Title of workshop: Early Modern Women Behaving Badly

Summary:
By considering a range of case studies, this seminar will investigate how early modern women’s behaviour is identified, labeled, and condemned in order to situate women within and exclude them from various communities. We are especially interested in instances of women who were vilified for seeking pleasure. Readings for this seminar range from the early sixteenth through the late seventeenth centuries, including shrew plays and dildo poems about women as well as outrageous texts by women. As you peruse these materials, please think about the relationship between individual women’s autonomy (or lack thereof) and their communities’ delineations of a range of “bad” behaviours.

Thinking questions:
We hope that you will consider the enclosed readings in light of the following questions:
• What sorts of bad behavior do these texts exemplify?
• Is female bad behavior treated differently than male bad behavior in these texts?
• How do these texts attempt to exclude women who behave badly from their communities?
• To what extent do these texts offer models of female-centered communities held together either by centering around or excluding bad behavior?
• Does bad behavior seem a form of empowerment or disempowerment for women in these texts?
• How does knowing the author’s gender shape the reception of negative portrayals of women?
• To what extent can women writers’ portrayals of women behaving badly be read as ideologically strategic?
• How do these examples address cultural anxieties around such issues as women’s sexuality?
• What do these texts tell us about the influence or extent of an aesthetic of misogyny?
• How can we use the virulent misogyny of the blatant anti-women satires to understand negative portrayals of women by women?
• Are different forms of pleasure demonized to a lesser or greater extent, and what might be the ideological motivations for such demonizations?
• How do such contextual aspects as literary genre and political contexts shape the use and deployment of misogynist discourse?
• What do these literary representations of women behaving badly contribute to early modern historiography – particularly the historiography of gender and sexuality?
• Is the impulse to air the bad behaviour of women, particularly through satire, inherently conservative or libertine? Delimiting or liberating? Condemnatory or (covertly) celebratory? Purgative or suggestive?
• Are politically-inflected representations of badly-behaved, sexually voracious women really ‘about’ sex at all, or is the language of sex simply a vehicle for political slander?
• How do we responsibly approach discourses that use the female (e.g. the voracious body, the licentious woman) to take aim at the male (e.g. sexual and political impotence, effeminacy)?

Mini-assignment:
If you can easily do so, please bring one or more examples of texts (loosely defined to include visual as well as verbal documents) that represent early modern women behaving badly. We will make time during our workshop for participants to share and discuss these examples in light of the above questions.
Excerpt from *Johan Johan the husbande Tyb his wife & sir Ihan the preest* (London, 1533; STC 13298)

1. [A4r-A4v]

[JHAN]: Lo nowe am I redy to go to syr Johan
    And byd hym come as fast as he can
[TYB]: Ye do so without ony taryeng
    But I say harke / thou hast forgot one thing
    Set up the table / and that by and by
    Nowe go thy ways.
J: I go shortly
    But se your candelstykke be not out of the way
TYB: Come agayne and lay the table I say
    What me thynke ye have sone don
JHAN: Now I pray god that his malediction
    Lyght on my wife / and on the baulde preest
TYB: Nowe go thy ways and hy the / seest
JHAN: I pray to Christ / if my wyshe be no synne
    That [the] preest may breke his neck whan he comes in
TYB: How cum agayne.
J: What a myschefe wylt [you] fole
TYB: Mary I say brynge hether yender stole
JHAN: Now go to / a lyttell wolde make me
    For to say thus / a vengaunce take thee
TYB: Now go to hym and tell hym playn
    That tyl thou brynge hym / [you] wylt not come again
JHAN: This pye doth borne here as it doth stande
TYB: Go washe me these two cuppes in my hande
JHAN: I go with a myschyefe lyght on thy face
TYB: Go and byd hym hye hym a pace
    And the whyle I shall all thynges amende
JHAN: This pye burneth here at this ende
    Understandest thou.
TYB: Go thy ways I say
JHAN: I wyll go nowe as fast as I may
TYB: How come ones agayne / I had forgot
    Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
JHAN: Nowe a vengaunce and a very myschyefe
    Lyght on the pylde preest / and on my wife
    On the pot / the ale / and on the table
    The candyll / the pye / and all the rable
    On the trystels and on the stole
    It is moche ado and to please a curst fole
TYB: Go thy ways nowe and tary no more
    For I am hungred very sore
JHAN: Mary I go.
T: but come ones agayne yet
   Brynge hither that breade lest I forget it
JHAN: Iwys it were tyme for to torne
   The pye / for ywys it doth borne
TYB: Lorde how my husbande now doth patter
   And of the pye styl doth clatter
   Go nowe and byd hym come away
   I haue byd the an hundred tymes to day
JHAN: I wyll not gyue a strawe I tell you playne
   If that the pye waxe colde agayne
TYB: What art thou not gone yet out of this place
   I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in [the] space
   But by coke soule and I shulde do the right
   I shulde breke thy knaues heed to nyght
JHAN: Nay than if my wife be set a chydyng
   It is tyme for me to go at her byddying
   There is a prouerbe / whiche trewe now preueth
   He must nedes go that the dyuell dryueth

2. [B4r-B4v]
SYR J: And shall we always syt here styll we two
   [that] were to mych.
T: Then ryse we out of this place
SYR J: And kys me than in the stede of grace
   And fare well leman and my loue so dere
JHAN: Cokke body this waxe it waxte colde again here
   But what shall I anone go to bed
   And eat nothing nother meate nor brede
   I haue not be wont to haue suche fare
TYB: Why were ye not serued there as ye are
   Chafying the waxe / standing by the fyre
JHAN: Why what mete gaue ye me / I you require
SYR J: wast thou not serued / I pray the hartely
   Both with the brede / the ale / and the pye
JHAN: No syr I had none of that fare
TYB: why were ye not serued there as ye are
   Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe
JHAN: Lo here be many tryfyls and knakke
   By kokke soule they wene I am other dro[n]ke or mad
TYB: And had ye no meate Johan Johan no had
JHAN: No tyb my wife / I had not a whyt
TYB: what not a morsel
J: NO not one byt
   For honger I trowe I shall fall in a sowne
SYR J: O that were pyte / I swere by my crowne
TYB: But is it trewe.
J: Ye for a surete
TYB: Dost thou ly.
J: No so mote I the
TYB: Hast thou had nothing
J: no not a byt
TYB: Hat thou not dronke
J: No not a whyt
TYB: where wast thou
J: By the fyre I dyd stande
TYB: what dydyst
J: I chafed this waxe in my hande

