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vol. 2

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#5 1-5



William Holgate.





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5

# AMBOYNA:

A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED  
At the *THEATRE-ROYAL*,

---

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant  
to His Majesty.

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— *Manet altâ mente repostum.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed by T. N. for *Henry Herringman*, and are to  
be sold at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk  
of the *New Exchange*. 1673.

H W

No. Wagstaff.

1st ed.

AMBOYNA

A

TRACED

AND

THE

THE

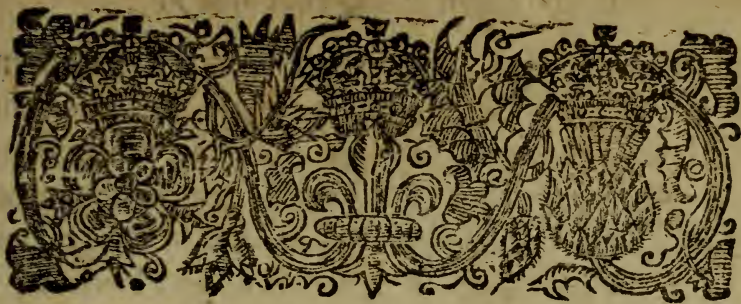
THE

THE

LONDON

THE





TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE  
Lord Clifford  
of CHUDLEIGH.

*My Lord;*



After so many Favors,  
and those so great,  
Conferr'd on me by  
Your Lordship these  
many yeares; which,  
I may call more  
properly one Conti-  
nued Act of Your  
Generosity and Good-  
ness; I know not  
whether I should ap-  
pear either more Ungrateful in my Silence, or more  
Extravagantly Vaine in my endeavours to acknow-  
ledge

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

ledge them. For, since all Acknowledgments bear a Face of Payment, it may be thought, That I have flatter'd my self into an Opinion of being able to return some part of my Obligements to You; the just despair of which Attempt, and the due Veneration I have for his Person, to whom I must Address, have almost driven me, to Receive only with a profound Submission the effects of that Vertue, which is never to be Comprehended but by Admiration: And the greatest note of Admiration is Silence. 'Tis that noble Passion, to which *Poets* raise their Audience in highest Subjects, and they have then gain'd over them the greatest Victory, when they are Ravish'd into a Pleasure, which is not to be express'd by Words. To this Pitch, *My Lord*, the sence of my Gratitude had almost rais'd me: to receive your *Favors* as the *Jewes* of old receiv'd their *Law*, with a mute Wonder, to think, that the Loudness of Acclamation, was onely the Praise of Men to Men, and that the secret homage of the Soul was a greater Mark of Reverence, than an outward ceremonious joy, which might be counterfeit, and must be irreverent in its Tumult. Neither, *My Lord*, have I a particular right to pay you my Acknowledgments: You have been a Good so Universal, that almost every Man in three Nations may think me Injurious to his Propriety, that I invade your Praises, in undertaking

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

dertaking to celebrate them alone. And, that have assum'd to my self a Patron, who was no more to be circumscrib'd than the Sun and Elements, which are of Publick benefit to humane kind.

As it was in much your power to oblige all who could pretend to Merit from the Publick, so it was more in your Nature and Inclination. If any went ill-satisfy'd from the Treasury, while, it was in your Lordships Management, it proclaim'd the want of Desert, and not of Friends: You Distributed your Masters Favour with so equal hands, that *Justice* her self could not have held the Scales more even: but, with that Natural Propensity to do good, that had that Treasure been your own, your Inclination to Bounty must have ruin'd you: No Man attended to be deny'd: no Man brib'd for Expedition: want, and desert were pleas sufficient. By your own Integrity and your Prudent Choice of those whom you employ'd, the King gave all that He intended, and Gratuities to His Officers made not vain His Bounty. This, *My Lord*, you were in your Publick capacity of High-Treasurer, to which you ascended by such degrees, that your Royal Master saw your Vertues still growing to His Favours faster than they could rise to you. Both at home, and abroad, with your Sword and with your Counsel, you have serv'd Him with un-biass'd Honor, and with unshaken resolution: making

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

making His Greatness, and the true Interest of your Country, the standard and measure of your actions Fortune may desert the wise and brave; but, true Vertue never will forsake it self. 'Tis the Interest of the World that Vertuous Men should attain to Greatness, because it gives them the power of doing good. But, when by the Iniquity of the Times they are brought to that extremity, that they must either quit their Vertue or their Fortune, they owe themselves so much, as to retire to the private exercise of their Honour; to be great within, and by the constancy of their Resolutions, to teach the inferior World, how they ought to judge of such Principles, which are asserted with so generous and so unconstrain'd a Tryal.

But, this voluntary neglect of Honours, has been of rare Example in the World: few Men have frown'd first upon Fortune, and precipitated themselves from the top of her Wheele, before they felt at least the Declination of it. We read not of many Emperors like *Dioclesian*, and *Charles the Fifth*, who have prefer'd a Garden, and a Cloyster, before a Crowd of Followers, and the troublesome Glory of an Active Life, which robs the Possessor of his rest and quiet, to secure the safety and happiness of others. *Seneca*, with the help of his *Philosophy*, could never attain to that pitch of Vertue. He onely endeavour'd to prevent his fall by descending first; and offer'd to resign that Wealth which he knew he could

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

could no longer hold. He would onely have made a Present to his Master of what he foresaw would become his Prey: He strove to avoid the Jealousie of a Tyrant; You dismiss'd your self from the Attendance and Privacy of a Gracious King. Our Age has afforded us many Examples of a contrary nature: but your Lordship is the onely one of this. 'Tis easie to discover in all Governments those who waite so close on Fortune, that they are never to be shaken off at any turne: Such who seem to have taken up a resolution of being Great, to continue their Stations on the Theater of Business: to change with the Scene, and shift the Vizard for another part. These Men condemn in their Discourses that Vertue which they dare not practice. But the sober part of this present Age, and impartial Posterity will do right, both to your Lordship and to them. And when they read on what Accounts, and with how much Magnanimity you quitted those Honours, to which the highest Ambition of an *English* Subject could aspire, will apply to you with much more reason, what the Historian said of a *Roman* Emperour; *Multi diutius Imperium tenuerunt; Nemo fortius reliquit.*

To this Retirement of your Lordship, I wish I could bring a better Entertainment, than this *Play*; which, though it succeeded on the Stage, will scarcely bear a serious perusal, it being contriv'd and written in a Moneth, the Subject barren, the Persons low, and the Writing not heightned with many laboured Scenes.

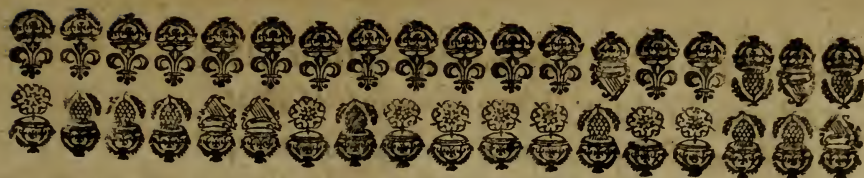
## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Scenes. The consideration of these defects ought to have prescrib'd more modesty to the Author, than to have presented it to that person in the World, for whom he has the greatest Honor, and of whose Patronage, the best of his Endeavours had been unworthy. But, I had not satisfied my self in staying longer, and could never have paid the Debt with a much better Play. As it is, the meaness of it will shew at least, that I pretend not by it to make any manner of return for your Favours; and, that I only give you a new Occasion of Exercising your Goodness to me, in pardoning the Failings and Imperfections of, *My Lord,*

Your Lordships,

*Most Humble, Most Oblig'd,  
Most Obedient Servant,*

*J. Dryden.*



# PROLOGUE

TO

## A M B O Y N A .

**A** S needy Gallants in the Scrivners hands,  
Court the rich Knave that gripes their Mortgag'd  
The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent (Lands,  
And Keeper takes no Fee in Complement:  
The doteage of some Englishmen is such  
To fawn on those who ruine them; the Dutch.  
They shall have all rather then make a War  
With those who of the same Religion are.  
The Streights, the Guiney Trade, the Herrings too,  
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you:  
Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,  
But Cuckold like, loves him who does the Feat:  
What injuries so'er upon us fall,  
Yet still the same Religion answers all:  
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,  
Drew English Blood, and Dutchmens now won'd spare:  
Be gull'd no longer, for you'l find it true,  
They have no more Religion faith— then you;

Interest's the God they worship in their State,  
And you, I take it, have not much of that.  
Well Monarchys may own Religions name,  
But States are Atheists in their very frame:  
They share a sin, and such proportions fall  
That like a stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.  
How they love England, you shall see this day:  
No Map shews Holland truer then our Play:  
Their Pictures and Inscriptions well we know;  
We may be bold one Medal sure to show.  
View then their Falshoods, Rapine, Cruelty;  
And think what once they were, they still would be:  
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art,  
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English Heart:  
And lest Hope, Wit, in Dutchmen that would be  
As much improper as would Honesty.

Persons

---



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Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

A section of text near the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or a concluding statement, also rendered illegible by fading and bleed-through.

The bottom portion of the page, containing faint handwritten text that is largely obscured by bleed-through and fading.

## Persons Represented.

|                                     |                           | By                   |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Captain Gabriel Towerfon.           | _____                     | Mr. Hart.            |
| Mr. Beamont                         | } English Merchants _____ | Mr. Mohun.           |
| Mr. Collins                         |                           | } his Friends. _____ |
| Captain Middleton, An English       | } Sea Captain. _____      | Mr. Watson.          |
| Perez. A Spanish Captain.           |                           | _____                |
| Harman Senior, Governor of Amboyna. | _____                     | Mr. Cartwright.      |
| The Fiscal.                         | _____                     | Mr. Wintershal.      |
| Harman Junior, Son to the Governor. | _____                     | Mr. Kynaston.        |
| Van Herring, A Dutch Merchant.      | _____                     | Mr. Beeston.         |

|                                 |         | By            |
|---------------------------------|---------|---------------|
| Isabinda Betroth'd to Towerfon. | } _____ | Mrs. Marshal. |
| An Indian Lady.                 |         |               |
| Julia Wife to Perez.            | _____   | Mrs. James.   |
| An English Woman.               | _____   | Mrs. Cory.    |

Page to Towerfon \_\_\_\_\_

A Skipper. \_\_\_\_\_

Two Dutch Merchants. \_\_\_\_\_

SCENE *Amboyna.*

AMBOY.



AMBOYNA,  
 OR THE  
 CRUELITIES  
 OF THE  
 DUTCH  
 TO THE  
 ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

---

ACT I.

SCENE, I. *A Castle on the Sea.*

*Enter Harman Senior, the Governor, the Fiscal, and  
 Van Herring : Guards.*

*Fisc.*

**A**

Happy, day to our Noble Governor.

*Har.* Morrow *Fiscal.*

*Van Her.* Did the last Ships which came from  
 Holland to these parts, bring us no news of  
 Moment ?

*Fisc.* Yes, the best that ever came into *Amboyna*, since we  
 set footing here, I mean as to our interest.

B

*Harman.*

*Harm.* I wonder much my Letters then, gave me so short accounts; they only said, The *Orange Party* was grown strong again, since *Barnevelt* had suffer'd.

*Van Her.* Mine inform me farther, the price of Pepper, and of other Spices was rais'd of late in *Europe*.

*Harm.* I wish that news may hold; but much suspect it, while the *English* maintain their Factories among us in *Amboyna*, or in the neighboring Plantations of *Seran*.

*Fisc.* Still I have news that tickles me within, ha, ha, ha, I faith it does, and will do you and all our Countreymen.

*Harm.* Prithee do not torture us, but tell it.

*Van Her.* Whence comes this news?

*Fisc.* From *England*.

*Harm.* Is their *East-India* Fleet bound outward for these parts, or cast away, or met at Sea by Pyrats?

*Fisc.* Better, much better yet, ha, ha, ha.

*Harm.* Now am I famish'd for my part of the laughter.

*Fisc.* Then my brave Governor, if you're a true Dutchman, I'll make your fat sides heave with the conceit on't, till you're blown like a pair of large Smiths Bellows, here look upon this Paper.

*Harman reading.* You may remember we did endamage the *English East-India Company*; the value of Five hundred thousand pounds, all in one year; a Treaty is now sign'd, in which the business is tane up for fourscore thousand. This is news indeed; wou'd I were upon the *Castle Wall*, that I might throw my Cap into the Sea, and my Gold Chain after it, this is golden news, boys.

*Van Her.* This is news wou'd kindle a thousand Bonfires, and make us pifs'em out again in *Rhenish Wine*.

*Harm.* Send presently to all our Factories, acquaint them with these blessed tidings: if we can scape so cheap, 'twill be no matter what villanies henceforth we put in practice.

*Fisc.* Hum, why this now gives encouragement to a certain Plot, which I have long been brewing, against these *Skellum English*. I almost have it here in *Pericranio*, and 'tis a sound one faith, no less, then to cut all their Throats, and seize

seize all their Effects within this Island. I warrant you we may compound again.

*Van Her.* Seizing their Factories, I like well enough, it has some Savour in't, but for this whorson cutting of Throats, it goes a little against the grain, because tis so Notoriously known in Christendom, that they have preserv'd ours from being cut by the *Spaniards*.

*Harm.* Hang 'em base *English* sterts, let 'em e'ntake their part of their own old Proverb, save a Thief from the Gallows; they wou'd needs protect us Rebels, and see what comes to themselves.

*Fisc.* You'reith' right on't Noble *Harman*, their assistance, which was a Mercy, and a Providence to us, shall be a Judgment upon them.

*Van Her.* A little favor wou'd do well; though, not that I wou'd stop the Current of your Wit, or any other Plot to do them mischief, but they were first discoverers of this Isle, first Traded hither, and show'd us the way.

*Fisc.* I grant you that, nay more, that by composition made after many long and tedious quarrels, they were to have a third part of the Traffick, we to build Forts, and they to contribute to the charge.

*Harm.* Which we have so increas'd each year upon 'em, we being in power, and therefore Judges of the Cost, that we exact what e're we please, still more then half the charge, and on pretence of their Non-payment, or the least delay, do often stop their Ships, detain their Goods, and drag 'em into Prisons, while our Commodities go on before, and still forestall their Markets.

*Fisc.* These I confess are pretty tricks, but will not do our business, we must our selves be ruin'd at long run, if they have any Trade here; I know our charge at length will eat us out; I wou'd not let these *English* from this Isle, have Cloves enough to stick an Orange with, not one to throw into their bottle-Ale.

*Harm.* But to bring this about now, there's the cunning.

*Fisc.* Let me alone a while, I have it as I told you here;

mean time we must put on a seeming kindness, call 'em our Benefactors, and dear Brethren, pipe 'em within the danger of our Net, and then we'll draw it o're 'em : when they're in, no mercy, that's my maxime.

*Van Her.* Nay, Brother, I am not too obstinate for saving *English-men* ; 'twas but a qualme of conscience which profit will dispel : I have as true a *Dutch* Antipathy to *England*, as the proudest He in *Amsterdam*, that's a bold word now.

*Harm.* We are secure of our Superiors there ; well, they may give the King of *Great Brittain* a Verbal satisfaction, and with submissive fawning promises, make show to punish us, but interest is their God as well as ours : to that Almighty, they will sacrifice a thousand *English* Lives, and break a hundred thousand Oaths, e're they will punish those that make 'em rich, and pull their Rivals down. [Guns go off within.]

*Van Her.* Heard you those Guns ?

