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WEATHERS (1850)

BY J. W. WHEAT

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L I





PHILIP MASSINGER.

C. Grignion sculp.
Published by T. Evans, Strand, 1779.

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER
COMPLETE,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
BY JOHN MONCK MASON, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS
CRITICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD ENGLISH
DRAMATICK WRITERS;

AND

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
MASSINGER, INSCRIBED TO DR. S. JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in RUSSEL-STREET; T. PAYNE and
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in the STRAND; W. DAVIS, in PICCADILLY;
and H. PAYNE, in PALL-MALL.

MDCCLXXIX. 6.

THE
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WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY
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TO WHICH IS ADDED
A HISTORY AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
AND A COLLECTION OF HIS REMAINS
BY JOHN MASON MASSINGER

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. B. ROBERTSON, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre, and by J. H. BARNES, in Strand, near the Theatre, 1794.

TO BE HAD OF THE BOOKSELLERS

IN GREAT BRITAIN

AND IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY J. B. ROBERTSON, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre, and by J. H. BARNES, in Strand, near the Theatre, 1794.

AND OF THE BOOKSELLERS

IN GREAT BRITAIN

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P R E F A C E.

THE dramatic Productions of the Age of *Shakespeare* have long afforded me a favourite Amusement ; charmed with the sublime Conceptions, the natural Sentiments, the poetical Diction, and the flowing Numbers of the Writers of that Period, nay, even with the romantic Incidents of their *ancient Stories*, they appear to me more amusing and more natural, than the concealed Princes, distracted Mothers, and critical Discoveries, which in general form the uninteresting Plots of our modern Tragedies, (I peruse them repeatedly with undiminished Satisfaction ;) yet, notwithstanding my Partiality for this Kind of Reading, and some Pains I had taken to gratify it, I never heard of *Massinger* till about two Years ago, when a Friend of mine, who knew my Inclination, sent me a Copy of his Works, from whence I received that high Degree of Pleasure, which they cannot fail to give to every Reader of Taste and Feeling.

It is strange, that a Writer of such evident Excellence should be so little known ; and remain for a Century in a State of Obscurity, from which even a modern Edition of his Works has failed to redeem him ; but that Edition, it must be confessed, did not merit a very favour-

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able Reception from the Publick; the Editor, who seems to have possessed but a small Share either of Judgment or Attention, having retained in the Text a Number of Blunders which appear at first Sight, and the Amendments in many Places, are as obvious as the Errors—had it required much Labour to investigate either, the Task of publishing the present Edition would never have fallen to my Lot; but, having contracted a Habit of rectifying in the Margin the Mistakes that I discover in any Book before me, these Emendations of *Massinger* were made as I read him, and intended for my private Satisfaction only; they happened, however, to be seen accidentally by two of my Friends, who expressed their Approbation of them in very flattering Terms, and joined in requesting that I would suffer them to be printed:---I had not in Truth the Vanity to suppose, that Corrections made in this cursory Manner could be worthy of the Press, but in Deference to their Judgment I gave them to the Public.

As the whole of *Massinger's* Plays, and one Half at least of those of *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*, were published whilst the Authors were living, it is surprizing they should be handed down in so depraved a State, that Industry, Learning, and Genius, have hitherto been in vain exerted to restore them: it gives us Room to suspect, that, content with present Profit and present Applause, they but little regarded the Sentiments of Posterity; yet, it is generally supposed, that Persons of elevated Genius look forward to Immortality, and consider future Fame as their noblest Reward.---Notwithstanding the Labours of

Messrs. *Theobald, Seward and Sympfon*, their joint Edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher* is almost as incorrect as that of *Massinger*; † nor have even the eminent Abilities of *Johnson* produced a perfect Edition of *Shakespeare*; ---tho' assisted by the Sagacity of Five preceding Editors, * and by many judicious Observations that have, at Times, been published; on particular Parts of that inimitable Poet; he has left many Passages in his Edition that still require Correction, and in others has too readily admitted Amendments, where Explanation only was necessary; yet, if we consider the universal Erudition of this extraordinary Man, the Vigour of his Understanding, the Strength of his Imagination †, and his accurate Knowledge of the English Language, it must be confessed, that there is no other Person of the present Age so thoroughly qualified for that Task—there is one Qualification, however, in which I suspect that *Johnson* was deficient, and from which, had he possessed it, he must have derived a material Advantage: the Qualification I mean, is an intimate Acquain-

† A correct and much improved Edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher* was published very lately. D.

* Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton.

† I consider Imagination as one of the Qualities which it is requisite an Editor of *Shakespeare* should possess; for without Imagination it will be impossible for him to form an Idea of some of that Poet's sublimest Flights, and he cannot explain what he does not conceive.—One of the most learned and ingenious Men of this Age has published an Edition of *Shakespeare*, but being totally devoid of poetical Imagination, and applying those Talents to Verse which Nature had confined to Prose, he not only failed in the Attempt, but exposed himself to the fair ridicule of Persons whose Abilities were inferior to his own.

tance with the Writings of the other dramatic Poets of *Shakespeare's* Age; * for contemporary Authors are Comments on each other; and there are many Passages in our ancient Writers, that, separately considered, appear erroneous, which, when compared with the other Productions of that Period, are found agreeable to the received Usage and Language of the Time. The Supposition, that *Johnson* was not thoroughly conversant with the Writers contemporary with *Shakespeare*, is founded on this Circumstance, that altho' we find frequent Quotations in his Dictionary, from *Blackmore*, *L'Estrange*, and other Authors of no great Estimation, there is not a single Quotation in that Work either from *Maffinger*, or *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, though they are clearly entitled to the highest Form amongst the classical Writers of the *English* Language; and might justly be considered as better Authority than even *Shakespeare* himself, for the proper Use of any Word or Expression; being more correct and grammatical than he is, and appearing to have had a more competent Knowledge of other Languages, which gave them a more accurate Idea of their own.—Had *Johnson* studied the Works of these Writers with more Attention, it would have contributed not only to improve his *Shakespeare*, but his Dictionary also.

WITH Respect to the general Merit of *Maffinger*, I shall add but little to what has been said in the Essay prefixed to the former Edition, and attributed to Mr. *Colman*; nor shall I attempt

* That supposed defect has been amply supplied in the last Edition of *Johnson's Shakespeare*, by Mr. *Steevens* and others. D.

to point out and enlarge upon, the many sublime and beautiful Passages that may be found interspersed through the whole of these Plays.—The Readers of Taste will discover these Beauties without a Prompter, and he who has none, will never acquire it from the slight Admonitions which Notes can convey: It is not, indeed, from certain brilliant Passages, that we should judge of the Merit of dramatic Compositions.—That *Massinger's*, take them for all in all, are more excellent than those of any Writer that has appeared since his Time, will readily be admitted: but I will go farther, and venture to assert, that none of his own contemporary Writers, in that golden Age of dramatic Poetry can clearly be preferred to him, *Shakespeare* and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* excepted.—Between him and *Jonson* no just Comparison can be drawn, their Manners of Writing are so entirely different. The inimitable * *Doings* of *Jonson* in the *Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman*, and also in the Comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, which is not inferior to any of the Three, will be admired to the End of Time, whilst his Tragedies will be forgotten, or received with Disgust, the Poet being lost in the pedantic Translator.—*Massinger* is as far above the Level of *Shirley*, as he is below that of *Shakespeare*; and those who shall join with me in adjudging the Preference to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, must at the same Time acknowledge, that some of *Massinger's* Compositions are equal to the best of theirs.

* The *Fox*, the *Alchemist* and *Silent Woman*,
Done by *Ben Jonson*, and outdone by no Man.

THERE is one particular Excellence indeed in which *Massinger* surpasses not only *Fletcher* but even *Shakespeare* himself; I mean the general Harmony of his Numbers;---he cannot boast of that boundless Variety, that discriminating Power of Expression, which enabled *Shakespeare* to appropriate, as it were, a peculiar Language to his principal Characters; but in the easy Flow of natural yet elevated Diction, *Massinger*, in my Judgment, has hitherto been unequalled*.