Where as I knewe of wedded men the Payne
That they haue / and yet dare not complayne
For the smoke / put out my eyes two
I burned my face / and rayde my clothes also
Mendyng the payle / whiche is so rotten and olde
That it wyll not skant together holde
And syth it is so / And syns that ye twayn
Wold gyue me no meate / for my suffyraunce
By koke soule I wyll take no lenger payn
Ye shalldo all your self / with a very vengaunce
For me / and take thou there thy payle now
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how
TYB: A horson knaue hast thou brok my payll
   Thou shalt repent / by koke lylly nayll
   Rech me my dystaf / or my clyppyng sherys
   I shall make the blood ronne about his erys
JHAN: Nay stand styll drab / I say and come no nere
   For by kokke blood / yf thou come here
   Or yf thou onys styr / toward this place
   I shall throw this shouyll full of cloys in thy face
TYB: Ye horson dryuyll / get the out of my dore
JHAN: Nay get thy out of my house / thou preste hore
SYR J: Thou lyest horson kokold / euyn to thy face
JHAN: And thou lyest pyld preest / with an euyll grace
TYB: And [thou] lyest
J: & [thou] lyest
SYR J: & [thou] lyest agayn
JHAN: By kokke soule horson preest / thou shalt be slayn
   Thou hast eate our pye / and gyue me no[u]ght
   By kokkes bod it shale full derely bought
TYB: At hym syr Johan / or els god gyue the sorrow
JHAN: & have at your hore & thefe / saynt george to borow
   Here they fyght by the erys a whyle & than
   the preest and the wife go out of the place.
JHAN: A syrs I haue payd some of the them euen as I lyst
They haue borne / many a blow with my fyst
I thank god / I haue walkyd them well
And dryuen them hens / but yet can yet tell
Whether they be go / for by god I fere me
That they be gon together he and she
Unto his chamber / and perhappys she wyll
Spyte of my hart / tary there styll
And peraduenture / there he and she
Wyll make me a cokold / euyn to anger me
And then had I a pyg / in the woyrs panyer
Therefore by god / I wyll hye me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany
And thus fare well this noble company.

Finis.
Excerpt from *Tom Tyler and his wife* [c.1561] (London, 1661; Wing T1792).

1. [A4R-A4V]

TIPPLE: Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?
STRIFE: What carest thou where a dolt should be.
   And where is your good man?
TIPPLE: Forsooth nought at home, he is abrod for pence.
STURDIE: Well, I had need to go hence,
   Least my good man do misse me.
STRIFE: I would teach him John come kisse me,
   If the dolt were mine.
STURDIE: Alas are you so fine!
   Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here;
STRIFE: What and if he did?
TIPPLE: Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot,
STRIFE: Now by this pewter pot,
   And by this drink I will drink now,
   God knows what I think now.
STURDIE: What think you Gossip Strife?
STRIFE: I would rather then my life,
   My husband would come hither,
   That we might busk together,
   Ye should see how I could tame him.
TIPPLE: Alas, and could ye blame him,
   If that he were displeased?
STRIFE: He shall be soon appeased,
   If either he gaspeth or glometh.
STURDIE: By gods blew hood he cometh.
   Away, by the Masse away, he will us all else fray.
TOM: These summer daies be verie drie.
STRIFE: Yea, that is a devil a lie.
   A knave, what dost thou here?
TOM: Ich should have a pot of beer, & go to work again.
STRIFE: Yea knave, shall honest men
   Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,
   To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know
   How fast the houres go. One, two, and three.
T. TILER: I pray thee let be.
STRIFE: Four, five, and six: Lord, that I had some sticks,
   I would clapper claw thy bones,
   To make you tell your stones,
   The worser while I know you;
T. TILER: Good wife, I beshrew you;
   I pray you leave tumbling.
STRIFE: Yea knave are you mumbling?
   Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.

T. TILER: Now our Lord keep me ou,
From this wicked wife.
STURDIE: Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;
STRIFE: Hold your peace fool, it is no newes for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.
TIPPLE: Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.
STRIFE: I am half wearie with chiding already.
STURDIE: Keep your brains steddie,
And fall to your drinking.
TIPPLE: Nay fall to singing, and let us go dance.

2. [C2r-C2v]
T. TILER: This rage and this ruffe
Need not be, wife if ye love me,
Let us agree in love and amitie,
And do so no more, I am sory therefore.
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,
Should happen to be, between you and me.
STRIFE: Alas, I may mone I might have been woone
With half these strokes, but curtnesse provokes
Kind hearts to dissever, and hatred for ever
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye:
While we two have life.
T. TILER: By my halydome Wife;
Because you say so, now shall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lamet you.
For I will tell you true, When I saw you
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever crossebiting,
Which made me still wo, that you should thus do;
At last hereafter, I complaind of the matter
To Tom Tayler, my Master, who taking a waster
Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it;
And so being disguised, he interprised
To come in my steed; and having my weed
You pleading your passion after the old fashion;
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,
Then straight did he in steed of me,
Currie your bones, as he said for ht enones,
To make you obey.
STRIFE: Is it even so as you say?
Gods fish you Knave, did you send such a slave
To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?
Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.
I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face
To beat me so sore. Have at thee once more.
I now wax fresh co plague a Knaves flesh
That hath so plagued me, for every blow three.
Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
Ah whoreson Dolt, thou whorson subtle Colt;
Son of an Oxe, how like you your knocks?
The pils and the pox, and the poison in box
Consume such a Knave, and bring him to grave.
The Crowes and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies
Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.

T. TILER: O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.
You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
For Gods sake content thee.

STRIFE: Nay thou shalt repent thee,
That ever Tom Tayler, that Ruffian and railer
Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me;
I hope for to find some toffer so kind
To currie that Knave, for the old grudge I have,
As now I do thee; there is one more for me.
Kneel known on your knee, yon hoddie doddee;
I will make you to stoop, though you set cock on hoop
For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,
Like an asse as you be.

T. TILER: Why should you strike me
For another mans fault?

STRIFE: Because thou art naught,
And he a vile Knave.
Act I, Scene iii

Salome
More plotting yet? Why? now you have the thing
For which so oft you spent your suppliant breath:
And Mariam hopes to have another King,
Her eyes doe sparkle joy for Herods death.

Alexandra
If she desir’d another King to have,
She might before she came in Herods bed
Have had her wish. More Kings then one did crave,
For leave to set a Crowne upon her head.
I thinke with more then reason she laments,
That she is freed from such a sad annoy:
Who ist will wepe to part from discontent,
And if she joy, she did not cause lesse joy.