*Harm.* Most plainly.

*Fisc.* The sound comes from the Port, some Ship arriv'd salutes the Castle, and I hope, brings more good news from *Holland*. [Guns again.]

*Harm.* Now they answer 'em from the Fortress.

Enter *Beamont* and *Collins*.

*Van Her.* *Beamont* and *Collins*, *English* Merchants both, perhaps they'll certify us.

*Beam.* Captain *Harman Van Spelt*, good-day to you.

*Harm* Dear, kind Mr. *Beamont*, a thousand and a thousand good days to you, and all our friends the *English*.

*Fisc.* Came you from the Port, Gentlemen ?

*Coll.* We did ; and saw arrive, our honest, and our gallant Countreyman, brave Captain *Gabriel Towerson*.

*Beam.* Sent to these parts from our Employers of the *East-India* Company in *England*, as General of the Voyage.

*Fisc.* Is the brave *Towerson* return'd ?

*Coll.* The same, Sir.

*Harm.* He shall be nobly welcome. He has already spent twelve

twelve years upon, or near these rich *Molucca* Isles, and home return'd with honor and great wealth.

*Fisc.* The Devil give him joy of both, or I will for him.

[*Aside.*

*Beam.* He's my particular Friend, I liv'd with him, both at *Ternate*, *Tydore*, and at *Seran*.

*Van Her.* Did he not leave a Mistress in these parts, a Native of this Iland of *Amboyna*?

*Col.* He did, I think they call her *Ysabinda*, who receiv'd Baptism for his sake, before he hence departed.

*Harm.* 'Tis much against the will of all her friends, she loves your Countryman, but they are not disposers of her person; she's beauteous, rich, and young, and *Towerson* well deserves her.

*Beam.* I think, without flattery to my friend, he does: Were I to chuse of all mankind, a Man, on whom I would relie for Faith and Counsel, or more, whose personal aid I wou'd invite, in any worthy cause to second me, it shou'd be only *Gabriel Towerson*; daring he is, and there to fortunate: yet soft and apt to pitty the distress'd, and liberal to relieve 'em: I have seen him not alone to pardon Foes, but by his bounty win 'em to his love: if he has any fault, 'tis only that, to which great minds can only subject be, he thinks all honest, 'cause himself is so, and therefore none suspects.

*Fisc.* I like him well for that; this fault of his great mind, as *Beaumont* calls it, may give him cause to wish he was more wary, when it shall be too late.

[*Aside.*

*Harm.* I was in some small hope, this Ship had been of our own Countrey, and brought back my son. For much about this season I expect him, good morrow Gentlemen, I go to fill a Brendice to my Noble Captains health, pray tell him so; the youth of our *Amboyna*, I'll send before to welcome him.

*Col.* We'll stay, and meet him here.

[*Exeunt Harman, Fiscal, and Van Herring.*

*Beam.* I do not like these fleeing Dutchmen, they over act their kindness.

*Col.*

*Col.* I know not what to think of 'em, that old fat Governor *Harman van Spelt*, I have known long; they say he was a Cooper in his Countrey, and took the measure of his Hoops for Tuns, by his own Belly: I love him not, he makes a jest of men in misery; the first fat merry fool I ever knew that was ill natur'd.

*Beam.* He's absolutely govern'd by this *Fiscal*, who was as I have heard, an ignorant Advocate in *Rotterdam*, such as in *England* we call a Petty-fogging Rogue; one that knows nothing, but the worst part of the Law, its tricks and snares: I fear he hates us English mortally. Pray Heaven we feel not the effects on't.

*Col.* Neither he, nor *Harman*, will dare to shew their malice to us, now *Towerson* is come. For though 'tis true, we have no Castle here, he has an aw upon 'em in his worth, which they both fear and reverence.

*Beam.* I wish it so may prove, my mind is a bad Prophet to me, and what it does forebode of ill, it seldom fails to pay me. Here a comes.

*Col.* And in his company, young *Harman*, Son to our Dutch Governor, I wonder how they met.

*Enter Towerson, Harman Junior, and a Skipper.*

*Towerson, entering to the Skipper.* These Letters see convey'd with speed to our Plantations. This to *Cambello*, and to *Hitto* this, this other to *Lobo*. Tell 'em their Friends in *England* greet 'em well; and when I left 'em, were in perfect health.

*Skip.* Sir, you shall be obey'd.

*Exit Skipper.*

*Beam.* I heartily rejoyce that our employers have chose you for this place, a better choice they never cou'd have made, or for themselves, or me.

*Col.* This I am sure of, that our English Factories, in all these parts have wisht you long the man, and none cou'd be so welcome to their hearts.

*Harm. Ju.* And let me speak for my Countreymen the Dutch, I have heard my Father say, he's your sworn Brother

ther



ther: And this late accident at Sea, when you reliev'd me from the Pirats, and brought my Ship in safety off, I hope will well secure you of our gratitude.

*Towers.* You over-rate a little courtesie: In your deliverance I did no more, then what I had my self from you expected: The common ties of our Religion, and those yet more particular of Peace, and strict Commerce, betwixt us and your Nation, exacted all I did, or could have done.

*To Beamont.* For you my Friend, let me ne'er breathe our English air again; but I more joy to see you, then my self, to have escap'd the storm, that tofs'd me long, doubling the Cape, and all the sultry heats, in passing twice the Line: For now I have you here, methinks this happiness shou'd not be bought at a less price.

*Har.* I'll leave you with your friends, my duty binds me to hasten to receive a Fathers blessing.

[Exit Harman Junior.

*Beam.* Y'are so much a friend, that I must tax you for being a slack lover. You have not yet enquir'd of *Ysabinda*.

*Towers.* No, I durst not, Friend, I durst not, I love too well and fear to know my doom; there's hope, in doubt, but yet I fixt my eyes on yours, I look'd with earnestness, and ask'd with them: If ought of ill had hapned, sure I had met it there; and since, methinks, I did not, I have now recover'd courage, and resolve to urge it from you.

*Beam.* Your *Ysabinda* then——

*Towers.* You have said all in that, my *Ysabinda*, if she still be so.

*Beam.* Enjoys as much of health, as fear for you, and sorrow for your absence wou'd permit.

[Musick within.

*Col.* Heark, Musick I think approaching.

*Beam.* 'Tis from our Factory; some sudden entertainment I believe design'd for your return,

Enter

*Enter Amboyner's, Men and Women with Timbrels  
before them. A Dance.*

After the Dance,  
*Enter Harman Senior, Harman Junior, Fiscal,  
and Van Herring.*

*Harm. Sen.* embracing *Towerson*. Oh my sworn Brother, my dear Captain *Towerson*; the man whom I love better than a stiff gale, when I am becalm'd at Sea; to whom, I have receiv'd the Sacrament, never to be false-hearted.

*Towers.* You ne'er shall have occasion on my part: the like I promise for our Factories, while I continue here: This Ile yields Spice enough for both; and *Europe*, Ports, and Chapmen, were to vend them.

*Har. Sen.* It does, it does, we have enough, if we can be contented.

*Towers.* And Sir, why shou'd we not, what mean these endless jars of Trading Nations? 'tis true, the World was never large enough for Avarice or Ambition; but those who can be pleas'd with moderate gain, may have the ends of Nature, not to want: nay, even its Luxuries may be supply'd from her o'erflowing bounties in these parts: from whence she yearly sends Spices, and Gums, the Food of Heaven in Sacrifice. And besides these, her Gems of richest value, for Ornament, more than necessity.

*Har. Sen.* You are ith' right, we must be very friends, Ifaith we must, I have an old Dutch heart, as true and trusty as your English Oke.

*Fisc.* We never can forget the Patronage of your *Elizabeth*, of famous memory; when from the Yoke of *Spain*, and *Alva's* Pride, her potent Succors, and her well tim'd Bounty, freed us, and gave us credit in the World.

*Towers.* For this we only ask a fair Commerce and Friendliness of Conversation here: and what our several Treaties bind us to, you shall, while *Towerson* lives, see so perform'd, as fits a Subject to an English King.

*Har.*

*Harm. Sen.* Now by my faith you ask too little friend, we must have more then bare Commerce betwixt us : receive me to your bosom, by this Beard I will never deceive you.

*Beam.* I do not like his Oath, there's treachery in that *Judas* colour'd Beard. [*aside.*]

*Fisc.* Pray use me as your Servant.

*Van Her.* And me too Captain.

*Tower.* I receive you both as Jewels, which I'll wear in either Ear, and never part with you.

*Harm. Sen.* I cannot do enough for him to whom I owe my Son.

*Harm. Ju.* Nor I, till fortune send me such another brave occasion of fighting so for you.

*Harm. Sen.* Captain, very shortly, we must use your Head in a certain business, ha, ha, ha, my dear Captain.

*Fisc.* We must use your Head indeed Sir.

*Tower.* Sir, Command me, and take it as a debt I owe your Love.

*Harm. Sen.* Talk not of Debt, for I must have your Heart.

*Van Her.* Your Heart indeed, good Captain.

*Harm. Sen.* You are weary now I know, Sea beat, and weary, 'tis time we respite further Ceremony; besides, I see one coming, whom I know you long to embrace, and I shou'd be unkind to keep you from her Arms.

*Enter Ysabinda and Julia.*

*Ysabin.* Do I hold my Love, do I embrace him, after a tedious absence of three years? are ye indeed return'd, are ye the same? do you still love your *Ysabinda*? speak before I ask you twenty questions more : for I have so much Love, and so much Joy : that if you do not love as well as I, I shall appear distracted.

*Towers.* We meet then both out of our selves, for I am nothing else, but Love and Joy; and to take care of my discretion now, wou'd make me much unworthy of that passion, to which you set no bounds.

*Ysab.* How cou'd you be so long away?

*Towersf.* How can you think I was: I still was here, still with you, never absent in my mind.

*Harm. Jun.* She's a most charming Creature, I wish I had not seen her.

*Ysab.* Now I shall love your God, because I see that he takes care of Lovers: but my dear *Englishman*, I prithee let it be our last of absence; I cannot bear another parting from thee, nor promise thee to live three other years, if thou again goest hence.

*Towersf.* I never will without you.

*Harm. Sen.* I said before, we shou'd but trouble ye.

*Towersf.* You make me blush, but if you ever were a Lover, Sir, you will forgive a folly, which is sweet, though I confess, 'tis much extravagant.

*Harm. Jun.* A has but too much cause for this excess of Joy, oh happy, happy *Englishman*, but I unfortunate. [*aside.*]

*Towersf.* Now when you please, lead on.

*Harm. Sen.* This day you shall be feasted at the *Castle*, where our Great Guns shall loudly speak your welcome. All signs of joy shall through the *Ile* be shown, Whilst in full *Romers* we our friendship crown.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE. I.

*Enter Ysabinda, Harman Jun.*

*Ysab.* **T** His to me, from you, against your friend.

*Harm.* Have I not Eyes, are you not fair? why does it seem so strange?

*Ysab.* Come, 'tis a plot betwixt you: my *Englishman* is jealous, and has sent you to try my faith, he might have spar'd the experiment after a three years absence; that was a proof sufficient of my constancy.

*Harm.*

*Harm.* I heard him say he never had return'd, but that his Masters of the *East-India* Company, proffer'd him large conditions.

*Xfab.* You do belye him basely.

*Harm.* As much as I do you, in saying you are fair ; or as I do my self, when I declare I dye for you.

*Xfab.* If this be earnest, you've done a most unmanly and ungrateful part, to court the intended Wife of him, to whom you are most oblig'd.

*Harm.* Leave me to answer that: assure your self I love you violently, and if you are wise, you'll make some difference 'twixt *Towerfon* and me.

*Xfab.* Yes, I shall make a difference, but not to your advantage.

*Harm.* You must, or falsify your knowledge ; an *Englishman*, part Captain, and part Merchant ; his Nation of declining interest here : consider this, and weigh against that fellow, not me, but any, the least and meanest *Dutchman* in this *Isle*.

*Xfab.* I do not weigh by bulk : I know your Countrey-men have the advantage there.

*Harm.* Hold back your hand, from firming of your faith; you'll thank me in a little time, for staying you so kindly from embarking in his ruine.

*Xfab.* His fortune is not so contemptible as you'd make it seem.

*Harm.* Wait but one month for the event.

*Xfab.* I will not wait one day, though I were sure to sink with him the next: so well I love my *Towerfon*, I will not lose another Sun, for fear a shou'd not rise to morrow. For your self, pray rest assur'd, of all Mankind, you shou'd not be my choice, after an act of such ingratitude.

*Harm.* You may repent your scorn at leisure.

*Xfab.* Never, unless I married you.

Enter Towerfon;

*Towerf.* Now my dear *Yfabinda*, I dare pronounce my self most happy: since I have gain'd your Kindred, all difficulties cease.

*Yfab.* I wish we find it so.

*Towerf.* Why, is ought happen'd since I saw you last? methinks a sadness dwells upon your Brow, like that I saw before my last long absence. You do not speak: my friend dumb too? Nay then I fear some more then ordinary cause produces this.

*Harm.* You have no reason *Towerfon* to be sad, you are the happy man.

*Towerf.* If I have any, you must needs have some.

*Har.* No, you are lov'd, and I am bid despair.

*Towerf.* Time, and your Services, will perhaps, make you as happy as I am in my *Yfabinda's* love.

*Har.* I thought I spoke so plain, I might be understood; but since I did not, I must tell you *Towerfon*, I wear the Title of your friend no longer, because I am your Rival.

*Towerf.* Is this true *Yfabinda*?

*Yfab.* I shou'd not, I confess, have told you first, because I wou'd not give you that disquiet; but since he has, it is too sad a truth.

*Towerf.* Leave us my Dear a little to our selves.

*Yfab.* I fear you'l quarrel, for he seem'd incens'd, and threatened you with ruine. [To him aside.]

*Towerf.* 'Tis to prevent an ill, which may be fatal to us both, that I wou'd speak with him.

*Yfab.* Swear to me by your Love you will not fight.

*Towerf.* Fear not my *Yfabinda*; things are not grown to that extremity.

*Yfab.* I leave you, but I doubt the consequence.

*Exit Yfab.*

*Towerf.* I want a name to call you by, Friend, you declare you are not, and to Rival, I am not yet enough accusom'd.

*Harm.* Now I consider on't, it shall be yet in your free choice,

choice, to call me, one or other; for, *Towerfon*, I do not decline your Friendship, but then yield *Ysabinda* to me.

*Towersf.* Yield *Ysabinda* to you?

*Harm.* Yes, and preserve the Blessing of my Friendship; I'll make my Father yours, your Factories shall be no more oppress'd, but thrive in all advantages with ours; your gain shall be beyond what you cou'd hope for from the Treaty: in all the Traffick of these Eastern parts, ye shall —

*Towersf.* Hold, you mistake me *Harman*, I never gave you just occasion to think I wou'd make Merchandise of Love; *Ysabinda* you know is mine, contracted to me e're I went for *England*, and must be so till death.

*Har.* She must not *Towerfon*; you know you are not strongest in these parts, and 'twill be ill contesting with your Masters.

*Towersf.* Our Masters? *Harman* you durst not once have nam'd that Word in any part of *Europe*.

*Har.* Here I both dare and Will, you ha'no Castles in *Amboyna*.

*Towersf.* Though we have not, we yet have *English* Hearts and Courages, not to endure Affronts.

*Har.* They may be try'd.

*Towersf.* Your Father sure will not maintain you in this Insolence, I know he is too honest.

