity not onely to forget evils, and cares, but to thinke themselves for the present restor'd againe to part of their former youth."

It is a different picture of Heywood that we get in the *Hierarchie*. This dignified folio carries a new motto, — *Vita scelesta vale, cœlica vita veni*. The author is well aware that death is not far away, but he will labour to the end. He pleads with the reader that "to expect any new conceits from old heads, is as if a man should looke for greene fruit from withered branches. But as *Time* the producter of all things, though he be aged himselfe, is every houre begetting something new; so we, on whose heads he hath cast such a snow, as no radicall or naturall heate can melt, in imitation of him, (who as sure as he knowes us borne, will as certainly provide us buriall) will never suffer our braines to leave working, till our pulses cease beating."

The nine books of the *Hierarchie*, written in the heroic couplet, are followed in each case by a discursive prose meditation running into anecdote and by a devotional lyric where sometimes, though rarely, gleams

for an instant the rainbow light known to the lovers of Herbert, Crashaw, Traherne.

“ I’ have wandred like a Sheepe that’s lost,
 To finde Thee out in every Coast:
 Without, I have long seeking bin,
 Whilest Thou (the while) abid’st Within.
 Through every broad Street and streit Lane
 Of this Worlds City (but in vaine)
 I have enquir’d. The reason why?
 I sought thee ill: for how could I
 Finde Thee Abroad? when Thou meane space
 Hadst made Within, thy dwelling place.” (p. 108)

These books are named from the angelic orders. Under *Seraphim*, Heywood discusses the existence of God; under *Cberubim*, the knowledge of God as the beginning of wisdom; under *Thrones*, the starry universe interpreted in terms of Greek mythology. But it was not in Heywood to hold himself strictly to abstract themes. Under *Dominations*, whose subject is apparently the world of spirits, he passes from angels to dreams and from dreams to poets, accidentally gliding (p. 206) into the one famous passage of the folio, — that which so happily recounts the “ curtal’d ” names of the Elizabethan dramatists. But he has come to realize that the modern world does not cherish her poets, — that

“ we spend our fruitlesse houres in vaine,
 And Age, of Want and Hunger doth complaine;

 And that our shaken Vessell, torne and thin,
 Can finde no easie Port to harbor in.”

He is tempted on into discourse of the ancient honor in which poets were held. “ But I had almost forgot

my self: for in proceeding further, I might have fore-stalled a Worke, which hereafter (I hope) by Gods assistance to commit to the publick view; namely, the Lives of all the Poets, Forreine and Moderne, from the first before *Homer*, to the *Novissimi* and last, of what Nation or Language soever."

In the fifth book, the *Virtues*, his "neere-tyr'd Pen" compares the religions of Jew, Christian and Moslem; in the sixth, the *Powers*, he discourses, largely in the classic vein, on hell; in the seventh, the "*Principats*," the subject of devils tempts him on to witchcraft, and neither the eighth, *The Arch-Angel*, nor the ninth, *The Angel*, really interrupts the flow of his Black Art stories. His conscience is not altogether easy about his excursions into the occult, nor even about his taste for light reading. He lays the blame on Satan, for (p. 489)

"If I be ignorant, he prompts me then
To dote on Folly, Wisdome to despise,
To prefer Ideots before Learned men,
And strive to be sequestred from the Wise.
Or if that I in reading take delight,
(At sorted leisure my spare houres to spend)
The Legend of some strange adventurous Knight,
Or fabulous Toy, hee 'l to my view commend.
But from mine eye the sacred Scriptures keepe,
Persuading th' are too plaine, or else too deepe.

"Or if I after Learning shall enquire,
And to the least perfection can attaine,
Either he makes me mine owne Gifts admire,
Or others of lesse knowledge to disdain.
Or if my Talent to my selfe conceale,
Then to search out things mysticall and hid,

Such as God had no purpose to reveale,
But in his secret Counsels hath forbid."

Although when Heywood is directly treating of divine themes, his verse keeps a certain state and gravity, yet there is nothing independent, nothing penetrative, in his thought. He is content to follow "the opinion of the best Theologists," and where they differ, as regarding the Catholic and Protestant faiths, he "must needs confesse" his weakness, "no way able to reconcile them, or determine betwixt them." But the reader marvels at his continually augmented stores of learning, finding him quoting readily not only his beloved classics, not only the Bible, the Church Fathers, Thomas à Kempis, Boethius, but Rabbinical writers, mediæval magicians and contemporary works on theology, as Dove's *Confutation of Atheism* and Godwin's *Moses and Aaron*. There are indications elsewhere that Heywood kept up with current literature, as, for instance, his allusion to Heylyn's *History of St. George* (1631) in *England's Elizabeth* and his echo in the *Gunaikeion* of George Wither's bewitching song

"Shall I wasting in despair,"

some five years after its publication.

Heywood's sacred poem failed of the welcome he anticipated. Brathwait bluntly hoped¹ that his friend's promised *Lives of the Poets* would be achieved "with farre more felicity . . . than his mysterious discourse of *Angels*." Cowley thought Heywood was "so far from elevating of Poesie that he onely *abases Divinity*,"²

¹ *A Survey of History*, 1638.

² *Preface to Poems*, 1656.

and the epigram *To Mr. Thomas Heywood* in the *Musarum Deliciæ* (1640) has an ironic note:

“Thou hast writ much and art admir'd by those
 Who love the easie ambling of thy prose;
 But yet thy pleasingest flight was somewhat high,
 When thou didst touch the angels Hyerarchie;
 Fly that way still, it will become thy age
 And better please then groveling on the stage.”

Heywood's flight to the angels, if this is the latent suggestion of the epigram, was not long delayed. Age and poverty were heavy upon him. In 1637 he penned, probably by court order, certainly with “Royall leave,” *A true Description of His Majesties Royall Ship, built this yeare 1637, at Wooll-witch*. The Sovereign of the Seas was no common craft; even Howells wrote (July 1, 1635) that the like “did never spread Sail upon Salt-water”; even Evelyn found her (July 19, 1641) “a glorious vessel of burden . . . the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind”; so we may believe that Heywood's raptures were unfeigned. Of course he begins with Noah, giving the exact date of entering the ark, “in the yeare from the Creation 1656,” and proceeds to a “Summary Relation of such severall kindes of *Vessells* as were used of old by sundry *Nations*,” before describing the “Great Ship.” “To the High and Mighty Monarch Charles” the author consecrated “these his humble endeavours,” and the thin volume, well printed by John Okes, had the success of a second edition the next year.

Another little book of 1637, *A Curtaine Lecture* (published by Aston), is in all likelihood a frolic of Hey-

wood's quill. The prefatory address "To the generous Reader" is signed T. H. and the tone and manner are his. That steadfast champion of womankind who, in the *Nine Worthby Women*, holds it "a kinde of duty in all that have had mothers, as far as they can to dignifie the Sex," may well be one with him who, in *A Curtaine Lecture*, says of the detractors of women: "I am halfe persuaded they had quite forgot themselves to have been borne of mothers." This "small Tractate" is in Heywood's own "compendious" vein, with many references to ancient authors and an occasional verse translation of a passage from one of the classic poets. The counsel of the book is: "Marrie." The first half is grave, learned, virtuous, but the second half lapses into more or less indecent stories, some derived from old authors, others from the gossip of the city. Not without significance is the fact that Brathwait, who always kept an eye on Heywood's doings and whose *Law of Drinking* (1617) may have challenged Heywood to *Philocotbonista*, published in 1640 *Art asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture*, which contains what seems to be a jesting arraignment of *A Curtaine Lecture*. It is of biographical interest to establish Heywood's authorship of this trifle, for in it (pp. 92-3) the writer speaks of children in the tone of a father bereaved: "What more delightfull hope than the expectation of an happy issue . . . the peevishnesse of the childs infancie is quite forgot when he begins to prattle. What comfort their toward youth breeds, and what consolation their more staid yeeres beget, I leave to their consideration who have beene the fruitfull parents of a fortunate progenie."

The Exemplary Lives and Memorable Acts of Nine the most Worthy Women of the World, published by Royston in 1640 (S. R. September 19, 1639) is a volume made to sell. The list of the nine women who "serve to vindicate the entire number" begins with Deborah and ends with Elizabeth. This handsome quarto, fully illustrated, with broad margins and large print, has an attractive look, and the biographies are briefly told in pleasant prose, with prefatory verses. The author's physical strength was perhaps already failing, for he seems to have used, in this book, the help of an amanuensis, "Excusing the Compositor, who received this Coppy in a difficult and unacquainted hand." And although Heywood promises the reader that, "the Nine worthy Women going before, it may bee presumed that the Nine worthy Men may at some small distance follow," no such volume bearing his name is known.

Female Excellency, issued in 1688 by Nathaniel Crouch, a popular publisher who put out a long list of shilling compendiums over his pen-name R. B. (Robert or Richard Burton), is an adaptation and to some extent a paraphrase of Heywood's *Nine Worthy Women*. The "Three Jewes" are the same, Deborah, Judith, Esther; of Heywood's "Three Gentiles," only Bonduca is retained, his Penthesilia and Artemesia being rejected as well as his "Three Christians," Elphleda, Queen Margaret of Anjou and Queen Elizabeth. Heywood's actual language is not used, but his method of an introductory bit of verse before each prose biography is followed. The same author-publisher had issued the year before *The History of the Nine Worthies of the*

World, which may bear a like relation to the volume of *Nine Worthby Men* that Heywood was planning, and had perhaps written, in that last year of his life. The arrangement corresponds closely to that of the *Nine Worthby Women*, — a brief passage in verse prefacing each prose narrative. There are three Gentiles (Hector, Alexander, Cæsar); three Jews (Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus), and three Christians (Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey).

Heywood's last book, *The Life of Merlin, Sirnamed Ambrosius. His Prophecies, and Predictions Interpreted; and their truth made good by our English Annalls. Being a Chronographicall History of all the Kings, and memorable passages of this Kingdome, from Brute to the Reigne of our Royall Sovereaign King Charles* is a characteristic production. It shows that Heywood's love for old chronicles, a taste which left many traces upon the *Gunaikeion*, had grown with the years. This work has little of the garrulity of his later manner. The story of many centuries is told briskly and with animation. It stands as a final witness of the old Elizabethan's whole-souled, uncritical patriotism.

Of one publication by Heywood that has been supposed non-extant I chanced upon a copy in the British Museum. John Okes entered at Stationers' Hall, April 8, 1636, "a litle discourse of the three wonders of this age vizt Master Jeffry Hudson, William Evans and Thomas Par. by master Heywood." Seeking information on the "three wonders" and finding that Hudson was a spirited court-dwarf of the time, Evans a giant palace porter, and Parr a rustic who professed to

be over one hundred and fifty years old, I looked up what seemed to be the basis of the biographies of this third personage, a 1635 publication by John Taylor the Water-Poet, *The Old, Old, Very Old Man*, and found pasted and folded into the small volume, as the Museum catalogue notes, two broadsides on the same subject, one of which is *The three Wonders of this Age*. It is only a bit of hackwork, but even in this small compass a biographer of Heywood may note familiar references to Lincolnshire, Cambridge and the Earl of Southampton, as well as the tone of cheery courtesy toward those eccentricities of nature whom he was called upon to celebrate. The upper half of the broadside is occupied by a bold cut (G. Glover *fecit*) portraying on the reader's left the towering figure of the king's porter, whose statue, Heywood discreetly says, is "seven foot and upwards," and on the right Old Parr taking his ease in a cushioned arm-chair, while between them stands the queen's dwarf — said to have been but eighteen inches tall — as gallantly arrayed as when the Duchess of Buckingham first served him up to Henrietta in a cold pasty. Under each figure is a "compendious" column in Heywood's own vein. Under Evans, Heywood merely hints at Goliath and the Titans, but he gives the height of various giants, Greek, East Indian, Arabian, Roman, of "more Authentick History." "Let this suffice for infinits, who in their Life-times were taken for men, then let not those living in this age, be held for monsters." He goes on to mention, with a touch of incredulity, — "but wee will forbear him till we see him," — an Irishman

reputed to be twelve feet tall; the Guildhall statues, “namely *Corinaeus* and *Gogmagog*, the one a *Trojan* the other a native”; a Lancashire youth who had stretched up within three inches of Evans, and a former “Porter of the King’s Gate.” Under Hudson, Heywood discourses of Latin dwarfs, of the “*Pigmies*,” and makes especial mention of a Lincolnshire dwarf, “one *Robert Wainman*, who served *M. Willowby* in *Lincoln-shire* of an exceeding low stature, and excellent Huntsman.” He goes on to tell that “Queen Elizabeth had also a she Dwarfe, who lived till she was very aged, the Lady *Harton* hath another of the like stature : The Lord of *South-bampton* had one of a manly face, but his height not above two Cubits, and the Lord High Martiall another at this time : and there is one now living, being a Master of Art, and an excellent approved scholler, as testifies the University of *Cambridge*. . . . whosoever then shall looke upon little *M. Jeffrey*, and his small mistresse, who was late living, Her maiesties hee and shee-dwarfes, may with the more facility give beliefe unto these before remembred. And for him, he is one of the pretiest, neatest, and well proportioned small *men* that ever Nature bred, or was ever seene, or heard of beyond the memory of man, for his fine behaviour and witty discourse. But concerning Dwarfes, and the praise of little ones, whosoever desires to be instructed therein, let them reade the Booke called *The New-yeares Gift*, lately come out, (a learned though a little work,) and hee shall be better instructed, and further satisfied.”

The New Year’s Gift, to which Heywood so pleas-

antly refers, was entered at Stationers' Hall, as "by Master Slater," two days before *The Three Wonders*. The tiny volume "in praise of littleness," which addresses the dwarf as "Compendious Sir," is in the British Museum, catalogued under the pseudonym on its title-page, *Microphilus*.

Under Old Parr, Heywood has to pass over "those who liv'd before the flood" and even "*Noah* and his sons," but he quotes Pliny and gives the age of various classic personages, crediting Nestor with three hundred years and Homer with one hundred and eight. "I could remember you of infinite others," he says regretfully, but he takes the rest of his limited space for a crowded account of the poor old countryman, who, discovered by a courtier and brought up to London on a litter for exhibition to the court and city, promptly died and was buried, as one of the national glories, in Westminster Abbey.

This catch-penny publication was issued, without name of author or printer, in 1636. The other broadside, which may also be Heywood's, was published by Fisher November 12, 1635, three days before Old Parr ate his last roasted apple and gave up his lingering ghost. It is entitled: "The Wonder of this Age: or, The Picture of a Man living, who is One hundred Fifty two yeeres old, and upward." Here the picture of the aged phenomenon fills the upper middle of the sheet, with columns of text on either side, as well as text below. The first column gives a succinct account of Old Parr; the second abounds in learning drawn from Plutarch and Pliny, ending with a quiet joke at the

expense of doctors. It is the paragraph that runs across the bottom of the page, however, which is most suggestive of Heywood. "It is a maxime amongst the observers of the ancient passages of time," writes the author, "that Old men are commonly covetous, because their getting dayes are past." He discourses of "Methusalem," quotes Saint Augustine, and refers, as does the other broadside, to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, for its account of the great age attained by the Countess of Desmond.

In that same year, 1636, John Okes entered, November 18, as "by Master Heywood," "a booke called Mistakes, Clinches, Tales, &c." This was only too probably another potboiler, one of those jestbooks or collections of "merry" stories, so much in vogue at the time. In 1636, when Royston published the Second Part of *A Banquet of Jestes. Or Change of Cheare. Being a Collection of Modern Jestes, Witty Jeeres, Pleasant Taunts, Merry Tales*, he claimed that the First Part had sold out four editions in three years. Some of the stories in *A Banquet of Jestes* are told by Heywood in the *Gunaikeion, Curtaine Lecture* and elsewhere, and naturally enough, for the sources of these jest-books are given in John Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1635, as "Chargeably Collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Innes, Bowling-Greenes and Allyes, Alehouses, Tobacco-shops, Highwayes, and Water-passages. Made up, and fashioned into Clinches, Bulls, Quirkes, Yerkes, Quips and Jerkes."

The special publisher of this line of books was Daniel Frere, who brought out in 1636 *The Booke of Bulls*,

Baited with two Centuries of bold Jestes and nimble-Lies. Heywood's book, which was issued by "N. O." — Nicholas Okes — in 1637, as *A New Booke of Mistakes, Or, Bulls with Tales, and Bulls without Tales, But no lyes by any meanes*, seems to stand in good-natured rivalry to this earlier publication. One copy, formerly in the Huth library, was known to W. C. Hazlitt, who published the prefatory address, which has a friendly allusion to the Red Bull theatre, in his *Prefaces, Dedications, Epistles, 1540-1701*. No other copy of the *Mistakes* has been reported. In 1638 John Taylor was responsible for a new collection, *Bull, Beare, and Horse, Cut, Curtaile, and Longtaile. With Tales of Bulls, Clenches, and Flasbes, as also here and there a touch of our Beere-Garden*. A fresher, more refined jest-book is the anonymous *Conceits, Clinches, Flasbes and Whimzies*, published by Frere, 1639, which has, as Hazlitt notes, a pleasant tone of table-talk. It contains a large proportion of anecdotes bearing on poets, players, scholars, stationers, book-binders and printers, and would not be a discreditable production for Heywood. Hazlitt once suggested Taylor as the compiler,¹ and more reasonably, but still with little enough warrant, assigns it² to Robert Chamberlain, the probable author of *Jocabella*, by "R. C.," 1640. Still less warrant is there for assigning to Chamberlain, as the *Hand-Book* does, *The Booke of Bulls*, and none at all, so far as I can discover, for presenting him furthermore with *A New Booke of Mis-*

¹ *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, vol. III, where it is reprinted.

² *Hand-Book*.

takes, almost certainly the volume which the son of its publisher entered, as by Heywood, in the autumn of the year before it came out.

Touching though it is to see the hard-pressed old age of the dramatist turning for shillings wherever he can honestly find them, driving his pen on a broad-side here and a jest-book there, the *Three Wonders* and the *Mistakes* are of no consequence to literature. Of all Heywood's non-dramatic works, the one most precious to him and most eagerly desired by us, his oft-heralded *Lives of the Poets*, seems to be the one absolutely lost. Left in manuscript, there is little chance that it has survived.

Publications wrongly ascribed to Heywood.— Surely Heywood wrote enough without having loaded upon his patient shoulders those various books and pamphlets "by T. H.," persistently ascribed to him in bibliographies and library catalogues. He is not the T. H. who gave to the press in 1636 "A True Discourse of the Two infamous upstart Prophets, Richard Farnham Weaver of White-Chappell, and *John Bull Weaver of Saint Butolphs Algate*, now Prisoners, the one in *Newgate*, and the other in *Bridewell*: with their Examinations and Opinions taken from their owne mouthes, *April 16, Anno 1636.*" The author, with his ecclesiastical railing against "upstart Schismaticall opinions," is no friend of prentices and citizens, as was Heywood, but a scorner of the trades, sneering at the "learned Button-maker" and "commenting Cobler," as well as at the "Propheying Weavers." This pamphlet was entered, June 16, without a name, whereas

Heywood's name appears in the *Registers* the day after, as the author of *A Challenge for Beauty*.

A Preparation to Studie: or The Vertue of Sack (1641) has not even Heywood's initials. This daredevil gallop of verses, with a cavalier ring, seems to have become confused in bibliography with *Philocotbonista*, the *Dictionary of National Biography* giving the two titles as one; yet the prose treatise, with its weight of curious learning, its apologies for moderate drinking, bears little enough resemblance to these swinging couplets with their boastful revelry. They turn up again in a songbook of 1661, "An Anecdote against Melancholy: Made up in Pills. Compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches." Here they are entitled "On the Vertue of Sack," and the author's initials are given as D. R. H. E.

Heywood did not write *A Looking-Glass for Women* (1644), a Puritan tract whose address "To the Christian Reader" is signed "Your Servant in Jesus Christ, T. H."; nor *The Lamentable Complaint of the North-West Countrey-Man* (by T. H. 1645), a rough jog-trot of rhyme deploring the miseries brought upon the land by the Civil War; nor other pamphlets on current conditions or events dating later than 1641.

The case is not so clear in regard to *The Famous and Remarkable History of Sir Richard Whittington*, "Written by T. H.," a chapbook that, in the earliest (1656) form known to us, is yet too late for Heywood, but may possibly connect, as a revision by a more modern hand, with a lost publication, entered S. R. January 25, 1637, as *The Life and Death of Sir*

Richard Whittington. This is the fourth of five titles entered together by John Okes on that date. The first three, *The Life of Wm. Somers*, *John Overs the Ferriman*, *The Life and Death of Old Cole of Reading*, have left no trace, but the fifth, *The Phoenix of this Time*, is extant. Published by "N. Okes" that same year as *The Phoenix of these late times: or the life of Mr. Henry Welby, Esq., who lived at his house in Grubstreet forty four yeares, and in that space, was never seene by any*, it contains among its "Epitaphs" a concluding elegy, grave and gentle, by Heywood upon this benevolent recluse, who was a native of Lincolnshire. The prose account sounds to me more like a funeral sermon than, as has been suggested, a biography by Heywood.

Eromena, or, Love and Revenge (1632), with which even Ward credits Heywood, is a translation from the Italian of Biondi by James Hayward of Gray's Inn (S. R. February 22, 1632; July 17, 1634; also title-page). Another translator of the period, Sir Thomas Hawkins, has Heywood's initials, which are those of only too many writers of the mid-seventeenth century, as Thomas Habington the antiquary; Thomas Hayne, grammarian, theologian and biographer; Theoder Heringe, who printed his sermons; Thomas Hobbes the philosopher; Thomas Hooker of New England memory. The use of initials on title-pages became frequent in those troublous times. There were anti-Papal tracts printed over the initials T. H.; a satire on the Presbyterian leader; letters giving the latest news from the royal headquarters; clerical exhortations; prayers.

Charles II was welcomed home by a humdrum, pious run of verses, *The Cavaliers Thanks-giving*, "Written by a Sober Cavalier, T. H." There was a printer T. H. and a bookseller T. H. There may have been another Thomas Heywood, for the full name appears, though perhaps borrowed as a blind or a jest, on the title-page of a thin pamphlet (1641) of political polemic:

*Reader, Here you'l plainly see
Judgement perverted By these three;
A Priest, A Judge, A Patentee.*

Under the rude cut, representing Archbishop Laud, Lord Finch, Alderman Abel, are the words: "Written by Thomas Heywood." But this savage attack, slashing along in vigorous couplets, on these three recent victims of Parliament, Laud, a prisoner in the Tower under impeachment of treason, Finch who, likewise impeached, had escaped to Holland, and Abel, whose subserviency to the King had brought upon him the wrath of the Commons, was not penned by the kindly old loyalist, whose sympathies, on the contrary, would have been with the accused. To him Charles and Henrietta, gracious patrons of his literary labors, were always their "sacred Majesties," and he would have seen in Finch, for instance, not the corrupt judge of this coarse invective, but the righteous punisher of that very shocking Prynne and a personage honored by the special friendship of the queen. The author of this diatribe was also the author of a violent attack upon projectors, *Machiavel*, printed this same year without name or initials to betray the writer. The two pam-

phlets have not only the same grievances and animosities, but definite resemblances in diction, metaphor, illustration. Machiavel's prefatory address to the projectors, those "deare Sons" whom he hopes soon to welcome to hell, is written in rough and ready pentameter couplets like those of *Reader, Here you'l plainly see*. The verse had a "Second Edition" in 1740 under title of *Machiavel's Ghost, A Satire*, still with no hint of the authorship, but the prose, the bulk of the 1641 volume, was not reprinted with it. This prose consists of a brief address to the reader, followed by sarcastic expositions of Projectors in general and Projectors in particular. There is nothing in the substance, nothing in the style, to suggest Heywood. The "most lowly and loyall Subject" of Henrietta would not have insulted the Pope, nor would the devoted adherent of King Charles,

"this glorious Sunne, . . .

Without whose face we live in endlessse night,"

as one of Heywood's later prologues declares, have eulogized, in a year so fraught with trouble and peril for the king, "our bright English Sunne [the Parliament]." But the brutality and energy of these rugged contributions to the political warfare of 1641 are enough in themselves to disprove Heywood's authorship. The white-haired poet died in August of that year, and the sweet waters of his nature had not so suddenly turned bitter at the last, nor had the "easie ambling" of his pen passed miraculously into such practical directness and force.

Heywood's Circle. — Heywood's professional life

touched the edges of the court. As one of Queen Anne's servants, he belonged, in a humble capacity, to the royal household. He was no stranger to those "stately pallaces, goodly and many chambers, fayr gallerys, large gardens, sweet walks" that Sir John Harington celebrates¹ and found himself at home among the red cloth, spangles and embroidery of the gay queen's retinue. He dutifully praises Queen Anne in his *Gunaikeion* and, less at length but with a franker enthusiasm, her daughter the Queen of Bohemia, whose name, Elizabeth, was beautiful to Heywood for its reminder of the great Tudor Queen of England in his youth. There is more of the Stuart courtier in the tone of his prologues addressed to Charles and Henrietta. To Charles he dedicated only his description of The Sovereign of the Seas, but to Henrietta Maria "his well-wishing, though unworthy Labours" in his *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*. One hopes that the black eyes of that mettlesome little French lady looked on her pictured folio with favor, but she must have found the text hard reading.

Heywood's principal patron was Edward Somerset, fourth Earl of Worcester, a Catholic nobleman of distinguished gallantry. Even after Worcester's company of actors, to which Heywood belonged, had become Queen Anne's men, Heywood continued in the good graces of the earl, to whom, until Worcester's death in 1628, he dedicated nearly all his works that he accounted of literary value. It is puzzling that his translation of Sallust should be inscribed not to the earl himself, but to his third son, Sir Thomas Somerset, for the

¹ *Nugae Antiquae*, I, 201.

terms of the dedication indicate that not only Heywood, but all his fellows, were deeply indebted to the bounty of the noble addressed. Lest the writer "incur the imputation of Ingratitude," he pleads: "Herein therefore (right Generous) let me in lieu of all my friends, make confession of your many favours, from time to time vouchsafed us." Furthermore he promises "that if you daigne to accept of this unpolisht Translation, partly divulged under the shadow of your protection, for the pleasure of your vacant howers, but especially for the generall good of all English gentlemen, when, eyther Time or better judgment, shall furnish me with a more desertfull project, to prostitute it soly to the approbation of your most judicious censure." Heywood's next book, *Britain's Troy*, is inscribed to the Earl of Worcester in language which implies a fulfilment of this pledge.

" And you (great Lord) to whom I Dedicate
A second worke, the yssue of my braine,
Accept this Twin to that you saw of late,
Sib to the first, and of the self-same straine."

He says of his Muse:

" Though smothered long, yet she findes time at length
To show her office to her Patron-lord."

The elegy on Prince Henry is also addressed to Heywood's "Mæcenas," then a man of threescore, "wishing all future occurrences to be true, and essentiall causes of your joies; and this last, the last of your Teares."

" But in this plangor, whom had I forgot,
You my Mæcenas? oh it cannot be

That I am so ingrate; beleeve it not,
Though passion almost takes my sense from me;
Oh, let me never weare so foule a spot,
As worthy Earle not to remember Thee.

Thrice noble Worster gave my Muse first wing,
And from his bounty she had voyce to sing."

The *Apology for Actors* is dedicated to Worcester by this member of his former company of players "as an acknowledgement of that duty I am bound to you in as a servant." In the dedication to the *Gunaikeion* Heywood refers again to that company and to its transfer by Worcester to Queen Anne. "I was (my Lord) your creature, and (amongst other of your servants) you bestowed me upon the excellent Princesse Q. Anne (to whose memorie I have celebrated in these Papers the zeale of a subject and a servant) but by her lamented death your Gift (my Lord) is returned againe into your hands, being stil yours, either to keepe unto your selfe, or to conferre where your noble disposition shall best please." Of Worcester's fifteen children, seven were daughters. Two of these, married at Essex House in 1596, are shrined in English literature as the brides of Spenser's *Prothalamion*, and another, Blanche, is known to history as the courageous defender of Wardour Castle. Heywood asks his patron, wheresoever the *Gunaikeion* honors the beauty and virtue of women, to consider that his daughters are "intended and comprehended," and the earl was doubtless pleased, for in making him, the following year, an "affectionate presentment" of the elegy on King James, Heywood speaks of the continuance of his favors and recognizes him as "the un-

changed Patron of all my weake and imperfect labours, that have beene published even from the first to the last.”

After Worcester's death, Heywood now and then made trial of like exalted patrons. He dedicated his fortunate court masque, *Loves Mistris*, to the Earl of Dorset, a nobleman closely attached to King Charles, who had made him Lord Chamberlain to the queen, — a great personage, but not too great to “dayne the acceptance of a playne mans love.” His *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* he inscribed to “the right Honourable Sir Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, Earle of Dover, &c.,” and as this book seems to have enjoyed the approbation of the earl, Heywood further dedicated to him *Englands Elizabeth*. “It hath pleased your Lordship to censure favourably of some of my weak Labours not long since presented before you, which the rather encouraged mee, to make a free tender of this small peece of service.” It was an appropriate dedication, for, as the author said, the earl's “noble Grandfather, *Henry Lord Hunsdon*, after Lord Chamberlain to her Maiestie (her neere and deare Kinsman:) was the most constant Friend and faithfull Assistant in all her troubles and dangers.” But no dedication is so much to the credit of Heywood's manliness as that of his edition of Barcklay's *Felicitie of Man* to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, whose fortunes had long since fallen. Webster had inscribed in 1612 his elegy on Prince Henry to Somerset, who was then in high favor, whereas in 1631 he was a disgraced and suspected man, whose obscurity was his best refuge.

Into Heywood's elegy on King James he introduces, it will be remembered, a lament for the Earl of Southampton,

"as most in dutie bound,
Because his servant once."

It may be that during the interval between Heywood's connection with the Admiral's men and with Worcester's men, for some portion of that period from February 12, 1599, to September 1, 1602, during which his name does not occur in Henslowe's *Diary*, he was attached to the household of Southampton. That liberal young patron of poets was, in the autumn of 1599, so fascinated by the stage that he neglected his attendance at court and would "pass away the Tyme in London merely in going to Plaies every Day."¹

The tone of Heywood's presentation of *The English Traveller* to his uncle's friend, Sir Henry Appleby, is the tone of one who recognizes a family bond, not of one seeking personal benefit. It is pleasant to find, in other cases, Heywood inscribing his plays in frank and equal fashion to appreciative friends instead of seeking about for the forty shillings with which a patron usually acknowledged a dedication.² The First Part of *The Faire Maid of the West* Heywood presented to a barrister of Gray's Inn, John Othow, "without the sordid expectation of reward, or servile imputation of flatterie," and the Second to a closer friend, a member of the same "noble Societic," Thomas Hammon, a

¹ *Sidney Papers*, II, 132.

² Field's prefatory address to *A Woman is a Weathercock*.

“true favourer of the *Muses*, and all good arts.” Heywood again makes it clear that his motive is to acknowledge “the much love, and many courtesies reflecting upon me from you both.” The First Part of *The Iron Age* and, also, his publication of Marlowe’s *Jew of Malta* he dedicated to Hammon, “then whom (of all those Gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe Ignorance, or attribute right to merit.” The Second Part of *The Iron Age* Heywood inscribed to another “Worthy and much Respected Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering Esquire*,” who had “had ever a charitable and indulgent censure of such poore peeces” of Heywood’s as had “come accedentially” into his view. When the *Hierarchie* was in press, several of the old author’s friends combined to have the volume illustrated, each bearing the cost of one of the flamboyant engravings. Hammon was one of these friends, and it is possible that another, “Tho. Mainwaringe,” was the Thomas Mannering of this dedication, for the name Manwaring has been spelled, according to Lower the antiquary, in no less than 131 ways. A curious old romance entitled *Vienna* (first published about 1618) by Matthew Mainwaring, has a commendatory poem of characteristic tone by “Tho. Heywood.” *The Life of Merlin* was inscribed “To the worthy (and by me much Honoured) Master James Mettam Esquire,” a new acquaintance who, Heywood found to his gratification, “had not only took view of some of my weake Labors, but crowned them” with his “Verdict.”

Of the friendships of the dramatist's earlier years we know little beyond the hints of Henslowe's *Diary* and the suggestive passage from the *Hierarchie* on the blithe young poets called by one another Kit, Robin, Tom, Jack, Ben, Frank, Will. He collaborated in playwriting with Dekker, Chettle, Smith, Webster and, later, with Brome and William Rowley. His elegy on Prince Henry appeared in the same volume with the elegies of Webster and Tourneur. In the prefatory verses to the *Apology for Actors* Webster hails him as his "beloved friend," Perkins as his "loving friend and fellow," Beeston and Pallant as their "good friend and fellow." Twenty-three years later Christopher Beeston, and William Beeston, too, took part in the cost of illustrating the *Hierarchie*. Heywood recorded, in connection with the publication of *Greene's Tu Quoque*, his affection both for John Cooke, his "worthy friend the Author," and for his lost comrade, stating that in his opinion there was no comedian of his time "of greater Grace at the Court, or of more generall love in the City, and so with this briefe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest."

To the end of Heywood's life we find traces of intimacy with players and playwrights and Bohemians in general. John Ford, who in 1635 had been for several years writing for the Queen's men at the Phoenix, prefixed to *Philocotbonista* a mischievous congratulation to his "learned friend," the champion of abstinence, the name being spelled *Foord* as in the *Hierarchie*. In another prefatory poem of like roguish tone George Donne saluted "his industrious Friend" as one who

had attained the height of knowledge by combining practice with theory. There was a George Donne in London at about this date, a man some thirty years of age, second son of Dr. John Donne of St. Paul's and great-grandson, on the mother's side, of John Heywood the Epigrammatist. His elder brother, "John Donne, the younger," was notoriously dissipated.

The logic of events seems to have ranged Heywood on the side of Inigo Jones in the quarrel with Jonson, and his only mention of Shakespeare, apart from the happy couplet in the *Hierarchie*,

"Mellifluous *Shake-speare* whose inchanting Quill
Commaned Mirth or Passion, was but Will,"

is so awkwardly put that the interpretation of Heywood's feeling is difficult. Of all Heywood's experience of publishers, of whom he had a dozen or more apart from the pirates, he suffered most from William Jaggard and felt most indebted to his "approved good Friend," Nicholas Okes, who, sometimes in connection with his son John, brought out a comparatively long list of Heywood's plays, Lord Mayor's Shows, and minor writings. At the end of his *Apology for Actors* Heywood has an epistle to Okes, "so carefull and industrious, so serious and laborious to doe the author all the rights of the presse." In this epistle Heywood complains of the "infinite faults" made by the "negligence of the printer," William Jaggard, in *Britain's Troy*, and of Jaggard's impudent refusal to publish a statement of *errata*, answering that "hee would not publish his owne disworkmanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the necke of the Author." Hey-

wood goes on to say: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee; to doe himsele right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard (that altogether unknown to him), presumed to make so bold with his name." The volume in question is *The Passionate Pilgrim*, that lyric miscellany whose songs were filched from Marlowe, Raleigh, Griffin, Barnfield and other contemporary poets, and published by the unscrupulous Jaggard in 1599 as "by W. Shakespeare," from whose *Love's Labours Lost*, printed the year before, two sonnets and a song had been stolen, as well as two sonnets from his private manuscripts. Jaggard had added to the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, two of those Ovid translations which Heywood's view of English history had woven into *Britain's Troy*. In contrast to Shakespeare's silence, Heywood seized his first opportunity to protest, and with such heat that, although the habit of courtesy does not fail him, his pronouns fall into most unlucky confusion. A few points are clear, — that, as an upright man, Heywood was sensitive to the suspicion of literary dishonesty; that he admitted Shakespeare's superiority as a poet; and that he had direct knowledge of Shakespeare's anger at Jaggard's presumption; but it is not evident what it was

that Shakespeare "to doe himselfe right," had "since published. . . . in his owne name." The 1598 quarto of *Love's Labours Lost* has Shakespeare's name; no other quarto is known; and if the reference is to the 1609 edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, it only casts a new contradiction into the intricate puzzle of that publication.

The Bodleian Library has Malone's copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612, with two title-pages, of which the first is without Shakespeare's name. Malone's manuscript note suggests that Jaggard "appears to have printed a new title-page, to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was no doubt intended to be cancelled, but, by some inadvertence, they were both prefixed to this copy." It may possibly be that Heywood's puzzling clause refers to this more or less sincere attempt on Jaggard's part to make amends. The tone in which Heywood speaks of Shakespeare here has been variously taken as implying awe, hostility, intimacy. It is indeed touched with Heywood's characteristic humility and surely not unfriendly, while yet implying distance rather than familiarity.

In Heywood's later life he seems to have welcomed, for his publications, such commendatory verses as he did not take the trouble to secure for his *Gunaikeion*, though the poets, among whom he had been "so much and so long conversant," would readily, he believed, have responded to such request. "Neither doe I thinke I am so little knowne, or ill beloved amongst them, that any one would have denyed me so small a courtesie." Such

verses, by the young dramatist Shackerley Marmion,— one of whose four plays was acted at the Cockpit — by “D. E.” and “S. N.,” appeared in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*. Shackerley Marmion addressed him again, as “friend Heywood,” in the 1638 edition of *The Sovereigne of the Seas*. One Samuel King, apparently of Clerkenwell,¹ affixed to *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon* a grateful encomium. The *Nine Worthby Women* carried four commendatory poems, — halting numbers from the lad William Ball, son of the queen’s attorney-general and an astronomer to be; a humorous but hearty greeting to his “learned, loving Friend” from one of Heywood’s neighbors in Clerkenwell, Dr. Stephen Bradwell, whose pen was more at home² in medical treatises than in poetry; compliments from Thomas Brewer, author of the prose tract, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, on

“This Golden issue of thy Silver head ;”

and an outburst of astonishment from George Estoutvile (Estolevile) of the Cockpit company, at Heywood’s continued production:

“Will neither rugged time or vast expence
Of thy unfathom’d fancy and cleare sence
Perswade thee to leave off, but thou wilt still
Make all ’twixt heaven & hell flow from thy Quill ?”

Heywood, in return, was generous with his “*minerva*.” When the author and publisher, Henry Holland, from whom Heywood had borrowed a few passages for *England’s Elizabeth*, published in 1632 an English translation of Xenophon’s *Cyropaedia*, made by

¹ Burial Register.

² S. R. April 28, 1637.

his venerable father, Dr. Philemon Holland of Coventry, Heywood, as "An observer of all true Worth and Learning," contributed verses in honor of the translator, followed by a few lines in praise of the filial conduct of "Harry" Holland. Heywood appended to the *Annalia Dubrensis* (1636) — to which Ben Jonson was also a contributor — *A Panegerick To the worthy Mr. Robert Dover*. He wrote a gracious and magnanimous greeting to Marmion's *Cupid and Psyche* (1637). Together with Brome and Nabbes, but with a lighter touch, he welcomed "the Infant Poet of our Age," Thomas Jordan the actor, whose *Poeticall Varieties* (1637) is dedicated to "Mr. John Ford of Grayes-Inn, Gent," probably the cousin to whom Heywood's "Jacke Foord" addressed his *Lovers Melancholy* in 1629. In 1638 a broken soldier, Randolph Mayeres, who had come back to England "old and maymed" after thirty years of war, wrote in alternate verse and prose a brief "Catalogue of my disasters," entitled *Mayeres His Travels*, to which "Th. Haywood" and Humfrey Crouch affixed verses. Heywood addresses him as "My worthy Friend" and comforts him with a twofold tribute of praise:

"To be a souldier, is an honour; such
As all may speak but none comend too much.
To be a Poet, that doth farre transcend
Mortality: Man, hath his propos'd end:
But the *Muse* is immortall."

Together with Brathwait and others, Heywood hailed the heraldic labors of the Lincoln blacksmith, James Yorke's *Union of Honour* (1640). Twice again

in this last full year of his life Heywood penned encouragement to new writers. He united with Brome, Nabbes, Robert Chamberlain, "C. G." — possibly Christopher Goad, one of his former fellows and a neighbor in Clerkenwell, but more probably Charles Gerbier, — William Barnes, Thomas Rawlins and half a dozen more in greeting "the maiden blossoms" of Tatham's "Muse," *The Fancies Theatre*; and with Nabbes, Brome, Brewer, Chamberlain, "C.H.," Dr. Stephen Bradwell and others in applauding the "raptures" of his "adopted sonne, Mr. Humphrey Mill, touching his *Nights Search*."

There are still others of whom we hear as Heywood's friends, — Richard Brathwait and Henry Peacham, men of letters with whom he was in close accord; John Taylor the Water-Poet, who called him, in verses commending the *Apology for Actors*, "my approved good friend," signing "Yours ever"; Arthur Hopton, the brilliant young astrologer, who on this same occasion sided with Heywood and with the stage against the Puritans; the Christmas brothers, with whom, after their father's death, he had been associated in pageant-making, and who bore a part in the illustration of his *Hierarchie*; and the two ladies to whom he dedicated his *Nine Worthby Women*. One of these, the Lady Theophila Cooke, "Learned Consort" of Sir Robert Cooke, he counts a tenth Muse, so deeply had she impressed him with her remarkable knowledge of

"Greeke, Roman, French, Castillian, and with those,
Tuscan, Teutonick, in all which you pose
The forreigne Linguist."

The other lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Tanfield, wife of Clovill Tanfield of Copt-fold in Essex, he accosts in prose, and in a tone of friendship rather than compliment.

In the *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* we sometimes catch a half-glimpse of Heywood in some wonted scene. Significant so are the prologue and epilogue written to encourage a "young witty Lad playing the part of *Richard* the third at the Red Bull," and the inscription upon a "Tombe-stone lying in Clerkenwell Church," — a stone covering the grave of a girl of twenty, Mary Littleboyes, who had died in the spring of 1636, and for whom the old poet penned an elegy. One ponders these elegies, epitaphs and epithalamions upon various friends of Heywood's, and the anagrams devised to please lords and ladies who had been gracious to him. His was so neighborly a disposition that one even turns the leaves of the St. James, Clerkenwell, *Registers* with a sense of being among those who knew his presence for many years and smiled back his genial greeting. Did he enjoy antiquarian chats with John Weever, who lived in Clerkenwell Close? His epitaph on Sir Philip Woodhouse attests his acquaintance with a leading family of the parish. He must have striven to comfort "John Witt, gentleman," one of those who contributed toward the cost of illustrating the *Hierarchie*, on that winter day when his wife, Rose Witt, was buried in the chancel of St. James, only a few months before Heywood's own death.

Looking back once more to that friendly group who had prepared, perhaps, a happy surprise for Heywood

in the embellishment of his poetic discourse on the *Blessed Angels*, we find in addition to the names of Witt, Mainwaringe, Hammon, the Beestons, the Christmas brothers, certain others. William Toombs was probably¹ a Clerkenwell neighbor. Sir Harbottel Grimstone,² an interesting personage in relation to Heywood, employed as his engraver John Droeshout, an elder brother, it is thought, of the engraver of the folio portrait of Shakespeare. Other artists whose names arrest attention are Richard Gethinge the calligrapher, "M^r of y^e pen," and George Glover, who presented his own engraving, placing himself thus among Heywood's inner group of friends. As this is the "G. Glover" who engraved the broadside picture of *The Three Wonders of the World*, it seems more natural that Heywood, so often a collaborator, should have consented to write the text.

Character. — It would be too much to say that Heywood lived two lives, that his candid and cheery look covered anything so subtle as a dual personality, and yet two Heywoods are unconsciously pictured by his own pen. There is the Heywood of the *Philocotonista* and *A Curtaine Lecture*, of the vulgar jests and indecent passages in certain of his plays, the red-faced tippler who enjoyed broad stories and had a special relish for the obscenities of witchlore. This is the Heywood who gave foundation for Kirkman's contemptuous charge that "many of his Playes" were "composed and written loosely in Taverns," to which a later gossip was moved to add: "on the back-side of

¹ St. James Registers. ² Dictionary of National Biography.

Tavern Bills." For this Heywood, who was but the accidental Heywood, the product of Elizabethan theatres and their disreputable environment, the true Heywood pleads excuse: "I have exposed my selfe a subject to all censures, and entreat the Reader not to undertake me with any sinister prejudice. For my hope is, if he shall fairly trace me in that modest and careful course which I have travelled, he may say in the conclusion, *Facilius currentibus, quam repentibus lapsus.*"¹

The essential Heywood was a University man, well connected in point of family, with a wide and various acquaintance among nobles, baronets, lawyers, physicians, citizens, as well as poets and actors. If his plays were written in taverns — and what better study for human comedy? — those erudite works on which he prided himself must have been written among books, in his own library or in some ampler storehouse of volumes old and new to which patron, or publisher, or friend in the pleasant chambers of Gray's Inn made him welcome. He kept to the end that Elizabethan zest of life, still fresh and winsome in his plays, even as he kept to the end his worshipful enthusiasm for Queen Bess. He could not so much as praise King Charles's new ship without slipping in a reference to that great Elizabeth "of blessed and sacred Memory."

Heywood's modesty was genuine and saved from the effect of excessive humility by his equally genuine manliness. He does not cringe in his dedications to the Earl of Worcester, but takes every opportunity to ac-

¹ *Hierarchie.*

knowledge and, so far as a mere author may, repay his debts of gratitude. As a player, he defends his profession without bravado, but without shame, addressing with unwonted crispness and spirit the reader of his *Apology*: "I will neither shew my selfe over-presumptuous, in skorning thy favour, nor too importunate a beggar, by too servilly intreating it. What thou art content to bestow upon my pains, I am content to accept: if good thoughts, they are all I desire: if good words, they are more then I deserve: if bad opinion, I am sorry I have incur'd it: if evil language, I know not how I have merited it: if anything, I am pleased: if nothing, I am satisfied, contenting my selfe with this: I have done no more then (had I beene called to account) shewed what I could say in the defence of my owne quality."

The integrity of Heywood, however Mrs. Baskerville might assail him for payments over-due, shines through his writings again and again. He has a scholar's care for noting his references, for giving credit to authors from whom he has borrowed, for fulfilling his literary obligations. Why the most of his plays are lost, he has himself told us. In addition to the three reasons given in the dedication to *The English Traveller*, his sense of honor restrained him (prefatory address to *Lucrece*) from the unfaithful practice of those who "have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse." However poor he was, he could afford a conscience.

But Heywood's most distinguishing and lovable characteristic was his kindness. We see the little Rich-

ard III turning to him for encouragement; young versifiers about to venture their maiden volumes seeking commendatory lines from the silver-headed old poet of Clerkenwell; the disgraced noble surprised in his isolation by the remembrance of a dedication; the lame, unlucky soldier cheered to a better opinion of himself and helped to gain for his misfortunes the ear of the public. That wealth of human sympathy vitalizing Heywood's plays was no less effectually exercised in his daily life. Far on in the stormy Stuart times this gentle old playwright could assure the reader¹ that he never used satire or ridicule as directed against individuals. How close a guard he kept upon himself in these and other matters is told again in the *Hierarchie* (p. 491):

“ I am jealous both of Hunger and Repast,
 Of Sleepe, of Watch, of Labour, and of Ease.
 Nor know in which I more secure am plac't,
 Because I am hourelly tempted in all these.
 My jesting, as my Anger I suspect,
 Lest in my mirth I might some one abuse,
 Or speake what might to his disgrace reflect,
 And that 's a sin I know not how t' excuse.
 Though t' offend in Wrath be greater far,
 Yet from the first it doth not take the skar.”

Championship of women was a natural outgrowth of such generosity of heart. Heywood's allusions to mothers are peculiarly loyal and tender. In recognizing the existence of “mutuall love, amitie, and friendship” among women, he says:² “Now least I should leave any thing unremembred that comes in my way, that might tend to the grace and honor of the Sex, there is

¹ *The Iron Age*, Second Part.

² *Gunaikcion*, p. 323.

not any virtue for which men have beene famous, in which some women or other have not beene eminent.”

Heywood has been accused of “the bourgeois virtues.” Where the most of the Jacobean dramatists would depict an injured husband in a tempest of fury and revenge, Master Frankford struggles in his anguish to attain self-control. Forgiveness, pity, self-forgetful love are to Heywood heroic qualities. Yet with himself he was not lenient. The undertone of moral dignity that grows more and more evident in his writings now and then rises into a memorable phrase, as this:² “there is no greater torture or deeper piercing, than a mans owne sentence against himselfe.”

