

# Altered Judgment: Poison in Early Modern England

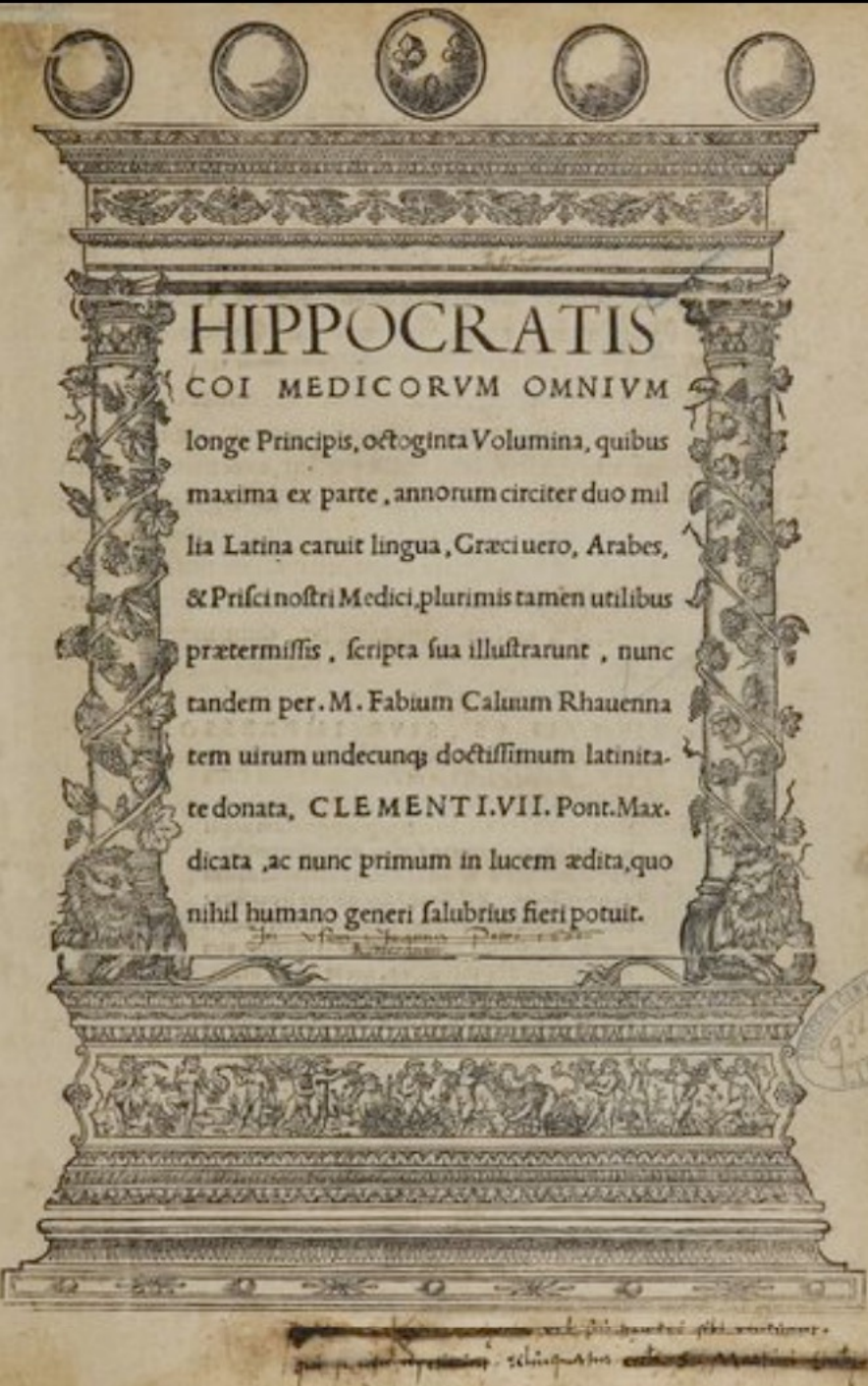
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Altered States of Consciousness and Literature

5-7 June 2024

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Hippocrates' Eighty Small Works (1525)

Galen's Art of Physick (1652) translated by Nicholas Culpeper

**G A L E N S**  
ART OF  
**P H Y S I C K :**

Wherein is laid down,

1. A Description of Bodies, Healthful, Unhealthful, and Neutral.
2. Signs of good and bad Constitutions.
3. Signs of the  

Brain, Heart, Liver, Testicles, Temperature, Lungues, Stomach, &c.	}	being too	}	Hot,
				Cold,
				Dry,
				Moist,
				Hot and dry, Hot and moist, Cold and dry, Cold and moist.
4. Signs and Causes of Sicknes.