*Har.* Assure your self, he will Esponse my Quarrel.

*Towersf.* We wou'd complain to *England*.

*Har.* Your Countrey Men have try'd that course so often, methinks they should grow wiser, and desist: but now there is no need of troubling any others but our selves; the sum of all is this, you either must Resign me *Ysabinda*, or instantly resolve, to clear your Title to her by your Sword.

*Towersf.* I will do neither now.

*Har.* Then I'll believe you dare not fight me fairly.

*Towersf.* You know I durst have fought, though I am not vain enough to boast it, nor wou'd upbraid you with remembrance of it.

*Har.* You destroy your benefit with Rehearsal of it, but that was in a Ship, back'd by your Men, single Duel is a fairer Tryal of your courage.

*Towersf.*

*Towersf.* I'm not to be provok'd out of my temper: here I am a Publick Person, intrusted by my King and my Employers, and shou'd I kill you *Harman*,——

*Har.* Oh never think you can, Sir.

*Towersf.* I shou'd betray my Countreymen to suffer not only worse Indignities, then those they have already born, but for ought I know, might give 'em up to general Imprisonment, perhaps betray them to a Massacre.

*Har.* These are but pitiful and weak excuses, I'll force you to confess you dare not fight, you shall ha' provocations.

*Towersf.* I will not stay to take 'em: Only this before I go, if you are truly Gallant, insult not where you have power, but keep your Quarrel secret, we may have time and place out of this Island: mean while, I go to Marry *Isabinda*, that you shall see I dare: No more, follow me not an Inch beyond this place no not an Inch, adieu.

[Exit *Towersf.*]

*Har.* Thou goest to thy Grave, or I to mine.

[Is going after him.]

Enter *Fiscall*.

*Fisc.* Whither so fast *Min Heer*?

*Har.* After that *English Dog*, whom I believe you saw.

*Fisc.* Whom, *Towersf*?

*Har.* Yes, let me go, I'll have his blood.

*Fisc.* Let me advise you first, you young Men are so violently hot.

*Har.* I say I'll have his Blood.

*Fisc.* To have his Blood is not amiss, so far I go with you, but take me with you further for the means: first what's the injury?

*Har.* Not to detain you with a tedious Story, I love his Mistriss, Courted her, was sleighted; into the heat of this he came, I offer'd him the best Advantages, he cou'd or to himself propose, or to his Nation, would he quit her Love.

*Fisc.*



*Fisc.* So far you are prudent, for she's exceeding rich.

*Har.* He refus'd all, then I threaten'd him with my Fathers power.

*Fisc.* That was unwisely done; your Father, underhand, may do a mischief, but 'tis too gross above board.

*Har.* At last, nought else prevailing, I defy'd him to single Duel, this he refus'd, and I believe twas fear.

*Fisc.* No, no, mistake him not, 'tis a stout Whorson, you did ill to press him, 'twill not sound well in *Europe*, He being here a publick Minister; having no means of scaping shou'd he kill you, besides exposing all his Countrymen to a Revenge.

*Har.* That's all one, I'm resolv'd I will pursue my course and Fight him.

*Fisc.* Pursue your end, that's to enjoy the Woman, and her Wealth; I wou'd, like you, have *Towerson* dispatch'd; for as I am a true *Dutchman*, I do hate him, but I wou'd convey him smoothly out of the World, and without noise; they'le say we are Ingrateful else, in *England*, and barbarously cruel; now I could swallow down the thing Ingratitude, and the thing Murder, but the Names are odious.

*Har.* What wou'd you have me do then?

*Fisc.* Let him enjoy his Love a little while, twill break no squares, in the long run of a mans life; you shall have enough of her, and in convenient time.

*Har.* I cannot bear he shou'd enjoy her first; no, tis determin'd; I will kill him bravely.

*Fisc.* I, a right young Man's bravery, that's Folly: Let me alone, something I'le put in practice, to rid you of this Rival e're he Marries, without your once appearing in it.

*Har.* If I durst trust you now?

*Fisc.* If you believe that I have Wit, or Love you.

*Har.* Well Sir, you have prevail'd; be speedy; for once I will rely on you; farewell: [Exit Harman.

*Fisc.* This hopeful business will be quickly spoil'd, if I not take exceeding care of it.

Stay, ——— *Towerson* to be kill'd and privately, that must be laid down as the groundwork, for stronger reasons than

a young Man's Passion, but who shall do't, no *English* Man will, and much I fear, no Dutchman dares attempt it.

*Enter Perez.*

Well said, I faith old Devil let thee alone, when once a Man is plotting Villany, to find him a fit Instrument.

This Spanish Captain, who commands our Slaves, is bold enough, and is beside in want, and proud enough to think he merits Wealth.

*Perez.* This *Fiscal* loves my Wife, I'm jealous of him; and yet must speak him fair to get my Pay; Oh, there's the Devil for a Castilian, to stoop to one of his own Masters Rebels who has, or who designs to Cuckold him, [*aside.*]

*To Fiscal:* I come to kiss your hand again Sir, six Months I am in arrear, I must not starve, and Spaniards cannot beg.

*Fisc.* I've been a better Friend to you, then perhaps you think Captain.

*Perez.* I fear you have indeed. [*aside.*]

*Fisc.* And faithfully solicited your business; send but your Wife to morrow Morning early, the Money shall be ready.

*Perez.* What if I come my self.

*Fisc.* Why ye may have it if you come your self Captain, but in case your occasions shou'd call you any other way, you dare trust her to receive it.

*Perez.* She has no skill in Money.

*Fisc.* It shall be told into her hand, or given her upon honour, in a lump; but Captain, you were saying you did want, now I shou'd think three hundred Doblons wou'd do you no great harm, they'le serve to make you Merry on the Watch.

*Perez.* Must they be told into my Wife's hand too?

*Fisc.* No, those you may receive you self, if you dare Merit 'em.

*Perez.* I am a *Spaniard* Sir, that implies Honour: I dare all that is possible.

*Fisc.* Then you dare Kill a Man.

*Perez.*

*Perez.* So it be fairly.

*Fisc.* But what if he will not be so civil to be kill'd that way? He's a sturdy Fellow, I know you stout, and do not question your Valor; but I wou'd make sure work, and not endanger you who are my Friend.

*Perez.* I fear the Governor will Execute me.

*Fisc.* The Governor will thank you: 'tis he shall be your Pay-Master; you shall have your Pardon drawn up before hand, and remember, no transitory Sum, three hundred Quadruples in your own Countrey Gold.

*Perez.* Well, name your Man.

*Enter Julia.*

*Fisc.* Your Wife comes, take it in whisper.

[*They whisper.*

*Jul.* Yonder's my Master, and my Dutch Servant, how lovingly they talk in private; if I did not know my Don's temper to be monstrously jealous, I shou'd think, they were driving a secret Bargain for my Body; but *Cuernio* is not to be digested by my *Castilian*. *Mi Moker*, my Wife and my Mistress, she laies the Emphasis on me, as if to Cuckold him were a worse sin, then breaking the Commandment. If my *English* Lover *Beumont*, my Dutch Love the *Fiscall*, and my *Spanish* Husband, were Painted in a piece with me amongst 'em, they wou'd make a Pretty Emblem of the two Nations, that Cuckold his Catholick Majesty in his *Indi's*.

*Fisc.* You'l undertake it then?

*Perez.* I have served under *Tower* as his Licutenant, serv'd him well, and though I say't, bravely, yet ne're have been rewarded, though he promis'd largely; 'tis resolv'd, I'll do't.

*Fisc.* And swear secrecie.

*Perez.* By this Beard.

*Fisc.* Go wait upon the Governor from me, confer with him about it in my name, this Seal will give you credit.

[*Gives him his Seal.*

*Perez.* I go.

[Goes a step or two, while the other approaches his Wife.]

What shall I be, before I come again? [Exit.]

Fisc. Now my fair Mistriſs we ſhall have the opportunity which I have long deſir'd. [To Julia.]

Perez. The Governor is now a ſleeping; this is his hour of afternoons reſoſe, I'll go when he's awake. [Returning.]

Fisc. He ſlept early this afternoon, I left him newly wak'd.

Perez. Well, I go then, but with an aking heart. [Exit.]

Fisc. So, at length he's gone.

Jul. But you may find a was jealous by his delay.

Fisc. If I were as you, I wou'd give evident proofs, ſhou'd cure him of that diſeaſe for ever after.

Enter Perez again.

Perez. I have conſider'd on't, and if you wou'd go along with me to the Governor, it wou'd do much better.

Fisc. No, no, that wou'd make the matter more ſuſpicious. The Devil take thee for an impertinent Cuckold.

[aſide:]  
Perez. Well I muſt go then. [Exit Perez:]

Jul. Nay there was never the like of him, but it ſha'n't ſerve his turn, we'l Cuckold him moſt furiouſly.

Enter Perez again.

Per. I had forgot one thing, dear ſweet heart go home quickly, and overſee our buſineſs, it wo'n't go forward without one of us.

Fisc. I warrant you, take no care of your buſineſs, leave it to me, I'll put it forward in your abſence, go go, you'l loſe your opportunity; I'll be at home before you, and ſup with you to night.

Per. You ſhalt be welcome, but ———

Fisc. Three hundred Quadruples.

Perez. That's true but ———

Fisc.

*Fisc.* But three hundred Quadruples.

*Perez.* The Devil take the Quadruples.

*Enter* Beamont.

*Beam.* Ther's my Cuckold that must be, and my fellow swager the Dutchman, with my Mistriſs, my Noſe is wip'd to day, I muſt retire for the *Spaniard* is jealous of me.

*Perez.* Oh Mr. *Beamont*, I'm to ask a favor of you.

*Beam.* This is unuſual, pray command it Sennor.

*Perez.* I am going upon urgent buſineſs, pray ſup with me to night, and in the mean time, bear my worthy friend here company.

*Beam.* With all my heart.

*Perez.* So, now I am ſecure; though I dare not truſt her with one of 'em, I may with both; they'l hinder one another, and preſerve my honour into the bargain. Now for my Dobloons. [Exit.

*Beam.* Now Mr. *Fiſcall*, you are the happy Man with the Ladies, and have got the precedence of Traffick here too; you've the *Indie's* in your Arms, yet I hope a poor English Man may come in for a third part of the Merchandiſe.

*Fisc.* Oh Sir, in theſe Commodities, here's enough for both, here's Mace for you, and Nutmegg for me in the ſame Fruit; and yet the owner has to ſpare for other friends too.

*Jul.* My Huſbands Plantation's like to thrive well betwixt you.

*Beam.* Horn him, he deſerves not ſo much happineſs as he enjoys in you; he's jealous.

*Jul.* 'Tis no wonder if a *Spaniard* looks yellow.

*Beam.* Betwixt you and me; 'tis a little kind of venture, that we make in doing this Dons drudgery for him; for the whole Nation of 'em is generally ſo Pocky, that 'tis no longer a Diſeaſe, but a ſecond nature in 'em.

*Fisc.* I have heard indeed, that 'tis incorporated among 'em, as deeply as the Moors and Jews are; there's ſcarce a Family, but 'tis crept into their blood like the new Chriſtians.

*Jul.* Come I'll have no whispering betwixt you, I know you were talking of my Husband, because my Nose itches.

*Beam.* Faith Madam, I was speaking in favor of your Nation: what pleasant lives I have known *Spaniards* to live in *England*.

*Jul.* If you love me, let me hear a little.

*Beam.* We observ'd 'em to have much of the nature of our Flies, they buz'd abroad a Month or two i'th' Summer, wou'd venture about Dog dayes to take the Air in the Park, but all the Winter slept like Dormice, and if ever they appear'd in publick after *Michaelmass*, their Faces shew'd the difference betwixt their Countrey and ours, for they look in *Spain* as if they were Roasted, and in *England* as if they were Sodden.

*Julia.* I'll not believe your description.

*Fisc.* Yet our observations of 'em in *Holland*, are not much unlike it; I've known a great Don at the *Hague*, with the Gentleman of his Horse, his Major Domo, and two Secretaries, all Dine at four several Tables, on the Quarters of a single Pullet: the Victuals of the under Servants were weigh'd out in ounces, by the Don himself; with so much Garlike in the other Scale: a thin slice of Bacon, went through the Family a week together: for it was daily put into the Pot for Pottage; was serv'd in the midst of the Dish at Dinners, and taken out and weigh'd by the Steward, at the end of every Meal. to see how much it lost; till at length, looking at it against the Sun, it appear'd transparent, and then he wou'd have whip'd it up, as his own Fees, at a Morfel; but that his Lord bar'd the Dice, and reckon'd it to him for a part of his Board Wages.

*Beam.* In few words Madam, the general Notion we had of 'em, was, that they were very frugal of their Spanish Coyn, and very liberal of their Neapolitane.

*Julia.* I see Gentlemen, you are in the way of Rallying; therefore let me be no hindrance to your sport; do as much for one another, as you have done for our Nation.

Pray Min Heer *Fiscal*, what think you of the *Englsh*.

*Fisc.* Oh, I have an Honour for the Countrey.

*Beam.* I beseech you leave your ceremony, we can hear of our faults without choller, therefore speak of us with a true *Amsterdam* spirit, and do not spare us.

*Fisc.* Since you command me, Sir, 'tis said of you, I know not how truly, that for your Fishery at home, you'r like Dogs in the Manger, you will neither manage it your selves, nor permit your neighbors; so that for your Sovereignty of the *Narrow Seas*, if the Inhabitants of 'em, the Herrings, were capable of being Judges, they wou'd certainly award it to the *English*, because they were then sure to live undisturb'd, and quiet under you.

*Beam.* Very good, proceed, Sir.

*Fisc.* 'Tis true, you gave us aid in our time of need, but you paid your selves with our Cautionary Towns: and that you have since deliver'd them up, we can never give sufficient commendation, either to your Honesty, or to your Wit; For both which qualities, you have purchas'd such an immortal Fame, that all Nations are instructed, how to deal with you another time.

*Beam.* A most grateful acknowledgment sweet Sir, go on.

*Fisc.* For your Trade abroad, if you shou'd obtain it, you are so horribly expensive, that you wou'd undo your selves and all Christendome: for you wou'd sink under your very profit, and the gains of the Universal World wou'd beggar you: you devour a Voyage to the *Indi's*, by the Multitude of Mouths with which you Man your Vessels: providence has contriv'd it well, that the *Indi's* are Manag'd by us, an Industrious and frugal people, who distribute its Merchandise to the rest of *Europe*, and suffer it not to be consum'd in *England*, that the other members might be starv'd, while you of *Great Brittain*, as you call it, like a Rickety head, wou'd only swell and grow bigger by it.

*Jub.* I have heard enough of *England*; have you nothing to return upon the *Neatherlands*?

*Beam.* Faith very little, to any purpose; he has been before hand with us, as his Countrey-men are in their Trade, and taken up so many vices for the use of *England*, that a has left aln Anone for the *Low Countreys*.

to *Fall*. Come a word however.  
*Beam*. In the first place you shew'd your ambition, when you began to be a State: for not being Gentlemen, you have stolen the Arms of the best Families of *Europe*; and wanting a name, you made bold with the first of the divine Attributes; and call'd your selves the *HIGH* and *MIGHTY*: though, let me tell you, that, besides the Blasphemy, the Title is ridiculous; for *HIGH* is no more proper for the *Netherlands*, then *MIGHTY* is for seven little rascally Provinces, no bigger in all, than a Shire in *England*. For my main Theam, your Ingratitude, you have in part acknowledg'd it, by your laughing at our easy delivery of your Cautionary Towns: the best is, we are us'd by you, as well as your own Princes of the House of *Orange*. We and They have set you up, and you undermine their Power, and circumvent our Trade.