EDMUND HEYWOOD'S WILL

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN

the Seaventh daie of October in the yeare of our lord god One thousande six hundred Twentie and fower And in the yeare of the Raigne of our soveraigne Lord Kinge James of England France and Ireland the two and twentieth And of Scotland the eight and ffftieth I Edmond Heywood of the parish of Christchurch London gentleman beinge of good and perfect mynde and memorie laude and praise therefore be given to allmightie god Neverthelesse consideringe with my self that all flesh is mortall and must die, and that nothingse is more certaine then death, and yett nothingse more uncertaine then the hower and time thereof I doe therefore make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme followinge That is to saie First and principallie I comende my soule to Allmightie god my Creator and to Jesus Christ

² *Gunaikion*, p. 48.

my onelie Savior and Redeemer, By whose merritts, and by whose moste precious death and passion I onlie trust and Assuredlie beleeve to be saved and to be made partaker of the kingdome of Heaven with the Elect Children of god. And my bodie I comende to the Earth from whence it came and to be buryed in the parish church of Christ-church at the discretion of my Executors hereunder named. Item I will that all my debts, which I shall trulie owe at the time of my decease to anie person or persons shalbe first paide and satisfied as the same are or shalbe due to be paide, Also I doe further will that if I have or shall have received at the time of my decease anie money of my Client for business to be donne and have not performed the same, but in conscience I ought to have donne and performed it that then I desire my lovinge and kinde friende Mr. William Screven beinge one of my Executors that he will undertake the performance thereof for whose care in that behalf I will he shall have a Ringe of gould of Thirtye Shillings price to weare for my sake, Alsoe I give to the poore of the parish of Christ-church The some of Sixe poundes to be disposed of in this sorte that is to saie, three poundes thereof in Bread on the daie of my funeralle and the other three poundes in bread alsoe on the feast of the Nativitie of our lord then next followinge by the churchwardens of the saide parish for the time beinge Alsoe I give to the poore Children harboured in Christes Hospitall the some of three poundes. Item I give to Sir Henrie Apleton knight and Barronett a Ringe of gould of Thirtie Shillings price or soe much in gould. Alsoe I give to my cosen Hudson and to his wife each of them a Ringe of gould of twentie shillinges price, and to Mr. Christopher Hudson and his wife the like legacies. Item I give to each of my god children which shalbe livinge at the time of my decease, three shillinges fower pence to

make each of them a feomall Ringe to weare for my sake. Alsoe I give to Mr. Doctor Daniell Price deane of Hereford a Ring of gould of Twentie Shillinges price and to his wief a Ring of gould of Thirteene Shillinges fower pence price. Item I give to Master Doctor Sampson Price a Ringe of gould of twentie shillings price, and to his wief a ringe of gould of Thirteene Shillings fower pence price. Likewise I give to my cosen Henrye Pearson a ring of gould of Twentie Shillings price, and to my cosen Fairebrother his sister Thirteene shillings fower pence to make her a Ringe — Item I give to John Hooke and his wief, Edward Sanders and his wief each of them a Ringe of gould of Twentie shillings price, or soe much in gould. further I give to Thomas Heywoode and his wief, William Heywoode and his wief / each of them Twentie shillinges in goulde and to the saide William Heywoode one of my ould Cloakes, a suite of ould apparell and a hatt suche as my Executors shall thinke fittinge. Item I give to my cosen Fawcett and his wief each of them a Ringe of gould of twentie Shillings, and to him a mourninge Cloake, and to her a mourninge stuffe Gowne. Likewise I give to my daughter my Ring which the ladie Birde gave me to weare for a Remembrance of her husband Sir William Birde and to my daughter a mourninge Gowne. And further I give to Anne Wright my Grandchild my best standinge Cupp and cover. Alsoe I give to Heywoode Wrighte my god-sonne and Grandchild my second standinge Cupp and cover, And to Henrie Wright my Grandchild my thirde standing Cupp and cover. And to Marie Wright my Grandchild my best Salt and a little white silver Cupp, and to Elizabeth Wrighte my lesser salt which I use dailie, and twoe little guilt wyne Cupps, and to Martha Wright my Grandchild two little lowe guilt Cupps, and a dozen of silver spoones. Item I give

to my saide daughter the rest of my plate and all my goodes and Chattells which I have (videl) the Lease of my house wherein I dwell, And the lease of the George at Warwick-lane-ende, And the lease of the houses at Pye Corner which I boughte of the Executors of Mr. Kirke — Item I give to the right noble the Ladie Hamfert fourtie shillings in gould to make her a Ringe if she be livinge at the time of my decease Item I give to my Clerks that shalbe dwellinge with me at the time of my Decease each of them a mourninge cloake and each of them a Ringe of gould of tenne shillings price And I give to each of my maide servants that shall be dwellinge with me at the time of my Decease a mourninge gowne of stuffe, And moreover I give to Susan Franklin if she be dwellinge with me at the time of my Decease the some of ten pounds to be paide to her at the daie of her marriage Item I give to Mr. William Sutton and his wief each of them a Ringe of gould of five shillings a peece. Item my will and meaninge is that my saide grandchild Anne Wright shall have the benefitt of the Sheepe which Sir Henry Apleton hath in keepinge the number of them I know not but I am fullie assured he will doe all righte. And alsoe that she shall have the XXVI lb. which is in my handes, and came of the benefitt of the saide Sheepe, and which I have allreadie received of the saide Sir Henrie Appleton, over and above the legacye and portion lymitted unto her by this my will, which portion over and above her former legacye, and the said sixe and twentie pounds, and the other benefitt of the saide sheepe, my will and meaning is shalbe of my guift the some of Two Hundred poundes to be paide unto her at the daie of her marriage if and in case she marry with the likinge and consent of her mother. But if she marry without the likinge and consent of her mother and best frendes, Then my mynde is that she shall have noo ben-

efitt at all of my saide guift, And whereas my intent and meaninge was to have given and left to Magdalen my well-beloved wief, with whom I have by the goodness of god lived a long time the greatest part of myne estate for her maintenance during her lief, and to have beene disposed of by her after her death But consideringe howe it hath pleased god to vissit her longe with lamenes whereby and by reason of her other weaknes and imperfections which comonlie doth attende auld age she is nowe unfitt to take care of the thinges of this world I thought it better to dispose of these Temporall blessings with which god hath indued me; accordinge as it is declared in this my will And to leave my saide wief to the care of her naturall and onlie child then to expose her and my substance to strangers that maie happen to regarde it more then her, Neavertheles my will and meaninge is, And I doe give and bequeath unto my saide wief the some of fiftie poundes to be paide unto her within one quarter of a yeare after my Decease together with all her wearinge apparell and her hatt bande set with goulde buttons and her ringe to be disposed of as she shall think good, And for her further and better maintenance I doe will charge and commande my saide daughter that she shall provide for, keepe and maintaine my saide wief in such good sorte manner and fashion with meate drinke fireinge apparrell and all other necessaries as is fitt and necessarie for her duringe her lief, And that shee shall contynue in the house duringe her lief where we nowe dwell / And she shall provide and keepe for her a woman accordinge to her owne likinge to attende her contynuallie, besides a maide servante to help to lifte her to and fro, And this I charge her trulie and honestlie to performe accordynge to my will as she will answeare it before god at the dreadfull daie of Judgment when the secretts of all harts shalbe disclosed. And whereas I

have made choice of, and doe intreate the aforementioned Mr. William Screven beinge my verie lovinge frende and kinde neighbour to take upon him togeather with my saide daughter the Execution of this my last will for as much as I am assured that he doth not nor will not expect benefitt by this his Executorship, soe that it wilbe onelie a trouble unto him. Therefore out of my love towardes him I further give him the some of five poundes and a mourninge Cloake, and unto his wief a Ringe of gould of Thirteene Shillings fower pence price. Alsoe I give unto the right noble Sir John Osborne knighte Treasurer, Remembrancer of the Exchequer in which office I lived and spent moste of my daies a Ring of gould of Fortie shillings price intreatinge him to accepte of it Item I give to Alice Stoddard wief of Anthonye Stoddard a Ringe of gould of Thirteene shillings fower pence price, And to Grace Revell a Ringe of gould of Thirteene Shillings fower pence price And to Sarah Houghton a Ringe of Thirteene Shillings fower pence price. Item I doe forgive Oliver Houghton the some of eight and thirtie Shillings which he owes me Item I give to the saide Anthonie Stoddard a Ringe of gould of Thirteene Shillings fower pence price and one of my cloakes. And nowe of this my last Will and Testament — Revokinge hereby all former wills I doe make and Ordaine the saide Master Screven, and my daughter Wright my Executors — Provided allwaies and my true intent Will and meaninge is, that all my debts and all the legacies hereby by me given and bequeathed shalbe raised and paide out of myne owne personall estate sould by my Executors for the performance thereof, Notwithstandinge anie guift or bequest of that lease or of anie other of my goodes or chattells before made unto my saide daughter in this my Will. In wittnes whereof I have hereunto sett my hande and seale

the daie and yeare first above written, Per me Edmund Heywood, Sealed Subscribed published and delivered as my last Will and Testament in the presence of Walt. Leigh, David Buckle.



THE TEXT

THERE are but two seventeenth-century editions known of *A Woman kille with Kindnesse*. The first of these is dated 1607; the other, designated in the footnotes Q2, is dated 1617. The title-page of the 1617 quarto, however, describes it as "The third Edition." The present text reproduces that of the 1617 quarto, according to a copy owned by Professor Baker, except that the original capitalization and, to a considerable extent, the punctuation, are modernized, and that verse printed as prose is restored to its normal arrangement. In a few instances, too, when the Q2 reading is obviously erroneous, the text is corrected, every such correction being recorded. Q2 is, in general, a marked improvement on Q1, which is poorly printed throughout and especially at fault in stage directions. The *exit* occurs only four times in the first two acts, but is used somewhat more freely later; names are often confused, Susan, for instance, being called Jane during an entire scene; lines are given to wrong speakers; words essential to the metre, and sometimes to the sense, are dropped; and there are unintelligent misprints, as *chosen* for *cosen* (cousin) and *action* for *Acton*. Occasionally Q2 blunders where Q1 is correct, as in *enacted* for *exacted* (I, iii, 96) and *hold* for *cold* (III, ii, 215). The spelling of Q2 is much more modern than that of Q1, notably in the use of double letters. The apostrophe, which Q1 achieves only eighteen times, and then turned the wrong way about, Q2 employs with considerable skill. Q1, so awkward at the apostrophe, is disinclined to abbreviations, regularly printing, for example, *you are* as against the *y'are* of Q2, and giving *Godamercies* for *Gramercies*. The Q2 spelling, with all its inconsistencies except those affecting proper names, is scrupulously reproduced. Fairly consistent features of the punctuation, as the omission of the comma in phrases of direct address ("Good morrow brother"), have been kept, but only those. In punctuation, again, Q2 marks an advance on Q1. To Q1 the exclamation point is unknown, and the interrogation point is often pressed into exclamatory service ("O God ? oh God ?"), while

Q2, though very rarely venturing on an exclamation point, uses with some care in its stead the period or colon and, in general, punctuates with a wavering approach to system.

The earlier modern editions, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744 (vol. iv), in Reed's *Dodsley*, 1780 (vol. vii), and in Scott's *Ancient British Drama*, 1810 (vol. ii), all based on the 1617 text, have been compared, but only such few of the points of difference as seem to possess significance are noted. This is true, also, of the edition in Keltie's *Works of the British Dramatists*, 1870, which recognizes the 1607 text but does not appear to follow it. With the quarto of 1607 — copy in the British Museum c. 34. g. 19 (5) — and with the more critical modern editions a careful collation has been made and all variants other than orthographical recorded. The term Modern Editions, as used in the footnotes, has strict reference only to these critical editions, *viz.*, that in Collier's *Dodsley*, 1825–27 (vol. vii); Collier's edition printed for The Shakespeare Society, 1850; Pearson's edition, in his Heywood's *Dramatic Works*, 1874 (vol. ii); Mr. Verity's edition in the Heywood volume of *The Mermaid Series*, the first to divide the play into acts and scenes, and Sir A. W. Ward's edition in the series of *Temple Dramatists*. Pearson retains the old punctuation and capitalization, as well as spelling, whereas Collier, Verity and Ward all modernize the text. As Collier's 1850 edition frequently differs from his issue of the play a quarter of a century earlier, in Collier's *Dodsley*, his two editions, in case of such difference, are designated in the footnotes as "Collier (1825)" and "Collier (1850)." Collier's editions both rest on the 1617 quarto. He had heard of a 1607 copy, but had not seen it. Pearson follows, though not unswervingly, the 1607 text, repeating some of the blunders in stage directions. Verity substantially reproduces, though with several alert amendments, the Pearson text, while Ward states in his *Preface* that the text of his edition is "the result of a collation of Pearson's reprint of the 1607 with Collier's reproduction of the 1617 editions, as well as of his *Notes* and of Mr. Verity's text." Verity's division into acts and scenes is followed, with Ward's two exceptions, in the present edition. The inserted mentions of act and scene, and all other additions to the 1617 text, are bracketed or noted in the variants.

A
W O M A N

K I L D E

with Kindnesse.

*As it hath beene oftentimes Acted by
the Quenes Maiest. Seruants.*

Written by T H O. H E Y W O O D.

The third Edition.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, 1617.

SOURCES

THE title is a proverbial phrase familiar to the Elizabethans. In the *Taming of the Shrew* (IV, I, 211) Petruchio says: "This is the way to kill a wife with kindness." Koepfel has pointed out (*Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont's und Fletcher's*, p. 135) a still earlier occurrence of the phrase in George Whetstone's *Heptameron of Civill Discourses* (1582), sixth day: "You will kill her with kindnesse (quoth Maria Belochye). Yea, Madam, (q. Soranso) if her nature be so froward, as to die with good usage." Koepfel believes (*Quellen-Studien*, pp. 136-7) that he has found the source of the main plot in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Part I, novel 58: *A President of Grenoble, advertised of the ill government of his wife, took such order, that his honesty was not diminished, and yet revenged the facte.* (Jacobs' ed., vol. II, p. 101 seq.) This is one of the tales taken in direct translation from the *Heptameron* of Queen Margaret of Valois (*novella* 36; sixth story of the fourth day). Such likenesses as there are between this tale and Heywood's play, — the mature husband with the young wife, the young man on terms of confidence in the house, the old servant who tells his master of what is going on and puts him in the way of seeing for himself, the name Nicholas, though belonging in the story to the lover, not the servant, the allusion to the disgrace brought upon the children, — are slight in comparison with the differences. The outcome of the play, except for the escape of the lover unharmed, has no suggestion of the story, while the spirit of the crafty husband, who, careful only to keep secret the dishonor of his house, revenges himself to the utmost on his wife, is morally at the other pole from Master Frankford's Christian tenderness. A single paragraph is enough to show how antithetical to the spirit of Heywood's play is that of the *Heptameron* tale:

✓ "And the space of fiftene days (contrary to his custome) he feasted his friends and neighbours, and after every those bankettes, he caused the minstrels to play, to make the Gentlewomen daunce.

One daye he seing his wife not to daunce, he commaunded his Clarke to take her by the hande, and to leade her forth to daunce, who thinking the President had forgotten the trespasse past, very joyfully daunced with her. But when the daunce was ended, the President faining as though he would have commaunded him to doe some thing in his house, bad him in his eare to get him away and never to retourne. Now was the Clark very sorrowfull to leave his Ladye, but yet no lesse joyful he was that his life was saved. Afterwards when the President had made all his frends and kinsfolkes, and all the cuntry, beleve what great love he bare to his wife, uppon a faire day in the moneth of May, he went to gather a sallade in his garden, the herbes whereof after she had eaten, she lived not above XXIII hours after, whereof he counterfaieted suche sorrowe, as no man could suspect the occasion of her death. And by that meanes he was revenged of his enemy, and saved the honour of his house." (Jacobs, II, p. 103.)

It has recently been noted (by Mr. Robert C. Martin, *Englische Studien*, 1910) that the forty-third *novella* in the first book of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* has a number of detail correspondences with Heywood's plots.

The under-plot was recognized by Symonds (in his *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, 1884) as derived from a 1511 *novella* of the Sienese story-teller, Bernardo Lapini surnamed Illicini. Symonds gives an abstract of Illicini's tale in his *Italian Literature* (American ed., Holt, vol. II, p. 99; English ed., *Italian Renaissance*, vol. v, p. 99). See also Roscoe's *Italian Novelists*, vol. II, pp. 336-58. Koepfel points out (*Quellen-Studien*, pp. 136-7) that this Sienese tale is included in *The Palace of Pleasure*, Part II, novel 30: *A Gentleman of Siena, called Anselmo Salimbene, curteously and gently delivereth his enemy from death. The condemned party seeing the kinde parte of Selimbene, rendreth into his hands his sister Angelica, with whom he was in love, which gratitude and curtesie, Salimbene well marking, moved in Conscience, would not abuse her, but for recompence tooke hir to his wyfe.* This story has been traced from Painter back to Belleforest and thence to Bandello (I, 46). Heywood may have read it in Fenton's translation rather than Painter's, for it conspicuously stands first of the *Tragicall Discourses: A wonderful Vertue, in a gentlman of Syena on the behalfe of his ennemye,*

whom he delyvered from Death, — and the other to retorne his courtesye with equall frendshyp, presented him with his sister, whom he knew hee loved entierlye.

In the Italian version, the quarrel springs not from hawking, but from hunting, each man praising his own dog. Shafton figures as the "longe nosed marchaunte" (Fenton) or the "pestiferous Camæleon" (Painter) of the story. The sister's name is Angelica, whereas Heywood dubs his "angel in a mortal's shape" plain Susan. In Painter's rendering, Angelica, after three folio pages of lamentation, swoons. At the sight her brother also swoons and so much more persistently that, herself reviving, she has much ado to revive him. Having done so, she agrees to his cruel request, but with the added words: "Wel be thou sure, that so sone as I shal bee out of thy hands and power, I wyl be called or esteemed thine no more," and so would be free to take her own life rather than to suffer shame.

If not all the Italian effusiveness and emphasis on a strained ideal of "honourable, wrested courtesy" makes this situation plausible, Heywood's brief, blunt telling leaves it intolerable. Jacobs, who states (Introd. to *Palace of Pleasure*, p. xxxii) that this is one of the only four tragedies he can think of in Elizabethan drama where the characters are English, finds the portraiture blurred by the necessities of the foreign plot. Yet there is nothing Italian in the atmosphere of Heywood's play. Even its sentimentality is English — that sentimentality which, as Wordsworth memorably said (Letter to Sir Walter Scott, August 4, 1808) passes at times into "an exquisite strain of pathos."

THE PROLOGUE

*I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations meane :
Looke for no glorious state ; our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scœne.
We could afford this twig a timber tree, 5
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build ;
Our russet, tissew ; drone, a hony-bee ;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field ;
Our course fare, banquets ; our thin water, wine ;
Our brooke, a sea ; our bats eyes, eagles sight ; 10
Our poets dull and earthy Muse, divine ;
Our ravens, doves ; our crowes blacke feathers,
white.
But gentle thoughts when they may give the foyle,
Save them that yeeld, and spare where they may
spoyle.*

I as. Q1 and modern editions except Collier, like.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- Sir FRANCIS ACTON
 Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD
 Master JOHN FRANKFORD
 Master WENDOLL }
 Master MALBY } Gallants
 Master CRANWELL }
 OLD MOUNTFORD, Uncle to Sir CHARLES
 Master TIDY, Cousin to Sir CHARLES
 Master SANDY, Former Friend to Sir CHARLES
 Master RODER, Former Tenant to Sir CHARLES
 SHAFTON
 NICHOLAS }
 JENKIN } Serving-Men in Frankford's House
 SPIGOT the Butler }
 ROGER BRICKBAT }
 JACK SLIME } Country Fellows
 Sheriff, Keeper of the Prison, Sergeant, Officers, Falcon-
 ers, Huntsmen, Coachman, Carters, Musicians, Ser-
 vants, Children
 Mistress ANNE FRANKFORD, Sister to Sir FRANCIS
 SUSAN MOUNTFORD, Sister to Sir CHARLES
 SISLY MILK-PALE, Serving-Woman in FRANKFORD'S
 House
 JONE MINIVER }
 JANE TRUBKIN } Country Wenches
 ISBELL MOTLEY }

THE SCENE, IN YORKSHIRE

Dramatis Personæ. No list of persons is given in Qq. Collier (1825), Collier (1850), Verity and Ward present lists differing slightly from one another in points of fullness, order and precision. The present list is somewhat more explicit than any one of these.

A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse.

[ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. — *A Room in Frankford's House.*]

Enter M[aster] John Frankford, Mistris Anne, Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master Wendoll, and M[aster] Cranwell.

Francis. Some musike there: none leade the bride a dance?

Charles. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets:

But that's the dance her husband meanes to leade her.

Wendoll. That's not the dance that every man must dance,

According to the ballet.

Fran.

Musicke ho:

5

By your leave sister; by your husbands leave I should have said: the hand that but this day

Was given you in the church, I'le borrow : sound !
This marriage musicke hoists me from the ground.

Frank. I, you may caper, you are light, and free; 10
Mariage hath yoak'd my heeles, pray pardon me.

Fran. Ile have you dance too, brother.

Char. Master Frankford,
Y'are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succede your marriage mirth! you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments 15
Both of the minde and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her
owne hand
Can teach all strings to speake in their best grace, 20
From the shril'st treble, to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
Shee's Beauty and Perfections eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a hart hath
sought hir.

Frank. But that I know your vertues & chast
thoughts, 25

I should be jealous of your praise Sir Charles.

Cranwell. He speakes no more then you ap-
prove.

11 *pray pardon.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, pray then pardon.

13 *Y'are.* Q1 and modern editions, You are.

21 *shrill'st.* Q1 and Pearson, shrill.

23 *Beauty.* Q1 and Pearson insert comma.

Malby. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theame

Than my imperfect beauty to speake on; 30

Such as they be, if they my husband please,

They suffice me now I am married :

His sweet content is like a flatt'ring glasse,

To make my face seeme fairer to mine eye :

But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow 35

Will blast ~~the roses in my cheekes~~ that grow.

Fran. A perfect wife already, meeke and patient;

How strangely the word husband fits your mouth :

Not married three hours since ! ~~Sister~~, 'tis good ;

You that begin betimes thus, must needs prove 40

Pliant and dutious in your husbands love ;

Gramercies brother, wrought her too't already :

Sweete husband, and a curt'sie the first day :

Marke this, marke this, you that are batchellers, 45

And never tooke the grace of honest man,

Marke this against you marry, this one phrase :

In a good time that man both wins and wooes,

That takes his wife downe in her wedding shoes.

30 *beauty.* Modern editions, except Pearson, beauties.

42 *Gramercies.* Q1, Godamercies.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you Sir
Francis;

All his wilde blood your father spent on you: 50
He got her in his age, when he grew civill;
All his mad trickes were to his land intail'd,
And you are heyre to all: your sister, she
Hath to her dowre, her mothers modestie.

Char. Lord sir, in what a happy state live you! 55
This morning, which (to many) seemes a bur-
then,

Too heavy to beare, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made suite,
In which the tailor hath us'd all his art: 60
Not like a thicke coate of unseason'd freeze
Forc'd on your backe in sommer; shee's no chaine
To tie your necke, and curbe ye to the yoake;
But shee's a chaine of gold to adorne your necke:
You both adorne each other, and your hands 65
Me thinkes are matches; there's equality
In this faire combination; y'are both Schollers,
Both yong, both being descended nobly:

56-57 *This morning . . . Too heavy.* Qq, Pearson and Collier add *too* to 56, beginning 57 with *Heavy*.

63 *curbe ye.* Q1, curbs you.

65 *adorne.* Q1, adore.

67 *y'are.* Q1 and Pearson read: you are. Modern editions, except Pearson, put at close of 67: you are both, and begin 68 with Scholars.

There's musicke in this sympathy, it carries
 Consort, and expectation of much joy,
 Which God bestow on you, from this first day,
 Untill your dissolution, that's for aye.

70

Fran. We keep you here too long good brother Frankford.

Into the hall: away, go cheere your guests.
 What, bride & bride-groome both withdrawn at
 once?

75

If you be mist, the guests will doubt their welcome,
 And charge you with unkindnesse.

Frank. To prevent it,
 Ile leave you heere, to see the dance within.

Anne. And so will I.

[*Exeunt Frankford and Mistress Frankford.*]

Fran. To part you it were sin.
 Now gallants, while the towne musitians
 Finger their frets within; and the mad lads
 And countrey-lasses, every mothers childe,
 With nose-gaies and bridelaces in their hats,
 Dance all their country measures, rounds, and
 jiggess,

80

What shall we do? Harke, they're all on the
 hoigh;

85

They toile like mill-horses, and turne as round,

79-91 *To part . . . fall.* Q1, which has no direction for the exit of Frankford and Anne, gives these lines to Frankford.

85 *they're.* Q1 and Pearson, they are.

Marry, not on the toe: I, and they caper,
Not without cutting: you shall see to morrow,
The hall floure peckt and dinted like a millstone
Made with their high shooes; though their skill
be small,

90

Yet they treade heavy where their hob-nailes fall.

Char. Wel, leave them to their sports. Sir
Francis Acton

Ile make a match with you, meete to morrow
At Chevy-chase, Ile flye my hawke with yours.

Fran. For what? for what?

Char. Why, for a hundred pound. 95

Fran. Pawne me some gold of that.

Char. Heere are ten angels,

Ile make them good a hundred pound to morrow
Upon my hawks wing.

Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:

Another hundred pound upon your dogges,
Dare ye Sir Charles?

Char. I dare: were I sure to loose 100

I durst do more then that: heere's my hand,
The first course for a hundred pound.

Fran. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Actons hawke:
As much upon his dogs.

93 *meete to morrow.* Q1 and Pearson, meet me to morrow.

100 *ye.* Q1, you.

101 *heere's.* Modern editions, except Pearson, here is.

Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford, I have
scene

105

His hawke and dogge both tride. What, clap
ye hands?

Or ist no bargaine?

Wen. Yes, and stake them downe:
Were they five hundred, they were all my owne.

Fran. Be stirring early with the larke to mor-
row,

Ile rise into my saddle ere the sun

110

Rise from his bed.

Char. If there you misse me, say
I am no gentleman: Ile hold my day.

Fran. It holds on all sides; come, to night
let's dance,

Earely to morrow let's prepare to ride;

We had need be three houres up before the bride. 115

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. — *A Yard.*]

*Enter Nicke and Jenkin, Jacke Slime, Roger Brick-
bat, with Countrey Wenches, and two or three
Musitians.*

Jenkin. Come Nick, take you Jone Miniver
to trace withall: Jacke Slime, traverse you with
Sisly Milk-pale, I will take Jane Trubkin, and

106 *ye. Q1, Pearson and Verity, you.*

3 *Sisly Milk-pale. Verity and Ward throughout the play, Cicely
Milk-pail; Collier, Sisly Milk-pail.*

Roger Brickebat shall have Isbell Motley, and
now that they are busie in the parlour, come, 5
strike up, wee'l have a crash heere in the yard.

Nick. My humor is not compendious: dancing I possesse not, though I can foot it; yet since I am falne into the hands of Sisly Milk-pale, I consent. 10

Jack. Truly Nicke, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have beene brought uppe with serving creatures, I and Gods creatures too; for we have beene brought up to serve sheepe, oxen, horses, hogges, and 15
such like: and though we be but countrey fellowes, it may be in the way of dancing we can doe the horse-tricke as well as the serving-men.

Roger. I, and the crosse-point too.

Jenk. O Slime, O Brickbat, do not you know 20
that comparisons are odious? now we are odious our selves too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nic. I am sodaine, and not superfluous:
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious: 25
I am peaceable, and not contentious:
I am breefe, and not compendious.

Slime. Foote it quickly, if the musike overcome not my melancholly I shall quarrel; and

10 consent. Q1, assent.

15 hogges. Q1, and hogs.

if they sodainly do not strike up, I shall presently 30
strike thee downe.

Jenk. No quarrelling for Gods sake: truly if
you doe, I shall set a knave betweene ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel: come,
what shall it be? *Rogero?* 35

Jenk. *Rogero*, no; we will dance *The Begin-
ning of the World.*

Sisly. I love no dance so well, as *John come
kisse mee now.*

Nic. I, that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, 40
call for the cushion dance.

Rogero. For my part I like nothing so wel as
Tom Tyler.

Jenk. No; wee'l have *The Hunting of the
Fox.* 45

Slime. The Hay, the Hay; there's nothing like
the Hay.

Nic. I have saide, do say, and will say againe —

Jenk. Every man agree to have it as *Nicke
sayes.*

All. Content. 50

Nic. It hath bene, it now is, and it shall be —

Sisly. What Master *Nichlas*, what?

Nic. Put on your smocke a *Monday.*

Jenk. So the dance will come cleanly off:

31 *thee.* Verity and Ward, them.

33 *ye.* Q1, you.

47 Q1, Pearson and Verity repeat *I* before *do say* and *will say.*

come, for Gods sake agree of something; if you 55
like not that, put it to the musitians, or let me
speake for al, and wee'l have *Sellengers Round*.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be,
First take hands, then take ye to your heeles. 60

Jenk. Why, would ye have us run away?

Nic. No, but I would have you shake your
heelles.

Musicke, strike up.

*They dance, Nick dancing speaks stately
and scurvily, the rest after the countrey
fashion.*

Jenk. Hey! lively, my lasses! here's a turne
for thee! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. — *The Open Country.*]

*Wind hornes. Enter Sir Charles, Sir Francis, Malby,
Cranwell, Wendoll, Faulconer, and Huntsmen.*

Charles. So, well cast off! aloft, aloft! well
flowne!

O now she takes her at the sowse, and strikes her
Downe to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

60 ye. Q1, you.

61 ye. Q1, Collier (1825) and Pearson, you.

2-3 O now . . . *thunder-clap.* Printed as prose in Q2. Q1
and modern editions, except Collier, print as above. Collier (1825)
prints as verse, but adds *down* to 2, beginning 3 *To th' earth.*
Collier (1850) prints as prose. Q1 has *the earth* for *th' earth.*

Wendoll. She hath stroke ten angels out of my way.

Francis. A hundred pound from me.

Char. What Faulc'ner! 5

Faulconer. At hand sir.

Char. Now she hath seis'd the foule, & 'gins to plume her,
Rebecke her not, rather stand still and checke her.

So: seise her gets, her jesses, and her bells:

Away!

Fran. My hawke kill'd too. 10

Char. I, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Judgement my masters.

Cranwell. Yours mist her at the ferre.

Wen. I, but our merlin first had plum'd the fowle,

And twice renew'd her from the river too; 15
Her bells Sir Francis had not both one waight,
Nor was one semi tune above the other:

Mee thinkes these Millaine bells do sound too full,

And spoile the mounting of your hawke.

Char. 'Tis lost.

7 *her.* Blunderingly printed in Q2 at beginning of line 8; so made to read, *her, Rebecke her not,* etc.

8 *Rebecke . . . checke her.* Misprinted for *Rebuke her not; rather stand still and chirk her.* See Notes.

14 *had.* Q1, hath.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seisd a
fowle

20

Within her talents; and you saw her pawes
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles, grip'd her more then other;
The terrials of her legges were stain'd with
blood:

Not of the fowle onely she did discomfite
Some of her feathers, but she brake away.
Come, come, your hawke is but a rifler.

25

Char. How?

Fran. I, and your dogges are trindle-tailes and
curs.

Char. You stirre my blood.

You keepe not one good hound in all your ken-
nell;

30

Nor one good hawke upon your perch.

Fran. How knight?

Char. So knight: you will not swagger sir?

Fran. Why, say I did?

Char. Why sir,

I say you would gaine as much by swagg'ring,
As you have got by wagers on your dogges;
You will come short in all things.

35

27 *How.* Q1, beginning here a new page, carelessly assigns this
ejaculation to Francis, verse 28 to Charles, and 29 to Francis.

30 *one.* Q1, a.

33-5 *Why sir . . . dogges.* Q2 prints as prose.

Fran. Not in this,
Now ile strike home.

Char. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.

Fran. All they that love Sir Francis, follow
mee.

Char. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my
part. 40

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my hart.

They divide themselves. Sir Charles, Cranwell, Faulconer, and Huntsman, fight against Sir Francis, Wendoll, his Faulconer, and Huntsman, and Sir Charles bath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir Francis his men.

[*Exeunt all except Sir Charles.*]

Char. My God! what have I done? what
have I done?

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soule lies drown'd. Poore innocents,

For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done, 45

36-7 *Not . . . home.* Qq and Collier print as one line.

37-8 Qq and Collier print.

Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

S. d. *both of Sir Francis his men.* Q1, one of Sir Francis his huntsmen.

4A *innocents.* Q1, innocent.

And I remaine the victor : a great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay this
head,

To breath in them new life whom I have slaine.
Forgive me, God! 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite remooves me from my selfe : 50
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murther ;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field ;
With him, all those that did partake his quarrell,
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumbe, 55
And in my heighth of conquest, overcome.

Enter Susan.

Susan. Oh God, my brother wounded mong
the dead!

Unhappy jests that in such earnest ends ;
The rumor of this feare stretcht to my eares,
And I am come to know if you be wounded. 60

Char. O sister, sister, wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid!

Char. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded sister.

Susan. I hope not at the heart.

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. O God! a surgeon there! 65

S. d. *Enter Susan.* Q1, *Enter Jane*, — a name kept throughout
the scene.

57 *mong.* Q1, among.

58 *jest.* Q1 and modern editions, jest.

Char. Call me a surgeon sister for my soule;
The sinne of murther it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: but for these
scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue
you

70

Unto the utmost danger of the law.

Char. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more then Acton can.

Susan. O flye sweet brother.

Char. Shall I flie from thee?
Why Sue, art wearie of my company?

75

Susan. Fly from your foe.

Char. You sister are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Susan. Your companie is as my eie-ball deere,
Being farre from you, no comfort can be neere:
Yet flye to save your life; what would I
care

80

To spend my future age in blacke despaire,
So you were safe? and yet to live one weeke
Without my brother Charles, through every
cheeke

My streaming teares would downewards run so
ranke,

75 *Why Sue.* Q1, What Jane.

*Black that
metaphor!*

Till they could set on either side a banke, 85
 And in the midst a channell; so my face
 For two salt water brookes shall still finde place.

Char. Thou shall not weepe so much, for I
 will stay

In spight of dangers teeth; ile live with thee,
 Or ile not live at all; I will not sell 90
 My countrey, and my fathers patrimony,
 No, thy sweet sight, for a vaine hope of life.

Enter Sberiffe with Officers.

Sheriff. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling
 instrument

Of your attach and apprehension :
 I'me sorry that the blood of innocent men 95
 Should be of you enacted. It was told mee
 That you were guarded with a troope of friends,
 And therefore came thus arm'd.

Char. O Master Sheriffe,
 I came into the field with many friends,
 But see, they all have left me; onely one 100
 Clings to my sad misfortune, my deere sister :

85 *could.* Collier (1825), would.

88 *shall.* Q1 and modern editions, shalt.

92 *No, thy.* Modern editions, Nor thy.

95 *I me.* Q1, I am.

96 *enacted.* Q1 and modern editions, exacted.

98 *came.* Pearson, Verity and Ward, I come.

thus arm'd. Q1, come armd.

Sheriffe. Q1, Shriefe.

99 *many.* Q1, man.

I know you for an honest gentleman,
I yeeld my weapons, and submit to you ;
Convey me where you please.

Sher. To prison then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men. 105

Susan. Oh God, Oh God !

Char. Sweete sister, every straine
Of sorrow from your heart augments my paine,
Your grieffe abounds, and hits against my brest.

Sher. Sir will you go ?

Char. Even where it likes you best. [*Exeunt.*] 110

[ACT THE SECOND.]

SCENE I. — *Frankford's House.*]*Enter Master Frankford in a study.*

Frankford. How happy am I amongst other men,

That in my meane estate imbrace content!

I am a gentleman, and by my birth

Companion with a king; a king's no more.

I am possest of many faire revennewes,

Sufficient to maintaine a gentleman.

Touching my minde, I am studied in all arts,

The riches of my thoughts; and of my time,

Have beene a good proficient; but the cheefe

Of all the sweet felicities on earth,

I have a faire, a chaste, and loving wife;

Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;

If man on earth may truely happy be,

Of these at once possest, sure I am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nicholas. Sir, there's a gentleman attends
without

To speake with you.

15-16 *Sir . . . Yes, on horsebacke.* Q9, followed by Collier (1850), print this as prose.

15 *gentleman.* Q1, Gent.

Frank. On horse-backe ?

Nic. Yes, on horsebacke.

Frank. Intreate him to alight, and ile attend
him :

Know'st thou him Nicke ?

Nic. Know him, yes ; his name's Wendoll:
It seemes he comes in hast, his horse is booted
Up to the flanke in mire ; himselfe all spotted 20
And stain'd with plashing : sure hee rid in feare,
Or for a wager : horse and man both sweate,
I neere saw two in such a smoaking heate.

Frank. Entreat him in, about it instantly :

[*Exit Nick.*]

This Wendoll I have noted and his carriage 25
Hath pleasd me much ; by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him :
Hee's affable, and seene in many thinges,
Discourses well, a good companion ;
And though of small meanes, yet a gentleman 30
Of a good house, somewhat prest by want :
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

16 *Yes.* Q1, I (for ay).

17 *and ile.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, I will.

18 *Know'st.* Q1, knowest.

Know him, yes. Q1, I know him.

name's. Collier (1850) and Ward, name is.

26 *me much ; by observation.* Q1 differs in punctuation, putting
the stop (:) after *observation*.

31 *somewhat.* Modern editions, except Collier, though somewhat.

Enter Wendoll, Mistris Frankford, and Nicke.

Anne. O M[aster] Frankford, Master Wendoll heere

Brings you the strangest newes that ere you heard. 35

Frank. What newes sweet wife? What newes good M[aster] Wendoll?

Wendoll. You knew the match made twixt Sir Francis Acton,
And Sir Charles Mountford.

Frank. True, with their hounds and hawkes.

Wen. The matches were both plaid.

Frank. Ha! and which won?

Wen. Sir Francis your wives brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager. 40

Frank. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his lucke.

Anne. Oh, but you heare not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yeeld:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blowes, and so to banding
sides; 45

37-38 *You knew . . . Charles Mountford.* Qq print as prose.

39 *which.* Collier (1825), who.

45 *At length.* Q1, In briefe.

Where valorous Sir Charles slew in his spleene
Two of your brothers men: his faulc'ner,
And his good huntsman whom he lov'd so
well;

More men were wounded, no more slaine out-
right. 50

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorrie for the
knight;

But is my brother safe?

Wen. All whole and sound,
His bodie not being blemisht with one wound:
But poore Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead. 55

Frank. I thank your paines sir; had the newes
bin better
Your will was to have brought it, M[aster]
Wendoll.

Sir Charles will finde hard friends: his case is
heynous,

And will be most severely censur'd on;
I'me sorry for him. Sir, a word with you: 60

I know you sir to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but meane:
Please you to use my table, and my purse;
They are yours.

Wen. O Lord sir, I shall never deserve it.

60 *I me.* Q1 and Pearson, I am.

62 *possibility.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, possibilities.

Frank. O sir disparage not your worth too much, 65
 You are full of quality, and faire desert;
 Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
 And he is yours. I will allow you sir
 Your man, your gelding, and your table all
 At my owne charge, be my companion. 70

Wen. M[aster] Frankford, I have oft bin
 bound to you
 By many favours: this exceeds them all,
 That I shall never merit your least favour.
 But when your last remembrance I forget,
 Heaven at my soule exact that weighty debt. 75

Frank. There needs no protestation: for I
 know you
 Vertuous, and therefore gratefull. Prethee,
 Nan,
 Use him with all thy lovingst curtesie.

Anne. As farre as modesty may well extend,
 It is my duty to receive your friend. 80

Frank. To dinner: come sir, from this present
 day
 Welcome to me for ever: come away!

[*Exeunt Frankford, Mistress Frankford, and
 Wendoll.*]

Nick. I do not like this fellow by no meanes:

67 attend you, sir. Q1, Pearson and Verity, attend on you.

69 all. Qq and Collier carry over to 70:

All at my owne charge.

I never see him but my heart still ernes ;
Zounds ! I could fight with him, yet know not
why :

85

The Devill and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter Jenkin.

Jenkin. O Nicke, what gentleman is that that
comes to lie at our house ? my master allowes
him one to wayte on him, and I beleeve it will fall
to thy lot.

90

Nic. I love my master, by these hilts I do :
But rather then Ile ever come to serve him,
Ile turn away my master.

Enter Sisly.

Sisly. Nichlas, where are you Nichlas ? you
must come in Nichlas, and helpe the gentleman 95
off with his bootes.

Nic. If I plucke off his boots, Ile eate the
spurs,
And they shall sticke fast in my throat like burs.

Sisly. Then Jenkin come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boote for me to deny it. 100

84 *ernes.* Modern editions, except Pearson, yearns.

86 *mine.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, my.

87 *gentleman.* Q1, Gent.

87-88 *is that that comes.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, is that comes.

95 *the gentleman.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, the young gentleman.

100 *Nay.* Not in Q1.

My master hath given me a coate here, but he takes paines himselfe to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sisly. Come, come, make hast that you may wash your hands againe, and helpe to serve in ¹⁰⁵ dinner.

Jen. You may see my masters, though it be afternoone with you, 'tis but early dayes with us, for wee have not din'd yet: stay a little, Ile but go in and helpe to beare up the first course, ¹¹⁰ and come to you againe presently. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. — *A Room in the Gaol.*]

Enter Malby and Cranwell.

Malby. This is the sessions day; pray can you tell me
How yong Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the lawes strict penalty?

Cranwell. Hee's cleer'd of all, spight of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life: 5
But in this sute of pardon, he hath spent
All the revennewes that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plaine countrey man,
Reform'd in all things. See sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Discharge your fees, and you are then
at freedome. 10

Charles. Here M[aster] Keeper, take the
poore remainder

Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me
free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery! 15
I am glad to see you abroad Sir Charles.

Char. The poorest knight in England M[as-
ter] Malby;

My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My father left his sonne: well, God forgive
them

That are the authors of my penury! 20

Enter Shafton.

Shafton. Sir Charles! a hand, a hand! at lib-
erty?

Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?

Char. O me! O most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up, 25
Whose hands may helpe me in this plunge of
want:

I would I were in heaven, to inherit there

S. d. *Enter Sir Charles. Q1, Enter Sir Francis.*

Th' immortall birth-right which my Saviour
 keeps,
 And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
 For here on earth what pleasures should we
 trust?

Shaf. To rid you from these contemplations,
 Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me:
 Nay, five for faile. Come sir, the sight of golde
 Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
 And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law 35
 With your proud adversaries. Tush, let Franke
 Acton

Wage his knight-hood-like expence with me,
 And à will sink, he will. Nay, good Sir Charles,
 Applaud your fortune, and your faire escape
 From all these perils.

Char. Oh sir, they have undone me: 40
 Two thousand and five hundred pound à yeare
 My father at his death possest me of;
 All which the envious Acton made me spend.
 And notwithstanding all this large expence,
 I had much ado to gaine my liberty: 45
 And I have onely now a house of pleasure,

37 *Wage . . . expence.* Q1, Wage with Knighthood like expence. Pearson has: Wage with his Knight-hood like expence, — a reading adopted by Verity, and by Ward, who inserts commas after *Wage* and *knighthood*.

38 *à.* Collier, a'; Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, he.

46 *onely now.* Q1, now onely.

With some five hundred pounds, reserved
Both to maintaine me and my loving sister.

Shaft. [*Aside.*] That must I have, it lies convenient for me:

If I can fasten but one finger on him, 50

With my full hand Ile gripe him to the heart.

'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coine,

But for my gaine and pleasure. [*Aloud.*] Come
Sir Charles,

I know you have neede of money; take my offer.

Char. Sir I accept it, and remaine indebted 55

Even to the best of my unable power.

Come gentlemen, and see it tendred downe.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. — *A Room in Frankford's House.*]

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

Wendoll. I am a villen if I apprehend

But such a thought: then to attempt the deede,—

Slave thou art damn'd without redemption. ✓

Ile drive away this passion with a song:

A song! ha, ha a song! as if fond man 5

Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soule

Lies drencht and drowned in red teares of blood.

Ile pray, and see if God within my heart

Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;

7 drowned. Q1, drown'd.

And when I meditate (O God, forgive me!) 10
 It is on her divine perfections.
 I will forget her; I will arme my selfe
 Not t'entertaine a thought of love to her:
 And when I come by chance into her presence,
 Ile hale these bals untill my eye strings cracke, 15
 From being pull'd and drawne to looke that
 way.

Enter over the stage, Frankford, his wife, and Nicke.

O God, O God! with what a violence
 I'me hurried to mine owne destruction.
 There goest thou, the most perfect's man
 That ever England bred a gentleman, 20
 And shall I wrong his bed? Thou God of
 Thunder

Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
 Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
 From speedy execution on a villen,
 A villen and a traitor to his friend. 25

Enter Jenkin.

Jenkin. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintaine me, he allowes mee
 largely

Money to spend —

13 *t'entertaine.* Q1, to entertaine.

18 *I'me hurried to mine owne.* Q1 and Pearson, I am hurried to my owne.

19 *perfect's.* Q1 and Pearson, perfectst; Collier (1825), perfect; Verity and Ward, perfectest.

Jenk. By my faith so do not you me; I cannot get a crosse of you. 30

Wen. My gelding, and my man —

Jenk. That's Sorrell and I.

Wen. This kindnesse growes of no alliance
'twixt us —

Jenk. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert: 35

Of a meere stranger, a poore gentleman,
A man by whom in no kinde he could gaine,
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and cheefest
In Yorke-shire. He cannot eate without me, 40

Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion;
And equally do make him whole or sicke:
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! ingrate!

Hast thou the power straight with thy goary
hands, 45

To rip thy image from his bleeding heart?
To scratch thy name from out the holy booke
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so deere? or rend his heart

35 *me.* Q1 misprints: be.

38 *And he . . . thoughts.* Q1 has: He hath placst me in the height of al his thoughts, — a reading adopted by modern editions, except Collier.

To whom thy heart was knit and joyn'd together?

And yet I must: then Wendoll be content;
Thus villaines when they would, cannot repent.

Jenk. What a strange humor is my new master in! pray God he be not mad! if he should be so, I should never have any minde to serve him in Bedlam. It may be hee's mad for missing of me.

Wen. [*Seeing Jenkin.*] What Jenkin, where's your mistris?

Jenk. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou aske?

Jenk. Because you are my master, and if I have a mistris I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to hir.

Wen. I meane Mistris Frankford.

Jenk. Marry sir her husband is riding out of towne, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish. [*Exit Jenkin.*]

Enter Mistris Frankford.

Anne. Y'are well met sir; now introth my husband

56 *hee's.* Q1, he is.

64 *I . . . Frankford.* Q1 and Pearson, I meane wheres Mistris Frankford.

70 *Y'are.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, You are.

Before he tooke horse had a great desire
 To speake with you: we sought about the house,
 Hollow'd into the fields, sent everie way,
 But could not meete you: therefore he injoy'n'd me
 To do unto you his most kinde commends. 75
 Nay more, he wils you as you prize his love,
 Or hold in estimation his kinde friendship,
 To make bold in his absence, and command
 Even as himselfe were present in the house:
 For you must keepe his table, use his servants, 80
 And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wen. I thanke him for his love.

[*Aside.*] ~~Give me a name, you whose infectious
 tongues
 Are tipt with gall and poison; as you would
 Thinke on a man that had your father slaine; 85
 Murdred your children, made your wives base
 strumpets,
 So call me, call me so: print in my face
 The most stigmaticke title of a villaine,
 For hatching treason to so true a friend.~~

Anne. Sir you are much beholding to my hus-
 band; 90

You are a man most deere in his regard.

73 *Hollow'd.* Q1, Hallowed. Pearson, Hallow'd. Collier (1850), Hallo'd. Verity, Hollaed. Ward, Hallo'o'd.

77 *kinde.* Q, kind (kindst?).

86 *your children.* Q1, thy children.

90 *beholding.* Collier (1825), beholden.

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and
you to.

[*Aside.*] I will not speake to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kinde friend:
I will not, zounds! I will not. I may choose, 95
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled?
Or shall I purchase to my fathers crest
The motto of a villen? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compell me? What sad destiny 100
Hath such command upon my yeelding
thoughts?

I will not. Ha! some fury prickes me on,
The swift Fates drag me at their chariot wheele,
And hurry me to mischiefe. Speake I must;
Injure my selfe, wrong her, deceive his trust. 105

Anne. Are you not well sir that ye seeme thus
trobled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, faire angell chaste and
wise:

I love you: start not, speake not, answer not.
I love you: nay, let me speake the rest: 110
Bid me to sweare, and I will call to record
The hoast of heaven.

Anne. The hoast of heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyall thought!

106 *vs.* Q1, you, followed by modern editions, except Verity.

Wen. Such is my fate, to this suite I was
borne,
To weare rich pleasures crowne, or fortunes
scorne. 115

Anne. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Anne. He esteemes you
Even as his braine, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it.

Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his
table

Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it. 120

Anne. O with what face of brasse, what brow
of steele,

Can you, unblushing, speake this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so deere a friend?

It is my husband that maintaines your state,
Will you dishonor him? I am his wife, 125
That in your power hath left his whole af-
fares;

It is to me you speake?

Wen. O speake no more,
For more then this I know and have recorded

125-27. *Will you . . . speake.* Pearson reads :

Will you dishonor him that in your power
Hath left his whole affaires? I am his wife,
It is to me you speake?

Verity adopts this reading except that he follows *speake* with a period.

Within the red-leav'd table of my heart;
 Faire, and of all belov'd, I was not fearefull 130
 Bluntly to give my life into your hand;
 And at one hazard all my earthly meanes.
 Go, tell your husband; he will turne me off,
 And I am then undone: ~~I care not I;~~

'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage hee'll
 kill me: 135

I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incurre
 The generall name of villaine through the
 world;

Of traitor to my friend: I care not I.
 Beggery, shame, death, scandall, and reproch,
 For you Ile hazard all, why, what care I? 140
 For you Ile love, and in your love Ile dye.

Anne. ~~You move me, sir, to passion and to
 pittty:~~

The love I beare my husband is as precious
 As my soules health.

Wen. I love your husband too,
 And for his love I will ingage my life; 145
 Mistake me not, the augmentation
 Of my sincere affection borne to you
 Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
 I will be secret lady, close as night:
 And not the light of one small glorious starre 150

140 why. Not in Q1.

141 Ile love. Q1, Pearson and Verity, ile live.

Shall shine heere in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Anne. What shall I say?
My soule is wandring, and hath lost her way.
Oh Master Wendöll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not sweet saint;
For every sighe you breath, drawes from my
heart

A drop of blood.

155

Anne. I ne're offended yet:
My fault (I feare) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face;
I blush and am asham'd. Oh Master Wendoll, 160
Pray God I be not borne to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me. This maze I am in,
I feare will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter Nicke.

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to
blisse,
Which on your lips I knocke at with a kisse. 165

Nicke. Ile kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's
no blab:

Nay, looke not downe and blush.

[*Exeunt Wendoll and Mistress Frankford.*]

Nic. Zounds! Ile stab.

157 in my brow. Q1, in brow.

I Nicke, was it thy chance to come just in the
nicke :

I love my master, and I hate that slave ; 170

I love my mistris, but these trickes I like not :

My master shall not pocket up this wrong,

Ile eate my fingers first. What sayst thou mettle ?

Do's not that rascall Wendoll go on legs

That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-
strings 175

That thou must hogh? Nay mettle, thou shalt
stand

To all I say. Ile henceforth turne a spy,

And watch them in their close conveyances:

I never look'd for better of that rascall

Since he came miching first into our house : 180

It is that Sathan hath corrupted her ;

For she was faire and chast. Ile have an eye

In all their gestures. Thus I thinke of them,

(If they proceede as they have done before)

Wendoll's a knave, my mistris is a —— [Exit. 185

169 *I.* Modern editions, except Pearson, ay. Q1 carries *just in the nicke* over to the next verse.

173, 176 *mettle*. Modern editions, except Pearson, metal. Q1 prints *mettle* in 173, but in 176 *mettal*.

[ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Charles Mountford's House.*]

Enter Charles and Susan.

Charles. Sister you see we are driven to hard
shift

To keepe this poore house we have left unsold;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milke, and do we not live well?
Well, I thanke God.

Susan. O brother, heere's a change, 5
Since old Sir Charles dyed, in our fathers house.

Char. All things on earth thus change, some
up, some down;
Contents a kingdome, and I weare that crowne.

Enter Shafton with a Sergeant.

Shafton. God morrow, morrow Sir Charles:
what, with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Serjeant stand off;— 10
You have a pretty house heere, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lyes
So neere a lordship that I lately bought,
I would faine buy it of you. I will give you—

9 *God morrow, morrow.* Q1 and Pearson, God morrow, god morrow.

Char. O pardon me : this house successively 15
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred yeeres. My great great grand-
father,

He in whom first our gentle stile began,
Dwelt heere; and in this ground increast this
mole-hill

Unto that mountaine which my father left me. 20

Where he the first of all our house begun,
I now the last will end and keepe this house,
This virgin title never yet deflour'd

By any unthrift of the Mountfords line;
In breefe, I will not sell it for more gold 25

Than you could hide or pave the ground withall.

Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud minde and a beggers
purse!

Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the
use?

I have brought it to execution

By course of law: what, is my monies ready? 30

Char. An execution sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suite! you deale extreamly.

Shaf. Sell me the land, and Ile acquit you
straight.

17 yeeres. Q1, yeare.

28 besides. Q1, beside.

29 execution. Q1, and modern editions, except Collier, an execution.

30 monies. Q1, Pearson, Collier (1850) and Ward, money.

Char. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poore sisters life. 35
If this were sold, our meanes should then be
quite

Rac'd from the bed-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keepe it
Allyed still to our owne name: this palme you see,
Labour hath glow'd within: her silver brow, 40
That never tasted a rough winters blast
Without a maske or fan, doth with a grace
Defie cold winter, and his stormes outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie uneasie, to reserve to us 45
And our succession this small plot of ground.

Char. I have so bent my thoughts to hus-
bandry,
That I protest I scarsely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silke or satten
Feeles in my hand: why, pride is growne to us 50
A meere meere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose ecchoing mouths I heard all
musicke

That ere my heart desired. What should I say? 55
To keepe this place I have chang'd my selfe away.

36 *meanes.* Modern editions, names.

37 *bed-roll.* Collier (1850) and Ward, bead-roll.

54 *all musicke.* Q1, al the musicke.

Shaf. [*To the Sergeant.*] Arrest him at my
suite. Actions and actions
Shall keepe thee in continuall bondage fast.
Nay, more, Ile sue thee by a late appeale,
And call thy former life in question. 60
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as Ile deny to dogs:
Away with him!

Char. Ye are too timorous;
But Trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly. — My kinde sister 65
Thy teares are of no force to mollifie
This flinty man. Go to my fathers brother,
My kinsmen and allies; intreat them for me
To ransome me from this injurious man
That seekes my ruine.

Shaf. Come, irons, irons! come, away! 70
Ile see thee lodg'd farre from the sight of day.

[*Exeunt Shafton and Sergeant with Sir
Charles.*]

58 *continuall.* Q1, perpetuall, adopted by Verity.

63 *Away with him.* Qq and Collier give this phrase to 62.

Ye. Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, you.

64 *But . . . master.* Qq, Pearson and Collier add to *Ye are too timorous.*

68 *for.* Q1, from.

70 *Come, irons, . . . away.* Ward, Come, irons! Come away. Q1 and Pearson omit second *come.*

Exeunt. Q1 directs the entrance, at the same time, of Acton and Malby.

Susan. My heart's so hardned with the frost
of greefe,
Death cannot pierce it through; tyrant too fell:
So leade the fiends condemned soules to hell.

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton and Malby.

Francis. Again to prison! Malby hast thou
seene

75

A poore slave better tortur'd? Shall we heare
The musicke of his voice cry from the grate,
Meate for the Lords sake? No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he hath a pretty
wench

To his sister: shall I in my mercy sake
To him and to his kindred bribe the foole
To shame her selfe by lewd dishonest lust?
Ile proffer largely, but the deede being done,
Ile smile to see her base confusion.

80

Malby. Methinkes Sir Francis you are full
reveng'd

85

For greater wrongs then he can proffer you:
See where the poore sad gentlewoman stands.

Fran. Ha, ha! now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoffe her base estate;
My very soule the name of Mountford hate.

90

78 *Lords sake.* Q1, Lord sake.

79 *Thoroughly.* Collier and Ward, thoroughly.

80 *To.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, unto. *in my mercy sake.* Q1,
Pearson, Verity and Ward, in mercy sake.

90 *hate.* Q1 and modern editions, hates.

But stay; my heart, or what a looke did flye
To strike my soule through with thy piercing
eye.

I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleene strooke
dead.

Susan. Acton! that seekes our blood.

[*Runs away.*]

Fran. O chaste and faire! 95

Mal. Sir Francis, why Sir Francis, in a trance?
Sir Francis, what cheere man? Come, come,
how ist?

Fran. Was she not faire? Or else this judg-
ing eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was faire.

Fran. She was an angell in a mortals shape, 100
And ne're descended from old Mountfords line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poore, poore wench, to my great adversary
Sister: whose very soules denounce sterne warre,
Each against other. How now, Franke? turn'd
foole 105

Or madman whether? But no; master of

91 *But stay; my heart, or.* Modern editions, except Pearson,
But stay, my heart! oh.

96 *in a trance.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, zounds! in a trance!

105 *Each.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, One.

My perfect senses and directest wits.
 Then why should I be in this violent humor
 Of passion, and of love? And with a person
 So different every way: and so opposd 110
 In all contractions, and still-warring actions?
 Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soule!
 Come, come, Ile gaine her; or in her faire
 quest
 Purchase my soule free and immortall rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.—*A Room in Frankford's House.*]

*Enter 3 or 4 Servingmen, one with a voyder and a
 wooden knife to take away; another the salt and
 bread; another the table-cloth and napkins; another
 the carpet: Jenkin with two lights after them.*

Jenkin. So, march in order, and retire in bat-
 tell array. My master and the guests have supp'd
 already, all's taken away: heere now, spread for
 the serving men in the hall. Butler, it belongs
 to your office.

Butler. I know it Jenkin. What de'ye cal
 the gentleman that supt there to night?

Jenk. Who, my master?

III *contractions.* Collier (1825), constructions.

S. d. *to take away.* Q1, Pearson and Ward, to take away all.

2 *array.* Q1, ray. 6 *de'ye.* Q1, do you.

7 *there.* Collier (1825), here.

But. No, no, Master Wendoll hee's a daily guest; I meane the gentleman that came but this 10
afternoone.

Jenk. His name's M[aster] Cranwell. Gods light! harke within there, my master cals to lay more billets uppon the fire. Come, come! Lord how wee that are in office heere in the house are 15
troubled! One spred the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuffe the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomackes. More lights in the hall there. Come Nicklas.

[*Exeunt all but Nick.*]

Nick. I cannot eate, but had I Wendoll's heart 20
I would eate that; the rogue growes impudent. Oh I have seene such vil'de notorious trickes, Ready to make my eyes dart from my head. Ile tell my master, by this ayre I will; Fall what may fall, Ile tell him. Here he comes. 25

Enter Master Frankford, as it were brushing the crummes from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Frankford. Nichlas what make you heere?
why are not you

At supper in the hall among your fellowes?

9 *hee's.* Q1, hee is. 12 *name's.* Q1, name is.

14 *uppon.* Q1, on.

15 *in the house.* Collier (1850) omits. 21 *that.* Ward omits.

22 *vil'de.* Modern editions, except Pearson, vile.

26 *make.* Collier (1825), makes. 27 *among.* Q1, there with.

Nic. Master I staide your rising from the boord
To speake with you.

Frank. Be breefe then gentle Nicklas;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour; 30
Why dost thou pause? Now Nichlas you want
money;

And unthrift-like would eate into your wages
Ere you have earn'd it: heere sirs halfe a crowne;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nic. By this hand, an honourable gentleman! 35
I will not see him wrong'd.—

Sir, I have serv'd you long; you entertain'd me
Seven yeeres before your beard. You knew me,
sir,

Before you knew my mistris.

Frank. What of this good Nicklas? 40

Nic. I never was a make-bate or a knave;
I have no fault but one: I'me given to quarrell,
But not with women. I will tell you master
That which will make your heart leape from
your brest;

Your haire to startle from your head, your eares
to tingle. 45

Frank. What preparation's this to dismall
newes?

33 *heere sirs.* Q1, heres sir.

37-39 *Sir . . . mistris.* Qq, and modern editions, except
Ward, print as prose. In line 38, Q1 misprints *we* for *me*.

42 *I'me.* Q1, I am.

Nic. Sblood sir! I love you better then your wife;

Ile make it good.

Frank. Y'are a knave, and I have much adoe
With wonted patience to containe my rage, 50
And not to breake thy pate. Th'art a knave;
Ile turne you with your base comparisons
Out of my doores.

Nic. Do, do: there is not roome
For Wendoll and me too both in one house.
Oh master, master, that Wendoll is a villaine. 55

Frank. Ay, saucy!

Nic. Strike, strike; do, strike; yet heare mee:
I am no foole,

I know a villaine when I see him act
Deeds of a villaine. Master, master, ~~that base~~
~~slave~~

Enjoyes my mistris, and dishonors you. 60

Frank. Thou hast kild me with a weapon
whose sharp point

49 *Y'are.* Q1 and Pearson, Thou art. Collier, Verity and Ward, You are.

51 *Th'art.* Q1 and modern editions, Thou art.

53-5 Verity's arrangement. Q2 reads,
There is not roome for Wendoll and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master.

Q1 reads for *There is*, there's.

Modern editions follow the arrangement of Qq, except Verity, who, also, reads for *and me too*, and for me.

61 *sharp.* Q1, sharpned.

Hath prick'd quite through & through my shiv'r-
ing hart:

Drops of cold sweate sit dangling on my haire,
Like mornings dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies. 65

What didst thou say? If any word that toucht
His credit or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my beleefe,
As Dives into heaven.

Nic. I can gaine nothing;
They are two that never wrong'd me. I knew
before 70

T'was but a thanklesse office; and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life
Is worth. All this I know: but this and more,
More by a thousand dangers could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you; 75
I saw, and I have sayd.

Frank. [*Aside.*] 'Tis probable; though blunt,
yet he is honest:
Though I durst pawne my life, and on their faith
Hazard the deere salvation of my soule,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure. 80

May this be true? O may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?

65 *strange agonies.* Q1, a strange agony.

70 *They are two.* Qq and Collier add to 69.

73 *Is worth.* Q2 and Collier add to 72. Q1 reads, as much as
my service or my life is woorth.

Man, woman, what thing mortall can we trust,
When friends and bosome wives prove so un-
just? —

[*To Nick.*] What instance hast thou of this
strange report? 85

Nic. Eyes master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee:
For should an angell from the heavens drop downe,
And preach this to me that thy selfe hast told,
He should have much ado to win beleefe; 90
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nic. Shall I discourse the same by circum-
stance?

Frank. No more; to supper, & command your
fellowes

To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee on thy life; be secret then, 95
For I know nothing.

Nic. I am dumbe; and now that I have easd
my stomacke,
I will go fill my stomacke. *Exit.*

Frank. Away; be gone.
She is well borne, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education, her repute 100
Is in the general voice of all the countrey

83 *can.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, may.

86 *Eyes master, eyes.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, Eyes, eyes.

97-8 *I . . . stomacke.* Q2 and Pearson print Nick's words as
prose.

Honest and faire; her carriage, her demeanor
 In all her actions that concerne the love
 To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
 Is all this seeming gold plaine copper? 105

But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
 And sold me for a sin! — Oh God! Oh God!
 Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
 The bare report of this suspicious groome,
 Before the double guilt, the well-hatch ore 110
 Of their two hearts? No, I will loose these
 thoughts:

Distraction I will banish from my brow,
 And from my lookes exile sad discontent;
 Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow;
 Till I know all, Ile nothing seeme to know. 115
 Lights and a table there! Wife, M[aster] Wen-
 doll,

And gentle Master Cranwell.

*Enter Mistris Frankford, Master Wendoll, Master
 Cranwell, Nicke and Jenkin, with cards, carpets,
 stooles, and other necessaries.*

Frank. O Master Cranwell, you are a stranger
 heere,

107 *And.* Collier and Ward, Hath.

110 *double guilt.* Modern editions, except Pearson, double-gilt.
well-hatch. Verity and Ward, well-hatched.

117 *And gentle.* Q2 and Collier (1825) add to 116. Collier
 (1850) adds also *Master Cranwell.*

S. d. *carpets.* Q1, carpet.

118 O . . . *heere.* Q1 reads, O you are a stranger maister Cran-
 wel you.

And often balke my house: faith, y'are a churle;
Now we have supp'd, a table and to cards. 120

Jenk. A paire of cards Nichlas, and a carpet
to cover the table. Where's Sisly with her coun-
ters and her box? Candles and candlesticks
there! Fie, wee have such a household of serv-
ing creatures! unlesse it bee Nicke and I, there's 125
not one amongst them all can say bo to a goose.
Wel sed Nicke?

They spread a carpet, set downe lights and cards.

Anne. Come M[aster] Frankford, who shall
take my part?

Frank. Marry, that will I sweet wife.

Wendoll. No, by my faith, when you are to- 130
gither I sitte out; it must be Mistris Frankford
& I, or els it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nic. [*Aside.*] You have no reason, marry,
knowing all.

Frank. Tis no great matter neither. Come, 135
Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cranwell. At your pleasure sir.

Frank. I must looke to you Master Wendoll,
for you'l be playing false: nay, so will my wife
too. 140

119 *y'are.* Q1, you are.

130 *by my faith.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, by my faith, sir.

139 *you'l.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, you will.

Nic. [*Aside.*] I will be sworne she will.

Anne. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frank. Content; it shall go hard but Ile take you.

Cran. Gentlemen what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford you play best at noddy.

Frank. You shall not finde it so, indeed you shall not.

145

Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruffe.

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, ther's no playing against them at double hand.

150

Nic. I can tell you sir the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nicke?

Nic. Marry sir, knave out of doores.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.

155

Anne. Husband shall we play at saint?

Frank. [*Aside.*] My saints turn'd devill.—

No, wee'l none of saint;

You are best at new-cut, wife; you'l play at that.

141 *I will.* Pearson and Verity, Ay, I will. Q1, I, I will.

142 *taken false.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, taken playing false.

158 *You are.* Q1, Your.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'me soonest
hitter of any heere, for a wager. 160

Frank. [*Aside.*] 'Tis me they play on.—Well,
you may draw out;
For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame;
Ile teach you at your new-cut a new game.
Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to 165
post and paire.

Wen. We shall be soonest paires, and my
good host,
When he comes late home, he must kisse the post.

Frank. Who ever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruffe, and let's
make honors. 170

Frank. If you make honors, one thing let me
crave;
Honor the king and queen; except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that. Lift who
shall deal.

Anne. The least in sight: what are you Mas-
ter Wendoll?

Wen. I am a knave.

Nic. [*Aside.*] Ile sweare it.

Anne. I am queene. 175

159 *I'me.* Q1 and Pearson, I am.

170 *vide-ruffe.* Collier (1825), wide-ruff.

175 *am queene.* Q1, a queene.

Frank. [*Aside.*] A quean thou shouldst say.

—Wel, the cards are mine;

They are the grossest paire that ere I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, Ile cut; would I had never dealt!

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir the faults in me;

This queene I have more then mine owne, you
see. 180

Give me the stocke.

Frank. My minds not on my game;
Many a deale I have lost, the more's your
shame.

You have serv'd me a bad tricke Master Wen-
doll.

Wen. Sir you must take your lot. To end
this strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife. 185

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

Anne. What's trumpes?

Wen. Harts: partner, I rub.

Frank. [*Aside.*] Thou robst me of my soule,
of her chast love;

In thy false dealing thou hast rob'd my heart. 190

—Booty you play; I like a looser stand,
Having no heart, or heere, or in my hand.

I will give o're the set; I am not well.

Come, who will hold my cards?

Anne. Not well, sweet M[aster] Frankford! 195
Alas, what ayle you? Tis some sodaine qualme.

Wen. How long have you bene so Master
Frankford?

Fran. Sir I was lusty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deale.
Take hence this table. Gentle Master Cranwell 200
Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleas-
ure.

I am sorry that this megrim takes me so,
I cannot sit and beare you company.
Jenkin some lights, and shew him to his cham-
ber. [Exeunt Cranwell and Jenkin.]

Anne. A night-gowne for my husband, quickly
there: 205

It is some rheume or cold.

Wen. Now in good faith,
This ilnesse you have got by sitting late
Without your gowne.

Frank. I know it M[aster] Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complaine like me.
Wife, prethee wife, into my bed-chamber; 210
The night is raw and cold, and rheumaticke;

201 *Y'are.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, You are. 202 *I am.*
Collier (1825) and Verity, I'm.

206-8 *Now . . . gowne.* Qq and all texts until Ward read:
*Now in good faith this illness you have got
By sitting late without your gowne.*

211 *raw and cold.* Collier (1825), cold and raw.

Leave me my gowne and light, Ile walke away
my fit.

Wen. Sweet sir good night.

Frank. My selfe good night.
[*Exit Wendoll.*]

Anne. Shall I attend you husband?

Frank. No gentle wife, thou't catch cold in
thy head; 215

Prethee be gone sweete; Ile make hast to bed.

Anne. No sleepe will fasten on mine eyes,
you know,

Untill you come. *Exit.*

Frank. Sweet Nan I prethee go. —

I have bethought me, get me by degrees
The keys of all my doores, which I will mould 220
In wax, and take their faire impression,
To have by them new keys. This being compast,
At a set houre a letter shall be brought me:
And when they thinke they may securely play,
They neerest are to danger. Nick, I must rely 225
Upon thy trust and faithfull secrecie.

Nic. Builde on my faith.

Frank. To bed then, not to rest;
Care lodges in my braine, greefe in my brest.

[*Exeunt.*]

225 *They neerest are.* Q1 and Pearson, They are nearest.

228 *my brest.* Verity closes the third Act here. Ward adds the scene in Old Mountford's house.

[SCENE III. — *A Room in Old Mountford's House.*]

Enter Sir Charles his Sister, Old Mountford, Sandy, Roder, and Tydy.

Mountford. You say my nephew is in great distresse :

Who brought it to him but his owne lewd life?
I cannot spare a crosse. I must confesse
He was my brothers sonne: why neece, what then?
This is no world in which to pittie men. 5

Susan. I was not borne a begger, though his extremes

Enforce this language from me: I protest
No fortune of mine owne could leade my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you uncle,
For the names sake, for Christianity, 10
Nay, for Gods sake to pittie his distresse:
He is deni'de the freedome of the prison,
And in the hole is laide with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remaines in you to free him thence. 15

Mount. Mony I cannot spare: men should take heede;

He lost my kindred when he fell to neede.

[*Exit.*]

S.d. *Enter Sir Charles his Sister.* Q1 erroneously puts comma after *Charles.*

4 my. Q1, me.

8 owne. Not in Q1.

Susan. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough
 shalt have,
 When thou hast once tooke measure of thy grave.
 You know me Master Sandy, and my sute. 20

Sandy. I knew you lady when the olde man
 liv'd;
 I knew you ere your brother solde his land;
 Then you were Mistris Sue, trick'd up in jewels:
 Then you sung well, plaide sweetly on the lute,
 But now I neither know you nor your sute. 25

[*Exit.*]

Susan. You Master Roder was my brothers
 tenant,
 Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farme
 Of which you are possest.

Roder. True he did;
 And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
 I have some businesse now, but without doubt 30
 They that have hurl'd him in, will helpe him out.

Exit.

Susan. Cold comfort still: what say you
 cozen Tydy?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swagg'ring;
 Call me not cozen. Each man for himselfe;

23 *Then . . . jewels.* Omitted by Verity.

24 *lute.* Q1, flute.

28 *True.* Ward, for metrical effect, would repeat.

32 *cozen.* Q1, which usually spells *cozen*, here misprints *chosen*.

33 *swagg'ring.* Modern editions, except Pearson, swaggering.

Some men are borne to mirth, and some to sorrow,
 35

I am no cosen unto them that borrow. *Exit.*

Susan. Oh Charity, why art thou fled to heaven,

And left all things on this earth uneven?

Their scoffing answers I will nere returne;

But to my selfe his greefe in silence mourne. 40

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Francis. She is poore, Ile therefore tempt her with this gold.

Go Malby, in my name deliver it,

And I will stay thy answer.

Malby. Faire mistris, as I understand your greefe

Doth grow from want, so I have heere in store 45

A meanes to furnish you, a bag of gold,

Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Susan. I thanke you Heavens; I thanke you gentle sir;

God make me able to requite this favour!

Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me, 50
 And prayes you —

Susan. Acton! O God, that name I'me borne to curse:

Hence bawd! hence broker! see, I spurne his gold;

My honour never shall for gaine be sold.

Fran. Stay, lady stay.

Susan. From you Ile posting hie; 55

Even as the doves from featherd eagles flie. *Exit.*

Fran. She hates my name, my face: how
should I wo?

I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.

The more she hates me, and disdaines my love,

The more I am wrapt in admiration 60

Of her divine and chaste perfections.

Woo her with gifts I cannot: for all gifts

Sent in my name she spurnes. With lookes I
cannot,

For she abhorres my sight. Nor yet with letters,

For none she will receive. How then, how then? 65

Well, I will fasten such a kindnesse on her,

As shall orecome her hate and conquer it.

Sir Charles her brother lies in execution

For a greate summe of money: and besides

The appeale is sued still for my huntsmens death, 70

Which onely I have power to reverse:

In her Ile bury all my hate of him.

Go seeke the keeper Malby, bring him to me:

To save his body I his debts will pay;

To save his life, I his appeale will stay. 75

[*Exeunt.*]

60 *wrapt.* Collier (1850), Verity and Ward, rapt.

70 *huntsmens.* Q1, huntsmans. 73 *him to me.* Q1, me to him.

[ACT THE FOURTH.]

SCENE I. — *York Castle.*]

Enter Sir Charles in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torne.

Charles. Of all on the earths face most miserable,

Breath in this hellish dungeon thy laments :
 Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a fellow gyv'd,
 That hurles thee headlong to this base estate.
 Oh unkinde uncle ! Oh my friends ingrate !
 Unthankfull kinsmen ! Mountfords all too base,
 To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.

A thousand deaths heere in this grave I dye ;
 Feare, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
 And joyne together to deprive my breath.
 But that which most torments me, my deere
 sister

Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
 Hath brought no hopefull answer: therefore I
 Divine they will not helpe my misery.
 If it be so, shame, scandall, and contempt

2 *this.* Q1, the.

4 *That . . . estate.* Verity would read:

What hurls thee headlong to this base estate ?

7 *thy.* Collier (1825), the. *be.* Q1 and Pearson, lie.

Attend their covetous thoughts. Need make their
 graves;

Usurers they live, and may they dye like slaves!

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring
 thee freedom

From all thy troubles.

Char. Then I am doom'd to die;

Death is the end of all calamity. 20

Keep. Live, your appeale is staide; the execu-
 tion

Of all your debts discharg'd: your creditors

Even to the utmost peny satisfied.

In signe whereof, your shackles I knocke off;

You are not left so much indebted to us 25

As for your fees; all is discharg'd, all paide:

Go freely to your house, or where you please;

After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Char. Thou grumblest out the sweetest mu-
 sicke to me

That ever organ playd. Is this a dreame? 30

Or do my waking senses apprehend

The pleasing taste of these applausive newes?

Slave that I was to wrong such honest friends;

My loving kinsmen, and my neere allies:

Tongue I will bite thee for the scandall breath 35

Against such faithfull kinsmen: they are all

35 *breath.* Pearson, Verity and Ward, breathed.

Composd of pittie and compassion ;
 Of melting charity, and of moving ruth.
 That which I spake before was in my rage ;
 They are my friends, the mirrours of this age, 40
 Bounteous and free. The noble Mountfords
 race,
 Nere bred a covetous thought, or humor base.

Enter Susan.

Susan. I can no longer stay from visiting
 My wofull brother : while I could, I kept
 My haplesse tidings from his hopefull eare. 45

Char. Sister how much am I indebted to thee
 And to thy travell !

Susan. What, at liberty ?

Char. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy in-
 dustry :

Oh, unto which of all my curteous friends
 Am I thus bound ? My uncle Mountford he 50
 Even of an infant lov'd me, was it he ?
 So did my cozen Tydy : was it he ?
 So Master Roder, Master Sandy too :
 Which of all these did this hie kindnesse doe ?

Susan. Charles, can you mocke me in your
 poverty, 55
 Knowing your friends deride your misery ?
 Now I protest I stand so much amaz'd

47 travell. Q1, Collier (1825) and Verity, travel; Collier (1850) and Ward, travail.

To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd
off,

That I am wrap'd into a maze of wonder :
The rather for I know not by what meanes 60
This happinesse hath chanc'd.

Char. Why, by my uncle,
My cozens, and my friends : who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay ?

Susan. O brother, they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as voide of pittie 65
As chaced beares : I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laide open all your greefes and miseries,
Which they derided. More then that, denide us
A part in their alliance ; but in pride
Said that our kindred with our plenty dyde. 70

Char. Drudges too much—what did they ?
oh, known evil !
Rich flye the poore, as good men shun the dev-
ill.

Whence should my freedome come ? of whom
alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well ?
Gesse sister, call to minde, remember me : 75

59 *wrap'd.* Collier (1850), Verity and Ward, rapt.

64 *men all.* Ward would amend the metre by inserting, after
men, made.

66 *chaced.* Q1, chaced. Being printed with the long s, this is
not impossibly a misprint for chafed.

71 *Drudges . . . much.* Collier punctuates, *Drudges ! too much.*

These I have raisd; they follow the worlds guise;
Whom rich in honor, they in woe despise.

Susan. My wits have lost themselves, lets ask
the keeper.

Char. Jaylor.

Keep. At hand sir. 80

Char. Of curtesie resolve me one demand.
What was he tooke the burthen of my debts
From off my backe, staide my appeale to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep. A curteous knight, and call'd Sir Fran-
cis Acton. 85

Char. Ha! Acton! O me, more distrest in
this

Then all my troubles: hale me backe,
Double my irons, and my sparing meales
Put into halves, and lodge mee in a dungeon
More deepe, more darke, more cold, more com-
fortlesse. 90

By Acton freed! not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heeles as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart, and it must now lye
bound

In more strict prison then thy stony jayle.
I am not free, I go but under baile. 95

76 *they follow.* Q1, these follow.

85 *and.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, one.

91 *Acton.* Q1 misprints *action.*

Keep. My charge is done sir, now I have my fees;

As we get little, we will nothing leese. [*Exit.*]

Char. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!

Why, to what end? or what occasion? ha!

Let me forget the name of enemy, 100

And with indifference ballance this hie favour:

Ha!

Susan. [*Aside.*] His love to me! upon my soule 'tis so;

That is the root from whence these strange things grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my father, he 105

That by the law of nature is most bound

In offices of love, it had deserv'd

My best employment to requite that grace.

Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,

From them this action had deserv'd my life; 110

And from a stranger more, because from such

There is lesse execution of good deeds.

But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,

More then a stranger, both remote in blood,

And in his heart opposd my enemy, 115

That this hie bounty should proceede from him!

102 *Ha!* Qq and Collier join to 101.

109 *him.* Reed, allies.

112 *execution.* Collier (1825) and Verity, expectation.

O, there I loose my selfe: what should I say?
 What thinke, what do, his bounty to repay?

Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this
 strange kindnesse

Proceeds in Acton. I will tell you, brother: 120
 He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
 Letters, and tokens: I refusd them all.

Char. I have enough, though poore; my heart
 is set,
 In one rich gift to pay backe all my debt.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *A Room in Frankford's House.*]

*Enter Frankford, and Nicke with keyes, and a letter in
 his hand.*

Frankford. This is the night, that I must play
 my part
 To try two seeming angels: where's my keyes?

Nicke. They are made according to your mold
 in wax;

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
 And heere they are. The letter sir. 5

Frank. True, take it, there it is;

[*Gives him letter.*]

And when thou seest me in my pleasants vaine,
 Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

1 that I must play my part. Q1, and I must play the trick.
 7 pleasants. Q1, pleasantst. Modern editions, pleasant'st.

Nic. Ile do't, make no more question but Ile
do't. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistris Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and
Jenkin.*

Anne. Sirra, tis sixe a clocke already stroke; 10
Go bid them spred the cloth and serve in sup-
per.

Jenkin. It shall be done forsooth, mistris.
Wheres
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and
trenchers? [*Exit.*]

Wendoll. We that have bene a hunting all
the day
Come with prepared stomackes. Master Frank-
ford, 15
We wish'd you at our sport.

Frank. My hart was with you, and my mind
was on you.
Fie, Master Cranwell! you are still thus sad?
A stoole, a stoole. Where's Jenkin, and where's
Nicke?

Tis supper time at least an houre ago: 20
What's the best newes abroad?

Wen. I know none good.

Frank. [*Aside.*] But I know too much bad.

12 *Wheres.* Q1, where is. Qq and Pearson put *mistris* with this question, not with preceding assent.

13 *our.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, out.

Enter Butler and Jenkin with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers and salt.

Cranwell. Methinkes sir you might have that
interest

In your wives brother, to be more remisse
In his hard dealing against poore Sir Charles, 25
Who (as I heare) lies in Yorke Castle, needy,
And in great want.

[*Exeunt Jenkin and Butler.*]

Frank. Did not more weighty businesse of
mine owne

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care; indeede I would sir. 30

Anne. Ile write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalfe.

Wen. A charitable deede,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you Mistris Frank-
ford.

Frank. That's you for one; I know you love
Sir Charles, 35
And my wife too, well.

Wen. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be your selves judge.

25 *his.* Q1, this.

26-7 *in . . . want.* Q2 lines the passage,
in Yorke Castle,
Needy, and in great want.

34 *Mistris.* Q1, maister. An obvious misprint.

Frank. But supper, ho! Now as thou lov'st
me Wendoll,

Which I am sure thou doest, be merry, pleasant,
And frolicke it to night. Sweet Master Cranwell, 40
Do you the like. Wife, I protest my heart
Was nere more bent on sweet alacrity.

Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter Nicke.

Nic. Here's a letter sir.

Frank. Whence comes it? and who brought
it? 45

Nic. A stripling that below attends your an-
swer,

And, as he tels me, it is sent from Yorke.

Frank. Have him into the seller, let him taste
A cuppe of our March beere: go, make him
drinke. [*Reads the letter.*]

Nic. Ile make him drunke, if he be a Trojan. 50

Frank. My boots and spurs! wheres Jenkin?
God forgive me,

How I neglect my businesse! Wife looke here;
~~I have a matter to be tride to morrow~~

~~By eight a clocke; and my attorney writes me
I must be there betimes with evidence,~~ 55

~~Or it will go against me. Where's my bootes?~~

44 *Here's a letter sir.* Q1, Sir heres a letter.

48-9 *Have . . . drinke.* Q2 and Pearson print as prose.

51-2 *My . . . here.* Q2 prints as prose.

Enter Jenkin with boots and spurs.

Anne. I hope your businesse craves no such
dispatch

That you must ride to night.

Wen. [*Aside.*] I hope it doth.

Frank. Gods me! no such dispatch!

Jenkin my boots. Where's Nicke? Saddle my
roan,

60

And the gray dapple for himselfe. Content ye,
It much concernes me. Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wen. Lord! Master Frankford will you ride
to night?

65

The wayes are dangerous.

Frank. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and so shall Nicke my man.

Anne. Ile call you up by five a clocke to morrow.

Frank. No by my faith wife, Ile not trust to
that;

Tis not such easie rising in a morning
From one I love so deerely: no by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bed-fellow,
But with much paine. You have made me a
sluggard

70

Since I first knew you,

Anne. Then if you needs will goe

64 pleasures. Q1, pleasure.

This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll 75
Let me intreate you beare him company.

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistris. My
boots there!

Frank. Fie, fie, that for my private busnesse
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house! Nicke!

Nic. Anon sir. 80

Frank. Bring forth my gelding.—[*Exit*
Nick.]—As you love me sir,
Use no more words: a hand good Master Cran-
well.

Cran. Sir God be your good speede!

Frank. Goodnight sweet Nan; nay, nay, a
kisse and part.

[*Aside.*] Dissembling lips, you sute not with
my hart. *Exit.* 85

Wen. [*Aside to Anne.*] How busines, time,
and houres all gracious prove

And are the furtherers to my new borne love!
I am husband now in Master Frankfords place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publikely, 90
But in your private chamber Mistris Frankford.

Anne. [*Aside to Wen.*] O, sir, you are too
publicke in your love,

86 *prove.* Q1, proves. 87 *to.* Collier (1850) and Ward, of.

88 *Master.* So modern editions, following Q1. Q2 misprints
Masters.

And Master Frankfords wife——

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would intreate you I might see my chamber;
I am on the sodaine growne exceeding ill, 95
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wen. Light there, ho!
See you want nothing sir; for, if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. *Exit.*

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosome sweet, and full intire! 100
Come Nan, I prethee let us sup within.

Anne. O, what a clog unto the soule is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of feare;
Every suspitious eye brings danger neare;
When they whose cleere heart from offence are
free 105

Dispise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at meere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie! you talke too like a Puritan.

Anne. You have tempted me to mischief
M[aster] Wendoll:
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead
custome; 110
That which for want of wit I granted erst,

99 *good night.* Q1, godnight.

105 *heart.* Modern editions, hearts.

106 *do.* Q1, to.

108 *Puritan.* Q1, Puritant.

I now must yeelde through feare. Come, come,
lets in ;

Once ore shooes, we are straight ore head in
sinne.

Wen. My jocund soule is joyfull above meas-
ure ;

Ile be profuse in Frankfords richest treasure. 115

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.— *Another Room in the House.*]

Enter Sisly, Jenkin, and Butler.

Jenkin. My mistris, and Master Wendoll my
master, sup in her chamber to night. Sisly, you
are preferr'd from beeing the cooke to be cham-
ber-maid : of all the loves betwixt thee and me,
tell me what thou thinkst of this. 5

Sisly. Mum ; there's an old proverbe, — when
the cats away, the mouse may play.

Jenk. Now you talk of a cat Sisly, I smell a
rat.

Sisly. Good words Jenkin, lest you be call'd 10
to answer them.

Jenk. Why, God make my mistris an honest
woman ! are not these good wordes ? Pray God
my new maister play not the knave with my

113 *Once ore.* Collier (1850) and Ward, *Once over.*

S.d. and Butler. Q1 and Pearson, Butler, and other Servingmen.

old master! is there any hurt in this? God send 15
 no villany intended! and if they doe sup to-
 gether, pray God they doe not lye together!
 God make my mistris chast, and make us all his
 servants! what harme is there in all this? Nay
 more, heere is my hand, thou shalt never have 20
 my heart unlesse thou say Amen.

Sisly. Amen I pray God, I say.

Enter Servingmen.

Servingman. My mistris sends that you shold
 make lesse noise, to locke up the doores, and see
 the housholde all got to bed: you, Jenkin, for 25
 this night are made the porter to see the gates
 shut in.

Jenk. Thus by little and little I creepe into
 office. Come, to kennell my masters, to kennell,
 tis eleven a clocke already. 30

Serv. When you have lockd the gates in,
 you must send up the keyes to my mistris.

Sisly. Quickly for Gods sake Jenkin, for I
 must carrie them. I am neither pillow nor boul-
 ster, but I know more then both. 35

Jenk. To bed good Spiggot, to bed good hon-
 est serving creatures, and let us sleepe as snug as
 pigs in peasestraw. *Exeunt.*

S.d. *Enter Servingmen.* Pearson, Verity and Ward, Servingman.

24 *to.* Collier (1850), and Ward, so.

35 *then both.* Collier (1825), than them both.

[SCENE IV.— *Outside Frankford's House.*]

Enter Frankford and Nicke.

Frankford. Soft, soft; wee have tied our geldings to a tree

Two flight shoot off, lest by their thundering hooves

They blab our comming. Hearst thou no noise?

Nick. I heare nothing but the owle and you.

Frank. So: now my watches hand points upon twelve,

And it is just midnight. Where are my keyes?

Nic. Heere sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate;

This the hall doore; this the withdrawing chamber;

But this, that doore that's bawd unto my shame: 10

Fountaine and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,

Where the most hallowed order and true knot

Of nuptiall sanctity hath bene prophan'd;

1-3 *Soft . . . noise.* Q9, Pearson and Collier print as prose. *wee have.* Ward, we've. *tied our.* Q2 and Collier (1825), tied your. *flight shoot.* Modern editors, except Pearson, flight-shot. *our comming.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, our coming back.

4 *I heare.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, Hear? I hear.

6 *just.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, dead.

9 *This the hall doore.* Q1, Collier and Verity, This is the. *the withdrawing.* Q1, my withdrawing.

It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
 Once my terrestriall heaven, now my earths hell, 15
 The place where sins in all their ripenesse dwell.
 But I forget my selfe; now to my gate.

Nic. It must ope with far lesse noise then
 Cripple-gate, or your plot's dash'd.

Frank. So, reach me my darke lanthorne to
 the rest; 20

Tread softly, softly.

Nic. I will walke on egges this pace.

Frank. A generall silence hath surpriz'd the
 house,

And this is the last doore. Astonishment,
 Feare, and amazement beate upon my heart, 25
 Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

O, keepe my eyes, you Heavens, before I enter,
 From any sight that may transfix my soule;
 Or if there be so blacke a spectacle,
 Oh, strike mine eyes starke blind! Or if not so, 30
 Lend me such patience to digest my greefe,
 That I may keepe this white and virgin hand
 From any violent outrage or red murther!
 And with that prayer I enter. [Exeunt.]

18-19 *It . . . dash'd.* Collier prints as verse.

25 *beate upon.* Q1 and Verity, play against.

[SCENE V.—*The Hall of Frankford's House.*

Nick waiting.]

Nick. Here's a circumstance indeed.

A man may be made a cuckold in the time
That he's about it. And the case were mine
As tis my masters,—sblood that he makes me
swere!—

I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there; 5
I would, I would.

[*Enter Frankford.*]

Frankford. Oh! oh!

Nic. Master! sblood! master! master!

Frank. Oh me unhappy! I have found them
lying

Close in each other armes, and fast asleepe.
But that I would not damne two precious soules 10
Bought with my Saviours blood, and send them
laden

With all their scarlet sinnes upon their backes
Unto a fearfull judgement, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

1 *Nick.* All his speech is printed by Collier (1825) as prose. Q2 prints 1-4 as prose; Collier (1850), 1-3. *indeed.* Not in Q1 nor in modern editions, except Collier.

2 *may be made a.* Verity omits *may.* *a* not in Q1, nor in modern editions except Collier.

3 *That.* Not in Qq, nor in Collier. *And Verity and Ward, An.*

9 *other.* Q1 and modern editions, other's.

Nic. Master, what, have you left them sleeping still?

15

Let me go wake 'em.

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile.

O God, O God, that it were possible

To undo things done; to call backe yesterday!

That Time could turne up his swift sandy glasse,

To untell the dayes, and to redeeme these houres! 20

Or that the sunne

Could rising from the west draw his coach backward,

Take from th' account of time so many minutes,

Til he had all these seasons call'd againe,

Those minutes, and those actions done in them, 25

Even from her first offence; that I might take her

As spotlesse as an angell in my armes!

But oh! I talke of things impossible,

And cast beyond the moone! God give me patience!

For I will in and wake them.

Exit.

Nic. Here's patience perforce; 30

He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

Enter Wendoll, running over the stage in a night-gowne, bee after him with his sword drawne; the

15-16 *Master . . . awhile* Q1 and Verity print as prose.

Master, what. Q1 and Pearson, Sblood, master. *you.* Collier and Ward, *ye. em.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, them.

maide in her smocke stayes his hand, and claspes bold on him. Hee pauses for a while.

Frank. I thanke thee, maide; thou, like an
angelles hand,

Hast stayd me from a bloody sacrifice.

[*Exit servingmaid.*]

Go villen, and my wrongs sit on thy soule

As heavy as this greefe doth upon mine!

35

When thou recordst my many curtesies,

And shall compare them with thy treacherous
heart,

Lay them together, weigh them equally,

'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend

A Judas; pray, pray, lest I live to see

40

Thee Judas-like hang'd on an elder-tree.

[*Exit Wendoll.*]

*Enter Mistris Frankford in her smocke, night-gowne
and night attire.*

Anne. O, by what word, what title, or what name

Shall I intreate your pardon? Pardon! oh,

I am as farre from hoping such sweete grace

As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband —

45

O me most wretched! I have lost that name,

I am no more your wife.

Nic.

Sblood sir, she sounds.

32 *like an.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, like the.

37 *shall.* Q1 and modern editions, shalt.

47 *sounds.* Modern editions, except Pearson, swoons.

Frank. Spare thou thy teares, for I will weepe
for thee:

And keepe thy count'nance, for Ile blush for
thee:

Now I protest I think tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and tis more hard
For me to looke upon thy guilty face,
Then on the suns cleere brow. What wouldst
thou speake?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no eares, no
eyes,

No apprehension, no capacity.

When do you spurne me like a dog? when tread
me

Under feete? when drag me by the haire?

Though I deserve a thousand thousand folde
More then you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For woman-hood, to which I am a shame,

Though once an ornament — even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our soules, marke not my face
Nor hacke me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tombe.

I am not worthy that I should prevaile

In the least suite; no, not to speake to you,

Nor looke on you, nor to be in your presence.

53 *Then . . . speake.* Q2 prints this verse as two, dividing after
brow. Ward punctuates: *What! would'st thou speak?*

57 *Under feete.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, under your feet.

60 *a shame.* Qq, asham'd.

Yet as an abject this one sute I crave;
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arme me!

Rise, nay rise,

70

And Ile debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou plaidst the strumpet? Wast thou not sup-
plide

With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy —
Nay even beyond my calling?

Anne.

I was.

Frank. Was it then disability in me?

75

Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Anne. O no.

Frank. Did not I lodge thee in my
bosome?

Weare thee in my heart?

Anne.

You did.

Frank. I did indeede; witsesse my teares I did.

Go bring my infants hither.

77 *Did not I.* Q1, Collier and Ward, Did I not. *my.* Q1 mis-prints thy.

77-79 *Did . . . teares I did.* Pearson, following in part the arrangement of Q1, reads:

Did not I lodge thee in my bosome? weare thee
Here in my heart?

You did.

I did indeede;

Witsesse my teares I did.

But the Qq agree in 79.

78 *thee in.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, thee here in.

[Enter Servingwoman with two little Children.]

O Nan! O Nan! 80

If neither feare of shame, regard of honor,
The blemish of my house, nor my deere love
Could have with-held thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these yong harmlesse
soules,

On whose white browes thy shame is charrac-
ter'd, 85

And growes in greatnesse as they wax in yeeres,—
Looke but on them, and melt away in teares.

Away with them! lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits 90
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!

[Exit Servingwoman with Children.]

Anne. In this one life I dye ten thousand
deaths.

Frank. Stand up, stand up; I will do nothing
rashly:

I wil retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt heare thy sentence presently. 95

[Exit.

Anne. Tis welcome, be it death. O mee, base
strumpet,
That having such a husband, such sweete chil-
dren,

Must enjoy neither ! Oh, to redeeme mine honor,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts
sear'd,

Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment : 100

Nay, to whip but this scandall out, I would hazard
The rich & deere redemption of my soule.

He cannot be so base as to forgive me ;

Nor I so shamelesse to accept his pardon.

O women, women, you that yet have kept 105

Your holy matrimoniall vow unstain'd,

Make me your instance ; when you tred awry,

Your sinnes like mine will on your conscience ly.

*Enter Sisly, Spiggot, all the servingmen, and Jenkin,
as newly come out of bed.*

All. O mistris, mistris, what have you done
mistris ?

Nic. What a catterwauling keepe you heere ! 110

Jenkin. O Lord, mistris, how comes this to
passe ? My master is run away in his shirt, &
never so much as calld me to bring his clothes
after him.

Anne. See what guilt is ! heere stand I in this
place, 115

Asham'd to looke my servants in the face.

98 *mine.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, my.

101 *whip.* Collier and Ward, wipe.

105 *yet have kept.* Q1, have yet kept.

110 *What a.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, begin
Nick's speech with *Sblood.*

Enter M[aster] Frankford and Cranwell; whom seeing she falls on her knees.

Frank. My words are registred in heaven already;

With patience heare me. Ile not martyr thee,
Nor marke thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soule,
And kill thee even with kindnesse.

Cranwell. M[aster] Frankford —

Frank. Good M[aster] Cranwell. Woman,
hear thy judgment.

Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gownes, all thy apparrell;
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistris,
Or by whose sight, being left heere in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.

Choose thee a bed & hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy marke,
And get thee to my mannor seven mile off,
Where live, 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.

My tennants by shall furnish thee with waines
To carry all thy stuffe within two houres;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.

Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne.

A milde sentence.

127 *by*. Collier (1825), was. 128 *thy chamber*. Q1, a chamber.
129 *which*. Q1, Pearson and Verity, that. 135 *lik'st*. Q1, likest.

Frank. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou
beleev'st

Thy name's recorded in the booke of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meete me, or to send 140
By word, or writing, guift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thy selfe, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So, farwell Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seene, nere more shall see. 145

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eies ap-
peares;

What wants in words, I will supply in teares.

Frank. Come take your coach, your stuffe; al
must along;

Servants and all make readie; all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. 150

[*Exeunt.*

145 *never.* Collier (1850), ne'er.

146 *mine.* Q1, my.

[ACT THE FIFTH.]

SCENE I. — *Before Sir Francis Acton's House.*]*Enter Sir Charles Gentleman-like, and his Sister,
Gentlewoman-like.**Susan.* Brother, why have you trick'd me like
a bride?Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our povertie?*Charles.* Call me not brother; but imagine mee
Some barbarous out-law, or uncivill kerne:
For if thou shutst thy eie, and onely hearst
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
O sister! —*Susan.* O brother, what doth this strange
language meane?*Char.* Dost love me sister? wouldst thou see
mee liveA bankrout begger in the worlds disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beame*S. d. Gentleman-like . . . Gentlewoman-like. Verity, both well
dressed.*9 *O sister.* Q1, Oh Susan.13 *mine.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, my.

In the worlds eie, a by-word and a scorne? 15
 It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
 And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.

Susan. By me! why, I have nothing, nothing
left;

I owe even for the clothes upon my backe:
I am not worth—

Char. O sister, say not so; 20
 It lies in you my downe-cast state to raise;
 To make me stand on even points with the
 world.

Come sister, you are rich; indeede you are;
 And in your powre you have, without delay,
 Actons five hundred pound backe to repay. 25

Susan. Til now I had thought y' had lov'd me.
 By my honor

(Which I have kept as spotlesse as the moone),
 I ne're was mistris of that single doite
 Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants:
 And de'ye thinke that I would hoord from you? 30
 Now by my hopes in heaven, knew I the meanes
 To buy you from the slavery of your debts
 (Especially from Acton whom I hate),
 I would redeeme it with my life or blood.

26 *had thought y' had.* Q1, Pearson and Ward, had thought you.
 Verity, had thought you had. *my.* Q1, mine.

27 *have.* Q1, had.

30 *de'ye.* Collier (1850), do ye. Q1, Pearson, Verity and
 Ward, do you.

Char. I challenge it; and kindred set apart, 35
Thus (ruffian-like) I lay siege to thy hart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Susan. Why some five hundred pounds; to-
wards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denear.

Char. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve
me :

What do you thinke (and speake your conscience)
Would Acton give might he enjoy your bed? 40

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thou-
sand pound,
To give the Mountfords name so deepe a wound.

Char. A thousand pound! I but five hundred
owe; 45

Grant him your bed, hee's payd with intrest so.

Susan. O brother!

Char. O sister! onely this one way,
With that rich jewell you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with
shame;

Nor do I woe you in a brothers name, 50
But in a strangers. Shall I dye in debt
To Acton my grand foe, and you still weare
The precious jewell that he holds so deare?

36 *thy.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, your.

38 *Why . . . swear.* Q2 prints this line as two, dividing after
pounds.

39 *denear.* Modern editions, except Pearson, denier.

Susan. My honor I esteeme as deere and
precious

As my redemption.

Char. I esteeme you sister 55

As deare, for so deare prizing it.

Susan. ~~Will Charles~~

Have me cut off my hands and send them Acton?

Rip up my brest, and with my bleeding heart

Present him as a token?

Char. Neither, sister :

But heare me in my strange assertion. 60

Thy honor and my soule are equall in my regard ;

Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.

His kindnesse like a burthen hath surcharged me,

And under his good deeds I stooping go,

Not with an upright soule. Had I remain'd 65

In prison still, there doubtlesse I had dyed :

Then unto him that freed me from that prison,

Still do I owe this life. What moov'd my foe

To infranchise me ? 'Twas sister for your love.

With full five hundred pounds he bought your

love, 70

And shall he not enjoy it ? Shall the weight

Of all this heavy burthen leane on me,

And wil not you beare part ? You did partake

55 *As . . . sister.* To this line Q2 adds the words *as deare* from 56.

59 *sister.* Q1, Jane.

68 *this life.* Q1, that life.

The joy of my release; will you not stand
 In joynt-bond bound to satisfie the debt?
 Shall I be onely charg'd?

Susan. But that I know
 These arguments come from an honor'd minde,
 As in your most extremity of neede
 Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate, —
 Nay, rather would ingage your unstain'd honor
 Then to be held ingrate, — I should condemne
 you.

I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles wil have me, and I am content.

Char. For this I trick'd you up.

Susan. But heere's a knife,
To save mine honor, shal slice out my life.

Char. I know thou pleasest me a thousand
 times

More in thy resolution then thy grant. —
 Observe her love; to sooth it to my sute,
 Her honor she will hazard (though not loose:)
 To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
 Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder! that wil
 choose,

Rather then staine her blood, her life to loose. —
 Come you sad sister to a wofull brother,

86 *I know.* Dodsley, Aye, now; Verity, Ay! know.

87 *in thy.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, in that.

88 *it to.* Q1, them in.

This is the gate : Ile beare him such a present,
 Such an acquittance for the knight to seale, 95
 As wil amaze his senses, and surprize
 With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton and Malby.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shal seize
 on mee,

'Tis heere shall my imprison'd soule set free.

Francis. How! Mountford with his sister
 hand in hand! 100

What myracle's afoot?

Malby. It is a sight

Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus at-
 tended:

Acton, I owe thee money, and being unable
 To bring thee the full summe in ready coine, 105

Loe! for thy more assurance here's a pawne,—

My sister, my deere sister, whose chast honor
 prize above a million: heere, nay take her;

Shee's worth your mony, man; do not forsake
 her.

Fran. I would he were in earnest! 110

Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty;

My brother beeing rich in nothing else

But in his interest that he hath in me,

99 'Tis . . . free. Verity defers till after this line the entrance
 of Acton and Malby.

According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom howsoere you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he valewes highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperors ransome.

Fran. Sterne heart, relent;

Thy former cruelty at length repent.

Was ever knowne, in any former age,

Such honourable wrested curtesie?

Lands, honors, life, and all the world foregoe,
 Rather then stand ingag'd to such a foe. [*Aside.*]

Char. Acton, she is too poore to be thy bride,
 And I too much opposd to be thy brother.

There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart

To ceize her as a rape or lustfull prey,

To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;

To murder her that never meant thee harme;

To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from
 death,

Do them at once: on her all these rely,

And perish with her spotted chastity.

Fran. You overcome me in your love Sir
 Charles.

I cannot be so cruell to a lady

I love so deerely. Since you have not spar'd

122 *life.* Q1, lives.

131-2 *Do . . . chastity.* Qq, Pearson and Collier punctuate,

Do them at once on her; all these rely

And perish with her spotted chastity.