With many other excellent things, the Particulars of which the Table of Chapters will specify.

Translated into English, and largely Commented on; Together with convenient Medicines for all particular Distempers of the Parts, a Description of the Complexions, their Conditions, and what Diet and Exercise is fittest for them.

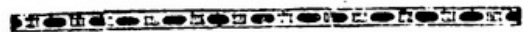
By *Nich. Culpeper*, Gent. Student in Physick and Astrologie.

*Nosce teipsum.*

LONDON:  
Printed by Peter Cole, at the sign of the Printing-Press in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange. 1652.



A  
**COVNTER-  
 BLASTE TO**  
 Tobacco.



Imprinted at London  
 by R. B.  
 Anno 1604.

King James  
*A Counterblast to  
 Tobacco* (1604)

Thomas Tuke's *A  
 Treatise Against  
 Painting and Tincturing  
 of Men and Women*  
 (1616)

A  
**TREATISE**  
**AGAINST PAIN-  
 TING AND TINCTVRING**  
 OF MEN AND WOMEN:

Against { *Murther and Poysoning:*  
*Pride and Ambition:*  
*Adulterie and Witchcraft.*

AND THE ROOTE OF ALL THESE,  
*Disobedience to the Ministry of the word.*

WHEREVNTO IS ADDED  
 The picture of a picture, or, the Character  
 of a Painted Woman.

By THOMAS TUKE, *Minister of Gods word at  
 Saint Giles in the Fields.*

ROM. 6.  
 The wages of sinne is death.

*Quot vitia, tot venena.*  
 A deceitfull heart hath deceiued them: they consider not  
 that a lie is in their face.

LONDON,  
 Printed by *Tho. Creed, and Barn. Allsop, for Edward  
 Merchant dwelling in Pauls Church-yard,  
 neere the Crosse. 1616.*





# The Overbury Affair – The Characters

- Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex
- Frances Howard
- Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset
- Sir Gervase Elwes
- Richard Weston
- James Franklin
- Anne Turner
- Thomas Overbury

## A Sorrowfull Song[,]

Made upon the murther and untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury Knight, w[ho] was poysoned in the Tower of London, by the consent and damnable practices of divers envious person in this Land. To the tune of Essex good night.



The saddest tale that ever was told,  
With sorrowfull sobs I here begin,  
[Wh]at trembling feares from young & old  
May fright away so bloody a sinne.

[S[ir] Thomas Overbury was he,  
For whom my heavy heart makes mone:  
Never was Knight of his degree,  
By fained love thus overthrowne.

In Englands Court he was approv'd,  
A wise, a kinde, and courteous Knight,  
Of rich and poore likewise belov'd  
For vertue was his hearts delight.

Where sin prevailld, his counsells gave  
Still caveats to his choycest friends,  
How God would no proceedings have,  
That aimed not at noble ends,

And where he lov'd he could not hate,  
But tould them still of their amisse:  
Though personages of noble state,  
How wanton will dishonor is.

Hereat both grudge, and envy lurk't  
Within those hearts to mischief bent,  
Who being toucht, a practise work't,  
That he to Londons Tower was sent.

Yet still suspecting nothing [le]sse,  
Then their best loves to [h?] in deard,  
With pa[ti]ence past he heaviness[?]  
And of their falshood little feard.

[?]

[?]

Prepared they a poyson strong,  
His liberty by death to bring.

The which was by one *Weston* broug[ht]  
A messenger of deadly spight:  
Unknowne (God wot) there to have wrou[ght]  
The death of this renowned Knight.

But God not suffring [w]as [?],  
At first to take his [?] away  
Another draught was sent agen,  
Impatient of sunch [l]ong delay.

By Tarts and dishes of repast,  
With deadly poyson saust therein,  
Desiring still a speedy hast,  
To finish up this bloody sinne.

At which he tooke with thankfulness,  
A[s] dainties from his loving friends:  
Untill at last all comfortles,  
His gentle life with poyson ends,

For whom much heavy [me?e] was m[?]  
But chiefly of his kindred deare:  
[?]t envy had not him betr[a]yed  
He might have lived full many a year

But *Weston* that attended still,  
Like *Judas* on his maisters [d]ish.  
Wrought cunningly with right good [will]  
Performanc of a cursed wish.