Salome
You durst not thus have given your tongue the raine,
If noble Herod still remaind in life:
Your daughters betters farre I dare maintaine,
Might have rejoyc’d to be my brothers wife.

Mariam
My betters farre, base woman t’is untrue,
You scarce have ever my superiors seene:
For Mariams servants were as good as you,
Before she came to be Judeas Queene.

Salome
Now stirs the tongue that is so quickly mov’d,
But more then once your collor have I borne:
Your fumish words are sooner sayd then prov’d,
And Salomes reply is onely scorne.

Mariam
Scorne those that are for thy companions held,
Though I thy brothers face had never scene,
My birth, thy baser birth so farre exceld,
I had to both of you the Princesse bene.
Thou party Jew, and party Edomite,
Thou Mongrell: issu’d from rejected race,
Thy Ancestors against the Heavens did fight,
And thou like them wilt heavenly birth disgrace.

Salome
Still twit you me with nothing but my birth,
What ods betwixt your ancestors and mine?
Both borne of Adam, both were made of Earth,
And both did come from holy Abrahams line.

Mariam
I favour thee when nothing else I say,
With thy blacke acts ile not pollute my breath:
Else to thy charge I mightfull justly lay
A shamefull life, besides a husbands death.

Salome
Tis true indeed, I did the plots reveale,
That past betwixt your favorites and you:
I ment not I, a traytor to conceale.
Thus Salome your Mynion Joseph slue.

Mariam
Heaven, dost thou meane this Infamy to smother?
Let slandred Mariam ope thy closed eare:
Selfe-guilt hath ever bene suspitious mother,
And therefore I this speech with patience beare.
No, had not Salome unstedfast heart,
In Josephes stead her Constabarus plast,
To free her selfe, she had not usde the art,
To slander haplesse Mariam for unchast.

Act I, Scene iv

Salome
Lives Salome, to get so base a stile
As foote, to the proud Mariam Herods spirit:
In happy time for her endured exile,
For did he live she should not misse her merit:
But he is dead: and though he were my Brother,
His death such store of Cinders cannot cast
My Coales of love to quench: for though they smother
The flames a while, yet will they out at last.
Oh blest Arabia, in best climate plast,
I by the Fruit will censure of the Tree:
Tis not in vaine, thy happy name thou hast,
If all Arabians like Silleus bee:
Had not my Fate bene too too contrary,
When I on Constabarus first did gaze,
Silleus had beene object to mine eye:
Whose lookes and personage must allyes amaze.
But now ill Fated Salome, thy tongue
To Constabarus by it selfe is tide:
And now except I doe the Ebrew wrong
I cannot be the faire Arabian Bride:
What childish lets are these? Why stand I now
On honourable points? Tis long agoe
Since shame was written on my tainted brow:
And certaine tis, that shame is honours foe.
Had I upon my reputation stood,
Had I affected an unsplotched life,
Josephus vaines had still bene stuft with blood,
And I to him had liv’d a sober wife.
Then had I never cast an eye of love,
On Constabarbus now detested face,
Then had I kept my thoughts without remove:
And blusht at motion of the least disgrace:
But shame is gone, and honour wipt away,
And Impudencie on my forehead sits:
She bids me worke my will without delay,
And for my will I will imploy my wits.
He loves, I love; what then can be the cause,
Keepes me for being the Arabians wife?
It is the principles of Moses lawes,
For Constabarbus still remaines in life,
If he to me did beare as Earnest hate,
As I to him, for him there were an ease,
A separating bill might free his fate:
From such a yoke that did so much displease.
Why should such priviledge to man be given?
Or given to them, why bard from women then?
Are men then we in greater grace with Heaven?
Or cannot women hate as well as men?
Ile be the custome-breaker: and beginne
To shew my Sexe the way to freedomes doore,
And with an offring will I purge my sinne,
The lawe was made for none but who are poore.
If Herod had liv’d, I might to him accuse
My present Lord. But for the futures sake
Then would I tell the King he did refuse
The sonnes of Baba in his power to take.
But now I must divorce him from my bed,
That my Seilieus may possesse his roome:
Had I not begd his life he had bene dead,
I curse my tongue the hindrer of his doome,
But then my wandring heart to him was fast,
Nor did I dreame of chaunge: Silleus said,
He would be here, and see he comes at last,
Had I not nam’d him longer had he staid.

Act I, Scene v

Silleus
Well found faire Salome Judeas pride,
Hath my innated wisedome found the way
To make Silleus deeme him deified,
By gaining thee a more then precious pray?

Salome
I have devisde the best I can devise,
A more imperfect meanes was never found:
But what cares Salome, it doth suffice
If our indevours with their end be crown’d.

In this our land we have an ancient use,
Permitted first by our law-givers head:
Who hates his wife, though for no just abuse,
May with a bill divorce her from his bed.
But in this custome women are not free,
Yet I for once will wrest it, blame not thou
The ill I doe, since what I do’es for thee,
Though others blame, Silleus should allow.

Silleus
Thinkes Salome, Silleus hath a tongue
To censure her faire actions: let thy blood
Bedash my proper brow, for such a wrong,
The being yours, can make even vices good:
Arabia joy, prepare thy earth with greene,
Thou never happie were indeed till now:
Now shall thy ground be trod by beauties Queene,
Her fooe is destin’d to depresse thy brow.
Thou shalt faire Salome commaund as much
As if the royall ornament were thine:
The weaknes of Arabias King is such,
The kingdome is not his so much as mine:
My mouth is our Obodas oracle,
Who thinkes not ought but what Silleus will?
And thou rare creature. Asias miracle,
Shalt be to me as It: Obodas still.

Salome
Tis not for glory I thy love accept,
Judea yeelds me honours worthy store:
Had not affection in my bosome crept,
My native country should my life deplore.
Were not Silleus he with home I goe,
I would not change my Palastine for Rome:
Much lesse would I a glorious state to shew,
Goe far to purchase an Arabian toome.

Silleus
Far be it from Silleus so to thinke,
I know it is thy gratitude requites
The love that is in me, and shall not shrinke
Till death doe sever me from earths delights.
Excerpts from Aphra Behn’s *The Amours of Philander and Silvia:*

*Being the Third and Last Part of the Love-Letters Between a Nobleman and His Sister* (1687)

Brilljard told Silvia “that Philander was every evening caballing there [with Cesario and Hermione in Bruxells], where all the malcontents of the Reformed Religion had taken sanctuary, and where the Grand Council was every night held; for some great things were in agitation, and debating how to trouble the repose of all France again with new broils; he told her, that all the world made their court to Hermione, that if any body had any petitions, or addresses to make to the Prince, it was by her sole interest; she sat in their closest councils, and heard their gravest debates; and she was the oracle of the board: the Prince paying her perfect adoration, while she, whose charms of youth were ended, being turned of thirty, fortified her decays with all the art her wit and sex were capable of, and kept her illustrious lover as perfectly her slave, as if she had engaged him by all those ties that fetter the most circumspect, and totally subdued him to her will, who was, without exception, the most lovely person upon earth. . . .

