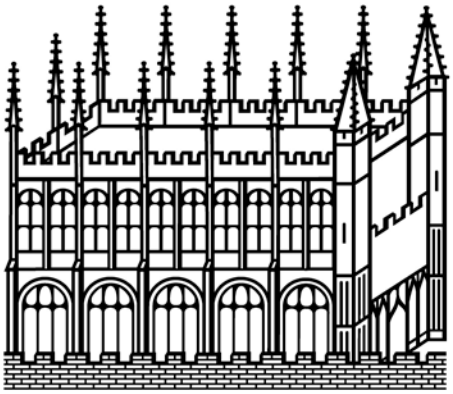

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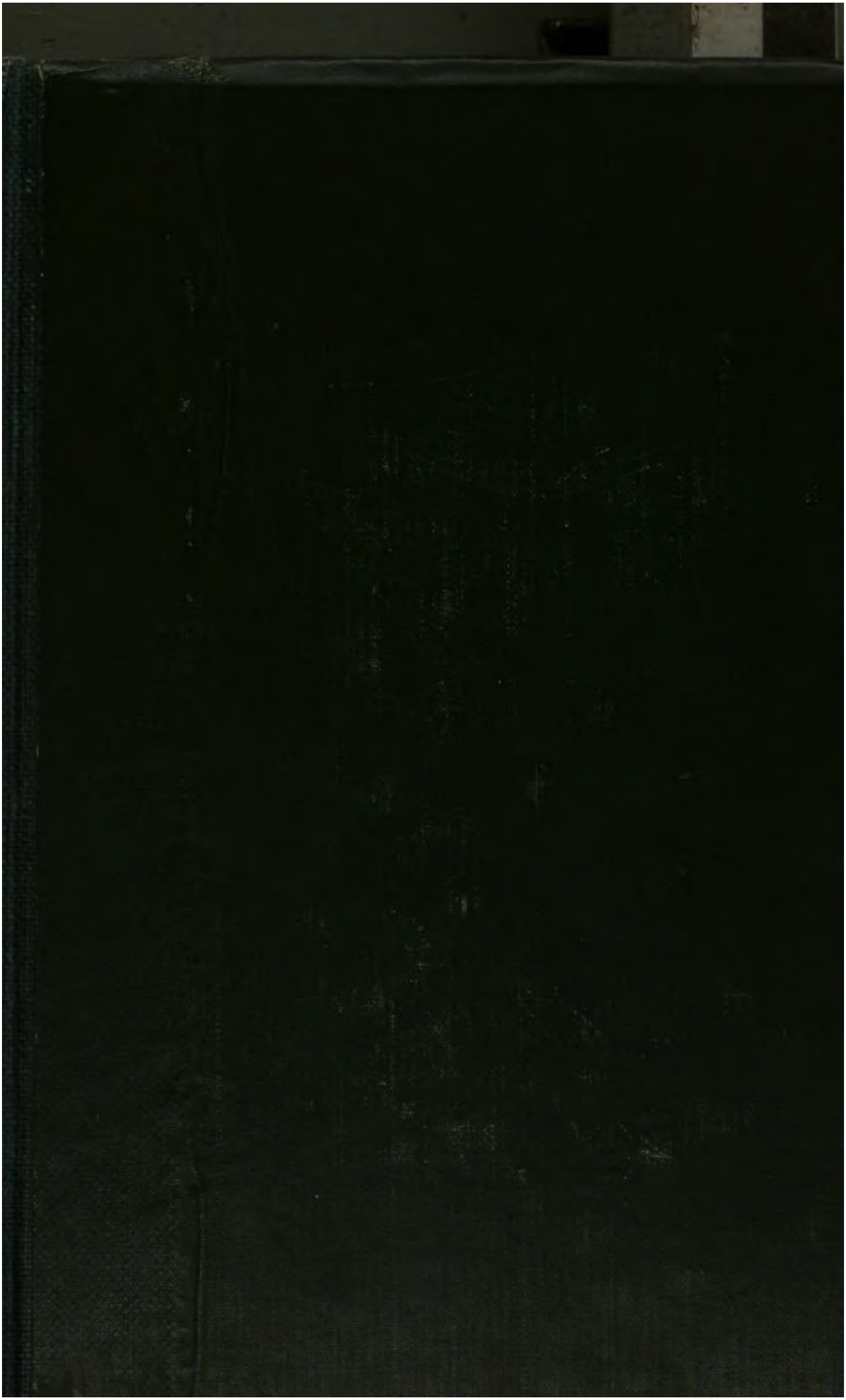

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The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Four hundred copies of this Edition have been printed and the type distributed. *No more will be published.*

A GAME AT CHESS.

A
Gam^e at Chæss as it was Actd
nine days to gether at the Globe
The Black House
on the banks side
The White-House
Black Q:
Black K:
White K:
White Q:
Black D:
White D:
Fatte Bishop
White B:
The Fatte Bishop
the Black Knight
the White Knight
A letter from his Holynes
Keepe y distance
Check mate by discovery

THERE are extant at least three early undated editions of *A Game at Chess*. Two of them have the engraved title-page of which a reduced facsimile is here given on the opposite page; there is also an engraved title-page, but less interesting and with fewer figures, prefixed to the other edition. The text of the two editions which contain the more elaborate title-page is very corrupt; but the other edition, which I have designated A., is fairly accurate. A contributor to the *Shakespeare Society Papers* (pt. ii. pp. 103–6) was in possession of an edition dated 1625. Three early MS. copies of the play are preserved: one in the British Museum, dated 1624 (Lansdown MS. 690); another, imperfect, at Bridgewater House; and a third in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Dyce collated the three undated 4tos, the Lansdown MS., and the Bridgewater MS. I have had before me 4to A., one of the two other undated 4tos (which I designate B.), and the Lansdown MS.; I have also looked through the Trinity College MS., which does not differ materially from A. and Lansdown MS. I have not seen the third undated 4to; but from Dyce's notes it appears to agree faithfully with B. The readings of the Bridgewater MS. are taken from Dyce's notes.

Some twenty years ago the late Mr. C. J. Stewart, bookseller, of King William Street, Strand, advertised for sale a MS. copy of *A Game at Chess* which (according to his description) differed most materially from the printed copies and the other MSS. "It is in fact," Stewart stated, "the original draught of the work," and it contained a dedication "To the Worthilie Accomplished Mr. William Hammond," beginning—

> "This, which nor Stage nor Stationer's Stall can showe,
> The Common Eye may wish for, but ne're knowe."

The dedication is signed "A Servant to youre Vertues, T. M." I have hunted for this MS. high and low, but I have not been able to discover who is the present possessor of it.

My plan has been to take the most correct 4to, A., as the basis of this edition. Where the readings of the other old copies have any interest or importance, I have recorded them; but I have not chosen to waste my own time and the reader's by drawing attention to every trifling variation. For instance, in the Introduction, l. 15, where A. and the other 4tos give "'*Tis* not five years," I have not thought it necessary to mention that the Lansdown MS. reads "*It's* not five years."

Many of the political and personal allusions in this play are exceedingly difficult to understand. The Black Knight is of course Gondomar; the Fat Bishop is Antonio de Dominis; and the White King and Black King are the respective kings of England and Spain. After pointing out these obvious facts and suggesting that "the White Queen's Pawn seems intended to stand for the Church of England" (a not very plausible suggestion), Dyce leaves the reader to shift for himself. But the process of identification can surely be carried further. The White Duke is unquestionably Prince Charles, and the White Knight is Buckingham. A prominent figure in the play is the Black Bishop's Pawn. I am happily able to identify this character with Father John Floyd, the Jesuit (see note, p. 118). The Black Duke I take to be Olivarez. At the close of the play the White Knight, before closing the bag in which the Fat Bishop and the Black Knight, with the Black King and Queen, are confined, cries—

> "Room for a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd beloved,
> An *olive-colour'd* Ganymede."

I have little doubt that in the epithet *olive-colour'd* there is a punning allusion to the name *Olivarez*. The White King's Pawn may, I think, be safely identified with Sir Toby Matthew. When he is stripped of his upper garment the White Pawn is seen to be black beneath (iii. 1); whereupon the White King upbraids him for his perfidy and for the ingratitude with which he had repaid the royal favours that had been showered upon him. Now Sir Toby Matthew was even at this date known to be a Jesuit, and he had been treated with exceptional favour by King James. The White Bishop and Black Bishop do not take a prominent part in the play; I suppose that the former is Archbishop Abbott (who was bitterly opposed to the Spanish marriage), and that the latter is the Archbishop of Toledo.

Middleton was indebted for much of his material (as will be seen from my notes) to *Vox Populi*, 1620, and *The Second Part of Vox Populi*, 1624, two tracts by Thomas Scott, a Scotch minister at Utrecht; to John Gee's *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624, and *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, 1624; and to Thomas Robinson's *Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 1622. Dyce, who in editing this play did not show his usual acumen, makes no reference to these important tracts.

I have done my best in the notes to illustrate *A Game at Chess*, but I feel that I have not been able to grapple thoroughly with the difficulties. My warmest thanks are due to my friend Mr. S. L. Lee for his very kind and valuable assistance.

THE PICTURE PLAINLY EXPLAINED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE CHESS-PLAY.[1]

A Game at Chess is here display'd,
Between the Black and White House made,
Wherein crown-thirsting policy
For the Black House, by fallacy,
To the White Knight check often gives,
And to some straits him thereby drives;
The Fat Black Bishop helps also,
With faithless heart, to give the blow:
Yet, maugre all their craft, at length
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength
And circumspective prudency,
Gives check-mate by discovery
To the Black Knight: and so at last,
The Game thus won, the Black House cast
Into the Bag, and therein shut,
Find all their plumes and cocks-combs cut.
Plain dealing thus, by wisdom's guide,
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride.

[1] This copy of verses is prefixed to ed. B.

PROLOGUE.[1]

WHAT of the game call'd Chess-play can be made
To make a stage-play, shall this day be play'd:
First you shall see the men in order set,
States[2] and their Pawns, when both the sides are met,
The Houses well distinguish'd; in the game
Some men entrapt and taken to their shame,
Rewarded by their play; and, in the close,
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foes:
But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck,
Is so to play our game t' avoid your check.

[1] The prologue is omitted in Lansdown MS.
[2] Persons of high rank.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

White King.		*Black King.*
White Knight.		*Black Knight.*
White Duke.		*Black Duke.*
White Bishop.		*Black Bishop.*
Pawns.		*Pawns.*
	Fat Bishop.	
	His Pawn.	
White Queen.		*Black Queen.*
Her Pawn.		*Her Pawn.*

IN THE INDUCTION.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.
ERROR.

A GAME AT CHESS.

—o—

INDUCTION.

ERROR *discovered asleep: enter* IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

Ign. Ha! where? what angle of the world is this,
That I can neither see the politic face,
Nor with my refin'd nostrils taste [1] the footsteps
Of any my [2] disciples, sons and heirs
As well of my designs as institution?
I thought they had spread over the world by this time,
Cover'd the earth's face, and made dark the land,
Like the Egyptian grasshoppers.
Here's too much light appears, shot from the eyes
Of Truth and Goodness never yet deflower'd:
Sure they were never here; then is their monarchy
Unperfect yet; a just reward, I see,
For their ingratitude so long to me,
Their father and their founder.

---

[1] So B.—A. "cast."
[2] "Any my."—So A.—B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "any of my."

'Tis not five years since I was sainted by 'em :[1]
Where slept mine honour all the time before?
Could they be so forgetful to canonize
Their prosperous institutor? when they had sainted me,
They found no room in all their calendar
To place my name, that should have remov'd princes,
Pull'd the most eminent prelates by the roots up
For my dear coming, to make way for me;
Let every petty martyr and saint homily,
Roch,[2] Main,[3] and Petronill,[4] itch and ague-curers,
Your abbess Aldegund[5] and Cunegund,[6]

---

[1] The Bull for Loyola's canonization was published by Urban VIII. on 6th August 1623; his Beatification had been pronounced by Paul V. in 1609. I have looked through the various accounts of Loyola in the Acta Sanctorum without finding anything to illustrate the passage in the text. Loyola's feast falls on 31st July.

[2] "We find this eminent servant of God honoured especially in France and Italy amongst the illustrious saints in the fourteenth century, soon after his death. . . . All that we can affirm concerning him is that he was born of a noble family at Montpellier, and making a pilgrimage of devotion to Rome, he devoted himself in Italy to serve the sick during a raging pestilence. . . . Many cities have been speedily delivered from the plague by imploring his intercession."—Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, ed. 1833–6, ii. 246.

[3] "This saint was a British bishop, who, passing into Little Britain in France, there founded an Abbey, in which he ended his days."—Ibid. i. 66.

[4] Petronilla, the daughter of St. Peter. "S. Petronilla was very beautiful, of good behaviour, wise and gracious. . . . The Church celebrateth the feast of this saint on the day of her death, which was on the last of May in the ninety-eighth year of our Lord in the reign of Domitianus."—*Lives of Saints*, by Alfonso Villegas, ed. 1630, pp. 345–6.

[5] "She was daughter of Walbert of the royal blood of France, and born in Hainault about the year 630," &c.—Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, 1833–6, i. 173–4.

[6] "St. Cunegundes, a saint of the eleventh century; wife of St. Henry, Duke of Bavaria, afterwards King of the Romans."—Ibid. i. 291–2.

The widow Marcell,[1] parson Polycarp,[2]
Cecily[3] and Ursula,[4] all take place of me.
And but for the bissextile or leap-year,
And that's but one in three, I fall by chance
Into the nine-and-twentieth day of February;
There were no room else for me: see their love,
Their conscience too, to thrust me a lame soldier[5]
Into leap-year! My wrath's up, and, methinks,
I could with the first syllable of my name
Blow up their colleges.—Up, Error, wake!
Father of supererogation, rise!
It is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola.

Error. What have you done? O, I could sleep in ignorance
Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing!
I saw the bravest setting for a game now
That ever mine eye fix'd on.

Ign. What game, prithee?[6]

---

[1] "She is styled by St. Jerome the glory of the Roman ladies. Having lost her husband in the seventh month of her marriage she rejected the suit of Cerealis the Consul, uncle of Gallus Cæsar, and resolved to imitate the lives of the ascetics of the East. She abstained from wine and flesh, employed all her time in pious reading, prayer, and visiting the churches of the apostles and martyrs, and never spoke with any man alone."—Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, 1833-6, i. 177.—A. reads "Alarcell."

[2] The famous Bishop of Smyrna.—Ibid. i. 112-16.

[3] The patroness of Church Music.—Ibid. ii. 916-17.

[4] Concerning St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, see Villegas' *Lives of Saints*, ed. 1630, pp. 842-5.

[5] At the siege of Pampeluna (1521) Loyola was wounded in the leg by a cannon-shot. The reader will not fail to observe the joke—"a *lame* soldier into *leap*-year."

[6] "What game, prithee?"—So A. and Lands. MS.—B. and Trin. MS. "Game: what game?"

Error. The noblest game of all, a game at chess,
Betwixt our side and the White House; the men set
In their just order, ready to go to't.
Ign. Were any of my sons plac'd for the game?
Error. Yes, and a daughter too; a secular daughter
That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the Black Bishop's.
Ign. If ever power could show a mastery[1] in thee,
Let it appear in this!
Error. 'Tis but a dream,
A vision, you must think.
Ign. I care not what,
So I behold[2] the children of my cunning,
And see what rank they keep.
Error. You have your wish:

Music: enter severally, in order of the game, the White and Black Houses.

Behold, there's the full number of the game,
Kings and their Pawns, Queens, Bishops, Knights, and Dukes.
Ign. Dukes? they're called Rooks by some.
Error. Corruptedly;[3]
Le roc[4] the word, *custode*[5] *de la roche*,
The keeper of the forts, in whom both Kings

---

[1] "*i.e.* masterly operation (a sense of the word common in our earliest poetry)."—*Dyce.*
[2] So B.—A. "I could behold."
[3] So A.—B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "corruptively."
[4] The term *rook* in the game of chess is a corruption of Fr. *roc*—a rock or fortress.
[5] So A.—B. "custodie."

Repose much confidence; and for their trust-sake,
Courage, and worth, do well deserve those titles.
Ign. The answer's high: I see my son and daughter.[1]
Error. Those are two Pawns, the Black Queen's and Black[2] Bishop's.
Ign. Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight performents.[3]
Nor worthy of the name of my disciples:
If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut
That Bishop's throat but I'd have had his place,
And told the Queen a love-tale in her ear
Would make her best pulse dance: there's no elixir
Of brain or spirit amongst 'em.
Error. Why, would you have them play against themselves?
That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.
Ign. Pish, I would rule myself, not observe rule.
Error. Why, then, you'd play a game all by yourself.
Ign. I would do any thing to rule alone:
'Tis rare to have the world reign'd in by one.[4]
Error. See 'em anon, and mark[5] 'em in their play;
Observe, as in a dance, they glide away.
[*Exeunt the two Houses.*
Ign. O, with what longings will this breast be tost,
Until I see this great game won and lost! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] So B.—A. "daughters."
[2] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "the."
[3] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "preferments." ("Performents" = performances.)
[4] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "me."
[5] B. "view."

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter severally White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. I ne'er see that face but my pity rises ;
When I behold so clear a masterpiece
Of heaven's art wrought out of dust and ashes,
And at next thought to give her lost eternally,
In being not ours, but the daughter of heresy,
My soul bleeds at mine eyes.
W. Q. Pawn. Where should truth speak,
If not in such a sorrow? they're[1] tears plainly:
Beshrew me, if she weep[2] not heartily!
What is my peace to her to take such pains in't?
If I wander to loss, and with broad eyes
Yet miss the path she can run blindfold in
Through often exercise, why should my oversight,

[1] Lansd. MS. "theis are."
[2] A. "wept."

Though in the best game that e'er Christian lost,
Raise the least spring of pity in her eyes?
'Tis doubtless a great charity; and no virtue
Could win me surer.

B. Q. Pawn. Blessed things prevail with't!
If ever goodness made a gracious promise,
It is in yonder look: what little pains
Would build a fort for virtue to all memory
In that sweet creature, were the ground-work firmer![1]

W. Q. Pawn. It hath been all my glory to be firm
In what I have profess'd.

B. Q. Pawn. That is the enemy
That steals your strength away, and fights against you,
Disarms[2] your soul even in the heat of battle;
Your firmness that way makes you more infirm
For the right Christian conflict. There I spied
A zealous primitive sparkle but now flew
From your devoted eye,
Able to blow up all the[3] heresies
That ever sate in council with your spirit.
And here comes he whose sanctimonious breath
Will[4] make that spark a flame: list to him, virgin,
At whose first entrance princes will fall prostrate;
Women are weaker vessels.

---

[1] A. "firme."
[2] A. "This—Armes."
[3] Omitted in A.
[4] So A. and Lansd. MS.—B. and Trin. MS. "can."

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. By my penitence,
A comely presentation, and the habit
To admiration reverend!
B. Q. Pawn. But the heart, lady, so meek,
That as you see good Charity pictur'd still
With young ones in her arms, so will he cherish
All his young, tractable, sweet, obedient daughters
Even in his bosom, in his own dear bosom.
I am myself a secular Jesuitess,[1]
As many ladies are of worth [2] and greatness:
A second sort are Jesuits *in voto*,
Giving their vow unto the [3] Father General,
That's the Black Bishop of our House, whose Pawn
This gentleman now stands for, to receive
The college-habit at his holy pleasure.
W. Q. Pawn. But how are those *in voto* employ'd, lady,
Till they receive the habit?
B. Q. Pawn. They're not idle;
He finds them all true labourers in the work
Of th' universal monarchy, which he
And his disciples principally aim at:
Those are maintain'd in many courts and palaces,
And are induc'd by [4] noble personages

[1] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "Jesuite."
[2] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "wealth."
[3] A. "their."
[4] A. "by'th."

Into great princes' services, and prove
Some councillors of state, some secretaries;
All serving in notes of intelligence—
As parish-clerks their mortuary-bills—
To the Father General: so are designs
Oft-times prevented, and important[1] secrets
Of states discover'd, yet no author found,
But they suspected oft that are most sound.
This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance;
And I offend to set your zeal so back:
Check'd by obedience with desire to hasten
Your progress to perfection, I commit you
To the great worker's hands; to whose grave worth
I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes.

B. B. Pawn. Dost[2] find her supple?

B. Q. Pawn. There's a little passage made.[3]

[*Exit.*

B. B. Pawn. Let me contemplate,
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspèct: that eye
Doth promise single life and meek obedience;
Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl

[1] So the three MSS.—A. "importune."—B. "importinant."
[2] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. and Lansd. MS. "Do you."
[3] Omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.

Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn[1]
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,
Would look upon that cheek! and how delightfully
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty,
Would work to sound health your long-fester'd judgment,
And make your merit, which, through erring ignorance,
Appears but spotted righteousness to me,
Far clearer than the innocence of infants!

W. Q. Pawn. To that good work I bow, and will become
Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find
Th' assistance of a sacred strength to aid me:
The labour is as easy to serve virtue
The right way, since 'tis she I ever serv'd
In my desire, though I transgress'd in judgment.

B. B. Pawn. That's easily absolv'd amongst the rest:
You shall not find the virtue that you serve now
A sharp and cruel mistress; her ear's open
To all your supplications; you may boldly
And safely let in the most secret sin
Into her knowledge, which, like vanish'd man,
Never returns into the world again;
Fate locks not up more trulier.

---

[1] "Adopted by Milton;

'Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under *the opening eyelids of the morn*,' &c. *Lycidas.*"—*Dyce.*

Not improbably; but see my note on Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, ii. 2., "Now Phœbus ope the eyelids of the day" (Works, ii. 38).

W. Q. Pawn. To the guilty
That may appear some benefit.
B. B. Pawn. Who's so innocent
That never stands in need on't in some kind?
If every thought were blabb'd that's so confest,
The very air we breathe would be unblest.—
Now to the work indeed, which is to catch
Her inclination; that's the special use
We make of all our practice in all kingdoms;
For by discovering[1] their most secret frailties,
Things which, once ours, they must not hide from us
(That's the first article in the creed we teach 'em),
Finding to what point their blood most inclines,
Know best to apt them then to our designs. [*Aside.*
Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,
The sooner you make haste to your recovery:
You must part with 'em; to be nice or modest
Towards this good action, is to imitate
The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer,
For the uncomely parts the tumour vexes,
Till't be past cure. Resolve you thus far, lady;
The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
In the most secret corner of your heart now,
Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly
Never she-friend of your night-counsels[2] nearer.
W. Q. Pawn. I stand not much in fear of any action
Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness.

---

[1] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "disclosing."
[2] So A.—B. "Neuer she friend of yours might counsell neerer."—Trin. MS. and Lansd. MS. only differ from A. in reading "counsell."

I must confess, as in a sacred temple
Throng'd with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human object than to taste
Of angels' food;
So in the congregation of quick thoughts,
Which are more infinite than such assemblies,
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all:
Some have been wanderers, some fond,[1] some sinful,
But those found ever but poor entertainment,
They had small encouragement to come again.
The single life, which strongly I profess now,
Heaven pardon me! I was about to part from.

B. B. Pawn. Then you have pass'd through love?

W. Q. Pawn. But left no stain
In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong
For the most chaste maid that may trace my footsteps.

B. B. Pawn. How came you off so clear?

W. Q. Pawn. I was discharg'd
By an inhuman accident, which modesty
Forbids me to put any language to.

B. B. Pawn. How you forget yourself! all actions
Clad[2] in their proper language, though most sordid,
My ear is bound by duty to let in
And lock up everlastingly. Shall I help you?
He was not found to answer his creation:
A vestal virgin in a slip of grace

---

[1] So the MSS.—A. "sound."—B. "some sinful, some sound." ("Fond" = foolish.)

[2] So B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "Cal'd."

Could not deliver man's loss modestlier:
'Twas the White Bishop's Pawn.
W. Q. Pawn. The same, blest sir.
B. B. Pawn. An heretic well pickled.
W. Q. Pawn. By base treachery,
And violence prepar'd by his competitor,[1]
The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever hate for't.
B. B. Pawn. 'Twas of revenges the unmanliest way
That ever rival took; a villany
That, for your sake, I'll ne'er absolve him of.
W. Q. Pawn. I wish it not so heavy.
B. B. Pawn. He must feel it:
I never yet gave absolution
To any crime of that unmanning nature.
It seems then you refus'd him for defect;
Therein you stand not pure from the desire
That other women have in ends of marriage:
Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness
To the last grain.
W. Q. Pawn. I reverence your pains, sir,
And must acknowledge custom to enjoy
What other women challenge and possess
More rul'd me than desire; for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and I'll never wish
To know that fond way may redeem 'em thence.
B. B. Pawn. I never was so taken; beset doubly
Now with her judgment: what a strength it puts forth!
[*Aside.*

[1] A. "competitors."

I bring work nearer to you: when you've seen
A masterpiece of man, compos'd by heaven
For a great prince's favour, kingdom's love;
So exact, envy could not find a place
To stick a blot on person or on fame;
Have you not found ambition swell your wish then,
And desire stir your blood?

W. Q. Pawn. By virtue, never!
I've only in the dignity of the creature
Admir'd the maker's glory.

B. B. Pawn. She's impregnable;
A second siege must not fall off so tamely:
She's one of those must be inform'd to know
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught:
Her modesty brings her behind-hand much;
My old means I must fly to—yes, 'tis it. [*Aside.*
Please you, peruse this small tract of obedience;
Twill help you forward well. [*Gives a book.*

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, that's a virtue
I've ever thought on with a special reverence.

B. B. Pawn. You will conceive by that my power, your duty.

Enter White Bishop's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. The knowledge will be precious of both, sir.

W. B. Pawn. What makes yon troubler of all Christian waters
So near that blessed spring? but that I know
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues

Unmovable as fate, 'twould more afflict me
Than all my sufferings for her, which so long
As she holds constant to the House she comes of,
The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality,
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue;
And, though confin'd in my religious joys,
I'd marry her and possess her. [*Aside.*

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. Behold, lady,
The two inhuman enemies, the Black Knight's Pawn
And the White Bishop's; the gelder and the gelded.
W. Q. Pawn. There's my grief, my hate!
B. Kt.'s Pawn. What, in the Jesuit's fingers? by this hand,
I'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,
She never returns virtuous, 'tis impossible:
I'll undertake more wagers will be laid
Upon a usurer's return from hell
Than upon hers from him now. Have I[1] been guilty
Of such base malice that my very conscience
Shakes at the memory of it,[2] and, when I look
To gather fruit, find nothing but the savin-tree,
Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there planted,
By all conjecture, to destroy fruit[3] rather?

---

[1] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. and Lansd. MS. "I haue."

[2] The word "it" is omitted in A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.

[3] "'The leaues of Sauin boyled in Wine and drunke . . . expell the dead childe, and kill the quick.' Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 1378, ed. 1633."—*Dyce.*

I'll be resolvèd now. [*Aside.*]—Most noble virgin ——
W. Q. Pawn. Ignoble villain! dare that unhallow'd tongue
Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?
What's nobleness to thee, or virgin chastity?
They're out of thy acquaintance: talk of violence
That shames creation, deeds would make night blush,
That's company for thee. Hast thou the impudence
To court me with a leprosy upon thee
Able t' infect the walls of a great building?
B. B. Pawn. Son of offence, forbear! go, set your evil
Before your eyes; a penitential vesture
Would better become you, some shirt of hair.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. And you a three-pound smock 'stead of an alb,
An[1] epicene casible.[2]—This holy felon
Robs safe and close: I feel a sting that's worse too.
[*Aside.*
White Pawn, hast so much charity to accept
A reconcilement? make thine own conditions,
For I begin to be extremely burden'd.
W. B. Pawn. No truth or peace of that Black House protested
Is to be trusted; but for hope of quittance,

---

[1] A. "And."

[2] *i.e.* chesible. "A cope shorter than the principal cope, but open on either side, so that the priest who wore it had the free use of his hands. On the fore and hinder part of it was embroidered a large cross. It was worn at high mass by the priests and deacons."—*Halliwell.*

And warn'd by diffidence, I may entrap him soonest.
[*Aside.*
I admit conference.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. It's a nobleness
That makes confusion cleave to all my merits.
[*Exeunt* W. B. Pawn *and* B. Kt.'s Pawn.

Enter Black Knight.

B. B. Pawn [*to W. Q. Pawn*]. That treatise will instruct you throughly.
B. Knight. So, so!
The business of the universal monarchy
Goes forward well now! the great college-pot,
That should be always boiling with the fuel
Of all intelligences possible
Thorough the Christian kingdoms. Is this fellow
Our prime incendiary, and one of those
That promis'd the White Kingdom seven years since
To our Black House? put a new daughter to him,
The great[1] work stands; he minds nor monarchy
Nor hierarchy, diviner[2] principality.
I have bragg'd less,
But have[3] done more than all the conclave on 'em,
Take their assistant fathers in all parts,
Yea, and their Father General in to boot;
And what I've done, I've done facetiously,

---

[1] Omitted in A.
[2] A. "diuine."
[3] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. and Lansd. MS. "I have."

With pleasant[1] subtlety and bewitching courtship,
Abus'd all my believers with delight,—
They took a comfort to be cozen'd by me:
To many a soul I've let in mortal poison,
Whose cheeks have crack'd with laughter to receive it;
I could so roll my pills in sugar'd syllables,
And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief,
They took their bane in way of recreation,
As pleasure steals corruption into youth.
He spies me now: I must uphold his reverence,
Especially in public, though I know
Priapus,[2] guardian of the cherry-gardens,
Bacchus and Venus' chit, is not more vicious. [*Aside.*

B. B. Pawn. Blessings' accumulation keep with you, sir!

B. Knight. Honour's dissimulation be your due, sir!

W. Q. Pawn. How deep in duty his observance plunges!

His charge must needs be reverend. [*Aside.*

B. B. Pawn. I am confessor
To this Black Knight too; you see devotion's fruitful,
Sh'ath many sons and daughters.

---

[1] John Rowland, in the preface to a *Choice Narrative of Count Gondomor's* [*sic*] *Transactions*, 1659, writes:—"Gondomor is yet fresh in memory of many men who knew him when he lay leiger here from the King of Spain, and I never heard or read of any ambassador that acted his part with more dexterity for his master's glory and advantage than he did; for however he had to deal with a very wise prince (as he says), yet like another Mercury he could soon with his facetious vows and gestures pipe King James asleep."

[2] This line is omitted in Lansd. MS.

B. Knight. I do this the more
T' amaze our adversaries to behold
The reverence we give these[1] guitonens,[2]
And to beget a sound opinion
Of holiness in them and zeal in us, [*Exit* W. Q. Pawn.
As also to invite the like obedience
In other pusills[3] by our meek example.— [*Aside.*
So, is your trifle vanish'd?

B. B. Pawn. Trifle call you her? 'tis a good Pawn, sir;
Sure she's the second Pawn in the White House,
And to the opening of the game I hold her.

B. Knight. Ay, you
Hold well for that, I know your play of old:
If there were more Queen's Pawns, you'd ply the game
A great deal harder. Now, sir, we're in private;
But what for the great work, the main existence,[4]
The hope monarchal?

B. B. Pawn. It goes on in this.

B. Knight. In this! I cannot see't.

B. B. Pawn. You may deny so
A dial's motion, 'cause you cannot see
The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar.

B. Knight. Where stops the current of intelligence?

---

[1] A. "this."

[2] "A term of reproach, I suppose, formed from the Spanish *guiton*, vagrant, vagabond."—*Dyce.* (B. "great ones.")

[3] So A. and Lansd. MS.—B. "pupills."—*Pusill* (usually written *puzzel*, from Italian *puzza*) was a term for a drab.

[4] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "the maine worke, the great existence."

Your Father General, Bishop o' the Black House,
Complains for want of work.

B. B. Pawn. Here's from all parts,
Sufficient to employ him; I receiv'd
A packet from th' Assistant Fathers lately;
Look, there is *Anglica*,[1] this *Gallica.* [*Gives letters.*

B. Knight. Ay, marry, sir, there's some quick flesh in this.

B. B. Pawn. Germanica. [*Gives letter.*

B. Knight. I think they have seal'd this with butter.

B. B. Pawn. This *Italica.* [*Gives letter.*

B. Knight. They've put their pens the Hebrew way, methinks.

B. B. Pawn. Hispanica here. [*Gives letter.*

B. Knight. Hispanica! blind work 'tis; the Jesuit
Hath writ this with the juice of lemons sure,
It must be held close to the fire of purgatory
Ere't can be read.

B. B. Pawn. You would not lose your jest, Knight,
Though it wounded your own fame.[2]

B. Knight. Curanda pecunia.

B. B. Pawn. Take heed, sir; we're entrapp'd,—the White King's Pawn.

Enter White King's Pawn.

B. Knight. He's made our own, man; half *in voto* yours,

---

[1] *i.e., Anglica Provincia*—in allusion to the *Provinces* into which the Jesuits divided their missions.

[2] A. "name."

His heart's in the Black House: leave him to me.—
[*Exit* B. B. Pawn.
Most of all friends endear'd, preciously special!
W. Kg.'s Pawn. You see my outside, but you know
my heart, Knight,
Great difference in the colour. There's some intelli-
gence; [*Gives letter.*
And as more ripens, so your knowledge still
Shall prove the richer: there shall nothing happen,
Believe it, to extenuate your cause,
Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive
To cross it with my counsel, purse, and power;
Keep all supplies back both in means and men
That may raise strength against you. We must part:
I dare no longer of this theme discuss;
The ear of state is quick and jealious.[1]
B. Knight. Excellent estimation! thou ar't valu'd
Above the fleet of gold that came short home.
[*Exit* W. Kg.'s Pawn.
Poor Jesuit-ridden soul! how art thou fool'd
Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn!
Which way soe'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost Pawn.
[*Exit.*

[1] So spelled for the sake of the metre.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Queen's Pawn *with a book in her hand.*

W. Q. Pawn. And here again: [*reads*] *It is the daughter's duty*
T' obey her confessor's command in all things,
Without exception or expostulation:
'Tis the most general rule that e'er I read[1] of;
Yet when I think how boundless virtue is,
Goodness and grace, 'tis gently[2] reconcil'd,
And then it appears well to have the power
Of the dispenser as uncircumscrib'd.

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. She's hard upon't; 'twas the most modest key
That I could use to open my intents:

[1] So A. and Lansd. MS.—B. "heard."
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "lately."

What little or no pains goes to some people!
Ha! what have we here?[1] a seal'd note! whence this?
[*Takes up a letter.*
[*Reads*] *To the Black Bishop's Pawn these:* how? to me?
Strange![2] who subscribes it? *The Black King:* what would he?
[*Reads*] *Pawn sufficiently holy, but unmeasurably politic; we had late intelligence from our most industrious servant, famous in all parts of Europe, our Knight of the Black House, that you have at this instant in chase the White Queen's Pawn, and very likely, by the carriage of your game, to entrap and take her: these are therefore to require you, by the burning affection I bear to the rape of devotion, that speedily, upon the surprisal of her, by all watchful advantage you make some attempt upon the White Queen's person, whose fall or prostitution our lust most violently rages for.*
Sir, after my desire hath took a julep
For its own inflammation, that yet scorches me,
I shall have cooler time to think of yours.
Sh'ath past the general rule, the large extent
Of our prescriptions[3] for obedience;
And yet with what[4] alacrity of soul
Her[5] eyes move on the letters!

---

[1] The words "what have we here?" are omitted in A., Trin. MS., and B., but are found in Lansd. MS.

[2] This line is omitted in A., but is found in Trin. MS., B., and Lansd. MS.

[3] Lansd. MS. "prescription."

[4] A. "that."

[5] Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "Her eye moves."

W. Q. Pawn. Holy sir,
Too long I've miss'd you; O, your absence starves me!
Hasten for time's redemption: worthy sir,
Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me
As you can speak 'em; how I thirst to hear 'em!
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue,
Which the poor span of life's too narrow for,
Boundless obedience!
The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,
Well here set down[1] a universal goodness.

B. B. Pawn. By holiness of garment, her safe innocence
Hath frighted the full meaning from itself;
She's further off from understanding now
The language of my intent than at first meeting.
[*Aside.*

W. Q. Pawn. For virtue's sake, good sir, command me something;
Make trial of my duty in some small service;
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then trust it with a greater.

B. B. Pawn. You speak sweetly:
I do command you first then ——

W. Q. Pawn. With what joy
I do prepare my duty!

B. B. Pawn. To meet me,
And seal a kiss of love upon my lips.[2]

[1] "Well here set down."—So the MSS.—A. "Well, here I set downe."—B. "Well set her downe."

[2] Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "lipp."

W. Q. Pawn. Hah!

B. B. Pawn. At first disobedient! in[1] so little too!
How shall I trust you with a greater then,
Which was your own request?

W. Q. Pawn. Pray, send not back
Mine innocence to wound me; be more courteous.
I must confess, much[2] like an ignorant plaintiff, who,
Presuming on the fair path of his meaning,
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought
Into the wilderness of law by words
Dropt unadvisedly, hurts his good cause,
And gives his adversary advantage by't,—
Apply it you can best, sir. If my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons best obey.

B. B. Pawn. If I can at that distance send you a blessing,
Is it not nearer to you in mine arms?
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels;
And I, to honour thee above all daughters,
Invite thee home to th' House, where thou may'st surfeit
On that which others miserably pine for;
A favour which the daughters of great potentates
Would look of envy's colour but to hear.

W. Q. Pawn. Good men may err sometimes; you're mistaken sure:

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "and."
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "most."

If this be virtue's path, 'tis a most strange one;
I never came this way before.
B. B. Pawn. That's your ignorance;
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you
That knows no way but one, nor ever seeks it?
If there be twenty ways to some poor village,
'Tis strange that virtue should be put to one.
Your fear is wondrous faulty; cast it from you;
'Twill gather else in time a disobedience
Too stubborn for my pardon.
W. Q. Pawn. Have I lock'd myself
At unawares into sin's servitude
With more desire of goodness. Is this the top
Of all strict order, and the holiest
Of all societies, the three vow'd people
For poverty, obedience, chastity,—
The last the most forgot? When a virgin's ruin'd,
I see the great work of obedience
Is better than half finish'd.
B. B. Pawn. What a stranger
Are you to duty grown! what distance keep you!
Must I bid you come forward to a happiness
Yourself should sue for? 'twas ne'er so with me.
I dare not let this stubbornness be known,
'Twould bring such fierce hate on you: yet presume not
To make that courteous care a privilege
For wilful disobedience; it turns then
Into the blackness of a curse upon you:
Come, come, be nearer.
W. Q. Pawn. Nearer!

B. B. Pawn. Was that scorn?
I would not have it prove so for the hopes
Of the grand monarchy: if it were like it,
Let it not dare to stir[1] abroad again;
A stronger ill will cope with't.
W. Q. Pawn. Bless me, threatens me,
And quite dismays the good strength that should help me!
I never was[2] so doubtful of my safety.[3]
B. B. Pawn. 'Twas but my jealousy; forgive me, sweetness:
Yours[4] is the house of meekness, and no venom lives
Under that roof. Be nearer: why so fearful?
Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred.
W. Q. Pawn. But nearer to the offerer,[5] oft more wicked.
B. B. Pawn. A plain and most insufferable contempt!
My glory I have lost upon this woman,
In freely offering that she should have kneel'd
A year in vain for; my respect is darken'd.
Give me my reverence again thou'st robb'd me of
In thy[6] repulse; thou shalt not carry't hence.
W. Q. Pawn. Sir?
B. B. Pawn. Thou'rt too great a winner to depart,[7]
And I too deep[8] a loser to give way to't.

---

[1] So the MSS.—A. "spread."—B. "flye."
[2] "Never was."—So B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "was neuer."
[3] Bridge. MS. "faith."
[4] So B. and Bridge. MS.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "Yon'd."
[5] So the MSS.—A. "Officer."—B. "offerors."
[6] So B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "the."
[7] Trin. MS. "depart so." [8] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "great."

W. Q. Pawn. O heaven!

B. B. Pawn. Lay me down reputation
Before thou stirr'st; thy nice virginity
Is recompence too little for my[1] love,
'Tis well if I accept of that for both:
Thy loss is but thine own, there's art to help thee,
And fools to pass thee to; in my discovery
The whole Society suffers, and in that
The hope of absolute monarchy eclips'd.
Assurance thou canst make[2] none for thy secrecy
But by[3] thy honour's loss; that act must awe thee.

W. Q. Pawn. O my distrest condition!

B. B. Pawn. Dost thou[4] weep?
If thou hadst any pity, this necessity
Would wring it from thee: I must else destroy thee;
We must not trust the policy of Europe
Upon a woman's tongue.

W. Q. Pawn. Then take my life, sir,[5]
And leave mine honour for my guide to heaven!

B. B. Pawn. Take heed I take not both, which I have vow'd,
If longer thou resist[6] me.

W. Q. Pawn. Help! O, help!

---

[1] Lansd. MS. "thy."—Dyce suggests "my loss."

[2] So the MSS.—A. and B. "make me."

[3] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. "But thine Honours losse, that Act must arme thee."—Lansd. MS. "But thy Honours losse: that Act must awe thee."

[4] So Bridge. MS. and Trin. MS.—Omitted in A., B., and Lansd. MS.

[5] Omitted in Lansd. MS.

[6] So B., Bridge. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "reiect."

B. B. Pawn. Art thou so cruel, for an honour's bubble
T' undo a whole fraternity, and disperse
The secrets of most princes lock'd in us?
W. Q. Pawn. For heaven and virtue's sake!
B. B. Pawn. Must force confound[1]—
[*Noise within.*
Hah! what's that?—Silence, if fair worth be in thee.
W. Q. Pawn. I'll venture my escape upon all dangers now.
B. B. Pawn. Who comes to take me? let me see that[2] Pawn's face,
Or his proud tympanous master, swell'd with state-wind,
Which being once prick'd i' the convocation-house,
The corrupt air puffs out, and he falls shrivell'd.
W. Q. Pawn. I will discover thee, arch-hypocrite,
To all the kindreds of the earth. [*Exit.*
B. B. Pawn. Confusion! [*Noise within.*
In that voice rings th' alarum of my undoing.
How, which way 'scap'd she from me?

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. Are you mad?
Can lust infatuate a man so hopeful?
No patience in your blood? the dog-star reigns, sure:
Time and fair temper would have wrought her pliant.[3]
I spied a Pawn o' the White House walk near us,

---

[1] Eds and MSS. "confound noise." (The stage-direction has slipped into the text.)
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "the."
[3] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "pleasant."

And made that noise on purpose to give warning—
For mine own turn, which end in all I work for. [*Aside.*
B. B. Pawn. Methinks I stand over a powder-vault,
And the match now a-kindling: what's to be done?
B. Q. Pawn. Ask the Black Bishop's counsel; you're his Pawn;
'Tis his own case, he will defend you mainly;
And happily here he comes, with the Black Knight too.

Enter Black Bishop *and* Black Knight.

B. Bishop. O, you've made noble work for the White House yonder!
This act will fill the adversary's mouth,
And blow the Lutherans' cheeks till they crack again.
B. Knight. This will advance the great monarchal business
In all parts well, and help the agents forward!
What I in seven years labour'd to accomplish,
One minute sets back by some codpiece college still.
B. B. Pawn. I dwell not, sir, alone in this default,
The Black House yields me partners.
B. Bishop. All more cautelous.[1]
B. Knight. Qui caute, caste; that's my motto ever;
I've travell'd with that word[2] over most kingdoms,
And lain safe with all nations; of a leaking bottom,
I've been as often toss'd on Venus' seas
As trimmer, fresher vessels, when sounder barks
Have lain at anchor, that is, kept the door.

---

[1] Cautious. [2] Motto.

B. Bishop. She hath no witness then?
B. B. Pawn. None, none.
B. Knight. Gross! witness?
When went a man of his Society
To mischief with a witness?
B. Bishop. I have done't then:
Away upon the wings of speed! take post-horse,
Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly;
Leave letters ante-dated with our House
Ten days at least from this.
B. Knight. Bishop, I taste thee;
Good, strong, episcopal counsel! take a bottle on't,
'Twill serve thee all thy journey.
B. B. Pawn. But, good sir,
How for my getting forth unspied?
B. Bishop.[1] There's check again.
B. Q. Pawn. No, I'll help that.
B. Knight. Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!
B. Q. Pawn. There lies a secret vault.
B. Knight. Away, make haste then!
B. B. Pawn. Run for my cabinet of intelligences,
For fear they search the house. [*Exit* B. Q. Pawn.]—
Good Bishop, burn 'em rather;
I cannot stand to pick 'em now.
B. Bishop. Begone!
The danger's all in you. [*Exit* B. B. Pawn.

[1] So B.—A. "*Bl. Kin.*"—Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "*Bl. Kt.*"

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn *with cabinet.*

B. Knight. Let me see, Queen's Pawn:
How formally hath[1] pack'd up his intelligences!
Hath laid them all in truckle-beds, methinks,
And, like court-harbingers, hath writ their names
In chalk upon their chambers: *Anglica*,[2]—
O, this is the English House; what news there, trow?[3]
Hah,[4] by this light, most of these are bawdy epistles!
Time they were burnt indeed! whole bundles of them;
Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter Bridget,
From their safe sanctuary in the White-Friars;
These from two tender sisters of Compassion
In the bowels of Bloomsbury;[5]
These from the nunnery in Drury Lane.[6]

---

[1] So B.—Here, and in the two following lines, A. reads "He hath."—Lansd. MS. "'hath," contraction for "he hath."

[2] See note 1, p. 28.

[3] *i.e.* think you?

[4] Lansd. MS. "Anglica: most of theis are," &c.

[5] Bloomsbury was a favourite haunt of Jesuits. "A Jesuit of the prouder sort of priests," says John Gee (*Foot out of the Snare*, 1624, p. 50), may usually be met "about Bloomsbury or Holborn." In a Petition from the inhabitants of St. Giles-in-the-Fields (15th March 1635-6), it is stated "that in that part of the p'ish called Bloomsbury there are as many or more [of the Romish Church] than Protestants" (Foley's *Records*, i. 605). In 1637 a widow "dwelling in Bloomsbury," a professed Catholic, was examined by the Council as to whether an active Jesuit named Morse had not in previous years perverted her two daughters (*Ibid.* i. 610).

[6] Drury Lane was also a place of great resort for Papists. Mr. Whitaker said in the House of Commons, 5th June 1628:—"In Drury Lane there are three family of Papists residing there for one of Protestants: insomuch that it may well be called little Rome" (*Parl. History*,

A fire, a fire, good Jesuitess, a fire!—
What have you there?
B. Bishop. A note, sir, of state policy,
And an[1] exceeding safe one.
B. Knight. Pray, let's see it, sir. [*Reads.*
To sell away all the powder in a kingdom,
To prevent blowing up: that's safe, I'll able[2] it.
Here's a facetious observation now,
And fits my humour better; he writes here,
Some wives in England will commit adultery,
And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands.
B. Bishop. Have they those shifts?
B. Knight. O, there's no female breathing
Sweeter and subtler!—Here, wench, take these papers,
Scorch me 'em[3] soundly, burn 'em to French russet,
And put 'em in again.
B. Bishop. Why, what's your mystery?
B. Knight. O, sir, 'twill mock the adversary strangely,
If e'er the House be search'd: 'twas done in Venice

---

ii. 406). The "informations" supplied by spies, watching the Catholics, to the government between 1625–30 state that Lord Montague had lived in a house in Drury Lane where the Jesuits regularly met in council; that a row of houses in Drury Lane was occupied by the Jesuits and priests, and so connected in their upper stories as to furnish every means of escape to the occupants when attempts were made to secure them; and that at one of these houses, rented by one Antonio Boges, "lyeth Father C. Fisher, and he is his confessor." (Foley's *Records*, i. 138, 205, 516.)

[1] So B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "one."

[2] Warrant.

[3] So Bridge. MS.—A. and Lansd. MS. "Scorch 'em me."—B. omits "me."

Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,[1]
When the Inquisitors came all[2] spectacled
To pick out syllables out o' the dung of treason,
As children pick out cherry-stones, yet found none
But what they made themselves with ends of letters.[3]—
Do as I bid you, Pawn.

[*Exeunt* B. Knight *and* B. Bishop.

B. Q. Pawn. Fear not: in all,
I love roguery too well to let it fall.—

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

How now, what news with you?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The sting of conscience
Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence
On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away
My joy, my rest.

B. Q. Pawn. This 'tis to make an eunuch!
You made a sport on't then.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Cease aggravation:
I come to be absolv'd for't: where's my confessor?
Why dost thou point to the ground?

[1] In May 1606 the signory expelled the Jesuits from Venice for upholding Pope Paul V.'s authority after he placed the republic under an interdict.

[2] Omitted in A. but found in B. and Lansd. MS.

[3] Cf. *The History of the Quarrels of Pope Paul V. with the State of Venice, faithfully translated out of the Italian.* . . . Lond. 1626, pp. 94–5: "These men [*i.e.* the Jesuits of Venice] in the meane while hid in the citie vessels and precious ornaments of the *Church* many bookes, the best moueables of their *Howse*, which they left in a manner void. All the next day there remained the reliques of a fire in two places, where they had burned an incredible quantitie of writings. . . . Shortly there remained not anything of importance within the *Howse*."

B. Q. Pawn. 'Cause he went that way.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. What's that?

B. Q. Pawn. Come, help me in[1] with this cabinet;
And after I have sing'd these papers throughly,
I'll tell thee a strange story.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. If't be sad,
'Tis welcome.

B. Q. Pawn. 'Tis not troubled with much mirth, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter Fat Bishop[2] *and* Fat Bishop's Pawn.

F. Bishop. Pawn.

F. B. Pawn. I attend at your great holiness' service.

F. Bishop. For great, I grant you, but for greatly holy,
There the soil alters: fat cathedral bodies
Have very often but lean little souls,
Much like the lady in the lobster's head,
A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,
But the pure part, that should take wings and mount,
Is[3] at last gasp; as if a man should gape,

---

[1] So B. and Trin. MS.—Omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.