For enviously when he was dead,  
To cover by the murther more:  
[?] would [?] spread  
[?]

## The Second part of the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

To the same tune.



OF which (good Knight) he rotting dyed,  
To him and to his friends disgrace:  
Was ever man so false belyed,  
By flanders from a varlet base.

[A]lasse good Knight too well is knowne,  
The wofull manner of thy death:  
By envy thou art overthrowne,  
Yet live thy [mas]ses still on earth.

Yea all the Plotters of thy fall  
By whom thou hast beene bought and sold:  
Are now by heaven discovered all,  
And not a practise left untold.

And blood for blood for vengeance cryes,  
As law and justice doth ordaine:  
[S]o murder long in secret lyes,  
Where Conscience lives in lingring paine.

Though long this murder lay unknowne,  
The Lord at last brought all to light:  
And for the same full many a one,  
Just have the doomes of law by right.

First *Weston* he hath suffered de[at]h,  
For this his wilfull black offence,  
[?]ay never more in such a path,  
[?]un races to the like pretence.

[C]hiefe instrument this wretch was made,  
[T]o act the plots of sad [?]isse:  
[W]hose flattering tongue full soone betraid,  
[H]is life (good Knight) that murdered is.

FINIS.

Next *Turners* wife for borrowed grace,  
Of Greatnes, dipt her hands in blood:  
She brought in poysoned drugges apace,  
Where death and danger chiefly stood.

For which too late s[e]e did repent,  
With many a bitter weeping teare:  
And so through London streets was sent,  
To pay fo[r] [th]ose offences deare.

And *Franklin* thats condemnd to dye,  
With guilty conscience hath confest:  
What in his heart did secret lye,  
To give his burthened be[s?m]e rest.

Theres many more whose credits late,  
In Englan[d] florisht with renowne:  
Whose graceles lives from good estate,  
Hath tumbled all good fortune downe.

But God hee knows how they shall spee[d]  
When Justice shall their cases try:  
Well may their hearts with sorrow blee[d]  
That forst so good a Knigt to dye,

His blood no doubt reveng'd will be,  
On every one that h[a]d a hand  
Therein, that all the world may see,  
The royall Justice of our Land.

And for our King that so maintaines,  
True Justice, let us hourelly pray:  
Our safeties all on him remains,  
And so God grant they ever may,

Imprinted at London for I.W.

*Mistris Turners  
Farewell to all women.*

*Angell (turn'd Divell) Pride:  
by thee I fell  
When heere on earth I dwelt  
too th pit of Hell:  
Yet spite of all thy Poysons,  
I am faire  
Now in Gods eyes,  
Women by me Beware.*



*Mistris Turner.*

*Lady Pride.*

*T* Hou, of all sinnes the first, of all, the highest,  
Because thou fell'st from Heaven before Mans fall,  
Who, when to Happines thou wert the highest,  
In envy of the best of all, lost all.  
2 *Wo* worth that whorish face of thine, which tempted  
Me to more Hells then thou hast vaine attires,  
For which my spotted Soule, is not exempted  
(Without Gods mercy) from eternall fires.  
3 *Shee*. Divell, (destroyer both of man and Woman,  
That with thy sorcerous Drugges didst catch my Soule:  
To the last Barre Tribunal, thee I summon,  
Where I shall stand all white, thou black and foule.  
4 *Wash*d are my spots away by Christs red passion,  
For I am there whence headlong thou wert throwne:  
And now I glory in triumphant fashion,  
That thou art there whether I should have gone:  
From Heaven thou fellst to Hell, and I being drown'd  
In Sinnes, got up and now in Heaven sit Crown'd.

*T* Hou, of all Woemen worst of all, the basest,  
Who (when I am of Sinnes the worst and proudest,  
And throwne from Heaven me in thy bosome placest;  
And what thy heart lov'd best, now rail'st at loudest.  
2 *'Tis* not thy hate of Pride, makes thee to cry  
Wo worth my Whorish Face, but tis because  
Thy Pride hath caught her fall, and thou must dye,  
And frighted art with Hells devouring Jaws.  
3 *Enough* it is for me that I have made thee  
Dranke with my cup: nor care I though thou boast  
That from eternall fires Gods mercy staid thee:  
For say thy soule be sav'd, thy bodyes lost.  
4 *As* for thy yellowed Ruffes, phantastick Tires,  
Paintings, and Poysonings (now by thee abhorred)  
I laugh to see thee wrap them up in fires,  
For Pride hath more to bewitch many a Forehead.  
And though thy soule should climbe the highest Sphere,  
Ile pluck downe thousands that shall nere come there.