IT is in this very Talent that our modern Writers of Tragedy are particularly deficient: their constrained, unnatural Versification no more resembles the easy, poetic Numbers of *Massinger*, than the awkward strutting of a Person upon Stilts does the elegant Motions of a graceful Dancer. The Progress and Decline of that admirable Stile of Writing, are equally remarkable. It owes its Being to *Shakespeare*, the Poet of Nature; arrived in a short Time to its full Perfection; was adopted by every dramatic Writer of the Age with Success proportioned to their respective Abilities, and continued to flourish from the Middle of *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign to that of *Charles I.* when it began to decline, and has now for some Years been entirely discarded.---That a Manner of Writing of such manifest Excellence, so expressive, so poetical, so adapted to the Genius of the English Language, so according with

* I mean with Respect to the general Tenor of his Writings; for there are some particular Passages in *Shakespeare*, in which he surpasses every other Poet in his peculiar Excellence.

the Feelings of the human Heart, should, after it had been established for a Series of Years, be totally lost, and give Place to a Jargon the most unnatural, jejune and insipid that Words can compose; and that this Jargon should become so universally in Use with every Tragic Writer in these Days of Refinement, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish, by Stile alone, the Productions of any one of them from those of another, is one of those strange Revolutions in Taste, for which no satisfactory Cause can be assigned.---It would be unjust to impute it to a general Deficiency of Genius in our Writers, for some of them undoubtedly are not devoid of it. The Author of the Essay prefixed to these Plays, attributes it in some Measure to the Difuse of Blank Verse in most of our modern Compositions, Tragedy excepted; but I should suppose it to be principally occasioned by that violent Admiration of the French Theatre, which has prevailed for many Years in the fashionable World. Our Writers naturally endeavoured to imitate what they found so much admired, and with a Degree of Success which we have Reason to deplore, have adopted from the French not only the dull Regularity of their Plots, but the wearisome Monotony of their Versification:---In most of our Tragedies, the Imitation is so glaring, that they have lost the Appearance of original Compositions, and are written in the Tone and fettered Stile of Translation, not in that free and vigorous Language, in which those who possess any Spark of poetic Fire, express their Native, genuine Conceptions.---There may be, per-

haps, a few of these Pieces that do not justly fall under this general Censure; and there is one I must particularly except from it, I mean the Tragedy of *Braganza*, in which we find a Richness of poetical Diction, and that Harmony of Numbers, which we look for in vain in the other Productions of the Time.---I will venture to assert, that if the true dramatic Melody shall be revived in our Days, it will owe its Revival to the Author of *Braganza*, and the public Voice will confirm this Opinion, whenever the *Laws of Lombardy* shall find its Way to the Stage.

THOUGH I have expressed my Approbation of *Massinger's* Excellencies, I do not mean to represent him as a faultless Writer: it must be confessed, that, in common with the other great Poets of his Age, he has his gross Expressions, and his Scenes of Buffoonery: but this I consider as rather the Vice of the Times than of the Authors; they necessarily accommodated themselves to the Taste of the Audience, who would probably have disrelished the most elegant Entertainment they could have set before them, had not some of the Dishes been larded with Ribaldry.---When Men of Genius and of delicate Feelings concurred in playing the Fool, it is a Proof that Foolery was much in Repùte. The Reader will also discover in *Massinger* a few, and but a few, grammatical Inaccuracies, which having arisen from Inattention only, might have been easily corrected; but I consider it as Part of the Duty of an Editor, to distinguish between the Inadvertencies of the Author, and the Blunders of the Printer: he should spare no Pains to

rectify the latter, but the former he should leave as he finds them.

I SHALL conclude this Preface, which has far exceeded the Bounds I proposed to it, with a short Account of the Manner in which this Edition is conducted.

I HAVE admitted into the Text all my own Amendments, in Order that those who, pursuing Dr. *Johnson's* Advice in his excellent Preface to *Shakespeare*, may wish on the first Perusal of these Plays, to give free Scope to their Fancy and their Feelings, and without turning aside to verbal Criticism, may read them in that which appears to me the most perfect State; but, for the Satisfaction of more critical Readers, or of the same Readers on a second Perusal, I have directed that the Words rejected by me should be inserted in the Margin.

WHERE any Doubts can arise concerning the Justness of a Correction, I have assigned the Reason for it; but where they deviate but little from the Text, and the Propriety of them is so evident, that it must be acknowledged the Moment they are suggested, I have not insulted the Understandings of the Readers by enlarging upon them.

THERE is another considerable Improvement in this Edition, for which I expect no Degree of Credit, though it tends as materially to the Explanation of the Author as more conspicuous Emendations; I mean the Reformation of the

Pointing, which in the former Edition is extremely faulty : but the Merit of this Edition, in that Respect, can only be known by comparing it with the others, and if any Reader shall take that Trouble, he has more Curiosity than I should have in his Place.---I have not, however, attended to trifling Errors, or rectified the false Pointing, unless where it essentially affected the Sense.

I HAVE continued in this Edition the Essay on our old Dramatic Writers, because it is very well written ; and a short Account of *Massinger's* Life, is undertaken by one who, I doubt not, will execute that task with Care and Fidelity ; no Observations of the former Editor's are omitted, that could either contribute to the Information of the Readers, or to his own Reputation ; but where his Remarks were undoubtedly erroneous, I have not inserted them, merely to enjoy the Triumph of refuting him.---Those who delight in long Annotations, and Comparisons with Passages apparently similar in other Writers, will be much dissatisfied with this Edition, in which they will find but a few short Notes, and those merely explanatory ; but to gratify their Inclinations, I could have made that a Labour, which was meant for an Amusement ; which would indeed have been contrary to my own Judgment, who have always considered an unnecessary Note, as an offensive Interruption, and have never received any real Satisfaction from comparative Quotations ; I have therefore struck out many such, that I found in the former Edition, where the

Editor, misled by a single Word, has likened Passages that were not like at all.

It was not originally my Intention to give any Name to this Edition ; but it is suggested to me that an anonymous Publication would not answer the Purpose of rescuing this ancient Bard from Oblivion ; and that a Name, though unknown in the literary World, would contribute to attract the Curiosity of the Public : On this Consideration, I have ventured to enter the Lists as a Candidate for inferior Fame, as Dr. *Johnson* writes it, and without any sanguine Expectations of Applause :---yet I flatter myself, that this Edition of *Massinger* will be found more correct, (and Correctness is the only Merit it pretends to) than the best of those which have as yet been published of any other ancient dramatic Writer.

To EDWARD TIGHE, Esq; by whose Persuasion it was published, this Edition is Dedicated by his most sincere Friend and humble Servant,

J. MONCK MASON.

P. M. D. 1871. C. 1. 1.
Litho. printed by a firm in London.
London: the publishers.

It was not until the year 1871 that the first edition of this work was published. The work is a translation of the original Latin text, and is intended to be a complete and accurate representation of the original. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which contains the text of the original, and the second of which contains the translation. The work is written in a clear and concise style, and is intended to be a valuable aid to the student of the Latin language. The work is published by the publishers mentioned above, and is available in both paper and cloth editions.

Printed by the publishers mentioned above.
The publishers are the only ones to whom orders should be sent.
The price of the work is as follows: paper edition, 1s. 6d.; cloth edition, 2s. 6d.

Critical Reflections

ON THE

Old *English* Dramatic Writers;

AND PARTICULARLY

M A S S I N G E R.

ADDRESSED TO

DAVID GARRICK, *Esq*;

Clinical Reflections

OF THE

ART OF MEDICINE

AND SURGERY

IN THE

CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

OLD *English* DRAMATICK WRITERS.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

S I R,

IT is not unnatural to imagine that, on the first Glance of your Eye over the Advertisement of a new Pamphlet, addressed to yourself, you are apt to feel some little Emotion; that you bestow more than ordinary Attention on the Title, as it stands in the News-paper, and take Notice of the Name of the Publisher.—Is it Compliment or Abuse?—One of these being determined, you are perhaps eager to be satisfied, whether some coarse Hand has laid on Encomiums with a Trowel, or some more elegant Writer, (such as the Author of *The Actor*, for Instance) has done Credit to himself and you by his Panegyrick; or, on the other Hand, whether any offended Genius has employed those Talents against you, which he is ambitious of

exercising in the Service of your Theatre ; or some common Scribe has taken your Character, as he would that of any other Man or Woman, or Minister, or the King, if he durst, as a popular Topick of Scandal.

BE not alarmed on the present Occasion ; nor, with that Consciouſness of your own Merit, so natural to the Celebrated and Eminent, indulge yourself in an Acquiescence with the Justice of ten thousand fine Things, which you may suppose ready to be said to you. No private Satire or Panegyrick, but the general Good of the Republick of Letters, and of the Drama in particular, is intended. Though Praise and Dispraise stand ready on each Side, like the Vessels of Good and Evil on the right and left Hand of *Jupiter*, I do not mean to dip into either : Or, if I do, it shall be, like the Pagan Godhead himself, to mingle a due Proportion of each. Sometimes, perhaps, I may find Fault, and sometimes bestow Commendation : But you must not expect to hear of the Quickness of your Conception, the Justice of your Execution, the Expression of your Eye, the Harmony of your Voice, or the Variety and Excellency of your Deportment ; nor shall you be maliciously informed that you are shorter than *Barry*, leaner than *Quin*, and less a Favourite of the Upper Gallery than *Woodward* or *Shuter*.

THE following Pages are destined to contain a Vindication of the Works of *Massinger* ; one of our old dramattick Writers, who very seldom falls much beneath *Shakespeare* himself, and sometimes almost rises to a proud Rivalship of

his chiefeft Excellencies. They are meant too as a laudable, though faint, Attempt to refcuc thefe admirable Pieces from the too general Neglect, which they now labour under, and to recommend them to the Notice of the Publick. To whom then can fuch an Effay be more properly infcribed than to you, whom that Publick feems to have appointed, as its chief *Arbiter Deliciarum*, to prefide over the Amufements of the Theatre?—But there is alfo, by the bye, a private Reason for addreffing you. Your honeft Friend *Davies*, who, as is faid of the provident Comedians in *Holland*, fpend his Hours of Vacation from the Theatre in his Shop, is too well acquainted with the Efficacy of your Name at the Top of a Play-bill, to omit an Opportunity of prefixing it to a new Publication; hoping it may prove a Charm to draw in Purchafers, like the Head of *Shakespeare* on his Sign. My Letter too being anonymous, your Name at the Head will more than compensate for the Want of mine at the End of it: And our above-mentioned Friend is, no Doubt, too well verfed in both his Occupations, not to know the Confequence of Secrecy in a Bookfeller, as well as the Neceffity of concealing from the Publick many Things that pafs *behind the Curtain*.