To ingage your reputation to the world,
 Your sisters honor, which you prize so deere,
 Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
 To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
 Your honor'd thoughts, loe, thus I recompence: 140
 Your metamorphisd foe receives your gift
 In satisfaction of all former wrongs.

This jewell I will weare heere in my heart:
 And where before I thought her for her wants
 Too base to be my bride, to end all strife 145
 I seale you my deere brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceede us; I will yeeld to
fate,

And learne to love, where I till now did hate,

Char. With that enchantment you have
 charm'd my soule,

And made me rich even in those very words: 150
 I pay no debt but am indebted more;
 Rich in your love, I never can be pore.

Fran. Al's mine is yours; we are alike in
 state;

Let's knit in love what was opposd in hate.

Come! for our nuptials we will straight provide, 155
 Blest onely in our brother and faire bride.

[*Exeunt.*

138 *comfort.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, comforts.

153 *Al's.* Q1, Alas.

} submission

[SCENE II. — *A Room in Frankford's House.*]

Enter Cranwell, Frankford, and Nicke.

Cranwell. Why do you search each room
about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?

Frankford. O sir to see that nothing may be
left

That ever was my wives. I lov'd her deerely,
And when I do but thinke of her unkindnesse,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoide which
torment,

I would not have a bodkin or a cuffe,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier;
Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seeke round about.

Nick. 'Sblood, master! here's her lute flung
in a corner.

Frank. Her lute! O God! upon this instru-
ment

Her fingers have ran quicke division,
Sweeter then that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have
now

9 *call'd.* Not in Q1.

14 *ran.* Q1, Pearson, Collier, Verity, run; Ward, rung.

15 *Sweeter.* Reed, Swifter.

Frets of my heart-strings made. O Master
Cranwell,

Oft hath she made this melancholly wood
(Now mute and dumbe for her disastrous
chance)

Speake sweetly many a note, sound many a
straine 20

To her owne ravishing voice, which being well
strung,

What pleasant strange aires have they joyntly
rung!

Post with it after her; now nothing's left;

Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. Ile ride and over-take her; do my
message, 25

And come back agen. [Exit.]

Cran. Meane time sir, if you please,
Ile to Sir Francis Acton, and informe him
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please. How ill am I
bested,

To be a widdower ere my wife be dead! 30

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. — *A Country Road.*]

Enter Mistris Frankford, with Jenkin, her maide Sisly, her Coach-man, and three Carters [whose wains are loaded with furnishings for the Manor-House].

Anne. Bid my coach stay: why should I ride
in state,

Being hurl'd so low downe by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chaire, and for my bed a grave.

Jenkin. Comfort, good mistris; you have watered your coach with teares already: you have but two mile now to goe to your mannor. A man cannot saie by my olde master Frankford as he may say by me, that hee wantes manners; for he hath three or foure, of which this is one that we are going to now.

Sisly. Good mistris, be of good cheere; sorrow you see hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourne to see you so sad.

Carter. Mistris I see some of my landlords men Come riding post; 'tis like he brings some newes.

Anne. Comes he from M[aster] Frankford,
he is welcome;
So is his newes because they come from him.

15 see some. Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, spy one.

18 is. Q1, Pearson and Verity, are.

Enter Nicke.

Nick. [*Presenting lute.*] There.

Anne. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee :

20

We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. Would that had beene the worst instrument that ere you played on. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can finde that was ever yours; he hath nothing left that 25
ever you could lay claime to but his owne heart, and he could afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prayes you to forget him, and so he bids you farwell.

Anne. I thanke him; he is kinde, and ever was.

30

All you that have true feeling of my greefe,
That know my losse, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and helpe me with your teares
To wash my spotted sinnes: my lute shall
grone;

It cannot weepe, but shall lament my mone. 35

Enter Wendoll [*behind*].

Wendoll. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soule,
And with the sharpe scourge of repentance
lash'd,

24 *unto ye.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, to ye.

26 *lay claime to.* Q1, claim to lay.

27 *could afford.* Collier (1825), could not afford.

29 *you.* Q1, your. Q2, yon.

I flye from mine owne shadow. O my starres !
 What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,
 That you should lay this penance on their
 sonne?

40

When I but thinke of Master Frankfords love,
 And lay it to my treason, or compare
 My murthering him for his releeving me,
 It strikes a terror like a lightnings flash
 To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owle, 45
 Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
 Affraid of every leafe or murmuring blast,
 Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
 How he hath dealt with her. [*Sees Mistress Frank-*
ford.] Oh my sad fate!

Heere, and so farre from home, and thus attended! 50

Oh God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
 That ever liv'd together and being divided
 In severall places, make their severall mone;
 She in the fields laments, and he at home.

So poets write that Orpheus made the trees 55

And stones to dance to his melodious harpe,
 Meaning the rusticke and the barbarous hinds,
 That had no understanding part in them:

So she from these rude carters teares extracts,
 Making their flinty hearts with greefe to rise, 60
 And draw downe rivers from their rocky eyes.

38 *mine.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, *my.*

61 *downe.* Not in Q1.

Anne. [*To Nick.*] If you returne unto your
master, say

(Though not from me; for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpets tongue)
That you have seene me weepe, wish my selfe
dead.

65

Nay, you may say to^d(for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eate and drinke my
last.

This to your master you may say and sweare;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed heere.

Nic. Ile say you wept: Ile sweare you made
me sad.

70

Why how now, eyes? what now? what's heere
to do?

I'me gone, or I shall straite turne baby to.

Wen. I cannot weepe, my heart is all on fire;
Curst be the fruites of my unchaste desire!

Anne. Go breake this lute upon my coaches
wheele,

75

As the last musicke that I ere shall make;
Not as my husbands gift, but my farwell
To all earths joy; and so your master tell.

Nic. If I can for crying.

Wen.

Greefe, have done,

Or like a mad-man I shall franticke ronne.

80

62 *your.* Q2, Collier and Ward, my.

64 *so.* Not in Q1.

72 *I me.* Q1, I am.

75 *upon.* Not in Q1.

Anne. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch
on earth;
A woman made of teares: would you had
words

To expresse but what you see! My inward greefe
No tongue can utter: yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose 85
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nic. Ile do your commendations.

Anne. O no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children;
I am disclaim'd in both, alas I am:
O never teach them, when they come to speake, 90
To name the name of mother: chide their
tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis nought: for when that word they
name,
(Poore pretty soules!) they harpe on their owne
shame.

Wen. To recompence her wrongs, what canst
thou do? 95
Thou hast made her husbandlesse, and childlesse
to.

Anne. I have no more to say. Speake not for
me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nic. Ile doo't. [Exit.]

Wen. Ile speake to her, and comfort her in
greefe. 100

Oh, but her wound cannot be cur'd with words:
No matter though, Ile do my best good will
To worke a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my
home,

So to my death-bed; for from this sad houre 105
I never will nor eate, nor drinke, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleepe, nor rest;
But when my teares have wash'd my blacke soule
white,

Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yeeld my sprite. 110

Wen. O Mistris Frankford —

Anne. O for Gods sake flye!

The devill doth come to tempt me ere I dye.

My coach! this sinne, that with an angels face
Conjur'd mine honor, till he sought my wracke,
In my repentant eye seemes ugly blacke. 115

*Exeunt all, [except Wendoll and Jenkin,] the
Carters whistling.*

Jenk. What, my yong master that fled in his
shirt! How come you by your clothes againe?

113 *sinne.* Collier (1825) and Verity, fiend.

114 *Conjur'd.* Q1, Courted.

115 *eye.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, eyes. *ugly blacke.* Collier (1850) and Ward punctuate: ugly, black.

You have made our house in a sweet pickle,
 ha' ye not, thinke you? What, shall I serve you
 still, or cleave to the old house? 120

Wen. Hence slave! away with thy unseason'd
 mirth!

Unlesse thou canst shed teares, and sigh, and
 howle,

Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaime on fate,
 Thou art not for my turne.

Jenk. Marry, and you will not, another will: 125
 farwell and be hang'd! Would you had never
 come to have kept this quoile within our doores;
 we shall ha you run away like a spright againe.

[*Exit.*]

Wen. Shee's gone to death; ~~I live to want
 and woe;~~

Her life, her sinnes, and all upon my head. 130

And I must now go wander like a Caine

In forraigne countries and remoted climes,

Where the report of my ingratitude

Cannot be heard. Ile over first to France,

And so to Germany and Italy; 135

~~Where when I have recovered, and by travell~~

~~Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these
 rumors~~

~~May in their heighth abate, I will returne:~~

119 *ha' ye.* Q1, have you. 125 *and.* Verity and Ward, an.

127 *quoile.* Modern editions, except Pearson, coil.

And I divine (how ever now dejected)
 My worth and parts being by some great man
 praisd,
 At my returne I may in court be raisd. *Exit.* 140

[SCENE IV. — *Before the Manor-House.*]

Enter Sir Francis, Sir Charles, Cranwell and Susan.

Francis. Brother, and now my wife, I thinke
 these troubles
 Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
 For being so strict to you in your extremities;
 But we are now atton'd. I would my sister
 Could with like happinesse orecome her greefes, 5
 As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Master Cranwell, won-
 drous things,
 Touching the patience of that gentleman,
 With what strange virtue he demeanes his
 greefe.

Cranwell. I told you what I was witness of; 10
 It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran. O that same villen Wendoll! t'was
 his tongue
 That did corrupt her; she was of her selfe
 Chast and devoted well. Is this the house?

Cran. Yes sir, I take it heere your sister lies. 15

10 was witness. Modern editions, was a witness.

Fran. My brother Frankford shew'd too milde
 a spirit
 In the revenge of such a loathed crime ;
 Lesse than he did, no man of spirit could do :
 I am so farre from blaming his revenge,
 That I commend it. Had it bin my case, 20
 Their soules at once had from their brests bene
 freed :
 Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin [and Sisly].

Jenkin. O my mistris, mistris, my poore
 mistris !

Sisly. Alas that ever I was borne ! what shal 25
 I do for my poore mistris ?

Char. Why, what of her ?

Jenk. O Lord sir, she no sooner heard that
 her brother and hir friends were come to see
 how shee did, but shee, for very shame of her 30
 guilty conscience, fell into such a swoond, that
 we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas that she should beare so hard a
 fate !

Pitty it is repentance comes too late.

Enter, &c. Verity would stage this as a separate scene, within
 the manor-house.

28-32 *O Lord . . . in her.* Q1 prints Jenkin's speech here and
 below (36-41) as verse.

29 *hir.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, his.

31 *such a swoond, that.* Q1, a swoune, and.

32 *in her.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, into her.

Fran. Is she so weake in body? 35

Jenk. O sir, I can assure you ther's no hope of life in hir, for she will take no sust'nance: she hath plainly starv'd hir selfe, and now shee's as leane as a lath. She ever lookes for the good 40
houre. Many gentlemen and gentle-women of the countrey are come to comfort her.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V.—*A Chamber in the Manor-House.*]

Enter Mistris Frankford in her bed. [*Enter, later, Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton, Malby, Cranwell, and Susan.*]

Malby. How fare you Mistris Frankford?

Anne. Sicke, sicke, oh sicke. Give me some aire, I pray.

Tell me, oh tell me, where's Master Frankford? Will not [he] deigne to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes Mistris Frankford: divers gentlemen, 5

Your loving neighbors, with that just request Have moov'd, and told him of your weake estate: Who though with much ado to get beleefe, Examining of the generall circumstance, Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, 10

2 *I pray.* Q1 and modern editions, except Collier, I pray you.

3 *where's.* Modern editions, except Pearson, where is.

4 *he.* Not in Q2. Collier, *Will he not.*

And hearing therewithall the great desire
 You have to see him ere you left the world,
 He gave to us his faith to follow us,
 And sure he will be heere immediately.

Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the
 pleasing newes :

Raise me a little higher in my bed.

Blush I not brother Acton? Blush I not Sir
 Charles?

Can you not reade my fault writ in my cheeke?
 Is not my crime there? tell me gentlemen.

Charles. Alas good mistris, sicknesse hath not
 left you

Bloud in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne. Then sicknesse, like a friend, my fault
 wold hide.

Is my husband come? My soule but tarries
 His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Fran. I came to chide you; but my words
 of hate

Are turn'd to pittie and compassionate greefe.
 I came to rate you, but my braules you see
 Melt into teares, and I must weepe by thee.
 Heres M[aster] Frankford now.

15 *have.* Not in Q1. *the.* Q1, Pearson and Verity, those.

17 *brother Acton.* Q1, maister Frankfort.

22 *Then . . . hide.* Q1 gives this line to Sir Charles.

24 *then.* Q1, and.

25-9 *I . . . now.* Q1 gives this speech to Sir Charles.

Enter Frankford.

Frankford. Good morrow brother; morrow gentlemen: 30

God that hath laid this crosse upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of
meeting

On a more faire and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Me thinkes that
voice I know. 35

Frank. How do you woman?

Anne. Well, M[aster] Frankford, well; but
shall be better,

I hope, within this houre. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)

To take a spotted strumpet by the hand? 40

Frank. This hand once held my heart in
faster bonds

Then now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first breake hold!

Anne. Amen, amen.

Out of my zeale to heaven, whether I'me now
bound,

I was so impudent to wish you heere; 45

And once more begge your pardon. Oh good man,

30 *morrow gentlemen.* Q1, good morrow gentlemen.

33 *more contented.* Q1, a more contented.

41 *This.* Q1, That.

44 *I me.* Q1, I am.

And father to my children, pardon me.
 Pardon, O pardon me! My fault so heynous is,
 That if you in this world forgive it not,
 Heaven will not cleere it in the world to come. 50
 Faintnesse hath so usurp'd upon my knees
 That kneele I cannot, but on my hearts knees
 My prostrate soule lies throwne downe at your
 feet

To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon
 me!

Frank. As freely from the low depth of my
 soule 55

As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
 I pardon thee. I will shed teares for thee,
 Pray with thee; and in meere pittie of thy weake
 estate,

Ile wish to dye with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nicke. So will not I;

Ile sigh and sob, but by my faith not dye. 60

Fran. O Master Frankford, all the neere al-
 liance

I loose by her shall be supply'd in thee;
 You are my brother by the nearest way;
 Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth stay. 65

58-9 *Pray with thee.* Pearson and Verity add to 57.

Q1 reads:

Pray with thee, and in meere pittie
 Of thy weake state, Ile wish to die with thee.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon at that day
When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet
sits,

So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant teares
Unite our soules.

Char. Then comfort Mistris Frankford, 70
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouze your spirits, and cheere your faint-
ing soule.

Susan. How is it with you?

Fran. How de'ye feele your selfe?

Anne. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weepe to
see it. 75

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee backe,
And with this kisse I wed thee once againe:
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that greefe upon thy death-bed lyeest, 80
Honest in heart, upon my soule, thou dyest.

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soule, thou in heaven
art free;

Once more thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

[Dies.]

73 *de'ye.* Q1 and Pearson, do you; Verity, do ye.

83 *Once . . . thee.* Q2 and Pearson punctuate this line by a comma after *wife*; Collier (1825) and Verity by a colon after *more*, understanding the opening words as an appeal for one more kiss.

Frank. New married, and new widdow'd. Oh
she's dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptiall bed. 85

Char. Sir be of good comfort; and your heavy
sorrow

Part equally amongst us: stormes divided
Abate their force, and with lesse rage are guided.

Cranwell. Do Master Frankford; he that hath
least part

Will finde enough to drowne one troubled hart. 90

Fran. Peace with thee Nan. Brothers and
gentlemen,

(All we that can plead interest in her greefe,)
Bestow upon her body funerall teares.

Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sinne, the greefe of her offence 95

Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her
heart.

Frank. I see it had not: therefore on her
grave

Will I bestow this funerall epitaph,
Which on her marble toombe shall be ingrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd; 100

Heere lyes she whom her husbands kindnesse kill'd.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE

*An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
 Came to a taverne by, and call'd for wine:
 The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
 And told them it was pleasant, neate, and fine.
 Taste it, quoth one. He did so. Fie! quoth hee; 5
 This wine was good; now 't runs too neere the
 lee.*

*Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
 And saide unto the rest it drunke too flat;
 The third said, it was olde; the fourth, too new;
 Nay, quoth the fift, the sharpenesse likes me
 not. 10*

*Thus gentlemen you see, how in one houre,
 The wine was new, old, flat, sharpe, sweete, and
 soure.*

*Unto this wine we do allude our play;
 Which some will judge too triviall, some too grave:
 You as our guests we entertaine this day, 15
 And bid you welcome to the best we have.
 Excuse us then; good wine may be disgrast,
 When every severall mouth hath sundry tast.*

Notes to A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse

For the meaning of single words not here discussed see the Glossary

3, 13. give the foyle. An old wrestling phrase. In its exact use, the foil was almost but not quite a fall. It is also a fencing phrase. See Jonson's *Timber, Censura de poetis*, end. (Schelling's ed., pp. 22-3.) The meaning here is, more generally, overthrow or defeat. Cf. "nor let your foyle deject you." *Works*, III, 177.

5, 2. the shaking of the sheets. A popular tune, mentioned by a number of the Elizabethan dramatists and variously known as *The Shaking of the Sheets, Dance after my Pipe*, and *The Doleful Dance and Song of Death*. However doleful the title, the tune is blithe enough.

"The piper he struck up and merrily he did play
The shakeing of the sheets, and eke the Irish hay."

(*The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. 7 (1893), pp. 342-4. Also Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 84-6.)

5, 5. the ballet. This ballad is given to the full length of its eleven stanzas by Chappell, from a black-letter copy in the Ashmolean Museum. The first stanza as quoted here is from the MS. copy in the British Museum.

"Canne you dance the shakinge of the sheetes,
a daunce that everie man must doe ?
can you trime it up with daintie sweetes
and everie thinge that longs thereto ?
make readie then your winding sheete,
and see how you can besturre your feete,
for death is the man that all must meete."

6, 13-24. Y' are . . . hir. On the essentials for happy marriage compare Heywood's *Annotations upon Procus and Puella*, *Works*, VI, 131-2.

7, 45. **tooke the grace of honest man**, assumed the honorable estate of husband.

8, 54. **to her dowre**. A common Elizabethan use of the preposition. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, ¶ 189 (1888).

9, 84. **country measures**. A collection of these was printed for John Playford in 1650 as *The English Dancing Master: or, Plaine and easie rules for the dancing of Country Dances, with the tune to each dance*. This book, which by 1728 had run through eighteen editions, gives, from first to last, more than two hundred tunes. A bibliography of English Country Dance Music is appended to Frank Kidson's collection of *Old English Country Dances* (1890). For reprints of some of these old dances, see *The Country Dance Book*, Cecil J. Sharp, Pts. I-IV.

10, 96. **angels**, gold coins whose device was the archangel Michael treading down the dragon. The angel was first coined by Edward IV and last by Charles I. Its value grew from less than seven shillings to ten. The word was fruitful in puns, as, for instance, in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Pilgrimage*, where it is said of "Heaven's bribeless Hall" that there

"Christ is the King's Attorney
Who pleads for all, without degrees;
And He hath angels, but no fees."

11, 106. **clap ye hands**, shake hands in confirmation of an agreement. Cf. Shakespeare's *Henry V*, v, ii, 133, and *King John*, III, i, 235. Dekker has, in *Lanthorne and Candle-Light* (1608): "Shake hands with old *Mounsier Cavaliero Horse-Courser*, but clap no bargain upon it." (Dent ed., p. 252.)

11, 112. **hold my day**, keep my day. So Shakespeare has (*Merry Wives*, v, v, 258) "hold your word." The corresponding phrase "break his day" is often used by Heywood. (E.g., *Works*, I, 303; II, 28, 30; IV, 42, 49, 50.) (Cf. "fail his hour," VI, 365; "breake an houre," II, 28; "break one minute," II, 370; "Breake he, or not directly keepe his day," VI, 294.)

11, 2. **trace**, dance, apparently forward and back again at caprice. Cf. *The Four Elements* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, I, 47):

"Ye shall se me dance a course
Without a minstrel be it better or worse;
Follow all: I will lead a trace."

Spenser's Coridon (*Fairy Queen*, vi, ix, 42) "could daunce, and trimly trace." But the Elizabethans used the word quite as often in the sense of *walk*. See Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, III, i, 16. In *Cambises*, where a lord invites a lady (line 861) to "trace abroad the beauty feelds" with him, the stage direction reads: "Heere trace up and downe playing." Observers speak of them as "sporting" and "walking." In *The Shirburn Ballads* (1585-1606), no. 44 (Clark's ed. 1907, p. 187), we have:

"Walke abroad for hart's desyre ;

Trase thorow many a medowe greene."

Heywood has "taverne-tracers" in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange* (*Works*, II, 28). Cf. Sir John Davies' *Orchestra or a Poeme on Dauncing*, st. 110:

"Concord's true picture shineth in this Art,
Where divers men and women rankèd be,
And every one doth daunce a severall part,
Yet all as one, in measure doe agree,
Observing perfect uniformitie ;
All turne together, all together trace,
And all together honour and embrace."

See also sts. 13 and 18.

11, 2. **traverse**, dance, but in a movement different, evidently, from *trace*; perhaps crossing or turning. Cf. *Orchestra*, st. 63:

"As when a Nimph arysing from the land,
Leadeth a daunce with her long watery traine
Down to the Sea ; she wries to every hand,
And every way doth crosse the fertile plaine ;
But when at last shee falls into the Maine,
Then all her traverses concluded are,
And with the Sea her course is circulare."

Phillips (in his *New World of English Words*, 1658) defines *traverses* as "turnings and windings."

12, 7. **My humor is not compendious**. The old physiology — well known to Chaucer's cock and hen — claimed that a man's temperament (humor) was determined by the ruling fluid of

the four, "Sanguin, Choller, Flegme, and Melancholly," that made up the blood. This literal meaning of the word we get in a letter of 1600 from Sir Robert Sidney, younger brother of Sir Philip, to Sir John Harington, — a letter telling of illness and convalescence: "I supp broth from the Queens kitchen, and eat of her Majesties sweet cakes, which do nourish my poor blood, and cherish good humour." But the word humor had already taken on so many derived meanings — as all acquaintances of Nym know — that it had become an object of ridicule. In Stuart times, it was commonly used in the sense of "disposition." The word *compendious*, in the signification "all-embracing," may be noted in Shackerley Marmion's *Funerall Sacrifice*, contributed to the *Jonsonus Virbius* (1638). This mourner for his "thrice honour'd Father" calls on the Astrologers to demonstrate

"Where His Star shines, and what part of the Skie,
Holds His compendious Divinity."

In the *Apology for Actors*, Heywood excuses an omission necessitated by his plan of a brief general survey, saying: "But I have promised to be altogether compendious." Cf. use in *Works*, II, 57, and in *Gunaikeion*, p. 239.

12, 9-10. **since I am falne into the hands of Sisly Milk-pale, I consent.** But Cicely, the belle of the company, had been assigned to the dashing Jack Slime.

12, 13. **serving creatures.** Heywood uses this phrase again in *Works*, v, 313, and often (as in *Works*, v, 340) notes the blue coats, already old-fashioned under James, that in Elizabethan times were worn by serving-men, with their master's badge in silver on the left sleeve. (Cf. Collier's *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, I, 3-4.)

13, 35. **Rogero.** This tune seems to have been of a remarkably accommodating character. Martial lays were sung to it, as *Chevy Chase*, and that ballad — very likely known to Shakespeare — by Thomas Deloney, "the balleting silke-weaver of Norwich," in which the men of Kent, opposing William the Conqueror, anticipate the stratagem made famous in *Macbeth*:

"For when they spied his approach, in place as they did stand
Then marched they to have him in, each one a bough in hand,

So that unto the Conqueror's sight, amazed as he stood,
 They seem'd to be a walking grove, or els a mooving wood.
 The shape of men he could not see, the boughs did hide them so:
 And now his heart for feare did quake, to see a forest goe."

But Rogero adapted itself with equal facility to the most sentimental love-songs, even

" Mine owne deare lady brave,
 Would God it were my hap
 To be the spaniell that you have
 To dandle in your lap,"

and to a "most godly and comfortable ballad of the glorious Resurrection."

13, 36-7. **The Beginning of the World.** A second name for "the old hop-about commonly called *Sellenger's Round*." (Quoted by Chappell from *Bacchus' Bountie*, 1593.) This second name, Chappell points out, is explained in the comedy *Lingua* (1607) where Sellenger's Round is mentioned by Anamnestes as the music heard "the first time the planets played; I remember Venus, the treble, ran sweet division upon Saturn, the base. The first tune they played was Sellenger's Round, in memory whereof, ever since, it hath been called *The Beginning of the World*." It is so mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire* (*Works*, IV, 215).

13, 38-9. **John come kisse me now.** A prime favorite among the old tunes. Birds were said to whistle it, and girls were taught to play it on the virginals. The so-called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* contains it, and it was printed in several of the Tudor song collections. The refrain runs:

" John come kisse me now,
 John come kisse me now,
 John come kisse me by and by,
 And make no more adoe."

13, 41. **the cushion dance.** An old round dance described as follows in *The Dancing-Master* (ed. 1703):—

"This Dance is begun by a single person, (either Man or Woman,) who taking a Cushion in his hand dances about the Room, and at the end of the 'Tune he stops, and sings, *This Dance*

it will no farther go. The Musician answers, *I pray you, good sir, why say you so?* Man. *Because Joan Sanderson will not come to.* Musich. *She must come to, and she shall come to, and she must come whether she will or no.* Then he lays down the Cushion before a Woman, on which she kneels, and he kisses her singing, *Welcome Joan Sanderson, welcom welcom.* Then she rises, takes up the Cushion and both dance, singing, *Prinkum-prankum is a fine Dance, and shall we go dance it once again, once again, and once again, and shall we go dance it once again?* Then making a stop the wo. sings, as before, *This Dance, &c.* Musich. *I pray you, Madam, &c.* Woman, *Because John Sanderson, &c.* Musich. *He must, &c.* And so she lays down the Cushion before a man, who kneeling upon it salutes her, she singing, *Welcom John Sanderson, &c.* Then he taking up the Cushion, they take hands and dance round, singing as before; and thus they do till the whole Company are taken into the Ring. Then the Cushion is laid before the first man, the wo. singing, *This Dance, &c.* (as before) only instead of — *come to*, they sing — *go fro*; and instead of *welcom John Sanderson, &c.*, they sing, *Farewel John Sanderson, farewel, farewel*; and so they go out one by one as they came in. Note, The woman is kiss'd by all the men in the Ring at her coming in and going out, and likewise the man by the women."

13, 43. **Tom Tyler.** Directions for the country dance of *Tom Tinker* are given in *The Dancing Master*, 2nd ed., 1652. Tom Tiler was one of the tunes selected for the interrupted wedding-sports in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, i, ii. *Tom Tiler* and *Sel-lenger's Round* were two of the English country dances which Clem taught to the black beauties of Fez in return for their "Moriscoes." (See *Fair Maid of the West*, part II, *Works*, II, 355.)

13, 44-5. **The Hunting of the Fox.** Hunting-songs were in high favour, especially with Henry VIII. Chappel gives *Hunt's Up*, *The Hunting of the Hare*, and several others, but nothing under this precise title. In Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609, however, may be found a fox song to the tune of *Trenchmore*, — a tune sometimes given as *Trenchmore, or To morrow the Fox will come to Town*. The first stanza runs:

"To morrow the Fox will come to towne,
keep, keep, keep, keep, keepe:

To morrow the fox will come to towne,
 O keep you all wel there.
 I must desire you neighbors all
 to hallow the fox out of the hall,
 and cry as loud as you can call,
 whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop,
 and cry as loud as you can cal,
 O keepe you all well there."

13, 46. **The Hay.** The "winding Heyes" (Sir John Davies' *Orchestra*, st. 64) were of the nature of a reel. In the *Orchiesographie* of Thoinot Arbeau (1588) the *Blante de la Haye* is thus described: "Elle se dance par mesure binaire, comme la Courante. Les danceurs seuls, & l'un apres l'autre, premierement dancent l'air en façon de Courante, & sur la fin s'entrelacent, & font la haye les uns parmy les aultres."

The Hay required at least three couples and, as danced in England to the tune of Trenchmore, was a noisy, wild performance. Selden, whose *Table-Talk* reports his sayings during the last twenty years (1634-54) of his life, deprecates the growing taste for this rude frolic:—

"The Court of *England* is much alter'd. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and all this is kept up with ceremony; at length to *Trenchmore* and the Cushion-Dance, then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, gravity and state were kept up. In King *James's* time things were pretty well. But in King *Charles's* time, there has been nothing but *Trenchmore*, and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly-polly, *hoite come toite*." (Dent ed., pp. 67-8.)

The Hay was a favorite rustic dance. Middleton says (*Women beware Women*, III, ii, 216) "farmers dance the hay." Cf. Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, i, 161. It was so boisterous, with heavy stamping like that which dinted Master Frankford's floor and with reckless bounding over stools and tables, that the dancers often fell. John Davies of Hereford, inveighing against foolish authors in *A Scourge for Paper-Persecutors* (1625), says:

"Their Workes with Winde and Raine do dance the Hay;
 For they fall downe-right."

In Buckingham's comedy of *The Rehearsal* (1672) the earth, sun and moon are ridiculously represented (v, i) as dancing the Hay to the tune of *Trenchmore*. See also Belles-Lettres ed. of Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, 18, 26-29. There are interesting allusions to the intricacy of the Hay in Sir John Davies' *Orchestra*, sts. 53 and 106, and to its riotous character in st. 47, telling how the winds keep revelry with "violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes." For heys used in Country Dances, see *Country Dance Book*, C. J. Sharp, pt. II, pp. 41-8.

13, 47. **I have said, do say and will say againe.** Nick's impressive style of utterance, here and below in 51, suggests an echo of folk formula or refrain, like that in "the old tale" of Mr. Fox (alluded to by Beatrice, in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, 1, i, 216-17) "it is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so."

13, 53. **Put on your smocke a Monday.** This tune is given in the later editions of *The Dancing Master*. The phrase is mentioned by Fletcher (*Love's Cure*, II, ii, 8), and the tune, *Put on the smock o' Mundaye*, in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, p. 22, Macray's ed.

14, 3. **Sellengers Round.** This was one of the oldest of the country dances. (See note on 13, 36-7 above.) Middleton alludes in *Father Hubbard's Tales* (Bullen ed., VIII, 81) to the "dancing of Sellenger's Round in moonshine nights about Maypoles." Kemp says in *The Return from Parnassus* (Arber ed., p. 59), — "there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of Dick Burbage and Will Kempe."

14, **Scene 3.** Sir A. W. Ward doubts Heywood's practical knowledge of falconry, adducing as an instance the time set for this match, the early morning, whereas Salvin and Brodrick (*Falconry in the British Isles*, 1873) state that hawks fly best in the evening. Yet Master Page goes "a-birding," with his "fine hawk" directly after breakfast (Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*, III, iii, 247), and Dame Juliana Berners, in the *Boke of Saynt Albans*, tells "How you shall make your Hawke flye with a good courage in the morning." Willughby claims (in his *Ornithology*, fol. 1678, p. 410) that the best time to fly a hawk varies with the individual bird, that "the Falconer ought to consult the natures and dispositions of his

Hawks, and should carefully observe which fly high when in good plight, and which best when they are kept low, which are sharpest set, and which on the contrary in a mean between both, which early at Sun-rising, which when the Sun is but two hours high, which sooner, and which later in an evening. For know that the natures of Hawks are different; so are the times to fly each one."

Apparently the scene opens in the midst of the trial, when the hawk of Sir Francis has been flown, and the falconer of Sir Charles has just cast off the rival bird. Sir Francis' merlin had struck the quarry, which escaped to the river. Thence it was twice driven out into the fields by its pursuer, until finally the merlin, hiding in the stubble, caught it on the ground and killed it there.

14, 1. well cast off! aloft, aloft! "The falconer at once unhooded and cast off the falcon, whistling her from his fist. Mounting higher and higher in wide circles, she seemed to the ordinary looker as though she would be lost for ever in the clouds. . . . At length the falcon, swinging round and round in lessening circles, reached her full pitch, and hung steadily with her head to the wind." Madden's *The Diary of Master William Silence*, pp. 200-01.

14, 2. takes her at the sowse, pounces down upon her from above, stunning or slaying the quarry "at one fell swoop." Cf. Heywood's use as intransitive verb in *Works*, III, 205; VI, 79, 247, 254; and Shakespeare's use as transitive in *King John*, v, ii, 150. According to Lascelles' *Coursing and Falconry* (p. 279, ed. 1892) the "hawk, turning on her side, flies downward for a few strokes as hard as she can, and then with wings closed she falls like a stone slung from a mighty catapult, almost like a flash of light, right on the very top of the bird."

15, 7. plume. "A Hawke . . . plumeth when she pulleth of the feathers of any foule, or any thing, and casteth it from her." *Boke of Saynt Albans*.

15, 8. Rebecke her not, rather stand still and checke her. *N. E. D.*, — as well as the Skeat-Mayhew *Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words*, 1914 — citing this passage only, defines *Rebecke* "To beckon back, to recall, to reclaim." But this is hardly a natural direction under the circumstances. Neither can the word *checke* have here its frequent Elizabethan meaning of "rate, rebuke," for Michell (*The Art and Practice of Hawking*, 1900)

especially notes that hawks will not put up with scolding or with punishment. "To strike a hawk, or rate her, is to forfeit at once her respect, and what may be called her affection" (p. 256). Edmund Bert, in his *Approved Treatise of Hawkes and Hawking* (1619), says you must ever use your hawk with a "loving respect."

As I understand the situation, Sir Charles's hawk has just struck down a bird and stands with her foot upon her quarry. It is a critical moment, for at the least alarm she may fly up into a tree with her dinner to enjoy it unmolested. This tendency of a hawk to fly away with her game is technically termed "carrying," a fault to which merlins, says Michell, are especially prone. Thus the sportsmen in the field are standing still in their places, while the falconer waits his opportunity to creep in upon the hawk and catch her up by her jesses and her bells. Bert advises a falconer, while the hawk is "upon the catch, and so long as she stands still, fearing she know not what, stand you still, not offering to goe neerer then you are, untill she fall to be busily pluming." Sir Charles is giving an intelligible direction only in case we correct this verse to read:

Rebuke her not; rather stand still and chirk her.

That is, — "Don't startle her. Stand still a minute if she seems likely to take flight and reassure her by chirping to her."

For these emendations there is the high authority of Dame Juliana Berners, who also makes clear the falconer's use of *rebuke* in the sense of *startle*.

(Cf. Turbervile's *Faulconrie*, 121: "Take heede that you caste not youre lewre into the water, least she should thereby be rebuked.")

In the *Boke of Saynt Albans* (Blades' facsimile reproduction, London, 1899), toward foot of page 21 of the (unnumbered) black letter is told, "Whan yowre hawke hath nomme a fowle how ye shall do that ye rebuke not the hawke.

"Lrene (learn) wele oon thyng, and beware thereof. Whan youre hawke hathe nomme a partrich. stonde a goode way of. and come not to nygh her. and dryve a way youre houndys for rebuking of hir. for many hawkys love noon houndys. and also many houndys will benymme theym theyre gamme from ther fote. and that is parlous. and whiles youre hawke plumith cumme softely towarde

hir. alway nere and nere. and if she leve plumyng. and loke upon you. stonde styll and cherke hir. and whistyll hir. tyll she plume ayen. and thus serve hir tyll ye be right nere hir. Than softe and layserly: satt oppon youre kneys. and prevely while she plumyth sett youre honde and be sure of the gesse. and than ye may gyde all thyng as ye will. an if ye do the contrary: she wyll for feere cary her game or let it goe quyke. and that is bot losse to you and youre hawke also.”

The *Boke of Saynt Albans* was printed in 1486. For the many reprints and for later treatises founded upon it, see Harting's *Bibliotheca Accipitraria*. The original 1486 black-letter edition, together with the Wynken de Worde edition of 1496 and the Tudor editions of 1550, 1560 and 1561, all in the British Museum, keep, with variant spelling, the words *rebukyng* and *cherke*. The same holds true of this passage as condensed in Edward Allde's *Boke of Hawkyng* (1586) and John Helme's *A Fernel for Gentry* (1614). There are several indications in the hawking scene that Heywood was using the *Boke of Saynt Albans* in some contemporary version. This might naturally have been *The Gentleman's Academie* (1595) of Gervase Markham, a man probably well known to Heywood, as their careers touch at several points. In this book the *r* has slipped into *c* and *cherke* has become *checke*, although *rebuking* stands. For the slip from *rebuke* to *rebeck*, Heywood himself or his printers may be responsible.

15, 9. **her gets, her jesses and her bels.** The word *gets*, of which Sir A. W. Ward will only say that he is sure Mr. Verity's definition *booty* is wrong, is defined by the *N. E. D.*, which cites this passage only, as "The jess of a hawk," on the understanding that *gets* is "a re-adoption of F. (get) jet, JESS." But surely Heywood had some distinction in mind between *gets* and *jesses*. The jess was the short strap, usually of stout, soft leather, but sometimes, for gala purposes, of silk, fastened to the hawk's leg and continually worn. To the lower end of the jess was attached the varvel, a small flat ring, of gold or silver, engraved with the owner's name and address. To this was secured, on occasion, the falconer's leash or line. Possibly these appurtenances of the jesses, — rings and lines — are denoted here by *gets*, or more probably, since the hawk would naturally have been freed from the weight of the leash for the

mount, the reference is to the leather strips that tied the bells to the hawk's leg.

"Bells should be made," according to Salvin and Brodrick, "as light as possible, and should be cast in one piece, as being then less liable to break than when two semi-spheres are soldered together. They are sometimes made of silver, or of German silver. Those of brass, however, give the clearest sound. Falconers generally fasten the bell to the leg or legs of their hawks, above the jesses, by narrow strips of leather called *bewits*."

15, 11. at the *querre*. *N. E. D.* regards *querre* as an obsolete form of *quarry* and defines, using this passage: "The attack or swoop made by a hawk upon a bird; the act of seizing or tearing the quarry." With this definition, we have no distinction between the work of the two hawks. The *Boke of Saynt Albans* suggests a different interpretation: "*If you will make your Hawke to the Querre, you must use her in this maner. Take a tame Mallard and set them in a plain fælde, & let him goe whether he wil then set your hawke upon your fist, and goe to that plaine and holde up your hand a pritty way off from your Mallard, and look if your hawke can espye it by her owne courage, and if she have found the foule and desire to flye to it, let her kill it, and plume wel upon her, & serve her so three or four times, and then she is made to the Querre. I have known Gentlemen that when they have seene any tame Ducks, that if their Hawkes have desired to flye at them, they have let them flye to the encouraging of them an other time, and so have wonne them to the Querre. . . . When your Hawke flieth to the Querre, wher there be in the stubble time Sardes [sords = companies] of Mallards in the fælde, and when she espieth them and commeth covert her selfe, and flye privilie to the hedges or lowe by the ground, and nim one of them ere they rise, then you may say that the foule was slain at the Querre."*

15, 14. *merlin*. In Richard Blome's *Gentleman's Recreation* (1710) he says of the merlin (section on *Hawking*, p. 86):—

"If she is well mann'd, lur'd and attended, she will prove an excellent *Hawk*, being of a quick Flight, and very bold and eager at her Game, which is the Thrush, Black-bird, Quail, Lark and the like; also the Partridge, and will attack those larger than herself: And tho' she hath not the strength to hold the Partridge, yet

with the great strength of her Beak, she will kill them, in which is her Excellency."

15, 15. **renew'd her from the river**, driven her from the river by a fresh attack.

15, 16-19. **bels**. "Look that the Belles that your Hawke shall weare if they be not too heavy, nor that they be above her power to beare, and that they be not one heavier then another, but that they be both of a weight: also look that they have a good sound and shrill, and not bothe of one sound, but that one be of a semy tune above the other, and that they be whole and not broken, especially in the sounding place: for if they be any whit broken they wil sound fully [fouly?]."

"Of Sparhawkes bells there is divers choyce, and little charge of them, for there is plenty of them: & for goshawkes the bells of Millaine were coumpted the best and they are very good: for commonly they are sounded with silver" *Boke of Saynt Albans*.

Michell tells us (*Art and Practice of Hawking*, p. 42) that at present the bells in common use come from Holland, though the best bells are made in India.

16, 22-3. **petty singles . . . long singles**. "First, Cleps [Cleys?] behinde that streineth the backe of the hand, ye shall call them talons.

"The Cleys within the foote, you shall call them her pounses.

"But the Cleys that are upon the middle stretchers, you shall call them the long sengles.

"And ye uttermost Cleys you shal cal them petty sengles." *Boke of Saynt Albans*.

Sir Francis is claiming that his hawk, in her swoop, really gripped her bird better than Sir Charles' hawk gripped hers, but the first quarry, though wounded, broke away.

16, 24. **The terrials of her legges**. There is as yet no authentic definition of *terrials*. If, as Knox maintains (in *Game Birds and Wild Fowl*, pp. 169-71) the "deadly blow is delivered by the hind talons," may not these be the *terrials* as derived from the ME. *teren* or *terren*, to tear? It may also be worth suggesting, in view of the peculiar liability of technical terms to misprint, that the bells were attached to a hawk's legs by leather loops or rings variously known as *terrests*, *terriis*, *tyrriis*, *terriets*.

16, 25-6. **Not . . . away.** Modern editions usually punctuate with a comma after *only*, as if the meaning were that some of the blood on the merlin's claws was her own and, possibly, that her own plumage had suffered in the flurry. The old punctuation favors the more natural interpretation, that the merlin did not merely scatter a few of the fowl's feathers but struck her so fiercely as to draw blood.

16, 27. **rifler.** " Oftentimes it happeneth with a Hawke, that for eagerness when she shoulde nomme a fowle, she seaseth but the feathers, and therfore suche Hawkes be called Riflers if they do oft so." *Boke of Saynt Albans*.

Blome (in his *Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 115) defines the verb *Ruff* as "when she hits the Prey, and doth not truss it."

22, 8-9. **and of my time**

Have beene a good proficient.

N. E. D., citing this illustration only, defines *proficient*: "A thing that helps or conduces to progress." But Franklin is congratulating himself upon his mental acquisitions. Is not *proficient* used here in the sense of one who makes good use of his time by improving himself, rather than in the sense of one who benefits his age?

28, 108. **early dayes.** In Dr. Thomas Cogan's *Haven of Health* (1584) it is stated: "When foure houres bee past after breakfast, a man may safely take his dinner, and the most convenient time for dinner, is about eleven of the clocke before noone." John Harington's *Orders for Household Seruantes*, drawn up by him in 1566 and renewed by his son in 1592, recognize the dinner-hour as eleven, and the supper-hour as six. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Woman-Hater*, 1, ii, 7-8, and Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (Dent ed., p. 220), where the knight invites his caller "if the sundiall of the house points towards eleaven, then to tary dinner." But Master Wincott dined at noon, according to the Clown, whose "stomach hath struck twelve." (*Works*, iv, 13.) And twelve, too, was the dinner-hour with Master Generous. (*Works*, iv, 175.) In Victor's adaptation of this play (see *Bib.*, 1776), the dinner-hour is advanced to six.

28, 6. **sute of pardon.** The intercession of courtiers and the favor of judges were not to be had for nothing.

34, 55-6. serve him in Bedlam. The priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem, originally located outside Bishopsgate, close to St. Botolph's Church, was endowed by Simon Fitz Mary, Sheriff of London in 1247. It soon became a hospital and at the Dissolution was granted by Henry VIII to the City of London, which made use of it as a lunatic asylum. Since Heywood's day, the location has twice been changed, the growth of the city forcing the asylum further out, but its use remains the same.

42, 18. our gentle stile, our rank as gentlefolk. Note, too, the "new-united stile" of Philip and Mary. (*Works*, I, 202.)

43, 42. a maske. Heywood refers to the mask, which was sometimes made of velvet, and sometimes of silk lined with fine leather, worn out of doors by city-wives and women of humbler rank as well as by ladies. The queen and duchess enter "with their riding rods, unpinning their maskes" (*Works*, I, 39), and Mistress Shore's entrance is similarly acted (I, 81), while we learn from Tawny-coat (I, 259) that "a darie-wench will not ride to market, to sell her butter-milke, without her maske."

45, 76-8. A poore . . . sake. Heywood makes mention elsewhere of the sufferings of prisoners. See *Works*, II, 24 and 31, with Pearson's notes, II, 427. Also v, 254 and 365. Among the "Cries of London Town" was: "Some broken Breade and meate for ye poore prisoners: for the Lords sake pittie the poore." Cf. the prison scene in *The City Gallant* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, pp. 257-62).

53, 110. the double guilt, the well-hatch ore, the pure, refined gold, the naturally noble quality.

54, 120. to cards. Cards were known to Italy in the fourteenth century, and during the fifteenth won their way into the principal countries of Europe. The fashion seems to have come into England with the Tudors. E. S. Taylor, in his *History of Playing Cards* (1865), states: "Certain it is, that until the latter part of the fifteenth century, we find no absolute historic certainty of the existence of English cards properly so called." See also S. W. Singer's *Researches into the History of Playing Cards and Printing* (1816). According to Camden's *Remains* (p. 378), John Heywood "used to say, he did not love to play at kinge and queene but at *Christmasse*, according to the old order of England, — that few men played at cardes but at *Christmasse*, and then almost all,

men and boyes." Cf. *Shirburn Ballads*, pp. 343-5. Mary Tudor, when a princess, was addicted to "plays at the cardes," although *Hyckescorner* (c. 1530) counts "joly carders" (line 374) among the ungodly. Shakespeare derives a few metaphors from card-play.

55, 145. **noddy**. Collier (1825) suggests that this may be the game now called cribbage. He notes that *The Compleat Gamester* in describing this game (2d ed., 1680, p. 76) designates the knave of trumps as Knave Noddy. *N. E. D.* cites from Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688), "Noddy, and Cribbidge-Noddy." A brief description of the game is there given. The name easily lends itself to jest, as in *The Return from Parnassus* (Prologue): "Gentlemen, you that can play at *noddy*, or rather play upon *noddies*." The game is mentioned by Day, Nash, Middleton; and in Jonson's masque of *Love Restored* there is an apparently satiric allusion to the "witty invention of Noddy." The name is sometimes given as *Seize-Noddy*. See notes on 155 and 165 below.

55, 147. **double ruffe**, the forerunner of whist. In Charles Cotton's *The Compleat Gamester*, whose first edition came out in 1664, it is stated: "Ruff and Honours (alias Slam) and Whist, are Games so commonly known in England in all parts thereof, that every child almost of Eight Years hath a competent knowledge in that recreation." These games, he adds, differ little one from another. "At Ruff and Honours . . . four playing having dealt twelve a piece, there are four left for the Stock, the uppermost whereof is turn'd up. And that is Trumps, he that hath the Ace of that, Ruffs; that is, he takes in those four cards, and lays out four others in their lieu; the four Honours are the Ace, King, Queen, and Knave."

Singer identifies *Ruff* — also known as *Whist* — and its varieties of *Double Ruff*, *Vide Ruff* or *Wide Ruff*, *Cross Ruff* and *Ruff and Honours*, with the ancient game of *Trump* and quotes from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (c. 1553) II, ii, 26-9 (Gayley's ed.) — Cf. *The Old Wives Tale*, 60-1 (Gayley's ed., p. 353), and note. Taylor considers the game identical with the French *Triomphe* and the Italian *Trionfo*, and therefore the origin of *Écarté*. See also note on 158 below.

Cf. *Fortune by Land and Sea* (*Works*, VI, 434): "I have been robbed, but not at ruffe, yet they that have robbed you see what a poor stock they have left me."

55, 154. **knave out of doores.** Apparently one of the simpler, familiar games. "A proper new Ballad on the Old Parliament" has, for its sub-title, "Or, the second part of Knave out of Doores."

55, 155. **lodam**, also printed *lodum*, *loadam*, *loadem*, *loadum*, *load him*. Collier (1825) says this is a game not entirely disused. Florio speaks of it in 1591, and Cotgreve in 1611. It is mentioned, with Noddy and Post, in an epigram by Sir John Harington, who died in 1612. And in the Prologue to *The Return from Parnassus* (acted 1602) we read: "You that have been student at Post and Pair, Saint and Lodam." Singer says (p. 244, note) that Lodam is mentioned in one of the Spanish and English Dialogues at the end of Minshew's Spanish Dictionary as "a play of much patience." He throws a little more light upon it in the following: "In a satirical tract, apparently translated from the German, entitled, *the True History of Pope Joan*, we have the following clue to trace from whence this game was derived. Speaking of the Jesuits, the author says, 'A certain prince of ours did compare them unto a game of cardes, in which the gamesters like loadam play and bring them forth last that are of most price, to beat down the adverse party.'" See also note on 158 below.

55, 156. **saint**, the game of *cent* or *Hundreds*, one hundred being the winning sum of points. It was sometimes known as Mount Saint, which in Lewis Machin's *The Dumb Knight* (1608) is called (Hazlitt's Dodsley, x, 186)

"A royal game, and worthy of the name."

It is also mentioned in *Lingua* (1607), in Dekker's *The Belman of London* (1608), and in Davenant's *The Wits* (1634).

There is a curious allusion to this game in Sir Thomas Urquhart's tract, *The Jewel*, "found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets, the Day after the Fight," 1651: "For of a king they [the Presbyterians] only make use, for their own ends. . . . Verily, I think they make use of kings in their consistorian state, as we do of card-kings in playing at the hundred; any one whereof, if there be appearance of a better game without him, and that the exchange of him for another incoming card is like to conduce more for drawing of the stake, is by good gamesters without any ceremony dis-

carded." Taylor says of *Saint*: "As it is of Spanish origin [*Cientos*] and has some appearance of having resembled Piquet, the two games may have been to a certain extent identical." See also note on 158 below.

55, 157. **My saints turn'd devill.** Although Shakespeare's sonnets were first printed as a whole in 1609, two of them, 138 and 144, saw light ten years earlier in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Sonnet 144 runs on this theme, line 7 being:

"And would corrupt my saint to be a devil."

In Heywood's heroic poem, *Troia Britannica* (1609) we have (canto 9, st. 1):

"Who can describe the purity of those
Whose beauties are by Sacred Vertues guided,
Or who their ugly pictures that oppose
Their beauties against Chastity devided,
Proud *Lucifer* an *Angell* was, but chose
Vice: Virtue to eschew: and from heaven slided:
Women like him (in shape Angellicall)
Are *Angels* whilst they stand, Devils when they fall."

55, 158. **new-cut.** *A Treatise on Play* (about 1597), doubtfully attributed to Sir John Harington, mentions New Cut in connection with the labour involved in clever cheating at cards: "I have herd some (and those no novyses in these misteryes) affyrme, that the devyser of the sett at the new cutt, (that did cut so many ere the edge was fully discovered,) could not spend so little as a moneths earnest study, beatinge his brayne ere hee could contrive it." This game is mentioned in *Machiavell's Dogge* (1617) in connection with Ruff; and New Cut is one of a number of card-games enumerated by Taylor the Water-Poet in the description (*Taylor's Motto*, 1622) of a prodigal's life. The list also includes Ruff, Saint, Lodam, Post and Pair. New Cut is mentioned in No. 24 of *The Skirburn Ballads* (1585-1616). Ed. Andrew Clark, 1907, p. 143.