*Printed for John Trundle.*

*Mistris Turners  
Farewell to all women.*

*Angell (turn'd Divell) Pride:  
by thee I fell  
When heere on earth I dwelt  
too th pit of Hell:  
Yet spite of all thy Poysons,  
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Women by me Beware.*



*Mistris Turner.*

*Lady Pride.*



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,  
OR  
THE POYSONED KNIGHTS COMPLAINT.



Within this house of Death, A dead man lies,  
Whose blood like Abels up for vengeance cries:  
Time hath revealed what to trueth belongs,  
And Justice sword is drawne to right my wrongs:  
You poysoned mindes did me with poyson Kill,  
Let true Repentance purge you from that ill.



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Let true Repentance purge you from that ill.

Great powerfull God, whom all are bound to love,  
How gracelesse bad, doth Man (thy Creature) prove?  
Thy Supream Creature over all the rest,  
(In number numberlesse to bee exprest.)  
To whom thou gavest grace to bee his guide,  
Reason with Understanding, and beside,  
Thy Law to be direction for his wayes,  
Which unto Sinners view, thy Judgements layes,  
Those fearefull plagues pronounc'd for ugly Sinne,  
Which with the first created, did beginne,  
Who by the Law of Nature understood,  
To make a difference of bad deedes and good.  
By which enlightning, that is given us,  
No Nation Heathenish, and Barbarous,  
(Farthest remote from true religions light)  
But can distinguish betwixt wrong and right,  
Those that to Christ did never yet belong,  
Can tell they do amisse, when they do wrong,  
And that there is a Justice to be done,  
And shamefull actions, which they are to shun,  
Yet never age, since Nature first began,  
Wherein man was not Devill unto man,  
In practising most opposite to kinde,  
Inhumane actions out of bloody minde.  
Behold the first that in the World was borne,  
With his rejected Sacrifice of Corne,  
Because his Brothers gifts more grace did yeeld,  
Lift up his hand against him in the field,  
And with a cruell hart obdurate ill,  
Did innocent pure-thoughted Abell kill.  
When *Joab* sent for *Abner* (as a friend)  
Hee came to *Hebron*, for a peacefull end,  
Where, as in armes hee lent a cheerefull smile,  
He gave his heart a mortall stab the while.  
Gods holy History hath many more  
Humane records, Innumerable store.

What intercepting hath there bin of lives,  
By Pistols, Stabbing, Powder, Daggers, Knives:  
Drowning and Hanging, and strange murdering?  
As second *Edward*, sometimes Englands King,  
Whom an incarnate Divell did torment,  
With red hot Spit into his fundament.  
Some in their beds have acted tragick Scenes,  
As those two Princes, which by *Glosters* meanes,  
(Their cruell Uncle, Fathers unkind Brother)  
Villaines betwene the sheetes to death did smother.  
Some in unwonted manner done to death,  
As *George* the Duke of *Clarence* lost his breath,  
When with heeles upwards he was strangely put,  
To suffer drowning in a *Malmesey* But,  
Yet besides all these damned plots to kill,  
And thousands more from Hell transported still,  
The Divell hath a poyson working Art,  
In which of late I shar'd a mortall part.  
A Rapier drawne, and at thy heart aim'd just,  
May be put by and made a broken thrust:  
A Dagger offer'd for anothers paine,  
Hath bin return'd into the stabbers braine:  
A Pistol shot with an intent to kill,  
Hath mist the marke, and party living still:  
But this life-killing poyson, curesles Ioe,  
The bodies hopeles, helples overthrowe:  
Brings with it nothing but pale deaths command,  
Depriving life with a remorseles hand.  
Oh sacred Justice! evermore renownd  
In thy uprightines of revenge late found:  
Proceede with vengeance as thou didst begin,  
To punish *Caines* most bloody crying sinne:  
Let not a murderer remaine conceal'd,  
Nor breath alive when being once reveal'd.  
This is the suite wrong'd Innocents doe crave,  
This is the Justice that the Heavens will have.

Samuel Rowlands.

Imprinted at London for John White.