THERE is perhaps no Country in the World more fubordinate to the Power of Fashion than our own. Every Whim, every Word, every Vice, every Virtue, in its Turn, becomes the Mode, and is followed with a certain Rage of Approbation for a Time. The favourite Stile in

all the polite Arts, and the reigning Taste in Letters, are as notoriously Objects of Caprice as Architecture and Dress. A new Poem, or Novel, or Farce, are as inconsiderately extolled or decried as a Ruff or a *Chinese* Rail, a Hoop or a Bow Window. Hence it happens, that the Publick Taste is often vitiated: Or if, by Chance, it has made a proper Choice, becomes partially attached to one Species of Excellence, and remains dead to the Sense of all other Merit, however equal or superior.

I THINK I may venture to assert, with a Confidence, that on Reflection it will appear to be true, that the eminent Class of Writers, who flourished at the Beginning of this Century, have almost entirely superseded their illustrious Predecessors. The Works of *Congreve*, *Vanburgh*, *Steele*, *Addison*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, &c. &c. are the chief Study of the Million: I say, of the Million, for as to those few, who are not only familiar with all our own Authors, but are also conversant with the Ancients, they are not to be circumscribed by the narrow Limits of the Fashion. *Shakespeare* and *Milton* seem to stand alone, like first-rate Authors, amid the general Wreck of old *English* Literature. *Milton* perhaps owes much of his present Fame to the generous Labours and good Taste of *Addison*. *Shakespeare* has been transmitted down to us with successive Glories; and you, Sir, have continued, or rather increased, his Reputation. You have, in no fulsome Strain of Compliment, been stiled the best Commentator on his Works: But have you not, like other Commentators, contracted a narrow, exclusive, Veneration of your Author? Has not

the Contemplation of *Shakespeare's* Excellencies almost dazzled and extinguished your Judgment, when directed to other Objects, and made you blind to the Merit of his Contemporaries? Under your Dominion, have not *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, nay even *Jonson*, suffered a Kind of theatrical Disgrace? And has not poor *Massinger*, whose Cause I have now undertaken, been permitted to languish in Obscurity, and remained almost entirely unknown.

To this perhaps it may be plausibly answered, nor indeed without some Foundation, that many of our old Plays, though they abound with Beauties, and are raised much above the humble Level of later Writers, are yet, on several Accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern Stage; that the Fable, instead of being raised on probable Incidents in real Life, is generally built on some foreign Novel, and attended with romantick Circumstances; that the Conduct of these extravagant Stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that dramatick Correctness prescribed by late Criticks, and practised, as they pretend, by the *French* Writers; and that the Characters, exhibited in our old Plays, can have no pleasing Effect on a modern Audience, as they are so totally different from the Manners of the present Age.

THESE, and such as these, might once have appeared reasonable Objections: But you, Sir, of all Persons, can urge them with the least Grace, since your Practice has so fully proved their Insufficiency. Your Experience must have

taught you, that when a Piece has any striking Beauties, they will cover a Multitude of Inaccuracies; and that a Play need not be written on the severest Plan, to please in the Representation. The Mind is soon familiarized to Irregularities, which do not sin against the Truth of Nature, but are merely Violations of that strict Decorum, of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient Spectators are we of the Inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling *Shakespeare*! What critical Catcall ever proclaimed the Indecency of introducing the Stocks in the Tragedy of *Lear*? How quietly do we see *Gloster* take his imaginary Leap from *Dover* Cliff! Or, to give a stronger Instance of Patience, with what a philosophical Calmness do the Audience doze over the tedious, and uninteresting, Love-scenes, with which the bungling Hand of *Tate* has coarsely pieced and patched that rich Work of *Shakespeare*!—To instance further from *Shakespeare* himself, the Grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention *Polonius*) are not only endured, but applauded; the very Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* is allowed to be Nature; the Transactions of a whole History are, without Offence, begun and completed in less than three Hours; and we are agreeably wafsted by the *Chorus*, or oftener without so much Ceremony, from one End of the World to another.

It is very true, that it was the general Practice of our old Writers, to found their Pieces on some foreign Novel; and it seemed to be their chief Aim to take the Story as it stood, with all its appendant Incidents of every Complexion, and throw it into Scenes. This Method was, to

be ſure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarrassed the Fable, leaving it deſtitute of that beautiful dramatiſk Connection, which enables the Mind to take in all its Circumſtances with Facility and Delight. But I am ſtill in Doubt, whether many Writers, who come nearer to our own Times, have much mended the Matter. What with their Plots, and Double-plots, and Counter-plots, and Under-plots, the Mind is as much perplexed to piece out the Story, as to put together the diſjointed Parts of our ancient Drama. The Comedies of *Congreve* have, in my Mind, as little to boaſt of Accuracy in their Conſtruction, as the Plays of *Shakeſpeare*; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidſt the moſt open Violation of the leſſer critical Unities, one Point is more ſteadily purſued, one Character more uniformly ſhewn, and one grand Purpoſe of the Fable more evidently accompliſhed in the Productions of *Shakeſpeare* than of *Congreve*.

THESE Fables (it may be further objected) founded on romantick Novels, are unpardonably wild and extravagant in their Circumſtances, and exhibit too little even of the Manners of the Age in which they were written. The Plays too are in themſelves a Kind of heterogeneous Compoſition; ſcarce any of them being, ſtrictly ſpeaking, Tragedy, Comedy, or even Tragi-comedy, but rather an indigeſted Jumble of every Species thrown together,

THIS Charge muſt be confeſſed to be true: But upon Examination it will, perhaps, be found

of less Consequence than is generally imagine d
 These Dramatick Tales, for so we may best stile
 such Plays, have often occasioned much Pleasure
 to the Reader and Spectator, which could not
 possibly have been conveyed to them by any
 other Vehicle. Many an interesting Story,
 which, from the Diversity of its Circumstances,
 cannot be regularly reduced either to Tragedy or
 Comedy, yet abounds with Character, and con-
 tains several affecting Situations: And why such
 a Story should lose its Force, dramatically rela-
 ted and assisted by Representation, when it plea-
 ses, under the colder Form of a Novel, is diffi-
 cult to conceive. Experience has proved the Ef-
 fect of such Fictions on our Minds; and con-
 vinced us, that the Theatre is not that barren
 Ground, wherein the Plants of Imagination will
 not flourish. *The Tempest, The Midsummer Night's
 Dream, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It,
 Twelfth Night, The Faithful Shepherdes of Fletcher,*
 (with a much longer List that might be added
 from *Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher,* and
 their Contemporaries, or immediate Successors)
 have most of them, within all our Memories,
 been ranked among the most popular Entertain-
 ments of the Stage. Yet none of these can be
 denominated Tragedy, Comedy, or Tragi-Co-
 medy. The Play-Bills, I have observed, cauti-
 ously stile them Plays: And Plays indeed they
 are, truly such, if it be the End of Plays to de-
 light and instruct, to captivate at once the Ear,
 the Eye, and the Mind, by Situations forcibly
 conceived, and Characters truly delineated.

THERE is one Circumstance in Dramatick Po-
 etry, which, I think, the chastised Notions of

our modern Criticks do not permit them sufficiently to consider. Dramatick Nature is of a more large and liberal Quality, than they are willing to allow. It does not consist merely in the Representation of Real Characters, Characters acknowledged to abound in common Life; but may be extended also to the Exhibition of imaginary Beings. To Create, is to be a Poet indeed; to draw down Beings from another Sphere, and endue them with suitable Passions, Affections, Dispositions, allotting them at the same Time proper Employment; to *body forth*, by the Powers of Imagination, *the Forms of Things unknown*, and to *give to airy Nothing a local Habitation and a Name*, surely requires a Genius for the Drama equal, if not superior, to the Delineation of Personages in the ordinary Course of Nature. *Shakespeare* in particular is universally acknowledged never to have soared so far above the Reach of all other Writers, as in those Instances, where he seems purposely to have transgressed the Laws of Criticism. He appears to have disdained to put his free Soul *into Circumscription and Confine*, which denied his extraordinary Talents their full Play, nor gave Scope to the Boundlessness of his Imagination. His Witches, Ghosts, Fairies, and other imaginary Beings, scattered through his Plays, are so many glaring Violations of the common Table of Dramatick Laws. What then shall we say? Shall we confess their Force and Power over the Soul, shall we allow them to be Beauties of the most exquisite Kind, and yet insist on their being expunged? And why? except it be to reduce the Flights of an exalted Genius, by fixing the Stan-

dard of Excellence on the Practice of inferior Writers, who wanted Parts to execute such great Designs; or to accommodate them to the narrow Ideas of small Criticks, who want Souls large enough to comprehend them?