As the maiden queen I have read of in England, who made herself idolized by that sole piece of politic cunning, understanding well the stubborn, yet good nature of the people; and gained more upon them by those little arts, than if she had parted with all the prerogatives of her Crown. Ah! madam, you cannot imagine what little slights govern the whole universe, and how easy it is for monarchs to oblige. This Cesario was made to know, and there is no one so poor an object, who may not have access to him, and whom he does not send away well pleased, though he do not grant what they ask. He dispatches quickly, which is a grateful virtue in great men; and none ever espoused his interest, that did not find a reward and a protection; it is true, these are all the tools he is to work with, and he stops at nothing that leads to his ambition; nor has he done all that lies in the power of man only, to set all France yet in a flame, but he calls up the very devils from hell to his aid, and there is no man famed for necromancy, to whom he does not apply himself; which, indeed, is done by the advice of Hermione, who is very much affected with those sort of people, and puts a great trust and confidence in them.

She sent at great expense, for a German conjurer, who arrived the other day, and who is perpetually consulting with another of the same sort, a Scot by birth, called Fergusano. He was once in Holy Orders, and still is so, but all his practice is the Black Art; and excellent in it he is reported to be. Hermione undertakes nothing without his advice; and as he is absolutely her creature, so his art governs her, and she the Prince: she holds her midnight conferences with him; and as she is very superstitious, so she is very learned, and studies this art, taught by this great master Fergusano; and so far is this glorious hero bewitched with these sorcerers, that he puts his whole trust in these conjurations and charms; and so far they have imposed on him, that with an enchanted ointment, which they had prepared for him, he shall be invulnerable, though he should face the mouth of a cannon: they have, at the earnest request of Hermione, calculated his nativity, and find him born to be a king; and, that before twenty moons expire, he shall be crowned in France: and flattering his easy youth with all the vanities of ambition, they have made themselves absolutely useful to him.

This Scot, being a most inveterate enemy to France, lets the Prince rest neither night nor day, but is still inspiring him with new hopes of a crown, and laying him down all the false arguments imaginable, to spur the active spirit: my lord [Philander] is not of the opinion, yet seems to comply with them in Council; he laughs at all the fopperies of charms and incantations; insomuch, that he many times angers the Prince, and is in eternal little feuds with Hermione. The German would often in these disputes say, he found by his art, that the stop to the Prince’s glory would be his love. This so incensed Hermione, and consequently the Prince, that they had like to have broke with him, but durst not for fear; he knowing too much to be disoblige: on the other side, Fergusano is most wonderfully charmed with the wit and
masculine spirit of Hermione, her courage, and the manliness of her mind; and understanding which way she would be served, resolved to obey her, finding she had an absolute ascendancy over the Prince, whom, by this means, he knew he should get into his sole management.

Hermione, though she seemed to be possessed so entirely of Cesario's heart, found she had great and powerful opposers, who believed the Prince lay idling in her arms, and that possibly she might eclipse his fame, by living at that rate with a woman he had no other pretensions to but love; and many other motives were urged daily to him by the admirers of his great actions: and she feared, with reason, that some time or other, ambition might get the ascendancy of love: she, therefore, in her midnight conferences with Fergusano, often urged him to shew her that piece of his art, to make a philtre to retain fleeting love; and not only keep a passion alive, but even revive it from the dead. She tells him of her contract with him; she urges his forced marriage, as she was pleased to call it, in his youth; and that he being so young, she believed he might find it lawful to marry himself a second time; that possibly his Princess was for the interest of the King; and men of his elevated fortune ought not to be tied to those strictnesses of common men, but for the good of the public, sometimes act beyond the musty rules of law and equity, those politic bands to confine the mobile. At this unreasonable rate she pleads her right to Cesario, and he hearkens with all attention, and approves so well all she says, that he resolves, not only to attach the Prince to her by all the force of the Black Art, but that of necessary marriage also: this pleased her to the last degree; and she left him, after he had promised her to bring her the philtre by the morning: for it was that she most urged, the other requiring time to argue with him, and work him by degrees to it.

Accordingly, the next morning he brings her a tooth-pick-case of gold, of rare infernal workmanship, wrought with a thousand charms, of that force, that every time the Prince should touch it, and while he but wore it about him, his fondness should not only continue, but increase, and he should hate all womankind besides, at least in the way of love, and have no power to possess another woman, though she had all the attractions of nature. He tells her the Prince could never suspect so familiar a present, and for the fineness of the work, it was a present for a Prince; 'For,' said he, 'no human art could frame so rare a piece of workmanship; that nine nights the most delicate of the Infernals were mixing the metal with the most powerful of charms, and watched the critical minutes of the stars, in which to form the mystic figures, every one being a spell upon the heart, of that unerring magic, no mortal power could ever dissolve, undo, or conquer.' The only art now was in giving it, so as to oblige him never to part with it; and she, who had all the cunning of her sex, undertook for that part; she dismissed her infernal confidant, and went to her toilet to dress her, knowing well, that the Prince would not be long before that he came to her: she laid the tooth-pick-case down, so as he could not avoid seeing it: the Prince came immediately after in, as he ever used to do night and morning, to see her dress her; he saw this gay thing on the table, and took it in his hand, admiring the work of it, as he was the most curious person in the world: she told him, there was not a finer wrought thing in the world, and that she had a very great esteem for it, it being made by the Sybils; and told him the antiqueness of the work: the more she commended it, the more he liked it, and told her, she must let him call it his: she told him, he would give it away to the next commender: he vowed he would not: she told him then he should not only call it his, but it should in reality be so; and he vowed it should be the last thing he would part with in the world.

From that time forward she found, or thought she found, a more impatient fondness in him than she had seen before: however it was, she ruled and governed him as she pleased; and indeed never was so great a slave to beauty, as, in my opinion, he was to none at all; for she is far from having any natural charms; yet it was not long since it was absolutely believed by all, that he had been resolved to give himself wholly up to her arms; to have sought no other glory, than to have retired to a corner of the world with her, and changed all his crown of laurel for those of roses: but some stirring spirits have roused him
anew, and awakened ambition in him, and they are on great designs, which possibly 'ere long may make all France to tremble; yet still Hermione is oppressed with love, and the effects of daily increasing passion. . . .