*Fisc*. And good reason, if our interest requires it.

*Beam*. That leads me to your Religion, which is only made up of Interest: at home, ye tolerate all Worshipp, in them who can pay for it; and abroad, you were lately so civil to the Emperor of *Pegu*, as to do open sacrifice to his Idols.

*Fisc*. Yes, and by the same token you *English* were such precise fools as to refuse it.

*Beam*. For frugality in Trading, we confess we cannot compare with you; for our Merchants live like Noblemen: your Gentlemen, if you have any, live like Bores; you traffick for all the rarities of the World, and dare use none of 'em your selves; so that in effect, you are the Mill-Horses of Mankind, that labor only for the wretched Provender you eat: a pot of Butter and a pickl'd Herring is all your Riches; and in short, you have a good Title to cheat all *Europe*, because in the first place, you cosen your own Backs and Bellies.

*Fisc*. We may enjoy more when e're we please.

*Beam*. Your liberty is a grosser cheat than any of the rest; for you are ten times more Tax'd, then any People in Christendom: you never keep any League with Foreign Princes: you flatter our Kings, and ruine their Subjects: you e ever deny d



ny'd us satisfaction at home for injuries, nor ever gave it us abroad.

*Fisc.* You must make your selves more fear'd when you expect it.

*Beam.* And I prophesie that time will come, when some generous Monarch of our Island, will undertake our quarrel, reassume the Fishery of our Seas, and make them as considerable to the *English*, as the *Indies* are to you.

*Fisc.* Before that comes to pass, you may repent your overlavish tongue.

*Beam.* I was no more in earnest then you were.

*Jul.* Pray let this go no further, my Husband has invited both to supper.

*Beam.* If you please, I'll fall to before he comes, or at least while he is conferring in private with the *Fiscal*. [*aside to her.*

*Jul.* Their private businesses let them agree, The Dutch for him, the *Englishman* for me.

*Exeunt.*

# A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Perez:*

*Perez.* **T**Rue, the Reward propos'd is great enough, I want it too, besides this *Englishman* has never paid me, since, as his Lieutenant, I serv'd him once against the *Turk* at Sea, yet he confes'd, I did my duty well, when twice I clear'd our Decks; he has long promis'd me, but what are promises to starving Men, this is his House, he may walk out this morning.

*Enter*

*Enter a Page and another Servant, walking by, not seeing him.*

These belong to him, I'll hide till they are past.

*Ser.* He sleeps soundly for a Man who is to be marry'd when he wakes.

*Page.* He do's well to take his time, for he do's not know when he's Marry'd, whether ever he shall have a sound sleep again.

*Ser.* He bid we shou'd not wake him, but some of us in good manners shou'd have stayd, and not have left him quite alone.

*Page.* In good maners, I shou'd indeed, but I'll venture a Masters anger at any time for a Mistriſs, and that's my case at present.

*Serv.* I'll tempt as great a danger as that comes to, for good old *English* fellowship; I am invited to a mornings draught.

*Page.* Good morrow brother, good morrow, by that time you have fill'd your Belly, and I have emptied mine. it will be time to meet at home again. *Exeunt severally.*

*Perez.* So, this makes well for my design. He's left alone, unguarded and asleep: *Satan*, thou art a bounteous friend, and liberal of occasions to do mischief, my pardon I have ready if I am taken, my Money half before hand; up *Perez*, rouze thy *Spanish* courage up, if he shou'd wake, I think I dare attempt him, then my revenge is nobler, and revenge, to injur'd Men is full as sweet as profit. *Exit.*

*The Scene drawn, discovers Towerſon asleep on a Couch in his Night-Gown. A Table by him, Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.*

*Re-enter Perez with a Dagger.*

*Perez.* Asleep as I imagin'd, and as fast, as all the Plumets of eternal night were hung upon his Temples: oh that some courteous *Demon* in the other world, wou'd let him know, 'twas *Perez* sent him thither: a Paper by him too, he  
little

little thinks it is his Testament, the last he e're shall make: I'll read it first. [takes it up.

Oh by the Inscription, 'tis a memorial of what he means to do this day: what's here? my name in the first line? I'll read it. [reads.

Memorandum, *That my first action this morning shall be to find out my true and valiant Lieutenant, Captain Perez, and as a testimony of my gratitude for his honourable Service to bestow on him five hundred English pounds, making my just excuse, I had it not before, within my power to reward him.* [lays down the paper. And was it then for this I fought his life; oh base degenerate spaniard, hadst thou done it, thou hadst been worse then damn'd; Heav'n took more care of me, then I of him, to expose this paper to my timely view. Sleep on thou Honourable *Englishman*, I'll sooner now, pierce my own breast then thine; see, he smiles too in his slumber, as if his Guardian Angel in a dream, told him, he was secure; I'll give him warning, though to prevent danger from another hand.

} *Writes on Towerson's Paper, then*  
} *sticks his Dagger in it.*

Stick there, that when he wakens he may may know,  
To his own Vertue he his Life do's owe. [Exit Perez.

[Towerson awakens.

*Towers.* I have o'rslept my hour this morning, if to enjoy a pleasing dream, can be to sleep too long: me thought my dear *Isabinda* and my self, were lying in an Arbor, wreath'd about with Myrtle and with Cypress; my Rival *Harman* reconcil'd again to his friendship, strew'd us with Flowers, and put on each a Crimson colour'd Garment, in which we straight way mounted to the Skies, and with us, many of my *English* friends, all clad in the same Robes: if dreams have any meaning, sure this portends some good——What's that I see, a Dagger stuck into the paper of my Memorials? and writ below, *Thy Vertue sav'd thy life*; it seems some one has been within my chamber whilst I slept; something of consequence hangs upon this accident: what ho, who waits without—None answer me: are ye all dead?—what ho!—

Enter Beamont.

*Beam.* How is it friend: I thought entring your House, I heard you call.

*Towerf.* I did, but as it seems without effect, none of my Servants are within reach of my voice.

*Beam.* You seem amaz'd at somewhat!

*Towerf.* A little discompos'd:—read that, and see if I have no occasion, that Dagger was stuck there, by him who writ it.

*Beam.* I must confess you have too just a cause: I am my self surpriz'd at an event so strange.

*Towerf.* I know not who can be my Enemy within this Island, except my Rival *Harman*, and for him, I truly did relate, what pass'd betwixt us yesterday.

*Beam.* You bore your self in that as it became you, as one who was a witness to himself of his own courage, and while by necessary care of others, you were forc'd to decline fighting, shew'd how much you did despise the Man who sought the quarrel: 'twas base in him, so back'd as he is here, to offer it, much more to press you to it.

*Towerf.* I may find a foot of ground in *Europe*, to tell the insulting Youth, he better had provok'd some other Man, but sure I cannot think 'twas he, who left that Dagger there.

*Beam.* No, for it seemstoo great a Nobleness of Spirit, for one like him to practice: 'twas certainly an Enemy, who came to take your sleeping life; but thus to leave unfinished the designe, proclaims the act, No *Dutchman*.

*Towerf.* That, time will best discover, I'll think no further of it.

*Beam.* I confess you have more pleasing thoughts to employ your mind at present; I left your Bride just ready for the Temple, and came to call you to her.

*Towerf.* I'll straight attend you thither.

Enter

*Enter Harman senior, Fiscal, and Van Herring.*

*Fisc.* Remember, Sir, what I advis'd you; you must seemingly make up the business. [To Harman.

*Harm.* I warrant you. What my brave bonny Bridegroom, not yet dress'd, you are a lazy Lover, I must chide you.

[To Towerfon.

*Towerfon.* I was just preparing.

*Harm.* I must prevent part of the Ceremony: you thought to go to her, she is by this time at the *Castle*, where she is invited with our common friends; for you shall give me leave, if you so please, to entertain you both.

*Towerf.* I have some reasons, why I must refuse the Honor you intend me.

*Harm.* You must have none; what my old friend steal a Wedding from me? In troth you wrong our friendship.

*Beam. to him as de.* Sir, go not to the *Castle*, you cannot in Honour accept an invitation from the Father, after an affront from the Son.

*Towerf.* Once more I beg your pardon, Sir.

*Harm.* Come, come, I know your reason of refusal, but it must not prevail; My Son has been to blame, I'll not maintain him in the least neglect, which he shou'd shew to any *Englishman*; much less to you, the best, and most esteem'd of all my friends.

*Towerf.* I shou'd be willing, sir, to think it was a young Mans rashness, or perhaps the Rage of a successless Rival, yet he might have spar'd some words.

*Harm.* Friend, he shall ask your pardon, or I'll no longer own him; what, ungrateful to a Man, whose Valour has preserv'd him? he shall do't, he shall indeed, I'll make you friends upon your own conditions, he's at the door, pray let him be admitted: this is a day of general *Justice*.

*Towerf.* You Command here, you know Sir,

*Fisc.* He call him in, I'm sure he will be proud at any rate to redeem your kind opinion of him,

*Exit Fiscal, and re-enters with Harman junior.*

*Harm. Jun.* Sir, my Father, I hope, has in part satisfy'd you, that what I spoke, was only an effect of sudden passion, of which I am now ashamed, and desire it may be no longer lodg'd in your remembrance, then it is now in my intention to do you any injury.

*Towers.* Your Father may Command me to more difficult employments, then to receive the friendship of a Man, of whom I did not willingly embrace an ill opinion.

*Harm. Jun.* Nothing hence-forward, shall have power to take from me that happiness, in which you are so generously pleas'd to reinstate me. *Exeunt.*

*Harm. Sen.* Why this is as it shou'd be, trust me I weep for joy.

*Beam.* *Towerson* is easy, and too credulous. I fear 'tis all dissembl'd on their parts. *[aside.]*

*Harm. Sen.* Now set we forward to the *Castle*, the Bride is there before us.

*Towers.* Sir, I wait you.

*Exeunt Harman Sen. Towerson, Beaumont and Van Herring.*

*Enter Captain Perez.*

*Fisc.* Now Captain, when perform you what you promis'd concerning *Towerson's* death?

*Perez.* Never—There *Indas*, take your hire of blood again. *[Throws him a Purse.]*

*Harm. Jun.* Your reason for this suddain change.

*Perez.* I cannot own the name of Man and do't

*Harm. Jun.* Your Head shall answer the neglect of what you were Commanded.

*Perez.* If it must, I cannot shun my destiny.

*Fisc.* *Harman*, you are too rash, pray hear his reasons first.

*Perez.* I have 'em to my self, I'll give you none.

*Fisc.* None, that's hard; well, you can be secret Captain, for your own sake I hope.

*Perez.*

*Perez.* That I have sworn already, my oath binds me.

*Fisc.* That's enough: we have now chang'd our minds, and do not wish his death, at least as you shall know. [*aside.*

*Perez.* I am glad on't, for he's a brave and worthy Gentleman, I wou'd not for the wealth of both the *Indies*, have had his Blood upon my Soul to answer.

*Fisc. aside to Harman.* I shall find a time to take back our secret from him, at the price of his life, when he least dreams of it; mean time 'tis fit we speak him fair. [*To Perez.*

Captain, a reward attend you greater then you cou'd hope, we only meant to try your honesty, I am more then satisfy'd of your reasons.

*Perez.* I still shall labour to deserve your kindness in any honourable way. *Exit Perez.*

*Harm.* I told you that this *Spaniard* had not courage enough for such an enterprize.

*Fisc.* He rather had too much of honesty.

*Harm.* Oh you have ruin'd me, you promis'd me this day, the death of *Towerson*, and now instead of that, I see him happy; I'll go and fight him yet, I swear he never shall enjoy her.

*Fisc.* He sha'nnot, that I swear with you, but you are too rash; the business never can be done your way.

*Harm.* I'll trust no other Arm but my own in it.

*Fisc.* Yes, mine you shall, I'll help you, this evening as he goes from the *Castle*, we'll find some way to meet him in the dark, and then make sure of him for getting Maidenheads to night; to morrow I'll bestow a Pill upon my *Spanish Don*, least he discover what he knows.

*Harm.* Give me your Hand, you'll help me.

*Fisc.* By all my hopes, I will: in the mean time, with a fain'd Mirth, 'tis fit we guild our Faces; the troth is, that we may smile in earnest, when we look upon the *Englishman*, and think how we will use him.

*Harm.* Agreed, come to the *Castle*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Harman Senior, Towerson, and Ysabinda, Beaumont,  
Collins, Van Herring: they seat themselves.*

Epithalamium.

**T**He day is come, I see it rise,  
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,  
That Golden day they wish'd so long,  
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng;  
He destin'd to himself this Sun,  
And took the Reins and drove him on;  
In his own Beams he dress'd him bright,  
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,  
You wish as much that it were past,  
One Minute more and night will hide,  
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.  
The Virgin now to Bed do's goe:  
Take care oh Youth, she rise not soe;  
She pants and trembles at her doore,  
And fears and wishes thou wou'dst come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace  
With Love and Fury in his Face;  
She shrinks away, He close pursues,  
And Prayers and Threats, at once do's use,  
She softly sighing begs delay,  
And with her hand put his away,  
Now out a loud for help she cryes,  
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.



*Har. Sen.* I like this Song, 'twas sprightly, it would restore me twenty years of Youth, had I but such a Bride.

## A DANCE.

*After the Dance : Enter Harman Junior and Fiscal.*

*Beam.* Come let me have the Sea fight, I like that better, then a thousand of your wanton Epithalamiums.

*Har. Jun.* He means that Fight in which he freed me from the Pirats.

*Towers.* Prithee Friend oblige me, and call not for that Song, 'twill breed ill blood. [to Beamont.

*Beam.* Prithee be not scrupulous, ye fought it bravely. Young *Harman* is ungrateful if he do's not acknowledge it. I say, sing me the Sea Fight.

### The Sea Fight.

Who ever saw a noble fight,  
That never view'd a brave Sea Fight :  
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Aire,  
Up with your Fights and your Nettings prepare,  
Your Merry Mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,  
Now each Man his brindice, and then to the Fight,  
St. George, St. George we cry,  
The shouting Turks reply.  
Oh now it begins, and the Gunroom grows hot,  
Plie it with Culverin and with small shot;  
Heark do's it not Thunder, no 'tis the Guns roar,  
The Neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore,  
Now each man must resolve to dye,  
For here the Coward cannot flye.

*Drumms*

Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,  
 And Culverins the Passing Bell.  
 Now now they Grapple, and now board a Main,  
 Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again:  
 Give 'em a broadside, the Dice run at all,  
 Down comes the Mast and Yard, and tacklings fall,  
 She grows giddy now like blind fortunes wheel,  
 She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her Keel,  
 Who ever beheld so noble a sight  
 As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight.

*Har. Jun.* See the Insolence of these English, they cannot do a brave Action in an Age, but presently they must put it into Meter, to upbraid us with their benefits.

*Fisc.* Let e'm laugh that win at last.

*Enter Captain Middleton and a Woman with him, all pale and  
 and weakly, and in tatter'd Garments.*

*Towerfon.* Captain *Middleton*, you are arriv'd in a good hour, to be partaker of my happiness, which is as great this day, as Love and Expectation can make it.

[*Rising up to salute Middleton.*

*Mid.* And may it long continue so.