OUR Old Writers thought no Personage whatever, unworthy a Place in the Drama, to which they could annex what may be called a *Scity*; that is, to which they could allot Manners and Employments peculiar to itself. The severest of the Ancients cannot be more eminent for the constant Preservation of Uniformity of Character, than *Shakespeare*; and *Shakespeare*, in no Instance, supports his Characters with more Exactness, than in the Conduct of his ideal Beings. The Ghost in *Hamlet* is a shining Proof of this Excellence.

BUT, in Consequence of the Custom of tracing the Events of a Play minutely from a Novel, the Authors were sometimes led to represent a mere human Creature in Circumstances not quite consonant to Nature, of a Disposition rather wild and extravagant, and in both Cases more especially repugnant to modern Ideas. This indeed required particular Indulgence from the Spectator, but it was an Indulgence, which seldom missed of being amply repaid. Let the Writer but once be allowed, as a necessary *Datum*, the Possibility of any Character's being placed in such a Situation, or possess of so peculiar a Turn of Mind, the Behaviour of the Character is perfectly natural. *Shakespeare*, though the Child of Fancy, seldom or never dress up a com-

mon Mortal in any other than the modest Dress of Nature: But many shining Characters in the Plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are not so well grounded on the Principles of the human Heart; and yet, as they were supported with Spirit, they were received with Applause. *Shyllock's* Contract, with the Penalty of the Pound of Flesh, though not *Shakespeare's* own Fiction, is perhaps rather improbable; at least it would not be regarded as a happy Dramatick Incident in a modern Play; and yet, having once taken it for granted, how beautifully, nay, how *naturally*, is the Character sustained!—Even this Objection therefore, of a Deviation from Nature, great as it may seem, will be found to be a Plea insufficient to excuse the total Exclusion of our ancient Dramatists from the Theatre. *Shakespeare*, you will readily allow, possess Beauties more than necessary to redeem his Faults; Beauties that excite our Admiration, and obliterate his Errors. True. But did no Portion of that divine Spirit fall to the Share of our other Old Writers? And can their Works be suppressed, or concealed, without Injustice to their Merit?

ONE of the best and most pleasing Plays in *Massinger*, and which, we are told, was originally received with general Approbation, is called *The PICTURE*. The Fiction, whence it takes its Title, and on which the Story of the Play is grounded, may be collected from the following short Scene. *Mathias*, a Gentleman of *Bohemia*, having taken an affecting Leave of his Wife *Sophia*, with a Resolution of serving in the King of *Hungary's* Army against the *Turks*, is

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left alone on the Stage, and the Play goes on, as
follows :

Matb. I am strangely troubled : Yet why should I
nourish
A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food ?
Having no real Grounds on which to raise
A Building of Suspicion she ever was,
Or can be false hereafter ? I in this
But foolishly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present Ignorance were a cheap Purchase,¹
Tho' with my Loss of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (tho' with much Unwillingness) have won him
'To do as much as Art can to resolve me
My Fate that Follows——To my Wish he's come,

Enter Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your Promise and Performance walk together ;
And therefore, without Circumstance, to the Point,
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made Trial of my Love some other Way.

Matb. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

Bapt. If you can
Proportion your desire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy : I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchless Wife
Is to this present Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Matb. Good.

Bapt. In Reason therefore
You should fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Matb. O *Baptista!*

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions ;

I must know farther, or you have made good
 But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
 Holding her upright, and my Presence was
 A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
 With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
 Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted?
 But when I am absent, and my coming back
 Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
 Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
 The absolute Disposer of herself,
 Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
 By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
 If then she hold out——

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainties, *Bap-*
tista,

By your Assurance, or your boasted Art
 Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle——
 And play with my Affliction! I'm on
 The Rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, *Mathias,*

I am no God, nor can I dive into
 Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
 That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
 E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
 Out of long Observation, what is likely;
 But positively to foretel that this shall be,
 You may conclude impossible; all I can
 I will do for you. When you are distant from her
 A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her,
 You shall know truly when she is sollicit'd,
 And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia,*
 With more than human Skill limn'd to the Life;
 Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
 So punctually observ'd, that, had it Motion,
 In so much 'twere herself.

Math. It is indeed
 An admirable Piece; but if it have not

Some hidden Virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me?

Bapt. I'll instruct you.

Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious Eyes peruse it: While it keeps
The Figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in Fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true Form, and what's now White and Red
Incline to Yellow, rest most confident
She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd,
But if it turn all Black, 'tis an Assurance
The Fort, by Composition or Surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free Consent surrender'd.

NOTHING can be more fantastick, or more in the extravagant Strain of the *Italian* Novels, than this Fiction: And yet the Play, raised on it, is extremely beautiful, abounds with affecting Situations, true Character, and a faithful Representation of Nature. The Story, thus opened, proceeds as follows: *Matthias* departs, accompanied by his Friend, and serves as a Volunteer in the *Hungarian* Army against the *Turks*. A complete Victory being obtained, chiefly by Means of his Valour, he is brought by the General to the *Hungarian* Court, where he not only receives many Honours from the King, but captivates the Heart of the Queen; whose Passion is not so much excited by his known Valour or personal Attractions, as by his avowed Constancy to his Wife, and his firm Assurance of her reciprocal Affection and Fidelity to him. These Circumstances touch the Pride, and raise the Envy of the Queen. She resolves, therefore, to destroy His conjugal Faith by giving up Her

Own, and determines to make Him a desperate Offer of Her Person; and, at the same Time, under Pretence of Notice of *Mathias* his being detained for a Month at Court, She dispatches two debauched young Noblemen to tempt the Virtue of *Sophia*. These Incidents occasion several affecting Scenes both on the Part of the Husband and Wife. *Mathias* (not with an unnatural and untheatrical Stoicism, but with the liveliest Sensibility) nobly withstands the Temptations of the Queen. *Sophia*, tho' most virtuously attached to her Husband, becomes uneasy at the feigned Stories, which the young Lords recount to her of his various Gallantries at Court, and in a Fit of Jealousy, Rage, and Resentment, makes a momentary Resolution to give up her Honour. While she is supposed to be yet under the Dominion of this Resolution, occurs the following Scene between the Husband and his Friend:

Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. We are in a desperate Straight; there's no
Evasion,

Nor Hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the Necessity; you must feign a Grant
To her violent Passion, or——

Math. What, my *Baptista*?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Loss of Faith and Virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
The many Years that by the Course of Nature
We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,

And hold it as a Blessing, as it is,
 When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, *Baptista*,
 Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years,
 By the Great Judge. To die untainted in
 Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest;
 And to lose that, can we desire to live?
 Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a Period, to all Times
 Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembered
 In a still living Epitaph? No, *Baptista*,
 Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
 Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
 With equal Loyalty: but look on this,
 Your own great Work, your Masterpiece, and then
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,

[*The Picture altered.*]

This is a terrible Vision! I will clear
 My Eyesight, perhaps Melancholy makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the Yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are Lines
 Of a dark Colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every Miniature of her Face, and those
 Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet, as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her Consent and Wishes,
 She's false, but not in Fact yet.

Math. Fact! *Baptista*?

Make not yourself a Pander to her Looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a Vizard
 Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
 In her Will decline from Chastity, but found Means
 To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more
 Possible in Nature for gross Bodies
 Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
 Or with my single Arm to underprop

A falling Tower ; nay, in its violent Course
 To stop the Light'ning, than to stay a Woman
 Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falsehood,
 In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you, temper
 The Violence of your Passion.

Math. In Extremes
 Of this Condition, can it be in Man
 To use a Moderation ? I am thrown
 From a steep Rock headlong into a Gulph
 Of Misery, and find myself past Hope,
 In the same Moment that I apprehend
 That I am falling. And this, the Figure of
 My Idol, few Hours since, while she continued
 In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
 In which I saw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
 Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Husband
 Could wish in a chaste Wife, is on the sudden
 Turn'd to a magical Glass, and does present,
 Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet
 (And 'tis the best Foundation) build up Comfort
 On your own Goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me,
 For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
 Worse than Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue:
 Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen
 (Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempted
 A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
 To amorous Sonnets,) to preserve my Faith
 Inviolate to Thee, with the Hazard of
 My Death with Torture, since she could inflict
 No less for my Contempt, and have I met
 Such a Return from Thee ? I will not curse Thee,
 Nor for thy Falsehood rail against the Sex ;
 'Tis poor, and common ; I'll only with wise Men
 Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
 Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come
 Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
 Produce one constant Woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the Satyrists wrote against 'em.

Math. There's no Language
That can express the Poison of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould
My Thoughts into another Form, and if
She can outlive the Report of what I've done,
This Hand, when next she comes within my Reach,
Shall be her Executioner.