While these and all other things necessary were preparing, Cesario, wholly given over to love, being urged by Hermione to know the occasion of his last night's absence, unravels all the secret, and told my lord and her, one night at supper, the whole scene of the grotto; so that Hermione, more than ever being puffed up with ambitious thoughts, hastened to have the Prince pressed to marry her; and consulting with the counsellor of her closest secrets, sets him anew to work; swearing violently, that if he did not bring that design about, she should be able, by her ascendancy over Cesario, to ruin all those they had undertaken, and yet turn the Prince from the enterprise; and that it was more to satisfy her ambition (to which they were obliged for all the Prince had promised) that he had undertaken to head an army, and put himself again into the hands of the Huguenots, and forsake all the soft repose of love and life, than for any inclination or ambition of his own; and that she who had power to animate him one way, he might be assured had the same power another.

This she ended in very high language, with a look too fierce and fiery to leave him any doubt of; and he promised all things should be done as she desired, and that he would overcome the Prince, and bring him absolutely under her power. ‘Not,’ said she, with a scornful look, ‘that I need your aid in this affair, or want of power of my own to command it; but I will not have him look upon it as my act alone, or a thing of my seeking, but by your advice shall be made to understand it is for the good of the public; that having to do with a sort of people of the Reformed Religion, whose pretences were more nice than wise, more seemingly zealous than reasonable or just, they might look upon the life she led the Prince as scandalous, that was not justified by form, though never so unlawful.’

A thousand things she urged to him, who needed no instruction how to make that appear authentic and just, however contrary to religion and sense: but, so informed, he parted from her, and told her the event should declare his zeal for her service, and so it did; for he no sooner spoke of it to the Prince, but he took the hint as a divine voice; his very soul flushed in his lovely cheeks, and all the fire of love was dancing in his eyes: yet, as if he had feared what he wished could not handsomely and lawfully be brought to pass, he asked a thousand questions concerning it, all which the subtle wizard so well resolved, at least in his judgement, who easily was convinced of what he wished, that he no longer deferred his happiness, but that very night, in the visit he made Hermione, fell at her feet, and implored her consent of what he told her Fergusano had fully convinced him was necessary for his interest and glory, neither of which he could enjoy or regard, if she was not the partner of them; and that when he should go to France, and put himself in the field to demand a crown, he should do it with absolute vigour and resolution, if she were to be seated as queen on the same throne with him, without whom a cottage would be more pleasant; and he could relish no joys that were not as entirely and immediately hers as his own: he pleaded impatiently for what she longed, and would have made her petition for, and all the while she makes a thousand doubts and scruples only to be convinced and confirmed by him; and after seeming fully satisfied, he led her into a chamber (where Fergusano waited, and only her woman, and his faithful confidant Tomaso) and married her: since which, she has wholly managed him with greater power than before; takes abundance of state, is extremely elevated, I will not say insolent; and though they do not make a public declaration of this, yet she owns it to all her intimates; and is ever reproaching my lord with his lewd course of life, wholly forgetting her own; crying out upon infamous women, as if she had been all the course of her life an innocent.”
[Seigneur Dildoe]

Version A:

To the Tune of Pegg’s gone to Sea with a Souldier

Oh! all ye young Ladies of merry England,
That have been to kiss the Duchesse’s hand,
I pray you, enquire, the next tyme you doe goe,
For a noble Italian call’d Seigneur Dildoe.

This Seigneur Dildoe was the cheife of the Trayne,
That came, to conduct her safe over the Maine;
I could not in Conscience, but let you all know
The happy arrivall of Seigneur Dildoe.

Att the Signe of the Crosse in Saint James’s Strete,
When next you endeavour, to make your selfe sweete,
By buying of Powder, Gloves, Essence, or soe,
You may chance get a sight of this Seigneur Dildoe.

You will take him at first for noe Person of Note
Because hee’le appeare in a plaine Leather-Coate,
But when you his virtuous Ablityes know,
You’ll fall downe, and worship this Seigneur Dildoe.

This Seigneur once dwelt with the Countesse of Rafe,
And from all the feirce Harryes preserved her safe:
She had smother’d him almost under her Pillow:
’Tis a barbarous Nation, quoth Seigneur Dildoe.

My Lady Southeske (Heav’n prosper her fort)
First cloath’d him in Satten, and brought him to Court,
When scarce in the Circle his face he durst show;
Soo modest a youth was this Seigneur Dildoe.

My good Lady Suffolke thinking noe harme,
Had hid this poore Stranger under her Arme;

Lady Betty by chance came the Secret to know,
And from her owne Mother stole Seigneur Dildoe.

Her undutifull Daughter, whom dearly she lov’d,
With teares in her Eyes severely reprov’d:
Lamentably, Betty, why would you doe soe?
I charge you of my blessing, restore the Dildoe.

Pray, pardon mee, Madam, said Lady Betty,
I am not such a Foole, as you take mee to bee:
For all you are my Mother, I’ll have you to know,
Either give mee a Prick, or I’ll keepe the Dildoe.

Saint Albans with wrinkles, and smiles in his face,
Whose kindnesse to Strangers becomes his high place,
In a Coach, and Six Horses is gone to Pergoe,
To take the fresh Ayre with this Seigneur Dildoe.

Red Howard, Red Sheldon, and Temple soe tall
Complaine of his absence thus long from Whitehall;
But Sir Bernard hath promised, a journey to goe,
And bring backe his Countreyman Seigneur Dildoe.

Doll Howard noe more with his Highnesse can range,
Wee’ll proffer her therefore this civill exchange,
Her Teeth being rotten, the Smell’s best below,
And needes must bee fitter for Seigneur Dildoe.

This Seigneur is sounde, safe, and ready, and dumbe,
As ever was Candle, Finger, or Thumbe;
Then away with these nasty devices, to show,
How you rate the merritts of Seigneur Dildoe.

If he were but well us’d by the Citizen Fops,
He’d keepe their fine Wives from the Foremen oth’ Shops;
But the Rascalls deserve, that their Hornes should still grow,
For burning the Pope, and his Nephew Dildoe.
Additions to Seigneur Dildoe

Our dainty fine Dutchess's have got a Trick,
To doate on a Foole for love of his Prick,
But their hopes were undone, did their Graces but know,
The discretion, and Vigour of Seignior Dildoe.