[2] "'He [Antonio] was of a comely personage, tall stature, gray beard, graue countenance, fair language, fluent expression, *somewhat abdominous, and corpulent in his body.*' Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 100, ed. 1655. 'Allowing Spalato diligent in writing, his expression was a notorious hyperbole, when saying, *In reading, meditation, and writing I am almost pined away;* otherwise his *fat cheeks* did confute his false tongue in that expression.' Ibid. B. x. p. 95."—*Dyce.*

[3] P. "That's."

And from his[1] huge bulk let forth a butterfly,
Like those big-bellied mountains, which the poet
Delivers, that are brought to bed with mouse-flesh.
Are my books[2] printed, Pawn, my last invective
'Gainst the Black House?

F. B. Pawn. Ready for publication,
For I saw perfect books this morning, sir.

F. Bishop. Fetch me a few, which I will instantly
Distribute 'mongst the White House.

F. B. Pawn. With all speed, sir. [*Exit.*

F. Bishop. 'Tis a most lordly life to rail at ease,
Sit, eat and drink[3] upon the fat of one kingdom,

---

[1] So A.—B. "a."—Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "this."

[2] "'He [Antonio] falls now [after receiving his preferments in England] to perfect his Books. For his Works were not now composed, but corrected; not compiled, but completed; as being, though of English birth, of Italian conception. For formerly the Collections were made by him at Spalato, but he durst not make them publick for fear of the Inquisition. His Works (being three fair Folios, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*) give ample testimony of his sufficiency. Indeed he had a controversial head, with a strong and clear style, nor doth an hair hang at the neb of his pen to blurre his writings with obscurity: but, first understanding himself, he could make others understand him. His writings are of great use for the Protestant cause.' Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 95, ed. 1655.—When Bedell was at Venice (as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador there), Antonio 'discovered his secret to him, and shewed him his ten Books *De Republica Ecclesiastica*, which he afterwards printed at London: Bedell took the freedom which he allowed him, and corrected many ill applications of Texts of Scripture and Quotations of Fathers. For that Prelate, being utterly ignorant of the Greek Tongue, could not but be guilty of many mistakes both in the one and in the other.' Burnet's *Life of Bedell*, p. 10, ed. 1692."—*Dyce.* The special reference is perhaps to the tract in which the Bishop gives the reasons for his coming into England.—"M. A. de Dominis . . . suæ Profectionis Consilium exponit," Londini, 1616, 4to. An English translation was issued in the same year.

[3] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "feede."

And rail upon another with the juice on't.
I've writ this book out of the strength and marrow
Of six and thirty dishes at a meal,
But most on't out of cullis[1] of cock-sparrows;
'Twill stick and glue the faster to the adversary,
'Twill slit the throat of their most calvish cause;
And yet I ate but little butcher's meat
In the conception.
Of all things I commend the White House best
For plenty and variety of victuals:
When I was one of the Black side profess'd,
My flesh fell half a cubit; time to turn
When mine own ribs revolted. But to say true,
I've no preferment yet that's suitable
To the greatness of my person and my parts:
I grant I live at ease, for I am made
The master of the beds,[2] the long acre of beds;
But there's no marigolds that shuts and opens,
Flower-gentles, Venus-bath[s], apples of love,
Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadowndillies:
There was a time I had more such drabs than beds;

[1] A rich broth.

[2] "*i.e.* master of the Hospital of the Savoy. On his first arrival in England Antonio resided with the Archbishop of Canterbury; 'and having lived long at Lambeth House, they grew even weary of him, for he was somewhat of an unquiet man, and not of that fair, quiet, civil carriage as would give contentment. This he perceiving made bold to write unto the king, desiring him that he might not live always at another man's table, but that he might have some subsistence of his own: whereupon the King so contrived it, that although the mastership of the Savoy had been given to another, yet was it resigned and conferred upon him.' Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol. i. p. 339."—*Dyce.*

Now I have more beds than drabs ;
Yet there's no eminent trader deals in wholesale,
But she and I have clapt a bargain up,
Let in at water-gate, for which I've racked
My tenants' purse-strings [1] that they've twang'd again.

Re-enter Black Bishop *and* Black Knight.

Yonder Black Knight, the fistula [2] of Europe,
Whose disease once I undertook to cure
With a High Holborn halter, when he last
Vouchsaf'd to peep into my privileg'd lodgings,
He saw good store of plate there and rich hangings ;
He knew I brought none to the White House with me :
I have not lost the use of my profession
Since I turn'd White-House Bishop.

Re-enter Fat Bishop's Pawn *with books.*

B. Knight. Look, more books yet !
Yond greasy turncoat gormandising prelate
Doth work our House more mischief by his scripts,
His fat and fulsome volumes, than the whole
Body of the adverse party.

---

[1] Dominis is represented by Fuller to have been very rapacious :— "He improved the profit of his places to the utmost, and had a design to question all his predecessors' leases at the Savoy, and began to be very vexatious to his tenants." The Bishop of London sharply reproved him "that being a foreigner he would fall out with natives, endeavouring to put others here out of their peaceable possessions, who himself had fled hither for his own refuge."

[2] The complaint from which Gondomar suffered. It is a constant subject of ridicule throughout the play.

B. Bishop. O, it were
A masterpiece of serpent subtlety
To fetch him o' this side again!
B. Knight. And then damn him
Into the bag for ever, or expose him
Against the adverse part, which now he feeds upon;
And that would double-damn him. My revenge
Hath prompted me already: I'll confound him
On both sides for the physic he prescrib'd,[1]
And the base surgeon he provided[2] for me.
I'll tell thee what a most uncatholic jest[3]

[1] So MS. Lansd.—A., Trin. MS., and B. "prouided."
[2] So MS. Lansd.—A., Trin. MS., and B. "inuented."
[3] "Amongst other of his ill qualities, he [Dominis] delighted in jeering, and would spare none who came in his way. One of his sarcasmes he unhappily bestowed on Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, telling him, That three turns at Tiburne was the onely way to cure his Fistula. The Don, highly offended hereat (pained for the present more with this flout than his fistula) meditates revenge, and repairs to King James. He told His Majesty, that His charity (an errour common in good Princes) abused His judgment, in conceiving Spalato a true convert, who still in heart remained a Roman Catholick. Indeed, His Majesty had a rare felicity in discovering the falsity of Witches and forgery of such who pretended themselves possessed: but, under favour, was deluded with this man's false spirit, and, by His Majesties leave, he would detect unto Him this his hypocrisie. The King cheerfully embraced his motion, and left him to the liberty of his own undertakings. The Ambassadour writeth to His Catholick Majesty; He to his Holinesse Gregory the fifteenth, that Spalato might be pardoned, and preferred in the Church of Rome, which was easily obtained. Letters are sent from Rome to Count Gondomar, written by the Cardinal Millin, to impart them to Spalato, informing him that the Pope had forgiven and forgotten all which he had done or written against the Catholick Religion; and upon his return, would preferre him to the Bishoprick of Salerno in Naples, worth twelve thousand crowns by the year. A Cardinal's Hat also should be bestowed upon him. And if Spalato, with his hand subscribed to this Letter, would

He put upon me once when my pain tortur'd me:
He told me he had found a present cure for me,
Which I grew proud on, and observ'd him seriously;

---

renounce and disclaim what formerly he had printed, an Apostolical Breve, with pardon, should solemnly be sent him to Bruxels. Spalato embraceth the motion, likes the pardon well, the preferment better, accepts both, recants his opinions largely, subscribes solemnly, and thanks his Holinesse affectionately for his favour. Gondomar carries his subscription to King James, who is glad to behold the Hypocrite unmasked, appearing in his own colours; yet the discovery was concealed and lay dormant some daies in the deck [*i.e.* pack—of cards], which was in due time to be awakened." Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 95, ed. 1655.

Bishop Cosin in his *History of Transubstantiation* (Works iv. 160, Anglo-Catholic Library), gives a very different reason for Dominis' departure. "Being daily vexed with many affronts and injuries, and wearied by the unjust persecutions of some sour and over-rigid men, who bitterly complained everywhere against his life and actions, he at last resolved to return into Italy with a safe conduct. Before he departed he was by order from the King questioned by some commissionated bishops what he thought of the Religion and Church of England, which for so many years he had owned and obeyed, and what he would say of it in the Roman court? To this query he gave in writing this memorable answer: 'I am resolved even with the danger of my life to profess before the Pope himself that the Church of England is a true and orthodox Church of Christ.' This he not only promised but faithfully performed; for though, soon after his departure, there came a book out of the Low Countries falsely bearing his name, by whose title many were deceived even among the English, and thereby moved to tax him with apostacy and of being another Ecebolius; yet when he came to Rome (where he was most kindly entertained in the palace of Pope Gregory XV., who formerly had been his fellow-student), he could never be persuaded by the Jesuits and others who daily thronged upon him neither to subscribe the new-devised tenets of the Council of Trent, or to retract those orthodox books which he had written in England and Germany, or to renounce the Communion of the Church of England, in whose defence he constantly persisted to the very last. But presently after the decease of Pope Gregory, he was imprisoned by the Jesuits and inquisitors in Castle St. Angelo, where by being barbarously used and almost starved, he soon got a mortal

What think you 't was? being execution-day,
He show'd the hangman to me out at window,
The common hangman!

B. Bishop. O, insufferable!

B. Knight. I'll make him the balloon-ball[1] of the churches,
And both the sides shall toss him: he looks like one,
A thing swell'd up with mingled drink and urine,
And will bound well from one side to another.
Come, you shall write; our second bishop absent,[2]
(Which hath yet no employment in the game,
Perhaps nor ever shall; it may be won
Without his motion, it rests most in ours,)
He shall be flatter'd with *sede vacante;*
Make him believe he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us;
For I know powder is not more ambitious
When the match meets it, than his mind, for mounting;
As covetous and lecherous ——

B. Bishop. No more now, sir;

---

sickness and died in a few days, though not without suspicion of being poisoned. The day following his corpse was, by the sentence of the Inquisition, tied to an infamous stake and then burnt to ashes, for no other reason but that he refused to make abjuration of the religion of the Church of England and subscribe some of the lately made decrees of Trent, which were pressed upon him as canons of the Catholic Faith. I have taken occasion to insert this narrative, perhaps not known to many, to make it appear that this reverend prelate, who did great service to the Church of God, may justly (as I said before) be reckoned amongst the writers of the Church of England."

[1] A large inflated ball of leather, used in the game called *balloon*.

[2] B. "bishop's dead."

Enter on one side, White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, White King's Pawn, *and* White Bishop's Pawn; *on the other*, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, *and* Black Knight's Pawn.

Both the sides fill.

W. King. This hath been look'd for long.

F. Bishop. The stronger sting it shoots into the blood
Of the Black adversary: I am asham'd now
I was theirs ever; what a lump was I
When I was led in ignorance and blindness![1]
I must confess,[2]
I've all my lifetime played the fool till now.

B. Knight. And now he plays two parts, the fool and knave.

F. Bishop. There is my recantation in the last leaf,
Writ, like a Ciceronian, in pure Latin.

W. Bishop.[3] Pure honesty, the plainer Latin serves then.

B. Knight. Plague on those pestilent pamphlets! those are they
That wound our cause to th' heart.

B. Bishop. Here comes more anger.

Enter White Queen's Pawn.

B. Knight. But we come well provided for this storm.

W. Queen. Is this my Pawn, she that should guard our person,
Or some pale figure of dejection

[1] A. "boldnesse." [2] A. omits "I must confess." [3] A. "*Wh. P.*"

Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment
Hath prevail'd strangely with her.
W. Q. Pawn. King of integrity,
Queen of the same, and all the House, professors
Of noble candour, uncorrupted justice,
And truth of heart, through my alone discovery—
My life and honour wondrously preserv'd—
I bring into your knowledge with my sufferings,
Fearful affrightments, and heart-killing terrors :[1]
The great incendiary of Christendom,
The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,
Fair peace, and holy order, can be found
In any part o' th' universal globe;
Who, making meek devotion keep the door,[2]—
His lips being full of holy zeal at first,—
Would have committed a foul rape upon me.
W. Queen. Hah!
W. King. A rape? that's foul indeed; the very sound
To our ear fouler than th' offence itself
To some kings of the earth.
W. Q. Pawn. Sir, to proceed,—
Gladly I offer'd life to preserve honour,
Which would not be accepted without both,
The chief of his ill aim being at mine honour;
Till heaven was pleas'd, by some unlook'd-for accident,
To give me courage to redeem myself.
W. King. When we find desperate sins in ill men's companies,

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "terrour."
[2] "Keep the door" = act as pander.

We place a charitable sorrow there,
But custom, and their leprous inclination,
Quits us of wonder,[1] for our expectation
Is answer'd in their lives; but to find sin,
Yea, and a masterpiece of darkness, shelter'd
Under a robe of sanctity, is able
To draw all wonder to that monster only,
And leave created monsters unadmir'd.
The pride of him that took first fall for pride
Is to be angel-shap'd, and imitate
The form from whence he fell; but this offender,
Far baser than sin's master, fix'd by vow
To holy order, which is angels' method,
Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil.
It grieves me that my knowledge must be tainted
With his infected name:
O, rather with thy finger point him out!

W. Q. Pawn. The place which he should fill is void, my lord,
His guilt hath scar'd[2] him,—the Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. Bishop. Hah! mine? my Pawn? the glory of his[3] order,
The prime and president zealot of the earth?
Impudent Pawn, for thy sake at this minute
Modesty suffers, all that's virtuous blushes,
And truth's self, like the sun vex'd with a mist,
Looks red with anger.

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "wounds."
[2] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "seiz'd."
[3] A. "this."

W. Bishop. Be not you drunk with rage too.
B. Bishop.[1] Sober sincerity, nor you [with] a cup
Spic'd with hypocrisy.
W. Knight. You name there, Bishop,
But your own Christmas-bowl, your morning's draught,
Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,
Which smack you cannot leave all the year after.[2]
B. Knight. A[3] shrewd retort!
Has made our Bishop smell of burning too:
Would I stood farther off! were't no impeachment
To my honour or[4] the game, would they'd play faster!
[*Aside.*
White Knight, there is acknowledg'd from our House
A reverence to you, and a respect
To that lov'd Duke stands next you: with the favour
Of the White King and th' aforenam'd respected,
I combat with this cause. If with all speed,—
Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn,
Of what I speak,—thou dost not plead distraction,
A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither
From this leviathan-scandal that lies rolling
Upon the crystal waters of devotion;
Or, what may quit thee more, though enough nothing,
Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover
The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within thee,
Make thyself ready for perdition;

[1] A. "*Bl. Bi. P.*"
[2] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "following."
[3] "A shrewd retort! . . . play faster."—This passage is omitted in Lansd. MS.
[4] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. "&."

There's no remove [1] in all the game to 'scape it;
This Pawn or this, the Bishop or myself,
Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst.
W. Q. Pawn. Spite of sin's glorious ostentation,
And all loud threats, those thunder-cracks of pride,
Ushering a storm of malice; House of impudence,
Craft,[2] and equivocation, my true cause
Shall keep the path it treads in.
B. Knight. I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high assembly
Bring forth the time of this attempt's conception.
W. Q. Pawn. Conception? O, how tenderly you handle it!
W. Bishop. It seems, Black Knight, you are afraid to touch it.
B. Knight. Well, its eruption: will she have it so then,
Or you, White Bishop, for her? the more unclean,[3]
Vild, and more [4] impious that you urge the strain to,
The greater will her shame's heap show i' th' end,
And the wrong'd meek man's glory.—The time, Pawn?
W. Q. Pawn. Yesterday's [5] cursed evening.
B. Knight. O the treasure
Of my revenge! I cannot spend all on thee,
Ruin [6] to spare for all thy kindred too:
For honour's sake call in more slanderers;

---

[1] A. "roome."
[2] So Lansd. MS.—A. "Crafts."—B. "Trust."
[3] A. and Lansd. MS. "more vncleaner."
[4] So Lansd. MS.—A. "most."—Omitted in B.
[5] A. "Yesterday."
[6] A., B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "Ruin enough."

I have such plentiful confusion,
I know not how to waste it. I'll be nobler yet,
And put her to her own House.—King of meekness,
Take the cause to thee, for our hand's too heavy;
Our proofs will fall upon her like a tower,
And grind her bones to powder.
W. Q. Pawn. What new engine
Has the devil rais'd in him now?
B. Knight. Is it he,
And that the time? stand firm now to your scandal,
Pray, do not shift your slander.
W. Q. Pawn. Shift your treacheries;
They've worn one suit too long.
B. Knight. That holy man,
So wrongfully accus'd by this lost Pawn,
Hath not been seen these ten days in these parts.
W. King.[1] How?
B. Knight. Nay, at this instant thirty leagues from hence.
W. Q. Pawn. Fathomless falsehood! will it 'scape unblasted?
W. King.[2] Can you make this appear?
B. Knight. Light is not clearer;
By his own letters, most impartial monarch.
W. Kg.'s Pawn.[3] How wrongfully may sacred virtue suffer, sir!

---

[1] So Lansd. MS.—A., Trin. MS., and B. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[2] A. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[3] So Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS.—A. "*Wh. Q. P.*"—B. "*W. Kt. P.*"

B. Knight. Bishop, we have a treasure of that false heart.

W. King.[1] Step forth, and reach those proofs.

[*Exit* B. Kt.'s Pawn, *who presently returns with papers.*

W. Q. Pawn. Amazement covers me!
Can I be so forsaken of a cause
So strong[2] in truth and equity? will virtue
Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?

B. Knight. There's an infallible staff and a red hat
Reserv'd for you.

W. Kg.'s Pawn.[3] O, sir endear'd![4]

B. Knight. A staff
That will not easily break; you may trust to't;
And such a one had your corruption need of;
There's a state-fig for you now.

W. King.[5] Behold all,
How they cohere in one! I always held
A charity so good to holiness
Profess'd, that[6] I ever believed rather
Th' accuser false than the professor vicious.

B. Knight. A charity, like all your virtues else,
Gracious and glorious.

W. King.[7] Where settles the offence,

---

[1] A. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[2] A. "wrong."
[3] So Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS.—A. "*W. Qu. P.*"—B. "*W. Kt. P.*"
[4] B. "indeede."
[5] A. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[6] So Lansd. MS.—Omitted in A., Trin. MS., and B.
[7] A. "*Wh. Kni.*"

Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence:
We leave her to your censure.

B. Knight. Most just majesty!

[*Exeunt* W. King, W. Queen, W. Bishop, *and* W. King's Pawn; F. Bishop *and* F. B. Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. Calamity of virtue! my Queen leave me too!
Am I cast off as th' olive casts her flower?
Poor friendless innocence, art thou left[1] a prey
To the devourer?

W. Knight. No, thou art not lost,
Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,
If the fair policy I aim at prospers.—
Thy counsel, noble Duke!

W. Duke. For that work cheerfully.

W. Knight. A man for speed now!

W. B. Pawn. Let it be my honour, sir;
Make me that flight,[2] that owes her my life's service.

[*Exeunt* W. Knight, W. Duke, *and* W. B. Pawn.

B. Knight. Was not this brought about well for our honours?

B. Bishop. Pish, that Galician brain can work out wonders.

B. Knight. Let's use her as, upon the like discovery,
A maid was us'd at Venice; every one
Be ready with a penance.—Begin, majesty.—
Vessel of foolish scandal, take thy freight:

---

[1] A. "so left."

[2] "A kind of arrow formed for very long shots, well-feathered, light, flying straight."—*Nares.*

Had there been in that cabinet of niceness[1]
Half the virginities of the earth lock'd up,
And all swept at one cast by the dexterity
Of a Jesuitical gamester, 't had not valued
The least part of that general worth thou'st tainted.

B. King.[2] First, I enjoin thee to a three days' fast for't.

B. Queen. You're too penurious, sir; I'll make it four.

B. Bishop. I to a twelve hours' kneeling at one time.

B. Knight. And in a room fill'd all with Aretine's pictures,[3]
More than the twice twelve labours of luxury:[4]
Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste pommel
Of Lucrece' dagger peeping; nay, I'll punish thee
For a discoverer, I'll torment thy modesty.

B. Duke. After that four days' fast, to the Inquisition-house,
Strengthen'd with bread and water for worse penance.

B. Knight. Why, well said, duke of our House, nobly aggravated!

W. Q. Pawn. Virtue, to show her influence more strong,
Fits me with patience mightier than my wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Squeamishness.

[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "*Bl. Bish.*"

[3] Illustrations (after paintings by Giulio Romano) of postures in venery. Pietro Aretino wrote verses to explain the designs.

[4] Lust.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter Fat Bishop.

F. Bishop. I know my pen draws blood of the Black House,
There's ne'er a book I write but their cause bleeds;
It hath lost many an ounce of reputation
Since I came on this side; I strike deep in,
And leave the orifex gushing where I come.
But where's my advancement all this while I've gap'd for?[1]
I'd have some round preferment, corpulent dignity,
That bears some breadth and compass in the gift on't:
I am persuaded that this flesh would fill
The biggest chair ecclesiastical,
If it were put to trial.
To be made master of an hospital[2]

[1] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. "all this while I have got."—Lansd. MS. "But where is my Advauncement all this while."

[2] See note 3, p. 45.

Is but a kind of diseas'd bed-rid[1] honour;
Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges:[2]
There's but two lazy, beggarly preferments
In the White Kingdom, and I've got 'em both:
My merit doth begin to be crop-sick
For want of other titles.[3]

---

[1] So Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "disea'd *Bed-rid.*"—B. "disease-bred."

[2] "The poor alms-knights—*i.e.* the Poor Knights of Windsor.—'About half a year after [his appointment to the Mastership of the Savoy, Antonio received] the deanery of Windsor; both which preferments might amount to four hundred and thirty pounds per annum, or thereabout.'—Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol. i. p. 340. According to Hacket, 'these together were worth to him £800 per Annum. They brought in no less, and he would not lose a Peny of his Due; but studied to exact more than ever by Custom had been received by any of those Dignitaries. Of which Sharking, his Majesty once admonished him: Yet his Veins were not full, but he got himself presented by the Church of Windsor to a good Benefice, says Mr. Ri. Montagu, West Ilsly in Barkshire, where he made a shift to read the Articles of 1562 in English, *pro more Clericali*, and subscribed to them.' *Life of Archb. Williams*, P. i. p. 98, ed. 1693."—*Dyce.*

[3] "'Now it happened a false rumour was spread that Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of Yorke (who died yearly in report) was certainly deceased. Presently posts Spalato to Theobalds; becomes an importunate Petitioner to the King for the vacant Archbishoprick, and is as flatly denied; the King conceiving, He had given enough already to him, if gratefull, too much if ungratefull. Besides the King would never bestow an Episcopal charge in England on a forraigner, no not on his own Countrey-men; some Scotish-men being preferred to Deaneries, none to Bishopricks. Spalato offended at this repulse (for he had rather had Yorke than Salerno as equal in wealth, higher in dignity, neerer in place) requests His Majesty by his Letter to grant His good leave to depart the Kingdome, and to return into Italy.' Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 96, ed. 1655. See also Hacket's *Life of Archb. Williams*, P. i. p. 98, ed. 1693."—*Dyce.*

Enter Black Knight.

B. Knight. O, here walks
His fulsome holiness: now for the master-trick
T' undo him everlastingly, that's put home,
And make him hang in hell most seriously
That jested with a halter upon me. [*Aside.*

F. Bishop. The Black Knight! I must look to my play then. [*Aside.*

B. Knight. I bring fair greetings to your reverend virtues
From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely kinsman.
[*Gives a letter.*

F. Bishop. Our princely kinsman, say'st thou? we accept 'em.
Pray, keep your side and distance; I am chary
Of my episcopal person:
I know the Knight's walk in this game too well;
He may skip[1] over me, and where am I then?

B. Knight. There where thou shalt be shortly, if art fail not. [*Aside.*

F. Bishop. [*reads*] *Right reverend and noble,*—meaning me,—*our true*[2] *kinsman in blood, but alienated in affection, your unkind disobedience to the mother-cause proves at this time the only cause of your ill fortune: my present remove by general election to the papal dignity had now auspiciously settled you in my sede vacante*—how! had

---

[1] So Bridge. MS. and Lansd. MS.—A. and B. "slip."
[2] Omitted in A.

it so?—*which at my next remove by death might have proved your step to supremacy.*
Ha! all my body's blood mounts to my face
To look upon this letter.
B. Knight. The pill works with him. [*Aside.*
F. Bishop. [*reads*] *Think on't seriously; it is not yet too late, through the submiss acknowledgement of your disobedience, to be lovingly received into the brotherly bosom of the conclave.*
This was the chair of ease I ever aim'd at.
I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately;
All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice;
Pack up my plate and goods, and steal away
By night at water-gate. It is but penning
Another recantation,[1] and inventing
Two or three bitter books against the White House,
And then I'm in on th' other side again
As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing. [*Aside.*
Black Knight, expect a wonder ere't be long,
Thou shalt see me one of the Black House shortly.
B. Knight. Your holiness is merry with the messenger;
Too happy to be true; you speak what should be,

---

[1] So the MSS. and B.—A. reads:—

"It is but penning
Two or three bitter bookes against the White-house,
And inuenting another Recantation."

The recantation (a document of doubtful authenticity) was published in 1623, under the title—"Marcus Antonius De Dominis, Archiepisc. Spalaten., sui reditus ex Anglia consilium exponit," Romæ, 4to.

If natural compunction touch'd you truly.
O, you've drawn blood, life-blood, yea, blood of honour,
From your most dear, your primitive mother's heart!
Your sharp invectives have been points of spears
In her sweet tender sides! The unkind wounds
Which a son gives, a son of reverence 'specially,
They rankle ten times more than th' adversary's:
I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt
Did give the fearfull'st blow to adoration
Our cause e'er felt; it shook the very statues,
The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers.

F. Bishop. Forbear, or I shall melt i' th' place I stand,
And[1] let forth a fat bishop in sad sirrop:
Suffices I am yours, when they least dream on't;
Ambition's fodder, power and riches, draws me:
When I smell honour, that's the lock of hay
That leads me through the world's field every way.
[*Exit.*

B. Knight. Here's a sweet paunch to propagate belief on,
Like the foundation of a chapel laid
Upon a quagmire! I may number him now
Amongst my inferior policies, and not shame 'em.
But let me a little solace my designs
With[2] the remembrance of some brave ones past,
To cherish the futurity of project,

---

[1] So Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., and B.—The line is omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.
[2] A. "in."

Whose motion must be restless till that great work,
Call'd the possession of the earth, be ours.
Was it not I procur'd a gallant fleet[1]
From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts
Against the infidel pirate, under pretext
Of more necessitous expedition?
Who made the jails fly open,[2] without miracle,
And let the locusts out, those dangerous flies,
Whose property is to burn corn with touching?
The heretics' granaries feel it to this hour:
And now they've got amongst the country crops,
They stick so fast to the converted ears,
The loudest tempest that authority rouses
Will hardly shake 'em off: they have their dens
In ladies' couches—there's[3] safe groves and fens!

[1] So Bridge. MS., Lansd. MS., and B.—A. and Trin. MS. "pretious safe-guard." "'By his Artifices and Negotiations (having been time enough Ambassador in England to gain credit with the King) he [Gondomar] got Sir Robert Mansell (the Vice-Admirall) to go into the Mediterranean sea, with a Fleet of Ships to fight against the Turks at Algier, who were grown too strong and formidable for the Spaniard (most of the King of Spain's Gallions attending the Indian Trade, as Convoys for his Treasures, which he wanted to supply his Armies) and he transported Ordnance and other Warlike Provisions to furnish the Spanish Arsenalls, even while the Armies of Spain were battering the English in the Palatinate.' Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 145, ed. 1653."—*Dyce.*

[2] While the negotiations for the Spanish marriage were proceeding, Gondomar induced James to release the imprisoned priests and Jesuits. See Dodd's *Church History*, ed. 1, vol. ii. p. 440. Fuller says:—"These Jesuits when at liberty did not ascribe their freedom to his Majesty's mercy, but only to his willingness to rid and clear his gaols overpestered with prisoners." Doubtless there was some truth in the Jesuits' assertion.

[3] So the MSS.—A. and B. "their."

Nay, were they follow'd and found out by the scent,
Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent.
Whose policy was't to put a silenc'd muzzle[1]
On all the barking tongue-men of the time?
Made pictures, that were dumb enough before,
Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?
My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to think on't.
Whilst our drifts walk uncensur'd but in thought,
A whistle or a whisper would be question'd.
In the most fortunate angle of the world
The court hath held the city by the horns
Whilst I have milk'd her: I have got good sops too[2]
From country ladies for their liberties,
From some for their most vainly-hop'd preferments,
High offices in th' air. I should not live
But for this *mel aerium*, this mirth-manna.

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

My Pawn!—How now, the news?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Expect none very pleasing
That comes, sir, of my bringing; I'm for sad things.

---

[1] "'The Pulpits were the most bold Opposers, but if they toucht any thing upon the Spanish policie, or the intended Treaties (for the Restitution of the Palatinate was included in the Marriage before it was the Spaniards to give) their mouthes must be stopt by Gondomar . . . and (it may be) confined, or imprisoned for it.' Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 151, ed. 1653."—*Dyce.* The most vigorous of Gondomar's clerical opponents was a Scotch minister at Utrecht, Thomas Scott, who from the pulpit and in pamphlets, with all the armory of invective, denounced the proposed Spanish marriage.

[2] Not in A.

B. Knight. Thy conscience is so tender-hoof'd of late,
Every nail pricks it.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. This may prick yours too,
If there be any quick flesh in a yard on't.
B. Knight. Mine?
Mischief must find a deep nail, and a driver
Beyond the strength of any Machiavel
The politic kingdoms fatten, to reach mine.
Prithee, compunction needle-prick'd, a little
Unbind this sore wound.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sir, your plot's discover'd.
B. Knight. Which of the twenty thousand and nine hundred
Four score and five? canst tell?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Bless us, so many!
How do poor countrymen have but one plot
To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?
You cannot know 'em all, sure, by their names, sir.
B. Knight. Yes, were their numbers trebled: thou hast seen
A globe stand on the table in my closet?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. A thing, sir, full of countries and hard words?
B. Knight. True, with lines drawn, some tropical, some oblique.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. I scarce can read, I was brought up in blindness.
B. Knight. Just such a thing, if e'er my skull be open'd,
Will my brains look like.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Like a globe of countries?
B. Knight. Ay, and some master-politician,
That has sharp state[1]-eyes, will go near to pick[2] out
The plots, and every[3] climate where they fasten'd;
'Twill puzzle 'em too.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. I'm of your mind for that, sir.
B. Knight. They'll find 'em to fall thick upon some countries;
They had need use spectacles: but I turn to you now;
What plot is that discover'd?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Your last brat, sir.
Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself,
Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Jesuit.
B. Knight. Discover'd! how?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. The White Knight's policy hath outstript yours,
Join'd with th' assistant counsel of his Duke:
The White Bishop's Pawn[4] undertook the journey,
Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a flight,[5]
Ay, made him for the business fit and light.
B. Knight. 'Tis but a bawdy Pawn out of the way;
Enough of them in all parts.[6]

---

[1] "State" is omitted in A.
[2] So B.—A. "pricke."
[3] So B.—A. "the."
[4] "The White Bishop's Pawn."—So Bridge. MS. and B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS., "The Bishop's White Pawn" (a more metrical reading).
[5] See note 2, p. 57.
[6] "Enough of them in all parts."—So Bridge. MS. and Lansd. MS.—B. "There's enough," &c.—The words are omitted in A.

Enter on one side White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, Fat Bishop, *and* White King's Palm; *on the other*, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, *and* Black Bishop.

B. Bishop. You have heard all then?

B. Knight. The wonder's past with me; but some shall down for't.

W. King. Set free that[1] virtuous Pawn from all her wrongs;
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious adversaries. [*Exit* W. Kg.'s Pawn.

B. Knight. Good.

W. King. Noble chaste Knight, a title of that candour
The greatest prince on earth without impeachment
May have the dignity of his worth compris'd in,
This fair delivering act Virtue will register
In that[1] white Book of the defence of virgins,
Where the clear fames[2] of all preserving knights
Are to eternal memory consecrated;
And we embrace as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke,[3] the counsel of the act,
Whom we shall ever place in our respect.

W. Duke. Most blest of kings, thron'd in all royal graces,

---

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "the."
[2] So Lansd. MS.—Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., A., and B. "fame."
[3] A. "Piece."

Every good deed sends back its own reward
Into the bosom of the enterpriser;
But you t' express yourself as well to be
King of munificence [1] as integrity,
Adds glory to the gift.
W. King. Thy desert claims it,
Zeal, and fidelity.—Appear, thou beauty
Of truth and innocency, best ornament
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy sufferings glorious!

Re-enter White King's Pawn *with* White Queen's Pawn.

B. Knight. I'll take no knowledge on't. [*Aside.*]—
What makes she here?
How dares yond Pawn unpenanc'd, with a cheek
Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation
Hath left no pale print of her visiting anguish,
Appear in this assembly?—Let me alone:
Sin must be bold; that's [2] all the grace 'tis born to.
[*Aside.*
W. King. What's this?
W. Knight. I'm wonder-strook!
W. Q. Pawn. Assist me, goodness!
I shall to prison again.
B. Knight. At least I've maz'd [3] 'em,

[1] So Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS.—A. "magnificence."—B. "munificency."
[2] So. B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "tis."
[3] So. B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "amaz'd."

Scatter'd their admirations of her innocence,
As the fir'd ships [1] put in sever'd the fleet [2]
In eighty-eight: I'll on with't; impudence
Is mischief's patrimony. [*Aside.*]—Is this justice?
Is injur'd reverence no sharplier righted?
I ever held that majesty impartial
That, like most equal heaven, looks on the manners,
Not on the shapes they shroud in.
W. King.[3] This Black Knight
Will never take an answer; 'tis a victory
To make him understand he doth amiss,
When he knows in his own clear understanding
That he doth nothing else. Show him the testimony,
Confirm'd by good men, how that foul attempter [4]
Got but this morning to the place from whence
He dated his forg'd lines for ten days past.
B. Knight. Why, may not the [5] corruption sleep in this
By some connivance, as you have wak'd in ours
By too rash confidence?
W. Duke. I'll undertake
That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie.
W. Knight. If sin were half so wise as impudent,[6]
She'd ne'er seek further for an advocate.

---

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "ship."
[2] The Spanish Armada.
[3] A. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[4] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "attempt."
[5] Lansd. MS. "that."
[6] A. "impudence."

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. Now to act treachery with an angel's tongue:
Since all's come out, I'll bring him strangely in again. [*Aside.*
Where is this injur'd chastity, this goodness
Whose worth no transitory piece[1] can value?[2]
This rock of constant and invincible virtue,
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?
B. Queen. What, is my Pawn distracted?
B. Knight. I think rather
There is some notable masterprize of roguery
This[3] drum strikes up for.
B. Q. Pawn. Let me fall with reverence
Before this blessed altar.
B. Queen. This is madness.
B. Knight. Well, mark the end; I stand for roguery still,
I will not change my side.
B. Q. Pawn. I shall be tax'd, I know;
I care not what the Black House thinks of me.
B. Queen. What say you now?
B. Knight. I will not be unlaid yet.
B. Q. Pawn. However[4] censure flies, I honour sanctity;

[1] So the MSS.—A. "price."—B. "prize."
[2] *I.e.* equal in value.
[3] A. "the."
[4] So B.—A. and the MSS. "How any."

That is my object, I intend no other:
I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue
Fight the most noblest combat with the devil.
B. Knight. If both the Bishops had been there for seconds,
'Thad been a complete duel.
W. King.[1] Then thou heard'st
The violence intended?
B. Q. Pawn. 'Tis a truth
I joy to justify: I was an agent
On virtue's part, and rais'd that confus'd noise
That startled his attempt, and gave her liberty.
W. Q. Pawn. O, 'tis a righteous story she hath told, sir!
My life and fame stand[2] mutually engag'd
Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn.
W. King.[1] Doth it appear to you yet clear as the sun?
B. Knight. 'Las, I believ'd it long before 'twas done!
B. King.[1] Degenerate ——
B. Queen. Base ——
B. Bishop. Perfidious ——
B. Duke. Traitrous Pawn!
B. Q. Pawn. What, are you all beside[3] yourselves?
B. Knight. But I;
Remember that, Pawn.

---

[1] A. "*Whi. Kni.*"
[2] So the MSS.—A. "stood."—B. "stands."
[3] So the MSS.—A. and B. "besides."

B. Q. Pawn. May a fearful barrenness
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not
Her ruin in my pity! a new trap
For her more sure confusion.
B. Knight. Have I won now?
Did I not say 'twas craft and machination?
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went,
Although the mess were cover'd; I'm so us'd to't.
B. King.[1] That Queen would I fain finger.
B. Knight. You're too hot, sir;
If she were took the game would be ours quickly:
My aim's at that White Knight; entrap him first,
The Duke will follow too.
B. Bishop. I would that Bishop
Were in my diocese! I'd soon change his whiteness.
B. Knight. Sir, I could whip you up a Pawn immediately;
I know where my game stands.
B. King. Do't[2] suddenly;
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.
B. Knight. Pawn, thou art ours.
[*Seizes* W. Kg.'s Pawn.
W. Knight. He's taken by default,
By wilful negligence. Guard the sacred persons;
Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn
Gave guard to the Queen and him in the third place.
B. Knight. See what sure piece you lock[3] your confidence in!

---

[1] A. "*B. D.*" [2] A. "doe." [3] A. "tooke."

I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,
As soon as honour by creation yours.
This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy
Of pure dissimulation: view him now,
His heart and his intents are of our colour.

[*The upper garment of* W. Kg.'s Pawn *being taken off, he appears black underneath.*

W. King.[1] Most dangerous hypocrite!

W. Duke. One made against us!

W. Queen. His truth of this[2] complexion!

W. King. Hath my goodness,
Clemency, love, and favour gracious, rais'd thee
From a condition next to popular labour,
Took thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures,
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And dost thou fall from the top-bough by the rottenness
Of thy alone corruption, like a fruit
That's over-ripen'd by the beams of favour?
Let thine own weight reward thee; I've forgot thee:
Integrity of life is so dear to me,
Where I find falsehood or a crying sin,
Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,
I'd tear 'em from my heart.

W. Bishop. Spoke like heaven's substitute!

---

[1] Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "*W. Kt.*"

[2] Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "their."

W. King. You have him, we can spare him; and his shame
Will make the rest look better to their game.
B. King. The more cunning we must use then.
B. Knight.[1] We shall match you,
Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too.
F. Bishop. Is there so much amazement spent on him
That's but half black? there might be hope of that man;
But how will this House wonder if I stand forth
And show a whole one, instantly discover
One that's all black, where there's no hope at all!
W. King. I'll say, thy heart then justifies thy books;
I long for that discovery.
F. Bishop. Look no further then:
Bear witness, all the House, I am the man,
And turn myself into the Black House freely;
I am of this side now.
W. King.[2] Monster ne'er match'd him!
B. King.[3] This is your noble work, Knight.
B. Knight. Now I'll halter him.
F. Bishop. Next news you hear, expect my books against you,
Printed at Douay,[4] Brussels, or Spalatro.[5]
W. King. See his goods seiz'd on!
F. Bishop. 'Las, they were all convey'd

---

[1] A. "*W. Kni.*"
[2] Lansd. MS. and Trin. MS. "*W. Kt.*"
[3] A. "*Fat B.*"
[4] Most of the Jesuits' books were printed at Douay, Brussels, Rheims, Paris, and St. Omer; none, however, at Spalatro.
[5] Eds. and MSS. "Spolletta," "Spolleta," "Spallato," "Spoletta."

Last night by water[1] to a tailor's house,
A friend of[2] the Black cause.

W. King. A prepar'd hypocrite!

W. Duke. Premeditated turncoat!

[*Exeunt* W. King, W. Queen, W. Knight, W. Duke, *and* W. Bishop.

F. Bishop. Yes, rail on;
I'll reach you in my writings when I'm gone.

B. Knight. Flatter him a while with honours till we put him
Upon some dangerous service, and then burn him.

B. King. This came unlook'd for.

B. Duke. How we joy to see you!

F. Bishop. Now I'll discover all the White House to you.

B. Duke. Indeed, that will both reconcile and raise you.

[*Exeunt* B. King, B. Queen, B. Duke, B. Bishop, *and* F. Bishop.

W. Kg.'s Pawn. I rest upon you, Knight, for my advancement now.

B. Knight. O, for the staff, the strong staff that will hold,
And the red hat, fit for the guilty mazzard?[3]
Into the empty bag know thy first way:
Pawns that are lost are ever out of play.

W. Kg.'s Pawn. How's this?

---

[1] B. "water-gate."
[2] So B., Lansd. MS., and Bridge. MS.—A. "to."
[3] Head.

B. Knight. No replications, you know me :[1]
No doubt ere long you'll have more company;
The bag is big enough, 'twill hold us all.

[*Exeunt* B. Knight, W. Kg.'s Pawn, *and* B. Kt.'s Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. I sue to thee, prithee, be one of us!
Let my love win thee: thou'st done truth this day
And yesterday my[2] honour noble service;
The best Pawn of our House could not transcend it.

B. Q. Pawn. My pity flam'd with zeal, especially
When I foresaw your marriage, then it mounted.

W. Q. Pawn. How! marriage?

B. Q. Pawn. That[3] contaminating act
Would have spoil'd all your fortunes—a rape! God bless us![4]

W. Q. Pawn. Thou talk'st of marriage!

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, yes, you do marry; I saw the man.

W. Q. Pawn. The man!

B. Q. Pawn. An absolute handsome[5] gentleman, a complete one,—
You'll say so when you see him,—heir to three red hats,
Besides his general hopes in the Black House.

---

[1] "Here, perhaps, the Black Knight thrust the White King's Pawn into the bag *on the stage:* compare the concluding scene of the play."—*Dyce.*

[2] A. "many."

[3] A. "thus."

[4] "A rape! God bless us!"—So B.—A. "a Rope? blesse vs all."—Lansd. MS. "a rape? bless us."—Trin. MS. "a Rape! blesse us all!"

[5] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "honest."

W. Q. Pawn. Why, sure thou'rt much mistaken in[1] this man;
I've promis'd single life to all my affections.
B. Q. Pawn. Promise you what you will, or I, or all on's,
There's a fate rules and overrules us all, methinks.
W. Q. Pawn. Why, how came you to see or know this mystery?
B. Q. Pawn. A magical glass I bought of an Egyptian,
Whose stone retains that speculative virtue,
Presented the man to me: your name brings him
As often as I use it; and methinks
I never have enough, person[2] and postures
Are all so pleasing.
W. Q. Pawn. This is wondrous strange!
The faculties of soul are still the same,
I can feel no one motion tend that way.
B. Q. Pawn. We do not always feel the[3] faith we live by,
Nor ever see our growth, yet both work upward.
W. Q. Pawn. 'Twas well applied; but may I see him too?
B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, without all doubt or fear,
Observing the right use as I was taught it,
Not looking back nor[4] questioning the spectre.

---

[1] So Lansd. MS.—A., Trin. MS., and B. "for."
[2] A. "persons."
[3] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "our."
[4] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "or."

W. Q. Pawn. That's no hard observation; trust it with me:
Is't possible? I long to see this man.[1]

B. Q. Pawn. Pray follow me then, and I'll ease you instantly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Black Jesting Pawn.

B. J. Pawn. I would so fain take one of these White Pawns now!
I'd make him do all under-drudgery,
Feed him with asses' milk crumm'd with goats' cheese,
And all the white meats could be devis'd for him;

Enter a White Pawn.

So make him my white jennet when I prance it[2]
After the Black Knight's litter.

W. Pawn. And you'd look then
Just like the devil striding o'er a nightmare
Made of a miller's daughter.

B. J. Pawn. A pox on you,[3]
Were you so near? I'm taken, like a blackbird
In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning o'er me.

W. Pawn. And now because I will not foul my clothes
Ever hereafter, for white quickly soils you know—

---

[1] Lansd. MS. omits the rest of the scene and reads—
"*Why then observe, I'll ease you instantly;*"
proceeding as in the next scene, "This is the room, &c."

[2] "So . . . prance it."—So B.—A. and Trin. MS. "I'd . . . praunc'd."

[3] "A pox on you."—So Bridge. MS., Trin. MS., and B.—Not in A.

B. J. Pawn. I prithee, get thee gone then, I shall smut thee.

W. Pawn. No, I'll put that to venture; now I've snapt[1] thee,
Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery
That slavery was e'er put to.

B. J. Pawn. I shall cozen you:
You may chance come and find your work undone then,
For I'm too proud to labour,—I'll starve first;
I tell you that beforehand.

W. Pawn. And I'll fit you then
With a black whip, that shall not be behindhand.

B. J. Pawn. Pish, I've been us'd to whipping; I have whipt
Myself three mile out of town in a morning; and
I can fast a fortnight, and make all your meat
Stink and lie on your hand.

W. Pawn. To prevent that,
Your food shall be blackberries, and upon gaudy-days
A pickled spider, cut out like an anchovas:
I'm not to learn a monkey's ordinary.[2]
Come, sir, will you frisk?

---

1 A. "scap'd."

2 "Compare Brome's *City Wit;* 'Knavery is restoratiue to me, as spiders to monkeys.' Sig. F v. (*Fiue New Playes*, 1653)."—*Dyce.* A monkey was sometimes called a *spider-catcher.*

Enter a Second Black Pawn.

Sec. B. Pawn. Soft, soft, you! you have no
Such bargain on't, if you look well about you.

W. Pawn. I am snapt too, a Black Pawn in the breech of me!
We three look like a bird-spit, a white chick
Between two russet woodcocks.

B. J. Pawn. I'm so glad of this!

W. Pawn. But you shall have but small cause, for I'll firk[1] you.

Sec. B. Pawn. Then I'll firk you again.

W. Pawn. And I'll firk him again.

B. J. Pawn. Mass,[2] here will be old[3] firking! I shall have
The worst on't, for[4] I can firk nobody.
We draw together now for all the world
Like three flies with one straw thorough their buttocks.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A chamber, with a large mirror.

Enter Black Queen's Pawn *and* White Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. This is the room he did appear to me in;
And, look you, this the magical glass that show'd him.

---

[1] Trounce.
[2] Omitted in A.
[3] "Old" was frequently used in the sense of abundant, great.
[4] Omitted in A.

W. Q. Pawn. I find no motion yet: what should I think on't?

A sudden fear invades me, a faint trembling,
Under this omen,
As is oft felt the panting of a turtle
Under a stroking hand.

B. Q. Pawn. That bodes good luck still,
Sign you shall change state speedily; for that trembling
Is always the first symptom of a bride.
For any vainer fears that may accompany
His apparition, by my truth to friendship,
I quit you of the least; never was object
More gracefully presented; the very air
Conspires to do him honour, and creates
Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom enter'd;
Which argues the blest harmony of your[1] loves.

W. Q. Pawn. And will the using of my name produce him?

B. Q. Pawn. Nay, of yours only, else the wonder halted:

To clear you of that doubt, I'll put the difference
In practice, the first thing I do, and make
His invocation in the name of others.

W. Q. Pawn. 'Twill satisfy me much that.

B. Q. Pawn. It shall be done.—
Thou, whose gentle form and face
Fill'd lately this Egyptic glass,

---

[1] Omitted in A.

By th' imperious powerful name
And the universal fame
Of the mighty Black-House Queen,
I conjure thee to be seen !—
What, see you nothing yet?

W. Q. Pawn. Not any part:
Pray, try another.

B. Q. Pawn. You shall have your will.—
I double my command and power,
And at the instant of this hour
Invoke thee in the White Queen's name,
With stay[1] for time, and shape the same.—
What see you yet?

W. Q. Pawn. There's nothing shows at all.

B. Q. Pawn. My truth reflects the clearer then: now fix
And bless your fair eye with your own for ever.—
Thou well-compos'd, by Fate's hand drawn
To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,
Of whom thou shalt by virtue met
Many graceful issues get;
By the beauty of her fame,
By the whiteness of her name,
By her fair and fruitful love,
By her truth that mates the dove,
By the meekness of her mind,
By the softness of her kind,[2]

[1] So the old copies. The line is corrupt.
[2] Nature.

By the lustre of her grace,—
By all these thou art summon'd to this place!—
Hark, how the air, enchanted with your praises
And his approach, those words to sweet notes raises!

Music: enter Black Bishop's Pawn, ***richly attired, like an apparition, and stands before the glass; then exit.***

W. Q. Pawn. O, let him stay awhile! a little longer!
B. Q. Pawn. That's a good hearing.
W. Q. Pawn. If he be mine, why should he part so soon?
B. Q. Pawn. Why, this is but the shadow of yours. How do you?
W. Q. Pawn. O, I did ill to give consent to see it!
What certainty is in our blood or state?
What we still write is blotted out by fate;
Our wills are[1] like a cause that is law-tost,
What one court orders, is by another crost.
B. Q. Pawn. I find no fit place for this passion[2] here.
'Tis merely[3] an intruder. He's a gentleman
Most wishfully compos'd; honour grows on him,
And wealth pil'd up for him; has youth enough too,
And yet in the sobriety of his countenance
Grave as a tetrarch, which is gracious
I' th' eye of modest pleasure. Where's the emptiness?
What can you more request?

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "is."
[2] Sorrowful complaint. [3] Wholly.

W. Q. Pawn. I do not know
What answer yet to make; it doth require
A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire.
B. Q. Pawn. She's caught, and, which is strange, by her most wronger. [*Aside.* *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter severally Black Knight's Pawn, *and* Black Bishop's Pawn *in his gallant habit.*[1]

B. Kt.'s Pawn. It's he, my confessor; he might have pass'd me
Seven year together, had I not by chance
Advanc'd mine eye upon that letter'd hat-band,[2]
The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,
Worn by the brave collegians with[3] consent:
'Tis a strange habit for a holy father,[4]
A president of poverty especially;

---

[1] "In his gallant habit."—So B., where it is printed as part of the text:—

"The Jesuit in his gallant habit,
'Tis he," &c.