*Towerf.* But how happens it that setting out with us from *England*, you came not sooner hither?

*Mid.* It seems the Winds favour'd you with a quicker passage: you know I lost you in a Storm on t'other side the *Cape*, with which disabl'd, I was forc'd to put into *St. Hellens Isle*, there 'twas my Fortune to preserve the life of this our Country Woman, therest let her relate.

*Ysab.* Alas, she seems half starv'd, unfit to make relations.

*Van Her.* How the Devil came she off, I know her but too well, and fear she knows me too.

*Towerf.* Pray Country Woman speak.

*English Woman* : Then thus in brief; In my dear Husband's Company, I parted, from our sweet Native-Isle: we to *Lantore* were bound, with Letters from the States of *Holland*, gain'd for reparation of great dammages, sustain'd by us; when by the insulting Dutch, our Countrey-men, against all show of Right, were dispossest, and Naked-sent away from that rich Island, and from *Polcroon*.

*Harm. Sen.* Woman, you speak with too much spleen, I must not hear my Countrey-men affronted.

*Woman.* I wish they did not merit much worse of me then I can say of them: well we sayl'd forward with a Merry Gale, till near *St. Hellens* Isle we were o'retaken, or rather way-lay'd by a *Holland* Vessel, the Captain of which Ship, whom here I see, the Man who quitted us, of all we had in those rich parts before, now fearing to restore his ill got Goods, first Hail'd, and then Invited us on Board, keeping himself conceal'd; his base Lieutenant ply'd all our English Mariners with Wine, and when in dead of night they lay secure in silent sleep; most barbarously commanded, they shou'd be thrown o're board.

*Fisc.* Sir, do not hear it out.

*Har. Sen.* This is all false and scandalous:

*Towerf.* Pray Sir, attend the Story.

*Eng. Woman* : The Vessel Riff'd, and the rich Hould rummag'd, they sink it down to rights; but first I shou'd have told you, (Grief alas has spoyl'd my Memory) that my dear Husband waken'd at the Noise before they reach'd the Cabin where we lay, took me all trembling with the suddain Fright, and leapt into the Boat; we cut the Cordage, and so put out to Sea, driving at mercy of the Waves and Wind; so scap'd we in the dark. To sum up all, we got to shore, and in the Mountains hid us, untill the barbarous *Hollanders* were gone.

*Towerf.* Where is your Husband, Country woman.

*Woman*: Dead with grief; with these two hands I scratch'd him out a Grave; on which I plac'd a Cross, and every day wept o're the ground where all my joys lay buried. The manner of my Life who can exprefs! the Fountain Water

was my only Drink, the crabbed Juice and rind of half ripe Lemmons, almost my only food, except some Roots; my House the Widdow'd Cave of some wild Beast: in this sad State, I stood upon the Shore, when this brave Captain with his Ship approach'd, whence holding up and waving both my hands, I stood, and by my Actions begg'd their Mercy, yet when they neerer came, I wou'd a fled, had I been able, least they shou'd have prov'd those Murderous Dutch, I more then Hunger fear'd.

*Her. Sen.* What say you to this accusation *Van Herring*?

*Van Her.* 'Tis as you said Sir, false and scandalous.

*Her. Sen.* I told you so; all false and scandalous.

*Ysabinda:* On my soul it is not: her Heart speaks in her Tongue, and were she silent, her Habit and her Face speak for her.

*Beam:* Sir, you have heard the proofs,

*Fiscal.* Meer Allegations and no Proofs: seem not to believe it Sir.

*Harm. Sen.* Well, well, wee'l hear it another time.

*Middleton:* You seem not to believe her Testimony, but my whole Crew can witness it.

*Van Her.* Ay, they are all English men.

*Towers.* That's a Nation too gen'rous to do bad Actions, and too sincere to justifie e'm done; I wish their Neighbors were of the same temper.

*Har. Sen.* Nay now you kindle Captain, this must not be, we are your Friends and Servants.

*Midl.* 'Tis well you are by Land, at Sea you wou'd be Masters; there I my self have met with some Affronts, which though I wanted power then to return, I hail'd the Captain of the *Holland Ship*, and told him he should dearly answer it, if e're I met him in the *Narrow Seas*: his answer was, (mark but the insolence) if I should hang thee *Middleton*, up at thy Main Yard, and sink thy Ship; here's that about my neck, (pointing to his Gold Chain) wou'd answer it when I came into *Holland*.

*Har. Jun.* Yes, this is like the other.

*Towers.*

*Towers.* I find we must complain at home, there's no redress to be had here.

*Ysab.* Come Country woman, I must call you so; since he who owns my Heart is English born; be not dejected at your wretched Fortune, my House is yours, my Cloaths shall Habit you, even these I wear, rather then see you thus.

*Har. Sen.* Come, come, no more complaints, let us go in: I have ten Romers ready to the Bride; as many times shall all our Guns discharge, to speak the general gladness of this day. I'll lead you Lady. [*takes the Bride by the hand.*]

*Towers.* A heavy Omen to my Nuptials!  
My Countrey Men opprest by Sea and Land,  
And I not able to redress the wrong,  
So weak are we, our Enemies so strong.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE. *A Wood.*

*Enter Harman Junier, and Fiscal, with Swords, and disguis'd in Vizards.*

*Harm.* **W**E are disguis'd enough; the evening now grows dusk, I wou'd the deed were done.

*Enter Perez with a Soldier, and over-hears them.*

*Fisc.* 'Twill now be suddainly, if we have courage; in this wild woody Walk, iot with the Feast, and plenteous Bowls, the Bridal company are walking to enjoy the cooling breeze; I spoke to *Towers* as I said I would, and on some private business of great moment, desir'd, that he wou'd leave the company and meet me single here.

*Harm.* Where if he comes, he never shall return; but *Towerfon* stays too long for my revenge; I am in haste to kill him.

*Fisc.* He promis'd me to have been here e're now, if you think fitting, I'll go back and bring him.

*Harm.* Do so, I'll wait you in this place. *Exit Fiscal.*

*Perez.* Was ever villany like this? of these unknown Assassins? *Towerfon*, in vain I sav'd thy sleeping life; if now I let thee lose it, when thou wak'st; thou lately hast been bountiful to me, and this way I'll acknowledge it. Yet to disclose their crimes were dangerous. What must I do? This generous *Englishman* will strait be here; and consultation then perhaps will be too late; I am resolv'd. Lieutenant you have heard as well as I; the bloody purpose of these Men.

*Sould.* I have; and tremble at the mention of it.

*Perez.* Dare you adventure on an action as brave as theirs is base?

*Sould.* Command my life.

*Perez.* No more; help me dispatch that murderer, e're his Accomplice come; the Men I know not; but their design is treacherous and bloody.

*Sould.* And he they mean to kill, is brave himself, and of a Nation I much love.

*Perez.* Come on then:

[*both draw.*

*To Harm.* Villain thou dy'st, thy conscience tells thee why; I need not urge the crime.

[*They assault him.*

*Harm.* Murder, ! I shall be basely murder'd; help.

*Enter Towerfon.*

*Towersf.* Hold Villains; what unmanly odds is this? Courage, who e're thou art, I'll succor thee.

*Towerfon fights with Perez, and Harman with the Lieutenant, and drive them off the Stage.*

*Harm.* Though, (brave unknown;) night takes thee from my knowledge, and I want time to thank thee now; take this and wear it for my sake: [*Gives him a Ring.* Hereafter I'll acknowledge it more largely.

*Exit.*  
*Towersf.*

*Towerf.* That voice I've heard, but cannot call to mind, except it be young *Harman's* ——— Yet who shou'd put his life in danger thus? this Ring I wou'd not take as Salary, but as a gage of his free heart who left it: and when I know him, I'll restore the pledge; sure 'twas not far from hence I made th' appointment: I know not what this Dutchmans business is, yet I believe 'twas somewhat from my Rival; it shall go hard but I will find him out, and then re-joyn the Company. *Exits*

*Re-enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.*

*Fisc.* The accident was wond'rous strange: did you neither know your Assafinates, nor your deliverer?

*Harm.* 'Twas all a hurrey, yet upon better recollecting of my self, the Man who freed me, must be *Tower's son*.

*Fisc.* Hark, I hear the company walking this way, will you withdraw?

*Harm.* Withdraw, and *Ysabinda* coming!

*Fisc.* The Wood is full of Murderers, every Tree methinks hides one behind it.

*Harm.* You have two qualities my friend, that sort but ill together, as mischievous as Hell could wish you, but fearful in the execution.

*Fisc.* There is a thing within me call'd a Conscience, which is not quite o'come, now and then it rebels a little, especially when I am alone, or in the dark.

*Harm.* The Moon begins to rise, and glitters through the Trees.

*Ysabinda within.*

*Ysab.* Pray let us walk this way, that farther Lawn between the Groves, is the most green and pleasant of any in this Isle.

*Harm.* I hear my Siren's voice, I cannot stir from hence. Dear friend, if thou wilt ere oblige me, divert the company a little, and give me opportunity a while to talk alone with her:

*Fisc.* You'll get nothing of her, except it be by force.

*Harm.* You know not with what eloquence, Love may inspire my tongue: the guiltiest wretch when ready for his sentence, has something still to say.

*Fisc.*

*Fisc.* Well, they come, I'll put you in a way, and wish you good success; but do ye hear; remember you are a Man, and she a Woman; a little force it may be wou'd do well.

*Enter Ysabinda, Beaumont, Middleton, Collins, Harman Senior, and Julia.*

*Ysab.* Who saw the Bridegroom last?

*Harm. Sen.* He refus'd to pledge the last Romer; so I am out of charity with him.

*Beam.* Come, shall we backward to the *Castle*, I'll take care of you Lady.

*Julia.* Oh, you have drunk so much you are past all care.

*Coll.* But where can be this jolly Bridegroom? answer me that, I will have the Bride satisfy'd.

*Fisc.* He walk'd alone this way; we met him lately.

*Ysab.* I beseech you, Sir, conduct us.

*Har. Jun.* I'll bring you to him, Madam.

*Fiscal to Harman Jun.* Remember, now's your time, if you o're slip this minute, fortune perhaps will never send another.

*Harm. Jun.* I am resolv'd.

*Fisc.* Come Gentlemen, I'll tell you such a pleasant accident, you'll think the evening short.

*Jul.* I love a Story, and a Walk by Moonshine.

*Fisc.* Lend me your hand then Madam; *Takes her by the*

*Beam.* But one, I beseech you then; I must *one hand*  
not quit her so. *[Takes her by the other hand.*

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Harman Jun. and Ysabinda.*

*Ysab.* Come Sir, which is the way? I long to see my love.

*Harm. Jun.* You may have your wish, and without stirring hence.

*Ysab.* My Love so near? sure you delight to mock me.

*Harm. Jun.* 'Tis you delight to torture me; behold the Man who loves you more then his own Eies, more then the joys of Earth, or hopes of Earth.

*Ysab.*



*Isab.* When you renew'd your friendship with my *Tower-son*, I thought these vain desires were dead within you.

*Harm. Fun.* Smother'd they were, not dead, your Eies can kindle no such petty fires, as only blaze a while and straight go out.

*Isab.* You know when I had far less ties upon me, I wou'd not hear you; therefore wonder not if I withdraw, and find the company.

*Harm. Fun.* That wou'd be too much cruelty to make me wretched, and then leave me so.

*Isab.* Am I in fault if you are miserable? so you may call the rich mans wealth, the cause and object of the Robbers guilt: pray do not persecute me farther: you know I have a Husband now, and wou'd be loath t' afflict his knowledge with your second folly.

*Har. Fun.* What wond'rous care you take to make him happy! yet I approve your Method. Ignorance, oh 'tis a Jewel to a Husband, that, 'tis peace in him, 'tis vertue in his Wife, 'tis Honour in the World; he has all this, while he is ignorant.

*Isab.* You pervert my meaning: I wou'd not keep my actions from his knowledge; your bold attempts I wou'd: but yet henceforth conceal your impious flames; I shall not ever be thus indulgent to your shame, to keep it from his notice.

*Harm.* You are a Woman; have enough of Love for him and me; I know the plenteous Harvest all is his: he has so much of joy, that he must labor under it. In charity you may allow some gleanings to a Friend.

*Isab.* Now you grow rude: I'll hear no more.

*Harm. Fun.* You must.

*Isab.* Leave me.

*Har. Fun.* I cannot.

*Isab.* I find I must be troubl'd with this idle talk some Minutes more, but 'tis your last.

*Har. Fu.* And therefore I'll improve it: pray resolve to make me happy by your free consent; I do not love these half Enjoyments, t' enervate my delights with using force, and neither give my self nor you that full content, which two can never have, but where both joyn with equal eagerness to bless each other.

*Isab*

*Isab.* Bless me ye kind Inhabitants of Heaven, from hearing words like these :

*Harm. Jun.* You must do more then hear 'em: you know you were now going to your Bridal Bed. Call your own thoughts but to a strict account, they'l tell you all this day, your fancy ran on nothing else ; 'tis but the same Scene still you were to act ; only the person chang'd, it may be for the better.

*Isab.* You dare not, sure, attempt this villany.

*Harm. Jun.* Call not the act of Love by that grosse name, You'l give it a much better when 'tis done ; and wooe me to a second.

*Isab.* Dost thou not fear a Heaven !

*Harm.* No, I hope one in you. Do it, and do it heartily ; time is precious ; it will prepare you better for your Husband. — Come. [Lays hold on her.]

*Isab.* Oh Mercy, Mercy, Oh pittty your own Soul, and pittty mine : think how you'l wish undone this horrid act when your hot Lust is slak'd : think what will follow when my Husband knows it, if shame will let me live to tell it him ; and tremble at a power above, who sees, and surely will revenge it.

*Harm.* I have thought !

*Isab.* Then I am sure you're penitent.

*Harm.* No, I only gave you scope to let you see all you have urg'd I knew : you find 'tis to no purpose either to talk or strive.

*Isabinda running.* Some succor, help, oh help!

[She breaks from him.]

*Harm, running after her.* That too is vain, you cannot scape me. Exit.

*Harm, within.* Now you are mine ; yield ; or by force I'll take it.

*Isab, within.* Oh kill me first.

*Harm, within.* I'll bear you where your crys shall not be heard.

*Isab, as farther off.* Succor sweet Heaven, oh succor me.

Enter

Enter Harman Senior, Fiscal, Van Herring, Beamont,  
Collins, Julia.

*Beam.* You have led us here a Fairies round in the Moon-shine, to seek a Bridegroom in a Wood, till we have lost the Bride.

*Coll.* I wonder what's become of her ?

*Harm. Sen.* Got together, got together I warrant you, before this time ; you *Englishmen* are so hot, you cannot stay for Ceremonies, a good honest Dutchman wou'd have been plying the Glafs all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bed-time.

*Beam.* Yes, and then have rowl'd into the sheets, and turn'd o'th' t'other side to snore, without so much as a parting blow ; till about midnight he wou'd have waken'd in a maze, and found first he was Married by putting forth a Foot and feeling a Woman by him ; and it may be then in stead of kissing, desir'd yough Fro to hold his head.

*Coll.* And by that nights work have given her a Prooffe what she might expect for ever after.

*Beam.* In my Conscience you *Hollanders* never get your Children, but in the Spirit of *Brandee* ; you are exalted then a little above your Natural Phlegm, and only that which can make you fight and destroy Men, makes you get 'em.

*Fisc.* You may live to know, that we can kill Men when we are sober.