The Maydens of Honour went to the Sea-side
In comely manner, to meete the Dukes Bride;
They tooke not much notice of Prince Rinaldo,
But all made their Court to Seignior Dildoe.

The Countesse of Falmouth, of whom people tell,
That her Footmen weare shirts of a Guinny an Ell,
May save that expence, if she did but know
How lusty a young Swinger is Seignior Dildoe.

Great Sir, I pray, what doe you intend,
To fumble soe long att the Galleries end?
If you Fuck mee noe better, I'll have you to know,
I'll lay you aside for Seignior Dildoe.

Good Lady Bedford, suspected by none,
To pimp for her Daughter, and lie with her Sonne,
Sent Robert, to visit his Aunt of Bristol,
Whiles she pray'd in her Closett with Seignior Dildoe.

Young Lady Varney came up to the doore,
Said, Madam, you know, I have pray'd heretofore
With Manton, and Owen, it must not passe soe,
I'll change my Religion, but I'll have Dildoe.

Mrs Knight with a Cunt as thinne, as a Grout,
Who sings like a Larke, and Swives like a Stoate;
This Knight cry'd, God damme mee, give mee a Flamboe,
I care not a Figge for small Seignior Dildoe.

Att old Sunderlands fancy, I could not, but smile,
She hath parted with her Brethren both Sir Sidney, and Lisle,
And shaved her selfe close both above, and below,
To make a payre of whiskers for Seignior Dildoe.

Drunken Price, who is sure to bee in att all sport,
Is off'ner in prison, then wayting att Court,
Hath left her old Gallant limping Will Francho,
And is now in the fashion with Seignior Dildoe.

Lord Almoner Howard a Togate of Rome
Doeth Usher in all the young Ladys, that come,
And if that Italian, they desire, for to know,
He interpretes betweene them, and Seignior Dildoe.

He hath many preferments in Church, and State,
He governs the Conscience of gracious Queene Kate,
And though in the Pulpitt his parts he ne're show,
Hee's Father Confessour to Seignior Dildoe.

A number of Pricks, who were welcome before,
Now're snub'd by the Porter, and kept out of doore,
Maliciously wayted his comming below,
And inhumanely sett upon Seignior Dildoe.

From this barbarous Rabble this Stranger did fly,
All along the Pall-Mall they followed him nigh,
The Women concern'd out of every Window
Cry'd, Oh! For Gods sake save Seignior Dildoe.

And my good Lady Sands burst out in a laughter,
When she saw, how the Ballocks came wabling after,
And had not their weight overladed the Foe,
It had gone very hard with Seignior Dildoe.

Into Yorke-House at last for protection he fled,
He knew himselfe safe with a Nation well bred,
And the Count de Grammont by the Marques d'Ansou
To his Countesse at Paris sent Seignior Dildoe.
Tom Killegrewes Wife the fine Flowre of Dort, 
Att the sight of this Seignior did Belch, Fart, and Snort, 
And more of her Civill Dutch-breeding to show, 
Cryes, wellcome tote England myn—Here-Van Dildoe. A120

This Seignior went to the Cockepitt one night, 
And offer'c his Service to sweete Mrs Knight. 
Quoth she. I have intrigued it with Captaine Cazzo, 
Your Nose in my Arse, good Seignior Dildoe.

The Dutchesse of Modena, who look't soe high, 
Is well contented with this Seignior to lye, 
And because that the English nothing of it should know, 
For her Gentleman—Usher tooke Seignior Dildoe.

That Patrne of Virtue call'd Dutchesse Cleveland 
Hath swallowed Pricks as numberlesse, as th'ocean hath Sand 
But with rubbing, and scrubbing is now grown soe low, A131 
That shee is fitt for nothing, but Seignior Dildoe.

That stiffe-stalking Lord, with his long timber'd Prick, 
Hath shutt himselfe up, and pretends, to bee sicke, 
'Cause Cleveland intends, that the King shall bestow 
Her Son Ewstons blew Garter on Seignior Dildoe.

Stanzas added in NLWp:

The Dutches of late hath heard a report 
That Catze had Divers intreagues in the Court: 
To preserve her maids from him has order'd it soe 
That each Maid of Honor should have signior Dildoe. A48.2

When steward and Harvy doe meet and debate 
In private of mighty affaires of the state, 
They alwaies admiitt to make up the Junto 
A trustie Butler and signior Dildoe. A56.1

Lord Newport who with his old sencelesse laugh 
To Brunkard and Denham owes his white staffe 
Will still be a fumbling but Howard Cries Oh 
Let alone your weak prick: give me the Dildoe.

Stanza added in BLh: (= B.45-8):

The Countess of Cockpit—Who knows not her name? A60.1
Is famous in story for a killing Dame: A60.2
When all her old lovers forsake her I trow 
She must be content with Seignior Dildoe. A60.4

Version B:

Signior Dlido

You Ladies all of mery England 
Who have been to kiss the Dutche's Hand; 
Pray, did you lately observe in the Show 
A Noble Italian, call'd Signior Dildo?

This Signior was one of her Highness's Train, 
And helpt to conduct her over the Main; 
But now she cries out, to the Duke I will go, 
I have no more need of Signior Dildo.

At the Sign of the Cross, in Saint James's Street, 
When next you goe thither, to make your selves sweet, 
By buying of Poudre, Gloves, Essence or so, 
You may chance get a sight of Signior Dildo.

You'll take him at first for no person of Note, 
Because he appears in a plain Leather Coat; 
But when you his Virtuous Abilities know, 
You'll fall down and worship Signior Dildo.
5
The Lady Soubesk, Heav'ns prosper her for't!
First Cloath'd him in Satin, then sent him to Court;
But his Head in the Circle he scarcely durst show,
So modest a Youth was Signior Dildo:

6
My good Lady Suffolk, thinking no harm,
Had got this poor Stranger hid under her Arm:
Lady Betty by chance came the Secret to know,
And from her own Mother stole Signior Dildo.

7
The Countess of Falmouth, of whom People tell
Her Footmen wear Shirts of a Guinea an Ell;
Might save the Expence, if she did but know
How lusty a Swinger is Signior Dildo.

8
By the help of this Gallant, the Countess of Rafe,
Against the fierce Harrys, preserv'd her self safe;
She stifled him almost beneath her Pillow,
So closely she embraced Signior Dildo.

9
Our dainty fine Dutchesses have got a Trick,
To doat on a Fool, for the sake of his Prick:
The Fops were undone, did their Graces but know
The Discretion and Vigor of Signior Dildo.