[2] The following passage from John Gee's *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624 (a book which Middleton had read closely), will explain the allusion:—"The Jesuits have the superlative cognizance whereby they know one another; and that is, as I observed from this time, *a gold hat-band studded with letters or characters*" (p. 51).

[3] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "by."

[4] A "feather."

But we, the sons and daughters of obedience,
Dare not once think awry, but must confess ourselves
As humbly to the father of that feather,[1]
Long spur, and poniard,[2] as to the alb and altar,
And happy we're so highly [3] grac'd to attain to't. [*Aside.*
Holy and reverend!

B. B. Pawn. How, hast found me out?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. O sir, put on the sparkling'st trim [4] of glory,
Perfection will shine foremost; and I knew you
By the catholical [5] mark you wear about you,
The mark above your forehead.

B. B. Pawn. Are you grown
So ambitious in your observance? well, your business?
I have my game to follow.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I have a worm
Follows me so, that I can follow no game:
The most faint-hearted pawn, if he could see his play,
Might snap me up at pleasure. I desire, sir,

---

[1] A. "father."

[2] Compare Gee's *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624, p. 51:—"If about Bloomsbury or Holborn thou meet a good smug fellow in a gold-laced suit, a cloak lined through with velvet, one that hath good store of coin in his purse, rings on his fingers, a watch in his pocket which he will value at above twenty pounds, a very broad-laced band, a stilletto by his side, a man at his heels willing (upon small acquaintance) to intrude into thy company, and still desiring farther to insinuate with thee; then take heed of a Jesuit of the prouder sort of priests. This man hath vowed poverty. Fear not to trust him with thy wife; he hath vowed also chastity."

[3] A. "mightie."

[4] A. "trane."

[5] A. "catholicke." (The "catholical mark" is, of course, the "lettered hat-band.")

To be absolv'd: my conscience being at ease,
I could then with more courage ply my game.
B. B. Pawn. 'Twas a base fact.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. 'Twas to a schismatic pawn, sir.
B. B. Pawn. What's that to the nobility of revenge?
Suffices[1] I have neither will nor power
To give you absolution for that violence.
Make your petition to the Penance-chamber:
If the tax-register relieve you in't
By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have wrought out
A singular piece of favour with your money;
That's all your refuge now.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. The sting shoots deeper. [*Exit.*

Enter White Queen's Pawn *and* Black Queen's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. Yonder's my game, which, like a politic chess-master,
I must not seem to see.
W. Q. Pawn. O my heart! 'tis he.[2]
B. Q. Pawn. That 'tis.
W. Q. Pawn. The very self-same that the magical mirror
Presented lately to me.
B. Q. Pawn. And how like
A most regardless[3] stranger he walks by,

[1] A. "Suffice."
[2] The words "'tis he" are found in Lansd. MS.—Omitted in A., B., Trin. MS., and Bridge. MS.
[3] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "A most strange reguardles."

Merely[1] ignorant of his fate! you are not minded,
The principall'st part of him. What strange mysteries
Inscrutable love works by!
W. Q. Pawn. The time, you see,
Is not yet come.
B. Q. Pawn. But 'tis in our power now[2]
To bring time nearer—knowledge is a mastery—
And make it observe us, and not we it.
W. Q. Pawn. I would force nothing from its proper virtue;
Let time have his full course. I had rather die
The modest death of undiscover'd love
Than have heaven's least and lowest servant suffer,
Or in his motion receive check, for me.
How is my soul's growth alter'd! that single life,
The fittest garment that peace ever made for't,
Is grown too strait, too stubborn on the sudden.
B. Q. Pawn. He comes this way again.
W. Q. Pawn. O, there's a traitor
Leapt from my heart into my cheek already,
That will betray all to his powerful eye,
If it but glance upon me!
B. Q. Pawn. By my verity,
Look, he's past by again, drown'd in neglect,
Without the prosperous hint of so much happiness
To look upon his fortune! How close fate
Seals up the eye of human understanding,

---

[1] Wholly.
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—Omitted in A.

Till, like the sun's flower, time and love unclose[1] it!
'Twere pity he should dwell in ignorance longer.
W. Q. Pawn. What will you do?
B. Q. Pawn. Yes, die a bashful death, do,
And let the remedy pass by unus'd still:
You're chang'd enough already, if you'd look into't.—
Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon
For this my rude intrusion, I am bold
To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer
By many days, sir, than it would arrive
In its own proper revelation with you.
Pray, turn and fix: do you know yond noble goodness?
B. B. Pawn. 'Tis the first minute mine eye blest me with her,
And clearly shows how much my knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.
B. Q. Pawn. She's to be lik'd then?
Pray, view advisedly: there is strong reason
That I'm so bold to urge it; you must guess
The work concerns you nearer than you think for.
B. B. Pawn. Her glory and the wonder of this secret
Puts a reciprocal amazement on me.
B. Q. Pawn. And 'tis not without worth: you two must be
Better acquainted.
B. B. Pawn. Is there cause, affinity,
Or any courteous help creation joys in,
To bring that forward?

---

[1] So Lansd. MS.—A. and Trin. MS. "vncloses."—B. "incloses."

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, yes, I can show you
The nearest way to that perfection
Of a most virtuous one that joy e'er found.
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,
And I will show you her must be your wife, sir.
B. B. Pawn. The mystery extends, or else creation
Hath set that admirable piece before us
To choose our chaste delights by.
B. Q. Pawn. Please you follow, sir.
B. B. Pawn. What art have you to put me on an object
And cannot get me off! 'tis pain to part from't.
[*Exit with* Black Queen's Pawn.
W. Q. Pawn. If there prove no check in that magical glass now,
But my proportion come as fair and full
Into his eye as his into mine lately,
Then I'm confirm'd he is mine own for ever.

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn *and* Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. The very self-same that the mirror blest me with,
From head to foot, the beauty and the habit!—
Kept you this place still? did you not remove, lady?
W. Q. Pawn. Not a foot further, sir.
B. B. Pawn. Is't possible?
I would have sworn I had seen the substance yonder,
'Twas to that lustre, to that life presented.
W. Q. Pawn. Even so was yours to me, sir.

B. B. Pawn. Saw you mine?

W. Q. Pawn. Perfectly clear; no sooner my name us'd
But yours appear'd.

B. B. Pawn. Just so did yours at mine now.

B. Q. Pawn. Why stand you idle? will you let time cozen you,
Protracting time, of those delicious benefits
That fate hath marked[1] to you? you modest pair
Of blushing gamesters,—and you, sir, the bashfull'st,
I cannot flatter a foul fault in any,—
Can you be more than man and wife assign'd,
And by a power the most irrevocable?[2]
Others, that be adventurers in delight,
May meet with crosses, shame,[3] or separation;
You know the mind of fate, you must be coupled.

B. B. Pawn. She speaks but truth in this: I see no reason then
That we should miss the relish of this night,
But that we are both shamefac'd.

W. Q. Pawn. How? this night, sir?
Did not I know you must be mine, and therein
Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion[4]
You never should be. Is it not my fortune
To match with a pure mind? then am I miserable.
The doves and all chaste-loving wingèd creatures
Have their pairs fit, their desires justly mated;

---

[1] A. "work'd."
[2] A. "irrecouerable.
[3] A. "chance."
[4] Proposal.

Is woman more unfortunate, a virgin,
The May of woman? Fate, that hath ordain'd, sir,
We should be man[1] and wife, hath not given warrant
For any act of knowledge till we are so.
B. B. Pawn. Tender-ey'd modesty, how it grieves[2] at this!
I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,
As at first interview. Where lies our game now?
You know I cannot marry[3] by mine order.
B. Q. Pawn. I know you cannot, sir; yet you may venture
Upon a contract.
B. B. Pawn. Hah!
B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, sir,
Without all question, so far without danger,
Or any stain to your vow; and that may take her:
Nay, do't with speed; she'll think you mean the better too.
B. B. Pawn. Be not so lavish of that blessed spring;
You've wasted that upon a cold occasion now
Would wash a sinful soul white. By our love-joys,
That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue more
Till we're contracted; then, I hope, you are mine.
W. Q. Pawn. In all just duty ever.
B. Q. Pawn. Then? do you question it?
Pish! then you're man and wife, all but church-ceremony:

---

[1] A. "be both man."
[2] So B.—A., Trin. MS. and Lansd. MS. "giues."
[3] A. "be married."

Pray, let's see that done first; she shall do reason then.—
Now I'll enjoy the sport, and cozen you both:
My blood's game is the wages I have work'd for.
[*Aside.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Black House.

Enter Black Knight *and* Black Knight's Pawn.

B. Knight. Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop for thee;
I'll get thee absolution from his own mouth.
Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozenage;
Seven thousand pounds in women, reach me that:
I love a-life[1] to sit upon a bank
Of heretic gold. O, soft and gently, sirrah!
There's a foul flaw[2] i' the bottom of my drum, Pawn:
I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound treacher[3]
With any he in Europe. How now? qualm?
Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with;
It cannot bear one suckling villany:
Mine can digest a monster without crudity,
A sin as weighty as an elephant,
And never wamble for't.

---

[1] *i.e.* as my life.—So B. and Trin. MS.—A. "of life."—Lansd. MS. "o' life."

[2] See note 2, p. 46.

[3] Traitor, deceiver.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Ay, you've been us'd to't, sir;
That's a great help. The swallow of my conscience
Hath but a narrow passage; you must think yet
It lies i' the penitent pipe, and will not down:
If I had got seven thousand pounds by offices,
And gull'd[1] down that, the bore would have been bigger.

B. Knight. Nay, if thou prov'st facetious,[2] I shall hug thee.

Can a soft, rear,[3] poor poach'd iniquity
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm asham'd of thee.
Hadst thou betray'd the White House to the Black,
Beggar'd a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed[4] the fair frame of peace and traffic,
Poison'd allegiance, set faith back, and wrought
Women's soft souls even up to masculine malice,
To pursue truth to death, if the cause rous'd 'em,
That stares[5] and parrots are first taught to curse thee ——

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping[6] sins indeed!

B. Knight. All these, and ten times trebled, hath this brain
Been parent to; they are my offsprings all.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. A goodly brood!

B. Knight. Yet I can jest as lightly,[7]

---

[1] Swallowed. [2] B. "factious."

[3] "Rear" = undercooked.—R. reads "Can a poore-pocht-soft reare iniquity."—For "poach'd" A. gives "pouch'd."

[4] The line is omitted in A.

[5] Starlings. [6] Huge. [7] A. "titelie."

Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by:
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring[1]
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalm'd rather.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I'm sure there is a whirlwind huffs in mine, sir.

B. Knight. Sirrah, I've sold the groom-of-the-stole six times,[2]
And receiv'd money of six several ladies
Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives:
To three,[3] old mummy matrons I have promis'd
The mothership o' the maids:[4] I've taught our friends too
To convey White-House gold to our Black kingdom
In cold bak'd pasties, and so cozen searchers:
For venting hallow'd oil, beads, medals, pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,

---

[1] Lansd. MS. "I never feele a Tempest, a leaffe-wind stirring."

[2] Middleton is borrowing from Thomas Scott's tract *The Second Part of Vox Populi*:—"I [Gondomar] sold moreover the place of Groomess of her highness' stool to six several English ladies, who were eager of it only because they might take place before their fellows" (p. 10).

[3] A. "thee."

[4] Gondomar is made to say in *Vox Populi*, p. 10:—"True it is I borrowed of the good old Lady W. of the Parish of St. Martins in the Feilds 300 pounds or thereabouts, promising her repayment (whereof I will not fail) so soon as Donna Maria, the *Infanta*, should arrive in England, and for the use thereof, I promised to make her *mother of her maids*, perswading her, it was not fit that so graue and good a Lady as herselfe should lye obscured in priuate, but rather attend upon my young Mistress, the brauest and most hopeful Princess of the world: vpon these hopes she turned Catholic: since I neuer saw her."

That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar;
Letters convey'd in rolls, tobacco-balls:
When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,
Some of our Jesuits turn [1] gentlemen-ushers,[2]
Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some huntsmen;
One took the shape of an old lady's cook once,
And despatch'd two chares [3] on a Sunday morning,
The altar and the dresser. Pray, what use
Put I my summer-recreation to,
But more t' inform my knowledge in the state
And strength of the White Kingdom? no fortification,
Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,

[1] A. "turned."

[2] In Camilton's *Discovery of the Devilish Designs and Killing Projects of the Society of Jesuits* [1607], *Translated out of the Latin copy*, 1641, there is a curious passage about the disguises adopted by the Jesuits:—"In this fellow's keeping [the college porter's] is great store of apparel both of men and women, of every degree and calling; and with this apparel do the Jesuits habit themselves according to the quality that every one findeth himself ablest to personate, and so practise wonderful impostures in the world. For at times being habited like soldiers very gallant they walk in the streets and highways, whoring and swaggering in the public stews. At other times in the civil habits of citizens, professing themselves to be of the Reformed Religion, they pry up and down and listen in inns, in playhouses, in taverns, upon the Exchange, and in all places of public meetings, wheresoever there is any frequent resort, what the people speak up and down concerning them; what consultations are abroad, what matter of action is set on foot in any part. Another while like doctors of physic or of the civil law, with great rings on their fingers, avowing and purposely professing themselves to be papists. And sometimes again apparelled like noblemen and completely attended, they cause coaches to be provided abroad and frequent the courts of princes as giving attendance upon ambassadors of foreign states, and serve as intelligencers to unlock the cabinets of great potentates."

[3] Works, jobs.

But I got draft and platform ;[1] learn'd[2] the depth
Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion properest ;
A catalogue of all the navy royal,
The burthen of each ship, the brassy murderers,[3]
The number of the men, to what cape bound :
Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
Never a shire but the state better known
To me than to her breast[4]-inhabitants ;
What power of men and horse, gentry's revenues,
Who well affected to our side, who ill,
Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality :[5]

[1] Gondomar in the *Second Part of Vox Populi*, p. 15, is made to say with reference to "the particulars" of his service in England :—"For during the time of my abode in England and whilst I lay in London, I got partly the means of well-affected friends and partly by mine own experience (for in summer time under the colour of taking the air I would take view of the country) I had perfect knowledge of the state of the whole land : for there was no fortification, haven, creek, or landing-place about the coast of England, but I got a platform and draft thereof. I learned the depth of all their channels, I was acquainted with all sands, shelves, rocks, rivers that might impeach or make for invasion. I had perpetually in a roll the names of all the ships of King James, his Navy Royal ; I knew to a hair of what burthen every ship was, what ordnance she carried, what number of sailors ; who were the captains, for what places they were bound."

[2] A. "and learn'd."

[3] Pieces of ordnance.

[4] So the MSS.—A. and B. "best."

[5] Here Middleton is following the *Second Part of Vox Populi*, p. 16 :—"I was no less diligent for the discovery of the inland, than for the shores and sea-coasts. For there was never a shire in England but I better know the estate, power, and quality thereof than the Inhabitants, even the best themselves did. I could in particular relate . . . what power of men and horse they were able to raise . . . how they stood affected in religion, who were Puritans, who Catholics, and among

Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduc'd, Pawn,
Since the jails vomited with the pill I gave 'em.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sure, you put oil of toad into[1] that physic, sir.

B. Knight. I'm now about a masterpiece of play
T' entrap the White Knight, and with false allurements
Entice him to the Black House,—more will follow,—
Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen;
Then will our game lie sweetly.

Enter Fat Bishop *with a book.*

B. Kt.'s Pawn. He's come now, sir.

F. Bishop. Here's *Taxa Pœnitentiaria*,[2] Knight,
The Book of General Pardons, of all prices:
I have been searching for his sin this half hour,
And cannot light upon't.

B. Knight. That's strange; let me see't.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Wretched that I am! hath my rage done that
There is no precedent of pardon for?

B. Knight. [*reads*] *For wilful murder thirteen pound four shillings*
And sixpence,—that's reasonable cheap,—*For killing,*

Catholics who stood for us and who (for such there were) were indifferent or against us."

[1] A. "in."

[2] For information on this subject I refer the reader to Dr. Gibbings' learned and exhaustive dissertation prefixed to his edition of *Taxæ Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ Apostolicæ*, 1520 (*The Taxes of the Apostolic Penitentiary; or the Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome.* Dublin, 1872, 8vo).

Killing, killing, killing, killing, killing—
Why, here's nothing but *killing*, Bishop, on this side.
F. Bishop. Turn the sheet o'er, and you shall find adultery
And other trivial sins.[1]
B. Knight. Adultery? O,
I'm in't now—[*reads*] *For adultery a couple*
Of shillings, and for fornication fivepence,—
Mass,[2] these are two good pennyworths! I cannot
See how a man can mend himself—*For lying*
With mother, sister, or[3] *daughter*,—ay, marry, sir,—
Thirty-three[4] *pounds three shillings and*[5] *threepence,—*
The sin's gradation right, paid all in threes too.
F. Bishop. You've read the story of that monster, sir,
That got his daughter, sister, and his wife
Of his own mother?
B. Knight. [*reads.*] *Simony, nine pound.*
F. Bishop. They may thank me for that; it was nineteen
Before I came;
I've mitigated many of the sums.[6]

---

[1] Cf. John Gee's *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624, p. 17:—"O how they do lead along poor silly souls into the gulf of destruction by telling them such and such sins are but *venial;* drunkenness, lying, cursing, filthy speaking, breach of Sabbath, &c."

[2] So B. and Trin. MS.—Omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.

[3] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "and."

[4] So A. and B.—Lansd. MS. "Thirteene."

[5] So B.—Omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.

[6] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "sinnes."

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Sodomy, sixpence*—you should put that sum
Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop.

F. Bishop. There's few on's very forward, sir.

B. Knight. What's here, sir? [*reads*] *Two old precedents of encouragement* —— 111

F. Bishop. Ay, those are ancient notes.

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Given, as a gratuity, for the killing of an heretical prince with a poisoned knife, ducats five thousand.*[1]

F. Bishop. True, sir; that was paid.

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Promised also to doctor Lopez*[2] *for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom, ducats twenty thousand; which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house at Antwerp.*[3] 122

B. Kt.'s Pawn. What's all this to my conscience, worthy holiness?
I sue for pardon; I've brought money with me.

---

[1] So B. and Trin. MS.—A. and Lansd. MS. "thousands."—The allusion is, I suppose, to the assassination of Henry IV. of France by Ravaillac.

[2] Physician to Queen Elizabeth. He was hanged in 1594 for attempting to poison the Queen.

[3] This passage is borrowed from Thomas Robinson's *Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 1622 (p. 9).—"It is well known they [the English nuns] have *ten thousand pounds at use in the town-house of Antwerp*. . . . Likewise when they remained in France they had the custody of no small sum of money which was sent to keep for Doctor Lopez, the Portuguese, as his reward for poisoning our late Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, which, after that traitor (having missed of his intent) was executed, was remitted unto them as an alms, as the register-book of their house (from whence I had it) shameth not to make mention."

F. Bishop. You must depart; you see there is no precedent
Of any price or pardon for your fact.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Most miserable! Are fouler sins remitted,
Killing, nay, wilful murder?
F. Bishop. True, there's instance:
Were you to kill him, I would pardon you;
There's precedent for that, and price set down,
But none for gelding.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. I've pick'd out understanding now for ever
Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle:
I'll make away all my estate,[1] and kill him,
And by that act obtain full absolution. [*Aside, and exit.*

Enter Black King.

B. King. Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes, your traps?
Stand you now idle in the heat of game?
B. Knight. My life for yours, Black sovereign, the game's ours;
I have wrought underhand for the White Knight
And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both.
F. Bishop. Then for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal, sir,
In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry,
Trust my arch-subtlety with.

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "state."

B. King.[1] O eagle pride!
Never was game more hopeful of our side.
[*Exeunt* B. King *and* F. Bishop.

B. Knight. If Bishop[2] Bull-beef be not snapt[3] next[4] bout,
As the men stand, I'll never trust art more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Dumb Show.

Recorders. *Enter* Black Queen's Pawn *with a taper in her hand; she conducts* White Queen's Pawn, *in her night-attire,*[5] *into one chamber, and then conveys* Black Bishop's Pawn, *in his night-habit, into another chamber, and putting out the light, follows him.*

SCENE IV.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Knight *and* White Duke.

W. Knight. True, noble Duke, fair virtue's[6] most endear'd one;
Let us prevent[7] their rank insinuation

---

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. gives this speech to Bl. Knight and the next speech to Bl. King.
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "Bishops."
[3] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "snatch'd."
[4] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "at next."
[5] "Her night-attire . . . his night-habit."—So Lansd. MS.—Omitted in A., B., and Bridge MS. [6] A. "vertue." [7] Anticipate.

With truth of cause and courage, meet their plots
With confident goodness that shall strike 'em grovelling.
W. Duke. Sir, all the gins, traps, and alluring snares,
The devil hath been at work since eighty-eight [1] on,
Are laid for the great hope of this game only.
W. Knight. Why, the more noble will truth's triumph be:
When they have wound about our constant courages
The glittering'st [2] serpent that e'er falsehood fashion'd,
And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,
Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his head.
W. Duke. Look, would you see destruction lie a-sunning?

Enter Black Knight.

In yonder smile sits blood and treachery basking;
In that perfidious model of face[3]-falsehood
Hell is drawn grinning.
W. Knight. What a pain it is
For truth to feign a little!
B. Knight. O fair Knight,
The rising glory of that House of Candour,
Have I so many protestations lost,
Lost, lost, quite lost? am I not worth your confidence?
I that have vow'd the faculties of soul,
Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of youth,

[1] 1588—the year of the Spanish Armada.
[2] So the MSS.—A. and B. "glittering."
[3] A. "falce."

Your noble, fruitful game? Can you mistrust
Any foul play in me, that have been ever
The most submiss observer of your virtues,
And no way tainted with ambition,
Save only to be thought your [1] first admirer?
How often have I chang'd, for your delight,
The royal presentation of my place
Into a mimic jester,[2] and become,
For your sake and th' expulsion of sad thoughts,
Of a grave state-sire [3] a light son of pastime,
Made three-score years a tomboy, a mere wanton!
I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,
New-wed, high-plump, and lusting for an issue:
Within the year I promis'd her a child,
If she could stride over saint Rumbant's [4] breeches,
A relique kept at Mechlin: the next morning
One of my followers' old hose was convey'd
Into her chamber, where she tried the feat;
By that, and a court-friend, after grew great.

W. Knight. Why, who could be without thee?

B. Knight. I will change

---

[1] A. "you."

[2] A. "Iesture."

[3] "Sire."—So the MSS.—A. "Sir."—B. "Sice."

[4] "So all the eds. and both MSS. The right reading, I have little doubt, is '*Rumbold's*,' or rather '*Rumolds*.'—'A great and sumptuous church was built at Mechlin to receive his [St. Rumold's] precious relicks, which is still possessed of that treasure, and bears the name of this saint.' Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. vii. p. 2, sec. ed. In the title-page of his *Life*, 1662, written in Latin by Ward, he is termed 'advocati sterilium conjugum.'"—*Dyce.*

To any shape to please you; and my aim
Hath been to win your love in all this game.
W. Knight. Thou hast it nobly, and we long to see
The Black-House pleasure, state, and dignity.
B. Knight. Of honour you'll so surfeit and delight,
You'll ne'er desire again to see the White.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Enter White Queen.

W. Queen. My love, my hope, my dearest! O, he's gone,
Ensnar'd, entrapt, surpris'd amongst the Black ones!
I never felt extremity like this:
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour; integrity,
Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now
By error's dullest element interpos'd,
Suffers a black eclipse. I never was
More sick of love than now I am of horror:
I shall be taken; the game's lost, I'm set upon!—

Enter Fat Bishop.

O, 'tis the turncoat Bishop, having watch'd
Th' advantage of his play, comes now to seize on me!
O, I am hard beset, distrest most miserably!
F. Bishop. 'Tis vain to stir; remove which way you can,
I take you now; this is the time we've hop'd for:
Queen, you must down.
W. Queen. No rescue, no deliverance![2]

[1] The rest of the scene is omitted in Trin. MS.
[2] So Bridge. MS.—A. "deliuer."—B. and Lansd. MS. "deliuerer."

F. Bishop. The Black King's blood burns for thy prostitution,
And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue
Can cool his inflammation; instantly

Enter White Bishop.

He dies upon a pleurisy of luxury,[1]
If he deflower thee not.
W. Queen. O strait of misery!
W. Bishop. And is your holiness his divine procurer?
F. Bishop. The devil's in't, I'm taken by a ring-dove!
Where stood this Bishop that I saw him not?
W. Bishop. O,[2] you were so ambitious you look'd o'er me!
You aim'd at no less person than the Queen,
The glory of the game; if she were won,
The way were open to the master-check,

Enter White King.

Which, look you, he and his lives to give you;
Honour and virtue guide him in his station!
W. Queen. O my safe sanctuary!
W. King. Let heaven's blessings
Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one!
The dove's house is not safer in the rock
Than thou in my firm bosom.

---

[1] Lust.
[2] So B.—Omitted in A. and Lansd. MS.

W. Queen. I am blest in't.

W. King. Is it that lump of rank ingratitude,
Swell'd with the poison of hypocrisy?
Could he be so malicious, hath partaken
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom?—
Bishop, thou'st done our White House gracious service,
And worthy the fair reverence of thy place.—
For thee, Black holiness, that work'st out thy death
As the blind mole, the properest son of earth,
Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up,
Is often taken and destroy'd i' the midst
Of his advancèd work; 'twere well with thee
If, like that verminous labourer, which thou imitat'st
In hills of pride and malice, when death puts thee up,
The silent grave might prove thy bag for ever;
No deeper pit than that: for thy vain hope
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant,
Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts
Give lost for ever now, my strong assurance
Of their fix'd virtues, could you let in seas
Of populous untruths against that fort,
'Twould burst the proudest billows.

W. Queen. My fear's past then.

W. King. Fear? you were never[1] guilty of an injury
To goodness, but in that.

W. Queen. It stay'd not with me, sir.

W. King. It was too much if it usurp'd a thought:
Place a strong[2] guard there.

---

[1] "Were never."—So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "neuer were."

[2] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "good."

W. Queen. Confidence is set, sir.

W. King. Take that prize hence; go,[1] reverend of men,
Put covetousness into the bag again.

F. Bishop. The bag had need be sound, or't goes to wrack;
Sin and my weight will make a strong one crack.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] B. "you."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the Black House.

Loud music.[1] Black Bishop's Pawn *discovered above: enter* Black Knight *in his litter,*[2] *as passing in haste over the stage.*

B. Knight. Hold, hold!
Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,
Planted above for his concise oration?

B. B. Pawn. Ecce triumphanti[*s*] *me fixum Cæsaris arce!*

B. Knight. Art there, my holy boy? sirrah, Bishop Tumbrel
Is snapt[3] i' the bag by this time.

B. B. Pawn. Hæretici pereant sic!

B. Knight. All Latin! sure th' oration hath infected him.
Away, away, make haste, they are coming. 9

---

[1] "*Loud music.*"—So Bridge. MS.

[2] "*In his litter,*" &c.—So B.—Omitted in A.—"'As he [Gondomar] was carried in his litter or bottomless chair (the easiest seat for his fistula),' &c. Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 146, ed. 1653."—*Dyce.*

[3] A. "snap."

Hautboys *again.*[1] *Enter*[2] Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, *with* Pawns, *meeting* White Knight *and* White Duke: Black Bishop's Pawn *from above entertains him with this Latin oration:*

B. B. Pawn. Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis hilarem et gratum aperuit diem, si quid peramantibus amicorum animis gaudium attulit peperitve lætitiam, Eques Candidissime, prælucentissime, felicem profecto tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis accessum promisisse, peperisse, attulisse fatemur: omnes adventus tui conflagrantissimi, omni qua possumus lætitia, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, animis observantissimis, affectibus devotissimis, obsequiis venerabundis, te sospitem congratulamur!

B. King. Sir, in this short congratulatory speech
You may conceive how the whole House affects you.

B. Knight. The colleges and sanctimonious seed-plots.

W. Knight. 'Tis clear and so acknowledg'd, royal sir,

B. King. What honours, pleasures, rarities, delights,
Your noble thought can think ——

B. Queen. Your fair eye fix[3] on,
That's comprehended in the spacious circuit
Of our Black Kingdom, they're your servants all.

---

[1] "*Hautboys again.*"—So Bridge. MS.

[2] "*Enter Black King,*" &c.—So the stage-direction stands in B.—A. has "*Enter Bl. K. Q. D. K. and Wh. Kni. and D.*"

[3] A. "fixed."

W. Knight. How amply you endear us!
W. Duke. They are favours
That equally enrich the royal giver,
As the receiver, in the free donation.

[*Music. An altar is discovered with tapers unlit, and divers images about it.*

B. Knight. Hark, to enlarge your welcome, from all parts
Is heard sweet-sounding airs! abstruse things open
Of voluntary freeness; and yon altar,
The seat of adoration, seems t' adore
The virtues you bring with you.
W. Knight. There's a taste
Of the old vessel still.
W. Duke. Th' erroneous relish.[1]

Song.

Wonder work some strange delight,
(This place was never yet without),
To welcome the fair[2] *White-House Knight,*
And to bring our hopes about!
May from the altar flames aspire,
Those tapers set themselves on fire!
May senseless things our joys approve,[3]
And those brazen statues move,

---

[1] "Th' erroneous relish."—Omitted in A.
[2] "The fair."—So the MSS.—A. and B. "thee the faire."
[3] Prove.

Quicken'd by some power above,
Or what more strange, to show our love!
[*Flames rise from the altar, the tapers take fire, and the images move in a dance.*

B. Knight. A happy omen waits upon this hour;
All move portentously the right-hand way.

B. King.[1] Come, let's set free all the most choice delights,
That ever adorn'd days or quicken'd nights.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Queen's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. I see 'twas but a trial of my duty[2] now;
Hath a more[3] modest mind, and in that virtue
Most worthily hath fate provided for me.

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn *in his reverend habit.*

Hah! 'tis the bad man in the reverend habit:
Dares he be seen again, traitor to holiness,
O marble-fronted impudence! and knows
How ill 'hath us'd[4] me? I'm asham'd he blushes not.

---

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "*Bl. K. P.*"
[2] Trin. MS. "love." [3] A. "most."
[4] So A., B., and Lansd. MS.—Bridge. MS. "How much has wrong'd."—Trin. MS. "How much he has wrong'd."

B. B. Pawn. Are you yet stor'd with any woman's pity?
Are you the mistress of so much devotion,
Kindness, and charity, as to bestow
An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet
For your sake only?
W. Q. Pawn. Sir, for the reverend respect[1] you ought
To give to sanctity, though none to me,
In being her servant vow'd and wear her livery,
If[2] I might counsel, you should never speak
The language of unchasteness in that habit;
You would not think how ill it doth with you.
The world's a stage on which all parts are play'd:
You'd think it most absurd to see a devil
Presented there not in a devil's shape,
Or, wanting one, to send him out in yours;
You'd rail at that for an absurdity
No college e'er committed. For decorum' sake, then,
For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour,
If you'll persist still in your devil's part,
Present him as you should do, and let one
That carries up the goodness of the play
Come in that habit, and I'll speak with him;
Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators
Know which is which: they must have cunning judgments[3]
To find it else, for such a one as you

[1] For "reverend respect" Trin. MS. gives "Reverence and Respect."
[2] Lansd. MS. "If I might councell you you should nere speake."
[3] A. "judgement."

Is able to deceive a mighty audience ;
Nay, those you have seduc'd, if there be any
In the assembly, when [1] they see what manner
You play your game with me, they cannot love you.
Is there so little hope of you, to smile, sir?
B. B. Pawn. Yes, at your fears, at th' ignorance of your power,
The little use you make of time, youth, fortune,
Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friend's comfort ;
This is the plague of weakness.
W. Q. Pawn. So hot burning!
The syllables of sin fly from his lips
As if the letter came new-cast [2] from hell.
B. B. Pawn. Well, setting by [3] the dish you loathe so much,
Which hath been heartily tasted by your betters,
I come to marry you to the gentleman
That last enjoy'd you : I hope that pleases you ;
There's no immodest relish in that office.
W. Q. Pawn. Strange of all men he should first light on him
To tie that holy knot that sought t' undo me! [*Aside.*
Were you requested to perform that business, sir?
B. B. Pawn. I name you a sure token.
W. Q. Pawn. As for that, sir,
Now you're most welcome ; and my fair hope's of you,

[1] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "if."
[2] For "cast" A. gives "last."
[3] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "aside."

You'll[1] never break the sacred knot you tie once
With any lewd soliciting hereafter.
B. B. Pawn. But all the craft's in getting of it knit:
You're all on fire to make your cozening market.
I am the marrier and the man—do you know me?
Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury,[2]
And holy whoredom?—that would clap on marriage
With all hot speed to solder up your game:
See what a scourge fate hath provided for thee!
You were a maid; swear still, you're no worse now,
I left you as I found you: have I startled you?
I'm quit with you now for my discovery,
Your outcries, and your cunning:[3] farewell, brokage!
W. Q. Pawn. Nay, stay, and hear me but give thanks a little,
If your ear can endure a work so gracious;
Then you may take your pleasure.
B. B. Pawn. I have done that.
W. Q. Pawn. That power, that hath preserv'd me from this devil ——
B. B. Pawn. How?
W. Q. Pawn. This that may challenge the chief chair in hell,
And sit above his master ——
B. B. Pawn. Bring in merit.

---

[1] So the MSS.—A. and B. "Youl'd."
[2] Lust.
[3] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "cunnings."

W. Q. Pawn. That suffered'st him, through blind lust, to be led
Last night to the action of some common bed ——
B. Q. Pawn. [*within*]. Not over-common neither.
B. B. Pawn. Hah, what voice is that?
W. Q. Pawn. Of virgins be thou ever honourèd!—
Now you may go; you hear I've given thanks, sir.
B. B. Pawn. Here's a strange game! Did not I lie with you?
B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. No.
B. B. Pawn. What the devil art thou?
W. Q. Pawn. I will not answer you, sir,
After thanksgiving.
B. B. Pawn. Why, you made promise to me
After the contract.
B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. Yes.
B. B. Pawn. Mischief confound thee!
I speak not to thee—and you were prepar'd for't,
And set your joys more high ——
B. Q. Pawn. [*within*]. Than you could reach, sir.
B. B. Pawn. This is some[1] bawdy Pawn; I'll slit the throat on't!

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. What, offer violence to your bedfellow?
To one that works so kindly without rape?
B. B. Pawn. My bedfellow?

[1] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "a."

B. Q. Pawn. Do you plant your scorn against me?
Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,
That engine was not known; then adoration
Fill'd up the place, and wonder was in fashion:
Is't turn'd to the wild seed of contempt so soon?
Can five years stamp a bawd? pray, look upon me, sir,
I've youth enough to take it: 'tis no longer
Since you were chief agent[1] for the transportation
Of ladies' daughters, if you be remember'd:
Some of their portions I could name; who purs'd 'em too:
They were soon dispossess'd of worldly cares
That came into your fingers.

[1] Here Middleton is borrowing from *A Discourse of English Nuns of late transported within these two or three years* at the end of John Gee's tract *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, 1624. It will be seen from the following quotation that the Black Bishop's Pawn was intended to represent "the chief procurator," Father John Floyd, the Jesuit:—"I have been credibly informed, and some of the priests (namely Father Flood, Jesuit, their prime procurator, and others) have boasted in my hearing that the annual pensions given by our popish voluntaries to such uses amount to the full value of four thousand pounds, besides the rich portions which many of our English women carry over with them, and must sacrifice and lay down to the Lady Abbess her shrine, before they be accepted of or admitted into their religious cell, *unde* (*ut ab Inferno*) *nulla est redemptio.* The chief places of receipt for our English women are Brussels, Griveling [Gravelines], and Lisbon . . . Those that have but a little or no portion are packed by their masters to Griveling. . . . Those of a moderate portion trudge away to Lisbon, but those that have a good round sum for their dowry (as one thousand or two thousand pounds, which some good customers carry hence), such are stamped for Brussels, where the hungry Jesuits (who sometimes meet with as good booties as the merchants of Argier) *dispossess them of all worldly cares and vanities*, and like subtle Alchemists refine them out of their silver and golden dross into a more sublime estate and condition."

B. B. Pawn. Shall I hear her?

B. Q. Pawn. Holy derision, yes, till thy ears[1] swell
With thine own venom, thy profane life's vomit:
Whose niece was she you poison'd, with child twice,
And gave her out possess'd with a foul spirit,
When 'twas indeed your bastard?

B. B. Pawn. I am taken
In mine own toils!

Enter White Queen *and* White Bishop's Pawn.

W. B. Pawn. Yes, and 'tis just you should be.

W. Queen.[2] And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame of womanhood!

B. B. Pawn. I'm lost of all hands!

B. Q. Pawn. And I cannot feel
The weight of my perdition; now he's taken,
'T hath not the burden of a grasshopper.

B. B. Pawn. Thou whore of order, cockatrice[3] *in voto!*

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Yon's the White Bishop's Pawn; I'll play at's heart now.

W. Q. Pawn. How now, black villain! would'st thou heap a murder
On thy first foul offence? O merciless bloodhound,
'Tis time that thou wert taken!

---

[1] So B.—A., Trin. MS., and Lansd. MS. "eare."

[2] So the MSS.—A. and B. "*W. Q. P.*"

[3] Cant term for a whore.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Death![1] prevented?
W. Q. Pawn. For thy sake and that partner in thy shame,
I'll never know man farther than by name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

In the Black House.

Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Knight, Black Duke, Black Bishop, White Knight, *and* White Duke.

W. Knight. You have enrich'd my knowledge, royal[2] sir,
And my content together.
B. King. 'Stead of riot
We set you only welcome: surfeit is
A thing that's seldom heard of in these parts.
W. Knight. I hear of the more virtue when I miss on't.
B. Knight. We do not use to bury in our bellies
Two hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on't;
Or exercise th' old Roman painful idleness
With care of fetching fishes far from home,
The golden-headed coracine[3] out of Egypt,

[1] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "How."
[2] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "noble."
[3] Athenæus (*Deipnosoph.* vii. 81), commends the coracinus of the Nile:—"Οἱ δὲ Νειλῶται κορακῖνοι ὅτι γλυκεῖς καὶ εὔσαρκοι, ἔτι δὲ ἡδεῖς, οἱ πεπειραμένοι ἴσασιν." The sea-fish so called were not held in estimation.

The salpa from Ebusus,[1] or the pelamis,[2]
Which some call summer-whiting, from Chalcedon,
Salmons from Aquitaine, helops[3] from Rhodes,
Cockles from Chios,[4] frank'd[5] and fatted up
With far and sapa,[6] flour and cocted wine;
We cram no birds, nor, Epicurean[7]-like,
Enclose some creeks o' the sea, as Sergius Orata[8] did,

---

[1] A., Bridge. MS., and Lansd. MS. "Eleusis."—B. "Ebusis." "'Circa Ebusum [*i.e.* Ivica] salpa.' Plin. *Hist. Nat.*, l. ix. c. 18, t. i. p. 511, ed. Hard. 1723."—*Dyce.* The authorities quoted by Athenæus (*Deipnosoph.* vii. 118) give this fish a very indifferent character. Archestratus pronounces him worthless:—

σάλπην δὲ κακὸν μὲν ἔγωγε
ἰχθὺν εἰς ἀεὶ κρίνω.

If we may believe Pancrates, he stuffed his belly with sea-weed. The best bait for him was a pumpkin.

[2] The "pelamis" was a sort of small tunny-fish. From the mention of it in Juvenal, *Sat.* vii. 120, it would hardly seem to have been regarded as a delicacy.

[3] A very savoury fish ("pretiosus elops nostris incognitus undis," Ovid's *Halieut.* l. 90). The best sort came from the bay of Syracuse, according to Archestratus (apud Ath. *Deipnosoph.* vii. 57).

[4] Chios was famed for its wine, its figs, and the beauty of its women; but I cannot discover that Chian cockles were specially excellent.—Macrobius (*Sat.* Lib. ii. cap. 9) has some remarks about the fattening of cockles.

[5] Fattened, like pigs in a sty.

[6] "The remainder of the line is an explanation of these words; yet it may be necessary to add that *cocted* is boiled."—*Dyce.*

[7] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "Epicidean."

[8] Old copies "Crata."—Cf. Macrob. *Sat.* Lib. ii. cap. 11:—"Sed de saltatione veterum ad prædæ marinæ transire luxum Liciniorum me nomen admonuit: quos Murænas cognominatos, quod hoc pisce effusissime delectati sunt, satis constat. Huic opinioni M. Varro consentit, afferens, eodem modi Licinios appellatos Murænas, quo Sergius

He that invented the first stews for oysters
And other sea-fish, who, besides the pleasure of his
Own throat, got large revenues by th' invention,
Whose fat example the nobility follow'd;
Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandiser[1]
With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,
And, betwixt every course, he[2] and his guests
Wash'd and us'd women,[3] then sat down and strengthen'd,
Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner
Was tasted but was ready to be vented.
W. Knight. Most impious epicures!
B. Knight. We commend rather,
Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax,[4]
Who had half-lettuces set up to serve again;

Orata cognominatus est; quod ei pisces, qui auratæ vocantur, carissimi fuerint. Hic est Sergius Orata, qui primus balneas pensiles habuit, primus optimum saporem ostreis Lucrinis adjudicavit."

[1] Heliogabalus. [2] B. "he and guesse."

[3] Lampridius records this feat in his life of Heliogabalus (cap. xxix.):—"Exhibuit aliquando et tale convivium ut haberet viginti et duo fercula ingentium epularum, et per singula lavarent et mulieribus uterentur et ipse et amici."

[4] Julius Capitolinus, in his account of Pertinax, writes:—"Et quum verbis esset affabilis, re erat illiberalis ac prope sordidus, ut *dimidiatas lactucas* et carduos in privata vita convivis apponeret; et nisi quod missum esset edulium, quotquot essent amici per tres missus ponebat. Si autem plus aliquid missum esset, etiam in alium diem differebat, quum semper ad convivium multos vocaret. Imperator etiem, si sine convivis esset, eadem consuetudine cœnitabat. Amicis si quando de prandio suo mittere voluit, misit offulas binas aut omasi partem, aliquando lumbos gallinaceos" (cap. xii.)

Or his successor Julian,[1] that would make
Three meals of a lean hare, and often [2] sup
With a green fig and wipe his beard, as we can.
The old bewailers of excess in those days
Complain'd there was more coin bid for a cook
Than for a war-horse; but now cooks are purchas'd
After the rate of triumphs,[3] and some dishes
After the rate of cooks; which must needs make
Some of your White-House gormandizers,[4] 'specially
Your wealthy plump plebeians, like the hogs

---

[1] This is a slip on Middleton's part. He has undoubtedly confused Didius Julianus, the successor of Pertinax, with Julian the Apostate. Didius Julianus was not noted for any extraordinary abstemiousness; in fact he had the reputation of being a glutton ("gulosus") in later life, though his biographer Aelius Spartianus defends him from the charge. Julian the Apostate (as every reader of Gibbon remembers) was almost a vegetarian.

[2] So Bridge. MS. and Lansd. MS.—A. and B. "after."

[3] Public shows.

[4] References to the gormandizing of the English are constant in contemporary literature. Cf. Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*, ed. Furnivall, p. 102:—"Now-a-days if the table be not covered from one end to the other as thick as one dish can stand by another with delicate meats of sundry sorts, it is thought there [in England] unworthy the name of a dinner. Yea, so many dishes shall you have pestering the table at once as the unsatiablest Heluo, the devouringest glutton, or the greediest cormorant that is, can scarce eat of every one a little. . . . You shall have 20, 40, 60, yea 100 pounds spent in some one house in banquetting and feasting. . . . And indeed so long and so grievously with this excess and gluttony and dainty fare surfeited in Ailgna as I fear well it will spew out many of his masters out of doors before it be long." Buckingham on his return from Spain gave a banquet at York House, to the king, the prince, and the Spanish ambassadors, where it is said there were 3000 dishes of meat. (Letter to the Rev. Joseph Mead, 21st November, 1623, in *Court of James I.*, ii. 435.)

Which Scaliger cites,[1] that could not move for fat,
So insensible of either prick or goad,
That mice made holes to needle[2] in their buttocks,
And they ne'er felt 'em. There was once a ruler,
Cyrene's governor,[3] chok'd with his own paunch;
Which death fat Sanctius,[4] king of Castile, fearing,
Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose
To be kill'd suddenly by a pernicious herb
Taken to make him lean, which old Corduba,
King of Morocco, counsell'd his fear to,
Than he would hazard to be stunk[5] to death,
As that huge cormorant that was chok'd before him.

W. Knight. Well, you're as sound a spokesman, sir, for parsimony,
Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a-day,
As ever spake with tongue.[6]

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[1] "An allusion, perhaps, to the following passage: 'Pinguescit autem longe magis sus: adeoque pinguescit, ut pene totus immobilis reddatur. Neque enim fabulosum est, in eorum clunibus excavare sibi mures foveas; non equidem ut nidificent, sed ut saginentur." J. C. Scaliger, *De Subtilitate ad Cardanun, Exer.* cxcix. 2. p. 610, ed. 1634." —*Dyce.*

[2] Nestle.

[3] His name was Magas. See Athen. *Deipnosoph.* xii. 74.

[4] So B.—A. "Sauetius." The allusion is to Sancho, called El Gordo, King of Leon and Asturias (955–967).

[5] So Bridge. MS. and Lansd. MS.—A "strucke."—B. "stung."

[6] In this and the preceding passages sarcastic allusion is made to the alleged niggardliness of the entertainment offered to Prince Charles and Buckingham during their stay at Madrid in 1623. Chamberlain in a letter to Carleton (dated 25th October 1623) writes: "Our courtiers and others that were in Spain begin to open their mouths now and speak liberally of the coarse usage and entertainment, where they found

B. King. Censure him mildly, sir;
'Twas but to find discourse.
B. Queen. He'll raise['t] of any thing.
W. Knight. I shall be half afraid to feed hereafter.
W. Duke. Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear fatness,
The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon:
The comeliness I wish for, that's as glorious.
W. Knight. Your course is wondrous strict: I should transgress, sure,[1]
Were I to change my side, as you've much wrought me.
B. Knight. How you misprize! this is not meant to you-ward:
You that are wound up to the height of feeding
By clime and custom, are dispens'd withal;
You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tons,[2]
Eat and eat every day, twice, if you please;
Nay, the frank'd[3] hen, fatten'd with milk and corn,
A riot which th' inhabitants of Delos
Were first inventors of, or the cramm'd cockle.
W. Knight. Well, for the food I'm happily resolv'd in;

---

nothing but penury and proud beggary, besides all other discourtesy" (*Court of James I.*, ii. 426). Overbury in his *News from Spain* writes: "That to eat much at other men's cost and little at his own is the absolutest and most nourishing diet in both town and country."

[1] So Bridge. MS. and Lansd. MS.—A. and B. "sir."

[2] "'*Kid*' and '*cabrito*,'—the latter a Spanish word—are, I believe, synonymous: *tons* means, perhaps, tunny-fish."—*Dyce.*

[3] Fattened.

But for the diet of my disposition,
There comes a trouble; you will hardly find
Food to please that.
B. Knight. It must be a strange nature
We cannot find a dish for, having Policy,
The master-cook of Christendom, to dress it:
Pray, name your nature's diet.
W. Knight. The first mess
Is hot ambition.
B. Knight. That's but serv'd in puff-paste;
Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks
Can dress that dinner: your ambition, sir,
Can fetch no further compass than the world?
W. Knight. That's certain, sir.
B. Knight. We're about that already;
And in the large feast of our vast ambition
We count but the White Kingdom, whence you come from,
The garden for our cook to pick his salads;
The food's lean France, larded with Germany;
Before which comes the grave, chaste signiory
Of Venice, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth;
From our chief oven, Italy, the bake-meats;
Savoy the salt, Geneva the chipt manchet;[1]
Below the salt[2] the Netherlands are plac'd,
A common dish at lower end a' the table,

[1] Fine wheaten bread.

[2] The "salt"—a large salt-cellar—was placed in the middle of the table. Inferior guests ranged themselves "below the salt"—at the lower end of the table.

For meaner pride to fall to: for our second course,
A spit of Portugals serv'd in for plovers;
Indians and Moors for blackbirds: all this while
Holland stands ready-melted to make sauce
On all occasions: when the voider[1] comes,
And with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,
Zealand says grace for fashion; then we rise.

W. Knight. Here's meat enough, in[2] conscience, for ambition!

B. Knight. If there be any want, there's Switzerland,
Polonia, and such pickled things will serve
To furnish out the table.

W. Knight. You say well, sir:
But here's the misery; when I've stopt the mouth
Of one vice, there's another gapes for food;
I am as covetous as a barren womb,
The grave, or what's more ravenous.

B. Knight. We're for you, sir:
Call you that heinous, that's good husbandry?
Why, we make money of our faith,[3] our prayers;
We make the very deathbed buy her comforts,
Most dearly pay for all her[4] pious counsels,
Leave rich revenues for a few weak orisons,
Or else they pass unreconcil'd without 'em:
Did you but view the vaults within our monasteries,

---

[1] The basket into which the fragments were swept.
[2] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "on."
[3] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "faiths."
[4] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "their."