*Beam.* Then they must be drunk, and not able to defend themselves.

*Julia.* Pray leave this talke, and let us try if we can surprize the Lovers under some convenient tree : shall we separate and look them ?

*Beam.* Let you and I go together then, and if we cannot find them, we shall do as good, for we shall find one another.

*Fisc.* Pray take that path, or that, I will pursue this.

[*Exeunt all but the Fiscal.*]

*Fisc.* So, now I have diverted them from *Harman*: I'll look for him my self, and see how he speeds in his adventure.

*Enter Harman Junior.*

*Harm. Jun.* Who goes there?

*Fisc.* A Friend: I was just in quest of you, so are all the Company: Where have you left the Bride?

*Har. Jun.* Ty'd to a Tree and Gagg'd, and——

*Fisc.* And what? Why do you stare and tremble? answer me like a man.

*Har. Jun.* Oh, I have nothing left of Manhood in me; I am turn'd Beast or Devil; Have I not Hornes, and Tayle, and Leathern wings? methinks I shou'd have by my Actions—— Oh I have done a Deed so ill, I cannot name it.

*Fisc.* Not name it, and yet do it? that's a Fools Modesty: Come, I'll name it for you: You have enjoy'd your Mistriſs?

*Har. Jun.* How easily so great a Villany comes from thy mouth! I have done worse, I have ravish'd her.

*Fisc.* That's no harm, so you have kill'd her afterwards.

*Harm.* Kill'd her! Why thou art a worse Fiend then I.

*Fisc.* Those Fits of Conscience in another might be excusable; but, in you, a Dutchman, who are of a Race that are born Rebels, and live every where on Rapine; VVou'd you degenerate, and have remorse? Pray what makes any thing a sin but Law; and, VVhat Law is there here against it? Is not your Father Chief? VVill he condemn you for a petty Rape? The VVoman an *Amboyner*, and what's less, now Marry'd to an *Englisſman*: Come, if there be a Hell, 'tis but for those that sin in *Europe*, not for us in *Asia*; Heathens have no Hell. Tell me, How wast? Prithee the History.

*Harm.* I forc'd her—— VVhat resistance She cou'd make.

make she did, but 'twas in vain; I bound her 'as I told you  
to a tree:

*Fisc.* And she exclaim'd I warrant——

*Harm.* Yes, and call'd Heaven and Earth to witness.

*Fisc.* Not after it was done.

*Harm.* More then before——Desir'd me to have kill'd  
her. Even when I had not left her power to speak, she curst  
me with her eyes.

*Fisc.* Nay, then, you did not please her; if you had, she  
ne're had curs'd you heartily; but, we lose time: since you  
have done this action, 'tis necessary you proceed; we must  
have no tales told.

*Harm.* What do you mean?

*Fisc.* To dispatch her immediately; Cou'd you be so  
senseless to ravish her, and let her live? What if her Hus-  
band shou'd have found her? What if any other *English*?  
Come there's no dallying; It must be done: My other plot  
is ripe, which shall destroy 'em all to morrow.

*Harm.* I love her still to Madnes, and never can consent  
to have her kill'd, wee'l thence remove her if you please,  
and keep her safe till your intended Plot shall take effect;  
And, when her Husband's gone, I'll win her Love by every  
circumstance of kindness.

*Fisc.* You may do so, but, t'other is the safer way:  
but I'll not stand with you for one life. I cou'd have wish'd  
that *Towerfon* had been kill'd before I had proceeded to my  
plot; but, since it cannot be, we must go on; Conduct me  
where you left her.

*Harm.* Oh that I cou'd forget both Act and Place.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## Scene Drawn discovers Yfabinda bound

Enter Towerfon.

*Towerf.* Sure I mistook the place, I'll waite no longer, something within me does forebode me ill; I stumbled when I enter'd first this Wood: My Nostrills bled three drops: then stop'd the Blood, and not one more wou'd follow. What's that which seems to bear a Mortal [*sees Yfabinda.* shape, yet neither stirs nor speaks! or, Is it some Illusion of the Night? some Spectre, such as in these *Asian* parts more frequently appear; What e're it be I'll venture to approach it; My *Yfabinda* Bound and Gagg'd! Ye Powers [*Goes near.* I tremble while I free her, and scarce dare restore her liberty of Speech for fear of knowing more.

[*Unbinds her, and Ungagg's her.*

*Yfab.* No longer Bridegroom thou, nor I a Bride; those names are vanish'd; Love is now no more; Look on me as thou wou'dst on some foul Leaper; and do not touch me: I am all polluted, all shame, all o're dishonour; fly my sight, and, for my sake, fly this detested Isle, where horrid Ills so black and fatal dwell, as *Indians* cou'd not guess, till *Europe* taught.

*Towerf.* Speak plainer, I am recollected now: I know I am a Man, the sport of fate; Yet, Oh my better half, had Heaven so pleas'd, I had been more content, to suffer in my self than thee.

*Yfab.* What shall I say! That Monster of a Man, *Harman*; now I have nam'd him, think the rest. Alone, and singl'd like a tim'rous Hind from the full Herd, by flattery drew me first, then forc'd me to an Act, so base and Brutall; Heaven knows my Innocence: but, Why do I call that to Witness! Heaven saw, stood silent: Not one flash of Lightning shot from the Conscious Firmament to shew its Justice: Oh had it struckus both, it had sav'd me!

*Towerf.*

*Towersf.* Heaven suffer'd more in that than you, or I: Wherefore have I been faithful to my trust, true to my Love, and tender to th'opprest? Am I condemn'd to be the second man, who e'r complain'd, he vertue serv'd in vain? But dry your tears, these sufferings all are mine. Your breast is white, and cold as falling Snow. You still as fragrant as your Eastern Groves; and your whole frame as innocent, and holy, as if your being were all soul and spirit, without the gross allay of flesh and blood. Come to my arms again.

*Ysab.* Oh never, never, I am not worthy now; My soul indeed is free from sin, but the foul speckled stains are from my body ne'r to be wash'd out, but in my death. Kill me, my Love, or I must kill my self; else you may think I was a black Adulterers in my mind, and some of me consented.

*Towersf.* Your wish to die, shews you deserve to live. I have proclam'd you guiltless to my self. Self-homicide, which was in Heathens honour, in us is onely sin.

*Ysab.* I thought th' Eternal Mind had made us Masters of these mortal frames; you told me he had given us wills to choose, and reason to direct us in our choice; if so, why should he tie us up from dying, when death's the greater good?

*Towersf.* Can death, which is our greatest enemy, be good? Death is the dissolution of our nature; and nature therefore does abhor it most, whose greatest Law is to preserve our beings.

*Ysab.* I grant, it is its great and general Law: But as Kings, who are, or should be above Laws, dispence with 'em when levell'd at themselves; Even so may man, without offence to Heaven, dispence with what concerns himself alone: Nor is death in it self an ill; then holy Martyrs sin'd, who ran uncall'd to snatch their Martyrdom: And blessed Virgins, whom you celebrate for voluntary death, to free themselves from that which I have suffer'd.

*Towersf.* They did it to prevent what might ensue; your shame's already past.

*Ysab.* It may return, if I am yet so mean to live a little longer.

*Towersf.*

*Towers.* You know not, Heaven may give you succour yet; you see it sends me to you.

*Isab.* 'Tis too late, you shou'd have come before.

*Towers.* Yet you may live to see your self reveng'd. Come you shall stay for that, then I'll die with you. You have convinc'd my reason, nor am I asham'd to learn from you. To Heavens Tribunal my appeal I make; if as a Governour he sets me here, to guard this weak built Cittadel of Life, when 'tis no longer to be held, I may with honour quit the Fort. But first I'll both revenge my self and you.

*Isab.* Alas, you cannot take revenge, your Countrey-men are few, and those unarm'd.

*Towers.* Though not on all the Nation, as I wou'd; yet I at least can take it on the man.

*Isab.* Leave me to Heaven's revenge, for thither I will go, and plead my self my own just cause. There's not an injur'd Saint of all my Sex, but kindly will conduct me to my Judge, and help me tell my story.

*Towers.* I'll send th'offender first, though to that place he never can arrive: ten thousand Devils damn'd for less crimes than he, and *Tarquin* in their head, way-lay his Soul, to pull him down in triumph, and to shew him in pomp among his Countrey-men; for sure Hell has its *Nether-lands*, and its lowest Countrey must be their lot.

*Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.*

*Harm.* 'Twas hereabout I left her ty'd. The rage of Love renews again within me.

*Fisc.* She'll like th'effects on't better now. By this time it has sunk into her imagination, and given her a more pleasing Idea of the man, who offer'd her so sweet a violence.

*Isab.* Save me, sweet Heaven, the Monster comes again.

*Harm.* Oh here she is: My own fair Bride, for so you are, not *Towers*'s: Let me unbind you; I expect that you should bind your self about me now, and tie me in your arms.

*Towers.* [*drawing*] No, Villain, no; hot Satyr of the Woods! Expect another entertainment now. Behold revenge for injur'd



jur'd chastity, this Sword Heaven draws against thee, and here has plac'd me like a fiery Cherub, to guard this Paradise from any second Violation.

*Fisc.* We must dispatch him, Sir, we have the odds; and when he is kill'd, leave me to invent the excuse.

*Harm.* Hold a little: As you shun'd fighting formerly with me, so wou'd I now with you. The mischiefs I have done are past recall. Yield then your useles right in her I love, since the possession is no longer yours; so is your Honour safe, and so is hers, the Husband onely alter'd.

*Towersf.* Ye trifle, there's no room for treaty here: The shame's too open, and the wrong too great. Now all the Saints in Heaven look down to see the Justice I shall do for 'tis their cause; and all the Fiends below prepare thy Tortures.

*Isab.* If *Towersf.* wou'd, think'st thou my soul so poor to own thy sin, and make the base act mine, by choosing him who did it? Know, bad man, I'll die with him, but never live with thee.

*Towersf.* Prepare, I shall suspect you stay for further help; and think not this enough.

*Fisc.* We are ready for you.

*Harm.* Stand back, I'll fight with him alone.

*Fisc.* Thank you for that; so if he kills you, I shall have him single upon me.

[All three fight.]

*Isab.* Heaven assist my Love.

*Harm.* There, *Englishman*, 'twas meant well to thy heart.

[*Towersf.* wounded.]

*Fisc.* Oh you can bleed, I see, for all your cause.

*Towersf.* Wounds but awaken *English* courages.

*Harm.* Yet yield me *Isabinda*, and be safe.

*Towersf.* I'll fight my self all scarlet o'r first; were there no love, or no revenge, I cou'd not now desist in point of honour.

*Harm.* Resolve me first one question, Did you not draw your sword this night before, to rescue one oppress'd with odds?

*Towersf.* Yes, in this very Wood: I bear a Ring, the badge of gratitude from him I sav'd.

*Harm.*

*Harm.* That Ring was mine; I shou'd be loth to kill the frank redeemer of my life.

*Towersf.* I quit that obligation. But we lose time. Come, Ravisher.

[ *They fight again, Towerfon closes with Harman and gets him down; as he is going to kill him, the Fisc. gets over him.*

*Fisc.* Hold, and let him rise; for if you kill him, at the same instant you die too.

*Towersf.* Dog, do thy worst, for I would so be kill'd; I'll carry his soul captive with me into the other world.

[ *Stabs Harman.*

*Harm.* Oh mercy, mercy, Heaven.

[ *dies.*

*Fisc.* Take this then in return.

[ *As he's going to stab him, Yfabinda takes hold of his hand.*

*Yfab.* Hold, hold, the weak may give some help.

*Towersf.* (*rising*) Now, Sir, I am for you.

*Fisc.* (*retiring*) Hold, Sir, there is no more resistance made, I beg you by the honour of your Nation, do not pursue my life, I tender you my sword.

[ *Holds his sword by the point to him.*

*Towersf.* Base beyond example of any Countrey, but thy own.

*Yfab.* Kill him, sweet Love, or we shall both repent it.

*Fisc.* (*kneeling to her*) Divinest Beauty! abstract of all that's excellent in Woman, can you be friend to murder?

*Yfab.* 'Tis none to kill a Villain, and a Dutchman.

*Fisc.* (*kneeling to Towersf.*) Noble *Englishman*, give me my life, unworthy of your taking. By all that's good and holy here I swear, before the Governour to plead your cause; and to declare his son's detested crime, so to secure your lives.

*Towersf.* Rise, take thy life, though I can scarce believe thee; if for a coward it be possible, become an honest man.

*Enter Harman senior, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins,  
Julia, the Governors Guard.*

*Fisc. to Harm.* Oh Sir, you come in time to rescue me ; the greatest Villain who this day draws breath stands here before your Eies ; behold your Son, that Worthy, Sweet, unfortunate young Man lies there, the last cold breath yet hovering betwixt his trembling Lips.

*Towersf.* Oh Monster of Ingratitude !

*Harm.* Oh my unfortunate old age, whose prop, and only staff is gone, dead e're I dye, these thou'd have been his tears, and I have been that Body to be mourn'd.

*Beam.* I am so much amaz'd, I scarce believe my Senses.

*Fisc.* And will you let him live, who did this Act ? shall Murder, and of your own Son, and such a Son go free ? he lives too long by this one Minute which he stays behind him.

*Ysab.* Oh Sir, remember, in that place you hold, you are a common Father to us all ; we beg but justice of you ; hearken first to my lamented story.

*Fisc.* First hear me, Sir.

*Towersf.* Thee slave, thou liv'st but by the breath I gave thee, didst thou but now plead on thy knees for life ? and offer'dst to make known my innocence in *Harman's* injuries.

*Fisc.* I offer'd to have clear'd thy innocence who basely murder'd him ? but words are needles ; Sir, you see evidence before your eies, and I the witness, on my oath to Heaven how clear your Son, how criminal this Man.

*Coll.* *Towersf.* cou'd do nothing but what was noble.

*Beam.* We know his Native worth.

*Fisc.* His Worth ? behold it on the Murderers hand, a Robber first, he took degrees in mischief, and grew to what he is : know you that Diamond, and whose it was ? see if he dares deny't ?

*Towersf.* Sir, 'twas your Sons, that freely I acknowledge ; but how I came by it——

*Harm.* No, 'tis too much, I'll hear no more.

*Fisc.* The Devil of Jealousie, and that of Avarice, both I believe possess him; or your Son was innocently talking with his Wife, and he perhaps had found 'em; this I guess, but saw it not, because I came too late; I onely view'd the sweet Youth, just expiring, and *Towers* stooping down to take the Ring: she kneeling by to help him; when he saw me, he wou'd; you may be sure have sent me after, because I was a witness of the fact; this on my Soul is true.

*Towers.* False as that soul, each Word, each Syllable; the Ring he put upon my hand this night, when in this Wood unknown, and near this place, without my timely help he had been slain.

*Fisc.* See this unlikely story, what enemies had he who shou'd assault him, or is it probable that very Man who actually did kill him afterwards, shou'd save his life so little time before.

*Isab.* Base Man thou know'st the reason of his death; he had committed on my Person Sir an impious Rape; first ty'd me to that tree, and there my Husband found me, whose revenge was such, as Heaven and Earth will justify.

*Harm.* I know not what Heaven will, but Earth shall not.

*Beam.* Her story carries such a face of Truth, ye cannot but believe it.

*Coll.* The other a malicious ill-patch'd lye.