THE Fiction of *The Picture* being first allowed, the most rigid Critick will, I doubt not, confess, that the Workings of the human Heart are accurately set down in the above Scene. The Play is not without many others, equally excellent, both before and after it; nor in those Days, when the Power of Magick was so generally believed, that the severest Laws were solemnly enacted against Witches and Witchcraft, was the Fiction so bold and extravagant, as it may seem at present. Hoping that the Reader may, by this Time, be somewhat reconciled to the Story, or even interested in it, I will venture to subjoin to the long Extracts I have already made from this Play one more Speech, where *The Picture* is mentioned very beautifully. *Mathias* addresses himself to the Queen in these Words:

Math. To slip once
Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is
Like to this Picture. While we run
A constant Race in Goodness, it retains
The just Proportion. But the Journey being

Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way,
 That may in some Degree divert us from
 The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
 Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
 Or be with Blackness clouded. But when we
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to
 Return unto our never-failing Guide
 Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
 The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it
 To the first Pureness.

THESE several Passages will, I hope, be thought by the judicious Reader to be written in the free Vein of a true Poet, as well as by the exact Hand of a faithful Disciple of Nature. If any of the above Arguments, or, rather, the uncommon Excellence of the great Writers themselves, can induce the Critick to allow the Excursions of Fancy on the Theatre, let him not suppose that he is here advised to submit to the Perversion of Nature, or to admire those who overleap the modest Bounds, which she has prescribed to the Drama. I will agree with him, that Plays, wherein the Truth of Dramatick Character is violated, can convey neither Instruction nor Delight. *Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, &c.* are guilty of no such Violation. Indeed the heroick Nonsense, which over-runs the Theatrical Productions of *Dryden**, *Howard,*

* Nobody can have a truer Veneration for the Poetical Genius of *Dryden*, than the Writer of these Reflections; but surely that Genius is no where so much obscured, notwithstanding some transient Gleams, as in his Plays; of which He had Himself no great Opinion, since the only Plea He ever urged in their Favour, was, that the Town had received with Applause Plays *equally bad*. Nothing, perhaps, but the

and the other illustrious Prototypes of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*, must nauseate the most indulgent Spectator. The temporary Rage of false Taste may perhaps betray the Injudicious into a foolish Admiration of such Extravagance for a short Period: But how will these Plays stand the Brunt of critical Indignation, when the Personages of the Drama are found to resemble no Characters in Nature, except, perhaps, the disordered Inhabitants of *Bedlam*?

If then it must be confessed both from Reason and Experience, that we can not only endure, but attend with Pleasure to Plays, which are almost merely Dramatick Representations of romantick Novels; it will surely be a further Inducement to recur to the Works of our Old Writers, when we find among them many Pieces written on a severer Plan; a Plan, more accommodated to real Life, and approaching more nearly to the modern Usage. *The Merry Wives of Windsor of Shakespeare, The Fox, The Alchymist, The Silent Woman, Every Man in his Humour of Jonson, The New Way to pay Old Debts, the City Madam of Massinger, &c. &c.* all urge their Claim for a Rank in the ordinary Course of our Winter Evening Entertainments, not only clear of every Objection made to the above-mentioned Species

absurd Notion of Heroick Plays, could have carried the immediate Successors to the Old Class of Writers into such ridiculous Contradictions to Nature. That I may not appear singular in my Opinion of *Dryden's* Dramatick Pieces, I must beg Leave to refer the Reader to *the Rambler*, No. 125, where that judicious Writer has produced divers Instances from *Dryden's* Plays, sufficient (to use *the Rambler's* own Language) to awaken the most torpid Risibility.

of Dramatick Composition, but adhering more strictly to ancient Rules, than most of our later Comedies:

IN Point of Character, (perhaps the most essential Part of the Drama) our Old Writers far transcend the Moderns. It is surely needless, in Support of this Opinion, to recite a long List of Names, when the Memory of every Reader must suggest them to himself. The Manners of many of them, it is true, do not prevail at present. What then? Is it displeasing or uninstruative to see the Manners of a former Age pass in Review before us? Or is the Mind undelighted at recalling the Characters of our Ancestors, while the Eye is confessedly gratified at the Sight of the Actors dress in their antique Habits? Moreover, Fashion and Custom are so perpetually fluctuating, that it must be a very accurate Piece indeed, and one quite new and warm from the Anvil, that catches the *Damon* or *Cynthia* of this Minute. Some Plays of our latest and most fashionable Authors are grown as obsolete in this Particular, as those of the first Writers; and it may with Safety be affirmed, that *Bobadil* is not more remote from modern Character, than the ever-admired and every-where-to-be-met-with *Lord Foppington*. It may, also, be further considered, that most of the best Characters in our old Plays, are not merely fugitive and temporary. They are not the sudden Growth of Yesterday or To-day, sure of fading or withering To-morrow; but they were the Delight of past Ages, still continue the Admiration of the present, and (to use the Language of true Poetry)

———To Ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest Times th' ETERNAL NATURE feel.

The ACTOR.

THERE is one Circumstance peculiar to the Dramatick Tales, and to many of the more regular Comedies of our old Writers, of which it is too little to say, that it demands no Apology. It deserves the highest Commendation, since it hath been the Means of introducing the most capital Beauties into their Compositions, while the same Species of Excellence could not possibly enter those of a later Period. I mean the Poetical Stile of their Dialogue. Most Nations, except our own, have imagined mere Prose, which, with *Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our Cradle, too little elevated for the Language of the Theatre. Our Neighbours, the *French*, at this Day write most of their Plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in Rhime; a *Gotthick* Practice, which our own Stage once admitted, but long ago wisely rejected. The *Grecian* Iambick was more happily conceived in the true Spirit of that elegant and magnificent Simplicity, which characterized the Taste of that Nation. Such a Measure was well accommodated to the Expressions of the Mind, and though it refined indeed on Nature, it did not contradict it. In this, as well as in all other Matters of Literature, the Usage of *Greece* was religiously observed at *Rome*. *Plautus*, in his rich Vein of Humour, is numerous and poetical. The Comedies of *Terence*, though we cannot agree to read them after Bi-

shop *Hare*, were evidently not written without Regard to Measure; which is the invincible Reason, why all Attempts to render them into downright Prose have always proved, and ever must prove, unsuccessful; and if a faint Effort, now under Contemplation, to give a Version of them in familiar Blank Verse (after the Manner of our Old Writers, but without a servile Imitation of Them) should fail, it must, I am confident, be owing to the Lameness of the Execution. The *English* Heroick Measure, or, as it is commonly called, Blank Verse, is perhaps of a more happy Construction, even than the *Grecian* Iambick; elevated equally, but approaching nearer to the Language of Nature, and as well adapted to the Expression of Comick Humour, as to the *Pathos* of Tragedy.

THE mere modern Critick, whose Idea of Blank Verse is perhaps attached to that empty Swell of Phraseology, so frequent in our late Tragedies, may consider these Notions as the Effect of Bigotry to our old Authors, rather than the Result of impartial Criticism. Let such an one carefully read over the Works of those Writers, for which I am an Advocate. There he will seldom or ever find that Tumour of Blank Verse, to which he has been so much accustomed. He will be surpris'd with a familiar Dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary Conversation, is rather an Improvement than Perversion of it. He will soon be convinced, that Blank Verse is by no Means appropriated solely to the Buskin, but that the Hand of a Master may mould it to whatever Purposes he

pleases; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit Humour, but heighten and embellish it. Instances might be produced without Number. It must however be lamented, that the Modern Tragick Stile, free, indeed, from the mad Flights of *Dryden*, and his Contemporaries, yet departs equally from Nature, I am apt to think it is in great Measure owing to the almost total Exclusion of Blank Verse from all modern Compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common Use of an Elevated Diction in Comedy, where the Writer was often, of Necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary Matters, and where the Subject demanded him to paint the most ridiculous Emotions of the Mind; was perhaps one of the chief Causes of that *easy Vigour*, so conspicuous in the Stile of the old Tragedies. Habituated to Poetical Dialogue in those Compositions, wherein They were obliged to adhere more strictly to the Simplicity of the Language of Nature, the Poets learnt, in those of a more raised Species, not to depart from it too wantonly. They were well acquainted also with the Force as well as Elegance of their Mother-Tongue, and chose to use such Words as may be called Natives of the Language, rather than to *harmonize* their Verses, and *agonize* the Audience with *Latin Terminations*. Whether the refined Stile of *Addison's Cato*, and the flowing Versification of *Rowe* first occasioned this Departure from ancient Simplicity, it is difficult to determine: but it is too true, that *Southerne* was the last of our Dramatick Writers, who was, in any Degree, possess'd of that magnificent Plainness, which is the genuine Dress of Nature; though indeed the Plays of *Rowe* are more simple than any of

his Successors. It must not however be dissim-
bled in this Place, that the Stile of our Old Wri-
ters is not without Faults; that They were apt
to give too much into Conceits; that they often
pursued an allegorical Train of Thoughts too
far; and were sometimes betrayed into forced,
unnatural, quaint, or gigantick Expressions. In
the Works of *Shakespeare* himself, every one of
these Errors may be found; yet it may be safely
asserted, that no other Author, ancient or mo-
dern, has expressed himself on such a Variety of
Subjects with more Ease, and in a Vein more
truly poetical, unless, perhaps, we should except
Homer: Of which, by the bye, the deepest Cri-
tick, most conversant with Idioms and Dialects,
is not quite a competent Judge.