You'd swear then Plutus,[1] whom[2] the fiction calls
The lord of riches, were entombèd there.[3]
W. Knight. Is't possible?
B. Duke. You cannot walk for tuns.
W. Duke.[4] But how shall I bestow the vice I bring, sirs?
You quite forget me; I shall be shut out
By your strict key of life.
B. Knight. Is yours so vild,[5] sir? 120
W. Duke. Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton on't,

---

[1] B. "Pluto."
[2] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "which."
[3] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "within 'em."
[4] This speech and the next speech but one would come far more appropriately from the White Knight (Buckingham) than from the White Duke (Charles). Buckingham seems to have distinguished himself by his profligacy during his visit to Spain. The following anecdote is related by Sir Antony Welldon (*Court and Character of King James*, 1651, p. 146):—"For all his power and greatness, Bristol did not forbear to put all scorns, affronts, and tricks on him; and Buckingham lay so open as gave the other advantage enough by his lascivious carriage and miscarriage. Amongst all his tricks he plays one so cunningly that it cost him all the hair on his head, and put him to the diet. It should seem he made court to Conde Olivarez wife, a very handsome lady; but it was so plotted betwixt the lady, her husband, and Bristol, that instead of that beauty he had a notorious stews-bird sent him; and surely by reason of his said loose and vicious disposition, had ever the match been really intended for our prince, yet such a companion or guardian was enough to have made that wary nation believe that he had also been that way addicted, and so have frustrated the marriage (that being a grave and sober people, especially when conversed with by such great foreign guests), but they well observed the prince himself to be of an extraordinary and well-stayed temper."
[5] Vile.

Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty;
But certain there's a worse name in your books for't.
B. Knight. The trifle of all vices, the mere innocent,
The very novice of this house of clay,—venery:
If I but hug thee hard, I show the worst on't;
'Tis all the fruit we have here after supper;
Nay, at the ruins of a [1] nunnery once,
Six thousand infants' heads found in a fish-pond.
W. Duke. How!
B. Knight. Ay, how? how came they thither, think you?
Huldrick, bishop of Augsburg, in's Epistle [2]

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "the."

[2] "*B. Udalrici, Episcopi Augustani, pro conjugio clericorum ad Nicolaum primum, Romanum Pontificem, epistola*, contains the following passage: 'Sunt vero aliqui, qui sanctum Gregorium suæ sectæ sumunt adjutorium: quorum quidem temeritatem rideo, ignorantiam doleo. Ignorant enim, quod periculosum hujus hæresis decretum, a sancto Gregorio factum, condigno pœnitentiæ fructu postmodum ab eodem sit purgatum. Quippe quum die quadam in vivarium suum propter pisces misisset, et allata inde plus quam sex millia infantum capita videret; intima mox ductus pœnitentia ingemuit, et factum a se de abstinentia decretum, tantæ cædis caussam confessus, condigno illud, ut dixi, pœnitentiæ fructu purgavit, suoque decreto prorsus damnato, Apostolicum illud (1 Cor. 9. 7.) laudavit consilium: *Melius est nubere, quam uri*, addens ex sua parte, Melius est nubere, quam mortis occasionem præbere.' Appendix to *Calixti de Conjugio Clericorum Liber*, Pars ii. p. 550, ed. Henke."—*Dyce.*

See an English translation of the letter in Bishop Pilkington's *Works* (Parker Society), pp. 568–570. Bishop Hall in his *Honour of the Married Clergy*, Book iii., Sect. ii., defending the genuineness of the extraordinary letter against the objections of a popish adversary, remarks:—"As for the number of children's heads I can say no more for it than he can against it. . . . But this I dare say, that I know persons both of credit and honour, that saw betwixt fifty and threescore cast up out of the little mote of an abbey where I now live. Let who list

To Nicholas the first, can tell you how;
May be he was at cleansing of the pond:
I can but smile to think how it would puzzle
All mother-maids that ever liv'd in those parts
To know their own child's head. But is this all?

B. Duke. Are you ours yet?

W. Knight. One more, and I am silenc'd:
But this that comes now will divide us questionless;
'Tis ten times, ten times worse than the forerunners.

B. Knight. Is it so vild there is no name ordain'd for't?

Toads have their titles, and creation gave
Serpents and adders those names to be known by.

W. Knight. This of all others bears the hiddenest venom,
The smoothest poison; I'm an arch-dissembler, sir.

B. Knight. How?

W. Knight. 'Tis my nature's brand; turn from me, sir;
The time is yet to come that e'er I spoke
What my heart meant.

---

cast up the proportion." Bishop Jewel, in his *Defence of the Apology* (*Works*, ed. Parker Society, iv. 926) tells us that he had "seen the same epistle unto P. Nicolas, together with another epistle to like purpose, written in old vellum of very ancient record, under the name of Volusianus, the bishop of Carthage." One of the chief proofs of the profligacy of monks and nuns advanced by Thomas Robinson in his *Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 1622, is "That myself . . . had chance to make a hole in a hollow in a wall (which had been latelier dawbed up than the rest) to set up a spar to underprop the vines; out of which hole I pulled sundry bones of some dead children and left many more remaining behind" (p. 28).

B. Knight. And call you that a vice?—
Avoid all profanation, I beseech you,—
The only prime state-virtue upon earth,
The policy of empires; O, take heed, sir,
For fear it take displeasure and forsake you!
'Tis like a jewel of that precious value,
Whose worth's not known but to the skilful lapidary;
The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts,
And locks up ours from them, with the same motion:
You never came so near our souls as now.

B. Duke. Now you're a brother to us.

B. Knight. What we have done
Hath been dissemblance ever.

W. Knight. There you lie then,
And the game's ours; we give thee check-mate by
Discovery, King, the noblest mate of all!

B. King.[1] I'm lost, I'm taken!

[*A great shout and flourish.*

W. Knight. Ambitious, covetous,
Luxurious falsehood!

W. Duke. Dissembler includes all.

B. King.[2] All hopes confounded!

B. Queen. Miserable condition!

Enter White King, White Queen, White Bishop, White Queen's Pawn, *and other* White Pawns.

W. King. O, let me bless mine arms with this dear treasure,
Truth's glorious masterpiece! See, Queen of sweetness,

[1] So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "*Bl. Kni.*"
[2] So A.—B. and Lansd. MS. "*B. Kt.*"

He's in my bosom safe ; and this fair structure
Of comely honour, his true blest assistant.
[*Embracing* W. Knight *and* W. Duke.
W. Queen. May their integrities ever possess
That powerful sanctuary !
W. Knight. As 'twas a game, sir,
Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph
We [1] gave him check-mate by discovery, sir.
W. King. Obscurity is now the fittest favour
Falsehood can sue for ; it well suits perdition :
'Tis their best course that so have lost their fame
To put their heads into the bag for shame ;
And there, behold, the bag, like hell-mouth,[2] opens
[*The bag opens,*[3] *and the* Fat Bishop *and the* Black *lost* Pawns *appear in it.*
To take her due, and the lost sons appear
Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship
In infamy, the last desire of wretches,
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads
Like Envy's issue, or a bed of snakes.
B. B. Pawn [*in the bag*]. 'Tis too apparent ; the game's lost, King [4] taken.
F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. The White House hath given us the bag,[5] I thank 'em.

---

[1] So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "I."

[2] "The bag, like hell mouth."—So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "the bags mouth like hell."

[3] A. "*The Bagge opens the Bl. Side in it.*"—B. "*The Bag opens, the B. B. slides in it.*"—In Lansd. MS. the stage-direction, with the omission of the words "*and the Fat Bishop,*" stands as in the text.

[4] So B.—A. and Lansd. MS. "King's."

[5] To *give the bag* = to cheat.

B. Jesting Pawn [*in the bag*]. They had need give you
a whole bag by yourself:
'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop[1] hath so overlaid me,
So squelch'd[2] and squeezed me, I've no verjuice left in
me!
You shall find all my goodness, if you look for't,
In the bottom of the bag.
F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Thou malapert Pawn!
The Bishop must have room; he will have room,
And room to lie at pleasure.
B. Jesting Pawn [*in the bag*]. All the bag, I think,
Is room too scant for your Spalatro[3] paunch.
B. B. Pawn [*in the bag*]. Down, viper of our order!
I abhor thee:
Thou show thy whorish front?
B. Q. Pawn [*in the bag*]. Yes, monster-holiness!
W. Knight. Contention in the pit! is hell divided?
W. King. You had need have some of majesty and
power
To keep good rule amongst you: make room, Bishop.
[*Puts* B. King *into the bag.*
F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. I'm not so[4] easily mov'd
when I'm once set;
I scorn to stir for any king on earth.

---

[1] "'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop."—A. "This Blacke Bishop."—B. "Sfoot, this blacke Bishop."—Lansd. MS. "This Fat Black Bishop."—Bridge. MS. "Slid this fat Bishop."

[2] "Squelch'd" (=crushed).—So B. and Lansd. MS.—A. "quelch'd."

[3] See note 5, p. 75.

[4] So Bridge. MS.—Omitted in A., B., and Lansd. MS.

W. Queen. Here comes the Queen; what say you
then to her? [*Puts* B. Queen *into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Indeed a Queen may make a
Bishop stir.

W. Knight. Room for the mightiest Machiavel-
politician
That e'er the devil hatch'd of a nun's egg!
[*Puts* B. Knight *into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. He'll peck a hole in the bag
and get out shortly;
But I shall[1] be the last man that creeps out,
And that's the misery of greatness ever.[2]

W. Duke. Room for a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd belov'd,
An olive-colour'd Ganymede! and that's all
That's worth the bagging.[3] [*Puts* B. Duke *into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Crowd in all you can,
The Bishop will be still uppermost man,
Maugre King, Queen, or politician.

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[1] "But I shall."—So Bridge. MS.—A., B., and Lansd. MS. "I'em [and "I'me" and "I am"] sure to."

[2] "After these words MS. Bridge. has—

> 'For the Politician is not sound i' th' vent,
> I smell him hither,'

which does not connect well with the rest of the speech."—*Dyce.*

[3] "I have not ventured to insert a stage-direction here, being doubtful which character is meant by the 'olive-coloured Ganymede.'"—*Dyce.* There can be no reasonable doubt that the "*olive-coloured* Ganymede" is the Black Duke, whom I identify with Olivarez. The reader will observe that the Black *King* was deposited in the bag by the White *King;* the Black *Queen* by the White *Queen;* the Black *Knight* by the White *Knight.* It only remains for the Black *Duke* to be bagged by the White *Duke.*

W. King. So, let the bag close now, the fittest womb
For treachery, pride, and falsehood; whilst we, winner-like,
Destroying, through heaven's power, what would destroy,
Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE

By White Queen's Pawn.

My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me forth,
And bade me bow thus low to all of worth,
That are true friends of the White House and cause,
Which she hopes most of this assembly draws:
For any else, by envy's mark denoted,
To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted,
Where'er they sit, stand, or in private lurk,
They'll be soon known by their depraving work;
But she's assur'd what they'll commit to bane,
Her White friends' hands will build up fair again.

THE WORLD TOST AT TENNIS.

A Courtly Masque; The Deuice called, The World tost at Tennis. As it hath beene diuers times Presented to the Contentment of many Noble and Worthy Spectators: By the Prince his Seruants.

Inuented and set downe, By { *Tho: Middleton* & *William Rowley* } *Gent.*

London printed by George Purslowe, and are to be sold by [*sic*] *at Christ Church Gate,* 1620, 4to.

Some of the copies of this Masque have an emblematic engraving on the title-page; in others the title-page is plain. In all the copies that I have seen the title-page containing the engraving has been more or less mutilated. The *World tost at Tennis* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on 4th July 1620.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

—o—

TO THE TRULY NOBLE

CHARLES LORD HOWARD, BARON OF EFFINGHAM,

AND TO HIS VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY LADY,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MARY LADY EFFINGHAM,

Eldest Daughter of the truly generous and judicious SIR WILLIAM COCKAINE, *Knight, Lord Mayor of this City, and Lord General of the Military Forces.*

To whom more properly may art prefer
Works of this nature, which are high and rare,
Fit to delight a prince's eye and ear,
Than to the hands of such a worthy pair?
Imagine this—mix'd with delight and state,
  Being then an entertainment for the best—
Your noble nuptials[1] comes to celebrate;

---

[1] The marriage was celebrated on 22d April 1620. In a letter to Sir Dudley Carlton, dated 29th April of that year, Chamberlain writes:—"I do not greatly allow my lord mayor's judgment to purchase so poor honour with the price of his daughter, a handsome young woman, they say; and to bestow her on a man so worn out in state, credit, years, and otherwise. But the match may prove reasonably in-

And though it fall short of the day and feast
Of your most sacred and united loves,
Let none say therefore it untimely moves:
It can, I hope, come out of season never
To find your joys new—as at first, for ever.

Most respectfully devoted

To both your Honours,

THO. MIDDLETON.

---

different; for as they can look for nothing from him but bare honour, so from her side they are to expect no great matter more than money" (*Court and Times of James the First*, ii. 204).

To the well-wishing, well-reading Understander,

well-understanding Reader,

SIMPLICITY S. P. D.

AFTER most hearty commendations, my kind and unknown friends, trusting in Phœbus your understandings are all in as good health as Simplicity's was at the writing hereof; this is to certify you further, that this short and small treatise that follows called a *Masque*, the device further intituled *The World tost at Tennis*—how it will be now tossed in the world, I know not—a toy brought to the press rather by the printer than the poet, who requested an epistle for his pass, to satisfy his perusers how hitherto he hath behaved himself. First, for his conception, he was begot in Brain-ford,[1] born on the bank-side of Helicon, brought up amongst noble gentle commons and good scholars of all sorts, where, for his time, he did good and honest service beyond the small seas: he was fair-spoken, never accused of scurrilous or obscene language, a virtue not ever found in scenes of the like condition; of as honest meaning reputed, as his

[1] "Brainford" was the old form of Brentford. Of course a quibble is intended.

words reported; neither too bitterly taxing, nor too soothingly telling, the world's broad abuses; moderately merry, as sententiously serious; never condemned but for his brevity in speech, ever wishing his tale longer, to be assured he would continue to so good a purpose. Having all these handsome qualities simply, and no other compounded with knavery, there is great hope he shall pass still by the fair way of good report, persevering in those honest courses which may become the son of Simplicity, who, though he be now in a masque, yet is his face apparent enough. And so, loving cousins, having no news to send you at this time, but that Deceit is entering upon you, whom I pray you have a care to avoid; and this notice I can give you of him,—there are some six or eight pages before him, the Lawyer and the Devil behind him. In this care I leave you, not leaving to be

Your kind and loving kinsman,

SIMPLICITY.

PROLOGUE.

This our device we do not call a play,
Because we break the stage's laws to-day
Of acts and scenes: sometimes a comic strain
Hath hit delight home in the master-vein,
Thalia's prize; Melpomene's sad style
Hath shook the tragic hand another while;
The Muse of History hath caught your eyes,
And she [that] chaunts the pastoral psalteries:
We now lay claim to none, yet all present,
Seeking out pleasure to find your content.
You shall perceive, by what comes first in sight,
It was intended for a royal night:
There's one hour's words, the rest in songs and dances;
Lauds no man 's own, no man himself advances,
No man is lifted but by other hands;
Say he could leap, he lights but where he stands:
Such is our fate; if good, much good may't do you!
If not, sorry we'll lose our labours wi' you.

THE FIGURES AND PERSONS

PROPERLY RAISED FOR EMPLOYMENT THROUGH THE WHOLE MASQUE.

First, three ancient and princely Receptacles, RICHMOND, ST. JAMES'S, *and* DENMARK-HOUSE.

A Scholar. | PALLAS.
A Soldier. | JUPITER.
The Nine Worthies [*the Nine Muses.*]

The first Song and first Dance.

TIME, *a plaintiff, but his grievances delivered courteously.*
The five Starches, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, and Red.

The second Dance.

SIMPLICITY. | *The Intermeddler.*
DECEIT. | *The Disguiser.*

The second Song.

A King. | *A Sea-Captain.*
A Land-Captain. | *Mariners.*

The third Song and third Dance.

The Flamen. | *The Lawyer.*

The fourth and last Dance, the Devil an Intermixer.

THE WORLD TOST AT TENNIS.

—o—

An INDUCTION *to the Masque prepared for his Majesty's Entertainment at Denmark-House.*

Enter RICHMOND *and* ST. JAMES'S.

St. Jam. Why, Richmond, Richmond, why art so heavy?

Rich. I have reason enough for that, good, sainted sister; am I not built with stone—fair, large, and free stone—some part covered with lead too?

St. Jam. All this is but a light-headed understanding now; I mean, why so melancholy? thou lookest mustily, methinks.

Rich. Do I so? and yet I dwell in sweeter air than you, sweet St. James: how three days' warming has spirited you! you have sometimes your vacations as other of your friends have, if you call yourself to mind. 12

St. Jam. Thou never sawest my new gallery and my tennis-court, Richmond.

Rich. No, but I heard of it, and from whence it came too.

St. Jam. Why, from whence came it?

Rich. Nay, lawfully derived, from the brick-kilns, as thou didst thyself.

St. Jam. Thou breedest crickets, I think, and that will serve for the anagram to a critic. Come, I know thy grief;

Thou fear'st that our late rival, Denmark-House,[1]
Will take from our regard, and we shall want
The noble presence of our princely master
In his so frequent visitation,
Which we were wont so fully to enjoy.

Rich. And is not that a cause of sorrow then?

St. Jam. Rather a cause of joy, that we enjoy
So fair a fellowship. Denmark! why, she's
A stately palace and majestical,
Ever of courtly breeding, but of late
Built up unto a royal height of state,
Rounded with noble prospects; by her side
The silver-footed Thamesis doth slide,

---

[1] *i.e.* Somerset House. On 8th March, 1616–17, Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carlton:—"The King dined on Shrove Tuesday with the Queen at Somerset House, which was then new christened and must henceforth be called Denmark House." Chamberlain's statement, which is corroborated by the continuator of Stow's *Survey of London*, ed. 1720, B. iv. p. 105, seems to be correct. Pegge (*Curialia*, P. iv. p. 63) remarks: "In the reign of King James I. the house before us [Somerset-house] became, *ipso facto*, a royal residence on the part of the Queen, and even changed its name; and it appears that her Majesty repaired it, at her own charge, for the reception of her brother Christian IV., king of Denmark, who visited England, A.D. 1606, from which time it is said that the Queen affected to call it *Denmark-House*."

As, though more faintly, Richmond, does by thee,
Which I, denied to touch, can only see.

Enter DENMARK-HOUSE.

Rich. Who's this?
St. Jam. 'Tis she herself, i'faith; comes with
A courteous brow.
Den.-H. Ye're welcome, most nobly welcome!
St. Jam. Hark you now, Richmond; did not I tell thee 'twas
A royal house?
Den.-H. Why, was there any doubt
Of our kind gratulation? I am proud
Only to be in fellowship with you,
Co-mate and servant to so great a master.
St. Jam. That's Richmond's fear thou'lt rob us both, thou hast such an enticing face of thine own.
Den.-H. O let not that be any difference!
When we do serve, let us be ready for't,
And call'd at his great pleasure; the round year
In her circumferent arms will fold us all,
And give us all employment seasonable.
I am for colder hours, when the bleak air
Bites with an icy tooth: when summer has sear'd,
And autumn all discolour'd, laid all fallow,
Pleasure taken house and dwells within doors,
Then shall my towers smoke and comely show:
But when again the fresher morn appears,
And the soft spring renews her velvet head,

St. James's take my blest inhabitants,
For she can better entertain them then,
In larger grounds,[1] in park, sports, and delights:
Yet[2] a third season, with the western oars,
Calls up to Richmond, when the high-heated year
Is in her solsticy; then she affords
More sweeter-breathing air, more bounds, more pleasures;
The hounds' loud music to the flying stag,
The feather'd talenter[3] to the falling bird,
The bowman's twelve score prick[4] even at the door,
And to these I could add a hundred more.
Then let not us strive which shall be his homes,
But strive to give him welcome when he comes.

---

[1] Old ed. "In larger bounds, in Parke, sports, delights, and grounds."

[2] Old ed. "A third season yet."

[3] Hawk.—Talent was the old form of *talon*.

[4] "The marks to shoot at are three, butts, pricks, or rovers. The butt is a level mark, and therefore would have a strong arrow with a very broad feather; the *prick* is a mark of compass, yet certain in the distance, therefore would have nimble strong arrows with a middle feather all of one weight and flying; and the rover is a mark uncertain, sometimes long, sometimes short, and therefore must have arrows lighter or heavier, according to the distance of place."—Gervase Markham's *Country Contentments*, B. i. p. 108, ed. 1615. Twelve score yards seems to us moderns a long bow-shot. Drayton, celebrating the exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men (*Polyolbion*, Song xxvi.), writes—

"At marks full *forty score* they used to prick and rove."

Tradition says that Little John "would shoot an arrow a mile off or more" (Ritson's *Robin Hood*, ed. 1885, p. xxxiv.) Everybody remembers Justice Shallow's words about Old Double—"a' drew a good bow . . . a' shot a fine shoot . . . a' would have clapped i' the clout at *twelve score*; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and a fourteen and a half that it would have done a man's heart good to see."

Rich. By my troth, he shall be welcome to Richmond whensoever he comes.

St. Jam. And to St. James's, i'faith, at midnight.

Den.-H. Meantime 'tis fit I give him welcome hither;—

But first to you, my royal, royal'st guest,[1]
And I could wish your banquet were a feast;
Howe'er, your welcome is most bounteous,
Which, I beseech you, take as gracious.—
To you, my owner, master, and my lord,
Let me the second unto you afford,
And then from you to all; for it is you
That gives indeed what I but seem to do.
I was from ruin rais'd by a fair hand,
A royal hand; in that state let me stand
For ever now: to bounty I was bred,
My cups full brimm'd and my free tables spread
To hundreds daily, even without my door;
I had an open hand unto the poor,
I know I shall so still; then shall their prayers
Pass by the porter's keys, climb up each stairs,
And knit and joint my new re-edified frames,
That I shall able be to keep your names
Unto eternity: Denmark-House shall keep

[1] Dyce thinks the reference is to the King of Denmark, who was entertained at Denmark House (on his second visit) in 1614. But perhaps the "guest" is Queen Anne, to whose private use the palace was assigned.

Her high name now till Time doth fall asleep
And be no more. Meantime, welcome, welcome,
Heartily welcome! but chiefly you, great sir;
Whate'er lies in my power, command me all,
As freely as you were at your Whitehall. [*Exeunt.*

A COURTLY MASQUE, &c.

—o—

Enter a Soldier *and a* Scholar.

Scho. Soldier, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra! how is't? thou lookest as if thou hadst lost a field to-day.

Sol. No, but I have lost a day i' the field: if you take me a maunding[1] but where I am commanding, let 'em show me the House of Correction.

Scho. Why, thou wert not maunding, wert thou? there's martial danger in that, believe it.

Sol. No, sir; but I was bold to show myself to some of my old and familiar acquaintance, but being disguised with my wants, there's nobody knew me.

Scho. Faith, and that's the worst disguise a man can walk in; thou wert better have appeared drunk in good clothes, much better: there's no superfluities shame a man,—as to be over-brave,[2] over-bold, over-swearing, over-lying, over-whoring; these add still to his repute:

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[1] Begging.

[2] "Brave" = finely dressed.

'tis the poor indigence, the want, the lank deficiency,—as when a man cannot be brave, dares not be bold, is afraid to swear, wants maintenance for a lie, and money to give a whore a supper; this is *pauper cujus modicum non satis est:* nay, he shall never be rich with begging neither, which is another wonder, because many beggars are rich. 23

Sol. O *canina facundia!* this dog-eloquence of thine will make thee somewhat one day, scholar: couldst thou turn but this prose into rhyme, there were a pitiful living to be picked out of it.

Scho. I could make ballads for a need.

Sol. Very well, sir, and I'll warrant thee thou shalt never want subject to write of: one hangs himself to-day, another drowns himself to-morrow, a sergeant stabbed next day; here a pettifogger a' the pillory, a bawd in the cart's nose, and a pander in the tail; *hic mulier*, *hæc vir*, fashions, fictions, felonies, fooleries;—a hundred havens has the balladmonger to traffic at, and new ones still daily discovered. 36

Scho. Prithee, soldier, no further this way; I participate more of Heraclitus than Democritus; I could rather weep the sins of the people than sing 'em.

Sol. Shall I set thee down a course to live?

Scho. Faith, a coarse living, I think, must serve my turn; but why hast thou not found out thine own yet?

Sol. Tush, that's resolv'd on, beg; when there's use for me
I shall be brave again, hugg'd and belov'd:
We are like winter-garments, in the height

And [the] hot blood of summer, put off, thrown by
For moths' meat, never so much as thought on ;
Till the drum strikes up storms again, and then,
Come, my well-linèd soldier, (with valour,
Not valure,[1]) keep me warm ; O, I love thee !
We shall be trimm'd and very well brush'd then ;
If we be fac'd with fur 'tis tolerable,
For we may pillage then and steal our prey,
And not be hang'd for't ; when the least fingering
In peaceful summer chokes us. A soldier,
At the best, is even but the forlorn hope
Unto his country, sent desperately out,
And never more expected ; if he come,
Peace's war, perhaps, the law, providently
Has provided for him some house or lands,
May be suspens'd in wrangling controversy,
And he be hir'd to keep possession,
For there may be swords drawn ; he may become
The abject second to some stinking baily :
O, let him serve the pox first, and die a gentleman !
Come, I know my ends, but would fain provide for thee ;
Canst thou make ——

Scho. What ? I have no handicraft, man.

Sol. Cuckolds, make cuckolds ; 'tis a pretty trade
In a peaceful city ; 'tis women's work, man,
And they're good paymasters.

Scho. I dare not ; 'tis a work

[1] *i.e. velure*, velvet.

Of supererogation, and the church
Forbids it.
Sol. Prithee, what is Latin for
A cuckold, scholar? I could never learn yet.
Scho. Faith, the Latins have no proper word for it
That ever I read; *homo*, I take it, is the best,
Because it is a common name to all men.
Sol. You're mad fellows you scholars; I'm persuaded,
Were I a scholar now, I could not want.
Scho. Every man's most capable of his own grief:
A scholar said you? why, there are none now-a-days;
Were you a scholar, you'd be a singular fellow.
Sol. How, no scholars? what's become of 'em all?
Scho. I'll make it proof from your experience:
A commander's a commander, captain captain;
But having no soldiers, where's the command?
Such are we, all doctors, no disciples now;
Every man's his own teacher, none learns of others.
You have not heard of our mechanic rabbies,
That shall dispute in their own tongues backward and forward
With all the learnèd fathers of the Jews?
Sol. Mechanic rabbies? what might those be?
Scho. I'll show you, sir—
And they are men are daily to be seen—
There's rabbi Job a venerable silk-weaver,
Jehu a throwster[1] dwelling i' the Spitalfields,
There's rabbi Abimelech a learnèd cobbler,

[1] One that throws or winds silk (or thread).

Rabbi Lazarus a superstichious[1] tailor;
These shall hold up their shuttles, needles, awls,
Against the gravest Levite of the land,
And give no ground neither.[2]
Sol. That I believe;
They have no ground for any thing they do.
Scho. You understand right; and these men, by practique,
Have got the theory of all the arts
At their fingers' ends, and in that they'll live;
Howe'er they'll die I know not, for they change daily.
Sol. This is strange; how come they to attain this knowledge?
Scho. As boys learn arithmetic,—practice with counters,

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[1] So old ed.

[2] In *A new Sermon of the newest fashion . . . cut out and made up by Ananias Snip* (privately printed by Mr. C. H. Daniel from a MS. in Worcester College) the presumption of illiterate Puritan preachers is amusingly ridiculed:—"Heretofore wisdom and learning, arts and languages, were thought necessary things for a preacher, as being not able truly to understand the word without them. But now there is nothing but the instinct of the spirit looked for, learning and arts being hist at and exploded, so that now we who are but simple mechanics, cobblers, weavers, and coachmen, who know not a letter in the book can by the pretence of the instinct of the spirit, preach and expound to[o]; yea and with more applause (and that of some great ones too) than those which are so learned. Lastly, heretofore he was accounted the best preacher who could speak the best sense and show most reading and learning in his sermon; but now he that can screw his body into most several postures, make most ridiculous faces, hath the best activity in turning up the whites of his eyes, and can speak most organically through the nose, talk nonsense the most lamentably and treason the [most] confidently and loud,—he is the only man of the time, he is the only able man."

To reckon sums of silver; so, with their tools,
They come to grammar, logic, rhetoric,
And all the sciences; as, for example,
The devout weaver sits within his loom,
And thus he makes a learnèd syllogism,—
His woof the major and his warp the minor,
His shuttle then the brain and firm conclusion,
Makes him a piece of stuff that Aristotle,
Ramus, nor all the logicians can take a' pieces.
Sol. This has some likelihood.
Scho. So likewise, by
His deep instructive and his mystic tools,
The tailor comes to be rhetorical:
First, on the spread velvet, satin, stuff, or cloth,
He chalks out a circumferent periphrase,[1]
That goes about the bush where the thief stands;
Then comes his shears in shape of an eclipsis,
And takes away the t'other's too long tail;
By his needle he understands ironia,
That with one eye looks two ways at once;
Metonymia ever at his fingers' ends;
Some call his pickadill[2] synecdoche,
But I think rather that should be his yard,
Being but *pars pro toto;* and by metaphor
All know the cellaridge under the shop-board
He calls his hell,[3] not that it is a place

[1] Old ed. "Paraphrase."

[2] The implement used by the tailor in making the *pickadill* (a kind of stiff collar).

[3] Old writers constantly make jocular allusions to the tailor's "hell"

Of spirits' abode, but that from that abyss
Is no recovery or redemption
To any owner's hand, whatever falls.
I could run further, were't not tedious,
And place the stiff-toed cobbler in his form:
But let them mend themselves, for yet all's naught,
They now learn only never to be taught.

Sol. Let them alone; how shall we learn to live?

Scho. Without book is most perfect, for with 'em
We shall hardly: thou may'st keep a fence-school,
'Tis a noble science.

Sol. I had rather be i' the crown-office:
Thou mayest keep school too, and do good service,
To bring up children for the next age better.

Scho. 'Tis a poor living that's pick'd out of boys' buttocks.

Sol. 'Tis somewhat better than the night-farmer[1] yet. [*Music.*
Hark, what sounds are these?

PALLAS *descends.*

Scho. Ha! there's somewhat more;
There is in sight a glorious presence,
A presence more than human.

—the hole under the shop-board where he concealed odd pieces of cloth. Overbury in his character of *A Tailor* writes:—"He differeth altogether from God, for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast down into hell."

[1] In Lupton's *London and the Country Carbonadoed*, 1632, there is an amusing account of the "Scavengers and Goldfinders."

Sol. An amazing one!
Scholar, if ever thou couldst conjure, speak now.
Scho. In name of all the deities, what art thou?
Thy shine is more than sub-celestial,
'Tis at the least heavenly-angelical.
Pal. A patroness unto ye both, ye ignorant
And undeserving favourites of my fame.—
You are a soldier?
Sol. Since these arms could wield arms,
I have profess'd it, brightest deity.
Pal. To thee I am Bellona.—You are a scholar?
Scho. In that poor pilgrimage, since I could go,
I hitherto have walk'd.
Pal. To thee I am Minerva;
Pallas to both, goddess of arts and arms,
Of arms and arts, for neither have precedence,
For he's the complete man partakes of both,
The soul of arts join'd with the flesh of valour,
And he alone participates with me:
Thou art no soldier unless a scholar,
Nor thou a scholar unless a soldier.
Ye've noble breedings both, worthy foundations,
And will ye build up rotten battlements
On such fair groundsels? that will ruin all.
Lay wisdom on thy valour, on thy wisdom valour,
For these are mutual co-incidents.—
What seeks the soldier?
Sol. My maintenance.
Pal. Lay by thine arms and take the city then,

There's the full cup and cap of maintenance.—
And your grief is want too?
Scho. I want all but grief.
Pal. No, you want most what most you do profess:
Where read you to be rich was happiest?
He had no bay from Phœbus, nor from me,
That ever wrote so, no Minerva in him;
My priests have taught that poverty is safe,
Sweet and secure, for nature gives man nothing
At his birth; when life and earth are wedded,
There's neither basin held nor dowry given;
At parting nor is any garner stor'd,
Wardrobe or warehouse kept, for their return:
Wherefore shall, then, man count his myriads
Of gold and silver idols, since thrifty nature
Will nothing lend but she will have't again,
And life and labour for her interest?
My priests do teach,—seek thou thyself within,
Make thy mind wealthy, thy conscience knowing,[1]
And those shall keep thee company from hence.
Or would you wish to emulate the gods,
Live, as you may imagine, careless and free,
With joys and pleasures crown'd, and those eternal?
This were to far exceed 'em; for while earth lasts,
The deities themselves abate their fulness,
Troubled with cries of ne'er-contented man;

[1] "Conscience knowing."—Old ed. "knowing conscience."

Man [1] then to seek and find it; all that hope
Fled when Pandora's fatal box flew ope.
Sol. Lady divine,[2] there's yet a competence
Which we come short of.
Pal. That may as well be caus'd
From your own negligence as our slow blessings;
But I'll prefer you to a greater power,
Even Jupiter himself, father and king of gods,
With whom I may well join in just complaint.
These latter ages have despoil'd my fame;
Minerva's altars are all ruin'd now:
I had a long-ador'd Palladium,
Offerings and incense fuming on my shrine;
Rome held me dear, and old Troy gave me worship,
All Greece renown'd me, till the Ida-prize
Join'd me with wrathful Juno to destroy 'em,
For we are better ruin'd than profan'd:
Now let the latter ages count the gains
They got by wanton Venus' sacrifice;
But I'll invoke great Jupiter.
Scho. Do, goddess,
And re-erect the ruins of thy fame,
For poesy can do it.
Pal. Altitonant,
Imperial-crown'd, and thunder-armèd Jove,
Unfold thy fiery veil, the flaming robe
And superficies of thy better brightness;

[1] There is some corruption here: the word "man" has been repeated from the previous line.—Quy. "*Vain* then to seek *to* find it?"
[2] "Lady divine."—Old ed. "Diuine Lady."

Descend from thine orbicular chariot,
Listen the plaints of thy poor votaries!
Tis Pallas calls, thy daughter, Jupiter,
Ta'en from thee by the Lemnian Mulciber,
A midwife-god to the delivery
Of thy most sacred, fertile, teeming brain.—[*Music.*
Hark!
These sounds proclaim his willing sweet descent;
If not full blessings, expect some content.

JUPITER *descends.*

Jup. What would our daughter?
Pal. Just-judging Jove,
Y-meditate[1] the suit of humble mortals,
By whose large sceptre all their fates are sway'd,
Adverse or auspicious.
Jup. 'Tis more than Jupiter
Can do to please 'em: unsatisfied man
Has in his ends no end; not hell's abyss
Is deeper-gulf'd than greedy avarice;
Ambition finds no mountain high enough
For his aspiring foot to stand upon:
One drinks out all his blessings into surfeits,
Another throws 'em out as all were his,
And the gods bound for prodigal supply:
What is he lives content in any kind?
That long-incensèd nature is now ready
To turn all back into the fruitless chaos.

[1] "The right reading, I presume: old ed. 'I meditate.'"—*Dyce.*

Pal. These are two noble virtues, my dread sire,
Both arts and arms, well-wishers unto Pallas.
Jup. How can it be but they have both abus'd,
And would, for their ills, make our justice guilty?
Show them their shames, Minerva; what the young world,
In her unstable youth, did then produce;
She should grow graver now, more sage, more wise,
Know concord and the harmony of goodness;
But if her old age strike with harsher notes,
We may then think she is too old, and dotes.
Strike, by white art, a theomantic power,
Magic divine—not the devil's horror,
But the delicious music of the spheres—
The thrice-three Worthies summon back to life;
There let 'em see what arts and arms commixt—
For they had both—did in the world's broad face;
Those that did propagate and beget their fames,
And for posterity left lasting names.
Pal. I shall, great Jupiter.

[*Music, and this Song as an invocation to the* Nine Muses, *who, in the time, are discovered, with the* Nine Worthies, *on the upper-stage: toward the conclusion they descend, each* Worthy *led by a* Muse, *the most proper and pertinent to the person of the* Worthy, *as* TERPSICHORE *with* DAVID, URANIA *with* JOSHUA, *&c.*

The First Song.

Muses, usher in those states,[1]
And amongst 'em choose your mates;

[1] Personages of high rank.

There wants not one, nor one to spare,
For thrice three both your numbers are:
Learning's mistress, fair Calliope,
Loud Euterpe, sweet Terpsichore,
Soft Thalia, sad Melpomene,
Pleasant Clio, large Erato,
High aspiring-ey'd Urania,
Honey-lingued Polyhymnia,
Leave awhile your Thespian springs,
And usher in those more than kings;
We call them Worthies, 'tis their due,
Though long time dead, still live by you.

[*Enter at the three several doors the* Nine Worthies, *three after three, whom, as they enter,* PALLAS *describes.*

Pal. These three were Hebrews;
This noble duke[1] was he at whose command
Hyperion rein'd his fiery coursers in,
And fixèd stood over Mount Gilboa;
This Mattathias' son,[2] the Maccabee,
Under whose arm no less than worthies fell;
This the most sweet and sacred psalmograph:[3]
These, of another sort, of much less knowledge,
Little less valour, a Macedonian born,[4]
Whom afterwards the world could scarcely bear
For his great weight in conquest; this Troy's best soldier,[5]

[1] Leader, commander. [2] Judas Maccabæus.
[3] King David. [4] Alexander the Great. [5] Hector.

This Rome's first Cæsar: these three, of latter times,
And to the present more familiar,
Great Charles of France[1] and the brave Bulloin duke;[2]
And this is Britain's glory,[3] king'd thirteen times.—
Ye've fair aspècts: more to express Jove's power,
Show you have motion for a jovial hour.
[*The* Nine Worthies *dance, and then exeunt.*
Jup. Were not these precedents for all future ages?
Scho. But none attains their glories, king of stars;
These are the fames are follow'd and pursu'd,
But never overtaken.
Jup. The fate's below,[4]
The gods' arms are not shorten'd, nor do we shine
With fainter influence: who conquers now
Makes it his tyrant's prize, and not his honour's,
Abusing all the blessings of the gods;
Learnings and arts are theories, no practiques,
To understand is all they study to;
Men strive to know too much, too little do.
Sol. Plaints are not ours alone, great Jupiter;

Enter TIME.

See, Time himself comes weeping.
Time. Who has more cause?
Who more wrong'd than Time? Time passes all men

[1] Charlemagne. [2] Godfrey of Bouillon. [3] Arthur.
[4] Quy. "The Fates bestow?" (*i.e.* the Fates are as bountiful as in former days).

With a regardless eye at best; the worst
Expect him with a greedy appetite;
The landed lord looks for his quarter-day,
The big-bellied usurer for his teeming gold,
That brings him forth the child of interest,
He that, beyond the bounds of heaven's large blessing,
Hath made a fruitless creature to increase,
Dull earthen minerals to propagate;
These only do expect and entertain me,
But being come, they bend their plodding heads,
And while they count their bags they let me pass,
Yet instant wish me come about again:
Would Time deserve their thanks, or Jove their praise,
He must turn time only to quarter-days.
O, but my wrongs they are innumerable!
The lawyer drives me off from term to term,
Bids me—and I do't—bring forth my Alethe,
My poor child Truth, he sees and will not see her;
What I could manifest in one clear day,
He still delays a cloudy jubilee:
The prodigal wastes and makes me sick with surfeits;
The drunkard, strong in wine, trips up my heels,
And sets me topsy-turvy on my head,
Waking my silent passage in the night
With revels, noise, and thunder-clapping oaths,
And snorting on my bright meridian;
And when they think I pass too slowly by,
They have a new-found vapour to expel me,
They smoke me out: ask 'em but why they do't,
And he that worst can speak yet this can say,

I take this whiff to drive the time away.
O, but the worst of all, women do hate me!
I cannot set impression on their cheeks
With all my circular hours, days, months, and years,
But 'tis wip'd off with gloss and pencilry;
Nothing so hateful as gray hairs and time,
Rather no hair at all. 'Tis sin's autumn now
For those fair trees that were more fairer cropt,
Or they fall of themselves, or will be lopt:
Even Time itself, to number all his griefs,
Would waste himself unto his ending date.
How many would eternity wish here,
And that the sun, and time, and age, might stand,
And leave their annual distinction,—
That nature were bed-rid, all motion sleep!
Time having then such foes, has cause to weep.—[*Exit.*
Redress it, Jupiter.

Jup. I tell thee, glorious daughter, and you, things
Shut up in wretchedness, the world knew once
His age of happiness, blessèd times own'd him,
Till those two ugly ills, Deceit and Pride,
Made it a perish'd substance. Pride brought in
Forgetfulness of goodness, merit, virtue,
And plac'd ridiculous officers in life,
Vain-glory, fashion, humour, and such toys,
That shame to be produc'd;
The frenzy of apparel, that's run mad,
And knows not where to settle: masculine painting,
And the five Starches, mocking the five senses,
All in their different and ridiculous colours;

Which, for their apish and fantastic follies,
I summon to make odious, and will fit 'em
With flames of their own colours.

[*Music striking up a light fantastic air, the* Five Starches, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, *and* Red, *all properly habited to express their affected colours,*[1] *come dancing in; and after a ridiculous strain,* White Starch *challenging precedency, standing upon her right by antiquity out of her just anger presents their pride to them.*

White S. What, no respect amongst you? must I wake you
In your forgetful duties? jet before me!
Take place of me?—You, rude, presumptuous gossip,
Pray, who am I! not I the primitive Starch?
You, blue-ey'd frokin,[2] looks like fire and brimstone;—
You, caudle-colour, much of the complexion
Of high Shrove-Tuesday batter, yellow-hammer;—
And you, my tanzy-face, that shows like pride
Serv'd up in sorrel-sops, green-sickness baggage;—
And last, thou Red Starch, that wear'st all thy blushes
Under thy cheeks, looks like a strangled moon-calf,[3]
With all thy blood settled about thy neck,
The ensign of thy shame, if thou hadst any,—
Know I'm Starch Protestant, thou Starch Puritan
With the blue nostril, whose tongue lies i' thy nose.

Blue S. Wicked interpretation!

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[1] "Affected colours"=the colours which they like.
[2] Little *fro*,—young minx.
[3] A false conception, imperfectly formed fœtus.

Yel. S. I ha' known
A white-fac'd hypocrite, lady sanctity—
A yellow ne'er came near her—and sh'as been
A citizen's wife too, starch'd like innocence,
But the devil's pranks not uglier: in her mind
Wears yellow, hugs it, if her husband's trade
Could bear it, there's the spite: but since she cannot
Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shows
Her love to't, and makes him wear yellow[1] hose.
I am as stiff i' my opinion
As any Starch amongst you.
Green S. I as you.
Red S. And I as any.
Blue S. I scorn to come behind.
Yel. S. Then conclude thus:
When all men's several censures, all the arguments
The world can bring upon us, are applied,
The sin's not i' the colour, but the pride.
The other Starches. Oracle Yellow!
[*The* Starches *dance and exeunt.*
Jup. These are the youngest daughters of Deceit,
With which the precious time of life's beguil'd,
Fool'd, and abus'd; I'll show you straight their father,
His shapes, his labours, that has vex'd the world
From age to age,
And tost it from his first and simple state
To the foul centre where it now abides:

[1] The colour of jealousy.

Look back but into times, here shall be shown
How many strange removes the world has known.

[*Loud music sounding,* JUPITER *leaves his state,*[1] *and to show the strange removes of the world, places the orb whose figure it bears in the midst of the stage; to which* SIMPLICITY, *by order of time having first access, enters.*

Pal. Who's this, great Jupiter?

Jup. Simplicity,
He that had first possession; one that stumbled
Upon the world and never minded it.

Sim. Hah, hah! I'll go see how the world looks since I stept aside from't; there's such heaving and shoving about it, such toiling and moiling;—now I stumbled upon't when I least thought on't. [*Takes up the orb.*] Uds me! 'tis altered of one side since I left it: hah, there's a milkmaid got with child since, methinks; what, and a shepherd forsworn himself? here's a foul corner: by this light, Subtlety has laid an egg too, and will go nigh to hatch a lawyer; this was well foreseen, I'll mar the fashion on't; so, the egg's broke, and 't has a yolk as black as buckram. What's here a' this side? O, a dainty world! here's one a-sealing with his tooth, and, poor man, he has but one in all; I was afraid he would have left it upon the paper, he was so honestly earnest. Here are the reapers singing, I'll lay mine ear to 'em.

[1] Throne.

Enter DECEIT, *like a* Ranger.

Deceit. Yonder's Simplicity, whom I hate deadly,
Has held the world too long; he's but a fool,
A toy will cozen him: if I once fasten on't,
I'll make it such a nursery for hell,
Planting black souls in't, it shall ne'er be fit
For Honesty to set her simples in. [*Aside.*

Sim. Whoop, here's the cozening'st rascal in a kingdom!
The master-villain; has the thunder's property,
For if he come but near the harvest-folks,
His breath's so strong that he sours all their bottles.
If he should but blow upon the world now, the stain would never get out again; I warrant, if he were ript, one might find a swarm of usurers in his liver, a cluster of scriveners in his kidneys, and his very puddings stuft with bailiffs. [*Aside.*

Dec. I must speak fair to the fool. [*Aside.*

Sim. He makes more near me. [*Aside.*

Dec. 'Las, who has put that load, that carriage,
On poor Simplicity? had they no mercy?
Pretty, kind, loving worm; come, let me help it.

Sim. Keep off, and leave your cogging.[1]—Foh, how abominably he smells of controversies, schisms, and factions! methinks I smell forty religions together in him, and ne'er a good one; his eyes look like false lights, cozening trap-windows. [*Aside.*

[1] Wheedling.

Dec. The world, sweetheart, is full of cares and troubles,
No match for thee; thou art a tender thing,
A harmless, quiet thing, a gentle fool,
Fit for the fellowship of ewes and rams;
Go, take thine ease and pipe; give me the burden,
The clog, the torment, the heart-break, the world:
Here's for thee, lamb, a dainty oaten pipe.
[*Offers a pipe.*

Sim. Pox a' your pipe! if I should dance after your pipe, I should soon dance to the devil.

Dec. I think some serpent, sure, has lick'd him over,
And given him only craft enough to keep,
And go no further with him; all the rest
Is innocence about him, truth and bluntness.
I must seek other course; for I have learn'd
Of my infernal sire not to be lazy,
Faint, or discourag'd, at the tenth repulse:
Methinks that world Simplicity now hugs fast,
Does look as if't should be Deceit's at last.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sim. So, so, I'm glad he's vanished: methought I had much ado to keep myself from a smatch of knavery, as long as he stood by me; for certainly villany is infectious, and in the greater person the greater poison; as, for example, he that takes but the tick of a citizen may take the scab of a courtier. Hark, the reapers begin to sing! they're come nearer, methinks, too.

The Second Song.

Happy times we live to see,
Whose master is Simplicity;
This is the age where blessings flow,
In joy we reap, in peace we sow;
We do good deeds without delay,
We promise and we keep our day;
We love for virtue, not for wealth,
We drink no healths, but all for health;
We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,
Our work's continual holyday;
We live in poor contented sort,
Yet neither beg nor come at court.

Sim. These reapers have the merriest lives! they have music to all they do; they'll sow with a tabor, and get children with a pipe.

Enter a King *with* DECEIT.

Dec. Sir, he's a fool, the world belongs to you;
You're mighty in your worth and your command,
You know to govern, form, make laws, and take
Their sweet and precious penalty; it befits
A mightiness like yours: the world was made
For such a lord as you, so absolute
A majesty in all princely nobleness,
As yourself is: but to lie useless now,
Rusty or lazy, in a fool's pre-eminence,
It is not for a glorious worth to suffer;

King. Thou'st said enough.
Dec. Now my hope ripens fairly. [*Aside.*
Sim. Here's a brave glistering thing looks me i' the face,
I know not what to say to't. [*Aside.*
King. What's thy name?
Sim. You may read it in my looks, Simplicity.
King. What mak'st thou with so great a charge about thee?
Resign it up to me, and be my fool.
Sim. Troth, that's the way to be your fool indeed;
But shall I have the privilege to fool freely?
King. As ever folly had.
[SIMPLICITY *gives the orb to* King.
Sim. I'm glad I'm rid on't.
Dec. Pray, let me ease your majesty.
King. Thou? hence,
Base sycophant, insinuating hell-hound!
Lay not a finger on it, as thou lov'st
The state of thy whole body: all thy filthy
And rotten flatteries stink i' my remembrance,
And nothing is so loathsome as thy presence.
Sim. Sure this will prove a good prince! [*Aside.*
Dec. Still repuls'd?
I must find ground to thrive on. [*Aside, and exit.*
Sim. Pray, remember now
You had the world from me clean as a pick,
Only a litttle smutted a' one side
With a bastard got against it, or such a toy;

No great corruption nor oppression in't,
No knavery, tricks, nor cozenage.
King. Thou say'st true, fool; the world has a clear water.
Sim. Make as few laws as you can then to trouble it,
The fewer the better; for always the more laws you make,
The more knaves thrive by't, mark it when you will.
King. Thou'st counsel i' thee too!
Sim. A little, 'gainst knavery; I'm such an enemy to't,
That it comes naturally from me to confound it.
King. Look, what are those?
Sim. Tents, tents; that part o' the world
Shows like a fair; but, pray, take notice on't,
There's not a bawdy booth amongst 'em all;
You have 'em white and honest as I had 'em,
Look that your laundresses pollute 'em not.
King. How pleasantly the countries lie about,
Of which we are sole lord! What's that i' the middle?
Sim. Looks like a point, you mean, a very prick?
King. Ay, that, that.
Sim. 'Tis the beginning of Amsterdam: they say the first brick there was laid with fresh cheese and cream, because mortar made of lime and hair was wicked and committed fornication.
King. Peace; who are these approaching?
Sim. Blustering fellows:
The first's a soldier, he looks just like March.