JAMES

FRANKLIN

# A Kentishman of Maidstone, his owne

Arraignment, Confession, Condemnation, and Judgement  
of Himselfe, whilst hee lay Prisoner in the Kings Bench  
for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury.

I Am Arraign'd at the black dreadfull Barre,  
Where Sinnes (so red as Scarlet) Judges are  
All my Indictments are my horrid Crimes,  
Whose Story will affright succeeding Times,  
As (now) they drive the present into wonder,  
Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder.  
If any asks what Evidence comes in,  
O 'tis my Conscience, which hath ever bin  
A thousand witnesses: and now it tells  
A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells.  
The Jury are my Thoughts (upright in this,)  
They sentence me to death for doing amisse:  
Examinations more there need not then,  
Than what's confest heere both to God and Men.  
The Crier of the Court is my black Shame,  
Which when it calls my Jury, doth proclaime  
Unles (as they are summon'd) they appeare,  
To give true Verdict of the Prisoner,  
They shall have heavy Fines upon them set,  
Such, as may make them dye deep in Heavens debt.  
About mee round sit Innocence and Truth,  
As Clerkes to this high Court, and little Ruth  
From Peoples eyes is cast upon my face.  
Because my facts are barbarous, damn'd, and base.  
The Serjeants that about mee (thick) are plac'd,  
To guard me to my death, (when I am cast)  
Are the black stings my speckled soule now feeles,  
Which like to Furies dog me close at heeles.  
The Hangman, that attends me is Despaire,  
And gnawing wormes my fellow-Prisoners are.

### His first Inditement for Murder.

The first who (at this Sessions) loud doth call me,  
Is Murder, whose grim visage doth appall me,  
His eyes are fires, his voyce rough windes outrores,  
And on my head the Divine Vengeance scores:  
So fast and fearfully I sinke to ground,  
And wish I were in twenty Oceans drown'd.  
He says I have a bloudy villaine bin,  
And (to prove this) ripe Evidence steps in,  
Brow'd like myselfe: Justice so brings about,  
That black sinnes still hunt one another out:  
'Tis like a rotten frame ready to fall,  
For one maine Post being shaken, puls downe all.  
To this Indictment, (holding up my hand,)  
Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I stand,  
And being ask'd what to the bill I say,  
Guilty I cry. O dreadfull Sessions-day!

### His second Indictment for poisoning.

Another, forthwith bids me come to th Barre,  
(Poysion) that Hel-borne cunning Sorcerer,  
That windes himselfe into a thousand formes,

And when the day is brightest flings downe stormes.  
This hath an Angels face, a Mermaids tongue,  
And notes of much destruction it hath sung.  
This, is the Coward Sinne, which (like a Pill,)  
When 'tis most gulded, is most sure to kill.  
Whether this Hel-hovnd strike at Morne or Night,  
So trecherous, close, and speedy in his fight,  
That Armors all-of-prooffe, nor Towers of Stone,  
Can barre his bloody Execution.  
This Snake with the smooth skin hiss'd out my name  
Mongst others more, and venom'd me with shame  
That rancles to the soule. It says that I  
(For a poore golden handfull) did defie  
Heaven and Salvation, when I gave consent  
To teare the bowels of an Innocent  
With lingring poysons of themselves too strong,  
But that their working God put off so long:  
That darker deeds (by this) the light may try,  
Which now perhaps in worsor bosomes lye.  
To this Inditement holding up my hand,  
(Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I stand)  
And being ask'd what to the Bill I say,  
Guilty I cry. O dreadfull Sessions-Day!

### His third for raising of Spirits etc.

IN rushes then a heape of Accusations,  
For all those Godlesse damn'd Abominations:  
Rais'd by the black Art, and a Conjurers spell:  
As to call Spirits even from the deepest Hells,  
To fetch back thieves that with stoin goods are gone,  
And calculate navities: such a one  
Credulity of fooles and women made me,  
And to that glorious infamy betraide me.  
A Cunning man, a Wise man were my stile,  
When I both plaid the Foole and Knave the while.  
Art knew I none, nor did I ever reach  
A bough of learnings tree: what I did teach  
To others, or did practise, it was all  
Cheating, false, apish, diabollicall.  
To this being likewise ask'd, what I can say,  
I guilty cry. O dreadfull Sessions day!  
This Devils coate to my body made I fit,  
Brave was the outside, thrid-bare was the wit.