I WOULD not be understood, by what I have
here said of Poetical Dialogue, to object to the
Use of Prose, or to insinuate that our modern
Comedies are the worse for being written in that
Stile. It is enough for me, to have vindicated
the Use of a more elevated Manner among our
Old Writers. I am well aware that most Parts
of *Falstaff*, *Ford*, *Benedick*, *Malvolio*, &c. are
written in Prose; nor indeed would I counsel a
modern Writer to attempt the Use of Poetical
Dialogue in a mere Comedy: A Dramatick Tale,
indeed, checquered, like Life itself, with various
Incidents, ludicrous and affecting, if written by
a masterly Hand, and somewhat more severely
than those above-mentioned, would, I doubt not,
still be received with Candour and Applause.
The Public would be agreeably surpris'd with
the Revival of Poetry on the Theatre, and the
Opportunity of employing all the best Perfor-

mers, serious as well as comick, in one Piece, would render it still more likely to make a favourable Impression on the Audience. There is a Gentleman, not unequal to such a Task, who was once tempted to begin a Piece of this Sort; but, I fear, he has too much Love of Ease and Indolence, and too little Ambition of literary Fame, ever to complete it.

BUT to conclude :

HAVE I, Sir, been wasting all this Ink and Time in vain? Or may it be hoped, that you will extend some of that Care to the rest of our Old Authors, which you have so often lavished on many a worse Writer, than the most inferior of those here recommended to You? It is certainly your Interest to give Variety to the Publick Taste, and to diversify the Colour of our Dramatick Entertainments. Encourage new Attempts; but do Justice to the Old! The Theatre is a wide Field. Let not one or two Walks of it alone be beaten, but lay open the Whole to the Excursions of Genius! This, perhaps, might kindle a Spirit of Originality in our modern Writers for the Stage; who might be tempted to aim at more Novelty in their Compositions. when the Liberality of the Popular Taste rendered it less hazardous. That the Narrowness of theatrical Criticism might be enlarged I have no Doubt. Reflect, for a Moment, on the uncommon Success of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Every Man in his Humour*! and then tell me, whether there are not many other Pieces of as ancient a Date, which, with the proper Curtailments and Alterations, would produce the same

Effect? Has an industrious Hand been at the Pains to scratch up the Dunghill of *Dryden's Amphitryon* for the few Pearls that are buried in it, and shall the rich Treasures of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Jonson*, and *Massinger*, lie (as it were) in the Ore, untouched and disregarded? Reform your List of Plays! In the Name of *Burbage*, *Taylor*, and *Betterton*, I conjure you to it! Let the Veteran Criticks once more have the Satisfaction of seeing *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and no-King*, &c. on the Stage!—Restore *Fletcher's Elder Brother* to the Rank unjustly usurped by *Cibber's Love makes a Man!* and since you have wisely desisted from giving an annual Affront to the City, by acting *The London Cuckolds* on Lord Mayor's Day, why will you not pay them a Compliment, by exhibiting *The City Madam* of *Massinger* on the same Occasion?

IF after all, Sir, these Remonstrances should prove without Effect, and the Merit of the great Authors should plead with You in vain, I will here fairly turn my Back upon you, and address myself to the Lovers of Dramatick Compositions in general. They, I am sure, will peruse those Works with Pleasure in the Closet, though they lose the Satisfaction of seeing them represented on the Stage: Nay, should They, together with You, concur in determining that such Pieces are unfit to be acted, You, as well as They, will, I am confident, agree that such Pieces are, at least, very worthy to be read. There are many Modern Compositions, seen with Delight at the Theatre, which sicken on the Taste in the Perusal; and the honest Country Gentleman, who has not been present at the Representation,

wonders with what his *London* Friends have been so highly entertained, and is as much perplexed at the *Town-manner* of Writing as Mr. *Smith* in *The Rehearsal*. The Excellencies of our Old Writers are, on the contrary, not confined to Time and Place, but always bear about them the Evidences of true Genius.

Massinger is perhaps the least known, but not the least meritorious of any of the old Class of Writers. His Works declare him to be no mean Proficient in the same School. He possesses all the Beauties and Blemishes common to the Writers of that Age. He has, like the rest of them, in Compliance with the Custom of the Times, admitted Scenes of a low and gross Nature, which might be omitted with no more Prejudice to the Fable, than the Buffoonry in *Venice Preserved*. For his few Faults he makes ample Atonement. His Fables are, most of them, affecting; his Characters well conceived, and strongly supported; and his Diction, flowing, various, elegant, and manly. His two Plays, revived by *Betterton*, *The Bondman* and *The Roman Actor*, are not, I think, among the Number of his best. *The Duke of Milan*, *The Renegado*, *The Picture*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The Maid of Honour*, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, *The Unnatural Combat*, *The Guardian*, *The City Madam*, are each of them, in my Mind, more excellent. He was a very popular Writer in his own Times, but so unaccountably, as well as unjustly, neglected at present, that the accurate Compilers of a Work, called *The Lives of the Poets*, published under the learned Name of the late Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, have not so much as mentioned him. He is, however, take him

for all in all, an Author, whose Works the intelligent Reader will peruse with Admiration: And, that I may not be supposed to withdraw my Plea for his Admission to the Modern Stage, I shall conclude these Reflections with one more Specimen of his Abilities; submitting it to all Judges of Theatrical Exhibitions, whether the most masterly Actor would not here have an Opportunity of displaying his Powers to Advantage.

THE EXTRACT I mean to subjoin is from the last Scene of the first Act of *The Duke of Milan*.—*Sforza*, having espoused the Cause of the King of *France* against the Emperor, on the King's Defeat, is advised by a Friend, to yield himself up to the Emperor's Discretion. He consents to this Measure, but provides for his Departure in the following Manner;

Sfor. ——— Stay you *Francisco*.
— You see how things stand with me?

Fran. To my Grief:
And if the Loss of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice, to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised,
In your Advancement; and repent no Grace,
I have confer'd upon you: And, believe me,
Tho' now I should repeat my Favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the Means
Suitable to your Honours; that I thought you
Worthy my Sister, and my family,
And in my Dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you're worthy of them, in your love
And Service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your Creature ;
And any Shape that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, *Francisco* ;
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty Secret, of so strange a Nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the Execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it :
For 'tis a Deed so horrid, that but to hear it,
Would strike into a Ruffian flesh'd in Murthers,
Or an obdurate Hangman, soft Compassion ;
And yet, *Francisco* (of all Men the dearest,
And from me most deserving) such my State
And strange Condition is, that Thou alone
Must know the fatal Service, and perform it.

Fran. These Preparations, Sir, to work a Stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your Bounties,
Might appear useful ; but, to Me, they are
Needless Impertinencies : For I dare do
Whate'er You dare command.

Sfor. But thou must swear it,
And put into thy Oath, all Joys, or Torments
That fright the Wicked, or confirm the Good :
Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)
But, whensoever my Will shall speak, strike now !
To fall upon't like Thunder.

Fran. Minister
The Oath in any Way, or Form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked : For which, Men will curse Thee
For being the Instrument ; and the blest Angels
For sake Me at my Need for being the Author :
For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Francisco*,
In which the Memory of all good Actions,
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright Posterity by our Example,

That have outgone all Precedents of Villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Tho' taught in Hell's black School, shall ne'er come
near us.

—Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me:—
But to a Man confirm'd—

Sfor. I'll try your Temper:
What think you of my Wife?

Fran. As a Thing sacred:
To whose fair Name, and Memory, I pay gladly
These Signs of Duty: [Kneels.

Sfor. Is she not an Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman?

Fran. It were a Kind of Blasphemy to dispute it:
—But to the Purpose, Sir:

Sfor. Add too her Goodness,
Her Tenderness of me, her Care to please me,
Her unsuspected Chastity, ne'er equal'd,
Her Innocence, her Honour—O Dam lost
In the Ocean of her Virtues and her Graces,
When I think of them.

Fran. Now I find the End
Of all your Conjurations: There's some Service
To be done for this sweet Lady: If she have Enemies
That she would have remov'd—

Sfor. Alas! *Francisco*,
Her greatest Enemy is her greatest Lover;
Yet, in that Hatred, her Idolator:
One Smile of hers would make a Savage tame;
One Accent of that Tongue would calm the Seas,
Tho' all the Winds at once strive there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present Journey,
(From whence it is all Number to a Cypher,
I ne'er return with Honour) by thy Hand
Must have her murther'd.

Fran. Murther'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again?
And I, who sometimes you were pleas'd to favour,
Pick'd out the Instrument?