Enter a Land-Captain, *with* DECEIT *as a soldier.*

Dec. Captain, 'tis you that have the bloody sweats,
You venture life and limbs; 'tis you that taste
The stings of thirst and hunger.
L.-Cap. There thou hast nam'd
Afflictions sharper than the enemy's swords.
Dec. Yet lets another carry away the world,
Of which by right you are the only master;
Stand curtsying for your pay at your return—
Perhaps with wooden legs—to every groom,
That dares not look full right upon a sword,
Nor upon any wound or slit of honour.
L.-Cap. No more; I'll be myself: I that uphold
Countries and kingdoms, must I halt downright,
And be propt up with part of mine own strength,
The least part too? why, have not I the power
To make myself stand absolute of myself,
That keep up others?
King. How cheers our noble captain?
L.-Cap. Our own captain,
No more a hireling: your great foe's at hand,
Seek your defence elsewhere, for mine shall fail you;
I'll not be fellow-yok'd with death and danger
All my life-time, and have the world kept from me;
March in the heat of summer in a bath,
A furnace girt about me, and in that agony,
With so much fire within me, forc'd to wade
Through a cool river, practising in life
The very pains of hell, now scorch'd, now shivering,

To call diseases early into my bones,
Before I've age enough to entertain 'em:
No, he that has desire to keep the world,
Let him e'en take the sour pains to defend it.
King. Stay, man of merit, it belongs to thee,
[*Gives the orb to* Land-Captain.
I cheerfully resign it; all my ambition
Is but the quiet calm of peaceful days,
And that fair good I know thy arm will raise.
L.-Cap. Though now an absolute master, yet to thee
Ever a faithful servant. [*Exit* King.
Dec. Give't me, sir, to lay up; I am your treasurer
In a poor kind.
L.-Cap. In a false kind, I grant thee:
How many vild[1] complaints, from time to time,
Has been put up against thee? they have wearied me
More than a battle sixteen hours a-fighting;
I've heard the ragged regiment so curse thee,
I look'd next day for leprosy upon thee,
Or puffs of pestilence as big as wens,
When thou wouldst drop asunder like a thing
Inwardly eaten, thy skin only whole:
Avaunt, defrauder of poor soldiers' rights,
Camp-caterpillar, hence! or I will send thee
To make their rage a breakfast.
Dec. Is it possible?
Can I yet set no footing in the world?
I'm angry, but not weary: I'll hunt out still;

[1] Vile.

For, being Deceit, I bear the devil's name,
And he's known seldom to give o'er his game.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sim. Troth, now the world begins to be in hucksters' handling: by this light, the booths are full of cutlers! and yonder's two or three queans going to victual the camp: hah! would I were whipt, if yonder be not a parson's daughter with a soldier between her legs, bag and baggage!

Sol. Now 'tis the soldier's time; great Jupiter,
Now give me leave to enter on my fortunes,
The world's our own.

Jup. Stay, beguil'd thing: this time
Is many ages discrepant from thine;
This was the season when desert was stoopt to,
By greatness stoopt to, and acknowledg'd greatest;
But in thy time now desert stoops itself
To every baseness, and makes saints of shadows:
Be patient, and observe how times are wrought,
Till it comes down to thine, that rewards nought.

[*Chambers*[1] *shot off within.*

L.-Cap. } Hah! what's the news?
Sim., &c. }

Enter a Sea-Captain, *with* DECEIT *as a purser.*

S.-Cap. Be ready, if I call, to give fire to the ordnance.
Sim. Bless us all! here's one spits fire as he comes;

---

[1] Small pieces of ordnance.

he will go nigh to mull the world with looking on it: how his eyes sparkle!

Dec. Shall the Land-Captain, sir, usurp your right?
Yours, that try thousand dangers to his one,
Rocks, shelves, gulfs, quicksands, hundred, hundred horrors,
That makes the landmen tremble when they're told,
Besides the enemy's encounter?

S.-Cap. Peace,
Purser, no more; I'm vex'd, I'm kindled.—You,
Land-Captain, quick deliver.

L.-Cap. Proud salt-rover,
Thou hast the salutation of a thief.

S.-Cap. Deliver, or I'll thunder thee a-pieces,
Make night within this hour, e'en at high noon,
Belch'd from the cannon: dar'st expostulate
With me? my fury? what's thy merit, land-worm,
That mine not centuples?
Thy lazy marches and safe-footed battles
Are but like dangerous dreams to my encounters;
Why, every minute the deep gapes for me,
Beside the fiery throats of the loud fight;
When we go to't and our fell ordnance play,
'Tis like the figure of a latter day:
Let me but give the word, night begins now,
Thy breath and prize both beaten from thy body:
How dar'st thou be so slow? not yet? then——

L.-Cap. Hold! [*Gives the orb to* Sea-Captain.

Dec. I knew 'twould come at last. [*Aside.*

S.-Cap. For this resign,
Part thou shalt have still, but the greatest mine;
Only to us belongs the golden sway;
Th' Indies load us, thou liv'st but by thy pay.
Dec. And shall your purser help you?
S.-Cap. No, in sooth, sir:
Coward and cozener, how many sea-battles
Hast thou compounded to be cabled up?
Yet, when the fights were ended, who so ready
To cast sick soldiers and dismember'd wretches
Over-board instantly, crying, Away
With things without arms! 'tis an ugly sight;
When, troth, thine own should have been off by right;
But thou lay'st safe within a wall of hemp,
Telling the guns, and numbering 'em with farting.
Leave me, and speedily; I'll have thee ramm'd
Into a culverin else, and thy rear[1] flesh
Shot all into poach'd eggs.
Dec. I will not leave yet:
Destruction plays in me such pleasant strains,
That I would purchase it with any pains.
[*Aside, and exit.*
S.-Cap. The motion's[2] worthy: I will join with thee,
Both to defend and enrich majesty.
Sim. Hoyday! I can see nothing now for ships;
Hark a' the mariners!

[1] Raw. [2] Proposal.

The Third Song.

Hey, the world's ours, we have got the time by chance;
Let us then carouse and sing, for the very house doth skip and dance
That we do now live in:
We have the merriest lives,
We have the fruitfull'st wives
Of all men;
We never yet came home,
But the first hour we come
We find them all with child agen.
[*A shout within: enter two* Mariners *with pipe and can, dancing severally by turns for joy the world is come into their hands; then exeunt.*

Sim. What a crew of mad rascals are these! they're ready at every can to fall into the haddocks' mouths: the world begins to love lap now. 682

Enter a Flamen, *with* DECEIT *like a* ——.[1]

Flam. Peace and the brightness of a holy love
Reflect their beauties on you!

S.-Cap. Who is this?

L.-Cap. A reverend shape!

S.-Cap. Some scholar.

L.-Cap. A divine one!

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[1] "*a* ——." So old ed.

S.-Cap. He may be what he will for me, fellow-captain,
For I've seen no church these five-and-twenty years,—
I mean, as people ought to see it, inwardly.
Flam. I have a virtuous sorrow for you, sir,
And 'tis my special duty to weep for you;
For to enjoy one world as you do there,
And be forgetful of another, sir—
O, of a better millions of degrees!—
It is a frailty and infirmity
That many tears must go for,—all too little.
What is't to be the lord of many battles,
And suffer to be overrun within you?
Abroad to conquer, and be slaves at home?
Remember there's a battle to be fought,
Which will undo you if it be not thought;
And you must leave that world, leave it betimes,
That reformation may weep off the crimes:
There's no indulgent hand the world should hold,
But a strict grasp, for making sin so bold;
We should be careless of it, and not fond;
Of things so held there is the best command.
S.-Cap. Grave sir, I give thy words their deserv'd honour,
And to thy sacred charge freely resign
All that my fortune and the age made mine.
[*Gives the orb to* Flamen.
Sim. If the world be not good now, 'twill ne'er be good,
There's no hope on't.

Dec. I have my wishes here. [*Aside.*]—My sanctified patron,
I'll first fill all the chests i' the vestry; then
There is a secret vault for great men's legacies.
Flam. Art not confounded yet, struck blind or crippled,
For thy abusive thought, thou horrid hypocrite?
Are these the fruits of thy long orisons,
Three hours together; of thy nine lectures[1] weekly,
Thy swooning at the hearing of an oath,
Scarce to be fetch'd again? Away, depart,
Thou white-fac'd devil, author of heresy,
Schisms, factions, controversies! now I know thee
To be Deceit itself, wrought in by simony,
To blow corruption upon sacred virtue.
Dec. I made myself sure here: church fail me too!
I thought it mere impossible, by all reason,
Since there's so large a bridge to walk upon
'Twixt negligence and superstition:
Where could one better piece up a full vice?
One service lazy, t'other over-nice;
There had been 'twixt ['em] room enough for me;
I will take root, or run through each degree.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sim. Whoop, here's an alteration! by this hand, the ships are all turned to steeples, and the bells ring for joy, as if they would shake down the pinnacles. How? the masons are at work yonder, the freemasons; I swear

[1] The Puritan term for *sermons*.

it's a free time for them: hah! there's one building of a chapel of ease; O, he's loath to take the pains to go to church: why, will he have it in's house, when the proverb says, The devil's at home? These great rich men must take their ease i' their inn:[1] they'll walk you a long mile or two to get a stomach for their victuals, but not a piece of a furlong to get an appetite to their prayers. [*Flourish.* 744

Re-enter King *with a* Lawyer, *and* DECEIT *as a pettifogger.*

Law. No more, the case is clear.
Sim. 'Slid, who have we here?
Law. He that pleads for the world must fall to his business
Roundly.—Most gracious and illustrious prince,
Thus stands the case,—the world in Greek is *cosmos*,
In Latin *mundus*, in law-French *la* [*sic*] *monde;*
We leave the Greek, and come to the law-French, 750
Or glide upon the Latin; all's one business:
Then *unde mundus?* shall we come to that?
Nonne derivatur a munditia?
The word cleanness, *mundus quasi mundus*, clean;
And what can cleanse or mundify the world
Better than law, the clearer of all cases,
The sovereign pill, or potion, that expels

---

1 "Take their ease i' their inn."—An old proverb: see notes of the commentators on 1 *Henry IV.* iii. 3 ("Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?").

All poisonous, rotten, and infectious wrongs
From the vex'd bosom of the commonwealth?
There's a familiar phrase implies thus much—
I'll put you to your purgation,—that is,
The law shall cleanse you. Can the sick world then,
Tost up and down from time to time, repose itself
In a physician's hand better improv'd?
Upon my life and reputation,
In all the courts I come at, be assur'd
I'll make it clean.

Sim. Yes, clean away, I warrant you;
We shall ne'er see't again.

Law. I grant my pills are bitter, ay, and costly,
But their effects are rare, divine, and wholesome;
There's an *Excommunicato capiendo*,
Capias post K, and an *Ne exeat regno:*
I grant there's bitter egrimony [1] in 'em,
And antimony—I put money in all still,
And it works preciously: who ejects injuries,
Makes 'em belch forth in vomit, but the law?
Who clears the widow's case, and after gets her,
If she be wealthy, but the advocate?
Then, to conclude,
If you'll have *mundus a mundo* clean, firm,
Give him to me, I'll scour him every term.

Flam. I part with't gladly, take't into thy trust,
[*Gives the orb to* Lawyer.
So will it thrive as thy intent is just.

---

[1] "Used here with a quibble; an old form of (the herb) *agrimony*, and also—sorrow. (Lat. *ægrimonia.*)"—*Dyce.*

Dec. Pity your trampler,[1] sir, your poor solicitor.
Law. Thee? infamy to our profession,
Which, without wrong to truth, next the divine one,
Is the most grave and honourable function
That gives a kingdom blest: but thou, the poison,
Disease that grows close to the heart of law,
And mak'st rash censurers think the sound part perish'd;
Thou foul eclipse, that, interposing equity,
As the dark earth the moon, mak'st the world judge
That blackness and corruption have possess'd
The silver shine of justice, when 'tis only
The smoke ascending from thy poisonous ways,
Cozenage, demurs, and fifteen-term delays:
Yet hold thee, take the muck on't, that's thine own,
The devil and all; but the fair fame and honour
Of righteous actions, good men's prayers and wishes,
Which is that glorious portion of the world
The noble lawyer strives for,—that thy bribery,
Thy double-handed gripe, shall never reach to:
With fat and filthy gain thy lust may feast,
But poor men's curses beat thee from the rest.
Dec. I'll feed upon the muck on't, that awhile
Shall satisfy my longings; wealth is known
The absolute step to all promotion.
King. Let this be call'd the sphere of harmony,
In which, being met, let's all move mutually.
Law.
Flam., &c. } Fair love is i' the motion, kingly love!

[1] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 264.

[*In this last dance, as an ease to memory, all the former removes come close together; the* DEVIL *entering, aims with* DECEIT *at the world; but the world remaining now in the* Lawyer's *possession, he, expressing his reverend and noble acknowledgment to the absolute power of majesty, resigns it loyally to its royal government; Majesty to Valour, Valour to Law again, Law to Religion, Religion to Sovereignty, where it firmly and fairly settles, the Law confounding* DECEIT, *and the Church the* DEVIL.

Flam. Times suffer changes, and the world has been
Vex'd with removes; but when his glorious peace
Firmly and fairly settles, here's his place,
Truth his defence, and majesty his grace.—
We all acknowledge it belongs to you.

Law.
S.-Cap., &c. } Only to you, sir.

[*They all deliver the orb up to the* King.

Flam. Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis,
Which shows,
That if the world form itself by the king,
'Tis fit the former should command the thing.

Dec. This is no place for us.

Devil. Depart, away!
I thought all these had been corrupted evils,
No court of virtues, but a guard of devils.

[*Exeunt* DECEIT *and the* DEVIL.

King. How blest am I in subjects! here are those
That make all kingdoms happy,—worthy Soldier,

Fair Churchman, and thou, uncorrupted Lawyer,
Virtue's great miracle, that hast redeem'd
All justice from her ignominious name.

Sim. You forget me, sir.

King. What, Simplicity!
Who thinks of virtue cannot forget thee.

Sim. Ay, marry, my masters, now it looks like a brave world indeed: how civilly[1] those fair ladies go yonder! by this hand, they are neither trimmed, nor trussed, nor poniarded;[2] wonderment! O, yonder's a knot of fine, sharp-needle-bearded gallants,[3] but that they wear stammel[4] cloaks, methinks, instead of scarlet: 'slid, what's he that carries out two custards now under the porter's long nose? O, he leaves a bottle of wine i' the lodge, and all's pacified; cry mercy.

King. Continue but thus watchful o'er yourselves,
That the great cunning enemies, Deceit,
And his too-mighty lord, beguile you not,
And you're the precious ornaments of state,
The glories of the world, fellows to virtues,

---

[1] Simply attired.

[2] "Poniards, or, as they were generally called, knives, were formerly, says Gifford, 'worn at all times by every woman in England.' See note on B. Jonson's *Works* [v. 207-8, 1875]."—*Dyce.* Gifford's statement is too strong.

[3] Motto, the barber, in Lilly's *Midas*, iii. 2, says to his boy:—"Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation, as, 'How, sir, will you be trimmed? will you have your beard like a spade, or a *bodkin*? a penthouse on your upper lip, or an ally on your chin? a low curl on your head, like a bull, or dangling lock like a spaniel,'" &c. The long pointed beard was known as the *stiletto beard.*

[4] "A kind of red, coarser and cheaper than scarlet."—*Dyce.*

Masters of honest and well-purchas'd fortunes,
And I am fortunate in your partnership;
But if you ever make your hearts the houses
Of falsehood and corruption, ugliness itself
Will be a beauty to you, and less pointed at:
Spots in deformèd faces are scarce noted,
Fair cheeks are stain'd if ne'er so little blotted.

Law. } Ever the constant servants to great
Flam., &c., } virtue!

King. Her love inhabit you!

[*Exeunt all except* JUPITER, PALLAS, Soldier, *and* Scholar.

Jup. Now, sons of vexation,
Envy, and discontent, what blame lay you
Upon these times now? which does merit most
To be condemn'd, your dulness or the age?
If now you thrive not, Mercury shall proclaim
You're undeservers, and cry down your fame.
Be poor still, scholar, and thou, wretch despis'd,
If in this glorious time thou canst not prosper,
Upon whose breast noble employments sit,
By honour's hand in golden letters writ;
Nay, where the prince[1] of nobleness himself
Proves our Minerva's valiant'st, hopefull'st son,
And early in his spring puts armour on,
Unite your worths, and make of two one brother,
And be each one perfection to the other;
Scholar and soldier must both shut in one,

[1] Charles.

That makes the absolute and complete man:
So, now into the world; which, if hereafter
You ever tax of foul, ingrateful crimes,
Your dulness I must punish, not the times.

Sol. } Honour to mighty Jupiter!
Scho. }

[JUPITER *and* PALLAS *ascend.*

Sol. The world
Is in a good hand now, if it hold, brother.

Scho. I hope, for many ages.

Sol. Fare thee well, then;
I'll over yonder,[1] to the most glorious wars
That e'er fam'd Christian kingdom.

Scho. And I'll settle
Here, in a land of a most glorious peace
That ever made joy fruitful, where the head
Of him that rules, to learning's fair renown,
Is doubly deckt with laurel,[2] and a crown,
And both most worthily.

Sol. Give me thy hand,
Prosperity keep with thee!

---

[1] To the Palatinate. In the summer of 1620 Sir Horace Vere, with some two thousand volunteers, went to the assistance of the Elector Palatine.

[2] "James was accustomed to receive such incense.

> 'There he beholds a high and glorious Throne,
> Where sits a King by Laurell Garlands knowne,
> Like bright Apollo in the Muses quires.'
> Sir J. Beaumont's *Bosworth-field*, p. 5, ed. 1629.

See also B. Jonson's *Works* [viii. 146, ed. 1875], and Gifford's note."—*Dyce.*

Scho. And the glory
Of noble actions bring white hairs upon thee!
Present our wish with reverence to this place,
For here't must be confirm'd, or 't has no grace.

[*Exeunt severally.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

WE must confess that we have vented ware
Not always vendible: masques are more rare
Than plays are common; at most but twice a-year
In their most glorious shapes do they appear;
Which, if you please accept, we'll keep in store
Our debted loves, and thus entreat you more;
Invert the proverb now, and suffer not
That which is seldom seen be soon forgot.

THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

The Inner-Temple Masque. Or Masque of Heroes. Presented (as an Entertainement for many worthy Ladies:) By Gentlemen of the same Ancient and Noble House. Tho. Middleton. London Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleetstreete. 1619. 4to.

In the Stationers' *Registers* (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 652), under date 10th July 1619, is the entry "*The Temple Maske.* Anno. 1618."

THE MASQUE.

THIS nothing owes to any tale or story
With which some writer pieces up a glory;
I only made the time, they sat to see,
Serve for the mirth itself, which was found free;
And herein fortunate, that's counted good,
Being made for ladies, ladies understood.

T. M.

THE PARTS.	THE SPEAKERS
Doctor Almanac	JOS. TAYLOR.[1]
Plumporridge	W. ROWLEY.[2]
A Fasting-Day	J. NEWTON.
New Year	H. ATWELL.[3]
Time	W. CARPENTER.
Harmony	*A Boy.*

TWO ANTEMASQUES.

In the first, six dancers.

Candlemas-Day.	*Ill May-Day.*[4]
Shrove-Tuesday.	*Midsummer-Eve.*
Lent.	*The First Dog-Day.*

The second presented by eight Boys.

Three Good Days. Three Bad Days. Two Indifferent Days.

The Masque itself receiving its illustration from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.

---

[1] A celebrated actor. Wright in *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, says, "Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well." We learn from the same authority that he "died at Richmond and was there buried." In 1648 he played the part of Rollo in *The Bloody Brother* at the Cockpit. After the actors had continued undisturbed for three or four days, "a party of foot-soldiers beset the house, surprised 'em about the middle of the play, and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton House, then a prison, where, having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes and let 'em loose again."

[2] The well-known actor-poet. The present editor is preparing for private circulation a collection of his complete works.

[3] In 1609 Hugh Atwell was one of the "children of her Majesty's Revels." He took a part in the first representation of Ben Jonson's *Epicæne* in that year. He died in 1621.

[4] So called in allusion to the rising of the apprentices on 1st May 1517 against foreigners and aliens. See the ballad (in Evans' *Old Ballads*) beginning—

"Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-day first got the name."

THE
INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

—o—

Enter DOCTOR ALMANAC, *coming from the funeral of December, or the Old Year.*

D. Al. I have seen the Old Year fairly buried;
Good gentleman he was, but toward his end
Full of diseases: he kept no good diet;
He lov'd a wench in June, which we count vild,[1]
And got the latter end of May with child;
That was his fault, and many an old year smells on't.

Enter FASTING-DAY.

How now? who's this?[2] O, one a' the Fasting-Days
That follow'd him to his grave;
I know him by his gauntness, his thin chitterlings;
He would undo a tripe-wife. [*Aside.*]—Fasting-Day,
Why art so heavy?

F.-Day. O, sweet doctor Almanac,
I've lost a dear old master! beside, sir,

[1] Vile.

[2] Old ed. "who's t'is."

I have been out of service all this Kersmas ;[1]
Nobody minds Fasting-Day ;
I've scarce been thought upon a' Friday nights ;
And because Kersmas this year fell upon't,
The Fridays have been ever since so proud,
They scorn my company : the butchers' boys
At Temple-Bar set their great dogs upon me ;
I dare not walk abroad, nor be seen yet ;
The very poulters'[2] girls throw rotten eggs at me,
Nay, Fish-street loves me e'en but from teeth outward ;
The nearest kin I have looks shy upon me,
As if't had forgot me. I met Plumporridge now,
My big-swoln enemy ; he's plump and lusty,
The only man in place. Sweet master doctor,
Prefer me to the New Year ; you can do't.

D. Al. When can I do't, sir ? you must stay till Lent.

F.-Day. Till Lent ! you kill my heart, sweet master doctor ;
Thrust me into Candlemas-Eve, I do beseech you.

D. Al. Away ! Candlemas-Eve will never bear thee
I' these days, 'tis so frampole ;[3] the Puritans
Will never yield to't.

F.-Day. Why, they're fat enough.

D. Al. Here comes Plumporridge.

Enter PLUMPORRIDGE.

F.-Day. Ay, he's sure of welcome :

---

[1] Corruption of *Christmas*.
[2] Poulterers'.
[3] Pert, saucy.—The word is spelled in various ways.

Methinks he moves like one of the great porridge-tubs
Going to the Counter.

Plum. O, killing, cruel sight! yonder's a Fasting-Day, a lean, spiny[1] rascal, with a dog in's belly; his very bowels bark with hunger. Avaunt! thy breath stinks; I do not love to meet thee fasting: thou art nothing but wind, thy stomach's full of farts, as if they had lost their way, and thou made with the wrong end upward, like a Dutch maw, that discharges still into the mouth.

F.-Day. Why, thou whorson breakfast, dinner, nunchions, supper, and bever,[2] cellar, hall, kitchen and wet-larder!

Plum. Sweet master doctor, look quickly upon his water,
That I may break the urinal 'bout his pate.

[*Offering urinal to* D. ALMANAC.

D. Al. Nay, friendship, friendship!

Plum. Never, master doctor,
With any Fasting-Day, persuade me not,
Nor any thing belongs to Ember-week;
And if I take against a thing, I'm stomachful;[3]
I was born an Anabaptist, a fell foe
To fish and Fridays; pig's my absolute sweetheart;
And shall I wrong my love, and cleave to salt-fish?
Commit adultery with an egg and butter?

D. Al. Well, setting this apart, whose water's this, sir?

Plum. O, thereby hangs a tale; my master Kersmas's,
It is his water, sir; he's drawing on.

---

[1] Slender. [2] Refreshments between meals. [3] Stubborn.

D. Al. Kersmas['s]? why, let me see;
I saw him very lusty a' Twelfth Night.

Plum. Ay, that's true, sir; but then he took his bane
With Choosing King and Queen; [1]
Has made his will already, here's the copy.

D. Al. And what has he given away? let me see, Plumbroth.

[*Taking will from* PLUMPORRIDGE.

Plum. He could not give away much, sir; his children have so consumed him beforehand.

D. Al. [*reads*] *The last will and testament of Kersmas, irrevocable. In primis, I give and bequeath to my second son In-and-In* [2] *his perpetual lodging i' the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket.* [3]

Plum. A sweet allowance for a second brother!

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my youngest sons Gleek* [4] *and Primavista* [5] *the full consuming of nights and days, and wives and children, together with one secret gift, that is, never to give over while they have a penny.*

Plum. And if e'er they do, I'll be hanged!

D. Al. [*reads*] *For the possession of all my lands, manors, manor-houses, I leave them full and wholly to my*

---

[1] In the preface to Sandys' *Christmas Carols* (pp. 76–79) there are some interesting remarks on Twelfth-tide Kings and Queens.

[2] A game at dice.

[3] "In which the broken meat and bread from the sheriffs' table was carried to the Counters, for the use of the poorer prisoners."—*Dyce.*

[4] A game at cards played by three persons. See the excellent article in Nares' Glossary.

[5] The once fashionable game of *primero*, which appears to have resembled the modern poker.—See Nares' *Glossary.*

eldest son Noddy,[1] *whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of Knaves and One-and-thirty.*

Plum. There's knaves enow, a' conscience, to cozen one fool!

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my eldest daughter Tickle-me-quickly,*[2] *and to her sister My-lady's-hole, free leave to shift for themselves, either in court, city, or country.*

Plum. We thank him heartily.

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I leave to their old aunt My-sow-has-pigged a litter of courtesans to breed up for Shrovetide.*

Plum. They will be good ware in Lent, when flesh is forbid by proclamation.

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my nephew Gambols,*[3] *commonly called by the name of Kersmas Gambols, all my cattle, horse and mare, but let him shoe 'em himself.*

Plum. I ha' seen him shoe the mare[4] forty times over.

D. Al. [*reads*] *Also, I bequeath to my cousin-german Wassail-bowl, born of Dutch parents, the privilege of a free denizen, that is, to be drunk with Scotch ale or English beer; and, lastly, I have given, by word of mouth, to poor Blind-man-buff a flap with a fox-tail.*

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[1] A game at cards resembling cribbage.

[2] "Tickle-me-quickly," "My-lady's-hole," and "My-sow-has-pigged" were games at cards.

[3] "In *The Masque of Christmas*, 1616, Ben Jonson introduces Christmas and his ten children among whom is 'GAMBOL, *like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer armed with a colt-staff and a binding-cloth.*'"—*Dyce.*

[4] A boisterous Christmas sport. One of the players was chosen to be the wild mare, and the others chased him about the room with the object of shoeing him.

Plum. Ay, so has given 'em all, for aught I see.
But now what think you of his water, sir?
D. Al. Well, he may linger out till Candlemas,
But ne'er recover it.
F.-Day. Would he were gone once!
I should be more respected. [*Aside.*

Enter NEW YEAR.

D. Al. Here's New Year.
Plum. I've ne'er a gift to give him; I'll begone. [*Exit.*
D. Al. Mirth and a healthful time fill all your days!
Look freshly, sir.
N. Year. I cannot, master doctor,
My father's death sets the spring backward i' me
For joy and comfort yet; I'm now between
Sorrow and joy, the winter and the spring;
And as time gathers freshness in its season,
No doubt affects[1] will be subdu'd with reason.
D. Al. You've a brave mind to work on; use my rules,
And you shall cut a caper in November,
When other years, your grandfathers, lay bed-rid.
N. Year. What's he that looks so piteously and shakes so?
D. Al.[2] A Fasting-Day.
N. Year. How's that?
D. Al. A foolish Fasting-Day,
An unreasonable coxcomb, seeks now for a service;
Has hunted up and down, has been at court,

[1] Affections. [2] Old ed. "*Fast.*"

And the long porter[1] broke his head across there;
He had rather see the devil; for this he says,
He ne'er grew up so tall with fasting-days.
I would not, for the price of all my almanacs,
The guard had took him there, they'd ha' beat out
His brains with bombards.[2] I bade him stay till Lent,
And now he whimpers; he'd to Rome, forsooth,
That's his last refuge, but would try awhile
How well he should be us'd in Lancashire.

N. Year. He was my father's servant, that he was, sir.

D. Al. 'Tis here upon record.

F.-Day. I serv'd him honestly, and cost him little.

D. Al. Ay, I'll be sworn for that.

F.-Day. Those were the times, sir,
That made your predecessors rich and able

---

[1] "'Walter Parsons born in this County was first Apprentice to a Smith, when he grew so tall in stature, that a hole was made for him in the Ground to stand therein up to the knees, so to make him adequate with his Fellow-work-men. He afterwards was Porter to King James; seeing as Gates generally are higher than the rest of the Building, so it was sightly that the Porter should be taller than other Persons. He was proportionable in all parts, and had strength equal to height, Valour to his strength, Temper to his valour, so that he disdained to do an injury to any single person. He would make nothing to take two of the tallest Yeomen of the Guard (like the Gizard and Liver) under his Arms at once, and order them as he pleased. Yet were his Parents (for ought I do understand to the contrary) but of an ordinary stature. . . . This Parsons died Anno Dom. 162—.' Fuller's *Worthies* (p. 48, *Staffordshire*), ed. 1662."—*Dyce.*

Parsons' successor was William Evans, who stood seven feet and a half in height, "exceeding Parsons two inches in stature, but far beneath him in proportion of body" (Fuller).

[2] Wide leathern drinking-vessels.

To lay up more for you; and since poor Fasting-Days
Were not made reckoning on, the pamper'd flesh
Has play'd the knave, maids have had fuller bellies,
Those meals that once were sav'd have stirr'd, and leapt,
And begot bastards, and they must be kept;
Better keep Fasting-days, yourself may tell ye,[1]
And for the profit of purse, back, and belly.
D. Al. I never yet heard truth better whin'd out.
N. Year. Thou shalt not all be lost, nor, for vain-glory,
Greedily welcom'd; we'll begin with virtue
As we may hold with't, that does virtue right.—
Set him down, sir, for Candlemas-Eve at night.
F.-Day. Well, better late than never:
This is my comfort,—I shall come to make
All the fat rogues go to bed supperless,
Get dinners where they can. [*Exit.*

Enter TIME.

N. Year. How now? what's he?
D. Al. It is old Time, sir, that belong'd to all
Your predecessors.
N. Year. O, I honour that
Reverend figure! may I ever think
How precious thou'rt in youth, how rarely
Redeem'd in age!
Time. Observe, you have Time's service;
There's all in brief.

[1] Old ed. "you."

Enter, for the first Antimasque,[1] CANDLEMAS-DAY, SHROVE-TUESDAY, LENT, ILL MAY-DAY, MIDSUMMER EVE, *and* FIRST DOG-DAY.

N. Year. Ha, doctor, what are these?

Time. The rabble that I pity; these I've serv'd too,
But few or none have ever observ'd me.
Amongst this dissolute rout Candlemas-Day!
I'm sorry to see him so ill associated.

D. Al. Why, that's his cause of coming, to complain
Because Shrove-Tuesday this year dwells so near him;
But 'tis his place, he cannot be remov'd.—
You must be patient, Candlemas, and brook it.—
This rabble, sir, Shrove-Tuesday, hungry Lent,
Ill May-Day, Midsummer-Eve, and the First Dog-Day,
Come to receive their places, due by custom,
And that they build upon.

N. Year. Give 'em their charge,
And then admit 'em.

D. Al. I will do't in cone.[2]—
Stand forth, Shrove-Tuesday, one a' the silenc'st bricklayers;
'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,[3]

[1] A masque within a masque; a grotesque interlude opposed to the principal masque.

[2] "Qy. *incontinent* (*i.e.* immediately)?—the MS. having had, perhaps, '*incon.*' A friend suggests that there might have been some abbreviation of *contra*, or *contraries*: see what follows; doctor Almanac charges them to do the reverse of what they ought to do, for 'to bid 'em sin's the way to make 'em mend.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] The dramatists constantly allude to the riotous conduct in which the apprentices indulged on Shrove Tuesday. Brothels and playhouses were the objects of attack.

To set your tribe a-work, cause spoil in Shoreditch,
And make a dangerous leak [1] there; deface Turnbull,
And tickle Codpiece-Row; ruin the Cockpit; [2]
The poor players never thriv'd in't; a' my conscience,
Some quean piss'd upon the first brick.—
For you, lean Lent, be sure you utter first
Your rotten herrings, and keep up your best
Till they be rotten, then there's no deceit,
When they be all alike.—You, Ill May-Day,
Be as unruly a rascal as you may,
To stir up deputy Double-diligence,
That comes perking forth with halberts.—
And for you, Midsummer-Eve, that watches warmest,
Be but sufficiently drunk, and you're well harnest.—
You, Dog-Day ——

Dog-Day. Wow!

D. Al. A churlish, maundering [3] rogue!
You must both beg and rob, curse and collogue; [4]
In cooler nights the barn with doxies fill,
In harvest lie in haycock with your gill.[5]—
They have all their charge.

---

[1] Dyce points out that there is a reference to a woman named Leak who kept a bawdy-house at Shoreditch. He quotes from Dekker's *Owl's Almanac*, 1618, sig. C:—"Shrove Tuesday falls on that day on which the prentices plucked down the Cockpit, and on which they did always use to rifle Madam Leak's house at the upper end of Shoreditch."

[2] The Cockpit theatre was burned down by the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday, 1616.

[3] Whining like a beggar.

[4] Confer together (usually for an unlawful purpose).

[5] Wench.

N. Year. You have gi'n't at the wrong end.
D. Al. To bid 'em sin 's the way to make 'em mend,
For what they are forbid they run to headlong;
I ha' cast their inclinations.—Now, your service
To draw fresh blood into your master's cheeks, slaves!
[*Here the first dance and the first Antimasque, by these six rude ones, who then exeunt.* *Exit* TIME.
N. Year. What scornful looks the abusive villains threw
Upon the reverend form and face of Time!
Methought it appear'd sorry, and went angry.
D. Al. 'Tis still your servant.

Enter, for the second Antimasque, THREE GOOD DAYS, THREE BAD DAYS, *and* TWO INDIFFERENT DAYS.

N. Year. How now? what are these?
D. Al. These are your Good Days, and your Bad Days, sir;
Those your Indifferent Days, nor good nor bad.
N. Year. But is here all?
D. Al. A wonder there's so many,
How these broke loose; every one stops their passage,
And makes inquiry after 'em:
This farmer will not cast his seed i' the ground
Before he look in Bretnor;[1] there he finds
Some word[2] which he hugs happily, as, *Ply the box, Make hay betimes, It falls into thy mouth;*
A punctual lady will not paint, forsooth,

[1] See note 2, vol. iv. p. 263.
[2] Motto.

Upon his critical days, 'twill not hold well;
Nor a nice city-wedlock [1] eat fresh herring
Nor periwinkles,
Although she long for both, if the word be that day
Gape after gudgeons, or some fishing phrase;
A scrivener's wife will not entreat the money-master,
That lies i' th' house and gets her husband's children,
To furnish a poor gentleman's extremes,
If she find *Nihil in a bag* that morning;
And so of thousand follies: these suffice
To show you Good, Bad, and Indifferent Days;
And all have their inscriptions—here's *Cock-a-hoop*,
This *The gear cottons*,[2] and this *Faint heart never;*
These noted black for badness, *Rods in piss*,
This *Post for puddings*, this *Put up thy pipes;*
These black and white, indifferently inclining
To both their natures, *Neither full nor fasting*,
In dock out nettle.[3]—Now to your motion,
Black knaves and white knaves, and you, parcel-rascals,[4]
Two hypocritical, party-colour'd varlets,
That play o' both hands.

[*Here the second dance and last Antimasque by eight boys habited according to their former characters; the* THREE GOOD DAYS *attired all in white*

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[1] See note 3, vol. iv. p. 62.
[2] The matter goes on successfully.
[3] See note 3, vol. vi. p. 443.
[4] "Parcel-rascals" = partly rascals. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1.:—

"He, sir, a tapster, *parcel-bawd*."

garments sitting close to their bodies, their inscriptions on their breasts—on the first Cock-a-hoop, *on the second* The gear cottons, *on the third* Faint heart never: *The* THREE BAD DAYS *all in black garments, their faces black, and their inscriptions—on the first* Rods in piss, *on the second* Post for puddings, *on the third* Put up thy pipes: *The* TWO INDIFFERENT DAYS *in garments half white, half black, their faces seamed with that party-colour, and their inscriptions—on the first* Neither full nor fasting, *on the second* In dock out nettle. *These having purchased a smile from the cheeks of many a beauty by their ridiculous figures, vanish, proud of that treasure.*

D. Al. I see these pleasures of low births and natures

Add little freshness to your cheeks; I pity you,
And can no longer now conceal from you
Your happy omen. Sir, blessings draw near you;
I will disclose a secret in astrology,
By the sweet industry of Harmony,
Your white and glorious friend;
Even very deities have conspir'd to grace
Your fair inauguration; here I find it,
'Tis clear in art,
The minute, nay, the point of time's arriv'd,
Methinks the blessings touch you; now they're felt, sir.

[*At which loud music heard, the first cloud vanishing,* HARMONY *is discovered, with her sacred quire.*

The First Song.

Har. [*sings*]

New Year, New Year, hark, harken to me!
I am sent down
To crown
Thy wishes with me:
Thy fair desires in virtue's court are fil'd;
The goodness of thy thought
This blessed work hath wrought,
Time shall be reconcil'd.
Thy spring shall in all sweets abound,
Thy summer shall be clear and sound,
Thy autumn swell the barn and loft
With corn and fruits, ripe, sweet, and soft;
And in thy winter, when all go,
Thou shalt depart as white as snow.

[*Then a second cloud vanishing, the Masquers themselves are discovered, sitting in arches of clouds, being nine in number, heroes deified for their virtues: the song goes on.*

Behold, behold, hark, harken to me!
Glory's come down
To crown
Thy wishes with me:
Bright heroes in lasting honour spher'd,
Virtue's eternal spring,
By making Time their king,
See, they're beyond time rear'd;
Yet, in their love to human good,

In which estate themselves once stood,
They all descend to have their worth
Shine to imitation forth;
And by their motion, light, and love,
To show how after-times should move.
[*Then the Masquers descending set to their first dance.*

The Second Song.

Har. [*sings*]
Move on, move on, be still the same,
You beauteous sons of brightness;
You add to honour spirit and flame,
To virtue grace and whiteness;
You whose every little motion
May learn strictness more devotion,
Every pace of that high worth
It treads a fair example forth,
Quickens a virtue, makes a story
To your own heroic glory;
May your three-times-thrice blest number,
Raise merit from his ancient slumber!
Move on, move on, &c.
[*Then they order themselves for their second dance, after which*

The Third Song.

Har. [*sings*]
See, whither fate hath led you, lamps of honour,
For goodness brings her own reward upon her;

Look, turn your eyes, and then conclude commending,
And say you've lost no worth by your descending;
Behold, a heaven about you, spheres more plenty,
There for one Luna here shines ten, and for one Venus twenty.
Then, heroes, double both your fame and light,
Each choose his star, and full adorn this night.
[*At which the Masquers make choice of their ladies and dance.* TIME *re-entering, thus closes all.*

Time. The morning gray
Bids come away;
Every lady should begin
To take her chamber, for the stars are in.
[*Then making his honour to the ladies.*
Live long the miracles of times and years,
Till with those heroes you sit fix'd in spheres!

PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT

TO KING JAMES, &c.

The Magnificent Entertainment: Giuen to King James, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, vpon the day of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the 15. *of March.* 1603. *As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seuerall Pageants. Mart. Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferro,*

Astra suis, Cælo sydera, serta Joui.

Tho. Dekker.

Imprinted at London by T. C. for Tho. Man the yonger. 1604. 4to.

To this Pageant (reprinted in Dekker's *Dramatic Works*, 1873, i. 267-326), Middleton contributed only the speech of Zeal. What immediately precedes is given to render the speech intelligible.

PART OF THE

ENTERTAINMENT TO KING JAMES, &c.

—o—

Our next arch of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleet Street, into which, as into the long and beauteous gallery of the city, his Majesty being entered, afar off—as if it had been some swelling promontory, or rather, some enchanted castle guarded by ten thousand harmless spirits—did his eye encounter another tower of pleasure

Presenting itself,

Fourscore and ten foot in height, and fifty in breadth; the gate twenty foot in the perpendicular line, and fourteen in the ground line: the two posterns were answerable to these that are set down before: over the posterns, viz. up in proportionable measures, two turrets with battlements on the tops. The middest of the building was laid open to the world, and great reason it should be so, for the Globe of the world was there seen to move, being filled with all the degrees and

states that are in the land; and these were the mechanical and dead limbs of this carved body. As touching those that had the use of motion in it, and for a mind durst have spoken, but that there was no stuff fit for their mouths.

The principal and worthiest was ASTRÆA (Justice), sitting aloft, as being newly descended from heaven, gloriously attired, all her garments being thickly strewed with stars; a crown of stars on her head, a silver veil covering her eyes. Having told you that her name was Justice, I hope you will not put me to describe what properties[1] she held in her hands, sithence[2] every painted cloth[3] can inform you.

Directly under her, in a cant[4] by herself, was ARETE (Virtue), enthroned, her garments white, her head crowned; and under her, FORTUNA, her foot treading on the Globe that moved beneath her, intimating that his Majesty's fortune was above the world, but his virtues above his fortune.

INVIDIA,

Envy, unhandsomely attired all in black, her hair of the same colour, filleted about with snakes, stood in a dark and obscure place by herself, near unto Virtue, but making show of a fearfulness to approach her and the

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[1] "*I.e.*, ensigns proper to her character—a theatrical term."—*Dyce.*

[2] Since.

[3] Cloth or canvas (used as hangings for rooms), with representations in oil of scriptural or allegorical subjects.

[4] Corner, niche.

light, yet still and anon casting her eyes sometimes to the one side beneath, where, on several greeces,[1] sat the Four Cardinal Virtues,

Viz. { JUSTITIA, FORTITUDO, TEMPERANTIA, PRUDENTIA, } In habiliments fitting to their natures;

and sometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposite seat, on which his Majesty's Four Kingdoms were advanced,

Viz. { ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, IRELAND,

all of them in rich robes and mantles; crowns on their heads, and sceptres with pencilled[2] scutcheons in their hands, lined with the coats of the particular kingdoms. For very madness that she beheld these glorious objects she stood feeding on the heads of adders.

The FOUR ELEMENTS, in proper shapes,[3] artificially and aptly expressing their qualities, upon the approach of his Majesty went round in a proportionable and even circle, touching that cantle[4] of the Globe (which was open) to the full view of his Majesty: which being done, they bestowed themselves in such comely order, and

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[1] Steps. [2] Painted. [3] Dresses. [4] Corner, slice.

stood so as if the eronie [1] had been held up on the tops of their fingers.

Upon distinct ascensions, neatly raised within the hollow womb of the Globe, were placed all the states of the land, from the nobleman to the ploughman, among whom there was not one word to be heard, for you must imagine, as Virgil saith,

Egl. iv. } *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo,*
Astræa. } *Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

that it was now the golden world, in which there were few parts.

All the tongues that went in this place was the tongue of Zeal, whose personage was put on by W. Bourne,[2] one of the servants to the young Prince ;

And thus went his Speech.

The populous globe of this our English isle
Seem'd to move backward at the funeral pile
Of her dead female majesty ; all states,
From nobles down to spirits of meaner fates,
Mov'd opposite to nature and to peace,
As if these men had been th' Antipodes :
But see the virtue of a regal eye,
Th' attractive wonder of man's majesty !
Our Globe is drawn in a right line agen,
And now appear new faces and new men.

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[1] "Qy. 'ourany?'"—*Dyce.*

[2] There are frequent references to this actor in Henslowe's *Diary*.

The Elements, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire,
Which ever clipt[1] a natural desire
To combat each with other, being at first
Created enemies to fight their worst,
See, at the peaceful presence of their King,
How quietly they mov'd without their sting!
Earth not devouring, Fire not defacing,
Water not drowning, and the Air not chasing,
But propping the quaint fabric that here stands,
Without the violence of their wrathful hands.
Mirror of times, lo, where thy Fortune sits,
Above the world and all our human wits,
But thy high Virtue above that! what pen,
Or art, or brain, can reach thy virtue then?
At whose immortal brightness and true light
Envy's infectious eyes have lost their sight;
Her snakes, not daring to shoot forth their stings
'Gainst such a glorious object, down she flings
Their forks of venom into her own maw,
Whilst her rank teeth the glittering poisons chaw;
For 'tis the property of Envy's blood
To dry away at every kingdom's good,
Especially when she had eyes to view
These four main virtues figur'd all in you,—
Justice in causes, Fortitude 'gainst foes,
Temperance in spleen, and Prudence in all those:
And then so rich an empire, whose fair breast
Contains four kingdoms, by your entrance blest;

[1] Embraced.

By Brute divided, but by you alone
All are again united and made one;
Whose fruitful glories shine so far and even,
They touch not only earth, but they kiss heaven,
From whence Astræa is descended hither,
Who with our last queen's spirit fled up thither,
Foreknowing on the earth she could not rest,
Till you had lock'd her in your rightful breast:
And therefore all estates, whose proper arts
Live by the breath of majesty, had hearts
Burning in holy zeal's immaculate fires,
With quenchless ardours and unstain'd desires,
To see what they now see, your powerful grace
Reflecting joys on every subject's face;
These painted flames and yellow burning stripes
Upon this robe, being but as shows and types
Of that great zeal: and therefore, in the name
Of this glad city, whither no prince e'er came
More lov'd, more long'd for, lowly I entreat,
You'd be to her as gracious as you're great:
So with reverberate shouts our globe shall ring,
The music's close being thus—God save our King!

If there be any glory to be won by writing these lines, I do freely bestow it, as his due, on Tho. Middleton, in whose brain they were begotten, though they were delivered here: *quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH,

AND

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW RIVER.

The Triumphs of Truth. A Solemnity vnparalleld for Cost, Art, and Magnificence, at the Confirmation and Establishment of that Worthy and true Nobly-minded Gentleman, Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight; in the Honorable Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the Lord Maior of the thrice Famous Citty of London. Taking Beginning at his Lord-ships going, and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, October 29 1613. *All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots; Morning, Noone, and Night-Triumphes. Directed, Written, and redeem'd into Forme, from the Ignorance of some former times, and their Common Writer, By Thomas Middleton. Shewing also his Lordships Entertainement vpon Michaelmas day last, being the day of his Election, at that most Famous and Admired Worke of the Running Streame, from Amwell-Head into the Cesterne at Islington, being the sole Cost, Industry and Inuention of the Worthy Mr. Hugh Middleton of London, Goldsmith. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1613. 4to.

There is an earlier edition, by the same printer and with the same date, but without the Entertainment at the New River Head.

Mr. Fleay points out to me that Chapman sneers at this pageant in the Epistle Dedicatory (1614) to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, prefixed to his translation of the Odyssey. The passage runs:— "Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants? or why should a poor chronicler of a *Lord Mayor's naked Truth* (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction?" (*Poems*, ed. 1875, p. 237.) *The Triumphs of Truth* is included in vol. ii. of Nichols's *Progresses of King James.*

To the great expectation of virtue and goodness, and most worthy of all those costs and honours which the noble Fellowship and Society of Grocers, and general love of the whole City, in full-heaped bounties bestow upon him, the truly generous and judicious SIR THOMAS MIDDLETON, *Knight, Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London.*

As often as we shall fix our thoughts upon the Almighty Providence, so often they return to our capacities laden with admiration, either from the divine works of his mercy or those incomprehensible of his justice: but here to instance only his omnipotent mercy, it being the health and preservation of all his works; and first, not only in raising, but also in preserving your lordship from many great and incident dangers, especially in foreign countries, in the time of your youth and travels; and now, with safety, love, and triumph, to establish you in this year's honour, crowning the perfection of your days, and the gravity of your life, with power, respect, and reverence: next, in that myself, though unworthy, being of one name with your lordship, notwithstanding all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy, should thus happily live, protected by part of that mercy—as if one fate did prosperously cleave to one name—now to do service to your fame and worthiness, and my pen only to be employed

in these bounteous and honourable triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers; to which I commend the deserts of your justice, remaining ever,

To your Lordship,

In the best of my observance,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

—o—

SEARCH all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; let the inquisitive man waste the dear treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London. This being, then, infallible—like the mistress of our triumphs—and not to be denied of any, how careful ought those gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and judgment the weight and charge of such a business is entirely referred and committed by the whole Society, to have all things correspondent to that generous and noble freeness of cost and liberality; the streams of art to equal those of bounty; a knowledge that may take the true height of such an honourable solemnity,—the miserable want of both which, in the impudent common writer, hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow; and it would heartily grieve any understanding spirit to behold, many times, so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing Art, sitting

in darkness, with the candle out, looking like the picture of Black Monday.[1]

But to speak truth, which many beside myself can affirm upon knowledge, a care that hath been seldom equalled, and not easily imitated, hath been faithfully shown in the whole course of this business, both by the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the cost might purchase perfection, so fervent hath been their desire to excel in that, which is a learned and virtuous ambition, and so unfeignedly pure, the loves and affections of the whole Company to his lordship. If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon themselves, let them but read and conceive, and their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgment of their errors. First, they may here behold love and bounty opening with the morning, earlier than some of former years, ready, at the first appearing of his lordship, to give his ear a taste of the day's succeeding glory; and thus the form of it presents itself:—

At Soper-Lane end a senate-house erected, upon

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[1] Middleton is sneering at the rival city-poet Anthony Munday, who produced the pageant for the three following years. From the inscription on his monument in the Church of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, we learn that he was a "citizen and a draper." He appears to have supplied the apparel, &c., for the present pageant (see p. 262). For an account of Munday see Collier's Introduction to *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, viii. 95–102). Meres in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, absurdly dubbed Munday "our best plotter."

which musicians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a sweet voice married to these words:

The Song.