10
That Pattern of Virtue, her Grace of Cleaveland,
Has swallow'd more Pricks, than the Ocean has sand;
But by Rubbing and Scrubbing, so large it does grow,
It is fit for just nothing but Signior Dildo.

11
The Dutchess of Modena, tho' she looks high,
With such a Gallant is contented to lye:
And, for fear the English her Secrets shou'd know,
For a Gentleman-Usher took Signior Dildo.

12
The Countess o' th Cockpitt, who knows not her name?
She's famous in Story for a killing Dame:
When all her old Lovers forsake her, I trow,
She'll then be contented with her Doughty Dildo.

13
Red Howard, red Sheldon, and Temple so tall,
Complain of his absence so long from Whitehall:
Signior Bernard has promis'd a Journey to go,
And bring back his Countryman Signior Dildo.

14
Dol Howard no longer with his Highness must Range;
And therefore is proffer'd this Civil exchange;
Her Teeth being rotten, she smells best below,
And needs must be fittest for Signior Dildo.

15
Saint Albans, with Wrinkles and Smiles in his Face,
Whose kindness to strangers becomes his High Place,
With his Coach and Six Horses is gone to Pergo,
To take the fresh Air with Signior Dildo.

16
Were this Signior but known to the Citizen Fops,
He'd keep their fine Wives from their Foremen of Shops;
But the Rascalls deserve their Horns shou'd still grow,
For burning the Pope, and his Nephew Dildo.
Tom Killigrew’s Wife, North Hollands fine Flower,
At the Sight of this Signior did Fart and Belch Sower:
And then her Dutch Breeding farther to Show
Says, Welcome to England myn Hier Van Dildo.

He civilly came to the Cockpit one Night,
And proffer’d his Service to fair Madam Knight:
Quoth She, I Intreague with Captain Cazzo,
Your Nose in mine Arse good Seignior Dildo.

This Signior is sound, safe, Ready, and Dumb,
As ever was Candle, Carret, or Thumb:
Then away with these nasty devices, and show
How you rate the just merits of Signior Dildo.

Count Cazzo, who carries his nose very high,
In Passion he swore his Rival should dye:
Then shut up himself, to let the World know
Flesh and Blood could not bear it from Signior Dildo.

A Rabble of Pricks, who were welcome before,
Now finding the Porter deny’d ‘em the Door;
Mischievously waited his coming below,
And Inhumanly fell upon Signior Dildo.

Nigh wearied out, the poor Stranger did fly,
And along the Pall-mall they follow’d full Cry:
The Women concern’d, from every Window,
Cry’d, Oh, for Heav’n’s Sake, save Signior Dildo!

The good Lady Sands burst into a Laughter,
To see how the Bollox came wailing after;
And had not their weight retarded the Foe
Indeed, ’t had gone hard with Signior Dildo.

Finis

[An Allusion to Tacitus]

Tacit: De Vit: Agro:

Ipsi Britannii dilectum at Tributa et Impigre abeunt, si
injuriae absint, has ægre tollerant, iam domiti ut
pareant nondum ut servient.

An Allusion:

The freeborn English Generous and wise
Hate chains but do not goverment despise:
Rights of the Crown, Tributes and taxes they,
When lawfully exacted freely pay.
Force they abhor, and wrongs they scorn to beare.
More guided by their judgement than their fear,
Justice with them is never held severe.
Here pow’r by Tyranny was never got,
Laws may perhaps enslave ‘em, force cannot.
Rash counsells here have still the worst effect,
The surest way to Reigne is to protect.
Kings are least safe in their unbounded will
Joynd with the wretched pow’r of doing ill.
Forsaken most when they’re most absolute
Laws guard the Man and only bind the Brute.
To force that guard, with the worst foe to joyn
Can never be a prudent Kings designe.
What King would change to be a Catiline,
The title of this early example of a shotgun satire is enclosed in brackets as conjectural; the original is without title or date. Probably it was written before September 16, 1663, when Lady Brudenell’s husband Robert inherited as second Earl of Cardigan, and she became Lady Cardigan (line 30).

On September 30, 1660, James, Duke of York (the King’s younger brother) secretly married Anne Hyde, daughter of Edward, Earl of Clarendon and Lord Chancellor. On May 21, 1662, King Charles II married Catherine of Braganza. Both the Queen and the Duchess had to have large entourages of servants: Ladies of the Bedchamber, Maids of Honor, Ladies of the Privy Chamber, and dressers. Most of the ladies listed in this satire had some kind of post at Court, where, according to the cynics, virtue was a worthless commodity. Pepys reported (February 21, 1665) that “my Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say that her daughter (not above a year old or two) will be the first mayde in the Court that will be married.”

The copy text is Bodleian MS. Don. b. 8, p. 179 (“Sir W. Haward’s Collection”).

Cary’s face is not the best,
But she as useful as the rest,
Though not so much alluring;
She’s near as good as Madam Wood
For pimping and procuring.

Strangely pleasant were their chats,
When Mayne and Steward played at flats,
Their marriage night so taught them;
Till Charles came there
And with his ware
Taught how their fathers got them.
Wells' broken vessels leak,  
Though fools their freedom have to speak,  
They take no honor from them;  
Whilst thou art there,  
They are sure to bear  
All that is laid upon them.  

Warmestry's brows are black as coal,  
Which makes me love her from my soul;  
But, I fear, she's faulty.  
For all her pride,  
Her cony's wide;  
She needs not be so haughty.

Boynton, Price and all the rest,  
Take heed of leap-frog, though in jest,  
Obey your reverend Mother,  
Who warns you all  
To none to fall  
But Caesar and his brother.

Brudenell long was innocent,  
But for the time she has misspent  
She'll make amends hereafter.  
Who can do more  
Than play the whore  
And pimp too for her daughter?

Shrewsbury hath sounding fits,  
You'd think she'd almost lose her wits,  
She lies so on the ground, sir;  
But Jermyn's tarse  
Will claw her arse  
And make her soon rebound, sir.

Killigrew is whore enough,  
And though her cunt be not so rough,
Her marriage day,
And then she will be right, sir.

Scroope, they say, hath no good breath,
But yet she's well enough beneath,
And hath a good figure;
Or with such ease
She could not please
The King's great secretary.

Waldgrave now is out of date,
For all her servants now of late
Have found her breath so stinking!
She mourns her luck,
For they'll not fuck
Unless they have been drinking.

Leveston is yet but small,
But she's the fairest of them all,
And hath as many graces.
For she can kill
Whenso e'er she will,
Such charming in her face is.