56, 165. **post and paire.** "A game on the cards," says Cotton (in *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 100) "very much play'd in the west of England, as All Fours is play'd in Kent, and Fives in Ireland." Cotton states that this game "depends much upon dar-

ing" and Harington in his *Epigrams* suggests that one could lose rapidly in it:

"The second game was *Post*, until with posting,
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leave their boasting."

But in Jonson's masque of *Love Restored* (1612), Plutus says: "Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of *Post* and *Pair* content them; or the witty invention of *Noddy*, for counters?" Collier says this game "appears in a great measure to resemble *Brag*," and Sir A. W. Ward suggests an analogy with *Commerce*. See mention in the *Interlude of Youth* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, II, 35, with note), and in *Witt's Recreations* (ed. 1641, 329).

56, 167. **kisse the post**, be shut out. Cf. *Works*, I, 47, and note, 357-8.

56, 170. **vide-ruffe**. A variety of ruff. See note on 55, 147 above.

57, 191. **Booty you play**. To play booty is a phrase of several meanings. It seems to signify, in this instance, playing in league with a confederate to victimize another player. Cf. Dekker's *The Belman of London*. (Dent ed.) pp. 127-8.

60, 17. **lost my kindred**. Cf. Fenton: "And the ayde of kynsmen is as colde in that countrey as in other places," even so that men "make no conscience to disclaim the name of kinsman to the nearest allye they have."

64, 2-3. **Breath . . . gyv'd**. Fenton says of the "pore prisoner" that he "stode in water up to the chyn," and Painter adds that he was "fettered with great and weyghty Gives."

67, 65. **Pictures of marble**. Statues. Cf. *Works*, I, 296: "The pictures graven of all the *English* kings;" and Pearson's note, I, 383.

73, 50. **be a Trojan**. Ward explains: "In the still popular sense of a careless 'good' sort of fellow." Shakespeare uses the word in the sense of thief or shady character generally. Kemp in his *Nine Dayes Wonder* calls a host much given to potatoes "a kinde goodfellow, a true Trojan." But Heywood himself defines the term, with its many synonyms (see for *my mad Greeke*, *Works*, I, 26) in his *Philocothonista*.

“To title a drunkard by, wee (as loath to give such a name, so grosse and harsh) strive to character him in a more mincing and modest phrase; as thus: *Hee is a good fellow, or, A boone Companion, a mad Greeke, A true Trojan, A stiffe Blade, One that is steele to the backe, A sound Card, A merry Courage, A Low-Country Souldier, One that will take his rowse, One that will drinke deepe, though it bee a mile to the bottome, One that knowes how the Cards are dealt, One that will be flush of all foure, One that will be subtil as a Fox, One that will drinke till the ground lookes blew, One that beares up stiffe, One whom the Brewers horse hath bit, One that can relish all waters, One that knowes on which side his bread is butter'd, One that drinckes upse-freeze, One that drinckes supernaculum, One that layes downe his eares and drinckes, One that can sup off his Sider, &c.*”

80, 19. **Cripple-gate.** This allusion to Cripplegate, by which playgoers might leave the city on their way to the Red Bull theatre, passing through Red Cross Street to Long Lane, and then to St. John Street, would have less point when spoken at the Rose, or Curtain, or the Cockpit in Drury Lane.

87, 100. **strappado'd.** The torture of the strappado is thus described in Holme's *Academy* (1688): “The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half-way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint: which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo.” Coryat saw this torture administered, “a very Tragical and doleful spectacle,” in St. Mark's Place, Venice, August 4, 1608.

89, 148. **coach.** Under date of 1555, Stow says: “This year Walter Rippon made a coche for the Earle of Rutland, which was the first coche that ever was made in England.” The *Burleigh Papers* (III, No. 53) note that in 1556 “Sir T. Hoby offered the use of his coach to Lady Cecil.” Walter Ripon made one for Queen Elizabeth in 1564 and a roomier, more elaborate coach was presented to her by the King of France in 1582. (For pictures of these two coaches, taken from Hoefnagel's print, see Stratton's *The World on Wheels*, pp. 265-7.) Taylor, (*Works*, 1630, p. 240) speaks of the amazement caused in London by Elizabeth's first coach, “for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those

days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the cannibals adored the divell." Elizabeth's ladies, for fear of her displeasure, were slow in venturing on coaches for themselves, and the use of coaches by gentlemen was considered effeminate. Early in the reign of James, however, coaches, to the disgust of the watermen, grew popular. In *Captain Underwit* (Bullen's *Old Plays*, II), we have (p. 369): "I am resolv'd to goe no more by water but in my coach." Ophelia calls for her coach, and Hamlet, the footman of *Eastward Hoe* (1605), shouts (Belles-Lettres ed., p. 54) for his lady's coach. *The Guls Hornbooke* (1609) points out (Dent ed., p. 39) the convenience to a gallant of a coach for outdistancing his creditors. *The Belman of London* (1608) tells (p. 113) of "gal-lants that russle in silkes, and are whorryed through the streetes in Coaches." Fynes Moryson says in his *Itinerary* (1617): "Sixtie or seventy yeeres agoe, Coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased, as there be few Gentlemen of any account (I mean elder Brothers) who have not their Coaches, so as the streetes of London are almost stopped up with them" (III, 481). And Brathwait in *The English Gentleman* (1630) rebukes "these Court-comets" who "are ready to sell a Mannor for a Coach." Heywood, in his *Ages*, often uses *coach* for *chariot*. Note his verbal use of the word, too, in *Works*, v, 181, "coach it in the Countrey," and v, 12: "Came hee on horse-backe or Caroach't?" He has, of course, no historical scruple about having Edward IV send "a close coach" for Jane Shore.

98, 16. frets. The lute, used chiefly for accompanying the voice, had eight of these finger-board divisions. "These frets (so called from fretting or stopping the strings) were made by tying pieces of cord, dipped in glue, tightly round the neck of the lute, at intervals of a semitone." Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 102. The Elizabethans often punned upon the word, as in Dekker's *The Guls Hornbooke* (Dent ed., p. 53): "theres no musick without frets."

105, S. D. the Carters whistling. In the musical Elizabethan world, carters were especially noted for their whistling. Chappell has collected (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 138)

a number of contemporary passages to show this. The best is from Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV*, III, ii, where Falstaff, soliloquizing at the close of the scene, says of Justice Shallow: "A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights."

109, *S. D.* Enter Mistris Frankford in her bed. Cf. *Enter Elizabeth, in her bed, Works*, I, 200; *Enter Boy in a Shop*, II, 40; *Enter Cripple in his shop*, II, 64. More specific are the directions: *Enter Semele drawne out in her bed*, III, 154; and *A Bed thrust out, Mrs. Gener. in't*, IV, 249. See Victor E. Albright's *The Shakesperian Stage* (1909) pp. 140-7.

THE TEXT

THE two parts of *The Fair Maid of the West* or *A Girle worth gold* were printed together, presumably under Heywood's supervision, in 1631. The present text reproduces that of this original quarto according to the copy in the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library (G. 3972.19). By 1631 Heywood had become an accomplished book-maker, and this quarto is comparatively well printed. Not many changes, even in punctuation, have been found necessary. The capitalization is modernized and, although in the free and easy dialogue of tavern and shipboard, the distinction between prose and verse is often of the slightest, a few brief passages, printed as prose in the quarto, here appear as verse. Every variation from the original text, except for inconsistencies in the spelling and in the abbreviation of proper names — e.g., *Bes*, *Bess*, *Besse* — is duly recorded. The text has been collated with Pearson's reprint (in his *Heywood's Dramatic Works*, 1874, vol. II), with Collier's edition (*Shakespeare Society*, 1850) and with Mr. Verity's reprint of Collier's text in the Heywood volume of the Mermaid Series. All additions to the regular text, as in stage-directions, are bracketed. The first quarto gives the division into acts. Mr. Verity marked the changes of scene. The flourish of Latin which announces the opening and close of each Act does no shame to Heywood's learning, but he is careless about noting *exits*. In the indifferent use of *exit* or *exeunt* this quarto merits the reproach which Pope brought against the Shakespeare quartos and folios. These errors, as a matter of curiosity, are retained.

THE FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST.

OR,
A Girle worth gold.

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.



LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in *Iwic Lane*. 1631.

SOURCES

EXACT literary sources, if such there were, for this comedy are still undiscovered. In the Prologue to *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* Heywood says of himself and his fellow-playwrights:

“no History
We have left unrifled, our Pens have beene dipt
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,
As Tracts more vulgar, whether read, or sung
In our domesticke, or more forraigne tongue.”

The likelihood is that this story, if in print at all, constituted one of the “Tracts more vulgar,” — some Elizabethan tale or ballad of extravagant sea-adventure. A lost ballad entitled *the prowde mayde of Plymouth* (S. R. October 15, 1595) may possibly have suggested Bess Bridges.

But in this same Prologue Heywood adds:

“nay 'tis knowne
That when our Chronicles have barren growne
Of Story, we have all *Invention* stretcht.”

He would not have needed, for *The Fair Maid of the West*, to stretch “Invention” far beyond the popular stories

“Of Mary Ambree or Westminsters Long-Meg.”

(See note on 181, 14.)

In the Elizabethan ballad entitled “The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly,” Heywood could have found suggestion for the beauty and bravery of Bess Bridges; her grief over her lover’s (supposed) death as her motive, if not for foreign adventure, at least for martial prowess; her warfare against the Spaniards; the disclosure of her sex, and her rejection of the addresses of an alien prince. It is like Heywood to soften the Amazonian character of his heroine. Mary Ambree

“filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott;

For one of her own men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three :
Was not that a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ? ”

Bess Bridges, on the contrary, though a resolute commander, is ever gentle and merciful. The Elizabethan tract entitled “The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster” (S. R. August 18, 1590) might have supplied the occupation of inn-keeping, the gaining of wealth that was freely bestowed in charity, the incident of the duel in which Roughman is discomfited, the love of fun, the firm rule over servants and customers, and the submissive devotion to the man of her choice. Both these heroines are young, spirited and fearless, not hesitating to don masculine dress or swing a sword when it suits their purposes, but essentially modest and sweet. “A Ballad of long Meg of Westminster” was entered S. R. August 27, 1590, and a play of the same name was acted by the Admiral’s Men at intervals from February 14, 1594/5 through January 28, 1597/8, Henslowe recording during that period sixteen fairly profitable performances. The play held the stage much longer, for in Fields’ *Amends for Ladies*, acted about 1611, Lord Feesimple speaks (Mermaid Ed., II, I, 145-6) of going to the Fortune that afternoon “to see long-meg and the ship” and it seems to have been still popular in 1615. (See Collier’s *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, vol. IV, pp. 282-3.) Heywood, who was writing for the Admiral’s Men by the autumn of 1596 and joined the company in the spring of 1598, must have known the play well and might naturally have seen his way to improve on it. If *The Faire Maid of the West* follows at all the lines of this lost comedy, it is not impossible that, at least by 1611, among the dramatic properties of *Long Meg*, since the heroine went masquerading as a soldier to Boulogne, there was some rude suggestion of a ship. This, as a novelty, would arouse Lord Feesimple’s interest, and supply another explanation for what has been taken as a title, though no other reference — if this be a reference — to a play called “The Ship” is known. (Cf. Fleay’s *English Drama*, vol. I, p. 135.)

The point is of interest because this passage of Fields' has figured so prominently in support of the theory that two plays were sometimes given at an Elizabethan or Jacobean theatre in a single afternoon.

A heroine masquerading in man's dress was by 1630 a commonplace of the English stage. It is curious to note, however, that in Clerkenwell, where Heywood lived, was a "woman that wore man's Apparel & went by the name of Thomas Barber," buried January 15, 1658. The Clerkenwell (St. James) registers record, too, the burial of an Elizabeth Bridges, Aug. 16, 1665.

The second title, *A Girle Worth Gold*, smacks of proverbial speech. Cf. in Cowley's *The Guardian* (1641) "there's a wench, a wench worth gold, i' faith" (Grossart ed., vol. 1, p. 219); and in Dekker's *The Roaring Girle* (1611): "Oh brave girdes: worth Gold." (Dekker's *Dramatic Works*, vol. III, p. 206.) Verses prefixed by Stephen Brome to his brother's *The Northern Lass* (pr. 1632) prophesy success as follows:

"Not a Goodwoman, not a Girle worth Gold,
Nor twenty such (whose gaudy shows take hold
Of gazing eyes) shall in acceptance thrive
With thee, whose quaintness is superlative."

The "gaudy shows" would probably be the scenes at the court of Morocco. Heywood's knowledge of Barbary, if knowledge it can be called (see notes on *Mullisheg, K. of Fesse, Bashaw Alcade, Bashaw Joffer, Fes, Alkedavy*) might easily have been gathered from the quarto: *A . . . discourse of Muley Hamets rising to the three Kingdomes of Moruecos, Fes, and Sus. . . . The Adventures of Sir. A. S. . . . in those countries*, by Ro. C., London, 1609. This account is abridged in *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, 1625, as *Collections of things most remarkeable in the Historie of Barbarie* (vol. II, p. 851 *et. seq.*) All London was interested in the strange adventures of the three Shirley brothers, and especially those Londoners who had commerce with the stage, for a play, drawn from Nixon's not over veracious pamphlet by the combined labors of John Day, William Rowley and Geo. Wilkins, *Travailes of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley*, was played by Heywood's own company, the Queen's men, at the Curtain in 1607.

TO THE READER

Curteous Reader, my plaies have not beene exposed to the publike view of the world in numerous sheets, and a large volume; but singly (as thou seest) with great modesty, and small noise. These comedies, bearing the title of The Fair Maid of the West, 5 if they prove but as gracious in thy private reading, as they were plausible in the publick acting, I shall not much doubt of their successe. Nor neede they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the kingdome 10 have vouchsafed to smile. I hold it no necessity to trouble thee with the argument of the story, the matter it self lying so plainly before thee in acts and scenes, without any deviations, or winding indents.

Peruse it through, and thou maist finde in it 15 Some mirth, some matter, &, perhaps, some wit.

He that would studie thy content,

T.H.

To the much worthy, and my
most respected, JOHN OTHOW,
Esquire, Counsellour at Law, in
the noble Societie of
Graies Inne.

SIR,

Excuse this my boldnesse (I intreat you) and
let it passe under the title of my love and respect,
long devoted unto you; of which, if I endeavour
to present the world with a due acknowledgement
without the sordid expectation of reward,
or servile imputation of flatterie, I hope it will
be the rather accepted. I must ingenuously ac-
knowledge, a weightier argument would have
better suited with your grave employment; but
there are retirements necessarily belonging to all
the labours of the body and brain. If in any such
cessation you will daigne to cast an eye upon this
weak and unpollish't poem, I shall receive it
as a courtesie from you, much exceeding any
merit in mee, (my good meaning onely accepted).
Thus wishing you healthfull abilitie in body,
untroubled content in minde, with the happy
fruition of both the temporal felicities of the
world present, and the eternall blessednesse of
the life future; I still remain as ever,

Yours, most affectionately devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

8 *accepted.* Verity, *excepted.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Two Sea Captains.

MR. CAROLL, *a Gentleman*.

MR. SPENCER. *By Mr. Michael Bowyer.*

Captain GOODLACK, Spencers friend; by Mr. Rich. Perkins.

Two Vintners boyes.

BESSE BRIDGES, *The fair Maid of the west; by Hugh Clark.*

MR. FORSET, *a Gentleman; by Christoph. Goad.*

MR. RUFFMAN, *a swaggering Gentleman; by William Shearlock.*

CLEM, *a drawer of wine under Besse Bridges; by Mr. William Robinson.*

Three Saylers. A Surgeon.

A kitching Maid; by Mr. Anthony Turner.

The Maior of Foy, an Alderman, and a servant.

A Spanish Cap. by C. Goad.

An English Merchant; by Rob. Axell.

Mullisbeg, K. of Fesse, by Mr. Will. Allen.

Bashaw Alcade; by Mr. Wilbraham.

Bashaw Joffer.

Two Spanish Captains.

A French Merchant.

An Italian Merchant.

A Chorus.

The Earl of Essex going to Cales: the Maior of Plimoth, with Petitioners, Mutes, personated.

[Scene: Plymouth in Devon; Foy in Cornwall; Fayal in the Azores; At Sea; Morocco.]

Dramatis Personæ. Verity adds to this list, — which he rearranges and from which he drops the names of the actors — A Preacher, and Moors.

Turner. Q. misprints Furner.

PROLOGUE

*Amongst the Grecians there were annuall feasts,
To which none were invited as chief guests,
Save princes and their wives. Amongst the men,
There was no argument disputed then,
But who best govern'd: and (as't did appeare) 5
He was esteem'd sole soveraigne for that yeare.*

*The queens and ladies argued at that time
For virtue and for beauty which was prime,
And she had the high honour. Two here be,
For beauty one, the other majesty, 10
Most worthy (did that custome still persever)
Not for one yeare, but to be SOVERAIGNES ever.*

Prologue. Variants below are from the version in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* (1637, p. 236).

4 *There was no argument.* No argument could be.

6 *esteem'd, proclaim'd.*

8 *For virtue and for beauty.* For beauty and for vertue. *which, who.*

9 *high, like.*

The Faire Maid
of the West:
Or,
A Girl worth Gold.

[ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. — *A Street in Plymouth.*]

Enter two Captaines, and Mr. Carrol.

1 *Captain.* When puts my lord to sea?

2 *Capt.* When the winde's faire.

Carrol. Resolve me I intreat, can you not
guesse

The purpose of this voyage?

1 *Capt.* Most men thinke

The fleet's bound for the Ilands.

Car. Nay, tis like.

The great successe at Cales under the conduct 5

Of such a noble generall, hath put heart

Into the English: they are all on fire

To purchase from the Spaniard. If their car-
racks

Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them

For golden spoile.

2 *Capt.* O, were it come to that! 10

1 *Capt.* How Plimouth swells with gallants!
how the streets

Glister with gold! You cannot meet a man
But trickt in scarffe and feather, that it seemes
As if the pride of Englands gallantry

Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me
thinkes) 15

A very court of souldiers.

Car. It doth so.

Where shall we dine to day?

2 *Capt.* At the next taverne by; there's the
best wine.

1 *Capt.* And the best wench, Besse Bridges,
she's the flowre

Of Plimouth held: the Castle needes no bush, 20
Her beauty drawes to them more gallant cus-
tomers

Then all the signes ith' towne else.

2 *Capt.* A sweet lasse,

If I have any judgement.

1 *Capt.* Now in troth

I thinke shee's honest.

Car. Honest, and live there?

What, in a publike taverne, where's such conflu-
ence 25

Of lusty and brave gallants? Honest said you?

2 *Capt.* I vow she is for me.

1 *Capt.* For all, I think.
I'm sure she's wondrous modest.

Car. But withall
Exceeding affable.

2 *Capt.* An argument
That shee's not proud.

Car. No, were she proud, she'd fall. 30

1 *Capt.* Well, shee's a most attractive ad-
mant,
Her very beauty hath upheld that house,
And gain'd her master much.

Car. That adamant
Shall for this time draw me to: wee'll dine there.

2 *Capt.* No better motion: come to the
Castle then. [Exeunt.] 35

[SCENE II. — *In front of the Castle Tavern.*]

Enter M[aster] Spencer and Capt. Goodlack.

Goodlack. What, to the old house still?

Spencer. Canst blame me, Captaine?
Beleeve me, I was never surprisde till now,
Or catcht upon the sudden.

Goodl. Pray resolve me,
Why being a gentleman of fortunes, meanes,

28 *I'm . . . modest.* These five words stand, in the Q, in line with the preceding four, *For all, I think.*

34 *to.* Collier and Verity, too.

4 *fortunes, meanes.* Collier, fortune's means.

And well revenude, will you adventure thus 5
 A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I,
 Borne to no other fortunes then my sword,
 Should seeke abroad for pillage?

Spenc. Pillage, Captaine?

No, tis for honor; and the brave societie
 Of all these shining gallants that attend 10
 The great L[ord] Generall drew me hither
 first:

No hope of gaine or spoyle.

Goodl. I, but what drawes you to this house
 so oft?

Spenc. As if thou knewst it not.

Goodl. What, Besse?

Spenc. Even she.

Goodl. Come, I must tell you, you forget your
 selfe, 15

One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote
 Upon a tanners daughter: why, her father
 Sold hydes in Somersetshire, and being trade-
 falne,

Sent her to service.

Spenc. Prethee speake no more;

Thou telst me that which I would faine forget, 20
 Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor
 me,

Tell me shee's faire and honest.

Goodl. Yes, and loves you.

Spenc. To forget that, were to exclude the rest :

All saving that, were nothing. Come let 's enter.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. — *A Room in the Castle Tavern.*]

Enter [*Spencer, Captain Goodlack, and*] 2 *Drawers.*

1 *Drawer.* You are welcome gentlemen. Shew them into the next roome there.

2 *Draw.* Looke out a towell, and some rolls, a salt and trenchers.

Spencer. No sir, we will not dine.

5

2 *Draw.* I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke. What wine drink yee, sacke or claret?

Spenc. Wheres Besse?

2 *Draw.* Marry above with three or foure gentlemen.

Spenc. Goe call her.

10

2 *Draw.* Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth.

Spenc. Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call Besse.

2 *Draw.* Theres nothing in the mouthes of these gallants, but Besse, Besse.

Spenc. What sa'y sir?

15

2 *Draw.* Nothing sir, but Ile goe call her presently.

6 *if ye.* Collier and Verity, you.

16 *goe call.* Collier and Verity, go and call.

Spenc. Tell her who's here.

2 *Draw.* The devill rid her out of the house
for me.

Spenc. Sa'y sir?

2 *Draw.* Nothing but anon anon sir.

Enter Besse Bridges.

Spenc. See she's come! 20

Besse. Sweet Mr Spencer, y'are a stranger
growne.

Where have you beene these three dayes?

Spenc. The last night

I sate up late, at game: here take this bagge,
And lay't up till I call for't.

Besse. Sir I shall.

Spenc. Bring me some wine.

Besse. I know your taste, and I 25

Shall please your palate. [*Exit.*]

Goodlack. Troth tis a pretty soule.

Spenc. To thee I will unbosome all my
thoughts,

Were her low birth but equall with her beauty
Here would I fixe my thoughts.

Goodl. You are not mad sir?

You say you love her.

19 *Sa'y sir?* Collier, Say, sir?

25-6 *I know . . . palate.* Q, Collier and Verity arrange:

*I know your taste,
And I shall please your palate.*

Spenc. Never question that. 30

Goodl. Then put her to't, win Oportunity,
Shees the best bawd. If (as you say) she loves
you,
She can deny you nothing.

Spenc. I have proved her
Unto the utmost test, examin'd her,
Even to a modest force, but all in vaine: 35
Shee'll laugh, conferre, keepe company, discourse,
And something more, kisse: but beyond that
compasse
She no way can be drawne.

Goodl. Tis a vertue,
But seldome found in tavernes.

Enter Besse with wine.

Besse. Tis of the best Graves wine sir. 40

Spenc. Gramarcie, girle, come sit.

Besse. Pray pardon sir, I dare not.

Spenc. Ile ha' it so.

Besse. My fellowes love me not, and will com-
plaine

Of such a sawcy boldnesse.

Spenc. Pox on your fellowes!

Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads 45

Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.

Sit: now Besse drinke to me.

Besse. To your good voyage.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 *Draw.* Did you call sir?

Spenc. Yes sir, to have your absence. Cap-
taine, this health.

Goodl. Let it come sir.

50

2 *Draw.* Must you be set, and we wait, with
a ———.

Spenc. What say you sir?

2 *Draw.* Anon, anon, I come there.

Exit.

Spenc. What will you venture Besse to sea
with me?

Besse. What I love best, my heart: for I
could wish

I had beene borne to equall you in fortune, 55
Or you so low, to have beene rankt with me,
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,
I love none but my Spencer.

Spenc. Besse I thanke thee.
Keepe still that hundred pound till my re-
turne

From th' Islands with my lord: if never, wench 60
Take it; it is thine owne.

Besse. You binde me to you.

Enter the first Drawer.

1 *Draw.* Besse, you must fill some wine into
the Portcullis, the gentlemen there will drinke
none but of your drawing.

Spenc. She shall not rise sir. Goe, let your
master snick-up. 65

1 *Draw.* And that should be cousin-german
to the hick-up.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 *Draw.* Besse, you must needs come. The
gentlemen fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all
downe staires. The whole house is in an uprore.

Besse. Pray pardon sir; I needs must be gone. 70

2 *Draw.* The gentlemen sweare if she come
not up to them

They will come downe to her.

Spenc. If they come in peace,
Like civill gentlemen, they may be welcome:
If otherwise, let them usurpe their pleasures.
We stand prepar'd for both. 75

Enter Caroll and two Captaines.

Carrol. Save you gallants, we are somewhat
bold to presse
Into your company. It may be held scarce man-
ners,

Therefore fit that we should crave your pardon.

Spenc. Sir, you are welcome, so are your
friends.

1 *Captain.* Some wine.

Besse. Pray give me leave to fill it.

71-2 *The . . . her.* Collier and Verity print as prose.

78 *Therefore fit.* Verity, Therefore, 'tis fit.

Spenc. You shall not stir. 80
So please you wee'l joyne company. Drawer,
more stooles.

Car. I tak't that's a she drawer. Are you of
the house?

Besse. I am sir.

Car. In what place?

Besse. I draw.

Car. Beere, doe you not? You are some tap-
stresse.

Spenc. Sir, the worst character you can be-
stow 85

Upon the maide is to draw wine.

Car. She would draw none to us.

Perhaps she keepes a rundlet for your taste,
Which none but you must pierce.

2 *Capt.* I pray be civill.

Spenc. I know not, gentlemen, what your in-
tents be, 90

Nor doe I feare or care. This is my roome,
And if you beare you, as you seeme in shew,
Like gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

Car. We will. Minx, by your leave. Re-
move I say.

80-1 Q, followed by Pearson, Collier and Verity, arranges
Spencer's speech:

*You shall not stir. So please you wee'l joyne company.
Drawer, more stooles.*

Spenc. She shall not stir.

Car. How sir?

Spenc. No sir: could you 95

Out-face the devill, we doe not feare your roaring.

Car. Though you may be companion with a drudge,

It is not fit shee should have place by us.

About your businesse, huswife.

Spenc. She is worthy

The place as the best here, and she shall keep't. 100

Car. You lie. *They bustle. Caroll slaine.*

Goodl. The gentleman's slaine, away.

Besse. Oh heaven, what have you done?

Goodl. Undone thy selfe and me too. Come away! [*Exeunt Goodlack and Spencer.*]

Besse. Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever. 105

What, are you men or milk sops? Stand you still
Senseless as stones, and see your friend in danger
To expire his last?

1 *Capt.* Tush, all our help's in vaine.

2 *Capt.* This is the fruit of whoores.

This mischief came through thee. 110

95-6 Q, followed by Pearson, Collier and Verity, arranges
Spencer's speech:

No sir: could you out-face the devill,

We doe not feare your roaring.

They bustle. Caroll slaine. Verity substitutes: *They draw and
justle: Carrol is slain.*

Besse. It grew first from your incivilitie.

1 *Capt.* Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.

It was a fatall businesse. *Exeunt Captaines.*

Enter the two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* One call my master, another fetch the constable,

Here's a man kild in the roome.

2 *Draw.* How, a man kill'd saist thou? Is all paid? 115

1 *Draw.* How fell they out, canst thou tell?

2 *Draw.* Sure about this bold *Betrice*: tis not so much for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning? *Exeunt Drawers.* 120

Besse. What shall become of me? Of all lost creatures,

The most infortunate. My innocence

Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now

Purpled with murder, though not within compasse

Of the lawes severe censure: but which most 125

Addes unto my affliction, I by this

Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,

Whom to redeeme from exile, I would give

All that's without and in me.

Exeunt Captaines. Verity substitutes: *Exeunt the Captains, bearing the body.*

114-5 *One . . . roome.* Collier and Verity print as prose.

Enter Forset.

Forset. Your name's Besse Bridges?

Besse. An unfortunate maid, 130

Knowne by that name too well in Plimouth here.

Your businesse, sir, with me?

Fors. Know you this ring?

Besse. I doe: it is my Spencer's.

I know withall you are his trusty friend,

To whom he would commit it. Speake, how

fares he? 135

Is hee in freedome, know yee?

Fors. Hee's in health

Of body, though in minde somewhat perplext

For this late mischiefe happened.

Besse. Is he fled,

And freed from danger?

Fors. Neither. By this token

He lovingly commends him to you Besse, 140

And prays you when tis darke meet him o' th

Hoe

Neere to the new-made fort, where hee'll at-

tend you,

Before he flyes, to take a kinde farewell.

Theres onely Goodlack in his company,

He intreats you not to faile him. 145

Besse. Tell him from me, Ile come, Ile runne,

Ile flye,

Stand Death before me; were I sure to die. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV. — *The Hoe.*]

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

Goodlack. You are too full of passion.

Spencer. Canst thou blame me,
To have the guilt of murder burden me,
And next, my life in hazard to a death
So ignominious: last, to lose a love
So sweet, so faire, so am'rous, and so chaste,
And all these at an instant? Art thou sure
Caroll is dead?

Goodl. I can beleeve no lesse.
You hit him in the very speeding place.

Spenc. Oh but the last of these sits neer'st
my heart.

Goodl. Sir be advis'd by mee.
Try her before you trust her. She perchance
May take th' advantage of your hopefull fortunes:
But when she findes you subject to distresse
And casualty, her flattering love may die:
Your deceased hopes.

Spenc. Thou counselst well.

1-4 From Verity's text *Canst thou blame me* has slipped out at this point, and verses 2-4 are given to Goodlack, as well as those words which alone are properly his, *You are too full of passion*. Spencer, in Verity's text, strikes in after verse 4 with

*Canst thou blame me,
So sweet, so fair, so amorous, and so chaste.*

15 *Your deceased hopes*. Pearson, With your deceased hopes. Verity, Your hopes deceased. Collier finds the sense incomplete and suggests that a line may have been lost.

Ile put her to the test and utmost tryall,
Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

Enter Forset, and Besse with a bagge.

Forset. I have done my message sir.

Besse. Feare not sweet Spencer, we are now
alone,

And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes. 20

Goodl. While these conferre wee'll centinel
their safety.

This place Ile guard.

Fors. I this.

Besse. Are you not hurt?

Or your skinne rac'd with his offensive steele?

How is it with you?

Spenc. Besse, all my afflictions

Are that I must leave thee: thou knowst withall 25

My extreame necessity, and that the feare

Of a most scandalous death doth force me
hence.

I am not neare my country, and to stay

For new supply from thence, might deeply in-
gage mee

To desperate hazard. 30

Besse. Is it coyne you want?

Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,

Use that, beside what I have stor'd and sav'de

29 *For new supply.* Q, From new supply. Collier conjectures,
Some new supply.

Which makes it fifty more: were it ten thousand,

Nay, a whole million, Spencer, all were thine.

Spenc. No, what thou hast keepe still, tis all
thine owne.

35

Here be my keyes, my trunkes take to thy
charge:

Such gold fit for transportage as I have,
Ile beare along: the rest are freely thine,
Money, apparell, and what else thou findst,
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,
I make thee mistresse of.

40

Besse. Before I doted,
But now you strive to have me extaside.
What would you have me doe, in which t' ex-
presse

My zeale to you?

Spenc. Which in my chamber hangs,
My picture, I injoyne thee to keepe ever,
For when thou partst with that, thou locest me.

45

Besse. My soule may from my body be
divorc'd,

But never that from me.

Spenc. I have a house in Foy, a taverne
calld

44-5 Verity transposes to

*I enjoin thee to keep
Ever my picture, which in my chamber hangs.*

The Winde-mill, that I freely give thee too, 50
And thither if I live Ile send to thee.

Besse. So soone as I have cast my reckonings
up,
And made even with my master, Ile not faile
To visit Foy in Cornwall. Is there else
Ought that you will injoyne me?

Spenc. Thou art faire, 55
Joyne to thy beauty vertue. Many suiters
I know will tempt thee: beauty's a shrewd baite,
But unto that if thou add'st chastitie,
Thou shalt ore-come all scandall. Time cals
hence,

We now must part. 60

Besse. Oh that I had the power to make Time
lame,
To stay the starres, or make the moone stand
still,

That future day might never haste thy flight.
I could dwell here for ever in thine armes,
And wish it alwayes night.

Spenc. We trifle howers. 65
Farewell.

Besse. First take this ring:

66 *Farewell.* Q, followed by Pearson, Collier and Verity, adds
Farewell to verse 65, reading

Spenc. We trifle howers. Farewell.

Besse. First take this ring.

Twas the first token of my constant love
 That past betwixt us. When I see this next,
 And not my Spencer, I shall thinke thee dead:
 For till death part thy body from thy soule 70
 I know thou wilt not part with it.

Spenc. Swear for me Besse: for thou maist
 safely doe't.

Once more farewell: at Foy thou shalt heare
 from me.

Besse. Theres not a word that hath a parting
 sound

Which through mine eares shrills not immediate
 death. 75

I shall not live to lose thee.

Fors. Best be gone,

For harke I heare some tread.

Spenc. A thousand farewels are in one con-
 tracted.

Captaine away. *Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.*

Besse. Oh, I shall dye.

Fors. What mean you Besse, wil you betray
 your friend, 80

Or call my name in question? Sweet, looke up.

Besse. Hah, is my Spencer gone?

Fors. With speed towards Foy,

There to take ship for Fiall.

77 *For . . . tread.* Q, followed by Collier, adds to verse 76, reading

Fors. Best be gone, for harke I heare some tread.

Besse. Let me recollect my selfe,
 And what he left in charge. Vertue and chastitie. 85
 Next, with all sudden expedition
 Prepare for Foy: all these will I conserve,
 And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.
 Plimouth farewell: in Cornwall I will prove
 A second fortune, and for ever mourne, 90
 Untill I see my Spencers safe returne. *Hoboys.*

*A dumbe show. Enter Generall, Captaines, the Mayor:
 Petitioners the other way with papers: amongst
 these the Drawers. The Generall gives them
 bagges of money. All goe off saving the two
 Drawers.*

1 *Drawer.* Tis well yet we have gotten all the
 money due to my master. It is the commonest
 thing that can bee for these captaines to score
 and to score: but when the scores are to be 95
 paid, *Non est inventus.*

2 *Draw.* Tis ordinary amongst gallants now
 a dayes, who had rather sweare forty oaths, then
 onely this one oath, God let me never be trusted.

1 *Draw.* But if the captaines would follow 100
 the noble minde of the generall, before night
 there would not bee one score owing in Plimouth.

2 *Draw.* Little knowes Besse that my master

Hoboys. Verity, who marks this Scene V. — *The same,* reads:
*Hautboys. A dumb show. Enter General, Captains and the Mayor
 of Plymouth. At the other side petitioners with papers.*

hath got in these desperate debts: but she hath
cast up her account: and is gone. 105

1 *Draw.* Whither canst thou tell?

2 *Draw.* They say to keepe a taverne in Foy,
and that M[aster] Spencer hath given her a
stocke to set up for her selfe. Well, howsoever,
I am glad, though he kild the man wee have 110
got our money. [*Exeunt.*]

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

[*Foy. The Windmill Tavern.*]

Enter Forset and Roughman.

Forset. In your time have you seene a sweeter creature?

Roughman. Some weeke or thereabouts.

Fors. And in that small time shee hath almost
undone all the other taverns. The gallants make 5
no rendezvous now but at the Wind-mill.

Roughm. Spight of them Ile have her. It
shall cost me the setting on but Ile have her.

Fors. Why, doe you thinke she is so easily
won? 10

Roughm. Easily or not, Ile bid as fayre and
farre as any man within twenty miles of my
head, but I will put her to the squeake.

Fors. They say there are knights sonnes al-
ready come as suiters to her. 15

Roughm. Tis like enough, some younger
brothers, and so I intend to make them.

Fors. If these doings hold, shee will grow rich
in short time.

Roughm. There shall bee doings that shall 20
make this Wind-mill my grand seate, my man-
sion, my pallace, and my Constantinople.

4 *small.* Omitted by Verity.

Enter Besse Bridges like a Mistresse, and Clem.

Fors. Here she comes: observe how modestly she beares her selfe.

Roughm. I must know of what burden this 25
vessell is. I shall not beare with her till shee
beare with mee, and till then, I cannot report her
for a woman of good cariage.

Besse. Your olde master that dwelt here be-
fore my comming, hath turn'd over your yeares 30
to me.

Clem. Right forsooth; before he was a vint-
ner, hee was a shoo-maker, and left two or three
turne-overs more besides my selfe.

Besse. How long hast thou to serve? 35

Clem. But eleven years next grasse, and then
I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time
I shall be at ful age.

Besse. How old art thou now?

Clem. Forsooth newly come into my teenes. 40
I have scrap'd trenchers this two yeares, and the
next vintage I hope to be barre-boy.

Besse. What's thy name?

Clem. My name is Clem, my father was a
baker, and by the report of his neighbors, as 45
honest a man as ever lived by bread.

Besse. And where dwelt he?

28 After this line Verity inserts the direction, — ROUGHMAN
and FAWCETT move aside.

Clem. Below here in the next crooked street,
at the signe of the Leg. He was nothing so tall
as I, but a little wee-man, and somewhat huckt- 50
backt.

Besse. He was once constable?

Clem. Hee was indeede, and in that one yeare
of his raigne, I have heard them say, hee bolted
and sifted out more businesse, then others in 55
that office in many yeares before him.

Besse. How long ist since he dyed?

Clem. Marry the last deare yeare. For when
corne grew to be at an high rate, my father never
dowed after. 60

Besse. I thinke I have heard of him.

Clem. Then I am sure you have heard he was
an honest neighbor, and one that never lov'd to
be meale-mouth'd.

Besse. Well sirrah, proove an honest servant, 65
and you shall finde me your good mistresse.
What company is in the Marmaid?

Clem. There be foure sea-captaines. I beleeve
they be little better then spirats, they are so flush
of their rudocks. 70

Besse. No matter, wee will take no note of
them.

57 *ist.* Collier, is it. 59 *an high.* Collier and Verity, a high

60 *dowed.* Collier and Verity, doughed.

69 *they are.* Collier and Verity, they be.

Here they vent many brave commodities,
By which some gain accrewe. Th'are my good
customers,

And still returne me profit.

Clem. Wot you what mistresse, how the two 75
saylers would have served me, that calld for the
pound and halfe of cheese?

Besse. How was it Clem?

Clem. When I brought them a reckoning, they
would have had me to have scor'd it up. They 80
tooke me for a simple gull indeed, that would
have had me to have taken chalke for cheese.

Besse. Well, goe waite upon the captaines,
see them want no wine.

Clem. Nor reckoning neyther, take my word 85
mistress.

Roughm. Shee's now at leasure, Ile to her.
Lady, what gentlemen are those above?

Besse. Sir they are such as please to be my
guests,
And they are kindly welcome.

Roughm. Give me their names. 90

Besse. You may goe search the church-booke
where they were christned.

There you perhaps may learne them.

72 *they vent.* Collier, they may vent.

77 *and halfe.* Collier and Verity, and a half.

87 After this line Verity inserts the direction, — *Coming forward.*

Roughm. Minion, how?

Fors. Fie, fie, you are too rude with this faire creature,

That no way seekes t' offend you.

Besse. Pray hands off.

Roughm. I tell thee maid, wife, or what e'er thou beest,

95

No man shall enter here but by my leave.

Come, let's be more familiar.

Besse. 'Las good-man.

Roughm. Why, knowst thou whom thou slightst? I am Roughman,

The onely approved gallant of these parts,

A man of whom the roarers stand in awe,

100

And must not be put off.

Besse. I never yet heard man so praise himselfe,

But prov'd in'th end a coward.

Roughm. Coward, Besse?

You will offend me, raise in me that fury

Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,

105

Your language is too harsh and peremptory.

Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee

That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares

I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,

And will you move my spleene?

Fors. What, threat a woman? 110

Besse. Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my
house,

Disturbe my guests, and nightly domineire,
To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,
And right my selfe before the magistrate.

Can we not live in compasse of the law, 115
But must be swaggerd out on't?

Roughm. Goe too, wench,
I wish thee well; thinke on't, theres good for
thee

Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place
I must have no man to offend mine eye:
My love can brooke no rivals. For this time 120
I am content your captaines shall have peace,
But must not be us'd to't.

Besse. Sir if you come
Like other free & civill gentlemen
Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd
you.

Roughm. That's my good girle, 125
I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have
Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

Besse. Well, I shall study for't.

Roughm. Consider on't. Farewell.

Exit.

Besse. My minde suggests mee that this prat-
ing fellow

122 Q, followed by Collier, joins *Sir if you come* to line 123.

Is some notorious coward. If he persist 130
I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

Enter Clem.

What newes with you?

Clem. I am now going to carry the captaines
a reckning.

Besse. And what's the summe? 135

Clem. Let me see, eight shillings and six
pence.

Besse. How can you make that good? Write
them a bill.

Clem. Ile watch them for that, tis no time of
night to use our bills, the gentlemen are no 140
dwarfes, and with one word of my mouth, I can
tell them what is to *be-tall*.

Besse. How comes it to so much?

Clem. *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine at seven
pence the quart, seven sixpences. 145

Besse. Why dost thou reckon it so?

Clem. Because as they came in by hab nab,
so I will bring them in a reckning at six and at
sevens.

Besse. Well, wine,— 3 s, 6 d. 150

Clem. And what wants that of ten groats?

Besse. Tis two pence over.

Clem. Then put six pence more to it, and
make it 4s, wine, though you bate it them in
their meate. 155

Besse. Why so I prethee?

Clem. Because of the old proverbe, What they want in meate, let them take out in drinke. Then for twelve penyworth of anchoves, 18 d.

Besse. How can that be? 160

Clem. Marry very well mistress: 12 d. anchoves, and 6 d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy reckoning.

Besse. And what for the other halfe crowne?

Clem. Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, 165 one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is — 8 s, 6 d.

Besse. Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

Clem. What needs that forsooth? The gentlemen seem to be high-flowne already. Send 170 them in but another pottle of sacke, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, Ile about it. [Exit.]

Besse. Were I not with so many sutors pesterd, And might I enjoy my Spencer, what a sweet 175 Contented life were this! for money flowes And my gaine's great. But to my Roughman next: I have a tricke to try what spirit's in him, It shall be my next businesse: in this passion For my deare Spencer, I propose me this, 180 Mongst many sorrowes some mirth's not amisse.

Exit.

[SCENE II. — *Fayal.*]

Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.

Goodlack. What were you thinking sir?

Spencer. Troth of the world, what any man should see in't to be in love with it.

Goodl. The reason of your meditation.

Spenc. To imagine that in the same instant 5
that one forfeits all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as one goes to the church to be marryed, another is hurried to the gallowes to be hang'd, the last having no feeling of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans 10
misery. At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the racke, another lyes tumbling with his mistresse over head and eares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider, I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man 15
extasy'd.

Goodl. You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

Spenc. These are my maximes, and were they as faithfully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we should have lesse oppression, 20
and more charitie.

3 *to be in love with it.* Not even Pearson follows Q in printing as verse, *To be in love with it.*

4 Collier and Verity make this a question.

Enter the two Captaines that were before.

1 *Captain.* Make good thy words.

2 *Capt.* I say thou hast injur'd me.

1 *Capt.* Tell me wherein.

2 *Capt.* When we assaulted Fiall,

And I had by the generals command

The onset, and with danger of my person 25

Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,

And beat them from their fort, thou when thou
sawst

All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

To share that honour which was sole mine

owne,

And never ventur'd shot for't, or ere came 30

Where bullet graz'd.

Spenc. See captaine a fray towards,

Let's if we can attone this difference.

Goodl. Content.

1 *Capt.* Ile prove it with my sword,

That though thou hadst the formost place in

field,

And I the second, yet my company 35

Was equall in the entry of the fort.

My sword was that day drawne as soone as thine,

And that poore honour which I won that day

Was but my merit.

Enter the two Captaines that were before. The last three words omitted by Verity.

2 *Capt.* Wrong me palpably
And justify the same?

Spenc. You shall not fight. 40

1 *Capt.* Why sir, who made you first a justice,
And taught you that word *shall*? You are no
generall,
Or if you be, pray shew us your commission.

Spenc. Sir I have no commission but my
counsell,
And that Ile shew you freely.

2 *Capt.* Tis some chaplaine. 45

1 *Capt.* I doe not like his text.

Goodl. Let's beate their weapons downe.

1 *Capt.* Ile aime at him that offers to divide
us! [They fight.]

2 *Capt.* Pox of these part-frayes! see I am
wounded

By beating downe my weapon.

Goodl. How fares my friend?

Spenc. You sought for blood, and gentlemen
you have it, 50

Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.

1 *Capt.* My rage converts to pitie, that this
gentleman
Shall suffer for his goodnes.

44 I. Q misprints you.

S. D. *They fight.* Inserted by Verity.

Goodl. Noble friend,
I will revenge thy death.

Spenc. He is no friend
That murmurs such a thought. Oh gentlemen, 55
I kill'd a man in Plimouth, and by you
Am slaine in Fiall. Caroll fell by me,
And I fall by a Spencer. Heav'n is just,
And will not suffer murder unreveng'd.
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both. 60
Shift for your selves: away!

2 *Capt.* We saw him die,
But grieve you should so perish.

Spenc. Note Heavens justice,
And henceforth make that use on't — I shall
faint.

1 *Capt.* Short farewels now must serve. If
thou surviv'st
Live to thine honour: but if thou expir'st 65
Heaven take thy soule to mercy! *Exeunt.*

Spenc. I bleed much,
I must goe seeke a surgeon.

Goodl. Sir how cheare you?

Spenc. Like one thats bound upon a new ad-
venture
To th' other world: yet thus much, worthy friend,
Let me intreat you: since I understand 70

63 Q, Pearson and Collier punctuate by period after *on't*.

70 Q, Pearson and Collier punctuate by comma after *you*.

The fleet is bound for England, take your occasion
 To ship your selfe, and when you come to Foy
 Kindly commend me to my dearest Besse ;
 Thou shalt receive a will, in which I have
 Possesst her of five hundred pounds a yeare. 75

Goodl. A noble legacy.

Spenc. The rest I have bestow'd amongst my
 friends,

Onely reserving a bare hundred pounds
 To see me honestly and well interr'd.

Goodl. I shall performe your trust as carefully 80
 As to my father, breath'd he.

Spenc. Marke me, captaine :

Her legacie I give with this *proviso*,
 If at thy arrivall where my Besse remaines,
 Thou findst her well reported, free from scandall,
 My will stands firme : but if thou hear'st her
 branded 85

For loose behaviour, or immodest life,
 What she should have, I here bestow on thee,
 It is thine owne : but as thou lov'st thy soule
 Deale faithfully betwixt my Besse and me.

Goodl. Else let me dye a prodigie. 90

Spenc. This ring was hers ; that, be she loose
 or chaste,

Being her owne, restore her : she will know it,
 And doubtlesse she deserves it. Oh my memory !
 What had I quite forgot ? She hath my picture.

Goodl. And what of that? 95

Spenc. If she be ranckt amongst the loose and
lewd,

Take it away: I hold it much undecent,
A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant
Let her injoy it: this my will performe
As thou art just and honest.

Goodl. Sense else forsake me. 100

Spenc. Now lead me to my chamber; all's
made even,

My peace with earth, and my atone with Heaven.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. — *A Field near Foy.*]

*Enter Besse Bridges, like a Page with a sword, and
Clem.*

Besse. But that I know my mother to be chaste,
I'de sweare some souldier got me.

Clem. It may be many a souldiers buffe jerkin
came out of your fathers tanne-fat.

Besse. Me thinkes I have a manly spirit in me 5
in this mans habit.

Clem. Now am not I of many mens mindes,
for if you should doe me wrong, I should not
kill you, though I tooke you pissing against a
wall. 10

101 *made.* Q misprints *made.*

4 *tanne-fat.* Collier and Verity, *tan-vat.*

Besse. Me thinkes I could be valiant on the sudden,

And meet a man i' th field.

I could do all that I have heard discourst
Of Mary Ambree or Westminsters Long-Meg.

Clem. What Mary Ambree was I cannot tell, 15
but unlesse you were taller, you will come short
of Long Meg.

Besse. Of all thy fellowes thee I onely trust,
And charge thee to be secret.

Clem. I am bound in my indentures to keep 20
my masters secrets, and should I finde a man in
bed with you, I would not tell.

Besse. Be gone sir, but no words as you esteeme my favor.

Clem. But mistresse, I could wish you to looke 25
to your long seames, fights are dangerous. But
am not I in a sweet taking thinke you?

Besse. I prethee why?

Clem. Why, if you should swagger and kill
anybody, I being a vintner should be calld to 30
the barre. [Exit.]

Besse. Let none condemne me of immodesty,
Because I trie the courage of a man
Who on my soule's a coward : beates my servants,
Cuffes them, and as they passe by him kickes my
maids, 35

Nay domineirs over me, making himselfe

Lord ore my house and houshold. Yesternight
I heard him make appointment on some busi-
nesse

To passe alone this way. Ile venture faire,
But I will try what's in him.

40

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Forset. Sir, I can now no further, weighty
businessse

Calls me away.

Roughman. Why at your pleasure then,
Yet I could wish that ere I past this field,
That I could meet some Hector, so your eyes
Might witnessse what my selfe have oft repeated, 45
Namely that I am valiant.

Fors.

Sir no doubt ;

But now I am in haste. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Roughm. How many times brave words beare
out a man !

For if he can but make a noise, hee's fear'd.
To talke of fraies, although he ne'er had heart 50
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow.
I have beene valiant I must needs confesse,
In street and taverne, where there have beene men
Ready to part the fray : but for the fields
They are too cold to fight in. 55

41 *further.* Collier and Verity, farther.

46-7 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints :

Sir no doubt. But now I am in haste. Farewell.

Besse. You are a villaine, a coward, and you lie.

Roughm. You wrong me I protest. Sweet
courteous gentleman,

I never did you wrong.

Besse. Wilt tell me that?

Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,

Or as I am a man Ile runne thee through, 60

And leave thee dead ith field.

Roughm. Hold as you are a gentleman.

I have tane an oath I will not fight to-day.

Besse. Th'ast tooke a blow already and the lie,
Will not both these inrage thee? 65

Roughm. No, would you give the bastinado
too,

will not breake mine oath.

Besse. Oh, your name's Roughman.

No day doth passe you but you hurt or kill.

Is this out of your calender?

Roughm. I! you are deceiv'd.

ne'er drew sword in anger I protest, 70

[*Aside.*] Unlesse it were upon some poore
weake fellow

That ne'er wore steele about him.