Mother of many honourable sons,
Think not the glass too slowly runs
That in Time's hand is set,
Because thy worthy son appears not yet:
Lady, be pleas'd, the hour grows on,
Thy joy will be complete anon;
Thou shalt behold
The man enroll'd
In honour's books, whom virtue raises;
Love-circled round,
His triumphs crown'd
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.

What[1] *greater comfort to a mother's heart,*
Than to behold her son's desert
Go hand in hand with love,
Respect, and honour, blessings from above?
It is of power all griefs to kill,
And with a flood of joy to fill
Thy aged eyes,
To see him rise

[1] This second stanza is omitted here in the old ed., but is given, with the musical notes, at the end of the pageant.

With glory deck'd, where expectation,
Grace, truth, and fame,
Met in his name,
Attends his honour's confirmation.

After this sweet air hath liberally spent itself, at the first appearing of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall in the morning, a trumpet placed upon that scaffold sounds forth his welcome; then, after a strain or two of music, a grave feminine shape presents itself from behind a silk curtain, representing London, attired like a reverend mother, a long white hair naturally flowing on either side of her; on her head a model of steeples and turrets; her habit crimson silk, near to the honourable garment of the city; her left hand holding a key of gold: who, after a comely grace, equally mixed with comfort and reverence, sends from her lips this motherly salutation:

The Speech of LONDON.

Honour and joy salute thee! I am rais'd
In comfort and in love to see thee, glad
And happy in thy blessings; nor esteem
My words the less 'cause I a woman speak,
A woman's counsel is not always weak.
I am thy mother; at that name I know
Thy heart does reverence to me, as becomes
A son of honour, in whose soul burns clear
The sacred lights of divine fear and knowledge;
I know that, at this instant, all the works

Of motherly love in me, shown to thy youth,
When it was soft and helpless, are summ'd up
In thy most grateful mind: thou well remember'st
All my dear pains and care; with what affection
I cherish['d] thee in my bosom, watchful still
Over thy ways;
Set wholesome and religious laws before
The footsteps of thy youth; show'd thee the way
That led thee to the glory of this day,—
To which, with tears of the most fruitful joy
That ever mother shed, I welcome thee:
O, I could be content to take my part
Out of felicity only in weeping,
Thy presence and this day is so dear to me!
Look on my age, my honourable son,
And then begin to think upon thy office;
See how on each side of me hangs the cares
Which I bestow'd on thee, in silver hairs;
And now the faith, the love, the zealous fires
With which I cheer'd thy youth, my age requires.
The duty of a mother I have shown,
Through all the rites of pure affection,
In care, in government, in wealth, in honour,
Brought thee to what thou art, thou'st all from me;
Then what thou shouldst be I expect from thee.
  Now to thy charge, thy government, thy cares,
Thy mother in her age submits her years:
And though—to my abundant grief I speak it,
Which now o'erflows my joy—some sons I have
Thankless, unkind, and disobedient,

Rewarding all my bounties with neglect,
And will of purpose wilfully retire
Themselves from doing grace and service to me,
When they've got all they can, or hope for, from me,—
The thankfulness in which thy life doth move
Did ever promise fairer fruits of love,
And now they show themselves; yet they have all
My blessing with them, so the world shall see
'Tis their unkindness, no defect in me.
But go thou forward, my thrice-honour'd son,
In ways of goodness; glory is best won
When merit brings it home; disdain all titles
Purchas'd with coin, of honour take thou hold
By thy desert, let others buy't with gold;
Fix thy most serious thought upon the weight
Thou goest to undergo, 'tis the just government
Of this fam'd city,—me, whom nations call
Their brightest eye; then with great care and fear
Ought I to be o'erseen, to be kept clear:
Spots[1] in deformèd faces are scarce noted,
Fair cheeks are stain'd if ne'er so little blotted.
See'st thou this key of gold? it shows thy charge:
This place is the king's chamber; all pollution,
Sin, and uncleanness, must be lock'd out here,
And be kept sweet with sanctity, faith, and fear:
I see grace take effect,—heaven's joy upon her!
'Tis rare when virtue opes the gate to honour.

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[1] "Spots . . . blotted." This couplet has occurred before; see p. 190.

My blessing be upon thee, son and lord,
And on my sons all, that obey my word!

Then making her honour, as before, the Waits of the city there in service, his Lordship, and the worthy Company, are led forward toward the water-side, where you shall find the river[1] decked in the richest glory to receive him; upon whose crystal bosom stands five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit-trees, drugs, spiceries, and the like; the middle island with a fair castle especially beautified.

But making haste to return to the city again, where triumph waits in more splendour and magnificence, the first then that attends to receive his Lordship off the water at Baynard's-Castle, is Truth's Angel on horseback, his raiment of white silk powdered with stars of gold; on his head a crown of gold, a trumpeter before him on horseback, and Zeal, the champion of Truth, in a garment of flame-coloured silk, with a bright hair on his head, from which shoot fire-beams, following close after him, mounted alike, his right hand holding a flaming

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[1] "'Sir Thomas Middleton, grocer, and mayor in 1613,' says Herbert, in his *History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*, 'was nearly the first who attempted an emblematical and scenic representation of his company, in a water spectacle, consisting (in imitation of the pageant mentioned to have been exhibited by Sir John Wells to Henry VI.) of "five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugges, spiceries, and the like; the middle island having a faire castle especially beautified:" the latter probably allusive to the newly-established East India Company's forts, and whose adventures had contributed so much to enlarge the sphere of the grocer's trade' (vol. i. p. 200)."—*Dyce.*

scourge, intimating thereby that as he is the manifester of Truth, he is likewise the chastiser of Ignorance and Error.

The salutation of the ANGEL.

I have within mine eye my blessèd charge:
Hail, friend of Truth! safety and joy attend[1] thee;
I am Truth's Angel, by my mistress sent
To guard and guide thee. When thou took'st thy oath
I stood on thy right hand, though to thy eye
In visible form I did not then appear;
Ask but thy soul, 'twill tell thee I stood near;
And 'twas a time to take care of thee then,
At such a marriage, before heaven and men,
Thy faith being wed to honour; close behind thee
Stood Error's minister, that still sought to blind thee,
And wrap his subtle mists about thy oath,
To hide it from the nakedness of Troth,
Which is Truth's purest glory; but my light,
Still as it shone, expell'd her blackest spite;
His mists fled by, yet all I could devise
Could hardly keep them from some people's eyes,
But thine they flew from: thy care's but begun,
Wake on, the victory is not half yet won;
Thou wilt be still assaulted, thou shalt meet
With many dangers that in voice seem sweet,
And ways most pleasant to a worldling's eye;
My mistress has but one, but that leads high.

[1] Old eds. "attends."

To yon triumphant city follow me,
Keep thou to Truth, eternity keeps to thee.

ZEAL.

On boldly, man of honour! thou shalt win;
I am Truth's champion, Zeal, the scourge of sin.

The trumpet then sounding, the Angel and Zeal rank themselves just before his Lordship, and conduct him to Paul's-Chain, where, in the south yard, Error in a chariot with his infernal ministers attends to assault him, his garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud, over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness, mists hanging at his eyes. Close before him rides Envy, his champion, eating of a human heart, mounted on a rhinoceros, attired in red silk, suitable to the bloodiness of her manners! her left pap bare, where a snake fastens; her arms half naked; holding in her right hand a dart tincted in blood.

The greeting of ERROR.

Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord,
My glory's sweetheart! how many millions
Of happy wishes hath my love told out
For this desired minute! I was dead
Till I enjoy'd thy presence, I saw nothing,
A blindness thicker than idolatry
Clove to my eyeballs; now I'm all of light,

Of fire, of joy, pleasure runs nimbly through me;
Let's join together both in state and triumph,
And down with beggarly and friendless Virtue,
That hath so long impoverish'd this fair city;
My beasts shall trample on her naked breast,
Under my chariot-wheels her bones lie prest,
She ne'er shall rise again. Great power this day
Is given unto thy hand; make use on't, lord,
And let thy will and appetite sway the sword;
Down with them all now whom thy heart envies,
Let not thy conscience come into thine eyes
This twelvemonth, if thou lov'st revenge or gain;
I'll teach thee to cast mists to blind the plain
And simple eye of man; he shall not know't,
Nor see thy wrath when 'tis upon his throat;
All shall be carried with such art and wit,
That what thy lust acts shall be counted fit:
Then for attendants that may best observe thee,
I'll pick out sergeants of my band to serve thee;
Here's Gluttony and Sloth, two precious slaves,
Will tell thee more than a whole herd of knaves;
The worth of every office to a hair,
And who bids most, and how the markets are,
Let them alone to smell; and, for a need,
They'll bring thee in bribes for measure and light bread;
Keep thy eye winking and thy hand wide ope,
Then thou shalt know what wealth is, and the scope
Of rich authority; ho, 'tis sweet and dear!
Make use of time then, thou'st but one poor year,
And that will quickly slide, then be not nice:

Both power and profit cleaves to my advice;
And what's he locks his ear from those sweet
charms,
Or runs not to meet gain with wide-stretch'd arms?
There is a poor, thin, threadbare thing call'd Truth,
I give thee warning of her; if she speak,
Stop both thine ears close; most professions break
That ever dealt with her; an unlucky thing,
She's almost sworn to nothing: I can bring
A thousand of our parish, besides queans,
That ne'er knew what Truth meant, nor ever means;
Some I could cull out here, e'en in this throng,
If I would show my children, and how strong
I were in faction. 'Las, poor simple stray!
She's all her lifetime finding out one way;
Sh'as but one foolish way, straight on, right forward,
And yet she makes a toil on't, and goes on
With care and fear, forsooth, when I can run
Over a hundred with delight and pleasure,
Back-ways and by-ways, and fetch in my treasure
After the wishes of my heart, by shifts,
Deceits, and slights: and I'll give thee those gifts;
I'll show thee all my corners yet untold,
The very nooks where beldams hide their gold,
In hollow walls and chimneys, where the sun
Never yet shone, nor Truth came ever near:
This of thy life I'll make the golden year;
Follow me then.

ENVY.

Learn now to scorn thy inferiors, those most[1] love thee,
And wish to eat their hearts that sit above thee.

Zeal, stirred up with divine indignation at the impudence of these hell-hounds, both forces their retirement, and makes way for the chariot wherein Truth his mistress sits, in a close garment of white satin, which makes her appear thin and naked, figuring thereby her simplicity and nearness of heart to those that embrace her; a robe of white silk cast over it, filled with the eyes of eagles, showing her deep insight and height of wisdom; over her thrice-sanctified head a milk-white dove, and on each shoulder one, the sacred emblems of purity, meekness, and innocency; under her feet serpents, in that she treads down all subtlety and fraud; her forehead empaled with a diadem of stars, the witness of her eternal descent; on her breast a pure round crystal, showing the brightness of her thoughts and actions; a sun in her right hand, than which nothing is truer; a fan, filled all with stars, in her left, with which she parts darkness, and strikes away the vapours of ignorance. If you hearken to Zeal, her champion, after his holy anger is past against Error and his crew, he will give it you in better terms, or at least more smoothly and pleasingly.

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[1] Old eds. "must."

The speech of ZEAL.

Bold furies, back! or with this scourge of fire,
Whence sparkles out religious chaste desire,
I'll whip you down to darkness: this a place
Worthy my mistress; her eternal grace
Be the full object to feast all these eyes,
But thine the first—he that feeds here is wise:
Nor by the naked plainness of her weeds
Judge thou her worth, no burnish'd gloss Truth needs;
That crown of stars shows her descent from heaven;
That robe of white, fill'd all with eagles' eyes,
Her piercing sight through hidden mysteries;
Those milk-white doves her spotless innocence;
Those serpents at her feet her victory shows
Over deceit and guile, her rankest foes;
And by that crystal mirror at her breast
The clearness of her conscience is exprest;
And showing that her deeds all darkness shun,
Her right hand holds Truth's symbol, the bright sun;
A fan of stars she in her other twists,
With which she chaseth away Error's mists:
And now she makes to thee her so even grace,
For to her rich and poor look with one face.

The words of TRUTH.

Man, rais'd by faith and love, upon whose head
Honour sits fresh, let not thy heart be led,
In ignorant ways of insolence and pride,

From her that to this day hath been thy guide;
I never show'd thee yet more paths than one,
And thou hast found sufficient that alone
To bring thee hither; then go forward still,
And having most power, first subject thy will;
Give the first fruits of justice to thyself,—
Then dost thou wisely govern, though that elf
Of sin and darkness, still opposing me,
Counsels thy appetite to master thee.
But call to mind what brought thee to this day,—
Was falsehood, cruelty, or revenge the way?
Thy lust or pleasures? people's curse or hate?
These were no ways could raise thee to this state,
The ignorant must acknowledge; if, then, from me,
Which no ill dare deny or sin control,
Forsake me not, that can advance thy soul:
I see a blessed yielding in thy eye;
Thou'rt mine; lead on, thy name shall never die.

These words ended, they all set forward, this chariot of Truth and her celestial handmaids, the Graces and Virtues, taking place next before his lordship; Zeal and the Angel before that, the chariot of Error following as near as it can get; all passing on till they come into Paul's-Churchyard, where stand ready the five islands, those dumb glories that I spake of before upon the water: upon the heighth of these five islands sit five persons, representing the Five Senses,[1]—*Visus*, *Auditus*,

[1] "The senses were personated at the King's Entry into London in 1603, and are represented in the engraving of the Arch erected at Soper-

Tactus, Gustus, Olfactus, or, Seeing, Hearing, Touching, Tasting, Smelling; at their feet their proper emblems,—*aquila, cervus, araneus, simia, canis*, an eagle, a hart, a spider, an ape, a dog.

No sooner can your eyes take leave of these, but they may suddenly espy a strange ship making toward, and that which may raise greater astonishment, it having neither sailor nor pilot, only upon a white silk streamer these two words set in letters of gold, *Viritate gubernor*, —I am steered by Truth. The persons that are contained within this little vessel are only four; a king of the Moors, his queen, and two attendants, of their own colour; the rest of their followers people of the castle that stands in the middle island, of which company two or three on the top appears to sight. This king seeming much astonied at the many eyes of such a multitude, utters his thoughts in these words:

The speech of that KING.

I see amazement set upon the faces
Of these white people, wonderings and strange gazes;
Is it at me? does my complexion draw
So many Christian eyes, that never saw

Lane end, in Harrison's Arches. Jordan introduced them again in the Lord Mayor's Pageant of 1681 (see *Gent. Mag.* vol. xcv. i. 131) at the same time assuring the Grocers' Company in his prefatory address, 'that in these Triumphs there is nothing designed, written, said, or sung, that ever was presented in any show till this present day!'"—*Nichols.*

A king so black before? no, now I see
Their entire object, they're all meant to thee,
Grave city-governor, my queen and I
Well honour'd with the glances that [pass] by.
I must confess, many wild thoughts may rise,
Opinions, common murmurs, and fix'd eyes,
At my so strange arrival in a land
Where true religion and her temple stand;
I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness,
As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness,
But I forgive the judgings of th' unwise,
Whose censures ever quicken in their eyes,
Only begot of outward form and show;
And I think meet to let such censurers know,
However darkness dwells upon my face,
Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace;
And though, in days of error, I did run
To give all adoration to the sun,
The moon, and stars, nay, creatures base and poor,
Now only their Creator I adore.
My queen and people all, at one time won
By the religious conversation
Of English merchants, factors, travellers,
Whose Truth did with our spirits hold commèrce,
As their affairs with us: following their path,
We all were brought to the true Christian faith:
Such benefit in good example dwells,
It oft hath power to convert infidels;
Nor could our desires rest till we were led
Unto this place, where those good spirits were bred;

And see how we arriv'd in blessed time
To do that mistress service, in the prime
Of these her spotless triumphs, and t' attend
That honourable man, her late-sworn friend.
If any wonder at the safe arrive
Of this small vessel, which all weathers drive
According to their rages, where appears
Nor mariner nor pilot, armed 'gainst fears,
Know this came hither from man's guidance free,
Only by Truth steer'd, as our souls must be:
And see where one of her fair temples stands!
Do reverence, Moors, bow low, and kiss your hands:
Behold, our queen.

QUEEN.

Her goodnesses are such,
We cannot honour her and her house too much.

All in the ship and those in the castle bowing their bodies to the temple of Saint Paul; but Error smiling, betwixt scorn and anger, to see such a devout humility take hold of that complexion, breaks into these:

ERROR.

What, have my sweet-fac'd devils forsook me too?
Nay, then, my charms will have enough to do.

But Time sitting by the frame of Truth his daughter's chariot, attired agreeable to his condition, with his

hour-glass, wings, and scythe, knowing best himself when it is fittest to speak, goes forward in this manner:

This Time hath brought t' effect, for on thy day
Nothing but Truth and Virtue shall display
Their virgin ensigns; Infidelity,
Barbarism, and Guile, shall in deep darkness lie.
O, I could ever stand still thus and gaze!
Never turn glass again; wish no more days,
So this might ever last; pity the light
Of this rich glory must be cas'd in night!
But Time must on; I go, 'tis so decreed,
To bless my daughter Truth and all her seed
With joys immortal, triumphs never ending;
And as her hand lifts me, to thy ascending
May it be always ready, worthy son!
To hasten which my hours shall quickly run.
See'st thou yon place?[1] thither I'll weekly bring thee,
Where Truth's celestial harmony thou shalt hear;
To which, I charge thee, bend a serious ear.—
Lead on, Time's swift attendants!

Then the five islands pass along into Cheapside, the ship next after them; the chariot of Truth still before his lordship, and that of Error still chased before it; where their eyes meet with another more subtle object, planting itself close by the Little Conduit, which may bear this character,—the true form and fashion of a mount triumphant, but the beauty and glory thereof over-

[1] "Saint Paul's Cross." *Marg. Note.*

spread with a thick, sulphurous darkness, it being a fog or mist, raised from Error, enviously to blemish that place which bears the title of London's Triumphant Mount, the chief grace and lustre of the whole triumph. At the four corners sit four monsters, Error's disciples, on whom hangs part of the mist for their clothing, holding in their hands little thick clubs, coloured like their garments; the names of these four monsters, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, Falsehood; who, at the near approaching of Truth's chariot, are seen a little to tremble, whilst her deity gives life to these words:

TRUTH.

What's here? the mist of Error? dare his spite
Stain this Triumphant Mount, where our delight
Hath been divinely fix'd so many ages?
Dare darkness now breathe forth her insolent rages,
And hang in poisonous vapours o'er the place
From whence we receiv'd love, and return'd grace?
I see if Truth a while but turn her eyes,
Thick are the mists that o'er fair cities rise:
We did expect to receive welcome here
From no deformed shapes, but divine and clear;
Instead of monsters that this place attends,
To meet with goodness and her glorious friends;
Nor can they so forget me to be far.
I know there stands no other envious bar
But that foul cloud to darken this bright day,
Which with this fan of stars I'll chase away.—

Vanish, infectious fog, that I may see
This city's grace, that takes her light from me!

At this powerful command the [mists][1] vanish [and] give way; [the] cloud suddenly rises and changes into a bright-spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars, and beams of gold shooting forth round about it, the mount appearing then most rich in beauty and glory, the four monsters falling flat at the foot of the hill: that grave, feminine shape, figuring London, sitting in greatest honour: next above her, in the most eminent place, sits Religion, the model of a fair temple on her head and a burning lamp in her hand, the proper emblems of her sanctity, watchfulness, and zeal; on her right hand sits Liberality, her head circled with a wreath of gold, in her hand a cornucopia, or horn of abundance, out of which rusheth a seeming flood of gold, but no way flowing to prodigality; for, as the sea is governed by the moon, so is that wealthy river by her eye, for bounty must be led by judgment; and hence is artfully derived the only difference between prodigality and bounty,—the one deals her gifts with open eyes, the other blindfold: on her left side sits Perfect Love, his proper seat being nearest the heart, wearing upon his head a wreath of white and red roses mingled together, the ancient witness of peace, love, and union, wherein consists the happiness of this land, his right hand holding a sphere, where in a circle of gold is contained all the Twelve Companies' arms,

[1] The bracketed words were inserted by Dyce.

and therefore called The Sphere of True Brotherhood, or *Annulus Amoris*, the Ring of Love: upon his left hand stand two billing turtles, expressing thereby the happy condition of mutual love and society: on either side of this mount are displayed the charitable and religious works of London—especially the worthy Company of Grocers—in giving maintenance to scholars, soldiers, widows, orphans, and the like, where are placed one of each number: and on the two heights sit Knowledge and Modesty, Knowledge wearing a crown of stars, in her hand a perspective glass, betokening both her high judgment and deep insight: the brow of Modesty circled with a wreath all of red roses expressing her bashfulness and blushings, in her hand a crimson banner filled with silver stars, figuring the white purity of her shamefastness; her cheeks not red with shame or guilt, but with virgin fear and honour. At the back of this Triumphant Mount, Chastity, Fame, Simplicity, Meekness, have their seats; Chastity wearing on her head a garland of white roses, in her hand a white silk banner filled with stars of gold, expressing the eternity of her unspotted pureness: Fame next under her, on her head a crown of silver, and a silver trumpet in her hand, showing both her brightness and shrillness: Simplicity with a milk-white dove upon her head; and Meekness with a garland of mingled flowers, in her hand a white silk banner with a red cross, a lamb at her feet, by which both their conditions are sufficiently expressed. The mount thus made glorious by the power of Truth, and the mist expelled, London thus speaks:

LONDON.

Thick scales of darkness, in a moment's space,
Are fell from both mine eyes; I see the face
Of all my friends about me now most clearly,
Religion's sisters, whom I honour dearly.
O, I behold the work! it comes from thee,
Illustrious patroness, thou that mad'st me see
In days of blindest ignorance; when this light
Was e'en extinguish'd, thou redeem'st my sight.
Then to thy charge, with reverence, I commend
That worthy son of mine, thy virtuous friend,
Whom, on my love and blessing, I require
To observe thee faithfully, and his desire
To imitate thy will, and there lie bounded;
For power's a dangerous sea, which must be sounded
With truth and justice, or man soon runs on
'Gainst rocks and shelves of dissolution.
Then, that thou may'st the difference ever know
'Twixt Truth and Error, a few words shall show:
The many ways that to blind Error slide
Are in the entrance broad, hell-mouth is wide;
But when man enters far, he finds it then
Close, dark, and strait, for hell returns no men:
But the one sacred way which Truth directs,
Only at entrance man's affection checks,
And is there strict alone; to which place throngs
All world's afflictions, calumnies, and wrongs;
But having past those, then thou find'st a way
In breadth whole heaven, in length eternal day;

Then, following Truth, she brings thee to that way:
But first observe what work she here requires,
Religion, knowledge, sanctity, chaste desires;
Then charity, which bounty must express
To scholars, soldiers, widows, fatherless:
These have been still my works, they must be thine;
Honour and action must together shine,
Or the best part's eclips'd: behold but this,
Thy very crest shows bounty, here 'tis put;
Thou giv'st the open hand, keep it not shut,
But to the needy or deserving spirit
Let it spread wide, and heaven enrols that merit.
Do these, and prove my hopeful, worthy son;
Yet nothing's spoke but needfully must be done:
And so lead forward.

At which words the whole Triumph moves, in his richest glory, toward the cross in Cheap; at which place Error, full of wrath and malice to see his mist so chased away, falls into this fury:

ERROR.

Heart of all the fiends in hell!
Could her beggarly power expel
Such a thick and poisonous mist
Which I set Envy's snakes to twist?
Up, monsters! was her feeble frown
Of force to strike my officers down?
Barbarism, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,

All your hell-bred heads advance,
And once again with rotten darkness shroud
This Mount Triumphant : drop down, sulphurous cloud !

At which the mist falls again and hangs over all the beauty of the mount, not a person of glory seen, only the four monsters gather courage again and take their seats, advancing their clubs above their heads ; which no sooner perceived, but Truth in her chariot, making near to the place, willing still to rescue her friends and servants from the powers of Ignorance and Darkness, makes use of these words :

TRUTH.

Dare yet the works of ugliness appear
'Gainst this day's brightness, and see us so near ?
How bold is sin and hell, that yet it dare
Rise against us ! but know, perdition's heir,
'Tis idle to contend against our power :
Vanish again, foul mist, from honour's bower !

Then the cloud dispersing itself again, and all the mount appearing glorious, it passeth so on to the Standard,[1] about which place, by elaborate action from Error, it falls again, and goes so darkened till it comes to St. Laurence-Lane end, where, by the former words

[1] See note 2, vol. i. p. 240.

by Truth uttered being again chased away, London thus gratefully requites her goodness:

LONDON.

Eternity's bright sister, by whose light
Error's infectious works still fly my sight,
Receive thy servant's thanks.—Now, Perfect Love,
Whose right hand holds a sphere wherein do move
Twelve blest Societies, whose belov'd increase
Styles it the Ring of Brotherhood, Faith, and Peace,
From thy harmonious lips let them all taste
The golden counsel that makes health long last.

Perfect Love then standing up, holding in his right hand a sphere, on the other two billing turtles, gives these words:

PERFECT LOVE.

First, then, I banish from this feast of joy
All excess, epicurism, both which destroy
The healths of soul and body; no such guest
Ought to be welcomed to this reverend feast,
Where Truth is mistress; who's admitted here
Must come for virtue's love more than for cheer.
These two white turtles may example give
How perfect joy and brotherhood should live;
And they from whom grave order is expected,
Of rude excess must never be detected:
This is the counsel which that lady calls
Golden advice, for by it no man falls:

He that desires days healthful, sound, and blest,
Let moderate judgment serve him at his feast:
And so lead on; may perfect brotherhood shine
Still in [this] sphere, and honour still in thine!

This speech so ended, his lordship and the Companies pass on to Guildhall; and at their returning back, these triumphs attend to bring his lordship toward Saint Paul's church, there to perform those yearly ceremonial rites which ancient and grave order hath determined; Error by the way still busy and in action to draw darkness often upon that Mount of Triumph, which by Truth is as often dispersed: then all returning homewards full of beauty and brightness, this mount and the chariot of Truth both placed near to the entrance of his lordship's gate near Leadenhall, London, the lady of that mount, first gives utterance to these words:

LONDON.

Before the day sprang from the morning's womb
I rose, my care was earlier than the light,
Nor would it rest till I now brought thee home,
Marrying to one joy both thy day and night;
Nor can we call this night, if our eyes count
The glorious beams that dance about this mount;
Sure, did not custom guide 'em, men would say
Two noons were seen together in one day,
The splendour is so piercing: Triumph seems
As if it sparkled, and to men's esteems

Threw forth his thanks, wrapt up in golden flames,
As if he would give light to read their names,
That were at cost this day to make him shine,
And be as free in thanks as they in coin.
But see, Time checks me, and his scythe stands ready
To cut all off; no state on earth is steady;
Therefore, grave son, the time that is to come
Bestow on Truth; and so thou'rt welcome home.

Time, standing up in Truth's chariot, seeming to make an offer with his scythe to cut off the glories of the day, growing near now to the season of rest and sleep, his daughter Truth thus meekly stays his hand:

TRUTH.

Father, desist a while, till I send forth
A few words to our friend, that man of worth.—
The power that heaven, love, and the city's choice,
Have all conferr'd on thee, with mutual voice,
As it is great, reverend, and honourable,
Meet it with equal goodness, strive t' excel
Thy former self; as thy command exceeds
Thy last year's state, so let new acts old deeds;
And as great men in riches and in birth—
Heightening their bloods and joining earth to earth—
Bestow their best hours and most serious cares
In choosing out fit matches for their heirs,
So never give thou over day or hour,
Till with a virtue thou hast match'd this power;

For what is greatness if not join'd with grace?
Like one of high blood that hath married base.
Who seeks authority with an ignorant eye,
Is like a man seeks out his enemy;
For where[1] before his follies were not spread,
Or his corruptions, then they're clearly read
E'en by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure
A crystal of itself, it will endure
No poison of oppression, bribes, hir'd law,
But 'twill appear soon in some crack or flaw:
Howe'er men soothe their hopes with popular breath,
If not in life, they'll find that crack in death.
I was not made to fawn or stroke sin smooth;
Be wise and hear me, then, that cannot soothe:
I've set thee high now, be so in example,
Made thee a pinnacle in honour's temple,
Fixing ten thousand eyes upon thy brow;
There is no hiding of thy actions now,
They must abide the light, and imitate me,
Or be thrown down to fire where errors be.
Nor only with these words thy ear I feed,
But give those part that shall in time succeed,
To thee in present, and to them to come,
That Truth may bring you all with honour home
To these your gates, and to those, after these,
Of which your own good actions keep the keys.
Then, as the loves of thy Society
Hath flow'd in bounties on this day and thee,

---

[1] Whereas.

Counting all cost too little for true art,
Doubling rewards there where they found desert,
In thankfulness, justice, and virtuous care,
Perfect their hopes,—those thy requitals are;
With fatherly respect embrace 'em all,
Faith in thy heart and plenty in thy hall,
Love in thy walks, but Justice in thy state,
Zeal in thy chamber, Bounty at thy gate:
And so to thee and these a blessèd night;—
To thee, fair City, peace, my grace and light!

Trumpets sounding triumphantly, Zeal, the champion of Truth, on horseback, his head circled with strange fires, appears to his mistress, and thus speaks:

See yonder, lady, Error's chariot stands,
Braving the power of your incens'd commands,
Embolden'd by the privilege of Night
And her black faction; yet, to crown his spite,
Which I'll confound, I burn in divine wrath.

TRUTH.

Strike, then; I give thee leave to shoot it forth.

ZEAL.

Then here's to the destruction of that seat;
There nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat.

At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which,

fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all the beasts that are joined to it.

The firework being made by master Humphrey Nichols, a man excellent in his art; and the whole work and body of the Triumph, with all the proper beauties of the workmanship, most artfully and faithfully performed by John Grinkin; and those furnished with apparel and porters by Anthony Munday, gentleman.

This proud seat of Error lying now only glowing in embers—being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on all wicked offenders in the time of his government—I now conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let him strike at his pleasure.

The manner of his Lordship's Entertainment on Michaelmas day last, being the day of his honourable Election, together with the worthy SIR JOHN SWINNERTON, *Knight, then Lord Mayor, the learned and judicious* Sir HENRY MONTAGUE, *Knight, Master Recorder, and many of the Right Worshipful the Aldermen of the City of London, at that most famous and admired work of the Running Stream, from Amwell Head into the Cistern near Islington; being the sole invention, cost, and industry of that worthy master* HUGH MIDDLETON, *of London, Goldsmith, for the general good of the City.*

PERFECTION, which is the crown of all inventions, swelling now high with happy welcomes to all the glad well-wishers of her admired maturity, the father and master of this famous work, expressing thereby both his thankfulness to heaven and his zeal to the city of London, in true joy of heart to see his time, travails, and expenses so successively greeted, thus gives entertainment to that honourable assembly :—

At their first appearing, the warlike music of drums and trumpets liberally beats the air, sounds as proper as in battle, for there is no labour that man undertakes but hath a war within itself, and perfection makes the

conquest; and no few or mean onsets of malice, calumnies, and slanders, hath this resolved gentleman borne off, before his labours were invested with victory, as in this following speech to those honourable auditors then placed upon the mount is more at large related.

A troop of labourers, to the number of threescore or upwards, all in green caps alike, bearing in their hands the symbols of their several employments in so great a business, with drums before them, marching twice or thrice about the cistern, orderly present themselves before the mount, and after their obeisance,

The Speech.[1]

Long have we labour'd, long desir'd and pray'd
For this great work's perfection, and by th' aid
Of heaven and good men's wishes 'tis at length
Happily conquer'd, by cost, art, and strength:
After five years' dear expense in days,
Travail, and pains, beside the infinite ways
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirit of mighty ones
In wealth and courage, this, a work so rare,
Only by one man's industry, cost, and care,
Is brought to blest effect, so much withstood,
His only aim the city's general good;

1 "Anthony Munday, who in his edition of Stow's *Survey*, published in 1618, has given another version of the present story, and printed 'the Speech according as it was delivered to mee,' says it was spoken by 'one man in behalf of all the rest;' who, of course, was either some hired actor, or, [not] very probably, Thomas Middleton himself."—*Nichols.*

And where[1] before many unjust complaints,[2]
Enviously seated, hath oft caus'd restraints,
Stops, and great crosses, to our master's charge
And the work's hindrance, favour now at large
Spreads itself open to him, and commends
To admiration both his pains and ends,
The king's most gracious love: perfection draws
Favour from princes, and from all applause.
Then, worthy magistrates, to whose content,
Next to the state, all this great care was bent,
And for the public good, which grace requires,
Your loves and furtherance chiefly he desires,
To cherish these proceedings, which may give
Courage to some that may hereafter live,
To practise deeds of goodness and of fame,
And gladly light their actions by his name.
Clerk of the work, reach me the book, to show
How many arts from such a labour flow.

These lines following are read in the clerk's book:

First, here's the overseer, this tried man
An ancient soldier and an artisan;
The clerk; next him the mathematician;
The master of the timber-work takes place
Next after these; the measurer in like case;

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[1] Whereas.

[2] Hugh Middleton seems to have met with a good deal of opposition in carrying out his scheme. See Overall's *Remembrancia*, p. 557.

Bricklayer and enginer;[1] and after those
The borer and the pavior; then it shows
The labourers next; keeper of Amwell-head;
The walkers last: so all their names are read;
Yet these but parcels of six hundred more
That at one time have been employ'd before;
Yet these in sight and all the rest will say,
That all the week they had their royal pay.

The Speech goes on.

Now for the fruits then: flow forth, precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee; loudly sing,
And with thy crystal murmur struck together,
Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither!

At which words the flood-gate opens, the stream let into the cistern, drums and trumpets giving it triumphant welcomes; and, for the close of this their honourable entertainment, a peal of chambers.[2]

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[1] Old form of "engineer."
[2] Small ordnance.

CIVITATIS AMOR,

ETC.

Civitatis Amor. The Cities Loue. An entertainement by water, at Chelsey, and White-hall. At the ioyfull receiuing of that Illustrious Hope of Great Britaine, the High and Mighty Charles, To bee created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewall, Earle of Chester, &c. Together with the Ample Order and Solemnity of his Highnesse creation, as it was celebrated in his Maiesties Palace of Whitehall on Monday, the fourth of Nouember. 1616. *As also the Ceremonies of that Ancient and Honourable Order of the Knights of the Bath; And all the Triumphs showne in honour of his Royall Creation. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head-Pallace.* 1616. 4to.

This pageant is reprinted in the third volume of Nichols's *Progresses of King James.*

CIVITATIS AMOR.

—o—

The ample Order and Solemnity of Prince Charles his Creation.

His Majesty,[1] as well to show the bounty of his affection towards his royal son, as to settle in the hearts of his loving subjects a lively impression of his kingly care for continuance of the happy and peaceable government of this land in his issue and posterity, having determined to invest his princely Highness with those titles and solemnities [with] which the former princes of this realm have usually been adorned; it seemed fittest—both in regard of his Highness' years, showing the rare proofs of promising heroical virtues, and also that it would be a gladness most grateful and acceptable to the commonwealth—to have the solemnities thereof royally performed: to the effecting of which, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London, with the several Companies, honourably furnished and appointed, and marshalled in fair and comely order—both by the care and industry of master Nicholas Leate,[2] citizen and

[1] *The Order and Solemnity of the High and Mighty Prince Henry . . . Prince of Wales*, 1610, begins in the same manner as the present pageant.

[2] A merchant of great repute and captain of one of the City Trained

merchant of London, and one of the chief captains for the city; as also by the well-observed and deserving pains of master Thomas Sparro, water-baily, made, for that day, marshal for the water-triumphs—were ready attending, with a great train and costly entertainment, to receive his Highness at Chelsea, their barges richly deckt with banners, streamers, and ensigns, and sundry sorts of loud-sounding instruments aptly placed amongst them. And for his Grace's first entertainment, which was near Chelsea, a personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied both with Neptune and the two rivers Thamesis and Dee, at his first appearing speaks as followeth.

THE CITY'S LOVE.

The Entertainment by Water at Chelsea and Whitehall.

AT CHELSEA.

[A personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied thither with Neptune, and the two rivers Thamesis

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Bands. Frequent references to him are found in the State Papers. In 1616 a commission was granted to Leate and another merchant to seize pirates and sea-rovers. His services in redeeming prisoners from the Turks are often mentioned. He was devoted to horticulture, and possessed a very fine garden. See more about him in Nichols's *History of the Ironmongers' Company*, of which company Leate was Master in 1616 and 1626.

and Dee, at the first appearing of the Prince speaks as followeth :][1]

LONDON.

Neptune, since thou hast been at all this pains,
Not only with thy Tritons to supply me,
But art thyself come from thy utmost mains
To feast upon that joy that's now so nigh me,
To make our loves the better understood,
Silence thy watery subject, this small flood.

Neptune gives action toward Thamesis, and speaks:

NEPTUNE.

By the timely ebbs and flows,
That make thee famous to all those
That must observe thy precious tides
That issue from our wealthy sides,
Not a murmur, not a sound,
That may this lady's voice confound!—
And, Tritons, who by our commanding power
Attend upon the glory of this hour,
To do it service and the city grace,
Be silent till we wave our silver mace.

LONDON.

And you, our honour'd sons, whose loyalty,
Service, and zeal, shall be express'd of me,

[1] I have placed this description of London in brackets, as it is an unnecessary repetition.

Let not your loving, over-greedy noise
Beguile you of the sweetness of your joys.
My wish has took effect, for ne'er was known
A greater joy and a more silent one.

Then turning to the Prince, [she] thus speaks:

Treasure of hope, and jewel of mankind,
Richer no kingdom's peace did ever see,
Adorn'd in titles, but much more in mind,
The loves of many thousands speak in me,
Who from that blessing of our peaceful store,
Thy royal father, hast receiv'd most free
Honours, that woo'd thy virtues long before,
And ere thy time were capable of thee;
Thou whose most early goodness, fix'd in youth,
Does promise comfort to the length of time;
As we on earth measure heaven's works by truth,
And things which natural reason cannot climb,
So when we look into the virtuous aim
Of thy divine addiction, we may deem,
By rules of grace and principles of fame,
What worth will be, now in so high esteem,
And so betimes pursu'd; which thought upon,
Never more cause this land had to rejoice;
But chiefly I, the city, that has known
More of this good than any, and more choice.
What a fair glorious peace, for many years,
Has sung her sweet calms to the hearts of men,
Enrich'd our homes, extinguished foreign fears,
And at this hour begins her hymns agen!

Live long and happy, glory of our days!
And thy sweet time mark'd with all fair presages,
Since heaven is pleas'd in thy blest life to raise
The hope of these, and joy of after ages.—
Sound, Tritons; lift our loves up with his fame,
Proclaim'd as far as honour has a name!

NEPTUNE.

Sound on!

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT WHITEHALL.

This personage, figuring London, with the six Tritons sounding before, Neptune, and the two rivers, being arrived at Whitehall, where attend the Prince's landing the figures of two sacred deities, Hope and Peace, thus speaks:

LONDON.

Hope, now behold the fulness of thy good,
Which thy sick comforts have expected long;—
And thou, sweet Peace, the harmony of this flood,
Look up, and see the glory of thy song.

Hope, leaning her breast upon a silver anchor, attended with four virgins all in white, having silver oars in their hands, thus answers:

HOPE.

Fair and most famous city, thou hast wak'd me
From the sad slumber of disconsolate fear,

Which at the music of thy voice forsak'd me,
And now begin to see my comforts clear;
Now has my anchor her firm hold agen,
And in my blest and calm security
The expectations of all faithful men
Have their full fruits, being satisfied in me.
This is the place that I'll cast anchor in,
This, honour's haven, the king's royal court;
Here will I fasten all my joys agen,
Where all deservers and deserts resort:
And may I never change this happy shore
Till all be chang'd, never to alter more!

Then Peace, sitting on a dolphin, with her sacred quire, sings this song following:

The song of PEACE.

Welcome, O welcome, spring of joy and peace!
Born to be honour'd and to give increase
To those that wait upon thy graces;
Behold the many thousand faces
That make this amorous flood
Look like a moving wood,
Usurping all her crystal spaces;
'Mongst which THE CITY'S LOVE *is first,*
Whose expectation's sacred thirst
Nothing truly could allay
But such a prince and such a day.

Welcome, O welcome! all fair joys attend thee!
Glory of life, to safety we commend thee!

THO. MIDDLETON.[1]

[The Prince landed at the common stairs at Whitehall, the nobility and his officers preceding. In the Hall he was received by the Duke of Lennox, lord steward of the household, the controller and officers of the household; in the Great Chamber by the Lord Chamberlain and Viscount Fenton, captain of the guard. He proceeded no further than to the door of the Presence.][2]

PRINCE CHARLES HIS CREATION.

The day's Triumph ended, to the great honour of the city and content of his Highness, who, out of the goodness of his love, gave the Lord Mayor and Aldermen many thanks, on Monday following, the lords and peers of the realm being all assembled at Whitehall, his Highness then proceeded in this manner to his creation:

First went [the Prince's Gentlemen, according to their degrees; his learned Counsel; the drums;] the trumpets;

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[1] "The occurrence of this signature here seems to indicate that the following portion of the tract was not the composition of Middleton."—*Dyce.*

[2] "Camden's MS. volume, in Harl. MSS. 5176, whence other extracts are given between crotchets in the following pages."—*Nichols.*

then the Heralds and Officers of Arms, in their rich coats; [the Earl Marshal with his vierge;[1] the Lord Chamberlain with his white staff]; next followed the Knights of the Bath, being six-and-twenty in number, apparelled in long robes of purple satin, lined with white taffeta; then Sir William Segar, knight, alias garter principal king of arms, bearing the letters patent; the Earl of Sussex the purple robes; the train borne by the Earl of Huntington, the sword by the Earl of Rutland, the ring by the Earl of Derby, the rod by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the cap and coronet by the Duke of Lennox, lord steward. His princely Highness, supported by the Earls of Suffolk and Nottingham, came bareheaded [followed by the principal Gentlemen of his chamber], and so entered the great hall, where the King was set in his royal throne, and the whole state of the realm in their order.

The Prince made low obeisance to his Majesty three times; and after the third time, when he was come near to the King, he kneeled down on a rich pillow or cushion, whilst Sir Ralph Winwood, principal secretary, read his letters patents: then his Majesty, at the reading of the words of investment, put the robes upon him, and girded on the sword; invested him with the rod and ring, and set the cap and coronet on his head. [When the patent was fully read, it was delivered to the King, who delivered it to the Prince, kissing him once or twice. At the put-

[1] Rod.

ting on of the mantle, and delivering of the patent, the trumpets and drums sounded.]

With which ceremony the creation being accomplished, the King arose, and went up to dinner; but the Prince, with his lords, dined in the hall, and was served with great state and magnificence, accompanied at his table with divers great lords, as the Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer; the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal; the Earl of Nottingham, lord admiral; the Duke of Lennox, lord steward; the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, [Huntington], Rutland, and Sussex; the Prince sitting in a chair at the upper end, and the rest in distance about four yards from him, one over against another, in their degrees; all which were those that were employed in several offices of honour about his royal creation. [The Earl of Southampton acted as cup-bearer, the Earl of Dorset as carver, the Lord Compton as sewer,[1] and Doctor Sinhowse, the Prince's chaplain, said grace.] At another table, in the same room, on the left hand of the Prince, sat the Knights of the Bath, all on one side, and had likewise great service and attendance. [After some music, the song of forty parts was sung by the gentlemen of the chapel and others, sitting upon degrees over the screen at the north end of the Hall; which was sung again by the King's commandment, who stood as a spectator in the room over the stairs ascending to the Great Chamber.] About the midst of dinner, Sir William Segar, knight, alias garter

[1] The officer who set on and removed the dishes.

principal king of arms, with the rest of the King's Heralds and Pursuivants of Arms, approached the Prince's table, and with a loud and audible voice proclaimed the King's style in Latin, French, and English, thrice; and the Prince's, in like manner, twice: then the trumpets sounding, the second course came in; and dinner done, that day's solemnity ceased.

At night, to crown it with more heroical honour, forty worthy gentlemen of the noble societies of Inns of Court,[1] being ten of each house, every one appointed, in way of honourable combat, to break three staves, three swords, and exchange ten blows a-piece—whose names, for their worthiness, I commend to fame—began thus each to encounter other: and not to wrong the sacred antiquity of any of the houses, their names are here set down in the same order as they were presented to his Majesty; viz. of the

Middle Temple—Master Strowd, Master Izord.
Gray's Inn—Master Courthop, Master Calton.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Skinner, Master Windham.
Inner Temple—Master Crow, Master Vernon.
Middle Temple—Master Argent, Master Glascock.
Gray's Inn—Master Wadding, Master St. John.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Griffin, Master Fletcher.

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1 "'At the Middle Temple the charges incurred on this occasion were defrayed by a contribution of thirty shillings from each Bencher; every Student of seven years' standing fifteen shillings; and all other Gentlemen in Commons ten shillings apiece.' Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, p. 150."—*Nichols.*

Inner Temple—Master Parsons, Master Brocke.[1]
Middle Temple—Master Bentley, senior, Master Peere.[2]
Gray's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Paston.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Clinch.
Inner Temple—Master Chetwood, Master Smalman.
Middle Temple—Master Bentley, junior, Master Bridges.
Gray's Inn—Master Covert, Master Fulkes.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Jones, Master Googe.
Inner Temple—Master Wilde, Master Chave.
Middle Temple—Master Wansted, Master Goodyeere.
Gray's Inn—Master Burton, Master Bennet.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Hitchcock, Master Neville.
Inner Temple—Master Littleton,[3] Master Trever.

[During the fifth of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason, the festivities were suspended. On that day Bishop Andrews preached before the King at Whitehall, on Psalm[4] xxvii. 3; and his Majesty knighted Sir William Segar, garter king-at-arms.]

On Wednesday, the sixth day of November, to give greater lustre and honour to this triumph and solemnity, in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince, and Lords, fourteen right honourable and noble personages, whose names hereafter follow, graced this day's magnificence with running at the ring;[5] viz.

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[1] "William *Brooke* was Autumn Reader at the Inner Temple in 1608, as was Thomas Brooke in 1611."—*Nichols.*

[2] George *Beare* was Lent Reader at Lincoln's Inn in 1640."—*Nichols.*

[3] "The great Sir Edward Littleton."—*Nichols.*

[4] "The discourse is in the Bishop's 'xcvi. Sermons,' the eighth on the occasion."—*Nichols.*

[5] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 117.

The Duke of Lennox, lord steward.
Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain.
Earl of Rutland.
Earl of Dorset.
Earl of Montgomery.
Viscount Villiers.
Lord Clifford.
Lord Walden.
Lord Mordaunt.
Sir Thomas Howard.
Sir Robert Rich.
Sir Gilbert Gerrard.
Sir William Cavendish.
Sir Henry Rich.

Having thus briefly described the manner of his Highness' creation, with the honourable service shown to the solemnity both by the lords and gentlemen of the Inns of Court, I should have set a period, but that the Knights of the Bath, being a principal part and ornament of this sacred triumph, I cannot pass them over without some remembrance: therefore thus much out of the Note of Directions from some of the principal officers of arms, and some observation of credit concerning the order and ceremonies of the knighthood:—

The lords and other that were to receive the honourable order of the Bath repaired on Saturday, the second of November, to the Parliament House at Westminster, and there in the afternoon heard evening prayer, observing

no other ceremony at that time, but only the heralds going before them, in their ordinary habits, from thence to King Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, there to begin their warfare, as if they would employ their service for God especially; from whence, after service ended, they returned into the chamber they were to sup in. Their supper was prepared all at one table, and all sate upon one side of the same, every man having an escutcheon of his arms placed over his head, and certain of the King's officers being appointed to attend them. In this manner, having taken their repast, several beds were made ready for their lodging in another room hard by, after the same manner, all on one side; their beds were pallets with coverings, testers, or canopies of red say,[1] but they used no curtains.

The Knights in the meanwhile were withdrawn into the bathing-chamber, which was the next room to that which they supped in; where for each of them was provided a several bathing-tub, which was lined both within and without with white linen, and covered with red say; wherein, after they have said their prayers and commended themselves to God, they bathe themselves, that thereby they might be put in mind to be pure in body and soul from thenceforth; and after the bath, they betook themselves to their rest.

Early the next morning they were awakened with music, and at their uprising invested in their hermit's habits, which was a gown of gray cloth, girded close, and

[1] A fine sort of serge.

a hood of the same, and a linen coif underneath, and an handkercher hanging at his girdle, cloth stockings soled with leather, but no shoes; and thus apparelled, their esquires governors, with the heralds wearing the coats of arms, and sundry sorts of wind instruments before them, they proceed from their lodging, the meanest in order foremost, as the night before, until they came to the chapel, where, after service ended, their oath was ministered unto them by the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, and the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain, in a solemn and ceremonious manner, all of them standing forth before their stalls, and at their coming out making low reverence towards the altar, by which the commissioners sate: then were they brought up by the heralds by two at once, the chiefest first, and so the rest, till all successively had received their oath,[1] which in effect was this: That above all things they should seek the honour of God, and maintenance of true religion; love their sovereign; serve their country; help maidens, widows, and orphans; and, to the utmost of their power, cause equity and justice to be observed.