Sfor. Do not fly off:
 What is decreed, can never be recall'd.
 'Tis more than Love to Her, that marks her out
 A wish'd Companion to me, in both Fortunes:
 And strong Assurance of thy zealous Faith,
 That gives up to thy Trust a Secret, that
 Racks should not have forc'd from me.—O *Francisco*,
 There is no Heav'n without Her; nor a Hell
 Where She resides. I ask from her but Justice,
 And what I would have paid to Her, had Sicknes,
 Or any other Accident divorce'd
 Her purer Soul from her unspotted Body.
 The slavish *Indian* Princes, when they die,
 Are chearfully attended to the Fire
 By the Wife, and Slave, that living they lov'd best,
 To do them Service in another World:
 Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
 And therefore trifle not, but in thy Looks
 Express a ready Purpose to perform
 What I command; or, by *Marcelia's* Soul,
 This is thy latest Minute.

Fran. 'Tis not Fear
 Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
 But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
 What Warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
 I shall, tho' with Unwillingness and Horror,
 Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Francisco*:
 But still remember, that a Prince's Secrets
 Are Balm, conceal'd; but Poison, if discover'd.
 I may come back; then this is but a Trial
 To purchase thee, if it were possible,
 A nearer Place in my Affection—but
 I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a Character
 I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it.

[*Exeunt.*]



SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

L I F E

O F

PHILIP MASSINGER.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

J. I. F. E.

OR

WILLIAM MASSINGER

THE
L I F E
O F
PHILIP MASSINGER.

THOUGH *Massinger's* Claim to an eminent Rank amongst the English Dramatick Writers has never been contested, and the Criticks have placed him immediately after *Shakespeare, B. Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher*; notwithstanding we have certain Evidence that his Plays were much applauded in their Representation, and warmly commended by contemporary Writers, yet such has been the unaccountable Fate of this excellent Author, that the Name of *Massinger*, till within these twenty Years, has been sunk in Obscurity, and almost buried in Oblivion. None of our Stage Poets, from the Restoration to the Beginning of his present Majesty's Reign, have taken the least Notice of him or his Writings*.

VOL. I.

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The

* In the Year 1751 Proposals were printed for a new Edition of *Massinger's* Works with Notes and Observations
in

The Silence of *Dryden* is not to be accounted for on any Principle of Reason or Justice. But indeed the Man who could treat *Shirley* with such Contempt as to rank him with the Dunces of his *Macflecko*, might wish to stifle the Memory of a Writer, who was as much superior to him in Dramatick Excellence, as *Dryden* himself was above all other Writers of his Time, in the Vigour, Harmony and Variety of his Numbers.

Mr. *Rowe* has paid *Massinger* a very great Compliment indeed, but it must be granted that it is at the Expence of his own Candour and Honesty. In his Tragedy of the *Fair Penitent*, he condescended to steal the Plot, Characters, and sometimes the Sentiments of the *Fatal Down-ry*. But this Conduct was as weak as it was unfair; for a small Acknowledgement of his Obligations to the original Author would not only have saved him from the Disgrace of a shameful Detection, but have made that a legal Prize which is now an Act of Piracy.

We* are told indeed, that *Rowe* lived in the Days of literary filching; when Plagiarism was a fashionable Trick amongst Authors. Such an

in five Volumes 12mo, at the moderate Price of *Two Shillings and Sixpence* per Volume, but the Subscription went on so slowly that the Project was dropt.

* It was the Fashion with the Wits of the last Age to conceal the Places from whence they took their Hints or their Subjects.

Goldsmith's Life of Parnell.

Excuse

Excuse I think ought no more to be admitted in the Courts of *Parnassus*, than a Robber's justifying his Thefts by the great Number of his Associates and Companions, would be allowed to be a good Plea in *Westminster Hall* or at the *Old Bailey*.

The little that can be known of *Massinger*, I have principally gleaned from the scanty Materials which *Antony Wood*, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, and Mr. *Langbaine* in his *Lives of the Dramatick Poets*, have afforded me. That curious and laborious Searcher into History, Biography and Antiquities, Mr. *John Oldys*, in his MS. Notes on *Langbaine's Poets*, has pointed out some Mistakes of both these Authors respecting *Massinger*, and has sometimes suggested Matter of Intelligence not unworthy of Notice.—To Mr. *Reed of Staples Inn* I am indebted for the frank Communication of these MS. Notes, a complete List of the various Editions of *Massinger's Plays*, and several useful Hints relating to him and his Works.

Philip Massinger, the Son of* *Philip Massinger*, a Servant belonging to the Family of *Pembroke*, was born at *Salisbury* in the Year 1584. He was entered a Commoner at St.

* I cannot guess from what Information *Oldys* in his MS. Notes gives the *Christian Name* of *Arthur* to *Massinger's* Father; nor why he should reproach *Wood* for calling him *Philip*; since *Massinger* himself, in the Dedication of the *Bondman* to the Earl of *Montgomery*, says expressly that his Father *Philip Massinger* lived and died in the Service of the Honourable Houie of *Pembroke*.

Alban's Hall, Oxford, in the seventeenth Year of his Age, in 1601; where, though encourage d in his Studies by the Earl of *Pembroke*, yet, says *Wood*, he applied his Mind more to Poetry and Romances for about four Years or more than to Logick and Philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronized to that End.

By styling *Massinger's* Father a Servant, *Wood* did not, I suppose, intend to convey any Mark of Degradation, or any other Meaning than that he was a Gentleman of the Earl of *Pembroke's* Retinue. It is certain that, in the Year 1597, he was employed by that Nobleman as a Messenger on no trifling Business to Queen *Elizabeth*, whose Character would admit of nothing unimportant or insignificant in her Service. Amongst the *Sydney* Papers, published by *Collins*, there is a Letter of *Rowland White*, Esq; to Sir *Robert Sydney*, in which he acquaints him that Mr. *Massinger* was newly come from the Earl of *Pembroke* with Letters to the Queen for his Lordship's Leave of Absence on St. *George's* Day. This carries a considerable Proof that the Bearer of Letters to *Elizabeth*, on a Matter perhaps which she thought important, was no mean Person; for no Monarch ever exacted from the Nobility in general, and the Officers of State in particular, a more rigid and scrupulous Compliance to stated Order than this Princess.

A different Relation of *Massinger's* College Education is given by *Langbaine*: He informs us, that *Massinger's* Father was a Gentleman belonging

longing to the Earl of *Montgomery**, in whose Service, after having lived many Years, he

* *Langbaine* has committed a Mistake respecting the Title of *Montgomery*, which did not belong to the Family of *Pembroke* till the Decease of *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, who died 1630. *Clarendon*, in his Character of *Philip* Earl of *Montgomery*, who was afterwards Patron to *Massinger*, informs us that he was very young when *James* I. came to the Crown; that he was taken with Lord *Herbert's* Conlinefs of Person, and his Skill in Riding and Hunting; and that after bestowing many Honours upon him, he created him in 1605, Earl of *Montgomery*. But *Clarendon* perhaps did not know the real Cause of Lord *Herbert's* Advancement. The Behaviour of the *Scots* to the *English* on *James's* Accession to the Throne of *England* was generally obnoxious and much resented. At a Meeting of *English* and *Scotch* Gentlemen, at a Horse Race near *Croyden*, a sudden Quarrel arose between them, occasioned by one Mr. *Ramsay's* striking *Philip* Lord *Herbert* in the Face with a Switch. The *English* would have so far resented this Affront, as to have made instantly a national Quarrel of the Matter; and one Gentleman, Mr. *Pinchbeck*, rode about the Field with a Dagger in his Hand, crying out, 'Let us break our Fast with them here, and dine with them in London.' But *Herbert* not resenting this contumacious Behaviour of *Ramsay*, the King was so charmed with his peaceable Disposition, that he made him a Knight, a Baron, a Viscount and an Earl, all in one Day. *Osborne*, from whom I transcribe this, and who lived during these Transactions, intimates, that *Herbert's* Cowardice prevented not only that Day from being fatal to the *Scots*, but ever after through all *England*. The Mother of *Herbert*, the renowned Countess of *Pembroke*, to whom Sir *Philip Sydney*, her Brother, dedicated his *Arcadia*, tore her Hair when she heard the News of her Son's Dishonour. It is certainly more probable, that King *James* should raise *Herbert* to the Title of Earl for this pacifick Behaviour, which prevented a national Quarrel, than that he should confer that Honour upon him merely for his handsome Face; more especially as he was never suspected to be a Minion of *James*.

died; that he bestowed a liberal Education on his Son, sending him to the University of *Oxford* at the Age of Eighteen, in 1602, where he closely pursued his Studies in *Alban Hall* for three or four Years.

The Accounts of *Wood* and *Langbaine* are so contradictory, that it is impossible to reconcile them. Nor can we, perhaps, decide peremptorily which of these Guides we should follow. Both were diligent Investigators of Truth, and both we should imagine to be equally capable of getting such Materials as were sufficient to authenticate their Narratives. But, after seriously balancing their Merits, I believe the Reader will be inclined to justify my preferring the Authority of *Wood* to *Langbaine*. The former lived nearer the Times of *Massinger* than the latter; he was constantly resident at *Oxford*, and had the best Opportunities to know in what Manner the Students then prosecuted their Studies. Besides, it was a Practice familiar to our ancient Nobility, to patronize and educate the Children of Gentlemen who formed their Retinue. The illustrious House of *Pembroke* I believe has ever distinguished itself by the Love and Encouragement of the fine Arts; *Shakespeare's* and *Beaumont and Fletcher's* Works, and many other Books of Poetry, dedicated to the Family of *Herbert*, give an irrefragable Proof of their generous Disposition to favour and reward the Followers of the Muses.