56 After this verse, Verity inserts *Strikes him.*

57-8 Collier prints as prose.

62-3 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

*Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have tane an oath
I will not fight to day.*

Pearson prints as prose.

Besse. Throw your sword.

Roughm. Here sweet young sir; but as you
are a gentleman,

Doe not impaire mine honor.

Besse. Tye that shooe.

Roughm. I shall sir.

Besse. Untrusse that point. 75

Roughm. Any thing this day to save mine oath.

Besse. Enough: yet not enough. Lie downe,
Till I stride ore thee.

Roughm. Sweet sir, any thing.

Besse. Rise, thou hast leave. Now Roughman
thou art blest :

This day thy life is sav'd; look to the rest. 80

Take backe thy sword.

Roughm. Oh you are generous: honour me
so much

As let me know to whom I owe my life.

Besse. I am Besse Bridges brother.

Roughm. Still me thought

That you were something like her.

Besse. And I have heard, 85

You domineir and revell in her house,

Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,

73 *sir.* Verity inserts *Gives up his sword.*

79 Q, followed by Pearson, has no punctuation point after *blest.*

84-5 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

Still me thought that you were something like her.

Which if I ever shall hereafter heare,
Thou art but a dead man.

Roughm. She never told me of a brother liv-
ing, 90
But you have power to sway me.

Besse. But for I see you are a gentleman,
I am content this once to let you passe,
But if I finde you fall into relapse,
The second's farre more dangerous.

Roughm. I shall feare it. 95
Sir will you take the wine?

Besse. I am for London,
And for these two termes cannot make returne:
But if you see my sister, you may say
she was in health.

Roughm. Too well: the devill take you!
[*Aside.*]

Besse. Pray use her well, and at my comming
backe 100
I will aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

[*Exit.*]
Roughm. None saw't: hee's gone for London:

I am unhurt;
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad?
None man's no slander, should he speake his
worst:

95-6 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

I shall feare it. Sir will you take the wine?

My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country ¹⁰⁵
 Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest
 I can out-face the proudest. This is then
 My comfort: Roughman, though art still the
 same,
 For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. — *Fayal.*]

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* Aboard, aboard! the wind stands
 faire for England,
 The ships have all weigh'd anchor.

2 *Sail.* A stiffe gale
 Blowes from the shore.

Enter Captaine Goodlacke.

Goodlack. The sailers call aboard, and I am
 forc'd
 To leave my friend now at the point of death,
 And cannot close his eyes. Here is the will.
 Now may I finde yon tanners daughter turn'd
 Unchaste or wanton, I shall gaine by it
 Five hundred pounds a yeare: here is good evi-
 dence.

1 *Sail.* Sir will you take the long boat and
 aboard?

2-3 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

A stiffe gale blowes from the shore.

Enter a third Sailor.

Goodl. With all my heart.

3 *Sail.* What, are you ready, mates?

1 *Sail.* We staid for you. Thou canst not
tel who's dead?

The great bell rung out now.

3 *Sail.* They say twas for one Spencer, who
this night

Dyde of a mortal wound.

Goodl. My worthy friend. 15

Unhappy man that cannot stay behinde,

To doe him his last rights. Was his name
Spencer?

3 *Sail.* Yes sir, a gentleman of good account
And well knowne in the navy.

Goodl. This is the end of all mortalitie: 20

It will be newes unpleasing to his Besse.

I cannot faire amisse, but long to see

Whether these lands belong to her or mee.

Enter Spencer, and his Surgeon.

Surgeon. Nay feare not sir, now you have
scap'd this dressing,

My life for yours.

Spencer. I thanke thee honest friend. 25

Surg. Sir I can tell you newes.

Spenc. What is't I prethee?

Surg. There is a gentleman, one of your name,
That dide within this hower.

Spenc. My name? What was he? Of what
sicknes dide he?

Surg. No sicknesse, but a sleight hurt in the
body,

Which shewed at first no danger, but being
searcht,

He dyde at the third dressing.

Spenc. At my third search I am in hope of
life.

The Heavens are mercifull.

Surg. Sir doubt not your recovery.

Spenc. That hundred pound I had prepar'd
t' expend

Upon mine owne expected funerall

I for name sake will now bestow on his.

Surg. A noble resolution.

Spenc. What ships are bound for England?
I would gladly

Venture to sea, though weake.

Surg. All bound that way

Are under saile already.

Spenc. Here's no securitie,

For when the beaten Spaniards shall returne,
They'le spoile whom they can finde.

Surg. We have a ship,

Of which I am surgeon, that belongs unto

41-2 Q, followed by Pearson, Collier and Verity, prints :

All bound that way are under saile already.

A London merchant, now bound for Mamorah,
 A town in Barbary; please you to use that,
 You shall command free passage: ten months
 hence,

We hope to visit England.

Spenc. Friend I thanke thee.

Surg. Ile bring you to the master, who I know 50
 Will entertaine you gladly.

Spenc. When I have seene the funerall rights
 perform'd

To the dead body of my country man
 And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.
 England no doubt will heare newes of my death, 55
 How Besse will take it is to me unknowne:
 On her behaviour I will build my fate,
 There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

[*Exeunt.*]

Explicit Actus secundus.

52 *rights.* Collier and Verity, rites.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

[SCENE I.—*Foy. A Street outside the Windmill Tavern.*]

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughman. Oh, y'are well met, just as I
prophevide

So it fell out.

Forset. As how I pray?

Roughm. Had you but staid the crossing of
one field,

You had beheld a Hector, the boldest Trojan
That ever Roughman met with.

Fors. Pray what was he? 5

Roughm. You talke of Little Davy, Cutting
Dick,

And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

Fors. Of what stature and yeares was he?

Roughm. Indeed I must confesse he was no
giant,

Nor above fifty, but he did bestirre him,
Was here and there, and every where at once,
That I was ne'er so put to't since the mid-
wife 10

1-2 *Oh . . . out.* Q carelessly gives first speech, as well as second,
to Forset.

First wrapt my head in linnen. Let's to Besse.
Ile tell her the whole project.

Fors. Heres the house,
Wee'll enter if you please. [*Exeunt.*] 15

[SCENE II.— *Within the Tavern.*]

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughman. Where be these drawers, rascals I
should say,
That will give no attendance?

Enter Clem.

Clem. Anon, anon sir, please you see a roome?
What, you here againe? Now we shall have such
roaring. 5

Roughm. You sirrah call your mistresse.

Clem. Yes sir, I know it is my duty to call
her mistresse.

Roughm. See and the slave will stir.

Clem. Yes I doe stir.

Roughm. Shal we have humors, sauce-box?

You have eares, 10
Ile teach you prick-song.

Clem. But you have now a wrong sow by the
care. I will call her.

14-15 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints :

Heres the house, wee'll enter if you please.

9 and. Verity, an.

Roughm. Doe sir, you had best.

Clem. If you were twenty Roughmans, if you 15
lug me by the eares againe, Ile draw.

Roughm. Ha, what will you draw?

Clem. The best wine in the house for your
worship: and I would call her, but I can assure
you she is eyther not stirring, or else not in 20
case.

Roughm. How not in case?

Clem. I thinke she hath not her smocke on,
for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.

Roughm. What, drawers grow capritious? 25

Clem. Help! help!

Enter Besse Bridges.

Besse. What uprore's this? Shall we be never
rid

From these disturbances?

Roughm. Why how now Besse?
Is this your huswifry? When you are mine
Ile have you rise as early as the larke, 30
Looke to the bar your selfe: these lazy rascalls
Will bring your state behinde hand.

Clem. You lye sir.

19-20 assure you she. Collier and Verity, assure you that she.

28-30 Q prints:

Why how now Besse? Is this your huswifry

When you are mine Ile have you rise as early as the Larke,

Collier and Verity substitute a full stop for the comma at end of
verse 30.

Roughm. How? lye?

Clem. Yes sir, at the Raven in the High Street. I was at your lodging this morning for a 35
pottle pot.

Roughm. You will about your businesse, must
you heare
Stand gaping and idle?

Besse. You wrong me sir,
And tyrannize too much over my servants.
I will have no man touch them but my selfe. 40

Clem. If I doe not put rats-bane into his wine
in stead of suger, say I am no true baker. [*Exit.*]

Roughm. What, rise at noone?
A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,
And one of your best friends too be hackt and
mangled, 45
And almost cut to peeces, and you fast
Close in your bed, ne'er dreame on't.

Besse. Fought you this day?

Roughm. And ne'er was better put too't in
my daies.

Besse. I pray, how was't?

Roughm. Thus: as I passed yon
fields ——

Enter the Kitchin-maid.

Maid. I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon 50
for the jolle of ling in the Port-cullis?

38 *idle.* Collier, followed by Verity, inserts *Strikes him.*

Roughm. A pox upon your jolles, you kitchin-
stuffe!

Goe scowre your skillets, pots, and dripping-
pans,

And interrupt not us.

Maid. The devill take your oxe-heeles, you 55
foule cods-head! must you be kicking?

Roughm. Minion, dare you scould?

Maid. Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your
coxcombe. [Exit.]

Besse. I doe not thinke that thou darst strike
a man,

That swaggerst thus ore women.

Roughm. How now Besse? 60

Besse. Shall we be never quiet?

Forset. You are too rude.

Roughm. Now I professe all patience.

Besse. Then proceede.

Roughm. Rising up early, minion whilst you
slept,

To crosse yon field, I had but newly parted
With this my friend, but that I soone espide 65
A gallant fellow, and most strongly arm'd.

In the mid-field we met, and both being resolute,
We justled for the wall.

Besse. Why, did there stand a wall in the mid-
field?

Roughm. I meant strove for the way. 70

Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both
drew.

Enter Clem.

Clem. The maid forsooth sent me to know
whether you would have the shoulder of mutton
roasted or sod.

Roughm. A mischief on your shoulders! 75

Clem. That's the way to make me never prove
good porter.

Besse. You still heape wrongs on wrongs.

Roughm. I was in fury

To thinke upon the violence of that fight,
And could not stay my rage.

Fors. Once more proceed. 80

Roughm. Oh had you seene two tilting me-
teurs justle

In the mid region, with like feare and fury

We too encounter'd. Not Briarius

Could with his hundred hands have strucke more
thicke.

Blowes came about my head, I tooke them still. 85

Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my armes,
Yet still I put them by.

Besse. When they were past he put them by.

Goe on.

But in this fury what became of him?

75 *shoulders.* Collier and Verity insert *Strikes him.*

Roughm. I thinke I paid him home, hee's
 soundly maul'd,
 I bosom'd him at every second thrust.

Besse. Scap'd he with life?

Roughm. I, thats my feare: if he recover this,
 Ile never trust my sword more.

Besse. Why fly you not if he be in such
 danger?

Roughm. Because a witch once told me
 I ne'er should dye for murder.

Besse. I beleeeve thee.
 But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,
 A pretty faire young youth, about my yeares?

Roughm. Even thereabout.

Clem. He was not fiftie then. 100

Besse. Much of my stature?

Roughm. Much about your pitch.

Clem. He was no giant then.

Besse. And wore a suit like this?

Roughm. I halfe suspect.

Besse. That gallant fellow,
 So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe.

You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shooe 105

That thou stoopt to untie: untrust those points:

And like a beastly coward lay along,

Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not
 so?

Roughm. It cannot be deny'd.

Besse. Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not
blush? 110

Give me that rapier: I will make thee sweare
Thou shalt redeeme this scorne thou hast incurr'd,
Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,
And beate thee through the streets. As I am
Besse, I'll do't.

Roughm. Hold, hold! I sweare. 115

Besse. Dare not to enter at my doore till then.

Roughm. Shame confounds me quite.

Besse. That shame redeem: perhaps wee'l doe
thee grace;

I love the valiant, but despise the base. *Exit.*

Clem. Will you be kickt sir?

Roughm. She hath wakend me, 120

And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,
Which all this while hath slept. To spare my
flesh

And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest
Till by some valiant deed I have made good
All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streete, 125
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

Fors. I am bound to see the end on't.

Roughm. Are you sir? *Beates off Forset.*

[*Exeunt.*]

110 Collier and Verity print *Hare-hearted fellow* and *Milk-sop* as independent exclamations.

118 Collier and Verity put a comma after *redeem*, giving the clause a conditional signification.

[SCENE III.— *A Street in Foy.*]

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman, and Servant.

Mayor. Beleeve me sir, she beares her selfe
so well,
No man can justly blame her; and I wonder
Being a single woman as she is,
And living in an house of such resort,
She is no more distasted.

Alderman. The best gentlemen 5
The country yeelds become her daily guests.
Sure sir I thinke shee's rich.

Mayor. Thus much I know; would I could
buy her state
Were't for a brace of thousands! *A shot.*

Alder. Twas said a ship is now put into
harbour, 10
Know whence she is.

Servant. Ile bring newes from the key.
[*Exit.*]

Mayor. To tell you true sir, I could wish a
match
Betwixt her and mine owne and onely sonne,
And stretch my purse too upon that condi-
tion.

Alder. Please you, Ile motion it. 15

4 *an house.* Collier and Verity, a house.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. One of the ships is new come from
the Islands,
The greatest man of note's one Captaine Good-
lacke.

It is but a small vessell.

Enter Goodlacke and Sailors.

Goodl. Ile meet you straight at th' Wind-
mill,

Not one word of my name.

I Sailor. We understand you. 20

[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Mayor. Sir tis told us you came late from
th' Islands.

Goodl. I did so.

Mayor. Pray sir the newes from thence?

Goodl. The best is, that the generall is in
health,

and Fiall won from th' Spaniards: but the
fleet

by reason of so many dangerous tempests 25

extremely wether-beaten. You sir I take it,

are mayor o' th' towne.

Mayor. I am the kings lieftenant.

Goodl. I have some letters of import from one,
a gentleman of very good account,

that dide late in the Islands, to a maide 30

that keeps a taverne here.

Mayor. Her name Besse Bridges?

Goodl. The same. I was desir'd to make in-
quire

What fame she beares, and what report shee's of.
Now you sir being here chiefe magistrate,
Can best resolve me.

Mayor. To our understanding, 35
Shee's without staine or blemish, well reputed,
And by her modesty and faire demeanour,
Hath won the love of all.

Goodl. The worse for me.
[*Aside.*]

Alder. I can assure you many narrow eyes
Have lookt on her and her condition, 40
But those that with most envy have endeavour'd
T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

Goodl. So all that I inquire of make report.
I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some busi-
nesse,
And I of force must leave you.

Mayor. I intreat you 45
To sup with me to night.

Goodl. Sir I may trouble you.
[*Exeunt Mayor and Alderman.*]

Five hundred pound a yeare out of my way.
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,

45-6 Q, followed by Collier, prints :

I intreat you to sup with me to night.

To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a saint,
 None can missay her? Why then I my selfe 50
 Will undertake it. If in her demeanor
 can but finde one blemish, staine or spot,
 it is five hundred pound a yeare well got.

Exit.

[SCENE IV. — *The Windmill Tavern.*]

*Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other
 Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates
 them off. Enter Besse, Clem, and the Sailors.*

Besse. But did he fight it bravely?

Clem. I assure you mistresse most dissolutely:
 he hath runne this sailer three times through
 the body, and yet never toucht his skinne.

Besse. How can that be? 5

Clem. Through the body of his doublet I
 meant.

Besse. How shame, base imputation, and dis-
 grace,

Can make a coward valiant! Sirrah you
 looke to the barre.

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently. 10

[*Exit.*]

Besse. I understand, you came now from the
 Islands?

Sailor. We did so.

Besse. If you can tell me tydings of one gentleman

I shall requite you largely.

1 Sail. Of what name?

Besse. One Spencer.

1 Sail. We both saw and knew the man.

Besse. Onely for that call for what wine you please.

Pray tell me where you left him.

2 Sail. In Fiall.

Besse. Was he in health? How did he fare?

2 Sail. Why, well.

Besse. For that good newes, spend, revell, and carouse;

Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'me extaside, And my delights unbounded.

1 Sail. Did you love him?

Besse. Next to my hopes in Heaven.

1 Sail. Then change your mirth.

Besse. Why, as I take it, you told me he was well,

And shall I not rejoyce?

1 Sail. Hee's well in Heaven, for mistresse, he is dead.

Besse. Hah, dead! Was't so you said? Th'ast given me, friend,

But one wound yet; speake but that word againe, And kill me out-right.

2 *Sail.* He lives not.

Besse. And shall I? Wilt thou not breake,
heart?

Are these my ribs wrought out of brasse or
steele, 30

Thou canst not craze their barres?

1 *Sail.* Mistris use patience,
Which conquers all despaire.

Besse. You advise well:
I did but jeast with sorrow: you may see
I am now in gentle temper.

2 *Sail.* True, we see't.

Besse. Pray take the best roome in the house,
and there 35

Call for what wine best tasts you: at my leas-
ure

Ile visit you my selfe.

1 *Sail.* Ile use your kindnesse.

Exeunt.

Besse. That it should be my fate! Poore
poore sweet-hart,

I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,
In which would I lay by thee! What's my
wealth, 40

To injoy't without my Spencer? I will now
Study to die, that I may live with him.

31-2 Q1, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

Mistris use patience, which conquers all despaire.

Enter Goodlacke.

Goodlack. [*Aside.*] The further I inquire, the
more I heare

To my discomfort. If my discontinuance
And change at sea disguise me from her knowl-
edge

45

I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.
This sadnesse argues she hath heard some newes
Of my friends death.

Besse. [*Aside.*] It cannot sure be true
That he is dead, Death could not be so envious
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget 50
That ere was such a man.

Goodl. [*Aside.*] If not impeach her,
My purpose is to seeke to marry her.
If she deny me, Ile conceale the will,
Or at the least make her compound for halfe.
Save you, [*To Besse*] faire gentlewoman.

Besse. You are welcome sir. 55

Goodl. I heare say there's a whore here that
draws wine.

I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,
And I would see the trash.

Besse. Sure you mistake sir.
If you desire attendance and some wine,
I can command you both. Where be these boyes? 60

Goodl. Are you the mistresse?

Besse. I command the house.

Goodl. Of what birth are you, pra'y?

Besse. A tanners daughter.

Goodl. Where borne?

Besse. In Somersetshire.

Goodl. A trade-falne tanners daughter goe so brave!

Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.

65

Besse. None sir, but what are honest.

Goodl. What's your name?

Besse. Besse Bridges most men call me.

Goodl. Y'are a whore.

Besse. Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,

It is so foule I feare't may fester else.

There may be danger in't.

70

Goodl. [*Aside.*] Not all this move her patience!

Besse. Good sir, at this time I am scarce my selfe,

By reason of a great and weighty losse

That troubles me: — but I should know that ring.

Goodl. How, this, you baggage? It was never made

75

To grace a strumpets finger.

Besse. Pardon sir,

I both must and will leave you.

Exit.

74 *me.* Verity, Notices the ring given to him by Spencer.

76-7 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you.

Goodl. Did not this well? This will sticke
in my stomack.

I could repent my wrongs done to this maid :
But Ile not leave her thus : if she still love him, 80
Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report
Of his unkindnesse.

Enter Clem.

Clem. You are welcome gentleman : what
wine will you drinke? Claret, Metheglin, or
Muskadine, Cyder or Pyrrey, to make you 85
merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-mee, Canary or
Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love
a cup of Malmsey : you shall have a cup of the
best in Cornwaile.

Goodl. Here's a brave drawer will quarrell 90
with his wine.

Clem. But if you preferre the Frenchman be-
fore the Spaniard, you shall have either here of
the deepe red grape or the pallid white. You are
a pretty tall gentleman, you should love High- 95
Country wine : none but clarkes and sextons
love Graves wine. Or are you a married man,
Ile furnish you with bastard, white or browne,
according to the complexion of your bed-fellow.

Goodl. You rogue, how many yeares of your 100
prentiship have you spent in studying this set
speech?

Clem. The first line of my part was Anon

anon, sir: and the first question I answerd to, was logger-head, or block-head, I know not ¹⁰⁵ whether.

Goodl. Speake, wheres your mistresse?

Clem. Gone up to her chamber.

Goodl. Set a pottle of sacke in th' fire, and carry it into the next roome. *Exit.*

Clem. Score a pottle of sacke in the Crowne, ¹¹⁰ and see at the barre for some rotten egges to burne it: we must have one tricke or other to vent away our bad commodities. *Exit.*

[SCENE V. — *A chamber in the Wind-Mill.*]

Enter Besse with Spencers picture.

Besse. To dye, and not vouchsafe some few commends

Before his death, was most unkindly done.

This picture is more courteous: 't will not shrinke

For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:

Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow

Never to marry other. 5

Enter Goodlacke.

Goodlack. Wheres this harlot?

Besse. You are immodest sir to presse thus rudely

Into my private chamber.

Goodl. Pox of modesty,
When punks must have it mincing in their
mouthes! —

And have I found thee? then shalt hence with
me.

Besse. Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I
have:
Search all my trunks, take the best jewels there:
Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it
With plate, and all the little coyne I have,
So I may keepe that still.

Goodl. Thinkst thou that bribes
Can make me leave my friends will unper-
form'd?

Besse. What was that friend?

Goodl. One Spencer, dead i' th Islands,
Whose very last words uttered at his death
Were these: "If ever thou shalt come to Foy,
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite:
For let it not be said, my pourtrature
Shall grace a strumpets chamber."

Besse. Twas not so:
You lye, you are a villaine: twas not so.
Tis more then sinne thus to bely the dead:
Hee knew if ever I would have transgrest,

10 *then.* Pearson and Verity, thou. Verity inserts at end of
verse, *Seizes the picture.*

15 *may keepe.* Q, followed by Collier, make keepe.

'T had beene with him: he durst have sworne
me chaste,
And dyed in that beliefe.

Goodl. Are you so brieft?

Nay, Ile not trouble you: God b'oy you!

Besse. Yet leave me still that picture, and Ile
swear

You are a gentleman, and cannot lie. 30

Goodl. I am inexorable.

Besse. Are you a Christian?

Have you any name that ever good man gave
you?

'Twas no saint you were call'd after. Whats
thy name?

Goodl. My name is Captaine Thomas Good——

Besse. I can see no good in thee, race that
syllable 35

Out of thy name.

Goodl. Goodlacke's my name.

Besse. I cry you mercy sir: I now remember
you,

You were my Spencers friend, and I am sorry,
Because he lov'd you, I have beene so harsh:
For whose sake, I intreat ere you take't hence, 40
I may but take my leave on't.

31-2 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

*Are you a Christian, have you any name
That ever good man gave you?*

Goodl. You'l returne it ?

Besse. As I am chaste I will.

Goodl. For once Ile trust you.

Besse. Oh thou the perfect semblance of my
love,

And all that's left of him, take one sweet kisse,

As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him 45

For whose sweet safety I was every morning

Downe on my knees, and with the larkes sweet
tunes

I did begin my prayers : and when sad sleepe

Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright
starres

Were up and waking, I remembred thee, 50

But all, all to no purpose.

Goodl. [*Aside.*] Sure, most sure,
This cannot be dissembled.

Besse. To thee I have beene constant in thine
absence,

And when I look'd upon this painted peece,

Remembred thy last rules and principles : 55

For thee I have given almes, visited prisons,

To gentlemen and passengers lent coyne,

That if they ever had abilitie

They might repay't to Spencer : yet for this,

42 Verity inserts at end of verse *Returns the picture.*

51-2 Q, followed by Collier, prints :

Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

All this, and more, I cannot have so much 60
As this poore table.

Goodl. [*Aside.*] I should question truth,
If I should wrong this creature.

Besse. I am resolv'd.
See sir, this picture I restore you backe,
Which since it was his will you should take hence,
I will not wrong the dead.

Goodl. God be w'you! 65

Besse. One word more.
Spencer you say was so unkinde in death.

Goodl. I tell you true.

Besse. I doe intreat you even for goodnesse
sake,

Since you were one that he intirely lov'd, 70
If you some few dayes hence here me expir'd,
You will mongst other good men, and poore peo-
ple

That haply may misse Besse, grace me so much
As follow me to th'grave. This if you promise,
You shall not be the least of all my friends 75
Remembred in my will. Now fare you well!

Goodl. Had I a heart of flint or adamant
It would relent at this. My Mistris Besse,
I have better tydings for you.

61-2 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature.

77 *Had I a heart.* Collier and Verity, Had I had heart.

Besse. You will restore
My picture? Will you?

Goodl. Yes, and more then that, 80
This ring from my friends finger sent to you
With infinite commends.

Besse. You change my blood.

Goodl. These writings are the evidence of
lands,
Five hundred pound ayeare's bequeath'd to you,
Of which I here possesse you: all is yours. 85

Besse. This surplussage of love hath made my
losse
That was but great before, now infinite. —
[*Aside.*] It may be compast: there's in this my
purpose
No impossibilitie.

Goodl. What study you?

Besse. Foure thousand pound besides this 90
legacie,
In jewels, gold, and silver I can make,
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd
To be a patterne to all maides hereafter
Of constancy in love.

Goodl. Sweet Mistris Besse, will you com- 95
mand my service?
If to succeed your Spencer in his love,
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

79-80 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

You will restore my Picture? will you?

Besse. Alas my love sleeps with him in his
grave,

And cannot thence be wakend: yet for his
sake

I will impart a secret to your trust, 100

Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.

Goodl. Both for his love and yours, command
my service.

Besse. There's a prise

Brought into Famouth road, a good tight vessell,
The bottome will but cost eight hundred pound, 105

You shall have money: buy it.

Goodl. To what end?

Besse. That you shall know hereafter. Fur-
nish her

With all provision needfull: spare no cost:

And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,

Such as will bravely man her: all the charge 110

I will commit to you: and when shee's fitted,

Captaine she is thine owne.

Goodl. I sound it not.

Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I in-
tend,

Though some may blame, all lovers will com-
mend. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus tertius

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[SCENE I. — *On Board a Spanish Vessel.*]

After an alarmne, enter a Spanish Captaine, with Saylors, bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the Surgion prisoners.

Spaniard. For Fialls losse, and spoile by th'
English done,
We are in part reveng'd. There's not a vessell
That beares upon her top S. Georges crosse,
But for that act shall suffer.

Merchant. Insult not Spaniard,
Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of ships, 5
Provision, men, and powder, mad'st us yeeld.
Had you come one to one, or made assault
With reasonable advantage, wee by this
Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,
Low suncke to the seas bottome. 10

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us
pillage.

These prisoners we will keepe in strongest hold,
To pay no other ransome then their lives.

Spencer. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no no-
blesse in thee
To threaten men unarm'd and miserable. 15

Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,
 ter,

And kill them ore, that are already slaine,
 And brag thy manhood.

Span. Sirrah, what are you?

Spenc. Thy equall as I am a prisoner,
 But once to stay a better man then thou, 20
 A gentleman in my country.

Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoes,
 bolts,

And engines to the maine-mast fastened,
 Can make you gentle.

Spenc. Spaniard doe thy worst:
 Thou canst not act more tortures then my
 courage 25

Is able to endure.

Span. These Englishmen
 Nothing can daunt them. Even in misery
 They'l not regard their masters.

Spenc. Masters! Insulting bragging Thrasoes.

Span. His sawcinesse wee'l punish 'bove the
 rest, 30
 About their censures we will next devise,

Flourish.

And now towards Spaine with our brave Eng-
 lish prise.

Exeunt.

24-6 Q prints:

*Spaniard doe thy worst, thou canst not act
 More tortures then my courage is able to endure.*

[SCENE II. — *The Windmill Tavern.*]

Enter Besse, Mayor, Alderman, Clem. A table set out, and stooles.

Besse. A table and some stooles.

Clem. I shal give you occasion to ease your tailes presently.

Besse. Will't please you sit?

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you. 5

Besse. Fetch me that parchment in my closet window.

Clem. The three sheep-skins with the wrong side outward?

Besse. That with the seale.

Clem. I hope it is my indenture, and now shee 10
meanes to give me my time. [Exit.]

Alderman. And now you are alone, faire Mis-
tresse Elizabeth,

I thinke it good to taste you with a motion
That no way can displease you.

Besse. Pray speake on.

Alder. 'T hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so
far to look 15

Into your faire demeanour, that he thinkes you
A fit match for his sonne.

Enter Clem with the parchment.

Clem. Here's the parchment, but if it bee the
lease of your house, I can assure you 'tis out.

Besse. The yeares are not expired. 20

Clem. No, but it is out of your closet.

Besse. About your businesse.

Clem. Here's even Susanna betwixt the two
wicked elders. [Exit.]

Alder. What thinke you Mistresse Elizabeth?

Besse. Sir I thanke you. 25

And how much I esteeme this goodnesse from you

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle sir!

'Las I have sadder businesse now in hand

Then sprightly marriage, witnesse these my
teares. 30

Pray reade there.

Mayor. The last will and testament of Elza-
beth Bridges to be committed to the trust of the
mayor and aldermen of Foy, and their succes-
sors for ever. 35

To set up yong beginners in their trade, a thou-
sand pound.

To relieve such as have had losse by sea, 500
pound.

To every maid that's married out of Foy, whose
name's Elizabeth, ten pound. 40

To relieve maimed souldiers, by the yeare ten
pound.

To Captaine Goodlacke, if hee shall performe
the businesse hee's imployed in, five hundred
pound. 45

The legacies for Spencer thus to stand,
 To number all the poorest of his kin,
 And to bestow on them — Item, to —

Besse. Enough. You see sir I am now too
 poore

50

To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

Mayor. You want a precedent, you so abound
 In charitie and goodnesse.

Besse. All my servants
 I leave at your discretions to dispose;
 Not one but I have left some legacie.

55

What shall become of me, or what I purpose
 Spare further to enquire.

Mayor. Wee'll take our leaves,
 And prove to you faithfull executors
 In this bequest.

Alder. Let never such despaire,
 As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre.

60

Exit.

Besse. Why what is all the wealth the world
 containes,
 Without my Spencer?

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughman. Wheres my sweet Besse?
 Shall I become a welcome suiter, now
 That I have changd my copie?

Besse. I joy to heare it.
 Ile finde imployment for you.

65

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

Goodlack. A gallant ship, and wondrous
proudly trim'd,

Well-calkt, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

Besse. Here then our mourning for a season
end.

Roughm. Besse, shall I strike that captaine?
Say the word,

Ile have him by the eares.

Besse. Not for the world. 70

Goodl. What saith that fellow?

Besse. He desires your love,

Good captain let him ha' it.

Goodl. Then change a hand.

Besse. Resolve me all. I am bound upon a
voyage,

Will you in this adventure take such part,

As I my selfe shall do?

Roughm. With my fayre Besse, 75

To the worlds end.

Besse. Then captaine and lieftenant both joine
hands,

Such are your places now.

Goodl. Wee two are friends.

71-2 Q, followed by Collier, prints:

He desires your love, good Captain let him ha' it.

75-6 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

With my fayre Besse, to the worlds end.

Besse. I next must sweare you two, with all
 your ging,
 True to some articles you must observe, 80
 Reserving to my selfe a prime command,
 Whilst I injoyne nothing unreasonable.

Goodl. All this is granted.

Besse. Then first, you said your ship was trim
 and gay :
 Ile have her pitcht all ore, no spot of white, 85
 No colour to be seene, no saile but blacke,
 No flag but sable.

Goodl. Twill be ominous,
 And bode disaster fortune.

Besse. Ile ha' it so.

Goodl. Why then she shall be pitcht blacke as
 the devil.

Besse. She shall be call'd *The Negro*. When
 you know 90
 My conceit, captaine, you will thanke [me] for't.

Roughm. But whither are we bound?

Besse. Pardon me that.
 When wee are out at sea Ile tell you all.
 For mine owne wearing I have rich apparell,
 For man or woman as occasion serves. 95

87-8 Q, followed by Collier, prints :

Twill be ominous, and bode disaster fortunes.

88 *disaster*. Verity, disastrous.

Ile ha'it so. Collier, I'll ha't so. Verity, I will ha't so.

Clem. But Mistrisse, if you be going to sea, what shall become of me aland?

Besse. Ile give thee thy full time.

Clem. And shall I take time, when time is, and let my mistresse slip away? No, it shall be seene ¹⁰⁰ that my teeth are as strong to grinde bisket as the best sailor of them all, and my stomacke as able to digest pouderd beefe and poore-john. Shall I stay here to scoare a pudding in the Halfe-moone, and see my mistresse at the maine-yard ¹⁰⁵ with her sailes up, and spread? No, it shall be seene that I who have beene brought up to draw wine, will see what water the ship drawes, or Ile beray the voyage.

Besse. If thou hast so much courage, the cap- ¹¹⁰ taine shall accept thee.

Clem. If I have so much courage! When did you see a blacke beard with a white lyvor, or a little fellow without a tall stomacke? I doubt not but to prove an honour to all the drawers in Corn- ¹¹⁵ wall.

Goodl. What now remains?

Forset. To make my selfe assotiate
In this bold enterprise.

Goodl. Most gladly sir.
And now our number's full, what's to be done?

117-8 Q prints:

To make my selfe assotiate in this bold enterprise.

Besse. First, at my charge Ile feast the towne
of Foy,

120

Then set the cellers ope, that these my mates
May quaffe unto the health of our boone voyage,
Our needfull things being once convay'd aboard,
Then casting up our caps in signe of joy,
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

125

[*Exeunt.*] *Hoboyes long.*

[SCENE III. — *Morocco. The Court.*]

*Enter Mullisbeg, Bashaw Alcade, and Joffer: with
other Attendants.*

Mullisbeg. Out of these bloody and intestine
broiles

Wee have at length attain'd a fort'rate peace,
And now at last establisht in the throne
Of our great ancestors, and raigne King
Of Fesse and great Morocco.

Alcade. Mighty Mullisheg,

5

Pride of our age, and glory of the Moores,
By whose victorious hand all Barbary
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and swai'd: behold thy vas-
salls

With loud applauses greet thy victory.

Shout; flourish.

Mull. Upon the slaughtered bodies of our foes, 10
We mount our high tribunall, and being sole

4 *raigne King. Verity, reign as King.*

Without competitor, we now have leasure
 To stablish lawes first for our kingdomes safe-
 tie,
 The inriching of our publique treasury,
 And last our state and pleasure; then give order 15
 That all such Christian merchants as have traf-
 fique
 And freedome in our country, that conceale
 The least part of our custome due to us,
 Shall forfeit ship and goods.

Joffer. There are appointed
 Unto that purposè carefull officers. 20

Mull. Those forfeitures must help to furnish
 up
 Th' exhausted treasure that our wars consum'd,
 Part of such profits as accrue that way
 We have already tasted.

Alc. Tis most fit,
 Those Christians that reape profit by our land 25
 Should contribute unto so great a losse.

Mull. Alcade, they shall. But what's the style
 of king,
 Without his pleasure? Finde us concubines,
 The fayrest Christian damsells you can hire,
 Or buy for gold: the loveliest of the Moores 30
 We can command, and negroes every where:
 Italians, French, and Dutch, choice Turkish
 girles,

Must fill our Alkedavy, the great pallace,
Where Mullisheg now daines to keepe his court.

Joff. Who else are worthy to be libertines
But such as beare the sword?

Mull. Joffer, thou pleasest us.
If kings on earth be termed demigods,
Why should we not make here terrestriall
Heaven?

We can, wee will; our God shall be our pleasure,

For so our Mekan prophet warrants us.
And now the musicke of the drums surcease,
Wee'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

Hoboyes. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.— *On Board an English Ship.*]

*Enter Besse like a Sea-captaine, Goodlacke, Roughman,
Forset, and Clem.*

Besse. Good morrow captaine. Oh this last
sea-fight
Was gallantly perform'd. It did me good
To see the Spanish carveile vaile her top
Unto my maiden flag. Where ride we now?

Goodlack. Among the Islands.

Besse. What coast is this wee now descry
from farre?

Goodl. Yon fort's call'd Fiall.

Besse. Is that the place where Spencers body
lies?

Goodl. Yes, in yon church hee's buried.

Besse. Then know, to this place was my voy-
age bound,

10

To fetch the body of my Spencer thence.

In his owne country to erect a tombe,

And lasting monument, where when I die,

In the same bed of earth my bones may lye.

Then all that love me, arme and make for shore. 15

Yours be the spoile, he mine; I crave no more.

Roughman. May that man dye derided and
accurst

That will not follow where a woman leades.

Goodl. Roughman, you are too rash, and coun-
sell ill.

Have not the Spaniards fortifide the towne? 20

In all our ginge wee are but sixty five.

Roughm. Come, Ile make one.

Goodl. Attend me good lieutenant,

And sweet Besse, listen what I have devis'd.

With ten tall fellowes I have man'd our boat,

To see what stragling Spaniards they can take. 25

And see where Forset is return'd with prisoners.

Enter Forset with two Spaniards.

Forset. These Spaniards we by breake of day
surpris'd,

As they were ready to take boat for fishing.

Goodl. Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us
truly
How strong's the towne and fort? 30

Span. Since English Rawleigh wan and spoil'd
it first,
The towne's reedifide, and fort new built,
And foure field-peeces in the block-house lye
To keepe the harbours mouth.

Goodl. And what's one ship to these? 35

Besse. Was there not in the time of their abroad
A gentleman call'd Spencer buried there
Within the church, whom some report was slaine,
Or perisht by a wound?

Spaniard. Indeed there was,
And ore him rais'd a goodly monument, 40
But when the English navy were sail'd thence,
And that the Spaniards did possesse the towne,
Because they held him for an heretike,
They straight remov'd his body from the
church.

Besse. And would the tyrants be so uncharitable 45
To wrong the dead! Where did they then be-
stow him?

Span. They buried him ith fields.

Besse. Oh still more cruell.

Span. The man that ought the field, doubtfull
his corne

Would never prosper whilst an hereticks body
Lay there, hee made petition to the church 50
To ha' it digd up and burnt, and so it was.

Besse. What's he that loves me would per-
swade me live,

Not rather leape ore hatches into th' sea?
Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd
Upon some Spaniards for my Spencer's wrong. 55

Roughm. Let's first begin with these.

Besse. 'Las these poore slaves! Besides their
pardond lives,

One give them money. And Spaniards where
you come,

Pray for Besse Bridges, and speake well o' th
English.

Span. We shall. 60

Besse. Our mourning wee will turne into re-
venge,

And since the church hath censur'd somy Spencer,
Bestow upon the church some few cast peeces,
Command the gunner do't.

Goodl. And if he can

To batter it to the earth. *A peece.*

49 an. Collier and Verity, a.

64-5 Q, followed by Pearson and Collier, prints:

And if he can to batter it to the earth.

A peece. Verity substitutes *A gun is discharged.*

Enter Clem falling for haste.

Clem. A saile, a saile! 65

Besse. From whence?

Clem. A pox upon yon gunner! Could he not give warning before he had shot?

Roughm. Why I prethee?

Clem. Why? I was sent to the top-mast to watch, and there I fell fast asleepe. Bounce quoth the guns, down tumbles Clem, and if by chance my feet had not hung in the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-setter, for my necke had beene in a pittifull taking. 75

Roughm. Thou toldst us of a saile.

Enter Sailer above.

Sailor. Arme gentlemen, a gallant ship of warre Makes with her full sailes this way : who it seemes Hath tooke a barke of England.

Besse. Which wee'll rescue,
Or perish in th' adventure. You have sworne 80
That howsoere we conquer or miscary
Not to reveale my sex.

All. Wee have.

Besse. Then for your countries honor, my re-
venge,
For your owne fame, and hope of golden spoile,
Stand bravely to't. The manage of the fight 85
We leave to you.

72 guns. Collier, gun.

Goodl. Then now up with your fights, & let
your ensignes

Blest with S. Georges crosse, play with the
windes.

Faire Besse, keepe you your cabin.

Besse. Captaine you wrong me, I will face
the fight, 90

And where the bullets sing loudst 'bout mine
eares,

There shall you finde me chearing up my men.

Roughm. This wench would of a coward
make an Hercules.

Besse. Trumpets a charge, and with your
whistles shrill

Sound boatswaynes an alarum to your mates. 95

With musicke cheare up their astonisht soules,
The whilst the thundring ordnance beare the base.

Goodl. To fight against the Spaniards we desire.

Alarme trumpets. *Alarme.*

Roughm. Gunners straight give fire. *Shot.* X

[*Exeunt Besse, Goodlacke, and others.*]

Enter Goodlacke hurt, Besse, Roughman, Forset, Clem.

Goodl. I am shot, and can no longer man the
decke, 100

Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.

93 *an Hercules.* Collier and Verity, a Hercules.

99 *Alarme.* Collier and Verity, Alarum.

S. D. *Shot.* Verity substitutes *A shot is fired.*

Besse. For every drop of blood that thou hast
 shed,
 Ile have a Spaniards life. Advance your targets,
 And now cry all, Boord, boord, amaine for
 England!

Alarme. [Exeunt *Besse, Goodlacke, and others.*]
Enter with victory Besse, Roughman, Forset, Clem,
&c. The Spaniards prisoners.

Besse. How is it with the captaine?

Roughm. Nothing dangerous, ¹⁰⁵
 But being shot ith' thigh hee keeps his cabin,
 And cannot rise to greet your victory.

Besse. He stood it bravely out whilst he could
 stand.

Clem. But for these Spaniards, now you Don
 Diegoes,
 You that made Paules to stinke. ¹¹⁰

Roughm. Before we further censure them, let's
 know
 What English prisoners they have here aboard.

[*Exit.*]

Span. You may command them all. We that
 were now
 Lords over them, fortune hath made your slaves.
 Release our prisoners.

Besse. Had my captaine dide ¹¹⁵

S. D. *Alarme.* Collier and Verity, Alarum.

S. D. *Enter with victory.* Verity substitutes, Enter . . . victorious.

Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life.
 Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.
 So live. Give him his long boate : him and his
 Set safe ashore ; and pray for English Besse.

Span. I know not whom you meane, but
 bee't your *Queene*, 120

Famous Elizabeth, I shall report
 She and her subjects both are mercifull. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.

Besse. Whence are you sir ? and whither were
 you bound ?

Merchant. I am a London bound for Barbary,
 But by this Spanish man-of-warre surpris'd, 125
 Pillag'd and captiv'd.

Besse. We much pittie you.

What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish
 prey

Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.

Merch. Our lives, and all our fortunes what-
 soever

Are wholly at your service. 130

Besse. These gentlemen have been dejected
 long.

Let me peruse them all, and give them money
 To drinke our health. And pray forget not sirs,
 To pray for — Hold ! support me, or I faint.

124 *a London.* Verity, a London merchant.

134 *pray for.* Verity inserts, *She sees Spencer.*

Roughm. What sudden unexpected extasie 135
Disturbs your conquest ?

Besse. Interrupt me not ;
But give me way for Heavens sake.

Spencer. I have seene
A face ere now like that yong gentleman,
But not remember where.

Besse. But he was slaine,
Lay buried in yon church, and thence remov'd, 140
Denyde all Christian rights, and like an infidell
Confinde unto the fields, and thence digd up,
His body after death had martyrdome :

All these assure me tis his shadow dogs me,
For some most just revenge thus farre to sea. 145

Is it because the Spaniards scap'd with life,
That were to thee so cruell after death
Thou haunst me thus ? Sweet ghost thy rage
forbeare,

I will revenge thee on the next we seaze.

I am amaz'd, this sight Ile not endure. 150

Sleepe, sleepe, faire ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

Roughm. Forset, convey the owner to his
cabin. [Exit Forset with Besse.]

Spenc. I pray sir what young gentleman is
that ?

137-8 Q, followed by Collier, prints :

I have seene a face ere now like that yong gentleman.

141 rights. Collier and Verity, rites.

Roughm. Hee's both the owner of the ship
and goods,

That for some reasons hath his name conceal'd. 155

Spenc. Me thinke he lookes like Besse, for in
his eyes

Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

Roughm. Come gentlemen, first make your
losses good

Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide
Both severall wayes, and Heavens be our guide. 160

Mercb. We towards Mamorrah.

Roughm. We where the Fates doe please,
Till we have tract a wilderness of seas.

Florish.

Enter Chorus.

Our stage so lamely can expresse a sea,
That we are forst by Chorus to discourse
What should have beene in action. Now imagine 165

Her passion ore, and Goodlacke well recoverd,
Who had he not been wounded and seene

Spencer,

Had sure descride him. Much prise they have
tane,

The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes
spoile

Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke. 170

And now her fame growes great in all these
seas.

Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water
To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,
Where wearied with the habit of a man,
She was discoverd by the Moores aboard, 175
Which told it to the amorous King of Fesse,
That ne'er before had English lady seene.
He sends for her on shore; how he receives her,
How she and Spencer meet, must next succeed.
Sit patient then, when these are fully told, 180
Some may hap say, I, there's a girle worth gold.
Exeunt. Act long.

Explicit Actus quartus.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[SCENE I.—*Morocco. The Court.*]*Enter Mullisbeg, Alcade, Joffer, and Attendants, &c.**Mullisbeg.* But was she of such presence?*Alcade.* To describe her

Were to make eloquence dumb.

Mull. Well habited?*Alc.* I ne'er beheld a beauty more compleat.*Mull.* Thou hast inflam'd our spirits.

In England borne?

Alc. The captaine so reported.*Mull.* How her ship? 5*Alc.* I never saw a braver vessell saile,And she is call'd *The Negro*.*Mull* Ominous

Perhaps to our good fate: she in a Negro

Hath sail'd thus farre to bosome with a Moore.

But for the motion made to come ashore, 10

How did she relish that?

Alc. I promist to the captaine large reward

To winne him to it, and this day he' hath

promist

To bring me her free answer.

1-2 Q, followed by Collier (who has *describe*), prints:*To describe her were to make eloquence dumb.*

Mull. When he comes
Give him the entertainment of a prince. 15

Enter a Moore.

The newes with thee?

Moore. The captaine of *The Negro* craves
admittance

Unto your Highnesse presence.

Mull. A guard attend him, and our noblest
bashawes

Conduct him safe where we will parly him. 20

Flourish.

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.

Goodlacke. Long live the high and mighty King
of Fesse.

Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring
me life.

Say, will she come?

Goodl. She will my lord, but yet conditionally
She may be free from violence. 2

Mull. Now by the mighty prophet we adore,
She shall live lady of her free desires,
Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous
fires.

Roughman. We will conduct her to your pres-
ence straight.

[*Exeunt Roughman and Goodlacke.*]

Mull. We will have banquets, revels, and
what not

To entertaine this stranger.

Hoboyes.

*Enter Besse Bridges vail'd, Goodlacke, Roughman,
Forset, and Moores.*

A goodly presence! Why's that beauty vail'd?
Besse. Long live the King of Fesse.

[*Throws off her veil.*]

Mull. I am amaz'd,

This is no mortall creature I behold,
But some bright angell that is dropt from Heaven, 35
Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus
Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold,
For this great favour.

Besse. Captaine, touch it not.
Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,
I onely came to see thee for my pleasure, 40
And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,
A woman borne in England.

Mull. That English earth may well be term'd
a Heaven,
That breeds such divine beauties. Make me
sure
That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch. 45

Besse. Keepe off: for till thou swearst to my
demands
I will have no commerce with Mullisheg,
But leave thee as I came.

Mull. Were't halfe my kingdome,
That, beautious English virgin, thou shalt have.

Besse. Captaine reade. 50

Goodl. First, libertie for her and hers to leave the land at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her owne discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, eyther 55
by the king or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.

Fiftly, to offer no further violence to her person, then what hee seekes by kindly usage, and 60
free intreaty.

Mull. To these I vow and seale.

Besse. These being assur'd
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

Mull. Say gentlemen of England, what's your
fashion

And garbe of entertainment ?

Goodl. Our first greeting 65
Begins still on the lips.

Mull. Fayre creature, shall I be immortaliz'd
With that high favour ?

Besse. Tis no immodest thing
You aske, nor shame, for Besse to kisse a king.

Mull. This kisse hath all my vitalls extaside. 70

Roughm. Captain this king is mightily in love.

Wel let her

Doe as she list, Ile make use of his bounty.

69 At close of verse, Verity inserts, *Kisses him.*

Goodl. We should be mad men else.

Mull. Grace me so much as take your seat
by me.

Besse. Ile be so farre commanded.

Mull. Sweet, your age? 75

Besse. Not fully yet seaventeene.

Mull. But how your birth? How came you
to this wealth,

To have such gentlemen at your command?

And what your cause of travell?

Besse. Mighty prince,

If you desire to see me beat my brest, 80

Poure forth a river of increasing teares,

Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

Mull. Not for Mamorrahs wealth, nor all the
gold

Coyn'd in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,

And aske of me be't halfe this kingdomes treas-
ure, 85

And thou art lady on't.

Besse. If I shall aske, 't must be, you will
not give.

Our country breedes no beggers, for our hearts
Are of more noble temper.

Mull. Sweet, your name?

Besse. Elizabeth.

Mull. There's vertue in that name. 90

The Virgin Queene so famous through the world,

The mighty Empresse of the maiden-ile,
 Whose predecessors have ore-runne great France,
 Whose powerfull hand doth still support the
 Dutch,
 And keeps the potent king of Spaine in awe, 95
 Is not she titled so?

Besse. She is.

Mull. Hath she her selfe a face so faire as
 yours

When she appeares for wonder?

Besse. Mighty Fesse,
 You cast a blush upon my maiden cheeke,
 To patterne me with her. Why Englands
 Queene 100

She is the onely phœnix of her age,
 The pride and glory of the Westernne Isles:
 Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre,
 And faile me in her true description.

Mull. Grant me this, 105
 To morrow we supply our judgement-seate,
 And sentence causes, sit with us in state,
 And let your presence beautifie our throne.

Besse. In that I am your servant.

Mull. And we thine.
 Set on in state, attendants, and full traine: 110
 But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

[*Exeunt all except Goodlacke.*]

Enter Clem, manet Goodlacke.

Clem. It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
Or rather Andrew our elder journeyman: what,
drawers become courtiers! Now may I speake
with the old ghost in *Jeronimo*; 115

“When this eternall substance of my soule
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,
I was a courtier in the court of” — Fesse.

Goodl. Oh well done Clem! It is your mistris
pleasure

None come a shore that's not well habited. 120

Clem. Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe
as good a Christian in these cloaths, as the
proudest infidell of them all.

Enter Alcade and Joffer.

Alc. Sir, by your leave, y'are of the English
traine?

Clem. I am so thou great monarch of the
Mauritanians. 125

Joffer. Then tis the kings command we give
you al attendance.

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke
thee.

Alc. Will you walke in to banquet?

Clem. I will make bold to march in towards
your banquet, and there comfit my selfe, and 130
cast all carawayes downe my throat, the best
way I have to conserve my selfe in health: and

for your countries sake which is called Barbery,
I will love all barbers and barberies the better:
And for you Moores, thus much I meane to
say,

135

Ile see if Moore I eate the Moore I may.

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Merchant.* I pray sir are you of the English
traine?

Clem. Why what art thou my friend?

1 *Merch.* Sir, a French merchant runne into
relapse,

And forfeit of the law: heres for you sir

140

Forty good Barbery peeces to deliver

Your lady this petition, who I heare

Can all things with the king.