*Fisc.* Yes, you are proper Judges of his crime, who with the rest of your Accomplices, your Countrey-men, and *Towers* the chief, whom we too kindly us'd, wou'd have surpriz'd the Fort, and made us Slaves; that shall be prov'd, more soon then you imagine; I found it out this evening.

*Towers.* Sure the Devil has lent thee all his stock of falsehood, and must be forc'd hereafter to tell truth.

*Beam.* Sir, 'tis impossible you shou'd believe it.

*Harm.* Seize'em all.

*Coll.* You cannot be so base.

*Harm.* I'll be so just till I can hear your plea against this plot, which if not prov'd, and fully, you are quit, meantime, resistance is but vain.

*Towers.*

*Towersf.* Provided that we may have equal hearing, I am content to yield, though I declare, you have no power to judge us. [Gives his sword.]

*Beam.* Barb'rous ungrateful Dutch.

*Harm.* See 'em convey'd apart to several prisons, least they combine to forge some specious Lye in their excuse, let *Towersson* and that Woman too be parted.

*Ysab.* Was ever such a sad divorce made on a Bridal night! but we before were parted ne'r to meet, farewel, farewel, my last and only Love.

*Towersf.* Curse on my fond credulity, to think there cou'd be Faith or Honor in the Dutch: Farewel my *Ysabinda*, and farewel my much wrong'd Countrey men; remember yet that no unmanly weakness in your sufferings disgrace the Native Honour of our Isle;

For you I mourn; grief for my self were vain,  
I have lost all, and now wou'd lose my pain.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T V.

### S C E N E I. A Table set out.

*Enter Harman, Fiscal, Van Herring, and two Dutchmen:  
they sit, Boy, and waiters, Guards.*

*Harm.* **M**Y sorrow cannot be so soon digested for losing of a Son I lov'd so well, but I consider, great advantages must with some loss be bought: as this rich Trade which I this day have purchas'd with his death, yet let me be reveng'd, and I shall still live on, and eat, and drink down all my griefs. Now to the matter, *Fiscal*.

*Fisc.* Since we may freely speak among our selves, all I have said of *Towersson* was most false; you were consenting,

Sir, as well as I, that *Perez* shou'd be hir'd to murder him, which he refusing when he was engag'd, 'tis dangerous to let him longer live.

*Van Her.* Dispatch him, he will be a snrow'd witness against us, if he return to *Europe*.

*Fisc.* I have thought better, if you please, to kill him by form of Law, as necessary to the English plot, which I have long been forging.

*Harm.* Send one to seize him strait. [Exit a Messenger:]  
But what you said, that *Towerson* was guiltless of my Sons death; I easily believe; and ne're thought otherwise, though I dissembl'd.

*Van Her.* Nor I; but 'twas well done to feign that story.

1. *Dutch.* The true one was too foul.

2. *Dutch.* And afterwards to draw the English off from his concernment, to their own, I think 'twas rarely manag'd that.

*Harm.* So far, 'twas well; now to proceed, for I would gladly know whether the grounds are plausible enough of this pretended plot.

*Fisc.* With favour of this Honourable Court, give me but leave to smooth the way before you. Some two or three nights since, (it matters not;) a *Japan* Soldier under Captain *Perez* came to a Sentinel upon the Guard, and in familiar talk did question him about this Castle, of its strength; and how he thought it might be taken; this discourse the other told me early the next morning: I thereupon did issue private order, to wrack the *Japonnese*, my self being present.

*Harm.* But what's this to the *English*?

*Fisc.* You shall hear, I ask'd him when his pains were strongest on him, if *Towerson*, or the English Factory, had never hir'd him to betray the Fort, he answer'd, (as 'twas true) they never had: nor was his meaning more in that discourse than as a Soldier to inform himself, and so to pass the time.

*Van Her.* Did he confess no more?

*Fisc.* You interrupt me, I told him I was certainly inform'd the English had designs upon the Castle, and if he frankly wou'd confess their Plot, he shou'd not only be Releas'd:  
from

from Torment, but bounteously rewarded: present pain and future hopes, in fine so wrought upon him, he yielded to subscribe what e'r I pleas'd; and so he stands committed.

*Har.* Well contriv'd, a fair way made upon this accusation, to put them all to Torture.

2 *Dutch.* By his confession, all of e'm shall dye, ev'n to their General *Towerjon*.

*Har.* He stands convicted of another Crime, for which he is to suffer.

*Fisc.* This do's well, to help it though.  
For *Towerjon* is here a Person publickly Employ'd from *England*, and if he shou'd appeal, as sure he will, you have no power to Judge him in *Amboyna*.

*Van Her.* But in regard of the late League and Union, betwixt the Nations, how can this be answer'd.

1 *Dutch:* To Torture Subjects to so great a King, a pain ne'er heard of in their happy Land, will sound but ill in *Europe*.

*Fisc.* Their English Laws, in *England* have their force; and we have ours, different from theirs, at home; It is enough, they either shall confess; or we will falsify their hands to make e'm; then for th' Apologie let me alone; I have it writ already to a Tittle, of what they shall subscribe; this I will publish, and make our most unheard of Cruelties, to seem most just, and legal.

*Har.* Then in the name of him, who put it first into thy Head to form this damn'd false Plot, proceed we to the Execution of it; and to begin; first seize we their Effects, Rifle their Chests, their Boxes, Writings, Books, and take of e'm a seeming Inventory; but all to our own use, I shall grow young with thought of this, and lose my Sons remembrance.

*Fisc.* Will you not please to call the Prisoners in? at least inquire, what Torments have extorted.

*Har.* Go thou and bring us word.

[Exit Fiscal.]

Boy

Boy, give me some Tobacco, and a stope of Wine,  
Boy.

*Boy*: I shall Sir.

*Har.* And a Tub to leak in Boy; when was this Table without a leaking Vessel.

*Van. Her.* That's an Omission.

*I Dutch*: A great Omission.

'Tis a Member of the Table, I take it so.

*Har.* Never any thing of Moment was done at our Counsel Table, without a leaking Tub; at least in my time; great affairs require great Consultations, great Consultations require great Drinking, and great Drinking a great leaking Vessel.

*Van Her.* I am e'en drunk with joy already, to see our godly business in this forwardness.

*Enter Fiscall.*

*Har.* Where are the Prisoners?

*Fisc.* At the door,

*Har.* Bring e'm in; I'll try if we can face e'm down by Impudence, and make e'm to confess.

*Enter Beaumont and Collins Guarded.*

You are not ignorant of our Business with you; the cries of your Accomplices already have reach'd your Ears; and your own Consciences, above a thousand Summons, thousand Tortures instruct you what to do. No farther Juglings, nothing but plain sincerity and truth to be delivered now; a free confession, will first atone for all your sins above; and may do much below to gain your Pardons, let me exhort you therefore, be you merciful, first to yourselves, and make acknowledgement of your Conspiracy?

*Beam.* What Conspiracy.

*Fisc.* Why la you, that the Devil shou'd go Mask'd with such a seeming honest face; I warrant you know of no such thing.

*Har.*



*Har.* Were not you *Mr. Beamont*, and you *Collins* both accessory to the horrid Plot, for the Surprisal of this Fort and Island.

*Beam.* As I shall reconcile my Sins to Heaven, in my last Article of Life, I'm innocent.

*Collins* : And so am I.

*Har.* So, you are first upon the Negative.

*Beam.* And will be so till death.

*Collins* : What Plot is this you speak of?

*Fisc.* Here are Impudent Rogues, now after confession of two Japonneses, these English Starts dare ask what Plot it is.

*Har.* Not to enforme your knowledge, but that Law may have its course in every circumstance ; *Fiscal*, sum up their accusation to e'm.

*Fisc.* You stand accus'd, that *New years* day late past, there met at Captain *Towerson's* House, you present, and many others of your Factory : there, against Law and Justice, and all Tyes of Friendship, and of Partnership betwixt us, you did conspire to seise upon the Fort, to Murther this our Worthy Governor; and by the help of your Plantations near, of *Jacatrà*, and *Banda*, and *Lobo*, to keep it for your selves.

*Beam.* What proofs have you of this?

*Fisc.* The confession of two Japonneses hir'd by you to attempt it.

*Harm.* I hear they have been forc'd by Torture to it.

*Harm.* It matters not which way the truth come out ; take heed, for their Example is before you.

*Beam.* Ye have no right, ye dare not Torture us, we owe you no subjection.

*Fisc.* That Sir, must be disputed at the *Hague* ; in the meantime we are in possession here.

*2 Dutch.* And we can make our selves to be obey'd.

*Van Her.* In few words Gentlemen confes. There is a Beverage ready for you else, which you'l. not like to swallow.

*Collins* : How's this ?

*Har.*

*Har.* You shall be muffled up like Ladies, with an Oyl'd Cloath put underneath your Chins, then Water pour'd above; which either you must drink or must not breath.

*I Dutch:* That's one way, we have others.

*Har.* Yes, we have two Elements at your Service, Fire, as well as Water; certain things call'd Matches to be ty'd to your Fingers ends, which are as soveraign as Nutmegs, to quicken your short Memories.

*Beam.* You are inhumane, to make your Cruelty your Pastime; Nature made me a Man, and not a Whale, to swallow down a flood.

*Har.* You'l grow a Corpulent Gentleman like me; I shall love you the better for't, now you are but a spare rib.

*Fisc.* These things are only offer'd to your choice; you may avoid your Tortures and confests.

*Collins:* Kill us first, for that we know is your design at last; and 'tis more Mercy now.

*Beam.* Be kind, and Execute us, while we bare the shapes of Men, ere Fire and Water have destroy'd our Figures; let me go whole out of the World, I care not; and find my Body when I rise again so, as I need not be asham'd on't.

*Har.* 'Tis well you're Merry; will you yet confests?

*Beam.* Never.

*Har.* Bear e'm away to Torture.

*Van Her.* Wee'l try your Constancy.

*Beam.* Wee'l shame your Cruelty; if we deserve our Tortures, 'tis first for freeing such an infamous Nation, that ought to have been slaves, and then for trusting them as Partners, who had cast off the Yoke of their lawful Soveraign.

*Har.* Away, I'll hear no more, now who comes the next?

[*Exeunt the English with a Guard.*]

*Fisc.* Towerfon's Page, a Ship Boy, and a Woman.

*Har.* Call e'm in.

[*Exit a Messenger.*]

*Van Her.* We shall have easie work with them.

*Fisc.* Not so easie as you imagine, they have indur'd the Beverage already; all Masters of their pain, no one confesting.

the Devill's in these English; those brave Boys wou'd prove stout Topers if they liv'd.

*Enter two Boyes and a Woman led as from Torture.*

Come hither ye perverse Imps, they say, you have indur'd the Water Torment, Wee'll try what Fire will do with you: you Sirrah, confesse, were not you knowing of *Towerfons* Plot, against this Fort and Island.

*Page.* I have told your Hangman no, twelve times within this hour; when I was at the last Gaspe, and that's a time I think, when a Man shou'd not dissemble.

*Har.* A Man, mark you that now; you English Boys have learn't a trick of late, of growing Men betimes, and doing Mens Work too, before you come to twenty.

*Van. Her.* Sirrah, I will try if you are a Salamander, and can live i'th' Fire.

*Page.* Sure you think my Father got me of some Dutch Woman, and that I am but of a half straine courage; but you shall find that I am all o're English, as well in Fire as Water.

2 *Boy.* Well of all Religions, I do not like your Dutch.

*Fisc.* No, and why young stripling.

2 *Boy.* Because your Pennance comes before Confession.

*Har.* Do you mock us Sirrah, to the Fire with him.

2. *Boy.* Do so, all you shall get by it, is this; before I answered no, now I'll be fullen and will talk no more.

*Har.* Best cutting off these little Rogues betime, if they grow Men, they'll have the Spirit of Revenge in e'm.

*Page.* Yes, as your Children have that of Rebellion; Oh that I cou'd but live to be Governor here, to make your fat Guts pledge me in that Beverage I drunk; you Sir *John Falstaff* of *Amsterdam*.

2 *Boy.* I have a little Brother in *England*, that I intend to appear to, when you have kill'd me; and if he do's not promise me the Death of ten Dutchmen in the next War, I'll haunt him instead of you.

*Har.* What say you Woman? have compassion of your self, and confes; you are of a softer Sex.

*Wom.* But of a Courage full as Manly; there is no Sex in Souls; wou'd you have English Wives shew less of Bravery then their Children do? to lie by an English Man's side, is enough to give a Woman Resolution.

*Fisc.* Here's a Hen of the Game too, but we shall tame you in the fire.

*Wom.* My Innocence shall there be try'd like Gold, till it come out the purer. When you have burnt me all into one Wound, cram Gunpowder into't, and blow me up, I'll not confes one word to shame my Countrey.

*Har.* I think we have got here the Mother of the *Maccabees*; away with them all three. [Exeunt the English Guarded.] I'll take the pains my self to see these Tortur'd.

Exeunt Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen with the English: manet Fiscal.

Enter Julia to the Fiscal.

*Julia.* Oh you have ruin'd me, you have undone me, in the Person of my Husband!

*Fisc.* If he will needs forfeit his Life to the Laws, by joyning with the English in a Plot, 'tis not in me to save him; but dearest *Julia* be satisfy'd, you shall not want a Husband.

*Julia.* Do you think, I'll ever come into a Bed with him, who rob'd me of my dear sweet Man?

*Fisc.* Dry up your Tears, I'me in earnest, I will Marry you, yfaith I will; it is your destiny.

*Julia.* Nay if it be my Destiny: but I vow I'll ne're be yours but upon one condition.

*Fisc.* Name your desire and take it.

*Julia.* Then save poor *Beamonts* Life:

*Fisc.* This is the most unkind Request you cou'd have made, it shews you Love him better: therefore in prudence I shou'd hast his Death.

*Julia.* Come, I'll not be deny'd, you shall give me his Life, or I'll not love you, by this Kiss you shall Child;

*Fisc.*

*Fisc.* Pray ask some other thing.

*Julia.* I have your word for this, and if you break it, how shall I trust you for your Marrying me.

*Fisc.* Well, I will do't to oblige you.

But to prevent her new designs with him, I'll see him stript away for *England* straight. *[Aside.*

*Julia.* I may build upon your promise then :

*Fisc.* Most firmly : I hear company.

*Enter Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen with Towerson Prisoner.*

*Harm.* Now Captain *Towerson* you have had the Priviledge to be examin'd last: this on the score of my old Friendship with you, though you have ill deserv'd it. But here you stand accus'd of no less Crimes then Robbery first, then Murther, and last Treason: what can you say to clear your selfe?

*Towers.* You're interest'd in all, and therefore partial; I have consider'd on't, and will not plead, because I know you have no right to judge me: for the last Treaty 'twixt our King and you expressly said, that causes Criminal were first to be Examin'd, and then Judg'd, not here, but by the Council of Defence; to whom I make Appeal.

*Fisc.* This Court conceives that it has power to judge you; deriv'd from the most High and Mighty States, who in this Island are Supream, and that as well in Criminal, as Civil Causes.

*I Dutchman.* You are not to question the Authority of the Court which is to Judge you.

*Towers.* Sir, by your favor, I both must, and will: I'll not so far betray my Nations right; we are not here your Subjects, but your Partners: and that Supremacy of power you claim, extends but to the Natives, not to us: dare you, who in the British Seas strike Sayl, nay more, whose Lives and Freedome are our Alms, presume to sit and judge your Benefactors. Your base new upstart Common-Wealth shou'd blush, to doom the Subjects of an English King, the meanest of whose Merchants wou'd disdain the narrow life, and the Domestick baseness of one of those you call your mighty States.