This day, whilst they were yet in the chapel, wine and sweatmeats were brought them, and they departed to

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[1] "Of 'this ancient exhortation or well-wishing, which,' says Camden, 'is commonly called, but improperly, an oathe,' see some curious particulars in vol. ii. p. 337 [of *Prog. of King James*]. It was read, continues Camden, first to the Lord Maltravers, by the Earl of Arundel his father, in the character of Earl Marshal, and then to the other Knights either by the Earl or by the Lord Chamberlain, who then went with the Dean to read the same to the Lord Percy, who had been forced to withdraw himself from indisposition."—*Nichols.*

their chamber to be disrobed of their hermits' weeds, and were revested in robes of crimson taffeta, implying they should be martial men, the robes lined with white sarcenet, in token of sincerity, having white hats on their heads with white feathers, white boots on their legs, and white gloves tied unto the strings of their mantles; all which performed, they mount on horseback, the saddle of black leather, the arson[1] white, stirrup-leathers black gilt, the pectoral[2] of black leather, with a cross paty[3] of silver thereon, and without a crupper, the bridle likewise black, with a cross paty on the forehead or frontlet; each knight between his two esquires well apparelled, his footmen attending, and his page riding before him, carrying his sword, with the hilts upward, in a white leather belt without buckles or studs, and his spurs hanging thereon. In this order ranked, every man according to his degree —the best or chiefest first—they rode fair and softly towards the court, the trumpets sounding, and the heralds all the way riding before them. Being come to the King's hall, the Marshal meets them, who is to have their horses, or else 100*s.* in money, for his fee: then, conducted by the heralds and others appointed for that purpose, his Majesty sitting under his cloth of estate, gave to them their knighthood in this manner:

First, the principal lord that is to receive the order

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[1] The bow of a saddle.

[2] Breast-piece.

[3] "The Cross Paté, or Formé. In this Cross the limbs are very narrow where they are conjoined and gradually expand; the whole forming nearly a square."—Cussans' *Handbook of Heraldry.*

comes, led by his two esquires, and his page before him bearing his sword and spurs, and kneeleth down before his majesty; the lord chamberlain takes the sword of the page and delivers it to the King, who puts the belt over the neck of the knight, aslope his breast, placing the sword under his left arm; the second nobleman of the chief about the King puts on his spurs, the right spur first; and so is the ceremony performed. In this sort Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, which was the principal of this number, being first created, the rest were all consequently knighted alike. And when the solemnity thereof was fully finished, they all returned in order as they came, saving some small difference, in that the youngest or meanest knight went now foremost, and their pages behind them.

Coming back to the Parliament House, their dinner was ready prepared, in the same room, and after the fashion as their supper was the night before; but being set, they were not to taste of any thing that stood before them, but, with a modest carriage and graceful abstinence, to refrain; divers kinds of sweet music sounding the while; and after a convenient time of sitting, to arise and withdraw themselves, leaving the table so furnished to their esquires and pages.

About five of the clock in the afternoon they rode again to court, to hear service in the King's chapel, keeping the same order they did at their return from thence in the morning, every knight riding between his two esquires, and his page following him. At their

entrance into the chapel, the heralds conducting them, they make a solemn reverence, the youngest knight beginning, the rest orderly ensuing; and so one after another take their standing before their stalls, where all being placed, the eldest knight maketh a second reverence, which is followed to the youngest; and then all ascend into their stalls, and take their accustomed places. Service then beginneth, and is very solemnly celebrated with singing of divers anthems to the organs; and when the time of their offertory is come, the youngest knights are summoned forth of their stalls by the heralds, doing reverence first within their stalls, and again after they are descended, which is likewise imitated by all the rest; and being all thus come forth, standing before their stalls as at first, the two eldest knights, with their swords in their hands, are brought up by the heralds to the altar, where they offer their swords, and the dean receives them, of whom they presently redeem them with an angel in gold, and then come down to their former places, whilst two other are led up in like manner. The ceremony performed and service ended, they depart again in such order as they came, with accustomed reverence. At the chapel-door, as they came forth, they were encountered by the King's master cook, who stood there with his white apron and sleeves, and a chopping-knife in his hand, and challenged their spurs, which were likewise redeemed with a noble in money, threatening them, nevertheless, that if they proved not true and loyal to the King, his lord and master, it must be his office to hew them from their heels.

On Monday morning they all met together nigh at the court, where, in a private room appointed for them, they were clothed in long robes of purple satin, with hoods of the same, all lined and edged about with white taffeta; and thus apparelled, they gave their attendance upon the Prince at his creation, and dined that day in his presence, at a sideboard, as is already declared.

The Names of such Lords and Gentlemen as were made Knights of the Bath, in honour of his Highness' Creation.

James Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel.

Algernon Lord Percy, son and heir to the Earl [of] Northumberland.

James Lord Wriothesley, son to the Earl of Southampton.

Edward [Theophilus] Lord Clinton, son to the Earl of Lincoln.

Edward Lord Beauchamp, grandchild to the Earl of Hertford.

[George] Lord Berkeley.

[John] Lord Mordaunt.

Sir Alexander Erskine, son to the Viscount Fenton.

Sir Henry Howard, second son to the Earl of Arundel.

Sir Robert Howard, fourth [fifth] son to the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Edward Sackville, brother to the Earl of Dorset.

Sir William Howard, fifth [sixth] son to the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Edward Howard, sixth [seventh] son to the Earl of Suffolk.
Sir Montague Bertie,[1] eldest son to the Lord Willoughby of Eresby.
[Sir William Stourton, son to the Lord Stourton.]
Sir Henry Parker, son to the Lord Mounteagle.
Sir Dudley North, eldest son to the Lord North.
Sir Spencer Compton, son and heir to Lord Compton.
Sir William Spencer, son to the Lord Spencer.
[Sir William Seymour, brother to the Lord Beauchamp.]
Sir Roland St. John, third son to the Lord St. John.
Sir John Cavendish, second son to the Lord Cavendish.
Sir Thomas Nevill, grandchild to the Lord Abergavenny.
Sir John Roper, grandchild to the Lord Tenham.
Sir John North, brother to the Lord North.
Sir Henry Carey, son to Sir Robert Carey.

And for an honourable conclusion of the King's royal grace and bounty shown to this solemnity, his Majesty created Thomas Lord Ellesmere, lord chancellor of England, Viscount Brackley; the Lord Knolles, Viscount Wallingford; Sir Philip Stanhope, Lord Stanhope of Shelford in Nottinghamshire: these being created[2] on

[1] Old ed. "Bartue."

[2] Nichols omits this passage and follows Harl. MS. 5176:—

"On the 7th of November, about five of the clock in the afternoon, they mett in the Counsell-chamber, where they and the Lords appoynted to carry their ornaments and the assistants putt on their roabes, the Earles and Viscounts their surcotes of crimson velvett with close sleeves, having short flappes hanging upon their shoulders, then their hoods and afterward their mantles and roabes, fastned upon the shoulder and pucking out the capuchio to hang over behinde, with

Thursday the seventh of November, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Brackley being led out of the council-chamber into the privy gallery by the Earl of Montgomery and Viscount Villiers.

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their cappes of estate and coronetts, or rather circuletts for the Viscounts. They passed from thence over the Tarras [Terrace] into the Privie Gallery, the Heralds, Kings of Armes, Garter carrying the Patent, the Lord Compton in his Parliament roabes, carying the Mantle, the Lord Wentworth the Capp of estate and Circulet, the Lord Chancellour Lord Ellesmere in his surcote and hood with his sword by his syde in a usuall hatt, assisted by the Earle of Montgomery and Viscount Villers, with their cappes of estat on. At the Gallory-dore, the Lord Chamberlaine mett them, and placing himself after the Kings of Armes, presented them to the King, who satt there with the Queen and the Prince. Garter presented the Patent to the Lord Chamberlaine, he to the King; the King delivered the same to Sir Ralph Winwood the Secretary, who [read the same]; at the words *fecimus et creavimus* the Roabes were delivered to the King, who delivered the same to the Assistants, who invested him therwith, and the like with the Capp of estate and the Circulett theruppon, and then the Earles Assistants putt on their cappes of estate. When the Patent was fully read, and he thus created Viscount Brackley, the trumpetts and drummes standing without sounded.

"Then was brought in the Lord Knolles, the Lord Carew carying the Mantle, the Lord Davers the Capp of Estate, assisted by the Earle of Suffolk Lord Treasurer and Viscount Lisle, and in like manner created Viscount Wallingford.

"Afterward Sir Philipp Stanhop was brought in his surcote of scarlett, the Lord Denny carying his Roabe, the Lord Compton and the Lord Norris assisting him, and was created Lord Stanhop of Shelford. Then they retourned that way they came to the Counsell-chamber, first, Viscount Brackley, then Viscount Wallingford and the Lord Stanhop, in such order as they went, the trumpetts and drummes sounding."

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND INDUSTRY.

The Tryumphs of Honor and Industry. A Solemnity performed through the City, at Confirmation and establishment of the Right Honorable, George Bowles, In the Office of his Maiesties Lieuetenant, the Lord Mayor of the famous Citty of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Judes day October 29. 1617. *London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1617. 4to.

To the worthy deserver of all the costs and triumphs which the noble Society of Grocers in bounteous measure bestow on him, the Right Honourable GEORGE BOWLES, *Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

OUT of the slightest labours and employments there may that virtue sometimes arise that may enlighten the best part of man. Nor have these kind of triumphs an idle relish, especially if they be artfully accomplished: under such an esteemed slightness may often lurk that fire that may shame the best perfection. For instance, what greater means for the imitation of virtue and nobleness can anywhere present itself with more alacrity to the beholder, than the memorable fames of those worthies in the Castle, manifested by their escutcheons of arms, the only symbols of honour and antiquity? The honourable seat that is reserved, all men have hope that your justice and goodness will exactly merit; to the honour of which I commend your lordship's virtues, remaining,

At your Honour's service,

T. M.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND INDUSTRY.

—o—

It hath been twice my fortune in short time to have employment for this noble Society, where I have always met with men of much understanding, and no less bounty; to whom cost appears but as a shadow, so there be fulness of content in the performance of the solemnity; which that the world may judge of, for whose pleasure and satisfaction custom hath yearly framed it, but chiefly for the honour of the City, it begins to present itself, not without form and order, which is required in the meanest employment.

The first invention.

A company of Indians, attired according to the true nature of their country, seeming for the most part naked, are set at work in an Island of growing spices; some planting nutmeg-trees, some other spice-trees of

all kinds; some gathering the fruits, some making up bags of pepper; every one severally employed. These Indians are all active youths, who, ceasing in their labours, dance about the trees, both to give content to themselves and the spectators.

After this show of dancing Indians in the Island, follows triumphantly a rich personage presenting India, the seat of merchandise. This India sits on the top of an illustrious chariot; on the one side of her sits Traffic or Merchandise, on the other side Industry, both fitted and adorned according to the property of their natures; Industry holding a golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a Cupid, signifying that industry gets both wealth and love, and, with her associate Traffic or Merchandise, who holds a globe in her hand, knits love and peace amongst all nations: to the better expressing of which, if you give attention to Industry that now sets forward to speak, it will be yours more exactly.

The speech of INDUSTRY *in the Chariot.*

I was jealous of the shadowing of my grace,
But that I know this is my time and place.
Where has not Industry a noble friend?
In this assembly even the best extend
Their grace and love to me, joy'd or amaz'd:
Who of true fame possess'd, but I have rais'd,
And after added honours to his days?
For Industry is the life-blood of praise:
To rise without me, is to steal to glory;
And who so abject to leave such a story?

It is as clear as light, as bright as truth,
Fame waits their age whom Industry their youth.
Behold this ball of gold, upon which stands
A golden Cupid, wrought with curious hands;
The mighty power of Industry it shows,
That gets both wealth and love, which overflows
With such a stream of amity and peace,
Not only to itself adding increase,
But several nations where commerce abounds
Taste the harmonious peace so sweetly sounds;
For instance, let your gracious eye be fix'd
Upon a joy true though so strangely mix'd.

And that you may take the better note of their adornments,—India, whose seat is the most eminent, for her expression holds in her hand a wedge of gold; Traffic, her associate, a globe; Industry, a fair golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a golden Cupid; Fortune expressed with a silver wheel; Success holding a painted ship in a haven; Wealth, a golden key where her heart lies; Virtue bearing for her manifestation a silver shield; Grace holding in her hand a book; Perfection, a crown of gold.

At which words, the Pageant of Several Nations, which is purposely planted near the sound of the words, moves with a kind of affectionate joy both at the honour of the day's triumph and the prosperity of Love, which by the virtue of traffic is likely ever to continue; and for a good omen of the everlasting continuance of it, on the top of this curious and triumphant pageant shoots up a

laurel-tree, the leaves spotted with gold, about which sit six celestial figures, presenting Peace, Prosperity, Love, Unity, Plenty, and Fidelity: Peace holding a branch of palm; Prosperity, a laurel; Love, two joined hands; Unity, two turtles; Plenty holding fruits; Fidelity a silver anchor. But before I entered so far, I should have showed you the zeal and love of the Frenchman and Spaniard, which now I hope will not appear unseasonably: who, not content with a silent joy, like the rest of the nations, have a thirst to utter their gladness, though understood of a small number; which is this:

The short speech delivered by the Frenchman in French.

La multitude m'ayant monté sur ce haut lieu pour contempler le glorieux triomphe de cette journée, je vois qu'en quelque sorte la noble dignité de la très honorable Société des Grociers y est représentée, dont me jouissant par-dessous tous, je leur souhaite et à Monseigneur le Maire le comble de toutes nobles et heureuses fortunes.

The same in English.

It is my joy chiefly (and I stand for thousands), to see the glory of this triumphant day, which in some measure requites the noble worthiness of the honourable Society of Grocers, to whom and to my Lord Mayor I wish all good successes.

This Frenchman no sooner sets a period to his speech, but the Spaniard, in zeal as virtuous as he, utters himself to the purpose of these words:

The Spaniard's speech in Spanish.

Ninguna de todas estas naciones concibe maior y verdadera alegria en este triumfante y glorioso dia que yo, no, ninguna de todas ellas, porque agora que me parece, que son tan ricas, es senal que los de my nacion en tratando con ellas receberan mayor provecho dellas, al my senior Don Maior todas buenas y dichosas fortunas, y a los de la honrada Compania de Especieros dichosos desseos, y assi dios guarde a my senior Don Maior, y rogo a dios que todo el anno siguiente, puede ser tan dichoso como esta entrada suya, a la dignidad de su senoria, guarde dios a su senoria.

The same in English.

None of all these nations conceive more true joy at this triumphant day than myself: to my Lord Mayor all fair and noble fortunes, and to the worthy Society of Grocers all happy wishes; and I pray heaven that all the year following may be as happy and successful as this first entrance to your dignity.

This expression of their joy and love having spent itself, I know you cannot part contented without their several inscriptions: now the favour and help must be in you to conceive our breadth and limits, and not to think we can in these customary bounds comprehend all the nations, but so many as shall serve to give content to the understander; which thus produce themselves:

An Englishman.
A Frenchman.

An Irishman.
A Spaniard.
A Turk.
A Jew.
A Dane.
A Polander.
A Barbarian.
A Russian or Muscovian.

This fully expressed, I arrive now at that part of triumph which my desire ever hastened to come to, this Castle of Fame or Honour, which Industry brings her sons unto in their reverend ages.

In the front of this Castle, Reward and Industry, decked in bright robes, keep a seat between them for him to whom the day's honour is dedicated, showing how many worthy sons of the City and of the same Society have, by their truth, desert, and Industry, come to the like honour before him; where on a sudden is shown divers of the same right worshipful Society of Grocers, manifested both by their good government in their times, as also by their escutcheons of arms, as an example and encouragement to all virtuous and industrious deservers in time to come. And in honour of antiquity is shown that ancient and memorable worthy of the Grocers' Company, Andrew Bockrill, who was mayor of London the sixteenth year of Henry the Third, 1231, and continued so mayor seven years together: likewise, for the greater honour of the Company, is also shown in this Castle of Fame the noble Allen de la Zouche, grocer, who was mayor of London the two-and-

fiftieth year of the same Henry the Third, which Allen de la Zouche, for his good government in the time of his mayoralty, was by the said King Henry the Third made both a baron of his realm and lord chief-justice of England: also that famous worthy, Sir Thomas Knolles, grocer, twice mayor of this honourable city, which Sir Thomas begun at his own charge that famous building of Guildhall in London, and other memorable works both in this city and in his own Company; so much worthiness being the lustre of his Castle, and ought indeed to be the imitation of the beholder.

My lord no sooner approaches, but Reward, a partner with Justice in keeping that seat of honour, as overjoyed at the sight of him, appears too free and forward in the resignation.

REWARD.

Welcome to Fame's bright Castle! take thy place:
This seat's reserv'd to do thy virtues grace.

JUSTICE.

True, but not yet to be possess'd. Hear me:
Justice must flow through him before that be;
Great works of grace must be requir'd and done
Before the honour of this seat be won.
A whole year's reverend care in righting wrongs,
And guarding innocence from malicious tongues,
Must be employ'd in virtue's sacred right
Before this place be fill'd: 'tis no mean fight

That wins this palm; truth, and a virtuous care
Of the oppressèd, those the loadstones are
That will 'gainst envy's power draw him forth
To take this merit in this seat of worth,
Where all the memorable worthies shine
In works of brightness able to refine
All the beholders' minds, and strike new fire,
To kindle an industrious desire
To imitate their actions and their fame,
Which to this Castle adds that glorious name.
Wherefore, Reward, free as the air or light,
There must be merit, or our work's not right.

REWARD.

If there were any error, 'twas my love;
And if it be a fault to be too free,
Reward commits but once such heresy.
Howe'er, I know your worth will so extend,
Your fame will fill this seat at twelve months' end.

About this Castle of Fame are placed many honourable figures, as Truth, Antiquity, Harmony, Fame, Desert, Good Works; on the top of the Castle, Honour, Religion, Piety, Commiseration, the works of those whose memories shine in this Castle.

If you look upon Truth first, you shall find her properly expressed, holding in her right hand a sun, in the other a fan of stars; Antiquity with a scroll in her hand, as keeper of Honour's records; Harmony holding a golden lute, and Fame not without her silver trumpet; for

Desert, 'tis glorious through her own brightness, but holds nothing; Good Works expressed with a college, or hospital.

On the top of the Castle, Honour manifested by a fair star in his hand; Religion with a temple on her head; Piety with an altar; Commiseration with a melting or burning heart.

And, not to have our speakers forgotten, Reward and Justice, with whom we entered this part of Triumph, Reward holding a wreath of gold ready for a deserver, and Justice furnished with her sword and balance.

All this service is performed before the feast, some in Paul's Churchyard, some in Cheapside; at which place the whole Triumph meets, both Castle and Island, that gave delight upon the water. And now, as duty binds me, I commend my lord and his right honourable guess [1] to the solemn pleasure of the feast, from whence, I presume, all epicurism is banished; for where Honour is master of the feast, Moderation and Gravity are always attendants.

The feast being ended at Guildhall, my lord, as yearly custom invites him, goes, accompanied with the Triumph, towards St. Paul's, to perform the noble and reverend ceremonies which divine antiquity virtuously ordained, and is no less than faithfully observed, which is no mean lustre to the City. Holy service and ceremonies accomplished, he returns by torchlight to his own house, the whole Triumph placed in comely order before him; and

[1] Guests.

at the entrance of his gate, Honour, a glorious person, from the top of the Castle, gives life to these following words:

The speech of HONOUR *from the top of the Castle, at the entrance of my Lord Mayor's gate.*

HONOUR.

There is no human glory or renown,
But have their evening and their sure sun-setting;
Which shows that we should upward seek our crown,
And make but use of time for our hope's bettering:
So, to be truly mindful of our own,
Is to perform all parts of good in one.
The close of this triumphant day is come,
And Honour stays to bid you welcome home:
All I desire for my grace and good
Is but to be remember'd in your blood,
With honour to accomplish the fair time
Which power hath put into your hands. A crime
As great as ever came into sin's band
I do entitle a too-sparing hand:
Nothing deads honour more than to behold
Plenty coop'd up, and bounty faint and cold,
Which ought to be the free life of the year;
For bounty 'twas ordain'd to make that clear,
Which is the light of goodness and of fame,
And puts by honour from the cloud of shame.
Great cost and love hath nobly been bestow'd
Upon thy triumph, which this day hath show'd;

Embrace 'em in thy heart, till times afford
Fuller expression. In one absolute word,
All the content that ever made man blest,
This triumph done, make a triumphant breast!

No sooner the speech is ended but the Triumph is dissolved, and not possible to scape the hands of the defacer; things that, for their quaintness (I dare so far commend them), have not been usually seen through the City; the credit of which workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts of master Rowland Bucket, chief master of the work; yet not forgetting the faithful care and industry of my well-approved friend, master Henry Wilde, and master Jacob Challoner, partners in the business.

The season cuts me off; and after this day's trouble I am as willing to take my rest.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

LOVE AND ANTIQUITY.

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity. An Honourable Solemnitie performed through the Citie, at the confirmation and establishment of the Right Honourable Sir William Cockayn, Knight, in the office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the Lord Maior of the Famous Citie of London: Taking beginning in the morning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after his returne from receiuing the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Symon and Judes Day, October 29. 1619. *By Tho: Middleton. Gent. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1619. 4to.

This pageant is reprinted in vol. iii. of Nichols's *Progresses of King James.*

Sir William Cockaine, who came of an old Derbyshire family, was elected Alderman of Farringdon Without, 19th May 1609; Sheriff, 24th June 1609. He received the honour of knighthood on 22d June 1616, on the occasion of his entertaining James I. at his house in Broad Street. He died on 20th October 1626, and was buried at St. Paul's Cathedral. See *Remembrancia*, p. 100, note.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Skinners, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM COCKAINE, *Knight, Lord Mayor of this renowned City, and Lord General of his Military Forces.*

Love, triumph, honour, all the glorious graces
This day holds in her gift; fix'd eyes and faces
Apply themselves in joy all to your look;
In duty, then, my service and the book,

At your Lordship's command,

THO. MIDDLETON.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

LOVE AND ANTIQUITY.

—o—

If foreign nations have been struck with admiration at the form, state, and splendour of some yearly triumphs, wherein Art hath been but weakly imitated and most beggarly worded,[1] there is fair hope that things where invention flourishes, clear Art and her graceful proprieties should receive favour and encouragement from the content of the spectator, which, next to the service of his honour and honourable Society, is the principal reward it looks for; and not despairing of that common favour—which is often cast upon the undeserver, through the distress and misery of judgment—this takes delight to present itself.

And first, to begin early with the love of the city to his lordship, let me draw your attentions to his honour's entertainment upon the water, where Expectation, big with the joy of the day, but beholding to free love for language and expression, thus salutes the great master of the day and triumph.

[1] Middleton is again glancing at Antony Munday.

The speech to entertain his lordship upon the water.

Honour and joy double their blessings on thee!
I, the day's love, the city's general love,
Salute thee in the sweetness of content;
All that behold me worthily may see
How full mine eye stands of the joy of thee;
The more, because I may with confidence say
Desert and love will be well match'd to-day;
And herein the great'st pity will appear,
This match can last no longer than a year;
Yet let not that discourage thy good ways,
Men's loves will last to crown thy end of days;
If those should fail, which cannot easily die,
Thy good works wed thee to eternity.
Let not the shortness, then, of time dismay
The largeness of thy worth, gain every day;
So, many years thou gain'st that some have lost;
For they that think their care is at great cost,
If they do any good in time so small,
They make their year but a poor day in all;
For, as a learnèd man will comprehend,
  In compass of his hour, doctrine so sound,
Which give another a whole year to mend,
  He shall not equal upon any ground;
So the judicious, when he comes to bear
This powerful office, struck with divine fear,
Collects his spirits, redeems his hours with care,
Thinks of his charge and oath, what ties they are;

And with a virtuous resolution then
Works more good in one year than some in ten:
Nor is this spoken any to detract,
But all t' encourage to put truth in act.
Methinks I see oppression hang the head,
Falsehood and injury with their guilt struck dead,
At this triumphant hour; ill causes hide
Their leprous faces, daring not t' abide
The brightness of this day; and in mine ear
Methinks the Graces' silver chimes I hear.
Good wishes are at work now in each heart,
Throughout this sphere of brotherhood play their part;
Chiefly thy noble own fraternity,
As near in heart as they're in place to thee,
The ensigns of whose love bounty displays,
Yet esteems all their cost short of thy praise.
There will appear elected sons of war,
Which this fair city boasts of, for their care,
Strength, and experience, set in truth of heart,
All great and glorious masters in that art
Which gives to man his dignity, name, and seal,
Prepar'd to speak love in a noble peal,
Knowing two triumphs must on this day dwell,
For magistrate one, and one for coronel: [1]
Return lord-general, that's the name of state
The soldier gives thee, peace the magistrate.
On then, great hope! here that good care begins,
Which now earth's love and heaven's hereafter wins.

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[1] Colonel. (*Span.*)

At his lordship's return from Westminster, those worthy gentlemen whose loves and worths were prepared before in the conclusion of the former speech by water, are now all ready to salute their lord-general with a noble volley at his lordship's landing; and in the best and most commendable form, answerable to the nobleness of their free love and service, take their march before his lordship, who, being so honourably conducted, meets the first Triumph by land waiting his lordship's most wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, near Paul's Chain, which is a Wilderness, most gracefully and artfully furnished with divers kind of beasts bearing fur, proper to the fraternity; the presenter the musical Orpheus, great master both in poesy and harmony, who by his excellent music drew after him wild beasts, woods, and mountains; over his head an artificial cock, often made to crow and flutter with his wings. This Orpheus, at the approach of his lordship, gives life to these words:

The speech delivered by ORPHEUS.

Great lord, example is the crystal glass
By which wise magistracy sets his face,
Fits all his actions to their comeliest dress,
For there he sees honour and seemliness:
'Tis not like flattering glasses, those false books
Made to set age back in great courtiers' looks;
Like clocks on revelling nights, that ne'er go right,
Because the sports may yield more full delight,

But when they break off, then they find it late,
The time and truth appears: such is their state
Whose death by flatteries is set back awhile,
But meets 'em in the midst of their safe smile;
Such horrors those forgetful things attend,
That only mind their ends, but not their end.
Leave them to their false trust, list thou to me;
Thy power is great, so let thy virtues be,
Thy care, thy watchfulness, which are but things
Remember'd to thy praise; from thence it springs,
And not from fear of any want in thee,
For in this truth I may be comely free,—
Never was man advanc'd yet waited on
With a more noble expectation:
That's a great work to perfect; and as those
That have in art a mastery can oppose
All comers, and come off with learnèd fame,
Yet think not scorn still of a scholar's name,
A title which they had in ignorant youth,—
So he that deals in such a weight of truth
As th' execution of a magistrate's place,
Though never so exact in form and grace,
Both from his own worth and man's free applause,
Yet may be call'd a labourer in the cause,
And be thought good to be so, in true care
The labour being so glorious, just, and fair.
  Behold, then, in a rough example here,
The rude and thorny ways thy care must clear;
Such are the vices in a city sprung,
As are yon thickets that grow close and strong;

Such is oppression, cozenage, bribes, false hires,
As are yon catching and entangling briers;
Such is gout-justice, that's delay in right,
Demurs in suits that are as clear as light;
Just such a wilderness is a commonwealth
That is undrest, unprun'd, wild in her health;
And the rude multitude the beasts a' the wood,
That know no laws, but only will and blood;
And yet, by fair example, musical grace,
Harmonious government of the man in place,
Of fair integrity and wisdom fram'd,
They stand as mine do, ravish'd, charm'd, and tam'd:
Every wise magistrate that governs thus,
May well be call'd a powerful Orpheus.
Behold yon bird of state, the vigilant cock,
The morning's herald and the ploughman's clock,
At whose shrill crow the very lion trembles,
The sturdiest prey-taker that here assembles;
How fitly does it match your name and power,
Fix'd in that name now by this glorious hour,
At your just voice to shake the bold'st offence
And sturdiest sin that e'er had residence
In secure man, yet, with an equal eye,
Matching grave justice with fair clemency!
It being the property he chiefly shows,
To give wing-warning still before he crows,
To crow before he strike; by his clapt wing
To stir himself up first, which needful thing
Is every man's first duty; by his crow,
A gentle call or warning, which should flow

From every magistrate; before he extend
The stroke of justice, he should reprehend
And try the virtue of a powerful word,
If that prevail not, then the spur, the sword.
See, herein honours to his majesty
Are not forgotten, when I turn and see
The several countries, in those faces plain,
All owing fealty to one sovereign;
The noble English, the fair-thriving Scot,
Plain-hearted Welsh, the Frenchman bold and hot,
The civilly instructed Irishman,
And that kind savage the Virginian,
All lovingly assembled, e'en by fate,
This thy day's honour to congratulate.
On, then; and as your service fills this place,
So through the city do his lordship grace.

At which words this part of Triumph moves onward, and meets the full body of the show in the other Paul's-Churchyard; then dispersing itself according to the ordering of the speeches following, one part, which is the Sanctuary of Fame, plants itself near the Little Conduit in Cheap; another, which hath the title of the Parliament of Honour, at St. Laurence-Lane end. Upon the battlements of that beauteous sanctuary, adorned with six-and-twenty bright-burning lamps, having allusion to the six-and-twenty aldermen—they being, for their justice, government, and example, the lights of the city—a grave personage, crowned with the title and inscription of Example, breathes forth these sounds:

EXAMPLE.

From that rough wilderness, which did late present
The perplex'd state and cares of government,
Which every painful magistrate must meet,
Here the reward stands for thee,—a chief seat
In Fame's fair Sanctuary, where some of old,
Crown'd with their troubles, now are here enroll'd
In memory's sacred sweetness to all ages;
And so much the world's voice of thee presages.
And these that sit for many, with their graces
  Fresh as the buds of roses, though they sleep,
In thy Society had once high places,
  Which in their good works they for ever keep;
Life call'd 'em in their time honour's fair stars,
Large benefactors, and sweet governors.
If here were not sufficient grace for merit,
Next object, I presume, will raise thy spirit.

In this masterpiece of art, Fame's illustrious Sanctuary, the memory of those worthies shine[s] gloriously that have been both lord mayors of this city and noble benefactors and brothers of this worthy fraternity; to wit, Sir Henry Barton, Sir William Gregory, Sir Stephen Jennings, Sir Thomas Mirfen, Sir Andrew Judd, Sir Wolstone Dixie, Sir Stephen Slany, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and now the right honourable Sir William Cockaine.

That Sir Henry Barton, an honour to memory, was the first that, for the safety of travellers and strangers by

night through the city, caused lights to be hung out from Allhollontide [1] to Candlemas; therefore, in this Sanctuary of Fame, where the beauty of good actions shine, he is most properly and worthily recorded.

His lordship by this time gracefully conducted toward that Parliament of Honour, near St. Laurence-Lane end, Antiquity, from its eminence, thus gloriously salutes him:

ANTIQUITY, *in the Parliament of Honour.*

Grave city-governor, so much honour do me,
Vouchsafe thy presence and thy patience to me,
And I'll reward that virtue with a story,
That shall to thy fraternity add glory;
Then to thy worth no mean part will arise,
That art ordain'd chief for that glorious prize.
'Tis I that keep all the records of fame,
Mother of Truths, Antiquity my name;
No year, month, day, or hour, that brings in place
Good works and noble, for the city's grace,
But I record, that after-times may see
What former were, and how they ought to be
Fruitful and thankful, in fair actions flowing,
To meet heaven's blessings, to which much is owing.
For instance, let all grateful eyes be plac'd
Upon this mount of royalty, by kings grac'd,
Queens, prince, dukes, nobles, more by numbering gain'd
Than can be in this narrow sphere contain'd;

[1] All-hallows-tide.

Seven kings, five queens, only one prince alone,
Eight dukes, two earls, Plantagenets twenty-one;
All these of this fraternity made free,
Brothers and sisters of this Company:
And see with what propriety the Fates
Have to this noble brotherhood knit such states;[1]
For what society the whole city brings
Can with such ornaments adorn their kings,—
Their only robes of state, when they consent
To ride most glorious to high parliament?
And mark in this their royal intent still;
For when it pleas'd the goodness of their will
To put the richest robes of their loves on
To the whole city, the most ever came
To this Society, which records here prove,
Adorning their adorners with their love;
Which was a kingly equity.
Be careful then, great Lord, to bring forth deeds
To match that honour that from hence proceeds.

At the close of which speech the whole Triumph takes leave of his lordship for that time; and, till after the feast at Guildhall, rests from service. His lordship, accompanied with many noble personages; the honourable fellowship of ancient magistrates and aldermen of this city; the two new sheriffs, the one of his own fraternity (the complete Brotherhood of Skinners), the right worshipful master sheriff Dean, a very bountiful

1 Noble personages.

and worthy citizen; not forgetting the noble pains and loves of the heroic captains of the city, and gentlemen of the Artillery-garden,[1] making, with two glorious ranks, a manly and majestic passage for their lord-general, his lordship, thorough Guildhall-yard; and afterward their loves to his lordship resounding in a second noble volley.

Now, that all the honours before mentioned in that Parliament, or Mount of Royalty, may arrive at a clear and perfect manifestation, to prevent[2] the over-curious and inquisitive spirit, the names and times of those kings, queens, prince, dukes, and nobles, free of the honourable Fraternity of Skinners in London, shall here receive their proper illustrations.

Anno 1329. King Edward the Third, Plantagenet, by whom, in the first of his reign, this worthy Society of Skinners was incorporate, he their first royal founder and brother: queen Philip his wife, younger daughter of William Earl of Henault, the first royal sister; so gloriously virtuous that she is a rich ornament to memory; she both founded and endowed Queen's College in Oxford, to the continuing estate of which I myself wish all happiness; this queen at her death desired three courtesies, some of which are rare in these days; first, that her debts might be paid to the merchants; secondly, that her gifts to the church might be performed; thirdly, that the king, when he died, would at Westminster be interred with her.

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[1] See note 2, vol. v. p. 249. [2] Anticipate.

Anno 1357. Edward Plantagenet, surnamed the Black Prince, son to Edward the Third, Prince of Wales, Duke of Guienne, Aquitaine, and Cornwall, Earl Palatine of Chester. In the battle of Poictiers in France, he, with 8000 English against 60,000 French, got the victory; took the king, Philip his son, seventeen earls, with divers other noble personages, prisoners.

King Richard the Second, Plantagenet. This king being the third royal brother of this honourable Company, and at that time the Society consisting of two brotherhoods of Corpus Christi, the one at St. Mary Spittle, the other at St. Mary Bethlem without Bishopsgate, in the eighteenth of his reign granted them to make their two brotherhoods one, by the name of the Fraternity of Corpus Christi of Skinners, which worthy title shines at this day gloriously amongst 'em; and toward the end of this king's reign, 1396, a great feast was celebrated in Westminster Hall, where the lord mayor of this city sate as guest.

Anno 1381. Queen Anne, his wife, daughter to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, and sister to [the] Emperor Wenceslaus, whose modesty then may make this age blush now, she being the first that taught women to ride sideling on horseback; but who it was that taught 'em to ride straddling, there is no records so immodest that can show me, only the impudent time and the open profession. This fair precedent of womanhood died at Sheen, now Richmond; for grief whereof King Richard her lord abandoned and defaced that goodly house.

Anno 1399. King Henry the Fourth, Plantagenet,

surnamed Bolingbroke, a fourth royal brother. In his time the famous Guildhall in London was erected, where the honourable courts of the city are kept, and this bounteous feast yearly celebrated. In the twelfth year of his reign the river of Thames flowed thrice in one day.

Queen Joan, or Jane, Duchess of Bretagne, late wife to John Duke of Bretagne, and daughter to the King of Navarre, another princely sister.

Anno 1412. King Henry the Fifth, Plantagenet, Prince of Wales, proclaimed Mayor and Regent of France: he won that famous victory on the French at the battle of Agincourt.

Queen Catherine, his wife, daughter to Charles the Sixth, King of France.

King Henry the Sixth, Plantagenet, of the house of Lancaster.

King Edward the Fourth, Plantagenet, of the house of York. This king feasted the lord mayor, Richard Chawry, and the aldermen his brethren, with certain commoners in Waltham Forest: after dinner rode a-hunting with the king, who gave him plenty of venison, and sent to the lady mayoress and her sisters the aldermen's wives, two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, to make merry; and this noble feast was kept at Drapers' Hall.

Anno 1463. Queen Elizabeth Grey, his wife, daughter to Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and to the Duchess of Bedford; she was mother to the Lord Grey of Ruthin that in his time was Marquis Dorset.

King Richard the Third, brother to Edward the Fourth, Duke of Gloucester, and of the house of York.

Lionel Plantagenet, third son to the third Edward, Duke of Clarence and Earl of Ulster; Philip his daughter and heir married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, from whom the house of York descends.

Henry Plantagenet, grandchild to Edmond Crouchback, second son to Henry the Third.

Richard Plantagenet, father of Edward the Fourth, Duke of York and Albemarle, Earl of Cambridge, Rutland, March, Clare, and Ulster.

Thomas Plantagenet, second son of Henry the Fourth.

John Plantagenet, third son of Henry the Fourth; so noble a soldier and so great a terror to the French, that when Charles the Eighth was moved to deface his monument—being buried in Rouen—the king thus answered, "Pray, let him rest in peace, being dead, of whom we were all afraid when he lived."

Humfrey Plantagenet, fourth son of Henry the Fourth.

John Holland, Duke of Exeter.

George Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Edmond Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, called the Great Earl of Warwick.

John Cornwall Knight, Baron Fanhope.

The royal sum.

Seven kings, five queens, one prince, seven dukes, one earl; twenty-one Plantagenets.

Seven kings, five queens, one prince, eight dukes, two earls, one lord; twenty-four Skinners.

The feast ended at Guildhall, his lordship, as yearly custom invites it, goes, accompanied with the Triumph before him, towards St. Paul's, to perform the noble and reverend ceremonies which divine antiquity religiously ordained, and is no less than faithfully observed. Holy service and ceremonies accomplished, his lordship returns by torchlight to his own house, the whole Triumph placed in comely and decent order before him; the Wilderness the Sanctuary of Fame, adorned with lights; the Parliament of Honour; and the Triumphant Chariot of Love, with his graceful concomitants, the chariot drawn with two luzerns.[1] Near to the entrance of his lordship's gate, Love, prepared with his welcome, thus salutes him:

LOVE.

I was the first, grave lord, that welcom'd thee
To this day's honour, and I spake it free,
Just as in every heart I found it plac'd,
And 'tis my turn again now to speak last;

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1 "Generally said to be Russian animals valued for their fur; but, I apprehend, Middleton used the word in the sense of lynxes. 'A Luzarne. *Loup cervier*,' says Cotgrave, who explains the French term, 'a kind of white Wolfe,' or 'the spotted Linx, or Ounce, or a kind thereof.' See, too, Minsheu in vv. *Luzarne* and *Furre*."—*Dyce*. The animal is mentioned in Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 4:—

> "The pole-cat, martern, and the rich-skinn'd *lucern*
> I know to chase."

For love is circular, like the bright sun,
And takes delight to end where it begun,
Though indeed never ending in true will,
But rather may be said beginning still,
As all great works are of celestial birth,
Of which love is the chief in heaven and earth.
To what blest state then are thy fortunes come,
Since that both brought thee forth and brings thee home?
Now, as in common course, which clears things best,
There's no free gift but looks for thanks at least;
A love so bountiful, so free, so good,
From the whole city, from thy brotherhood—
That name I ought a while to dwell upon—
Expect some fair requital from the man
They've all so largely honour'd: what's desir'd?
That which in conscience ought to be requir'd;
O, thank 'em in thy justice, in thy care,
Zeal to right wrongs, works that are clear and fair,
And will become thy soul, whence virtue springs,
As those rich ornaments thy brother-kings.
And since we cannot separate love and care—
For where care is, a love must needs be there,
And care where love is, 'tis the man and wife,
Through every estate that's fix'd in life—
You are by this the city's bridegroom prov'd,
And she stands wedded to her best belov'd:
Then be, according to your morning vows,
A careful husband to a loving spouse;

And heaven give you great joy,—both it and thee,
And to all those that shall match after ye!

The names of those beasts bearing fur, and now in use with the bountiful Society of Skinners, the most which presented in the Wilderness, where ORPHEUS *predominates.*

Ermine, foine, sables, martin, badger, bear,
Luzern, budge, otter, hipponesse, and hare,
Lamb, wolf, fox, leopard, minx, stot, miniver,
Racoon, moashy, wolverin, caliber,
Squirrel, mole, cat, musk, civet, wild and tame,
Cony, white, yellow black, must have a name,
The ounce, rowsgray, ginnet, pampilion;
Of birds the vulture, bitter, estridge, swan:
Some worn for ornament, and some for health,
All to the Skinners' art bring fame and wealth.

The service being thus faithfully performed, both to his lordship's honour and to the credit and content of his most generously bountiful Society, the season commends all to silence; yet not without a little leave taken to reward art with the comely dues that belong unto it, which hath been so richly expressed in the body of the Triumph with all the proper beauties of workmanship, that the city may, without injury to judgment, call it the masterpiece of her triumphs; the credit of which workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts of master

Garret Crismas[1] and master Robert Norman, joined-partners in the performance.

[1] Heywood, at the end of *London's Jus Honorarium*, 1631, praises this artist enthusiastically :—" The main show being performed by the most excellent in that kind, Master Gerard Christmas, hath expressed his models to be exquisite (as having spared neither cost nor care either in the figures or ornaments). I shall not need to point unto them to say, this is a lion, and that an unicorn, &c. For of this artist I may boldly and freely thus much speak : though many about the town may envy their work, yet with all their endeavour they shall not be able to compare with their worth." Gerard (or Garret) Christmas designed Aldersgate. His sons, John and Mathias, were well-known artificers.

THE SUN IN ARIES.

The Svnne in Aries. A Noble Solemnity Performed through the Citie, at the sole cost and charges of the Honourable and ancient Fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most Worthy Brother the Right Honourable, Edward Barkham, in the high Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the lord Maior of the famous Citie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after his returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon [*and*] *Ivdes day, being the* 29. *of October.* 1621. *By Tho. Middleton, Gent. At London: Printed by Ed. All-de, for H. G.* 1621. 4to.

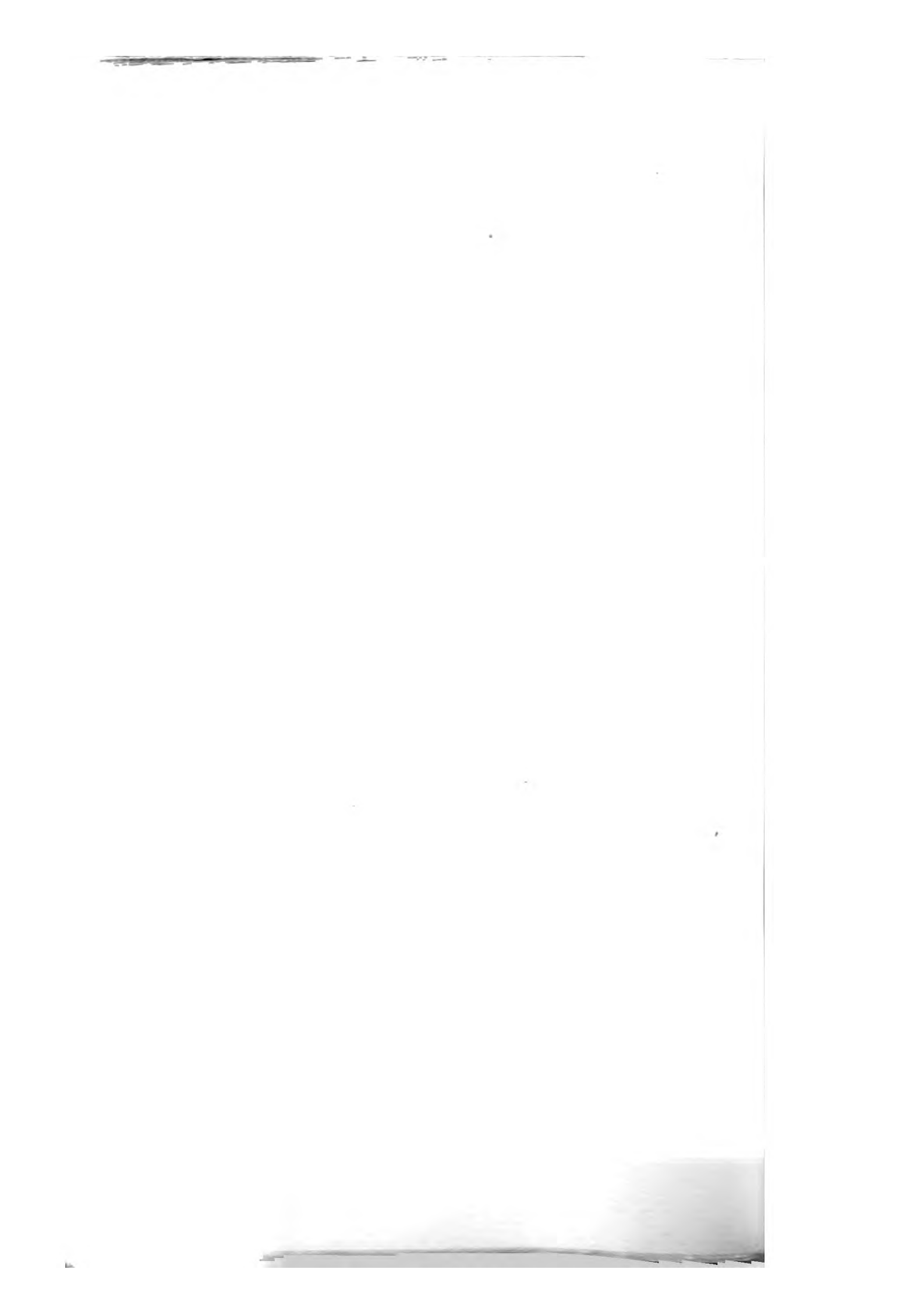
This pageant is reprinted in vol. iv. of Nichols's *Progresses of King James.*

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable EDWARD BARKHAM, *Lord Mayor of this renowned City.*

YOUR Honour being the centre where the lines
Of this day's glorious circle meets and joins,
Love, joy, cost, triumph, all by you made blest,
There does my service too desire to rest,

At your Lordship's command,

THO. MIDDLETON.



THE SUN IN ARIES.

—o—

PISCES being the last of the signs, and the wane of the Sun's glory, how fitly and desiredly now the Sun enters into Aries, for the comfort and refreshing of the creatures, and may be properly called the spring-time of right and justice, observed by the shepherd's calendar in the mountain, to prove a happy year for poor men's causes, widows' and orphans' comforts; so much to make good the Sun's entrance into that noble sign; I doubt not but the beams of his justice will make good themselves.

And first to begin with the worthy love of his honourable Society to his lordship, after his honour's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water. The first Triumph by land attends his lordship's most wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, which is a chariot most artfully framed and adorned, bearing the title of the chariot of Honour: in which chariot many worthies are placed that have got trophies of honour by their labours and deserts; such as Jason whose illustration of honour is the golden fleece; Hercules, with his *ne plus ultra* upon pilasters of silver; a

fair globe for conquering Alexander; a gilt laurel for triumphant Cæsar, &c. Jason, at the approach of his lordship, being the personage most proper, by his manifestation, for the Society's honour, lends a voice to these following words:

The speech presented by JASON.

Be favourable, Fates, and a fair sky
Smile on this expedition! Phœbus' eye,
Look cheerfully, the bark is under sail
For a year's voyage, and a blessèd gale
Be ever with it! 'tis for justice bound,
A coast that's not by every compass found,
And goes for honour, life's most precious trading;
May it return with most illustrious lading!
A thing both wish'd and hop'd for. I am he,
To all adventurous voyages a free
And bountiful well-wisher, by my name
Hight Jason, first adventurer for fame,
Which now rewards my danger, and o'ertops
The memory of all peril or her stops;
Assisted by the noble hopes of Greece,
'Twas I from Colchis fetch'd the golden fleece;
And one of the first brothers on record
Of honour got by danger. So, great lord,
There is no voyage set forth to renown,
That does not sometimes meet with skies that frown,
With gusts of envy, billows of despite,
Which makes the purchase, once achiev'd, more bright.

State is a sea; he must be wise indeed
That sounds its depth, or can the quicksands heed;
And honour is so nice and rare a prize,
'Tis watch'd by dragons, venomous enemies;
Then no small care belongs to't: but as I,
With my assisting Argonauts, did try
The utmost of adventure, and with bold
And constant courage brought the fleece of gold,
Whose illustration decks my memory
Through all posterities, naming but me,—
So man of merit, never faint or fear;
Thou hast th' assistance of grave senators here,
Thy worthy brethren, some of which have past
All dangerous gulfs, and in their bright fames plac'd,
They can instruct and guide thee, and each one
That must adventure, and are coming on
To this great expedition; they will be
Cheerful and forward to encourage thee;
And blessings fall in a most infinite sum
Both on those past, thyself, and those to come!

Passing from this, and more to encourage the labour of the magistrate, he is now conducted to the master Triumph, called the Tower of Virtue, which for the strength, safety, and perpetuity, bears the name of the Brazen Tower; of which Integrity keeps the keys, virtue being indeed as a brazen wall to a city or commonwealth; and to illustrate the prosperity it brings to a kingdom, the top turrets or pinnacles of this Brazen Tower shine bright like gold; and upon the gilded

battlements thereof stand six knights, three in silvered and three in gilt armour, as Virtue's standard-bearers or champions, holding six little streamers or silver bannerets, in each of which are displayed the arms of a noble brother and benefactor, Fame sounding forth their praises to the world, for the encouragement of after-ages, and Antiquity, the register of Fame, containing in her golden legend their names and titles; as that of Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, draper, lord mayor four-and-twenty years together; Sir John Norman, the first that was rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars, at his own cost and charges; Sir Francis Drake, the son of Fame, who in two years and ten months, did cast a girdle[1] about the world; the unparalleled Sir Simon Eyre, who built Leadenhall at his own cost, a store-house for the poor, both in the upper lofts and lower; the generous and memorable Sir Richard Champion and Sir John Milborne, two bountiful benefactors; Sir Richard Hardell, in the seat of magistracy six years together; Sir John Poultney, four years, which Sir John founded a college in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; John Hinde, a re-edifier of the

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[1] A common form of expression; in the anonymous play, *Dick of Devonshire* (*Old Plays*, ed. Bullen, ii. 43), it is used in reference to Drake:—

> "They would have thought
> Themselves as famous as *their countryman*
> *That put a girdle round about the world.*"

So Puck:—

> "I'll put a *girdle round about the earth*
> In forty minutes."

parish church of St. Swithin by London Stone; Sir Richard Pipe, who being free of the Leather-sellers, was also from them translated to the ancient and honourable Society of Drapers; and many whose names, for brevity's cause, I must omit, and hasten to the honour and service of the time present. From the tower, Fame, a personage properly adorned, thus salutes the great master of the day and triumph:

The salutation of FAME.