Clem. Your gold doth binde me to you: you
may see what it is to be a sudden courtier. I no
sooner put my nose into the court, but my hand
itches for a bribe already. What's your busi-
nesse my friend?

2 *Merch.* Some of my men for a little outrage
done

Are sentenc'd to the gallyes.

Clem.

To the gallowes? 150

2 *Merch.* No, to the galleys: now could your
lady purchase

Their pardon from the king, heres twenty
angels.

Clem. What are you sir?

2 Merch. A Florentine merchant.

Clem. Then you are, as they say, a Christian?

2 Merch. Heaven forbid else! 155

Clem. I should not have the faith to take your gold else.

Attend on mee, Ile speake in your behalfe.

Where be my bashawes? Usher us in state,

Florisb.

And when we sit to banquet see you waite.

Exit.

[SCENE II.— *The same.*]

Enter Spencer solus.

Spencer. This day the king ascends his royall throne,

The honest merchant in whose ship I came,

Hath by a cunning quiddit in the law

Both ship and goods made forfeit to the king,

To whom I will petition. But no more,

Hee's now upon his entrance.

Hoboyes.

Enter the King, Besse, Goodlacke, Roughman, Alcade,

Joffer, with all the other traine.

Mullisbeg. Here seat thee Maid of England like a queene,

The style wee'll give thee, wilt thou daigne us love.

Besse. Blesse me you holy angels!

Mull. What ist offends you sweet?

Spenc. I am amaz'd, and know not what to
thinke on't. 10

Besse. Captaine, dost not see? Is not that
Spencers ghost?

Goodlack. I see, and like you I am extaside.

Spenc. If mine eyes mistake not,
That should be Captaine Goodlacke, and that
Besse.

But oh, I cannot be so happy. 15

Goodl. Tis he, and Ile salute him.

Besse. Captaine stay,
You shall be swaide by me.

Spenc. Him I wel know, but how should she
come hither?

Mull. What ist that troubles you?

Besse. Most mighty king,
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow 20
My captaine on a message.

Mull. Thou shalt command my silence, and
his eare.

Besse. [*To Goodlacke.*] Goe winde about, and
when you see least eyes
Are fixt on you, single him out and see
If we mistake not. If he be the man, 25
Give me some private note.

Goodl. This.

Besse. Enough. What said you Highnesse?

Mull. Harke what I profer thee. Continue here,

And grant me full fruition of thy love.

Besse. Good.

30

Mull. Thou shalt have all my peeres to honour thee

Next our great prophet.

Besse. Well.

Mull. And when th' art weary of our sun-burnt clime,

Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.

Besse. I am eterniz'd ever.

35

Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,

I neither care nor feare: my Spencer lives.

Mull. You minde me not sweet virgin.

Besse. You talke of love.

My lord, Ile tell you more of that hereafter.

But now to your state-businesse: bid him doe thus 40

No more, and not be seene till then.

Goodl. Enough: Come sir, you must along with me. [*Exeunt Goodlacke and Spencer.*]

Besse. Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,

I would not change my cheare since Spencer's safe.

27 *you Highnesse.* Collier and Verity, your highness.

41 *not be seene.* Collier and Verity, not to be seen.

Enter Clem and the Merchants.

Clem. By your leave my masters: room for 45
generosity.

1 *Merchant.* Pray sir remember me.

2 *Merch.* Good sir, my suit.

Clem. I am perfect in both your parts with-
out prompting. Mistresse, here are two Chris-
ten friends of mine have forfeited ships and men 50
to the black a Morrian king. Now one sweet
word from your lips might get their release. I
have had a feeling of the businesse already.

Mull. For dealing in commodities forbid
Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats. 55

Besse. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,
A follower of my traine petitions for him.

Mull. One of thy traine, sweet Besse?

Clem. And no worse man than my selfe sir.

Mull. Well sirrah, for your ladies sake, 60
His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.

1 *Merch.* Long live the King of Fesse!

Clem. Maist thou never want sweet water to
wash thy blacke face in, most mighty monarke
of Morocco. Mistris, another friend; I, and paid 65
before hand.

Mull. Sirrah, your men for outrage and con-
tempt
Are doom'd unto the gallies.

51 *black a Morrian.* Collier and Verity, black-a-morian.

Besse. A censure too severe for Christians.
Great king, Ile pay their ransome.

Mull. Thou my Besse! 70
Thy word shall be their ransome, th'are dis-
charg'd.

What grave old man is that?

Joffer. A Christian preacher, one that would
convert

Your Moores, and turne them to a new be-
liefe.

Mull. Then he shall die, as wee are king of
Fesse. 75

Besse. For these I onely spake, for him I kneele,
If I have any grace with mighty Fesse.

Mull. We can deny thee nothing beautious
maid,

A kisse shall be his pardon.

Besse. Thus I pay't.

Clem. Must your black face be smooching my 80
mistresses white lips with a moorian! I would
you had kist her a—

Alcade. Ha, how is that sir?

Clem. I know what I say sir, I would he had
kist her a— 85

Alc. A — what?

Clem. A thousand times to have done him a
pleasure.

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

Mull. That kisse was worth the ransome of
a king.

What's he of that brave presence ?

Besse. A gentleman of England, and my friend. 9
Doe him some grace for my sake.

Mull. For thy sake what would not I per-
forme ?

Hee shall have grace and honour. Joffer, goe
And see him gelded to attend on us,
He shall be our chiefe eunuch. 9

Besse. Not for ten worlds. Behold great king
I stand

Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee ?
Ceaze what I have, take both my ship and goods,
Leave nought that's mine unrifled : spare me him.
And have I found my Spencer ? 10

Clem. Please your majestie I see all men are
not capable of honour : what he refuseth, may it
please you to bestow on me.

Mull. With all my heart. Goe beare him
hence Alcade,
Into our Alkedavy, honour him, 10
And let him taste the razor.

Clem. There's honour for me.

Alc. Come follow.

Clem. No sir, Ile goe before you for mine
honour. *Exit.*

Spenc. Oh shew your selfe renown'd king the
same

Fame blazons you: bestow this maid on me, 110

Tis such a gift as kingdomes cannot buy:

She is a president of all true love,

And shall be registred to after times,

That ne'er shall patterne her.

Goodl. Heard you the story of their constant
love, 115

'Twould move in you compassion.

Roughm. Let not intemperate love sway you
'bove pitty.

That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name,
May chronicle your vertues.

Mull. You have wakend in me an heroick
spirit: 120

Lust shall not conquer vertue. Till this hower,
We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

Besse. Oh were you of our faith, Ide sweare
great Mullisheg

To be a god on earth. And lives my Spencer? 125
In troath I thought thee dead.

Spenc. In hope of thee,
I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

Enter Clem running.

Clem. No more of your honour if you love
me. Is this your Moorish preferment to rob a
man of his best jewels? 130

Mull. Hast thou seene our Alkedavy?

Clem. Davy doe you call him? he may be call'd shavee.

I am sure he hath tickled my currant commodity.
No more of your cutting honour if you love me.

Mull. [*To Spencer.*] All your strange fortunes we will heare discourst

135

And after that your faire espousals grace,
If you can finde a man of your beliefe
To doe that gratefull office.

Spenc. None more fit
Then this religious and brave gentleman
Late rescewed from deaths sentence.

Preacher. None more proud 140
To doe you that poore service.

Mull. Noble Englishman,
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,
Worthy thy merit, move some suite to us.

Spenc. To make you more renown'd great
king, and us

The more indebted, theres an Englishman 145
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

Mull. Thy suite is granted ere it be halfe
begg'd,

Dispose them at thy pleasure.

Spenc. Mighty king
We are your Highnesse servants.

Mull. Come beautious maid, wee'll see thee
crown'd a bride. 150

At all our pompous banquets these shall waite,
Thy followers and thy servants presse with gold,
And not the mean'st that to thy traine belongs,
But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,
And wheresoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd, 155
The world report thou art a Girle worth Gold.

Explicit Actus quintus.

FINIS.

Notes to the Faire Maide of the West

For the meaning of single words not here discussed see the Glossary

145. Mr. Michael Bowyer, listed by Fleay as a member of Lady Elizabeth's company in 1624 and of Queen Henrietta's in 1625-37. Apparently Fleay's reason for assigning Bowyer to Lady Elizabeth's company is the fact that this actor played Vitelli, the hero, in Massinger's *Renegado* which was licensed April 17, 1624, for the Cockpit, the house of the Lady Elizabeth's servants from 1617 to 1625. But Bowyer's name is not in the 1622 list of its members as given in the Herbert MSS. (*London Stage*, 264) and Fleay later admits (*English Drama*, 1, 220) that the list of performers in Massinger's *Renegado* may belong to 1630, when the play was printed as acted by Queen Henrietta's men. With the accession of Charles in 1625, the Lady Elizabeth's players passed to Queen Henrietta, and of the Queen's company Bowyer was a leading member. He played Beauford, the tragic lover, in Shirley's *Wedding* (1626-29), Scipio in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio* (1635) and the stormy King John in Davenport's *John and Matilda* (before 1636). To Davenport's poem *Too Late to call backe Yesterday* (1623) is prefixed a dedicatory epistle "to my noble friends, Mr. Richard Robinson and Mr. Michael Bowyer." The *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, states: "Those of principal note at the Cockpit were Perkins, Michael Bowyer, Sumner, William Allan, and Bird, eminent actors; and Robins a comedian."

145. Mr. Rich. Perkins, a player who seems to have been before the public for some thirty-five years. Fleay has traced him as belonging to Worcester's men, 1602-3; Queen Anne's men, 1603-19; the Revels Company, 1619-23; King James' company, 1623-25; and Queen Henrietta's men, 1626-37. His name is prominent in the disputes between Queen Anne's players and the widow of their chief comedian, Thomas Greene, who died in 1612 (*London Stage*, 282-83, 286-87) and also in the Smith-Beeston

suit (Wallace in *Nebraska University Studies*, October, 1909, pp. 29-51). His wife, called as a witness in this suit, is described as "Elizabeth Perkins (wief of Richard Perkins of the parish of Clarkinwell gent)." For his eminence at the Cockpit, see under *Bowyer*. He was apparently, as Fleay claims (*London Stage*, 353), one of Queen Henrietta's leading players in 1637, when, leaving the Cockpit to Beeston's new company of boys, the Queen's men, in union with the best actors of the Revels Company, established themselves at Salisbury Court. (See also Fleay's suggestion in *English Drama*, 1, 233.) For Sir Henry Herbert's *Office-Book* (under date of Oct. 2, 1637) mentions only four of the Queen's players as thus transferred and writes the name of Perkins first of the four: "I disposed of Perkins, Sumner, Sherlock, and Turner to Salisbury Court, and joined them with the best of that company." Fleay points out (*London Stage*, 321) that Perkins played Sir John Belfare, the father, in Shirley's *Wedding*, Hanno, the envious betrayer of Hannibal, in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio*, and Fitzwater, Matilda's father, in Davenport's *John and Matilda*, where his action "gave Grace to the Play." Webster especially commended his acting in *The White Devil*, where Prof. Sampson conjectures that he played Brachiano. (See *Belles Lettres* ed. Webster, 183-84, 206). Perkins contributed some spirited prefatory verses to Heywood's *An Apology for Actors* (1612) and when *The Jew of Malta* was revived at The Cockpit, Heywood's friendly prologue paved the way for Perkins who was to play Barabas and "being of condition more modest" than Alleyn, the stage-creator of the part, deprecated comparison. (See Bullen's ed. *Marlowe*, vol. II, p. 6.) The Registers of St. James, Clerkenwell, record the burial of a Richard Perkins April 20, 1650. This is almost certainly our player, for the *Historia Histrionica* states, in telling what became of the actors after the suppression of the theatres: "Perkins and Sumner of the Cockpit, kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried." (The Registers record the burial of "Jno. Sumpner" May 24, 1649.)

145. **Hugh Clark**, a player whom Fleay has traced as one of Queen Henrietta's men, 1627-36. He must have been young and comely in 1627, for he was given the part of Gratiana, the heroine, in Shirley's *Wedding*. By 1635, he was playing men's

parts, the young king, Syphax, and the declamatory Nuntius in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio*, and Hubert, modeled on Shakespeare's Hubert, in Davenport's *John and Matilda*. He belonged to King Charles' company in 1640, if he was "my Sonne Clarke" who spoke the prologue at a revival of Fletcher's *The Custom of the Country*. This seems the more probable from the fact that the name "Hugh Clarke" stands fourth among the ten players who dedicated the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647 to Philip, Earl of Pembroke. There was a Hugh Clarke buried in St. James, Clerkenwell, Oct. 7, 1653.

145. **Christopher Goad** (Goat), an actor who apparently belonged to Queen Henrietta's company in 1631 and probably later. In addition to these two parts, *Mr. Forset* and *A Spanish Cap.*, in the *First Part of The Fair Maid*, he played the Duke of Ferrara in the *Second Part*, and Oxford in Davenport's *John and Matilda*. His name stands second, as playing Silius, in the cast of performers of the Roman tragedy *Messalina* by Nathaniel Richards, printed in 1640 as "acted with generall applause divers times, by the company of his Maiesties Revells." This same company (1629-36) acted *The Rebellion* by Richards' friend, Th. Rawlins. This was printed in 1640 with a number of commendatory addresses in verse, among them an undistinguished effusion by C. G., praising the "hopefull wit" of the young poet and urging him to write more plays. Other commendatory addresses are signed E. B. and R. W. To Nabbes' *The Unfortunate Mother*, a tragedy which the stage refused, are prefixed three consolatory addresses by E. B., R. W. and C. G. respectively. If the initials designate Christopher Goad in the one case, they do in the other, but the tone toward the stage in this second address scarcely seems characteristic of a player. The Clerkenwell (St. James) Registers record the christening, July 23, 1629, of "Constance d. of Xpofer Gode & Ruth vx"; Oct. 19, 1631, of "Xpofer s. of Xpofer Goade," and Nov. 28, 1632, of "John s. of Xpofer Goade"; with the burial, Jan. 2, 1632, of the child Christopher; Jan. 18, 1632, of an earlier son John, and Jan. 16, 1642, of "Mary, d. of Christopher Gode." Among the *Lacrymae Cantabrigienses* for Queen Anne, 1619, is a brief Latin lament signed *Christ. Goade Bac. Art. of Coll. Royal Soc.*

145. William Shearlock (Shirelock, Sherlock, Shurlock), listed by Fleay as one of Lady Elizabeth's men 1622-25, and of Queen Henrietta's 1625-37. He played the part of Lodam, a comic character, absurdly fat, in Shirley's *Wedding*, and of Brand, the "merry murderer," in Davenport's *John and Matilda*, where he "performed excellently well." In Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio* he took the part of Maharbal, one of Hannibal's officers, and also — omitted by Fleay from his table in *London Stage*, 321 — the later part of King Prusias. His name stands sixth in the 1622 list (see *London Stage*, 264) of Lady Elizabeth's company (see note on Perkins above) and third among the four Queen's players removed in 1637 from the Cockpit to Salisbury Court.

145. Mr. William Robinson (Robins), traced by Fleay from Queen Anne's company in 1617-19 and the Revels company in 1622 to the Lady Elizabeth's, 1623-25, and Queen Henrietta's, 1625-27. His name is of frequent occurrence in the Baskerville documents (*London Stage*, 273-92), which may indicate an earlier connection than 1617 with the Queen's men. He played Carazie, a part not unlike that of Clem, in Massinger's *Renegado*, and Rawbone, a comic character, absurdly lean, in Shirley's *Wedding*. There were, as Collier pointed out, two other Jacobean actors named Robinson, — John Robinson, whose burial is recorded at St. Giles, Cripplegate, April 27, 1641, and a more distinguished player, "Dick Robinson," whom Jonson praised for his success in personating women (*The Devil is an Ass*, II, viii, 56-77, Yale ed.) and who was living in 1647, when he joined with nine other players — see under *Hugh Clark* above — in bringing out the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is then probable (see under *Bowyer* for mention in *Historia Histrionica* of "Robins a comedian") that it was William Robinson who was slain at the taking of Basing House, Hampshire, in which the fifth Marquis of Winchester had maintained a gallant defense. The house, named by its owner Loyalty, was finally taken by storm, October 14, 1645. The circumstances of the comedian's tragic exit are told in Wright's *Historia Histrionica* (1699): "When the stage was put down, and the rebellion raised," most of the players, "except Lowin, Taylor and Pollard (who were superannuated) went into the King's army, and, like good men and true, served their old mas-

ter, though in a different yet more honorable capacity. Robinson was killed on the taking of a place (I think Basing House) by Harrison, he that was after hanged at Charing Cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had lain down his arms, abusing Scripture at the same time by saying — *Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.*” The preacher Hugh Peters, attending the army as chaplain, wrote to Parliament on the same date:

“That he came into Basing-house some time after the storm, on Tuesday the 14th of October 1645. . . . In the several rooms, and about the house, there were slain seventy-four and only one woman, the daughter of doctor Griffith, who by her railing provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a further passion. There lay dead upon the ground major Cuffle, (a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious papist,) slain by the hands of major Harrison, (that godly and gallant gentleman,) and Robinson the player, who, a little before the storm, was known to be mocking and scorning the parliament and our army.” (Sprigg’s *Anglia Rediviva*, pp. 150–51). The slayer was Harrison the regicide, whose victim another account (*Mercurius Civicus*, Oct. 9–16, 1645) describes as “one Robinson, son to the doorkeeper of Blackfriars playhouse.” Peters, as well as Harrison, was executed after the Restoration, and in a memoir of him published in 1663, *England’s Shame*, by William Yonge, Dr. Med., reference is made to “his former employment in the Playhouse,” where he is said to have been “the Jester (or rather a Fool) in Shakespeare’s Company of Players.” This is probably untrue, as no such story is told in another hostile publication, *The Tales and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters*, printed in the year (1660) of his execution. (See Collier’s *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, vol. III, pp. 181–84, ed. 1866.)

145. Mr. Anthony Turner, whose name, misprinted “Furner” in Qq., is correctly given in the *Dramatis Personae* of the *Second Part*, where he played Bashaw Alcade. The name “Antony Turner” is the seventh and last in the 1622 list of Lady Elizabeth’s players — see under *William Shearlock* above — and “Turner” was one of the four Queen’s men removed by Herbert in 1637 — see under *Perkins* above — to Salisbury Court. He played

Justice Landby in Shirley's *Wedding*, the slight part of Piston in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio*, and "Old Lord Bruce" in Davenport's *John and Matilda*.

145. **Rob. Axell** (Axen, Axon) was of Queen Henrietta's company 1631-35. In the *Dramatis Personae* for the *Second Part*, where he played the Duke of Mantua, the name appears as *Rob. Axall*. He played the two parts of Bomilcar and Gisgon in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio*. He may be the Robert Axon of the Clerkenwell Registers, where son John, "kild wth a cart," was buried June 5, 1631, and whose son Simon was buried Jan. 21, 1632, three days after the burial of "John s. of Christofer Gode." On Feb. 6, 1631, was recorded the christening of "Everelda, d. of Robert Axon and Mary his wife"; on Jan. 16, 1633, that of "Symon s. of Robert Axon" and on March 28, 1634, that of "Will'm s. of Robert Axon."

145. **Mr. Will. Allen**, listed by Fleay as one of Lady Elizabeth's men in 1624 (but see under *Mr. Michael Bowyer* above) and as one of Queen Henrietta's company, 1625-37. He played Grimaldi, the penitent pirate, in Massinger's *Renegado*, Capt. Landby in Shirley's *Wedding*, Hannibal in Nabbes' *Hannibal and Scipio*, and Pandulph, the Pope's legate, in Davenport's *John and Matilda*. His name stands ninth in the list of players who dedicated — see under *Hugh Clark* above — the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647 to the Earl of Pembroke. The *Historia Histriónica*, telling how the players went into the King's army, says: "Allen of the Cockpit was a Major, and Quarter Master-General at Oxford."

145. **Mr. Wilbraham**, the William Wilbraham who was a member of Queen Henrietta's Company, 1627-31. He played the part of Isaac, a clownish servant, in Shirley's *Wedding*.

145. **Mullisheg**. *Purchas His Pilgrimes* (1625) throws light on this word. In vol. II, p. 853, we read that Muley-Sheck is "a title given always to the eldest of the King's sonnes." On p. 854: "The eldest son Muley Sheck in his younger yeeres governed Fez and those parts of Barbarie . . . which kingdom hath in former times bene allotted by the late *Kings* of *Barbary* to their eldest sonnes." On p. 870: "There is another title of dignity termed *sheck*, attributed to the chief man of every Family or Cast, neither doth the

King's eldest sonne scorne the title, signifying that he is the prime or best blood of his Royall kindred."

145. Bashaw Alcade. (See *Glossary* for "Bashaw.") *Alcade* seems to be the word given in Hakluyt's *Voyages* as "Alcayde" and in *Purchas His Pilgrimes* as "Alkeid," with following definition (vol. II, p. 870): "Alkeids be the Lords, set as well over Garrison Townes as Countreys, to rule and keepe the people in subjection."

145. Bashaw Joffer. The word *Joffer* may be a jumble of *Boferes* and *Nassar*, names of two younger brothers of Muley Sheck. There is a Basha Indar, too, who figures in Shirley's account.

146. Prologue. This prologue is given, with slight variations, in *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, 1637 (p. 236), as "Spoken to their two Majesties at Hampton Court." The time may have been Christmas, 1630, as the play, published 1631 (S. R. June 16), had been "lately acted before the King and Queen."

147, 1. my lord. Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, who, at the date indicated in the play, was a dashing noble of thirty years. His brilliant capture of Cadiz, the summer preceding, had made him a popular hero. Cf. Heywood's reference to Drake and the other Elizabethan sea-captains in *Works*, I, 339.

147, 4. the Islands. This expedition of 1597, with Essex in command, failed in both its purposes of intercepting the Indian treasure-fleet and seizing the Azores; yet the Islands' voyage, as it was called, seized the Elizabethan imagination. "If you be a souldier, talke how often you have beene in action: as the *Portingale* voyage, *Cales* voiage, the *Island* voiage." *Guls Horn-booke* (Dent ed.), p. 40.

147, 5. The great successe at Cales. The table of *Dramatis Personae* is obviously wrong in its introduction of the Earl of Essex as "going to Cales." He took Cadiz June 22, 1596, returning to Plymouth, which he had left June 1, on August 10. The Islands' Voyage was from July 10, 1597, to October 15.

148, 20. the Castle needes no bush. The ivy-bush was hung up before taverns, but perhaps only before those of the better sort that furnished wine. Cf. Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (Dent ed.), p. 221. Clem says (*Works*, II, 415): "then will I go home to the bush where I drew wine." Moryson notes

(*Itinerary*, ed. 1908, III, 482) that Ireland has "no Taverne with Ivy bushes or signes hung out, save onely some few at Dublin." In *The History of Sign-Boards*, by Larwood and Hotten, it is stated (p. 233): "The oldest sign borrowed from the vegetable kingdom is the BUSH; it was a bush or bunch of ivy, box or evergreen, tied to the end of a pole. . . . The custom came evidently from the Romans, and with it the oft-repeated proverb, 'Good wine needs no Bush.' . . . Ivy was the plant commonly used. . . . It may have been adopted as the plant sacred to Bacchus and the Bacchantes, or perhaps simply because it is a hardy plant, and long continues green. As late as the reign of King James I. many inns used it as their only sign. Taylor, the water-poet, in his perambulation of ten shires around London, notes various places where there is 'a taverne with a bush only'; in other parts he mentions 'the signe of the Bush.'" In Davenant's *Newes from Plimouth* there is mention of

"London, the Spheare of Light and harmony,

Where still your Taverne Bush is green, and flourishing."

151, 7. **sacke or claret.** Henderson, in his *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, 1824, gives a full discussion of sack (pp. 298-309), a white wine, dry and sweet, originally of Spain. He speaks of claret (pp. 148, 183-84) as a red wine of Bordeaux, often adulterated. The virtues of burnt Sack, so dear to Falstaff, are celebrated in a song of *Pasquils Palinodia*, 1619:

"A quart of Sacke well burned

and drunk to bed-ward wholly,

I dare be bold doth cure the cold,

and purgeth Melancholly.

It comforts aged persons,

and seemes their youth to render,

It warmes the braynes, it fills the vaines,

and fresh bloud doth engender.

Then let us drinke old Sack, old Sack, boyes!

which makes us warme and merry."

152, 20. **Anon anon sir.** Cf. 206, 103-4. How common this phrase was in tavern association may be illustrated by the opening of Richard Brathwait's *A Strappado for the Diuell*:

“To the true discoverer of secrets Mounsieur Bacckus, sole Sovereigne of the Ivy-bush, Master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, . . . cheerer of the hunger-starv'd Muses, and their thred bare followers, singuler Artist in pewter language, and an observant linguist for anon anon Sir.” See also Shakespeare's *I Henry IV*, II, iv, 1-100, and Heywood's *Loves Mistris*, where Cupid teases Venus with the response *Anon-forsooth*. (*Works*, v, 96-97.)

153, 40. **Graves wine.** Henderson states (p. 180): “The *Graves* are so termed from the nature of the soil which produces them. Formerly the appellation was confined to the white sorts; but it now comprehends the red as well as the white wines which grow on the gravelly lands to the south-east and south-west of Bordeaux.” He further states (p. 185) that the white wines called Graves “have a dry flinty taste, and an aroma somewhat resembling cloves.”

153, 45. **pottle pots.** A curious account of drinking utensils is given in Heywood's *Philocothonista*: “Next for variety of drinking Cups, we need not be said to come neere, but to goe farre beyond the Grecians, of whose carousing bowles I have before given you a sufficient catalogue; divers and sundry sorts we have, some of *Elme*, some of *Box*, some of *Maple*, some of *Holly*, &c. *Mazers*, broad-mouth'd dishes, *Noggins*, *Whiskins*, *Piggins*, *Criuzes*, *Ale-bowles*, *Wassell bowles*, *Court-dishes*, *Tankards*, *Kannes*, from a Pottle to a Pint, from a Pint to a Gill: other Bottles we have of *Leather*, but they most used amongst the Shepherds, and harvest people of the Countrey; small *Jacks* we have in many *Ale-houses* of the *Citie*, and *Suburbs*, tipt with silver, besides the great black *Jacks*, and *bombards* at the *Court*, which when the *French-men* first saw, they reported at their returne into their Countrey, that the *English-men* used to drink out of their *Bootes*; wee have besides, cups made of *hornes* of beasts, of *Cocker-nutts*, of *Goords*, of the eggs of *Estriches*, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the *Indies*, and other places, and shining like mother of *Pearle*; Infinite there are of all measures, and fashions model'd of earth, *cotili*, and *Dycotili*, single pots, and double pots, some plaine, others of many colours: Insomuch that the *Dutch-men* have removed their *Furnaces* hither, and driven a great trade as if our owne Nation and soyle, could not either offord us earth, and clay

enough, or worke-men sufficient to maintaine our rejotts : some I have seene made in the forme and figure of beasts, as of Dogges, Catts, Apes, and Horses, others of Fishes, as Dolphins, &c. But the most curious and costly, either for Workmanship, or Mettall, are brought from *China* : Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from *Venice*, and other places, some made in the Citie by straungers ; besides the ordinary sort, I have seene some like Shippes under sayle, accommodated with Mastes, Sayles, Ordnance, Cable, Anchor, and saylors to man her : others like boates, Lyons, Ratts, Trumpets, and indeede what not ? Come to plate, Every Taverne can afford you flat bowles, French bowles, Prouncet Cups, Beare-bowles, Beakers, and private householders in the Citie, when they make a Feast, to entertain their friends, can furnish their cup-bords with Flagons, Tankards, Beere-cups, Wine-bowles, some white, some parcell gilt, some gilt all over, some with covers, others without, of sundry shapes and qualities. Many can make showes of 50. pounds, or an hundred Marke-worth of plate upon his Table, when hee hath scase an hundred shillings to dance in his pocket, and that makes the proverb to grow so common amongst them. *A good panne never shames his master.* . . . Insomuch that divers of good experience and Judgment have beene of opinion ; that the Plate doth much out-value the Coyne in the Kingdome."

154, 63. **Portcullis.** Naming the rooms of an inn is an old fashion not yet entirely disused. Cf. 169, 67, for the Mermaid, 207, 110, for the Crown, and 221, 104-5, for the Half-Moon. In Shakespeare's *1 Henry IV*, II, iv, 30, we hear of a room called the Half-Moon, and in *Measure for Measure*, II, i, 133, of another called the Bunch of Grapes.

155, 65. **Goe, let your master snick-up.** Collier's special interpretation of this passage fails to carry conviction. He says: "To 'go snick-up' has been usually considered equivalent to *go hang* ; but here it should seem that it has reference to drawing wine for the guests."

157, 96. **devill . . . roaring.** Jacobeans had not forgotten the *Ho, ho, ho!* of the Miracle-Play Devil. For the pun involved in *roaring*, see note on 171, 100.

158, 118. **bold Betrice.** The name Beatrice was often

spelled *Betrice* or *Betrice* (and presumably so pronounced) in the seventeenth century, as in *Eastward Hoe*, Davenant's *The Man's the Master*, and by the Duchess of Newcastle in one of her *Sociable Letters*. Burton in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* alludes to "*Benedict* and *Betteris* in the Comedy." A chap-book entitled *Vinegar and Mustard* (1673) relates a scolding-match between two market-women, one of whom is called "bold *Bettris*," as if this were a common name for a scold or a virago.

158, 118-20. *tis . . . reckoning*. For the callous indifference of the Drawers, cf. the death of Frank Forrest in *Fortune by Land and Sea* (*Works*, vi, 368).

159, 141. *th' Hoe*: a high bluff, in form a crescent, on the sea-front of Plymouth. It is here, the story goes, that Drake was playing bowls, when word was brought him that the Armada had been sighted. It has always been, for Plymouth and vicinity, a place of popular resort, and is even claimed to be "the most interesting spot within the British Empire, if not also the most beautiful." (Norway's *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, 1904, p. 128.) For the Plymouth of Heywood's day, in general, see *Dick of Devonshire* (Bullen's *Old Plays*, 11).

161, 20. *sanctuar'd in these mine armes*. A favorite expression with Heywood. (Cf. *Works*, iv, 137.) He uses this verb in other connections, as in *Works*, 11, 189, and in his *Hierarchie*, p. 10, l. 3.

162, 49. *Foy*. Fowey, a little Cornish port of picturesque location, with a fame for sea-faring even older than that of Plymouth. The "Gallants of Foy" were renowned for naval exploits two centuries earlier than the "Sea-dogs of Devon."

164, 84. *Fiall*. *Fayal*. In *Purchas His Pilgrimes* (vol. iv, p. 1143) is an account of a taking of "Fyall" in 1589, the place being thus described: "This Towne containeth 500 households well and strongly built of Lime and Stone, well stored with fresh water, delicate Fruites and Grapes of divers sorts."

168, 30. *your yeares*, term of apprenticeship. Clem was a vintner's prentice and might easily, according to the *Treatise on Play* (c. 1597) have been worse off: "God send me quickly fatherless sonne, if I had not rather one of my sonnes were a tanker-bearer, that weares sometymes his silke sleeves at the church on

Sunday, then a cosener that weares his satten hose at an ordenary on Fridaie."

168, 32. **forsooth**, a word much overused by the Londoners and regarded as a mark of the citizen class. Cf. Jonson in his *Pe-nates*: "You sip so like a *forsooth* of the city," and Hotspur's re-monstrance against Lady Percy's "in good sooth." (*1 Henry IV*, III, 1, 251-59.) Heywood has Jupiter make fun of it in *The Golden Age* (*Works*, III, 29) and Cupid in *Loves Mistris* (*Works*, v, 96-99).

169, 58. **the last deare yeare**. Collier notes that, according to Stow, wheat was six, seven and eight shillings per bushel in 1596, and that the dearth continued and increased in 1597. This would accord perfectly with the time of the historic event mentioned in the play (the Islands' Voyage) but Heywood, like his fellows, cared little for such consistency (see note on 199, 27, below) and would probably allude to some year, if he had any special date in mind, fresh in the memories of a 1631 audience. See Stow's *Annals* or Fleay's *Weather Table* (*London Stage*, pp. 163-64) compiled from Stow.

169, 67. **the Mermaid**. This was a favorite name, not only for rooms but for inns. Taylor (*Travels*, 1636) enumerates ten Mermaid taverns in London, adding:

"This Mayd is strange (in shape): to man's appearing
Shee's neither fish or flesh, nor good red-hearing;
What is shee then? A Signe to represent
Fish, flesh, good Wine, with welcome and content."

Inns in seaport towns would naturally be partial to this name. In Ravenscroft's *Pammelia* (1609) there is a rousing tavern-song, beginning:

"O Portsmouth it is a gallant towne,
and there we will have a quart of wine
with a nutmeg browne, diddle downe,
The gallant shippe, the Mermaid, the Lion hanging stout,
did make us to spend there our sixeteen pence all out."

170, 72. **many brave commodities**, such as dazzle still on the pages of the old voyagers, — c. g.: "The greatest mart of

the Indies at Calicut, — spices, drugs, nutmegs, precious stones, pearls, & seed of pearl, musk, laquer, gilded coffers, and all the fine things of china, gold, amber, ware, ivory, fine and course cotton, much raw silk, and silk twisted, linen, cloth of gold and cloth of tissue, chamlets, graine, scarlets, carpets of silk, copper, quick-silver, vermilion, alum, corals, rose water and all kinds of con-serves.”

171, 100. **roarers.** (Cf. 191, 5.) These bullies are vividly described by Brathwait in *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615 (re-print of 1878, p. 52):

“ Their peak’ t-mouchatoes bodkinwise oppose
Each other, and stand braving of their nose:
They’re blustering boyes, and whatsoe’re befall,
If they be three to one they’le have the wall.
They have a mint of oaths, yet when they sweare
Of death and murder, there’s small danger there.”

Thomas Jordan characterizes them well, too, in his epigram on *A Roaring Boy* (*Pictures of Passions, Fancies, Affections*, 1641):

“ He is the Kingdoms froth, the Wisemans Wonder,
The Cowards’ Gallant, and the Taverns Thunder:
A thing disguis’d in Noise.”

Heywood defines a roaring boy (*Gunaikeion*, 191) as “ a swaggering companion,” a “ lad of mettall, who seldome went with fewer weapons about him than were able to set up againe a trade-falne cutler.”

Jonson has an “ angry boy ” in *The Alchemist*, “ Three or Four Blades ” appear among “ The Speaking Persons ” of Nabbes’ *The Bride* and are there described as “ Wilde roaring fellowes,” and Dekker and Middleton collaborated in a play *The Roaring Girle*, or *Moll Cut-purse*, the notorious Mary Frith who died in 1659 and is rewarded for her sins with something over a column in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

173, 142. **to be-tall.** Clem, as lines 144 and 166 indicate, is something of a linguist and is punning here on the German *be-sahlen*, to pay, or, rather, on the Dutch *betalen*. N. E. D. says this word was used in England in the seventeenth century and cites J.

Taylor (1630): "Our host said we had foure shilling to betall or pay."

175, 12. the racke. The use of the rack in the examination of prisoners lasted nearly through Heywood's lifetime, the last recorded instance being in 1640. See Jardine's *Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England*.

176, 23. When we assaulted Fiall. Of this assault, *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, telling (under Devereux) of the Islands' Voyage, says: "On 23 Aug. the fleet arrived safely off Cape Ortegál, but a storm there injured the only vessels which it was allowable to use as fireships, and the projected attack on Ferrol, where a formidable Spanish armada was awaiting him, was abandoned. Raleigh's squadron parted company with Essex off Ferrol, but rejoined him at Flores. An attack on the Azores was resolved upon. Essex, deeming himself too weak to attempt the capture of Terceira, the stronghold of the group of islands, undertook to capture Fayal. But, to his indignation, Raleigh unexpectedly anticipated him in this operation."

181, 14. Mary Ambree or Westminsters Long-Meg. The career of Mary Ambree forms the subject of a ballad in *Percy's Reliques* (vol. II, pp. 174-78, ed. 1864). Her exploits seem to be connected with the Spanish successes, under the Prince of Parma, in the Low Countries, in 1584. English volunteers tried to recover Ghent, one of the cities taken by Parma, and among them, according to the ballad, went Mary Ambree.

"When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

"When brave Sir John Major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree."

She donned armor and led a band of "three thousand and three" against "three times theyr number." Betrayed, she was forced to retreat into a strong castle, where she not merely made a stout de-

fence, but, appearing on the walls, offered to fight any three of the besieging captains. In the course of her challenge, —

“Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree” —

she admitted her sex, thus calling out the unbounded admiration of her enemies.

“But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.”

And presently, despising the courtship of the Prince of Parma, “this virtuous maiden” returned home,

“Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne.”

Mary Ambree is mentioned by several of Heywood’s contemporaries, — by Jonson (*Epicæne*, iv, ii, 124; *Tale of a Tub*, i, ii, 127; *The Fortunate Isles*, where she and Long Meg of Westminster are among the dancers in the antimasque); by Fletcher (*The Scornful Lady*, v, iv, 102); by Fields (*Amends for Ladies*, ii, i, 47, together with Long Meg), and possibly by Butler (*Hudibras*, Part 1, ii, 367).

The life of longe megg of Westminster was entered S. R. Aug. 18, 1590, but the earliest edition now known is dated 1620. This brisk narrative is reprinted in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816. The full title runs: *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, Containing the Mad Merry Pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London. But also how valiantly she behaved her selfe in the warres of Bulloingne*. The address *To the Gentlemen Readers* speaks of her kindly: “a woman she was of late memory, and well beloved, spoken on of all, and knowne of many.” The tract states that Long Meg, so called “for her excesse in height,” was born in Lancashire “of very honest and wealthy parents” in the time of Henry VIII. At eighteen, she “would needs come up to London to serve, and to learne City fashions.” She entered into service with a Westminster landlady, who had “a great Suter,” Sir James of Castile, but who preferred the poet Skelton and loved fun best of all. So

she "made a match betweene her and Long Meg, that she [Long Meg] should goe drest in Gentlemans apparell, and with her sword and buckler, goe and meet Sir James in Saint Georges field." The mistress dressed Meg for her part in a suit of white satin belonging to one of the lodgers and then told Sir James how she had been insulted by "a squaring long Knave in a white Sattin doublet," who was awaiting in St. George's Fields any champion that she might send. Sir James was no mere bully, like Roughman, and there ensued a sharp combat, but soon Meg had the Spaniard at her mercy, giving him his life on condition that he wait on her trencher at supper and confess his adversary's better swordsmanship. Sir James confided to Sir Thomas More, who had been bidden to supper, with other gentlemen, to see the jest, "what had befallen him, how entring in a quarrell of his hostesse, hee fought with a desperate Gentleman of the Court, who had foiled him, and given him in charge to wait on his trencher that night." Then, when "in came Meg marching in her man's attire" and "putting off her Hat, and her haire falling about her eares," revealed the identity of his victor, "all the company fell in a great laughing." Meg presently undertook a house of her own, in Southwark, and became much beloved of the poor, "for whatsoever shee got of the rich (as her gettings were great) she bestow'd it liberally on them that had need." She liked to roam the streets in man's apparel, a London Robin Hood, plundering thieves and making restitution to their victims. Meg, too, went on foreign adventure. She enlisted for the French war and, at Boulogne, accepted the challenge of the French champion, fought with him before the walls and cut off his head. On her return home, she married, but not even the entreaties of her husband, who wanted a match of strength, could induce her to lift her hand against him. Gentlest and most submissive of wives, she preferred to bear his blows in all domestic submission. In Islington was one of Long Meg's taverns, which Heywood probably knew as such. She kept the best of order in her inns, one of her rules being: "That if any Ruffler came in and made an Alehouse-brawle, and when he had done, would not manfully goe into the field and fight a bout or two with Long Meg, the Maides of the house should drie beat him, and so thrust him out of doores." In ch. xvii of the tract figures a "huffing Dick,"

who bullied maids and smashed utensils till Meg came down. "Sir, quoth she very mildely, what is the reason you breake my pots, and then beat my servants?" In the end, she made him put on woman's dress and, herself in man's attire, attend her on a swagger through the streets, to his great shame. The tradition of Long Meg's extraordinary size associated her name with a large blue gravestone in the South Walk of the Westminster Abbey cloisters, — a stone which, according to Fuller, "was placed over a number of monks who died of the plague and were all buried in one grave." A cannon in Dover Castle was named for her, and "As long as Meg of Westminster" passed into a proverbial phrase. The ballad on Long Meg, entered S. R. Aug. 27, 1590, seems to be lost, as is the play *Long Meg of Westminster*. (See *Sources*.) Long Meg is mentioned by several of Heywood's contemporaries, — by Gabriel Harvey, who calls her (in *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1600, Grosart ed., II, 229) "a lustie bousing rampe"; by Jonson (in *The Fortunate Isles*); twice by Field (in *Amends for Ladies*, II, I, 47 and 145); by Dekker and Middleton (in *The Roaring Girle*, V, I, 2-3). See Collier's *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, vol. IV, pp. 181-83 (ed. 1866), for *Tyros Roring Megge*.

182, 44; also 190, 4. **Hector**, frequent in the seventeenth century for blusterer. It is often used with an epithet, as Bully Hector.

190, 6. **Little Davy, Cutting Dick**. Collier's annotation: "Two characters of the time celebrated for their bravado and exploits" is echoed in Verity's: "Contemporary bravos of note." For *Little Davy* I cannot be more explicit. Davy was a common name in the seventeenth century and, like Tom, Dick and Harry, easily slipped into persistent phrases, as "Davy Jones' locker." "Cutter," according to Nares, "was a cant word for a swaggerer, a bully, or sharper," and "cutting" is defined by N. E. D. as applied to one who "is a 'cutter' or swaggering blade." In the collection of Shirburn Ballads is given (no. xxv, p. 106) "The lamentation of *Henrye Adlington*, a fencer, one of the cutting crewe of *London*, who, for murther, was executed without *Algate*, and yet hangeth in chaines." Harvey has in *Pierce's Supererogation* (Grosart ed., II, 42) "come olde cutters, you that use to make dowty frayes in the streetes, and would hack-it terribly." An Elizabethan highwayman to whom Nash alludes in *Saffron-*

Walden (Grosart ed., III, 79) was known as Cutting Ball. Dick was often used in the sense of fellow, generally with an epithet, as Desperate Dick or Dapper Dick. In *Long Meg of Westminster* (ch. xvii) we read of "huffing Dicke." Heywood's generation was familiar with the term "cutting Dick," which he uses again in *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon* (*Works*, v, 296). Yet certain of the contemporary allusions seem to indicate a particular person, as in Kemp's *Nine Dayes Wonder* (1600, ed. Camden Soc., p. 14):

"A boy arm'd with a poating stick
Will dare to challenge Cutting Dicke."

Wither, too, speaks (in *Abuses Script and Whipt*, 1611, Lib. 2, Sat. 2) as if Cutting Dick were a well-known highwayman. The satirist ironically advises men who would be deemed brave to

"seek for gain
With Ward, the pirate, on the boisterous main;
Or else well mounted, keep themselves on land,
And bid our wealthy travellers to stand
Emptying their full-cramm'd bags; for they'll not stick
To speak in honor still of Cutting Dick."

Cf. *Worke for Cutlers* (Sieveking's ed.), p. 42. There was a play on his exploits, one of those in which Heywood had "a maine finger," for on September 20, 1602, Henslowe, in behalf of Worcester's Men, paid Heywood one pound for "the new a dicyns of cuttyng-dicke."

191, 5. roaring. See note on 171, 100.

195, 83. Briarius. To this mythological giant Heywood refers in the introductory lines to his sketch of Queen Elizabeth (*Nine Women Worthies*) saying that he could not "patterne her aright," had he

"More hands than great Briarius (to be wondred)
Whose active skill (at once) could moove an hundred,
In every one a pen."

199, 27. the kings lieftenant. As Collier pointed out, the Mayor of Foy was the Queen's lieutenant in 1597.

206, 84-88. Claret . . . Malmsey. In his *Philocothonista* Heywood says of the English relish for foreign wines:

“ It is unquestionable, but that where other nations and Provinces are contented with such wines or other liquors as their owne Climats afford ; Yet we, as if doting upon insatiety, borrow from them all: From the *French* ; *Red, White, Claret, Graves, High-countray, Gallicke*, from *Gascoyne, Rochel, Orleance, &c.* From the *Spaniard*, all kinds of Sacks, as *Malligo, Charnio, Sherry, Canary, Lactica, Palerno, Frontiniack, Peter-see-mee, Vino deribadavia, Vino dita Frontina, Vino blanco, Moscatell perarsarvina Cales, Callon gallo paracomer, &c.* And from other Islands, sweet wines, *Bastard white and browne, Raspis, Tent, Halligant, Mel-nisee, Muskadell.* From *Germany, Rhennish, Backrag, &c.* And besides these, sundry Greek wines ; to every of which, as they but vary in taste, so they give them new adulterate names never before heard of. We have moreover Wine of the Vintners owne making conjured from the rest : *Ipocras white and red, Boxt Alligant with Sugar and Eggs ; Stitch-broth brew'd with rose-water and Sugar, Burn'd-Sacke ; Burn'd-Wine ; Muld-Wine ; Tomlons-Balderdash, &c.* And notwithstanding we have it in our owne dominions, *Methelin* from *Wales*, and nearer hand, *Whey, Perry, Syder, Beare, Braggat, and Ale* : To adde to these chiefe and multiplicity of wines, before named, yet there be Stills and Limbecks going, swelting out *Aquavitae* and strong waters, deriving their names from *Cynamon, Lemmons, Balme, Angelica, Anniseed, Stomack-water Humm, &c.* And to fill up the number, we have plenty both of *Usque-ba'he* and *Scotch-Ale* ; neither can I thinke that any nation under the Sunne thirst more after variety of variety.

“ But I could wish all our deep Carowers and health-quaffers to listen to the words and counsell of *Zenophon*, who thus saith, I would have all my friends to drinke Wine, but with a limit and moderation.”

George Wither, in *Abuses Stript and Whipt (Poems, 1622, vol. 1, pp. 200-01)* gives a like testimony.

“ What shall I say of our superfluous fare ? ”

He says of the commoners,

“ their drinks are good and stale,
Of perry, cyder, mead, methelin, ale
Or beer,”

but as for the rich,

“ They with all sorts of foreign wines are sped,
 Their cellars are oft fraught with white and red ;
 Be't French, Italian, Spanish, if they crave it,
 Nay, Grecian or Canarian, they may have it ;
 Cate, Pument, Vervage (if they do desire)
 Or Romney, Bastard, Capricke, Osey, Tire,
 Muscadell, Malmsey, Clarey ; what they will.”

Cf. Howell's letter to Lord Cliff, October 17, 1634. See, too, the clown's appreciative account of wines and revels in *The English Traveller* (*Works*, iv, 25).

As for the several wines specifically mentioned here, claret does not need definition.

Metheglin is a spiced mead, originally peculiar to Wales. Heywood says (*Philocothonista*, I, iv): “The Russian hath his quaffe, the Scot his Ale, the Welsh his Metheglin, the Irish his Usqueba'he.” Also (in *Works*, v, 65): “The Brittain he Metheglin quaffs.” “Marveile it is to see,” adds Dr. Cogan (*Haven of Health*, p. 256) “how the Welchmen will lye sucking at this drinke. . . . It is as naturall a drinke for them as *Nectar* for the gods. And I have heard some of that nation defend that it is the very *Nectar* which *Jupiter* and *Juno* drank.” *Witts' Recreations* (1641) has an epitaph *On a Welshman*, who

“By meer Metheglin dy'd, and tasted Cheese.”

Muskadine, or muscatel, is a golden wine, strong and sweet, made from the grape called muscat, with a flavor of musk. Heywood has several mentions of it. (*Works*, vi, 347 ; 425.) An egg was sometimes broken into it. (Bullen's *Old Plays*, iv, 341.) “It is on the shores of the Mediterranean,” says Alex. Henderson, who discusses almost all these varieties in his *History of Wines*, pp. 298-308, “that the choicest Muskadine wines are grown.”

Cyder or *Pyrrey*. Perry is a fermented beverage, like cider, but made from the juice of pears instead of apples. Dr. Cogan was inclined (*Haven of Health*, p. 254) to disapprove of cider, “which maketh even in youth, the colour of the face pale, and the skinne riveled.” This view is upheld in the anonymous *Pasquils Palinodia, and his progresse to the Taverne*, 1619 :

“Matheglin is too fulsome,
 cold *Cyder* and raw *Perry*,
 And all drinks stand with cap in hand
 In presence of old *sherry*.”

Aragoosa is a word disguised beyond recognition. Verity conjectures Saragossa. There may be some confusion of Saragossa with Aragon.

Peter-see-mee is thought to be a corruption of Pedro Ximenes. “The Pedro-Ximenes,” says Henderson (*History of Wines*, p. 193), “is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called Pedro Simon (corrupted to Ximon, or Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines.” Dekker calls it (*Dramatic Works*, II, 160) “Peter sa meene,” and *Pasquils Palinodia* plays another variation on the name:

“It is a place whereas old *Sherry Sacke*
 Is kept in durance in a dungeon deepe. . . .
 In dreadful darknesse *Alligant* lies doomed. . . .
 Strong hoop’d in bonds are here constrained to tarry
 Two kinsmen neere allyde to *Sherry Sack*,
 Sweet *Malligo*, and delicate *Canary*,
 Which warms the stomachs that digestion lacke;
 They had a page whom, if I can make meeter,
 Ile let you know, they call’d him *See mee Peter*.”

The merry poet goes on to tell of Bastard, Muscadine and Malmsey, and elsewhere speaks of the “Brisk blushing Claret.”

Canary is a light, sweet wine that, like Madeira, bears the name of the islands where its grape is grown. It is mentioned again by Heywood in *The English Traveller* (*Works*, IV, 16). Jonson says of it (in the *Induction to Every Man out of his Humour*), “Here’s a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. . . . Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine.” He apostrophizes it in *The Staple of News* (V, iv, 5) as

“Wine o’ my worship! sack! Canary sack!”

Howell claims (*Familiar Letters*, part II, 71) that Canary is accounted “the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and last-

ingest wine, and the most desecated from all earthly grossness of any other whatsoever." Dr. Cogan asks (*Haven of Health*, p. 238), "who doth not know that sacke is hoter than white Wine or Claret, and Malmsay or Muskadell hotter than Sacke, and Wine of Madera or Canary to bee hottest of all?"

Charnico, mentioned by Shakespeare as *charneco* (*a Henry VI*, II, iii, 63) is said to derive its name from a village near Lisbon, where the grape was grown.

Malmsey. A strong, sweet wine formerly obtained only in the Grecian Archipelago, but later from the Madeira Islands. "On certain rocky grounds," says Henderson (*History of Wines*, p. 250), "which are exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, the celebrated malmsey wine is grown." It was in a "butt of malmesie," according to Holinshed, that the Duke of Clarence was drowned.