*Fisc.* You spend your Breath in Rayling; speak to the purpose.

*Har.* Hold yet: because you shall not call us cruel, or plead I wou'd be judge in my own cause; I shall accept of that appeal you make, concerning my Sons death; provided first you clear your self from what concerns the publick; for that relating to our general safety, the judgment of it cannot be deferr'd; but with our common danger.

*Towers.* Let me first be bold to question you: what circumstance can make this your pretended Plot seem likely: the Natives first you tortur'd, their confession Extorted so, can prove no crime in us. Consider next the strength of this your Castle; it's Garrison above two hundred Men; besides as many of your City Burgers, all ready on the least Allarme, or Summons, to Reinforce the others, for ten English, and Merchants they, not Soldiers, with the Ayd of ten *Japanners*; all of e'm unarm'd, except five Swords, and not so many Muskets; th' attempt had only been for Fools or Madmen.

*Fisc.* We cannot help your want of Wit; proceed.

*Towers.* Grant then we had been desperate enough to hazard this; we must at least forecast how to secure possession when we had it. We had no Ship nor Pinnace in the Harbor; nor cou'd have Aid from any Factory: the nearest to us forty Leagues from hence, and they but few in number: you beside this Fort, have yet three Castles in this Isle amply provided for, and eight tall Ships riding at Anchor near; considering this, and think what all the World will judge of it.

*Harm.* Nothing but Falshood is to be expected from such a Tongue, whose Heart is fould'd with Treason. Give him the Beverage.

*Fisc.* 'Tis ready Sir.

*Harm.* Hold; I have some reluctance to proceed to that extremity: he was my Friend, and I wou'd have him franckly to confess: push open that Prison door, and set before him the image of his pains in other Men.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the English Tortur'd, and the Dutch tormenting them.*

*Fisc.* Now Sir, how does the Object like you?

*Towersf.* Are you Men or Devils! *D'Alva*, whom you condemn for cruelty did ne're the like; he knew original Villany was in your Blood: your Fathers all are damn'd for their Rebellion; when they Rebell'd, they were well us'd to this: these Tortures ne're were hatch'd in Humane Breasts, but as your Countrey lies confin'd on Hell just on its Marches, your black Neighbors taught ye, and just such pains as you invent on Earth, Hell has reserv'd for you.

*Harm.* Are you yet mov'd?

*Towersf.* But not as you wou'd have me: I could weep tears of Blood to view this usage; but you, as if not made of the same Mould, see with dry eyes the Miseries of Men, as they were Creatures of another kind, not Christian, nor Allies, nor Partners with you, but as if Beasts, transfix'd on Theatres, to make you cruel sport.

*Har.* These are but vulgar Objects, bring his Friend; let him behold his Tortures; shut that door. *[The Scene clos'd.*

*Enter Beamont led, with Matches ty'd to his Hands.*

*Towersf. embracing him.* Oh my dear friend, now I am truly wretched! even in that part which is most sensible, my friendship: how have we liv'd to see the *English* name, the scorn of these the vilest of Mankind.

*Beam.* Courage my friend, and rather praise we Heaven, that it has chose two such as you and me, who will not shame our Countrey with our pains, but stand like Marble Statues in their fires, scorch'd and defac'd perhaps, not melted down. So let 'em burn this Tenement of Earth; they can but burn me naked to my soul, that's of a Nobler frame, and will stand Firme, Upright, and Unconsum'd.

*Fisc.* Confess; if you have kindness, save your friend.

*Towersf.*

*Towers.* Yes, by my death I wou'd, not by my confession; he is so brave, he wou'd not so be sav'd; but wou'd renounce a friendship built on shame.

*Harm.* Bring more Candles, and burn him from the Wrists up to the Elbows.

*Beam.* Do, I'll enjoy the Flames like *scavola*; and when one's roasted, give the other hand.

*Towers.* Let me embrace you while you are a Man, now you must lose that form; be parch'd and rivell'd like a dry'd Mummy, or dead Malefactor, expos'd in Chains, and blown about by Winds.

*Beam.* Yet this I can endure, Go on, and weary out two Elements; Vex Fire and Water with th' Experiments of pains far worse then death.

*Towers.* Oh let me take my turn; you will have double pleasure, I'm asham'd to be the only *Englishman* untortur'd.

*Van Her.* You soon shou'd have your wish; but that we know in him you suffer more.

*Harm.* Fill me a brim full Glas: now Captain, here's to all your Countreymen; I wish your whole *East India* Company were in this room, that we might use them thus.

*Fisc.* They shou'd have Fires of Cloves and Cinamon, we wou'd cut down whole Groves to Honour 'em, and be at cost to burn 'em nobly.

*Beam.* Barb'rous Villains! now you show your selves.

*Harm.* Boy, take that Candle thence, and bring it hither, I am exalted, and wou'd light my Pipe just where the Wyck is fed with English Fat.

*Van Her.* So wou'd I; oh the Tobacco tastes Divinely after it.

*Towers.* We have friends in *England* who wou'd weep to see this acted on a Theatre, which here you make your pastime.

*Beam.* Oh that this Flesh were turn'd a cake of Ice, that I might in an instant melt away, and become nothing, to escape this Torment, there is not cold enough in all the *North* to quench my burning blood.

[Fiscal whispers Harman.

*Harm.* Do with *Beamont* as you please, so *Towerson* dye.

*Fisc*



*Fisc.* You'l not confels yet Captain?

*Towers.* Hangman, no. I wou'd have don't before, if e're I wou'd : to do it when my friend has suffer'd this, were to be less then he.

*Fisc.* Free him.

[*To Beamont aside.*

*They free Beamont.*

*Beamont* I have not sworn you shou'd not suffer, but that you shou'd not dye; thank *Julia* for't, but on your life do not delay this hour to post from hence; so to your next Plantation; I cannot suffer a lov'd Rival near me.

*Beam.* I almost question if I will receive my life from thee : 'tis like a cure from *Witches*; 'twill leave a sin behind it.

*Fisc.* Nay, I'm not lavish of my courtesie; I can on easy terms resume my gift.

*Harm.* Captain, you're a dead man; I'll spare your torture for your Quality; prepare for execution instantly;

*Towers.* I am prepar'd.

*Fisc.* You dye in charity I hope.

*Towers.* I can forgive even thee; my innocence I need not name, you know it. One farewell kifs of my dear *Ysabinda*, and all my business here on earth is done.

*Harm.* Call her, she's at the door. *Exit Fiscal.*

*Towes. to Beam. embracing.* A long and last farewell; I take my death with the more chearfulness because thou liv'st behind me: tell my friends I dy'd so as became a Christian and a Man; give to my brave Employers of the *East India* Company, the last remembrance of my faithful service; tell 'em I Seal that Service with my Blood; and dying, wish to all their Factories, and all the famous Merchants of our Isle, that Wealth their gen'rous Industry deserves; but dare not hope it with Dutch partnership. Last, there's my heart, I give it in this kifs——*Kisses him.* Do not answer me; Friendship's a tender thing, and it would ill become me now to weep.—

*Beam.* Adieu, if I wou'd speak, I cannot.—

*Exit.*

*Enter Ysabinda.*

*Ysab.* Is it permitted me to see your Eies oncè more, before Eternal night shall close 'em.

*Towers.*

*Towers.* I summon'd all I had of Man to see you, 'twas well the time allow'd for it, was short; I cou'd not bear it long: 'tis dangerous, and would divide my Love 'twixt Heaven and you. I therefore part in haste; think I am going a suddain journey, and have not the leisure to take a ceremonious long farewell.

*Isab.* Do you still love me?

*Towers.* Do not suppose I do, 'tis for your ease, since you must stay behind me; to think I was unkind, you'l grieve the less!

*Harm.* Though I suspect you joyn'd in my Sons Murder, yet since it is not prov'd, you have your life.

*Isab.* I thank you for't, I'll make the noblest use of your sad gift; that is, to dye unforc'd; I'll make a present of my life to *Towers*; to let you see, though worthless of his Love, I would not live without him.

*Towers.* I charge you love my memory, but live.

*Harm.* She shall be strictly guarded from that violence, she means against her self.

*Isab.* Vain Men! there are so many paths to death, you cannot stop 'em all; 'ere the green Turf where my Love's laid, there will I mourning sit, and draw no air but from the damps that rise out of that hallow'd Earth; and for my Dyet, I mean my Eies alone shall feed my Mouth. Thus will I live, till he in pity rise, and the pale shrowd take me in his cold Arms, and lay me kindly by him in his Grave,

*Enter Collins, and then Perez, Julia following him.*

*Harm.* No more; your time's now come, you must away.

*Coll.* Now Devils, you have done your worst with tortures, Death's a privation of pain; but they were a continual dying,

*Julia.* Farewel my dearest, I may have many Husbands, but never one like thee.

*Perez.* As you love my Soul, take hence that Woman; my English friends, I'm not asham'd of death, while I have you for part'ners; I know you innocent, and so am I, of this pretended

pretended plot; but I am guilty of a greater crime; For, being married in another Countrey: the Governours perswasions, and my love to that ill Woman, made me leave the first, and make this fatal choice. I'm justly punish'd, for her sake I dye; the *Fiscal* to enjoy her has accus'd me. There is another cause—by his procurement I shou'd have kill'd.——

*Fisc.* Away with him, and stop his mouth. [He is led off.]

*Towers.* I leave thee Life with no regret at parting, full of whatever thou cou'dst give, I rise from thy neglected Feast, and go to sleep: yet on this brink of death, my Eies are open'd, and Heav'n has bid me prophesy to you th' unjust contrivers of this Tragick Scene; *An Age is coming, when an English Monarch with Blood, shall pay that blood which you have shed: to save your Cities from victorious Arms, you shall invite the Waves to hide your Earth, and trembling to the tops of Houses fly, while Deluges invade your lower rooms: Then, as with Waters you have swell'd our Bodies, with damps of Waters shall your Heads be swoln;*

*Till at the last your sap'd foundations fall,  
And Universal Ruine swallows all.*

} He's led out with the *English*;  
} the *Dutch* remain.

*Van Her.* Ay, ay, we'll venture both our Selves, and Children for such another pull.

1. *Dutch.* Let him prophesy when his Head's off.

2. *Dutch.* There's n'r a *Nostradamus* of 'em all shall fright us from our gain.

*Fisc.* Now for a smooth Apology, and then a fawning Letter to the King of *England*; and our work's done.

*Harm.* 'Tis done as I wou'd wish it: Now Brethren, at my proper cost and charges, three days you are my Guests; in which good time we will divide their greatest Wealth by Lots, while wantonly we rifle for the rest:

Then in full Romers, and with joyful Hearts

We'll drink confusion to all English Starts

[Exeunt:]

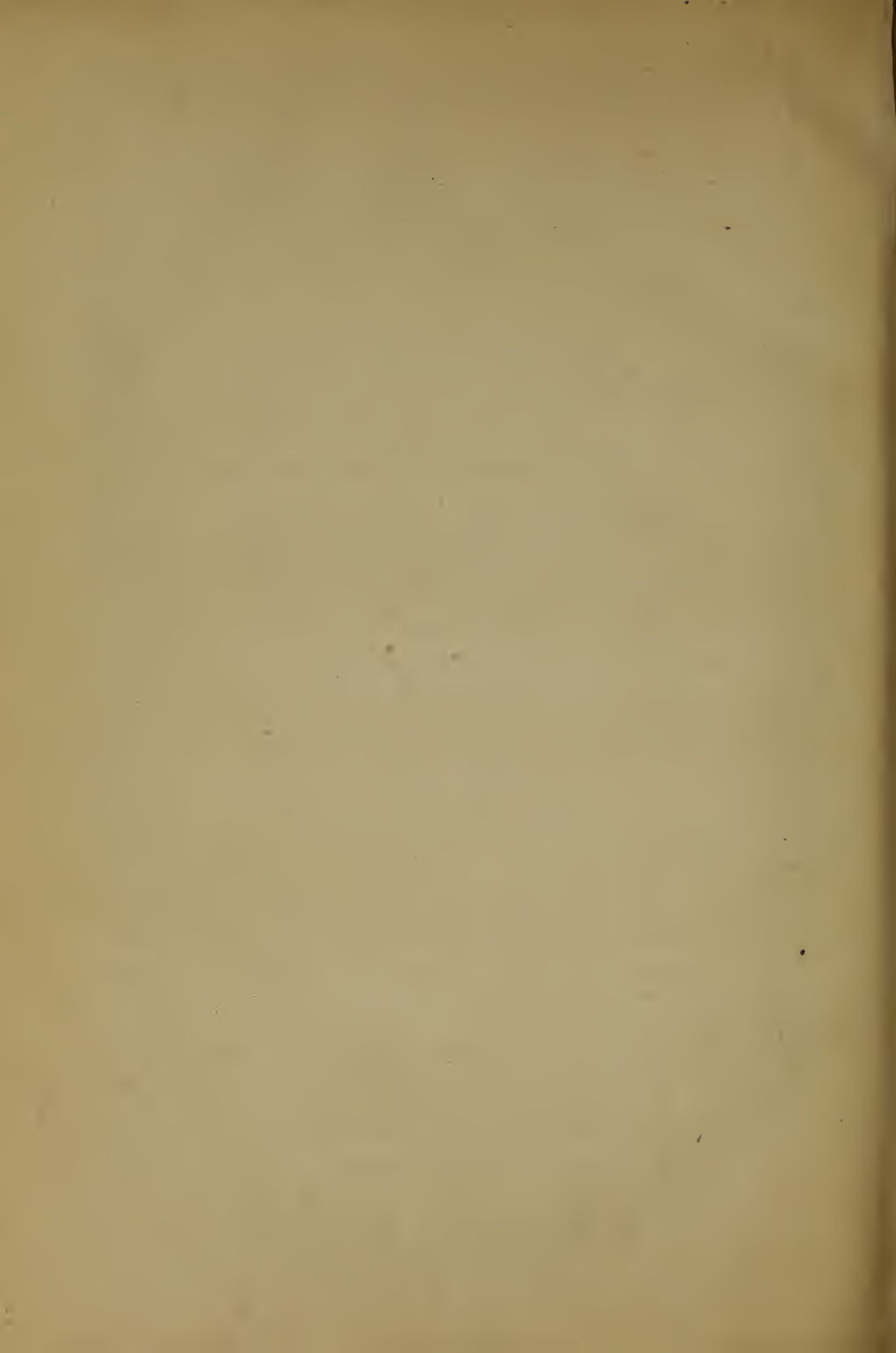


# Epilogue.

**A** Poet once the Spartan's led to fight,  
And made 'em Conquer in the Muses right :  
So wou'd our Poet lead you on this day :  
Showing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.  
To one well born, th' affront is worse and more,  
When he's abus'd, and baffied by a Bore :  
With an ill Grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,  
They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.  
Well may they boast themselves an antient Nation,  
For they were bred e're Manners, were in fashion:  
And their new Common-wealth has set 'em free,  
Onely from Honour and Civility.  
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,  
Than did their Lubber-State M<sup>an</sup> kind bestride.  
Their sway became 'em with as ill a Meen,  
As their own Paunches swell above their Chin :  
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,  
And onely two King's Touch can cure the Tumor.  
As Cato did his Affricque Fruits display :  
So we before your Eies their Indies lay :  
All Loyal English will like him conclude,  
Let Cæsar Live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

FINIS.











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