Welcome to Virtue's fortress, strong and clear!
Thou art not only safe but glorious here;
It is a tower of brightness: such is Truth,
Whose strength and grace feels a perpetual youth;
The walls are brass, the pyramids fine gold,
Which shows 'tis Safety's and Prosperity's hold;
Clear Conscience is lieutenant; Providence there,
Watchfulness, Wisdom, Constancy, Zeal, Care,
Are the six warders keep the watch-tower sure,
That nothing enters but what's just and pure;
For which effect, both to affright and shame
All slothful bloods that blush to look on Fame,
An ensign of good actions each displays,
That worthy works may justly own their praise;
And which is clearliest to be understood,
Thine shines amidst thy glorious brotherhood,
Circled with arms of honour by those past,
As now with love's arms by the present grac'd;
And how thy word[1] does thy true worth display,

[1] Motto.

Fortunæ mater Diligentia.
Fair Fortune's mother, all may read and see,
Is Diligence, endeavouring Industry.
See here the glory of illustrious acts,
All of thy own fraternity, whose tracts
'Tis comely to pursue, all thy life's race,
Taking their virtues as thou hold'st their place;
Some, college-founders, temple-beautifiers,
Whose blest souls sing now in celestial quires;
Erecters some of granaries for the poor,
Though now converted to some rich men's store,—
The more the age's misery! some so rare
For this famed city's government and care,
They kept the seat four years, with a fair name;
Some, six; but one, the miracle of fame,
Which no society or time can match,
Twenty-four years complete; he was Truth's watch,
He went so right and even, and the hand
Of that fair motion bribe could ne'er make stand;
And as men set their watches by the sun,
Set justice but by that which he has done,
And keep it even; so, from men to men,
No magistrate need stir the work agen:
It lights into a noble hand to day,
And has past many—many more it may.

By this Tower of Virtue—his lordship being gracefully conducted toward the new Standard—one in a cloudy, ruinous habit, leaning upon the turret, at a trumpet's

sounding suddenly starts and wakes, and, in amazement, throws off his unseemly garments.

What noise is this wakes me from ruin's womb?
Hah! bless me, Time, how brave am I become!
Fame fix'd upon my head! beneath me, round,
The figures of illustrious princes, crown'd
As well for goodness as for state by birth,
Which makes 'em true heirs both to heaven and earth!
Just six in number, and all blessèd names,
Two Henrys, Edward, Mary, Eliza, James,
That joy of honest hearts; and there behold
His honour'd substitute, whom worth makes bold
To undergo the weight of this degree,
Virtue's fair edifice, rais'd up like me:
Why, here's the city's goodness, shown in either,
To raise[1] two worthy buildings both together;
For when they made that lord's election free,
I guess that time their charge did perfect me;
Nay, note the city's bounty in both still;
When they restore a ruin, 'tis their will
To be so noble in their cost and care,
All blemish is forgot when they repair;

[1] "The rhymster [*sic*] here seems to allude to a repair the New Standard had undergone, and perhaps also to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral."—*Nichols.* Contributions were being made at this time (1621) for the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Inigo Jones was deputed to carry out the restoration; but subscriptions did not come in freely, and the repairs were postponed. I very much doubt, however, whether there is any reference in the text to St. Paul's Cathedral. The words "raise two buildings" seem to mean (1) rebuild the Standard, (2) raise Edward Barkham to the Mayoralty.

For what has been re-edified a' late,
But lifts its head up in more glorious state;
'Tis grown a principle, ruins built agen
'Come better'd both in monuments and men;
The instance is apparent. On then, lord;
E'en at thy entrance thou'dst a great man's word,
The noblest testimony of fair worth
That ever lord had, when he first stood forth
Presented by the city: lose not then
A praise so dear, bestow'd not on all men;
Strive to preserve this famous city's peace,
Begun by yon first king, which does increase
Now by the last; from Henry that join'd Roses,
To James that unites kingdoms, who encloses
All in the arms of love, malic'd of none;
Our hearts find that, when neighbouring kingdoms groan;
Which in the magistrates duty may well move
A zealous care, in all a thankful love.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's Triumph, near St. Laurence-Lane stands a mountain, artfully raised and replenished with fine woolly creatures; Phœbus on the top, shining in a full glory, being circled with the Twelve Celestial Signs. Aries, placed near the principal rays, the proper sign for illustration, thus greets his lordship:

Bright thoughts, joy, and alacrity of heart
Bless thy great undertakings! 'tis the part

And property of Phœbus with his rays
To cheer and to illumine good men's ways ;
Eagle-ey'd actions, that dare behold
His sparkling globe depart tried all like gold ;
'Tis bribery and injustice, deeds of night,
That fly the sunbeam, which makes good works bright ;
Thine look upon't undazzl'd ; as one beam
Faces another, as we match a gem
With her refulgent fellow, from thy worth
Example sparkles as a star shoots forth.
This Mount, the type of eminence and place,
Resembles magistracy's seat and grace ;
The Sun the magistrate himself implies ;
These woolly creatures, all that part which lies
Under his charge and office ; not unfit,
Since kings and rulers are, in holy writ,
With shepherds parallel'd, nay, from shepherds rear'd,
And people and the flock as oft coher'd.
Now, as it is the bounty of the sun
To spread his splendours and make gladness run
Over the drooping creatures, it ought so
To be his proper virtue, that does owe
To justice his life's flame, shot from above,
To cheer oppressèd right with looks of love ;
Which nothing doubted, Truth's reward light on you,
The beams of all clear comforts shine upon you !

The great feast ended, the whole state of the Triumph attends upon his lordship, both to Paul's and homeward ; and near the entrance of his lordship's house, two parts

of the Triumph stand ready planted, viz. the Brazen Tower and the triple-crowned Fountain of Justice, this fountain being adorned with the lively figures of all those graces and virtues which belong to the faithful discharging of so high an office; as Justice, Sincerity, Meekness, Wisdom, Providence, Equality, Industry, Truth, Peace, Patience, Hope, Harmony, all illustrated by proper emblems and expressions; as, Justice by a sword; Sincerity by a lamb; Meekness by a dove; Wisdom by a serpent; Providence by an eagle; Equality by a silvered balance; Industry by a golden ball, on which stands a Cupid, intimating that industry brings both wealth and love; Truth with a fan of stars, with which she chases away Error; Peace with a branch of laurel; Patience a sprig of palm; Hope by a silvered anchor; Harmony by a swan; each at night holding a bright-burning taper in her hand, as a manifestation of purity. His lordship being in sight, and drawing near to his entrance, Fame, from the Brazen Tower, closes up the Triumph—his lordship's honourable welcome, with the noble demonstration of his worthy fraternity's affection —in this concluding speech:

FAME.

I cannot better the comparison
Of thy fair brotherhood's love than to the sun
After a great eclipse; for as the sphere
Of that celestial motion shines more clear
After the interposing part is spent,
Than to the eye before the darkness went

Over the bright orb; so their love is shown
With a content past expectation,
A care that has been comely, and a cost
That has been decent, cheerful, which is most,
Fit for the service of so great a state,
So fam'd a city, and a magistrate
So worthy of it; all has been bestow'd
Upon thy triumph, which has clearly show'd
The loves of thy fraternity as great
For thy first welcome to thy honour'd seat;
And happily is cost requited then,
When men grace triumphs more than triumphs men:
Diamonds will shine though set in lead; true worth
Stands always in least need of setting forth.
What makes less noise than merit? or less show
Than virtue? 'tis the undeservers owe
All to vain-glory and to rumour still,
Building their praises on the vulgar will;
All their good is without 'em, not their own;
When wise men to their virtues are best known.
Behold yon Fountain with the tripled crown,
And through a cloud the sunbeam piercing down;
So is the worthy magistrate made up;
The triple crown is Charity, Faith, and Hope,
Those three celestial sisters; the cloud too,
That's Care, and yet you see the beam strikes through;
A care discharg'd with honour it presages,
And may it so continue to all ages!
It is thy brotherhood's arms; how well it fits
Both thee and all that for Truth's honour sits!

The time of rest draws near; triumph must cease;
Joy to thy heart—to all a blessèd peace!

For the frame-work of the whole Triumph, with all the proper beauties of workmanship, the credit of that justly appertains to the deserts of master Garret Crismas,[1] a man excellent in his art, and faithful in his performances.

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[1] See note, p. 332.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND VIRTUE.

The Triumphs of Honor and Virtue. A Noble Solemnity, performed through the City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Grocers, at the Confirmation and Establishment of their most worthy Brother, the Right Honorable Peter Proby, in the high Office of his Majesty's Lieutenant, Lord Mayor and Chancellor of the famous City of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going, and perfecting it self after His return from receiving the Oath of Mayoralty at Westminster, on the Morrow after Simon and Judes Day, being the 29 of October, 1622. *By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1622. 4to.

This pageant was unknown to Dyce. It was reprinted in vol. ii. of the *Shakespeare Society Papers* (1845) from a copy in the possession of James L. Pearson. An imperfect copy is in the Library of the British Museum.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Grocers, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves, in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable PETER PROBY, *Lord Mayor of this Renowned City.*

To be his servant, that had serv'd
Two Royal Princes, and deserv'd
So worthily of both ; the same
Call not service, rather fame.

At your Lordship's command :

THO. MIDDLETON.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND VIRTUE.

—o—

If foreign nations have been struck with admiration at the form, state, and splendour of some yearly triumphs, wherein Art hath been but faintly imitated, there is fair hope that things where Invention flourishes, clear Art and her graceful proprieties, should receive favour and encouragement from the content of the spectator, which, next to the service of his Honour and honourable society, is the principal reward it looks for: then, not despairing of that common favour, this takes delight to present itself.

And first, to begin with the worthy love of his noble fraternity, after his Honour's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water, by the conduct of two artful Triumphs, viz., The Throne of Virtue, and the Continent of India, which also by land attends his Lordship's most wished arrival, accompanied with the whole body of the triumph, which, near upon

the time of his Honour's approach, are decently and distinctly placed; the first, bearing the title of the Continent of India, a triumph replenished with all manner of spice-plants and trees bearing odour, attends his Honour's arrival in Paul's Churchyard: a black personage representing India, called, for her odours and riches, the Queen of Merchandise, challenging the most eminent seat, advanceth herself upon a bed of spices, attended by Indians in antique habits: commerce, adventure and traffic, three habited like merchants, presenting to her view a bright figure, bearing the inscription of Knowledge, a sun appearing above the trees in brightest splendour and glory. The black Queen before mentioned lending a voice to these following words:

The Speech.

You that have eyes of judgment, and discern
Things that the best of man and life concern,
Draw near: this black is but my native dye,
But view me with an intellectual eye,
As wise men shoot their beams forth, then you'll find
A change in the complexion of the mind:
I'm beauteous in my blackness. Oh ye sons
Of Fame and Honour! through my best part runs
A spring of living waters, clear and true,
Found first by Knowledge, which came first by you,
By you, and your examples, blest commerce,
That by exchange settles such happiness.

Of gums and fragrant spices, I confess,
My climate heaven does with abundance bless,
And those you have from me; but what are they
Compar'd with odours whose scent ne'er decay?
And those I have from you, plants of your youth,
The savour of eternal life, sweet Truth,
Exceeding all the odoriferous scent,
That from the beds of spices ever went:
I that command (being prosp'rously possest)
The riches and the sweetness of the east,
To that fam'd mountain Taurus spreading forth
My balmy arm, whose height does kiss the north,
And in the Sea Eoum lave this hand,
Account my blessings not in those to stand,
Though they be large and fruitful, but confess
All wealth consists in Christian holiness.
To such celestial knowledge I was led,
By English merchants first enlightenèd,
In honour of whose memory, only three
I instance here, all of this brotherhood free;
To whose fames the great honour of this hour
Aptly belongs, but to that man of power
The first and chiefest, to whose worth so clear,
Justice hath given her sword up for a year:
And as yon sun his perfect splendour shows,
Cheering the plants, and no clouds interpose,
His radiant comforts, so no earthy part,
Which makes eclipses in a ruler's heart,
(As in that glorious planet) must come nigh
The Sun of Justice: all such mists must fly.

You're in an orb of brightness plac'd and fixed,
And with no soil must Honour be commixed:
So to your worthy progress Zeal commends
Your lordship, with your grave and noble friends.

The speech being ended, to add a little more help to the fainter apprehensions, the three merchants placed in the Continent have reference to the lord mayor and sheriffs, all three being this year brothers of this ancient and honourable society: which triple or threefold Honour happened to this worthy company in the year 1577, Sir Thomas Ramsay being then lord mayor, and Master Nicholas Backhouse and Master Francis Bowyer, sheriffs; having coherence with this year's Honour, matched and paralleled with these three their as worthy successors, the Right Honourable Peter Proby, and the generous and nobly affected Master John Hodges, and Sir Humphrey Handford, sheriffs and aldermen.

By this time his lordship being gracefully conducted toward the Chariot of Fame, which awaits his Honour's approach near the little Conduit in Cheap, Antiquity, a grave and reverend personage with a golden register-book in his hand, gives life to these words:

The Speech.

Objects of years and reverence greet mine eye,
A sight most pleasing to Antiquity.
I never could unclasp this book of fame
Where worthies dwell by a distinguished name,

At a more comely season: I shall tell
Things sprung from truth, near kin to miracle.
With that of later days I first begin,
So back into the deeper times again:
I only touch thy memory (which I know
In thankfulness can never be found slow)
With Heaven's miraculous mercy to thy health
After so long a sickness: all the wealth
Which thou with an unusuring hand hath got,
Which is not the least wonder-worthy note,
(Truth makes me speak things freely) cannot be
A greater work than thy recovery.
Nine brethren, senators, thy seniors all,
Whose times had been before thee, Death did call
To their eternal peace from this degree,
Leaving their earthly Honour now to thee:
Think and be thankful still, this seems the more.
Another observation kept in store;
For seventeen senators since thy time were chose,
And to this minute not one dead of those.
Those are not usual notes: nor here it ends,
The court and city, two most noble friends,
Have made exchange alate: I read from hence,
There has gone some most worthy citizens
Up to the court's advance; in lieu of that,
You have a courtier now your magistrate,
A servant to Elizabeth the blest,
Since to King James that reigns with Salomon's breast;
Kept the records for both; from the Queen took
Charge of three hundred horse, three thousand foot.

Four attributes cleave to this man of men,
A scholar, soldier, courtier, citizen:
These are no usual touches, to conclude
(Like to his life with blessings so endued)
Has chose his brotherhood, men of that fame
For bounty, amity, and honoured name,
The city bounds transcend not in their place,
And their word [1] makes 'em prosper, *God grant grace.*
Honour they never wanted: when wast seen,
But they had senators to their brethren?
Nay, one record here to make joy more glad,
I find seventeen that were in scarlet clad,
All at one time of this fraternity;
Now five, for this hour's honour brings forth three,
Fame triple will make triple virtue strive
At whose triumphant throne you next arrive.

For farther illustration, there are contained in Antiquities' golden legend the names of many worthies of ancient time, by whom this noble fraternity has received much honour; such as were the worthy and famous Sir Andrew Bockerell, who was lord mayor of this City the sixteenth year of King Henry the Third, and continued in the magistracy seven years together: also the noble Allen de la Zouch, who for his good government in the time of his mayoralty, was by King Henry the Third created both a Baron of this realm, and Lord Chief Justice of England. Also that famous worthy, Sir Thomas

[1] Motto.

Knowles, twice lord mayor of this honourable City, which said Sir Thomas began at his own charge that famous building of Guildhall in London, and other memorable works both in the City and in his own company, re-edifying also Saint Anthony's Church; with many others that are fair ornaments to memory, viz., Sir William Sevenock, Sir Robert Chichley, Sir Stephen Browne, Sir Henry Keble, Sir William Laxton, &c. Who by those virtues that they were most addicted unto in their lifetime, are illustrated by persons of brightness in the Throne of Virtue, the next part of triumph that presents itself: next beneath Antiquity sits Authority, placed between Wisdom and Innocence, holding a naked sword, a serpent wound about the blade thereof, two doves standing upon the crossbar of the hilt, and two hands meeting at the pummel, intimating Mercy and Justice; accompanied with Magistracy, who holds in his hand a key of gold, signifying both the key of Knowledge and of Confidence, the City magistrate taking into his trust the custody of the King's chamber, the proper title of the City: and which key of gold also stands in his lordship's crest, viz., an ostrich holding a key of gold in his mouth, his neck circled with a golden crown.

His lordship, by this time arriving at the Throne of Virtue, placed near Saint Laurence-lane end, receives this greeting from her deity.

The Speech.

I see great Power approach, here makes a stand;
Would it with Virtue ought? for some command

Seems so complete in Self-Opinion's eye,
It will scarce look on me, but passes by;
As if the essence of my deity
Were rais'd by Power, and not Power rais'd by me:
But let such rulers know, that so command,
They build the empire of their hopes on sand.
Still this remains, with eye upon me fix'd
As if he sought to have his splendours mixt
With these of mine, which makes authority meek,
And I'm so sick of love to those that seek
I cannot choose but yield; nor does it wrong
Great Power to come to Virtue to be strong,
Being but a woman, merciful and mild:
Therein is Heaven with greater glory stiled
That makes weak things, as Clemency and Right,
Sway Power, which would else rule all by Might.
It may be said you did but late pass by
Some part of triumph that spake virtuously,
And one such speech suffices: 'tis not so
In taking of your office; there you go
From court to court before you be confirm'd
In this high place, which prætorship is term'd.
From Virtue, if to Virtue you resort,
It is but the same course you have in court
In settling of your Honour, which should be
Redoubled rather; that I hope to see:
So Power and Virtue, when they fill one seat,
The City's blest, the magistrate complete.

At the close of the speech, this Throne of Virtue, with

all her celestial concomitants, and the other parts of the triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and till after the feast at Guildhall rests from service; but the feast ended, the whole state of the triumph attends upon his lordship, both to Saint Paul's and homeward: and in Soper Lane two parts of the triumph stand ready planted; viz., the Throne of Virtue and the Globe of Honour, which Globe suddenly opening and flying into eight cants,[1] or distinct parts, discovers in a twinkling eight bright personages most gloriously decked, representing (as it were) the inward man, the intentions of a virtuous and worthy breast by the graces of the mind and soul, such as Clear Conscience, Divine Speculation, Peace of Heart, Integrity, Watchfulness, Equality, Providence, Impartiality, each exprest by its proper illustration. And because man's perfection can receive no constant attribute in this life, the cloud of frailty ever and anon shadowing and darkening our brightest intentions, makes good the morality of those cants, or parts, when they fall or close into the full round of a globe again, showing, that as the brightest day has its overcastings, so the best men in this life have their imperfections; and worldly mists oftentimes interpose the clearest cogitations, and yet that but for a season, turning in the end, like the mounting of this engine, to their everlasting brightness, converting itself to a canopy of stars: at the four corners below are placed the four cardinal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and

[1] Pieces, portions.—The Shakespeare Soc. reprint gives "coats;" but "cants" is the reading of the Brit. Mus. copy.

Temperance, by each of them fixed a little streamer or banner, in which are displayed the arms of this honourable City, the Lord Mayors', the Grocers', and the Noble East India Company's. The outparts of the Globe, showing the world's type in countries, seas and shipping, whereon is depicted or drawn ships that have been fortunate to this kingdom by their happy and successful voyages; as also that prosperous plantation in the Colony of Virginia and the Bermudas, with all good wishes to the Governors, Traders, and Adventurers unto those Christianly reformed islands.

The speech at night presented by HONOUR, *a personage mounted on the top of this unparalleled masterpiece of invention and art, the Globe or Orbe of Honour.*

HONOUR.

By Virtue you come last, and who brings home
True Honour must by Virtue always come:
The right path you have took then, still proceed,
For 'tis continuance crowns each worthy deed.
Behold this Globe of Honour; every part
It is composed of to a noble heart
Applies instruction: when 'tis closed and round,
It represents the world, and all that's found
Within the labouring circle of man's days,
Adventures, dangers, cares, and steepy ways;
Which when a wise man thinks on, straight he mounts
To heavenly cogitations, and accounts

The vexing spirit of care and labour vain,
Lifting himself to his full height again.
And as this engine does in eight parts rise
Discovering eight bright figures, so the wise,
From this life's slumber rous'd (which time deludes)
Opens his heart to eight beatitudes:
And as I (Honour) overtopping all,
Here fix my foot on this orbicular ball,
Over the world expressing my command;
As I in this contemptuous posture stand,
So every good and understanding spirit
Makes but use only of this life t' inherit
An everlasting living; making friends
Of Mammon's heaps, got by unrighteous ends;
Which happy thou stand'st free from, the more white
Sits Honour on thee, and the cost more bright
Thy noble brotherhood this day bestows:
Expense is grac'd when substance follows shows.
Now to no higher pitch of praise I'll come;
Love brought thee forth, and Honour brings thee home.

For the body of the whole triumph, with all the proper graces and ornaments of art and workmanship, the reputation of those rightly appertain to the deserts of Master Garret Crismas, an exquisite master in his art, and a performer above his promises.

AN INVENTION, ETC.

An Invention performed for the Service of ye Right honorable Edward Barkham, L. Mayo^r^ of the Cittie of London: at his L^ps^ Enterteinement of the Aldermen his Brethren and the hon^ble^ and worthie Guests: At his House assembled & ffeasted In the Easter Hollidayes: 1623. *written by Tho. Middleton.*

This slight "Entertainment," which was unknown to Dyce, is preserved among the Conway Papers in the Record Office (*State Papers, Domestic*, vol. cxxix.) The MS. is cut away in many parts. It is preceded by a modern transcript in which the lacunæ of the original are supplied in brackets.

AN INVENTION, ETC.

—o—

A Song in several parts, ushering towards the high table, a Personage in armour representing HONOUR *holding in his hand a sheaf of arrows.*

MEAN.

A hall![1] a hall! below, stand clear?
What, are you ready?

BASE.

[Enter.][2]

MEAN.

Then
Present your duties to those men
Of worth and honour.

Chorus.

We rejoice
When so we spend art, hour, and voice.

---

[1] "A hall! a hall!"—An exclamation, formerly very common, to make a clear space in a crowd.

[2] Cut away in the original MS.—The modern transcript gives "[Come] enter."

MEAN.

Tell me, oh tell me, what is he appears
So like a son of Fame, and bears
A sheaf of arrows bound with silken bands?

BASE.

'Tis Honour, with two armed hands,
Showing the figure of his [worth],[1]
Who gives it and deserves [it both].

MEAN.

Ay,[2] braver emblem for the place
I ne'er beheld.

BASE.

Nor for his race
A fitter symbol,—without pride or spite
Being arm'd at all points to do merit right.

MEAN.

What word's[3] that?

BASE.

Diligentia

Fortunæ Mater.[4]

MEAN.

[This honour'd] day

---

[1] This and the other bracketed words are from the modern transcript.

[2] MS. "I" (old form of "ay").—But I suspect that "I" was caught from the line below, and that we should read "A."

[3] "Word" = motto.

[4] The MS. seems to read "Matre."

Makes good that motto; 'tis exprest
Not in him only, but in every guest,
I joy to see.

Chorus.

We joy to see
Your places and your works agree.

[*Finis 1st Song.*

Then HONOUR *delivers this speech.*

Though in this martial habit I [appear],
I bring nor cause of doubt nor thought [of fear];
'Tis only a way found to express best
The worthy figure of your noble crest.
Nor barely to be shown is the intent
And scope of this time's service; more is meant;
There's use and application, whence arise
Profit and comfort to the grave and wise,
A noble emblem of charge, power, and place;
Justice and valour never yet did grace
[A station] more; a crest becomes the state.
[A Christian] champion, a good magistrate:
Two armed arms—to what may they allude
More properer than to truth and fortitude,
The armour of a Christian, to be strong
In a just cause? Then to these arms belong
The sheafs of arrows: what do they imply
But shafts of justice 'gainst impiety?
Yet they must pass through a judicious hand
To see they're tied with Mercy's silken band;

They must not inconsiderately be spent,
But used like weapons of just punishment:
And as it is in course of combat known
'Tis not the property of one hand alone
Both to defend and offend at one time,
So let not one hand pass upon a crime,
The weight may fall too heavy; but take both,
Mercy with Justice, twins of equal growth:
Those carry a cause level through the land,
For no man shoots an arrow with one hand.
[Believe me] this: do envy what it can,
[Religious] conscience is an armed man.
Another way to make it general,
For 'tis an emblem that concerns you all.
You of the honourable brotherhood,
Knit all together for the city's good,
In whose grave wisdoms her fair strength doth stand,
You are the sheaf; the magistrate's the band
Whose love is wound about you. Witness be
His bounty and his welcome, both most free.
And as this day you saw the golden sheaf
Of this bless'd city's works in the relief
Of the poor fatherless, may you behold
That sheaf of glory that makes dross of gold.
Th' Almighty's arrows on your enemies fall,
And Heaven's arm'd arms protect you all.

2nd Song.

MEAN.

Joy be ever at your feasts.

BASE.

Bounty welcome all your guests.

Chorus.

That this city's honour may
Spread as far as morn shoots day.

MEAN.

Fair your fortunes ever be.

BASE.

Plenty bless the land that's free.

Chorus.

That this city's honour may
Spread as far as morn shoots day.

MEAN.

Health your powers with gladness fill.

BASE.

Justice be your armour still.

MEAN.

Pious works the golden sheaf.

BASE.

Those arrows strike the [wicked deaf.]

MEAN.

And dumb.

BASE.

And lame.

Chorus.

So Virtue may
Spread forth as far as morn shoots day.

THE
TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY.

The Trivmphs of Integrity. A Noble Solemnity, performed through the City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Drapers, at the Confirmation and Establishment of their most worthy Brother, the Right Honorable, Martin Lvmley, in the high Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, Lord Maior and Chancellor of the famous City of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after His Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow after Simon and Judes Day, being the 29. *of October.* 1623. *By Tho. Middleton Gent. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, dwelling in Foster-Lane.* 1623. 4to.

This is a very rare pageant; I have not seen the original, but follow Dyce's text. The same remark applies to *The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity.*

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have consecrated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable MARTIN LUMLEY, *Lord Mayor of this renowned City.*

THY descent worthy, fortune's early grace,
Sprung of an ancient[1] and most generous race,
Match'd with a virtuous lady, justly may
Challenge the honour of so great a day.

Faithfully devoted to the worthiness of you both,

THO. MIDDLETON.

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[1] His grandfather, Domenico Lomelili, a native of Genoa, was a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henry VIII. See Cox's *Annals of St. Helen's*, 1876.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY;

OR,

A NOBLE SOLEMNITY THROUGH THE CITY.

—o—

Of all solemnities by which the happy inauguration of a subject is celebrated, I find none that transcends the state and magnificence of that pomp prepared to receive his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the city of London, dignified by the title of the King's Chamber Royal; which, that it may now appear no less heightened with brotherly affection, cost, art, or invention, than some other preceding triumphs—by which of late times the city's honour hath been more faithfully illustrated—this takes its fit occasion to present itself.

And first to specify the love of his noble fraternity, after his lordship's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water by a proper and significant masterpiece of triumph called the Imperial Canopy, being the ancient arms of the Company, an invention neither old nor enforced, the same glorious and apt property,[1] accompanied with four other triumphal

[1] Furniture for the pageant.

pegmes,[1] are, in their convenient stages, planted to honour his lordship's progress through the city: the first, for the land, attending his most wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, which bears the inscription of a Mount Royal, on which mount are placed certain kings and great commanders, which ancient history produces, that were originally sprung from shepherds and humble beginnings: only the number of six presented; some with crowns, some with gilt laurels, holding in their hands silver sheep-hooks; viz. Viriat, a prime commander of the Portugals—renowned amongst the historians, especially the Romans—who, in battles of fourteen years' continuance, purchased many great and honourable victories; Arsaces, king of the Parthians, who ordained the first kingdom that ever was amongst them, and in the reverence of this king's name and memory all others his successors were called Arsacides after his name, as the Roman emperors took the name of Cæsar for the love of great Cæsar Augustus; also Marcus Julius Lucinus; Bohemia's Primislaus; the emperor Pertinax; the great victor Tamburlain, conqueror of Syria, Armenia, Babylon, Mesopotamia, Scythia, Albania, &c. Many honourable worthies more I could produce, by their deserts ennobling their mean originals; but for the better expression of the purpose in hand, a speaker lends a voice to these following words:

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[1] Movable stage-erections (Gr. πῆγμα, Lat. *pegma*).

The speech in the Mount Royal.

They that with glory-inflam'd hearts desire
To see great worth deservingly aspire,
Let 'em draw near and fix a serious eye
On this triumphant Mount of Royalty;
Here they shall find fair Virtue, and her name,
From low, obscure beginnings, rais'd to fame,
Like light struck out of darkness: the mean wombs
No more eclipse brave merit than rich tombs
Make the soul happy; 'tis the life and dying
Crowns both with honour's sacred satisfying;
And 'tis the noblest splendour upon earth
For man to add a glory to his birth,
All his life's race with honour'd acts commix'd,
Than to be nobly born, and there stand fix'd,
As if 'twere competent virtue for whole life
To be begot a lord: 'tis virtuous strife
That makes the complete Christian, not high place,
As true submission is the state of grace:
The path to bliss lies in the humblest field;
Who ever rise[1] to heaven that never kneeled?
Although the roof hath supernatural height,
Yet there's no flesh can thither go upright.
All this is instanc'd only to commend
The low condition whence these kings descend.
I spare the prince of prophets[2] in this file,
And preserve him for a far holier style,
Who, being king anointed, did not scorn

[1] Rose.

[2] "David," *Marg. note.*

To be a shepherd after: these were born
Shepherds, and rise to kings; took their ascending
From the strong hand of Virtue, never ending
Where she begins to raise, until she place
Her love-sick servants equal with her grace:
And by this day's great honour it appears
Sh'as much prevail'd amongst the reverend years
Of these grave senators; chief of the rest,
Her favour hath reflected most and best
Upon that son whom we of honour call;
And may't successively reflect on all!

From this Mount Royal, beautified with the glory of deserving aspirers, descend we to the modern use of this ancient and honourable mystery, and there we shall find the whole livery of this most renowned and famous city, as upon this day, at all solemn meetings furnished by it: it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and richest wearings, all courts of justice, magistrates, and judges of the land.

By this time his lordship and the worthy Company being gracefully conducted toward the Little Conduit in Cheap, there another part of the Triumph waits his honour's happy approach, being a chariot artfully framed and properly garnished; and on the conspicuous part thereof is placed the register of all heroic acts and worthy men, bearing the title of Sacred Memory, who, for the greater fame of this honourable fraternity, presents the never-dying names of many memorable and remarkable worthies of this ancient Society, such as were the[n] famous

for state and government: Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, Knight, who held the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-four years together; he sits figured under the person of Government: Sir John Norman, the first lord mayor, rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars at his own cost and charges, under the person of Honour: the valiant Sir Francis Drake, that rich ornament to memory, who in two years and ten months' space did cast a girdle about the world,[1] under the person of Victory: Sir Simon Eyre, who at his own cost built Leadenhall, a granary for the poor, under the figure of Charity: Sir Richard Champion and Sir John Milborne, under the person of Munificence or Bounty: Sir Richard Hardell and Sir John Poultney, the one in the seat of magistracy six years, the other four years together, under the figures of Justice and Piety, that Sir John being a college-founder in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; *et sic de ceteris:* this Chariot drawn by two pelleted lions, being the proper supporters of the Company's arms; those two upon the lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little streamer or banneret bearing the Lord Mayor's arms, the other the Company's.

The speech in the Chariot.

I am all Memory, and methinks I see
Into the farthest time, act, quality,
As clear as if 'twere now begun agen,
The natures, dispositions, and the men:
I find to goodness they all bent their powers,

[1] See note, p. 342.

Which very name makes blushing times of ours;
They heap'd up virtues long before they were old,
This age sits laughing upon heaps of gold;
We by great buildings strive to raise our names,
But they more truly wise built up their fames,
Erected fair examples, large and high,
Patterns for us to build our honours by:
For instance only, Memory relates
The noblest of all city-magistrates,
Famous Fitz-Alwin; naming him alone,
I sum up twenty-four lord mayors in one,
For he, by free election and consent,
Fill'd all those years with virtuous government:
Custom and time requiring now but one,
How ought that year to be well dwelt upon!
It should appear an abstract of that worth
Which former times in many years brought forth:
Through all the life of man this is the year
Which many wish and never can come near;
Think, and give thanks; to whom this year does come,
The greatest subject's made in Christendom:
This is the year for whom some long prepar'd,
And others have their glorious fortune shar'd;
But serious in thanksgiving; 'tis a year
To which all virtues, like the people here,
Should throng and cleave together, for the place
Is a fit match for the whole stock of grace;
And as men gather wealth 'gainst the year comes,
So should they gather goodness with their sums;
For 'tis not shows, pomp, nor a house of state

Curiously deck'd, that makes a magistrate;
'Tis his fair, noble soul, his wisdom, care,
His upright justness to the oath he sware,
Gives him complete: when such a man to me
Spreads his arms open, there my palace be!
He's both an honour to the day so grac'd,
And to his brotherhood's love, that sees him plac'd;
And in his fair deportment there revives
The ancient fame of all his brothers' lives.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's triumph, near St. Laurence-Lane his lordship receives an entertainment from an unparalleled masterpiece of art, called the Crystal Sanctuary, styled by the name of the Temple of Integrity, where her immaculate self, with all her glorious and sanctimonious concomitants, sit, transparently seen through the crystal; and more to express the invention and the art of the engineer, as also for motion, variety, and the content of the spectators, this Crystal Temple is made to open in many parts, at fit and convenient times, and upon occasion of the speech: the columns or pillars of this Crystal Sanctuary are gold, the battlements silver, the whole fabric for the night-triumph adorned and beautified with many lights, dispersing their glorious radiances on all sides thorough the crystal.

The speech from the Sanctuary.

Have you a mind, thick multitude, to see
A virtue near concerns magistracy,
Here on my temple throw your greedy eyes,
See me, and learn to know me, then you're wise;

Look and look through me, I no favour crave,
Nor keep I hid the goodness you should have;
'Tis all transparent what I think or do,
And with one look your eye may pierce me through;
There's no disguise or hypocritic veil,
Us'd by adulterous beauty set to sale,
Spread o'er my actions for respect or fear,
Only a crystal, which approves[1] me clear.
Would you desire my name? Integrity,
One that is ever what she seems to be;
So manifest, perspicuous, plain, and clear,
You may e'en see my thoughts as they sit here;
I think upon fair Equity and Truth,
And there they sit crown'd with eternal youth;
I fix my cogitations upon love,
Peace, meekness, and those thoughts come from above:
The temple of an upright magistrate
Is my fair sanctuary, throne, and state;[2]
And as I dare Detraction's evill'st eye,
Sore at the sight of goodness, to espy
Into my ways and actions, which lie ope
To every censure, arm'd with a strong hope,—
So of your part ought nothing to be done,
But what the envious eye might look upon:
As thou art eminent, so must thy acts
Be all tralucent,[3] and leave worthy tracts
For future times to find, thy very breast
Transparent, like this place wherein I rest.

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[1] Proves. [2] Chair of state. [3] Translucent.

Vain doubtings! all thy days have been so clear,
Never came nobler hope to fill a year.

At the close of this speech this crystal Temple of Integrity, with all her celestial concomitants and the other parts of Triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and rest from service till the great feast be ended; after which the whole body of the Triumph attends upon his honour, both towards Saint Paul's and homeward, his lordship accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of the city, amongst whom the two worthy consuls, his lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful and generous master Ralph Freeman and master Thomas Moulson, sheriffs and aldermen, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness will prove best their own expressors.

Near the entrance of Wood Street, that part of Triumph being planted to which the concluding speech hath chiefly reference, and the rest about the Cross, I thought fit in this place to give this its full illustration, it being an invention both glorious and proper to the Company, bearing the name of the thrice-royal Canopy of State, being the honoured arms of this fraternity, the three Imperial Crowns cast into the form and bigness of a triumphal pageant, with cloud and sunbeams, those beams, by enginous[1] art, made often to mount and spread like a golden and glorious canopy over the deified persons

[1] Ingenious.—Chapman has the form *enginous* more than once.

that are placed under it, which are eight in number, figuring the eight Beatitudes; to improve which[1] conceit, *Beati pacifici*, being the king's word or motto, is set in fair great letters near the uppermost of the three crowns; and as in all great edifices or buildings the king's arms is especially remembered, as a[n] honour to the building and builder, in the frontispiece, so is it comely and requisite in these matters of Triumph, framed for the inauguration of his great substitute, the lord mayor of London, that some remembrance of honour should reflect upon his majesty, by whose peaceful government, under heaven, we enjoy the solemnity.

The speech, having reference to this Imperial Canopy, being the Drapers' arms.

The blessedness, peace, honour, and renown,
This kingdom does enjoy, under the crown
Worn by that royal peace-maker our king,
So oft preserv'd from dangers menacing,
Makes this arms, glorious in itself, outgo
All that antiquity could ever show;
And thy fraternity hath striv'd t' appear
In all their course worthy the arms they bear;
Thrice have they crown'd their goodness this one day,
With love, with care, with cost; by which they may,
By their deserts, most justly these arms claim,
Got once by worth, now trebly held by fame.

---

[1] Old ed. "with."

Shall I bring honour to a larger field,
And show what royal business these arms yield?
First, the Three Crowns affords a divine scope,
Set for the graces, Charity, Faith, and Hope,
Which three the only safe combiners be
Of kingdoms, crowns, and every company;
Likewise, with just propriety they may stand
For those three kingdoms, sway'd by the meek hand
Of blest James, England, Scotland, Ireland:
The cloud that swells beneath 'em may imply
Some envious mist cast forth by heresy,
Which, through his happy reign and heaven's blest will,
The sunbeams of the Gospel strikes through still;
More to assure it to succeeding men,
We have the crown of Britain's hope agen,
Illustrious Charles our prince, which all will say
Adds the chief joy and honour to this day;
And as three crowns, three fruits of brotherhood,
By which all love's worth may be understood,
To threefold honour makes the royal suit,
In the king, prince, and the king's substitute;
By th' eight Beatitudes ye understand
The fulness of all blessings to this land,
More chiefly to this city, whose safe peace
Good angels guard, and good men's prayers increase!
May all succeeding honour'd brothers be
With as much love brought home as thine brings thee!

For all the proper adornments of art and workmanship in so short a time, so gracefully setting forth the body of

so magnificent a Triumph, the praise comes, as a just due, to the exquisite deservings of master Garret Crismas,[1] whose faithful performances still take the upper hand of his promises.

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[1] See note, p. 332.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

The Trivmphs of Health and Prosperity. A noble Solemnity performed through the City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Drapers, at the Inauguration of their most Worthy Brother, the Right Honorable, Cuthbert Hacket, Lord Major of the Famous City of London. By Tho. Middleton Gent. Imprinted at London by Nicholas Okes, dwelling in Foster lane. MDCXXVI. 4to.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have consecrated their loves in magnificent Triumphs, the Right Honourable CUTHBERT HACKET, *Lord Mayor of the City of London.*

THE city's choice, thy Company's free love,
This day's unlook'd-for Triumph, all three prove
The happiness of thy life to be most great;
Add to these justice, and thou art complete.

At your Lordship's command,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

—o—

If [1] you should search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; if the inquisitive man should waste the dear treasure of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only with this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the city of London, bearing the inscription of the Chamber Royal; which, that it may now appear to the world no less illustrated with brotherly affection than former triumphal times have been partakers of, this takes delight to present itself.

And first to enter the worthy love of his honourable Society for his lordship's return from Westminster, having received some service by water, by the triumphant

[1] The *Triumphs of Truth* opens with the same stately declaration.

Chariot of Honour, the first that attends his lordship's most wished arrival bears the title of the Beautiful Hill or Fragrant Garden, with flowery banks, near to which lambs and sheep are a-grazing. This platform, so cast into a hill, is adorned and garnished with all variety of odoriferous flowers; on the top, arched with an artificial and curious rainbow, which both shows the antiquity of colours, the diversity and nobleness, and how much the more glorious and highly to be esteemed, they being presented in that blessed covenant of mercy, the bow in the clouds; the work itself encompassed with all various fruits, and bears the name of the most pleasant garden of England, the noble city of London, the flowers intimating the sweet odours of their virtue and goodnesses, and the fruits of their works of justice and charity, which have been both honourable brothers and bounteous benefactors of this ancient fraternity, who are presented in a device following under the types and figures of their virtues in their life-time, which made them famous then and memorable for ever. And since we are yet amongst the woolly creatures, that graze on the beauty of this beautiful platform, come we to the modern use of this noble mystery of ancient drapery, and we shall find the whole livery of this renowned and famous city furnished by it; it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and chiefest wearing, all courts of justice, magistrates, and judges of the land. But for the better expression of the purpose in hand a speaker gives life to these following words:

The speech in the Hill where the rainbow appears.

A [1] cloud of grief hath shower'd upon the face
Of this sad city, and usurp'd the place
Of joy and cheerfulness, wearing the form
Of a long black eclipse in a rough storm;
With showers [2] of tears this garden was o'erflown,
Till mercy was, like the blest rainbow, shown:
Behold what figure now the city bears!
Like gems unvalued,[3] her best joys she wears,
Glad as a faithful handmaid to obey,
And wait upon the honour of this day,
Fix'd in the king's great substitute: delight,
Triumph, and pomp, had almost lost their right:
The garden springs again; the violet-beds,
The lofty flowers, bear up their fragrant heads;
Fruit overlade their trees, barns crack with store;
And yet how much the heavens wept before,
Threatening a second mourning! Who so dull,
But must acknowledge mercy was at full
In these two mighty blessings? what's requir'd?
That which in conscience ought to be desir'd;
Care and uprightness in the magistrate's place,
And in all men obedience, truth, and grace.

After this, awaits his lordship's approach a masterpiece of triumph, called the Sanctuary of Prosperity; on

[1] There is an allusion to the ravages made by the plague in the previous year (1625).

[2] Old ed. "flowers."

[3] Invaluable.—Old ed. "vnvaleed."

the top arch of which hangs the Golden Fleece; which raises the worthy memory of that most famous and renowned brother of this company, Sir Francis Drake, who in two years and ten months did encompass the whole world, deserving an eminent remembrance in this sanctuary, who never returned to his country without the golden fleece of honour and victory: the four fair Corinthian columns or pillars imply the four principal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, the especial upholders of kingdoms, cities, and honourable societies.

The speech in the Sanctuary upon the Fleece.

If Jason, with the noble hopes of Greece,
Who did from Colchis fetch the golden fleece,
Deserve a story of immortal fame,
That both the Asias celebrate his name;
What honour, celebration, and renown,
In virtue's right, ought justly to be shown
To the fair memory of Sir Francis Drake,
England's true Jason, who did boldly make
So many rare adventures, which were held
For worth unmatch'd, danger unparallel'd;
Never returning to his country's eye
Without the golden fleece of victory!
The world's a sea, and every magistrate
Takes a year's voyage when he takes this state:
Nor on these seas are there less dangers found
Than those on which the bold adventurer's bound;

For rocks, gulfs, quicksands, here is malice, spite,
Envy, detraction of all noble right;
Vessels of honour those do threaten more
Than any ruin between sea and shore.
Sail, then, by the compass of a virtuous name,
And, spite of spites, thou bring'st the fleece of fame.

Passing from this, and more to encourage the noble endeavours of the magistrate, his lordship and the worthy company is gracefully conducted towards the Chariot of Honour. On the most eminent seat thereof is government illustrated, it being the proper virtue by which we raise the noble memory of Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, who held the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-four years together, a most renowned brother of this company: in like manner, the worthy Sir John Norman, [that] first rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars, under the person of Munificence: Sir Simon Eyre, that built Leadenhall, a granary for the poor, under the type of Piety; *et sic de ceteris:* this chariot drawn by two golden-pelleted lions, being the proper supporters of the Company's arms; those two that have their seats upon the lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little streamer or banneret bearing the arms of the present lord mayor, the other of the late, the truly generous and worthy Sir Allen Cotton, Knight, a bounteous and a noble housekeeper, one that hath spent the year of his magistracy to the great honour of the city, and by the sweetness of his disposition, and the uprightness of his justice and government, hath raised up a

fair lasting memory to himself and his posterity for ever; at whose happy inauguration, though triumph was not then in season—Death's pageants [1] being only advanced upon the shoulders of men—his noble deservings were not thereby any way eclipsed:

Est virtus sibi marmor, et integritate triumphat.

The speech of Government.

With just propriety does this city stand,
As fix'd by fate, i' the middle of the land;
It has, as in the body, the heart's place,
Fit for her works of piety and grace;
The head her sovereign, unto whom she sends
All duties that just service comprehends;
The eyes may be compar'd, at wisdom's rate,
To the illustrious councillors of state,
Set in that orb of royalty, to give light
To noble actions, stars of truth and right;
The lips the reverend clergy, judges, all
That pronounce laws divine or temporal;
The arms to the defensive part of men:
So I descend unto the heart agen,
The place where now you are; witness the love
True brotherhood's cost and triumph, all which move
In this most grave solemnity; and in this
The city's general love abstracted is:
And as the heart, in its meridian seat,
Is styl'd the fountain of the body's heat,

[1] An allusion to the plague and to the death of King James.

The first thing receives life, the last that dies,
Those properties experience well applies
To this most loyal city, that hath been
In former ages, as in these times, seen
The fountain of affection, duty, zeal,
And taught all cities through the commonweal;
The first that receives quickening life and spirit
From the king's grace, which still she strives t' inherit,
And, like the heart, will be the last that dies
In any duty toward good supplies.
What can express affection's nobler fruit,
Both to the king, and you his substitute?

At the close of this speech, this Chariot of Honour and Sanctuary of Prosperity, with all her graceful concomitants, and the two other parts of Triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and rest from service till the great feast at Guildhall be ended; after which the whole fabric of the Triumph attends upon his honour both towards St. Paul's and homeward, his lordship accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of the city, amongst whom the two worthy shrieves, his lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful and generous master Richard Fen and master Edward Brumfield, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness for the year will no doubt give the best expression to their own worthiness. Between the Cross and the entrance of Wood Street, that part of Triumph being planted—being the Fragrant Garden of England with the rainbow—to which the concluding

speech hath chiefly reference, there takes its farewell of his lordship, accompanied with the Fountain of Virtue, being the fourth part of the Triumph.

The last speech.

Mercy's fair object, the celestial bow,
As in the morning it began to show,
It closes up this great triumphal day,
And by example shows the year the way,
Which if power worthily and rightly spend,
It must with mercy both begin and end.
It is a year that crowns the life of man,
Brings him to peace with honour, and what can
Be more desir'd? 'tis virtue's harvest-time,
When gravity and judgment's in their prime:
To speak more happily, 'tis a time given
To treasure up good actions fit for heaven.
To a brotherhood of honour thou art fixt,
That has stood long fair in just virtue's eye;
For within twelve years' space thou art the sixt
That has been lord mayor of this Company.
This is no usual grace: being now the last,
Close the work nobly up, that what is past,
And known to be good in the former five,
May in thy present care be kept alive:
Then is thy brotherhood for their love and cost
Requited amply, but thy own soul most.
Health and a happy peace fill all thy days!
When thy year ends, may then begin thy praise!

For the fabric or structure of the whole Triumph, in so short a time so gracefully performed, the commendation of that the industry of master Garret Crismas[1] may justly challenge; a man not only excellent in his art, but faithful in his undertakings.

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[1] See note, p. 332.

On the death[1] *of that great master in his art and quality, painting and playing,* R[ICHARD] BURBAGE.

ASTRONOMERS and star-gazers this year
Write but of four eclipses; five appear,
Death interposing Burbage; and their staying
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

THO. MIDDLETON.

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1 These lines were first printed (from a collection of MS. miscellaneous poems belonging to Heber) in Collier's *New Facts regarding the life of Shakespeare*, p. 26. Burbage died in March 1618–1619. There is a tradition that he painted the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. His own portrait, painted by himself—bearing a remarkable resemblance to the Chandos portrait—is preserved in the Master's house at Dulwich College.

In[1] *the just worth of that well-deserver, Master* JOHN WEBSTER, *and upon this masterpiece of tragedy.*

IN this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deeds done before he dies;
As he by works, thou by this work of fame
Hast well provided for thy living name.
To trust to others' honourings is worth's crime;
Thy monument is rais'd in thy life-time;
And 'tis most just, for every worthy man
Is his own marble, and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than death's cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court. Thy note
Be ever plainness, 'tis the richest coat:
Thy epitaph only the title be,—
Write *Duchess*, that will fetch a tear for thee;
For who e'er saw this duchess live and die,
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

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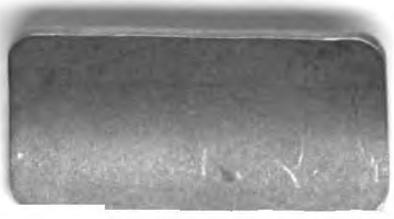
[1] This copy of verses is prefixed to Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623.

In Tragœdiam.

Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa tonantis,
Illa, ruina malis, claris fit vita poetis.

THOMAS MIDDLETONUS,
Poeta et Chron. Londinensis.

END OF VOL. VII.

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