### His Judgment.

For these thick Stygian streams in which th'ast swom  
Thy guilt hath on the laid this bitter doome;  
Thy loath'd life on a tree of shame must take  
A leave compeld by Law, er' e old age make  
Her signed pass-port ready. Thy offence,  
No longer can for daies on earth dispense  
Time blot thy name out of this bloody roole,  
And so the Lord have mercy on thy soule.



Hee was executed the 9. of December. 1615.

Imprinted at London for J.T.

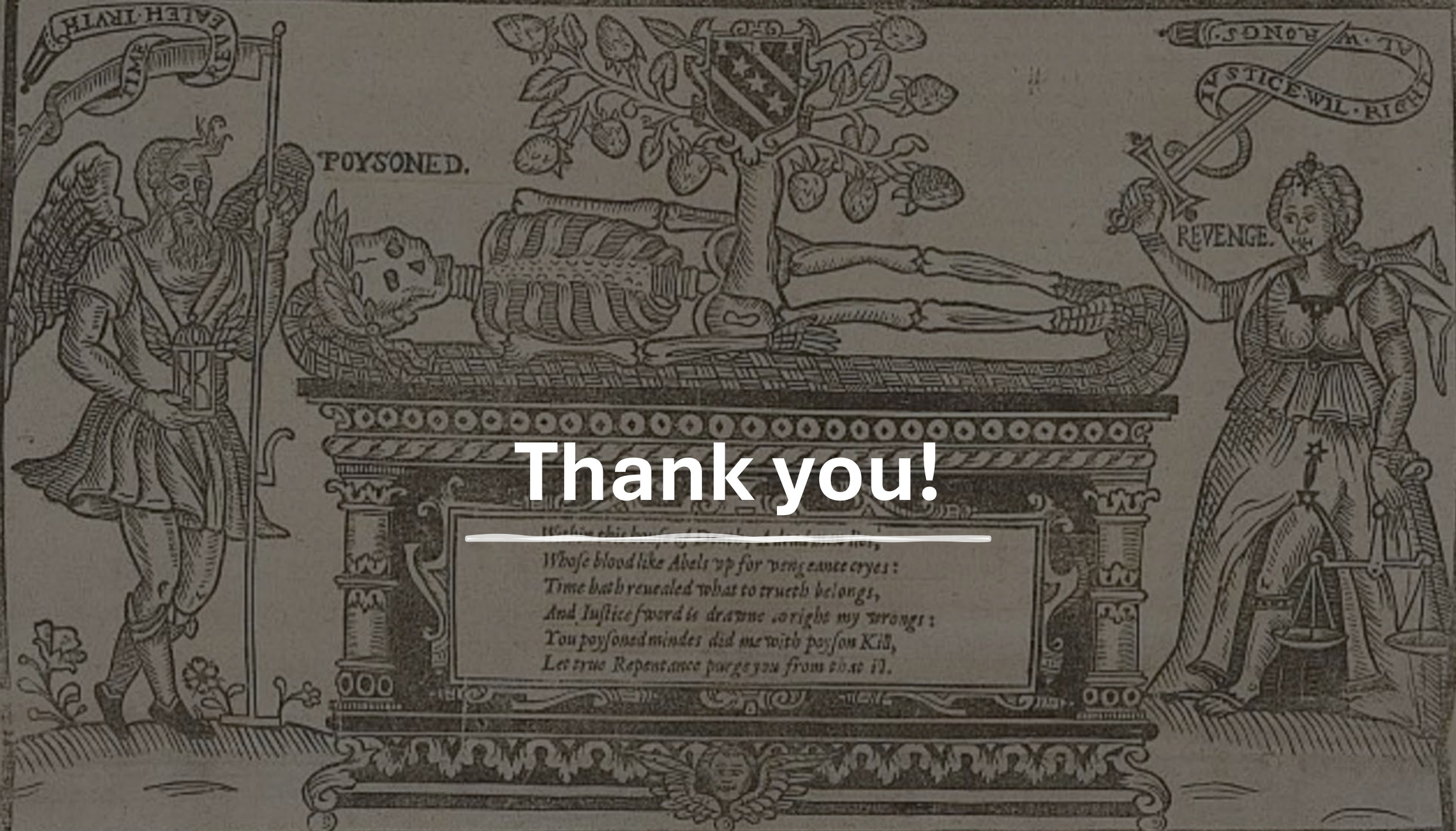


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