206, 97. **Graves wine**. See note on 153, 40.

206, 98. **bastard, white or browne**. Varieties of a sweet Mediterranean wine often punned upon by the old dramatists, as by Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*, III, ii, 4. It was not one of the choicest wines. See Bullen's *Old Plays*, IV, 315: "Canarie is a Jewell, and a Figge for Browne-bastard."

215, 22. **strappadoes**. See note on *Woman Kilde*, 87, 100.

216, S. D. **a table set out, and stooles**. Albright cites this direction (*The Shaksperian Stage*, p. 143) as an indication that the Elizabethan stage was provided, on occasion, with a curtained inner stage.

221, 99. **take time when time is**. Suggestive of the oracular utterance of The Brazen Head in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, IV, i, 57.

221, 104-5. **Halfe-moone**. See note on 154, 63.

222, 5. **Fesse**. For a full and graphic description of Fez in Heywood's time, see *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, vol. II, p. 785 *et seq.* Fez was the centre of trade, exporting "tin, copper, hides, wool, dates, honey, raisins, olives, almonds, gum, ivory, ostrich feathers, indigo and fine mats."

224, 33. **Alkedavy**. Spoken of here as the royal palace, and again (248, 105) as the inner apartments of the palace, but by the blundering Clem (250, 131) as a person. Alkeid Hamet is men-

tioned by Purchas as "Governour over the women and Eunuches," but Heywood's Alkedavy, whatever Clem's may be, is probably a perversion of Alcasana (*Purchas*, II, 855), "the King's house."

226, 31. Since . . . first. See note on 176, 23.

228, S. D. Enter Sailer above. Albright notes this (*The Shaksperian Stage*, p. 64) as an instance of the use of the stage gallery for the upper deck of a ship.

228, 79-80. Hath . . . adventure. This is the spirit that Heywood commends in his *True Description of . . . The Sovereign of the Seas*.

"There was a time, when in every brave Souldiers mouth there was no discourse offered, but it either began, or ended with *Pugnandum, non dormiendum*: that is, Now is a time to fight, not to sleepe; to be famous for our courage, not branded for our cowardice: which was almost no sooner spoken, than suddenly put in action."

229, 87. Then . . . ensignes. Cf. the orders in preparation for a sea-fight in *Fortune* (*Works*, VI, 415) and the animated description of such a battle in *A Challenge for Beauty* (*Works*, V, 35), as well as in *Fortune* (*Works*, VI, 416-18).

234, S. D. *Act long*. Pearson (II, 441) suggests that these words "are inserted to show that, in order to make due preparation for what follows, the interval between the fourth and fifth acts was longer than ordinary." He notes the direction *Hoboyes long* (p. 222) before an earlier appearance of the Moorish court.

240, 101. phœnix. Even so sophisticated a traveller as Fynes Moryson seriously reports of Arabia (*Itinerary*, IV, 113):

"It hath the bird Phœnix, of which kinde there is never more than one onely, which by striking of stones together, kindles a fier and burnes her selfe in her nest of myrh, and of the Ashes comes a worme, which becomes a Bird, and so the Phœnix lives againe." It was an attractive figure for Heywood, who claims (*Works*, III, 262) that from the ashes of Troy "hath risen two the rarest Phœnixes in Europe, namely London and Rome," and has Agamemnon, lamenting (*Works*, III, 355) the slain champions of Greece, recognize Pyrrhus as

"A Phœnix out of their cold ashes rising."

See also *Works*, V, 28-29.

The term was constantly used of Elizabeth, not merely in elegies, as by I. L. in 1603,

“ See how our Phœnix mounts above the skies,
And from the nest another Phœnix flies ”;

nor in later reference by professed poets, as Wither's reminiscence, in his *Prince Henry's Obsequies*, of the time “ when Eliza, our last Phœnix, died ”; but in popular song, as well as court poetry, during her lifetime. See, for instance, the ballad, that Clem would have liked to mouth, on *The Honour of a London Prentice* (Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ed. 1877, p. 319): This prentice was in Turkey as a factor for a merchant on London bridge.

“ And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen;
Elizabeth his princess
He nobly did make known
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but she alone.”

It will be remembered that when the Cockpit was torn down by a mob of prentices (March 4, 1617), it was rebuilt as the Phœnix; and Heywood's connection with the account of Henry Welby, *The Phœnix of this Time*, will be recalled.

241, 112. It is not now as when Andrea liv'd. Elizabethan audiences never failed to recognize and enjoy quotations from their old favorite, *The Spanish Tragedy*. Shakespeare, Dekker, Jonson, Field, Fletcher, Shirley, even the young Rawlins, all made fun of it — see Boas ed. of Kyd's *Works*, 1901, pp. lxxxix–xcix — and Heywood puts scraps from it into Clem's mouth not only here (and see 113–18 below) but also in the second part of *The Faire Maid* (*Works*, II, 393). Yet the extraordinary hold the tragedy had taken on the popular imagination is indicated by a story which has its most graphic telling in Brathwait's courtesy books.

In *The English Gentlewoman* (p. 299), 1631, he tells of “ a Gentlewoman of our owne Nation, who so daily bestowed the ex-

pence of her best houres upon the Stage, as being surprized by sicknesse, even unto death, shee became so deafe to such as admonished her of her end, as when her Physician was to minister a Receipt unto her, which hee had prepared to allay the extremity of that agonizing fit wherewith shee was then assailed, putting aside the Receipt with her hand, as if shee rejected it, in the very height and heate of her distemper, with an active resolution used these words unto her Doctor:

‘Thankes good Horatio, take it for thy paines.’”

In his 1641 folio, *The English Gentleman and English Gentlewoman*, the tale (p. 109) is even worse: “But to draw in sailes, touching this Recreation: as I approve of the moderate use and recourse which our *Gentlemen* make to *Playes*; so I wholly condemne the daily frequenting of them: as some there be (especially in this Citie) who, for want of better imployment, make it their Vocation. And these I now speake of, be our *Ordinary Gentlemen*, whose day-taske is this in a word: They leave their bed to put on their clothes formally, repaire to an *Ordinary*, and see a *Play* daily. These can-find time enough for *Recreation*, but not a minutes space for *Devotion*. So as I much feare me, it will fare with them as it fared with a Young *Gentlewoman* within these few yeares; who being accustomed in her health every day to see one *Play* or other, was at last strucke with a grievous sicknesse even unto death: during which time of her sicknesse, being exhorted by such *Divines* as were there present, to call upon God, that he would in mercy look upon her, as one deafe to their exhortation, continued ever crying, *Oh Hieronimo, Hieronimo, me thinks I see thee, brave Hieronimo!* Neither could she be drawne from this with all their persuasions; but fixing her eyes intently, as if she had seene *Hieronimo* acted, sending out a deep sigh, she suddenly dyed.”

241, 113. **Andrew our elder journeyman.** Probably the popular comedian, Andrew Cane (Kane, Keins, Keyne). His name stands fourth among the seven in the Herbert list of Lady Elizabeth’s company, c. July 1622, and occurs again in the Herbert list of Palsgrave’s men for this same year. (Fleay’s *London Stage*, 264, 298.) The *Fortune* was burned in 1621 (midnight, Dec. 9) after the Palsgrave’s men had been acting there three years. Fleay

infers (*London Stage*, 297-98) that while the Fortune was rebuilding, Cane left the Palsgrave's men and played with the Lady Elizabeth's, returning to the Palsgrave's company when the new Fortune was opened. (Cf. Murray's *English Dramatic Companies*, I, 214-16.) His name appears among Prince Charles' players in 1632 (*London Stage*, 331). He bears a part in *The Stage-Players Complaint. In a pleasant Dialogue between Cane of the Fortune, and Reed of the Friars. Deploring their sad and solitary condition for the want of Employment in this heavie and contagious time of the Plague in London.* 1641; and he is mentioned as late as 1673, in a tract by Henry Chapman on the Bath waters: "Without which a pamphlet now a days finds as small acceptance, as a Comedy did formerly at the Fortune Play-house without a Jig of Andrew Keins into the bargain." (Collier's *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, IV, 92-94, ed. 1866. See also Edmund Gayton's *Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, quoted in Collier's *Stage*, III, 417, and in Macaulay's *Beaumont*, 160-61.)

Yet it must not be forgotten that there was another Andrew among Queen Henrietta's men, Andrew Pennycuicke, who acted Matilda in Davenport's *John and Matilda* at some time between 1625 and 1636. (Fleay's *English Drama*, I, 321.) Possibly Cane was "the elder journeyman." The name Andrew Keyne occurs several times in the Clerkenwell burial register of 1639 and 1640. The burials were of "a boy from Andrew Keyne's," four servants "to Andrew Keyne," and on January 4, 1641, "Marye d. of Andrew Keyne."

242, 150. **the gallyes.** Evelyn gives a graphic description of the galleys as he saw them at Marseilles, *Diary*, Oct. 7, 1644.

Bibliography

The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.

I. TEXTS

This list includes separate editions, the issues in collective editions of Heywood, and with the plays of other dramatists.

A. A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

1607, 4°. A WOMAN KILDE WITH KINDNESSE. Written by Tho: Heywood. London. Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard by John Hodggers. 1607.

1617, 4°. A WOMAN KILDE WITH KINDNESSE. [See facsimile title-page of this, called the third edition, — no second edition known, — in this volume.]

1744. A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS, by R. Dodsley, vol. iv.

1776. THE FATAL ERROR. In *Original Letters, Dramatic Pieces and Poems*, vol. II. Benjamin Victor. [A prose adaptation of Heywood's play, striving to correct the "excessive tenderness" of the husband "to such a criminal."]

1780. DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS. [Reed's Dodsley.] The second edition, corrected and collated with the old copies, with notes critical and explanatory, by Isaac Reed, vol. VII.

1810. THE ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA, ed. by [Sir] Walter Scott, vol. II.

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1850. THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD, ed. with introd. and notes by J. Payne Collier for the Shakespeare Society; vol. II.

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B. THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST

1631, 4°. THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST OR A GIRLE WORTH GOLD. [See facsimile title-page of this, the first edition, in this volume.]

1850. THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST; OR, A GIRL WORTH GOLD. Two Comedies by Thomas Heywood. With introd. and notes by J. Payne Collier. Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

1874. HEYWOOD'S DRAMATIC WORKS, Pearson edition; vol. II. [See under A above.]

1888. HEYWOOD'S BEST PLAYS. Mermaid Series. [See under A above.]

II. BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS

Besides monographs and essays bearing directly on Heywood and his authorship of doubtful plays, this list includes early allusions to him, with other hints of biographical interest, as well as such general works on the drama as are likely to prove useful to the reader or student. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the editions listed under TEXTS.

1598. PALLADIS TAMIA. Francis Meres. [Lists Heywood with "the best for Comedy amongst us."]

1612. AN APOLOGY FOR ACTORS. Thomas Heywood. [Touches of autobiography and, in the epistle to the printer, allusion to Shakespeare's annoyance over *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Reprinted by Col-

lier, with *Introd.*, for Shakespeare Society, 1841. Reprinted in Somers' *Second Collection of Scarce . . . Tracts*, vol. 1. 1750.]

1612. THE WHITE DIVIL. John Webster. [Cordial mention of Heywood in prefatory address.]

1612. MINERVA BRITANNA. Henry Peacham. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1613. THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE. Beaumont and Fletcher. [Implied satire of Heywood's city plays.]

1614. THE SCHOLLERS MEDLEY. Richard Brathwayte. [Reprinted in 1638 and again in 1652 as *A Survey of History*. Mentions Heywood's projected *Lives of the Poets*.]

1614. CONTINUATION OF STOW'S ANNALS. Edmund Howes. [Mentions Heywood among the poets.]

1614. RUBBE AND A GREAT CAST.

RUNNE AND A GREAT CAST. Thomas Freeman. [Contains epigram on Heywood.]

1614. GREENES TU QUOQUE, OR, THE CITTIE GALLANT. [Prefatory note by Heywood.]

1615. REFUTATION OF THE APOLOGY FOR ACTORS. J. G.

1618 (?). VIENNA. Matthew Mainwaring. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1620. THE PRAISE OF HEMPSPEED. John Taylor. [Mentions Heywood among the poets.]

1624. GUNAIKEION. Thomas Heywood. [Touches of autobiography. Freely plagiarized in Charles Gerbier's *Elogium Heroinum*, 1651. Reprinted in 1657 as *The Generall Historie of Women*, with plagiarized prefatory address by E. P. (Edward Phillips).]

1632. TRANSLATION OF XENOPHON'S CYROPAEDIA. Philemon Holland. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1633. HISTRIO-MASTIX. William Prynne.

1635. THE HIERARCHIE OF THE BLESSED ANGELS. Thomas Heywood. [Touches of autobiography.]

1636. ANNALIA DUBRENSIA ; OR CELEBRATION OF CAPTAIN ROBERT DOVER'S COTSWOLD GAMES. [Appended verses by Heywood. Reprinted by Grosart, 1877.]

1637. THE PHOENIX OF THESE LATE TIMES, OR THE LIFE OF MR. HENRY WELBY, ESQ. [Commemorative verses and perhaps prose biography by Heywood.]

1637. A MORALL POEM INTITULED THE LEGEND OF CUPID AND PSYCHE OR CUPID AND HIS MISTRIS. Shackerley Marmion. [Prefatory verses by Heywood. Reprinted by Singer, 1820, and by Saintsbury, 1906.]

1637. POETICALL VARIETIES. Thomas Jordan. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1638. MAYERES HIS TRAVELS. Randolph Mayeres. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1640. THE UNION OF HONOUR. James Yorke. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1640. THE FANCIES THEATRE. John Tatham. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1640. A NIGHTS SEARCH. Humphrey Mill. [Prefatory verses by Heywood.]

1640. MUSARUM DELICIAE. Sir John Mennes and Dr. James Smith. [Contains epigram on Heywood.]

1640. WIT IN A CONSTABLE. Henry Glapthorne. [Satirical allusion to Heywood as City Poet.]

1641. THE POETS BLIND MANS BOUGH. Martine Parker. [Mention of Heywood.]

1643. THE ACTOR'S REMONSTRANCE, OR COMPLAINT; for the silencing of their profession, and banishment from their severall play-houses.

1645. THE GREAT ASSIZES HOLDEN IN PARNASSUS BY APOLLO, perhaps by George Wither. [Several mentions of Heywood.]

1647. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *First Folio*. [Prefatory verses by T. Palmer. Allusion to Heywood.]

1648. A SATYRE AGAINST SEPARATISTS. [Mention of Heywood.]

1651. CARTWRIGHT'S PLAYS AND POEMS. [Prefatory verses by William Bell, mentioning Heywood.]

1656. POEMS. Abraham Cowley. [Disparaging allusion in preface to Heywood's *Angels*.]

1656. CHOYCE DROLLERY, SONGS, AND SONNETS. [Including *On the Time-Poets*, with jesting description of Heywood. Reprinted in *Shakespeare Society Papers*, 1847. III, 172-4.]

1656. THE CARELES SHEPHERDESS. Thomas Goffe. [To this is affixed an alphabetical catalogue "of all such plays that ever were printed." (Rogers and Ley.)]

1658. THE ACTORS' VINDICATION. [Second edition of *An Apology for Actors*, brought out by William Cartwright.]

1661. CATALOGUE OF ALL THE ENGLISH STAGE-PLAYES. Francis Kirkman. [He counts 690 printed up to date.]

1662. THEATRUM REDIVIVUM. [Sir] Richard Baker. [Answer to Prynne's *Histrio-mastix*. Reprinted in 1670 as *Theatrum Triumphans*.]

1662. WORTHIES OF ENGLAND. Thomas Fuller. [Reprinted 1811, 1840.]

1664. A SHORT DISCOURSE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, in *Love's Kingdom*, a pastoral tragi-comedy. Richard Flecknoe. [Reprinted in the *English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes, 1552-1664*, ed. by W. C. Hazlitt, Roxburghe library, 1869; and in Spingarn's *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, vol. II.]

1668. AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY. John Dryden. *Works of Dryden*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, vol. xv, pp. 282 *et seq.* [Reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. III, and in Ker's *Essays of Dryden*.]

1669. TRACTACULUS DE CARMINE DRAMATICO POETARUM. Edward Phillips. [Mentions "Tho. Heivodus."]

1671. NICOMEDE. John Dancer. [To this is appended: "A true, perfect, and exact catalogue of all the comedies, tragedies, tragi-comedies, pastorals, masques and interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1671, all which you may either buy or sell, at the shop of Francis Kirkman." This is an enlargement of Kirkman's printed *Catalogue* of 1661 and raises the number of plays from 690 to 806. The *Advertisement to the Reader* makes gossipy mention of Heywood.]

1675. THEATRUM POETARUM. Edward Phillips. [Notices of the English poets, with additions, reprinted by [Sir] S. Egerton Brydges (1800, 1824) as *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*. An exact MS. transcript of the English sections, critically annotated by Ruth Dane Eddy, 1909, in Wellesley College Library.]

1678. THE TRAGEDIES OF THE LAST AGE. Thomas Rymer.

1681. HISTORICAL DICTIONARY. Jeremy Collier.

1682. MAC FLECKNOE. John Dryden. [Contemptuous mentions of Heywood.]

1687. THE LIVES OF THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH POETS. William Winstanley. [Mainly plagiarized from Phillips.]

1687. Langbaine, Gerard. *MOMUS TRIUMPHANS, OR THE PLAGIARIES OF THE ENGLISH STAGE; EXPOS'D IN A CATALOGUE OF ALL THE COMEDIES, &c . . . EVER PRINTED IN ENGLAND.* [Founded on Kirkman's Catalogue of 1671 and reissued (1688) as *A New Catalogue of English Plays*. In 1691 this was enlarged to the work known as Langbaine's *English Dramatic Poets*, which was successively re-edited, with continuations, by Charles Gildon in 1699, as *Lives of the Poets*; David Erskine Baker in 1764, as *Companion to the Play-house*; Isaac Reed in 1782 and Stephen Jones in 1812, both under title *Biographia Dramatica*.]

1691-92. ATHENAE OXONIENSIS. Anthony à Wood. [Passing mention of "Tho. Heywood the playmaker." Vol. II, p. 155.]

1694. DE RE POETICA. [Sir] Thomas Pope Blount.

1698. A SHORT VIEW OF THE IMMORALITY AND PROFANENESS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE. J. Collier.

1698. IMMORALITY, DEBAUCHERY AND PROFANENESS EXPOSED. G. Merriton. [2nd ed.]

1699. HISTORIA HISTRIONICA: AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH STAGE . . . IN A DIALOGUE OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS. James Wright. [Reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. 15; in Collier's *Dodsley*, vol. 1; with *Old English Dramas*, by White, 1830; with Cibber's *Apology*, third ed.; and in Arber's *English Garner* (1897), vol. II, pp. 272-82.]

1708. ROSCIUS ANGLICANUS. John Downes.

1713. A TRUE AND EXACT CATALOGUE OF ALL THE PLAYS THAT WERE EVER YET PRINTED IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE. W. Mears. [Reprinted 1715, 1719, 1726.]

1719. THE POETICAL REGISTER. Giles Jacob. [Reprinted, 1723.]

1747. Whincop's SCANDERBEG. *To which are added a list of all the dramatic authors, with some account of their lives; and of all the dramatic pieces ever published in the English language, to the year 1747.*

1752. THE BRITISH THEATRE. William Rufus Chetwood. Dublin. [Also London.]

1753. LIVES OF THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Theophilus Cibber. [Incorporating material from the MS. collection of Thomas Coxeter, who died 1747. The 5 vols. contained 213

Lives. This number was cut down to 52 by Dr. Johnson in his *Lives of the English Poets*, 1779-81.]

1776. THE FATAL ERROR. [See under A.]

1783. DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES. Thomas Davies.

1788. Egerton's THEATRICAL REMEMBRANCER.

1808. SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS. Charles Lamb.

1814. THE DRAMA RECORDED; OR, BARKER'S LIST OF PLAYS.

1818. LECTURES ON THE DRAMATIC LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. William Hazlitt.

1825. RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, vol. XI, pp. 126-54. [Cited in Pearson's *Memoir*, Heywood's *Works*, vol. I.]

1828. THE PROGRESSES, PROCESSIONS AND MAGNIFICENT FESTIVITIES OF KING JAMES THE FIRST. John Nichols.

1841. "BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES." *Edinburgh Review*. (April.) [Cited in Pearson's *Memoir*, Heywood's *Works*, vol. I.]

1842. EXTRACTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS OF THE REVELS AT COURT IN THE REIGNS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I. *Shakespeare Society Publications*. Peter Cunningham.

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1858-97. CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I, 1625-49. Ed. J. Bruce and W. D. Hamilton.

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1863. CONTEMPORAINS ET SUCCESSEURS DE SHAKESPEARE. A. Mézières. Paris.

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ACCOUNTS AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BOROUGH OF LEICESTER. William Kelly.

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1867. HANDBOOK TO THE POPULAR, POETICAL AND DRAMATIC LITERATURE OF GREAT BRITAIN (with Supplements). W. C. Hazlitt. [Reprinted 1890.]

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Glossary

- abject**, outcast. *W.K.* iv, v, 68.
- abounds**, overflows. *W.K.* i, iii, 108.
- acquit**, acquitted. *W.K.* ii, ii, 2.
- act**, bring into action, inflict. *F.M.* iv, i, 25.
- actions**, law-suits. *W.K.* iii, ii, 111.
- adamant**, loadstone. *F.M.* i, i, 31, 33. Substance of surpassing hardness. *F.M.* iii, v, 77.
- admiration**, wonder blent with approval. *W.K.* v, i, 97, 102.
- afford**, manage to give in place of. *W.K. Prol.*, 5. Cf. *Works*, vi, 347: "Water we bring, who could afford it wine."
- alacrity**, liveliness, merriment. *W.K.* iv, ii, 42. Cf. *Works*, ii, 348, 417, for "fresh alacritie" and "sweet alacritie" in looks, and Dekker's phrase "alacrity of heart" (*Lanthorne and Candle-light*, Dent ed., p. 210).
- aland**, on land, ashore. *F.M.* iv, ii, 95.
- alliance**, kinship, or kindred by marriage. *W.K.* ii, iii, 33. Cf. *Works*, vi, 81: "Doubly ally'd, I am his Neece and Wife." See also *Works*, iii, 300, 339.
- allude**, compare. *W.K. Epilogue*, 13.
- angels**, gold coins. [See note on *W.K.* 8, 96.] *W.K.* i, i, 96, 103; iii, 4. *F.M.* v, i, 49.
- appeal**, appeal, criminal charge. *W.K.* iii, iii, 70, 75.
- applausive**, welcome, so agreeable as to merit applause. *W.K.* iv, i, 32.
- appointed**, provided with the requisites of the occasion; in this case, armed. *W.K.* iv, ii, 67.
- apprehend**, conceive, entertain. *W.K.* ii, iii, 1. *F.M.* ii, ii, 17.
- approve**, have occasion to commend. *F.M.* v, ii, 149.
- arrive**, arrival. *W.K.* v, v, 24.
- atone**, reconciliation. *F.M.* ii, ii, 100. **attone**, bring two to one mind, reconcile. *F.M.* ii, ii, 29. **atton'd**, reconciled. *W.K.* v, iv, 4.

- attach**, arrest. *W.K.* I, iii, 94. Usual with Heywood.
- astonisht**, bewildered. *F.M.* iv, iv, 95.
- balance**, weigh. *W.K.* iv, i, 101.
- ballast**, ballasted, laden. *F.M.* v, ii, 34.
- ballet**, ballad. *W.K.* I, i, 5. [Heywood occasionally has *ballat*.]
- banding sides**, gathering their adherents into two hostile companies. *W.K.* II, i, 46.
- Bashaw**, pasha. *Dramatis Personæ et seq. N.E.D.* points out that basha is a variant of pasha, "the old Turkish not distinguishing b and p." "Bashas, are Capitaine Generals over armies." *Purchas, His Pilgrimes*, (1625) vol. II, p. 870.
- bate**, abate, reduce. *F.M.* II, i, 146.
- baulk**, balk, pass by, avoid. *W.K.* III, ii, 116. Evelyn says (*Diary*, Oct. 10, 1641), "by reason of the contagion then in London we balked the inns."
- bed-roll**, bead-roll, list. *W.K.* III, i, 37. The original use of the word had reference, with a suggestion of the rosary, to such lists of the dead as were kept by the parish priests or other clergymen in order that, during a specified period, prayer might be made for the souls.
- beholding**, beholden, indebted. *W.K.* II, iii, 88.
- bestow**, confer. *F.M.* iv, ii, 47. Employ. *F.M.* v, ii, 20.
- billets**, wood cut for fuel, small logs. *W.K.* III, ii, 11.
- bils**, pikes or halberts, the watchman's usual weapon. *F.M.* II, i, 131.
- blab**, one loose of tongue, a revealer of secrets. *W.K.* II, iii, 165.
- black a Morrian**, blackamorian, blackamoor, negro. *F.M.* v, ii, 49. [Heywood also uses Blackamore, as in *Works*, v, 327.]
- bolted (and sifted)**; sifted again and again. *F.M.* II, i, 50. [*Bolt* was the common seventeenth-century word for *sift*.]
- bolts**, fetters or perhaps some forgotten instrument of torture. *F.M.* iv, i, 22.
- boone voyage**, bon voyage. *F.M.* iv, ii, 117. *N.E.D.* says that "Boone voyage" was once a "universal phrase."
- boote**, boot, use. *W.K.* II, i, 99.
- bosome**, bosom, intimacy. *W.K.* iv, ii, 100.

- bosom'd**, hit in the breast. *F.M.* iii, 1, 87.
- bottom**e, hull of a ship; hence, by synecdoche, the ship itself. *F.M.* iii, v, 105.
- braules**, brawls, vehement reproaches. *W.K.* v; v, 27.
- brave**, braw, fine, handsome, daring. *F.M.* ii, i, 68; iii, i, 122; iii, iv, 64, 89; v, i, 6; v, ii, 85.
- bride-laces**, streamers used to tie together the sprigs of rosemary carried by wedding guests. The nose-gays bound with these laces, or the laces alone, might be afterwards worn as finery in hat or hair. Pedlers found silken bridelaces "in good request with the parson's wife." (*Works*, i, 258.) *W.K.* i, i, 83.
- bring**, accompany. *W.K.* ii, iii, 65.
- by**, in the neighborhood. *W.K.* iv, v, 131.
- bustle**, contend. *F.M.* i, iii, s. d. after 104.
- calling**, estate, station in life. *W.K.* iv, v, 74.
- capritious**, witty, given to play on words. *F.M.* iii, ii, 23.
- carawayes**, sweetmeats containing caraway seeds. *F.M.* v, i, 29.
- carkasse**, wooden skeleton. *F.M.* iv, i, 9. In Heywood's *The Sovereign of the Seas* he says of Mount Ararat: "In the very apex and top thereof, there is still to be discerned a blacke shadow, resembling a darker cloud . . . by the natives . . . held, to be the still remaining carcas of the Arke of Noah."
- carpet**, table-cloth. *W.K.* iii, ii, 13, 118.
- carracks**, galleons, large ships of burden fitted for war. *F.M.* i, i, 8. Heywood also writes *Carract*. (*Works*, vi, 414.)
- carveile**, caravel, a small, light and fast ship, chiefly of Spain and Portugal. *F.M.* iv, iv, 3. "Carvel was the vernacular English form from 15th to 17th century." *N.E.D.*
- cast**, left over, cast off. *F.M.* iv, iv, 63.
- cast beyond the moone**, conjecture wildly. *W.K.* iv, v, 29.
- catcht**, caught. *F.M.* i, ii, 3.
- censure** (*verb*), judge; (*noun*) judgment, sentence. *F.M.* i, iii, 128; iv, i, 31; iv, iv, 110.
- censur'd**, judged. *W.K.* ii, i, 59. *F.M.* iv, iv, 62.
- centinel**, watch over as a sentinel. *F.M.* i, iv, 21.

- change a hand**, exchange hand-clasps. *F.M.* iv, ii, 70.
- charracter'd**, character'd, written, engraved. *W.K.* iv, v, 85.
- cheare**, fare. *F.M.* ii, ii, 64. Joy of heart and face. *F.M.* v, ii, 44. The verbal use frequent with Heywood.
- checke**, misprint for chirk. *W.K.* i, iii, 8. See note on *W.K.*, 12, 8. Variant forms of *chirk* (= chirp to) are *chire* and *chirre*. See Percy Society *Glossary of Words and Phrases*. Cf. "And kisseth hire swete, and chirketh as a sparwe." Chaucer: *Somnours Tale*, v, 7386.
- circumstance**, circumstantiality, beating about the bush, delay. *W.K.* iv, v, 1. **by circumstance**, in detail. *W.K.* iii, ii, 89. **the generall circumstance**, general situation. *W.K.* v, v, 9.
- close**, secret. *W.K.* ii, iii, 176.
- comfit my selfe**, help myself to sweetmeats until I make a sweetmeat of myself. *F.M.* v, i, 29.
- commendations**, greetings. *W.K.* v, iii, 85.
- commends**, greetings, compliments, messages. *W.K.* ii, iii, 73; *F.M.* iii, v, 1, 82. Frequent with Heywood.
- commerce**, dealings, intercourse. *F.M.* v, i, 47.
- conceit**, idea, meaning. *F.M.* iv, ii, 89. In common use with Heywood as with other Elizabethans.
- Confinde unto**, enclosed in. *F.M.* iv, iv, 141.
- Conjur'd**, charmed, overpowered by magic arts. *W.K.* v, iii, 112.
- conserve**, preserve, which superseded the other form early in the 18th century. *F.M.* i, iv, 87; v, i, 30.
- Consort**, harmony. *W.K.* i, i, 70. More often with Heywood, company.
- contractions**, legal transactions. *W.K.* iii, i, 111.
- convey**, attend, accompany. *F.M.* iv, iv, 151.
- conveyances**, dishonest contrivances, trickeries. *W.K.* ii, iii, 176.
- copie**, character. *F.M.* iv, ii, 62.
- countrey**, county, neighborhood. *W.K.* v, iv, 38; *F.M.* i, iv, 28; ii, iii, 103; iii, iii, 6.
- cousin-german**, first cousin. *F.M.* i, iii, 69.
- coxcombe**, fool's head. *F.M.* iii, i, 55.
- crash**, a brief frolic. *W.K.* i, ii, 5. Cf. Brome's *New*

- Academy*, III, i: "Come, gentlemen, shall we have a crash at cards?"
- craze**, shatter with a blow, break in pieces. *F.M.* III, iv, 31.
- crosse**, a coin stamped with a cross, like the silver coins of Elizabeth. *W.K.* II, iii, 30; III, iii, 3.
- crosse-point**, a step in dancing. *W.K.* I, ii, 16. Cf. Greene's *James IV*, iv, iii, 115, and *The Return from Parnassus*, II, vi, 8.
- cry you mercy**, beg your pardon. *F.M.* III, v, 37. Frequent with Heywood.
- danger**, penalty. *W.K.* I, iii, 71.
- demeanes**, bears. *W.K.* v, iv, 9.
- denier**, a small copper coin, sometimes written *denaire*, defined by Phillips as worth three tenths of a farthing. *W.K.* v, i, 39.
- deprive**, deprive of. *F.M.* III, v, 13. A common Elizabethan use.
- devoted well**, true to her vow. *W.K.* v, iv, 14.
- disaster**, disastrous. *F.M.* IV, ii, 86.
- discomfite**, scatter. *W.K.* I, iii, 25. See note on 12, 25-6.
- discontinuance**, absence. *F.M.* III, iv, 44. Cf. use in *Works*, iv, 59.
- discovered**, made known as a woman, her identity revealed. *F.M.* IV, *Chorus*, 13.
- disease**, put to discomfort or inconvenience. *W.K.* IV, ii, 79.
- distasted**, disapproved. *F.M.* III, ii, 5. [This use of the word is so frequent with Heywood that it occurs three times in twenty-six lines. *Works*, vi, 72-3.]
- division**, melodic variations. *W.K.* v, ii, 14. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III, v, 29.
- doit**, a small Dutch coin valued at half a farthing. *W.K.* v, i, 28.
- double-hand**, with a play on the word suggesting duplicity. *W.K.* III, ii, 145.
- dowed**, doughed, made dough. *F.M.* II, i, 55.
- draw out**, with a play on the word suggesting elaboration of the deceit. *W.K.* III, ii, 156.
- drudges too much**, slaves too base. *W.K.* IV, i, 71.
- duckats**, ducats, gold coins each worth toward two dollars and a half, or silver coins of about one third that value. *F.M.* v, ii, 53.

- employment**, service. *W.K.* iv, i, 108.
- entertain'd**, took into service, hired as a domestic. *W.K.* III, ii, 35. **entertain**, receive as a guest. *F.M.* II, iv, 51. [Both meanings frequent with Heywood, who also uses *entertain* as noun. *Works*, III, 28.]
- envious**, malicious. *W.K.* II, ii, 43; III, i, 94. *F.M.* III, iv, 49.
- eterniz'd**, immortalized, filled with celestial joy. *F.M.* v, ii, 35.
- extasie**, enraptured. *F.M.* I, iv, 42; II, ii, 14; III, iv, 20; v, i, 68; v, ii, 12. **extasie**, rapture. *F.M.* IV, iv, 134.
- ernes**, yearns, feels a stab of pain. *W.K.* II, i, 84.
- execution**, warrant to seize goods or person of a debtor in default of payment. *W.K.* III, i, 29, 31.
- extremely**, with great severity. *W.K.* III, i, 32.
- extremes**, condition of desperate need. *W.K.* III, iii, 6. Frequent with Heywood.
- favours**, courtesies. *W.K.* III, ii, 111.
- ferre**, further or higher point. *W.K.* I, iii, 13.
- fighths**. In 1678 Phillips defined: "*Fighths* in Navigation, are the Waste-clothes which hang round about the Ship, to hinder men from being seen in fight, or any place wherein men may cover themselves and yet use their arms." *F.M.* IV, iv, 86.
- fill'd**, filed, chiseled. *W.K.* v, v, 100.
- flight shoot**, more than ordinary bow-shots; for light arrows, with narrow feathers, were used in flight shooting, whose object was not to hit a mark, but make the greatest distance possible. *W.K.* IV, iv, 2.
- fond**, foolish, self-deluded, mad. *W.K.* II, iii, 5.
- for fail**, to prevent failure, to make sure of enough. *W.K.* II, ii, 33.
- frets**, divisions of the finger-board in lute or guitar. See note on 64, 17. *W.K.* I, i, 81; v, ii, 16-17.
- gestures**, movements, signs. *W.K.* II, iii, 181.
- gets**. See note on 12, 9. *W.K.* I, iii, 9.
- ginge**, gang, company. *F.M.* III, v, 109; IV, ii, 77; IV, iv, 21. [The word was in good usage to the middle of the 17th century, though declining in dignity.]

- groats**, coins valued at four pence each. *F.M.* II, i, 143. "The groat ceased to be issued for circulation in 1662." *N. E. D.*
- Gramercies, Gramarcie**, thanks. *F.M.* I, iii, 44. *W. K.* I, i, 42.
- habited**, clad. *F.M.* v, i, 2.
- hab nab**, hit or miss, anyhow. *F.M.* II, i, 140.
- high-flowne**, "elevated," half intoxicated. *F.M.* II, i, 160.
- Hoboyes long**, stage direction that the hautboys (oboes) play a sufficient time to suggest the transition from Foy to Fez and, perhaps, to allow some shifting of scenery. *F.M.* IV, ii, after 120.
- hoigh, on the hoigh**, in a state of eager, noisy excitement. *W.K.* I, i, 85.
- honest**, chaste. *F.M.* I, i, 24, 26; II, ii, 23; III, iv, 66. **honestly**, suitably, honorably. *F.M.* II, ii, 76.
- huckt-backt**, hunch-backed. *F.M.* II, i, 47. [In the *Historie of Women*, p. 157, Heywood has *hutch-backs*.]
- husband**, economist, one who manages his affairs thriftily. *W.K.* III, ii, 31.
- husbandry**, tillage, farming. *W.K.* III, i, 3, 10.
- indentures**, deeds between covenanting parties, so called because originally the two or more copies of the deed had their edges correspondingly indented for identification. *F.M.* II, iii, 18; IV, ii, 10. [Heywood often uses the word merely in the sense of agreement.]
- indifference**, impartiality. *W. K.* IV, i, 101.
- instance**, evidence. *W.K.* III, ii, 82.
- Insult**, boast. *F.M.* IV, i, 4.
- intemperate**, immoderate. *F.M.* v, ii, 113.
- jesses**, straps fastened to the hawk's legs. See note on 12, 9. *W.K.* I, iii, 9.
- jolle of ling**, head and shoulders of the fish called ling, common in the seas of northern Europe. *F.M.* III, ii, 48.
- justicer**, judge. *F.M.* II, ii, 38. Cf. *Lear*, III, vi, 25.
- kern**, one of the "wild Irish," an Irish foot-soldier armed only with sword and wooden shield, or with bow and arrows; an Irish peasant. *W.K.* v, i, 5.
- kindred**, relationship. *W.K.* v, v, 65.
- leese**, lose. *W.K.* IV, i, 97.
- lift**, cut. *W.K.* III, ii, 168.
- likes**, pleases. *W.K.* I, iii, 109.

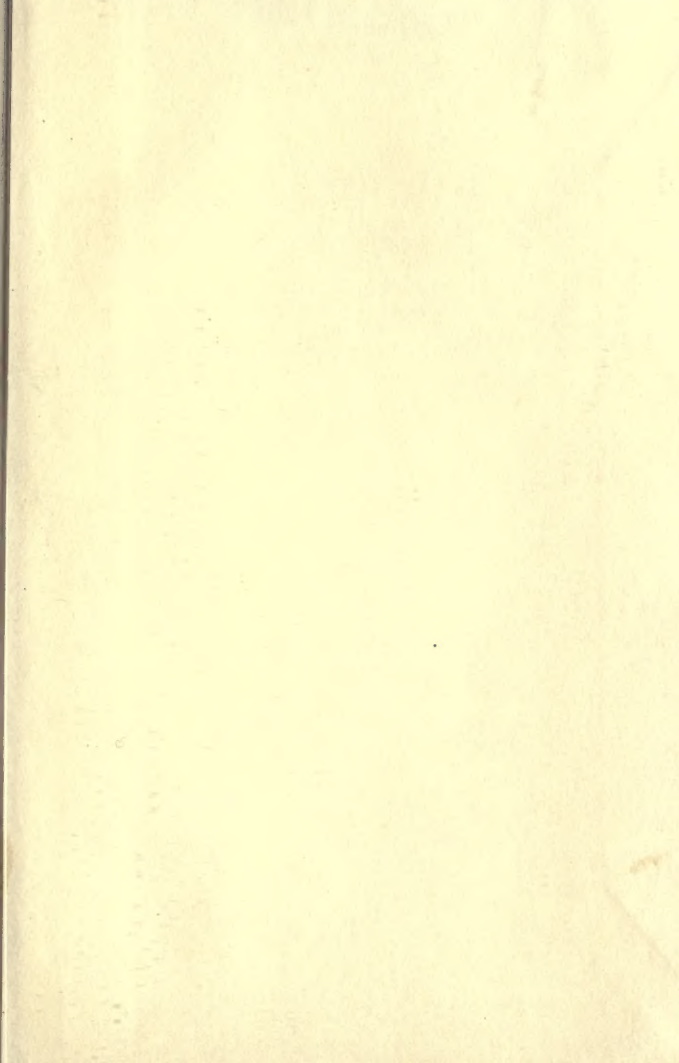
- limit**, appoint, allow. *W.K.* IV, v, 133.
- make-bate**, stirrer up of quarrels. *W.K.* III, ii, 38. Heywood also uses *make-peace*.
- Marry**, originally **By Saint Mary**, but in Heywood's time a common expletive. *F.M.* I, ii, 9; II, i, 54; IV, ii, 28.
- megrim**, sudden and severe headache, or vertigo. *W.K.* III, ii, 197.
- merlin**, a small falcon. See note on 12, 14. *W.K.* I, iii, 14.
- metall**, mettle. *F.M.* II, i, 126. **mettle**, metal. *W.K.* II, iii, 171, 174.
- miching**, sneaking, skulking. *W.K.* II, iii, 178.
- milk sops**, weaklings, men softened by indulgence, a term of contempt known even to the Wife of Bath. *F.M.* I, iii, 109; II, i, 106.
- Minion**, hussy. *F.M.* II, i, 87. In *F.M.* III, i, 54, 60, the word seems to be used more in its earlier sense of **darling**. So Heywood speaks of London (*Works*, v, 272) as "Europ's chiefest minion."
- missay**, slander. *F.M.* III, iii, 50.
- moorian**, Moor. *F.M.* v, ii, 78. Probably used here with a play on *murrain*.
- motion**, proposal. *F.M.* I, i, 35; v, i, 10. **Move**, *F.M.* III, iii, 15.
- noblesse**, nobleness. *F.M.* IV, i, 14.
- notorious**, well known as disgraceful, *W.K.* III, ii, 19. Well and unfavorably known, *F.M.* II, i, 125.
- opposite**, adversary. *W.K.* IV, I, 98.
- owe**, own. *W.K.* II, ii, 22. **ought**, owed. *F.M.* IV, iv, 48.
- paid him home**, gave him his deserts. *F.M.* III, i, 86.
- pair**, pack. *W.K.* III, ii, 118.
- part-frayes**, those who, by separating combatants, stop the combat. *F.M.* II, ii, 45.
- parly**, address, converse with. *F.M.* v, I, 20. Heywood uses this word both as noun and verb.
- passengers**, wayfarers, travelers,—Heywood's regular use. *F.M.* III, v, 57.
- passion**, compassion. *W.K.* II, iii, 140.
- patterne**, parallel. *F.M.* v, i, 97; II, 110.
- Pawne**, pledge for fulfilment of a promise. As noun, *W.K.* v, i, 106. As verb, *W.K.* I, i, 96.

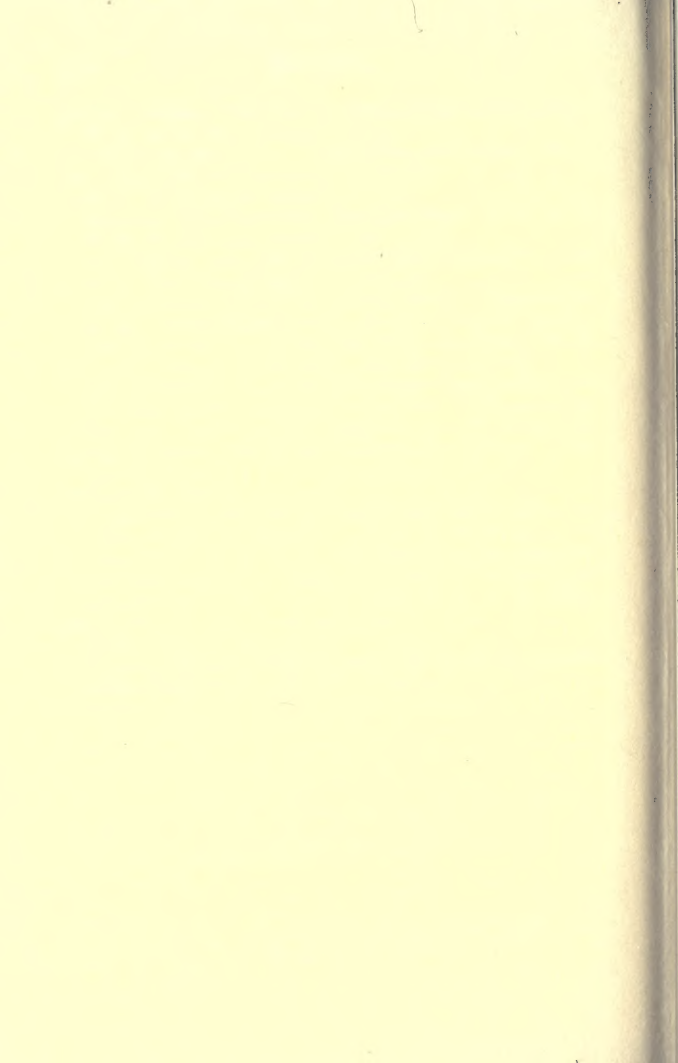
- perplexed**, troubled. *F.M.* 1, iii, 140.
- peruse**, inspect. *F.M.* iv, iv, 131. Used by Heywood of places as well as of people.
- pitch**, height. *F.M.* iii, i, 97.
- plac'd his action**, established his case. *W.K.* iv, v, 5.
- plume**, pull the feathers off the quarry. *W.K.* 1, iii, 7. (See note on 12, 7.) **plum'd**, struck a few feathers from the flying quarry by a blow that failed to kill. *W.K.* 1, iii, 13.
- plunge**, overwhelming trouble, deep disaster. *W.K.* 11, ii, 26.
- poore-john**, coarse fish, salted and dried; especially hake. *F.M.* iv, ii, 101.
- possibility**, resources. *W.K.* 11, i, 62. (Cf. *possibilities* in *Works*, vi, 25.)
- pottle; pottle pots**, half a gallon measure; two-quart tankards. *F.M.* 1, iii, 48, 78; 11, i, 161; 111, i, 33. See note on 102, 48.
- pourtrature**, portrait. *F.M.* 111, v, 21.
- prating**, boasting. *F.M.* 11, i, 124.
- president**, precedent. *F.M.* v, ii, 108.
- prick-song**, music sung from written (pricked) notes. *F.M.* 111, i, 10.
- prodigy**, monster. *F.M.* 11, ii, 87.
- project**, story in order. *F.M.* 111, i, 14.
- properer**, handsomer. *W.K.* iv, v, 76.
- purchase**, gain booty from. *F.M.* 1, i, 8. Often used by Heywood as a noun in sense of *booty*.
- quality**, such endowments and accomplishments as become a gentleman. *W.K.* 11, i, 66.
- quiddit**, quibble, subtle point. *F.M.* v, ii, 3.
- quoile**, coil, confusion, trouble. *W.K.* v, iii, 125.
- ranke**, abundantly. *W.K.* 1, iii, 84.
- rate**, berate. *W.K.* v, v, 27.
- rebato wire**, wire used to support the elaborate structure of a lady's ruff, — "your stiff-necked *rebatoes*, (that have more arches for pride to row under, then can stand under five London Bridges)." *The Guls Horn-booke* (Dent ed., pp. 15-16). These "fine *rebatoes*" are several times mentioned by Heywood as a mark of city luxury. *W.K.* v, ii, 8.
- rebecke**, misprint for *rebuke*, meaning startle. See note on 12, 8. *W.K.* 1, iii, 8.

- recover**, get over. *F.M.* III, i, 89.
Reform'd, transformed. *W.K.* II, ii, 9.
relapse. *N.E.D.*, citing this passage, defines: "Failure to meet a claim within the proper time." *F.M.* v, i, 37.
remember, remind. *W.K.* IV, i, 75.
remoted, remote. *W.K.* v, iii, 129.
resolve, assure, explain to. *W.K.* v, i, 40. *F.M.* I, i, 2; I, ii, 3; III, iii, 35; IV, ii, 71; IV, iv, 29.
roysting, roistering, rioting. *W.K.* III, iii, 33.
rudocks, ruddocks, robins, slang for gold coins. *F.M.* II, i, 67.
rundlet, cask. *F.M.* I, iii, 91.
scurvily, haughtily. *W.K.* I, ii, s. d. after 57.
seene, accomplished. *W.K.* II, i, 28.
shrewd, tempting, strong. *F.M.* I, iv, 57.
singles, claws. See note on 12, 22-3. *W.K.* I, iii, 22, 23.
sitte out, sit by, taking no part in the game. *W.K.* III, ii, 128.
skillets, frying-pans. *F.M.* III, i, 50.
sod, sodden, boiled. *F.M.* III, i, 70.
spirats, pirates. *F.M.* II, i, 66.
spleene, sudden fit of passion. *W.K.* II, i, 49; *F.M.* II, i, 105. **Hatred**, *W.K.* III, i, 94.
spoile, despoil, plunder. *F.M.* II, iv, 44.
state, estate. *F.M.* III, i, 30.
stigmaticke, branding with ignominy. *W.K.* II, iii, 86.
stridd, strode. *F.M.* III, i, 104.
stocke, stock in trade, furnishings and supplies. *F.M.* I, iv, 107. For *W.K.* III, ii, 176, see note on 36, 143.
stile, rank, title. *W.K.* III, i, 18. *F.M.* IV, iii, 27.
suite, suit, prosecution. *W.K.* III, i, 32. **suit of pardon**, appeal for influence in obtaining pardon. *W.K.* II, ii, 6.
surcease, cause to cease. *F.M.* IV, iii, 41.
surplusage, excess, rich abundance. *F.M.* III, v, 86.
swagger, bluster or quarrel. *W.K.* I, iii, 32; III, iii, 33. *F.M.* II, iii, 27. **swaggerst**, play'at the bully. *F.M.* III, i, 57. **swaggerd out**, driven out by show of violence. *F.M.* II, i, 111.

- table**, tablets, note-book. *W.K.* II, III, 127. Picture, *F.M.* III, v, 61.
- take my part**, be my partner, *W.K.* III, II, 125-6. **take them up**, play against them. *W.K.* III, II, 133. **take you**, match you. *W.K.* III, II, 150. **taken false**, caught cheating. *W.K.* III, II, 138. **takes down**, reduces to submission. I, I, 48.
- tall**, great, terrible. *F.M.* III, I, 41. Of good stature, III, IV, 92. Bold, sturdy, IV, IV, 24.
- taste**, test. *F.M.* IV, II, 13.
- tender'd down**, paid on the spot. *W.K.* II, II, 57.
- Thrasoes**, boasters, by derivation from the name of the braggart soldier in Terence's *Eunuchus*. *F.M.* IV, I, 29.
- trade-falne**, bankrupt. *F.M.* I, II, 19; III, IV, 64.
- trindle-tails**, curly-tails, curs. *W.K.* I, III, 28. [Sometimes written *grindletail*, *Fletcher's Island Princess*, v, III, 16.]
- tugge**, struggle, pull. *F.M.* I, I, 9.
- turtles**, turtle doves. *W.K.* v, III, 49.
- unable**, feeble. *W.K.* II, II, 56.
- uncustom'd**, smuggled. *F.M.* v, II, 14.
- unseason'd**, unseasonable. *W.K.* I, I, 61; v, III, 118.
- unthrift**, spendthrift. *W.K.* II, II, 29; III, I, 24.
- Untrusse that point**, untie that lacing. *F.M.* II, III, 72.
- use**, interest. *W.K.* III, I, 28.
- usurpe**, take by force. *F.M.* I, III, 77.
- vaile her top**, lower her colors. *F.M.* IV, IV, 3.
- voyder**, a tray or basket for carrying off the remains of a meal. *W.K.* III, II, *opening s. d.*
- wrested**, perverted, extreme. *W.K.* v, I, 121.

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