Byron fain would conquer still,
But now she only hath the will;
Her killing power is over;
And yet 'tis plain
She hurt Dick Lane,
But he's like to recover.

1. Cary, Susanna Cary, daughter of Sir Ferdinand Cary, was one of Queen Catherine's Maids of Honor. In 1679 the King gave her £2,000 bounty, presumably toward her marriage (CTB, 1670, p. 669). Since the poet charged her only with "pimping and procuring," an easy indictment, the chances are that she was reasonably virtuous.

4. Wood. Mary, Lady Wood, formerly Mary Gardner, one of Queen Henrietta Maria's Maids of Honor, married in November, 1651, Sir Henry Wood in Paris. After the Restoration, Sir Henry became Clerk of the Board of the Queen's Cloth, and his wife became one of Queen Catherine's dressers. After Lady Wood died of smallpox in 1665, Pepys remarked (March 17, 1665) that she was "a good-natured woman and a good wife, but for all that it was never believed she was as others were." Lady Wood's daughter, Mary, married Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton, in 1671, and died November 15, 1680, aged seventeen.

7. Moyne. Barbara (Villiers) Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber, and the King's chief mistress; see Appendix, Cleveland. Steward Frances Teresa Sturt, one of the Queen's Maids of Honor; see Appendix, Richmond. At flax. Lesbian practices. See "The Ladies' Complaint to Venus," c. 1661 (Landowne MS. 852, L.43) in which Venus scolds the ladies,

you are to blame
And have got a new game
Called flax, with a swinging gitteru.

8. marriage right. According to pullible Mr. Pepys (February 8, 1663), Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stuart went through a mock wedding ceremony one night, "but in the close, it is said that Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place with pretty Miss Stuart. This is said to be very true.

12. Wells. Winifred Wells, youngest daughter of Gilbert Wells of Twyford, Harrow, was one of the Queen's original Maids of Honor, and one of the King's many mistresses. It was said that she had dropped a child during a Court ball, perhaps on December 31, 1662 (Pepys, February 8, 1663). On February 20, 1665, a gossip reported that the King had given her £1,500 or £2,000 (Sixth Report, p. 377B). On September 7, 1672, the King gave her £2,150 (CSPD, 1672, p. 627), probably as a marriage portion. On July 14, 1673, she owned her marriage to Thomas Windham, one of the King's squires, and the Queen appointed her as a dresser (Williamson, 1, 194). She remained in the Queen's service until 1692.

18. Warrens. Elinor or Eline Warrens was one of the Queen's Maids of Honor. She figures in Hamilton's Memoirs of Court Grammar (I, 105, 135; II, 29), "Miss Warrens was known; she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, and [in] tempting looks." Although unmarried, she was "very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the Court." The father of her by-blow may have been William, Lord Tufton. Eventually she married John Machein, of Hills, Sussex.

22. cony. Vagina.

24. Boynton. Katherine, daughter of Colonel Matthew Boynton of Barnston, Yorks., was one of the Queen's Maids of Honor. In May or June, 1669, she married Colonel Richard ("Lyon Dick") Talbot, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. Katherine died in 1678. Price. Henrietta Maria, daughter of Sir Robert Price, The Priory, Brecon., was also one of the Queen's Maids of Honor. On December 4, 1675, she married Alexander Stanhope of the Inner Temple, a widower and younger son of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Derby. The King gave her a warrant for a dowry of £2,500. She died in October, 1674, and three years later Stanhope claimed the dowry, which was still unpaid (Westminster Abbey Registers, CTB, 1676–79, p. 582).
26. reverend mother. Bridget, wife of Sir William Sanderson (1585–1676) was “Mother of the Maids of Honor” to the Queen until she died, January 17, 1682, aged eighty-nine.

30. Bradenell. Lady Anne, fourth daughter of Thomas Savage, Earl Rivers, was the second wife of Robert Bradenell (1587–1603), who inherited as second Earl of Cardigan on September 16, 1663. Lady Bradenell seems to have been respectable enough, but as the mother of the beautiful but indolent Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, she was damned by association.

36. Shrewsbury. Anna Maria (Bradenell), second wife of Francis Talbot (1623–68), eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury. See Appendix, Shrewsbury.

39. Jeromy. Henry Jeromy (1636–1708), Master of the Horse to the Duke of York and a handsome little man with a large head, was an irrepressible lover. On August 17, 1662, Jeromy fought an impromptu duel with Captain Thomas Howard, his rival for Lady Shrewsbury’s favours. Jeromy’s second, Giles Rawling, was killed, and Jeromy was seriously wounded (Pepys, August 19, 1662).

42. Killigrew. Probably Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Killigrew, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen. At this time Elizabeth was one of the Queen’s dressers and unmarried; hence the emphasis on her “portion.” She married Sir Francis Clinton (1635–93), son of the fifth Earl of Lincoln and a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Lady Clinton was buried in Westminster Abbey on December 11, 1677.

48. Shirley. Dame Anne Shirley, widow of Sir Thomas Shirley, an obscure lady, seems to have lived at the King’s expense (see CSPD, 1665–66, p. 424). On December 22, 1663, the King gave her £360 as “royal bounty” (CTJR, 1660–67, p. 565).

52. Carlisle. Charles Howard (c.1629–95), son of Sir William Howard of Naworth, Cumb., was created on April 30, 1661, Earl of Carlisle. In 1663 he was ambassador to Russia. According to Burnet’s Own Time, II, 265, Carlisle “had been in great favor with Cromwell. . . and had then run into a high profession of religion; to the pitch of praying and preaching at their meetings. But after the Restoration he shirked that off and ran into a course of vice.”

54. Middleton. The beautiful and notorious Jane Middleton, a famous beauty; see Appendix, Middleton.

57. Castlemaine Barbara (Villiers) Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, the King’s chief mistress; see Appendix, Cleveland, p. 116.

58. Savile. Probably Lady Frances Savile, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Sussex. In June, 1668, she married Francis, Lord Bradenell, son of Robert, second Earl of Cardigan. In Scandal Tipt (1692), Harleian MS. 6913, p. 309, she is described as“grinning Bradenell, nown mother’s braut, Famed for sly lust and pert provoking chat.”

Lady Frances died June 6, 1695; her husband in 1698.

64. Bates. Possibly Charles Bates, a very minor courtier. He was the second husband of Anne, widow (1657) of Edward, Lord Clinton.

66. Wensell. Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield of Oxborough, Norfolk, and wife of Thomas Wensell of East Peckham, Kent, was a flirt, but would not satisfy her lover, Hamilton (see Grammont, II, 95, 210). Of course, it was all amorous.