Wood says that *Massinger* was sent to *Oxford* in 1601; but according to *Langbaine* he was not there before 1602. This seeming Difference may be easily reconciled; for the Year then began and ended according to that Mode of Reckoning which took place before the Alteration of the Style by Act of Parliament 1752.

William Earl of *Pembroke* succeeded his Father *Henry*, who died *January* 19, 1601.—*Massinger* must then, agreeably to *Wood's* Account, have been supported at the University by the Generosity of this Nobleman. But it seems, our Author's Application to the more superficial, though alluring Studies of Poetry and Romances, frustrated the Intention of his Patron, and disqualified him from receiving a Degree; to obtain which, an Application to Logick and Philosophy was absolutely necessary; as the Candidate for that Honour must pass through an Examination in both before he can obtain it.

A Degree conferred upon a Scholar by an University is, in our Days, held a distinguished Mark of Merit; and in those Times of severe Discipline and strict Application to Learning, I suppose it was esteemed a necessary Appendage to him, who was ambitious to rise either in Church or State; and perhaps it was thought by Persons of the graver Cast, a Kind of Disgrace in a Scholar to quit his College without that Proof of Approbation, This same Earl of

Pembroke seems to have exacted that Stamp of Merit from *William Brown*, the Author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, who was educated at *Exeter College, Oxford*, much about the same Time our *Massinger* resided there. From *Wood* we learn, that *Brown* left the University before he had taken an Academical Degree, and retired to the *Inner Temple, London*: That he returned several Years after, viz. in 1624, to his College with * *Robert Dormer*, his Pupil. On the 25th of *March*, in the same Year, *Brown* received Permission to be actually created M. A. although the Degree was not conferred upon him till the *November* following: After he had left College with his Pupil he was gladly received into the Family of *William Earl of Pembroke*, who had a great Respect for him, and there he made his Fortune so well that he purchased an Estate †.

Massinger stayed at the University of *Oxford* three or four Years, and then it seems he set out for *London*, as if impatient to improve himself in the Conversation of the eminent Wits and Poets in that Metropolis: And now commenced the Æra of his Misfortunes, as well as his Fame.—I can find no Trace of the precise Time when he began to write for the Stage. The *Oxford Historian*, I have so often quoted,

* *Robert Dormer* afterwards Earl of *Carnarvon*; he married *Lady Sophia Herbert*, Sister of the Earl of *Pembroke*, and was killed at the Battle of *Naseby*, fighting for *Charles* the First.

† *Wood's Athenæ*, Vol. I.

says, indeed, that after throwing himself out in short Essays, he ventured to try his Abilities in the writing of Plays: but what these Essays were; whether Interlude, Masque, Song, or any other Entertainment of the Stage, we are left to conjecture. The *Virgin Martyr* was, I believe, one of our Author's first Pieces which he wrote in Conjunction with *Decker*, and is far inferior to any of his other Productions. The Plot and Machinery are very extravagant; and the Play is disgraced by vulgar Dialogue and vile Obscenity, Faults which cannot fairly be laid to *Massinger's* Charge, who, though occasionally licentious, is never so offensive and disgusting.

Wood and *Langbaine* agree, that *Massinger's* Dramatick Pieces were approved; but whatever might be their Success, he soon experienced the unhappy Consequences of disobliging his Patron the Earl of *Pembroke*. This Nobleman's Character is drawn at large by the copious and eloquent Pen of Lord *Clarendon*; who styles him one of the worthiest and best beloved Men of the Age in which he lived. 'He was a Man, says the noble Historian, who conversed with Persons of the most pregnant Parts and Understanding; and to such, who needed Support or Encouragement, if fairly recommended, he was very liberal. How comes it to pass, that *Massinger*, who was born in the Family of *Herbert*, and bred at the University of *Oxford*, at the Expence of this amiable Man, should be so totally neglected, as it appears from himself that he really was?

It

It is most probable, that our Author's acting in Opposition to the Intention of his Patron, and leaving the University without his Permission, was the leading Cause of that low Dependence and Straitness of Circumstances which he laments so passionately in almost all his Applicatious to the great Men, whose Patronage he seems rather to have implored than solicited.

It must hurt a generous Mind to read the almost servile Supplications and humiliating Acknowledgements with which most of his Dedications abound. In the Epistle dedicatory of his excellent Tragedy the Duke of Milan, he *'intreats Lady Catherine Stanhope to suffer the Examples of more knowing and experienced Writers to plead his Pardon for addressing his Play to her, the rather, as his Misfortunes have left him no other Course to pursue.'* He frankly acquaints Sir Robert Wiseman*, *'that he had but faintly subsisted if he had not often tasted of his Bounty.'* The like Acknowledgement of munificent Favour he makes to Sir Francis Folianby †, and Sir Thomas Bland. In short, the same Language, though somewhat varied, runs through the greatest Part of his Addresses to his Patrons. The querulous and petitionary Style is peculiar to *Massinger* above all other Writers.

When we read the complimentary Epistles of this Author's Cotemporaries, many of whom

* Dedication of the Great Duke of Florence.

† Dedication of the *Maid of Honour*.

were distinguished for Wit and Learning, and some of them Persons of superior Rank, abounding with the fullest Approbation of his Merit, and extolling the Force and Grandeur of his Genius, we are at a Loss to account for such a Man's unhappy Condition and dependent Situation.

What the Profits were which accrued to him from the Representation of his Plays, cannot now be ascertained; That the Dramatic Poets were entitled to One Third Night's Profits in the Days of *Elizabeth* and *James the First** I believe is not generally known; but can be authenticated from a Prologue of *Decker* to one of his Plays. †

* The Progress of Liberality is slow; though after the Restoration, some Plays were acted Twenty or Thirty Nights without Interruption, and particularly *Dryden's Sir Martin Marr-All*; yet the Poets could not obtain more than the Profits of one Night, till the latter End of the last Century, when, upon the great Success of a Play of *Southern*, I believe it was *Oroonoko*, the Author obtained the Favour of two Nights: But, in Justice to the Actors, I must observe, that before the Enlarging the Number of Benefits in Favour of Authors, the Latter received the whole Money taken on their Benefit Night without any Deduction for Charges; *Downes*, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, acquaints us, that *Shadwell* received for his Third Night of the *Squire of Alsatia*, 1301; which, says *Downes*, was the greatest Receipt they ever had at that House, (*Drury Lane*) in single Prices. A few Years after *Oroonoko* was acted, *Rowe*, by the Success of one of his Tragedies, had the Honour to increase the Poets Nights to the Number of Three; since that Time the Liberality of several Managers has frequently gone farther than the stated Rule, by giving four, and, I believe, sometimes five Nights to very successful Plays.

† If this be not a good Play the Devil's in it.

*It is not Praise is sought for now, but Pence,
Though drop'd from greasy apron'd Audience ;
Clap'd may be be with Thunder, that plucks Bays
With such foul Hands, and with squint Eyes does gaze
On Pallas' Shield, not caring though he gains
A cram'd third Night, what Filth drops from his
brains.*

But we know how precarious the Benefit Nights of Authors often are, even in this liberal Age, for by a strange Perverseness of Fortune, we see the Boxes less frequented, when an Author's Pains and Merit ought to be rewarded, than at other Times.

Towards the Beginning of the last Century the Taste for Plays became so universal, that the Number of Theatres, as Mr. *Steevens* assures me from the MSS. of *Rymer* the Historiographer, amounted to no less than twenty three.*

So many rival Theatres must have considerably diminished the Profits of them all. And though some of them, such as the *Black Friars*, the *Globe*, the *Phoenix*, the Playhouse in *Salisbury*

* Before the Act which limited the Number of Theatres in 1736, we had in London no less than six regular Theatres—The Playhouses of *Drury Lane*, *Covent Garden*, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, the *King's Theatre*, the little Theatre in the *Haymarket*, and *Goodman's Fields*, were all open at one Time and exhibited Plays, Operas, &c. besides a Playhouse in *James Street*, called the *Slaughter House*, and another in *Villiers Street*, *York Buildings*; there was a Third at *Windmill Hill*, and another at *May Fair*; and in many of the great Taverns of this Metropolis, particularly the *Devil Tavern*, *Temple Bar*, Plays were occasionally acted.

Court, and the *Cock Pit*, were more esteemed and frequented by the better Sort of People than the others; yet from the Smallness of the Price paid for the best Seat, which was Half a Crown, we cannot suppose, that the Sum Total taken at One of these Theatres, upon an Average, amounted to more than about 25 or 30%.*

From this Estimation we may fairly conclude, that it was impossible for *Massinger* to acquire a competent Income from the Representation of his Plays. What Presents his Dedications produced we cannot easily conjecture; but from the precarious Circumstances of the Poet, it is reasonable to suppose that they were rather scanty than generous. Nor could the Printer afford a large Sum for the Copy of a Play consisting of ten Sheets, which he sold at the Price of Six Pence. This Information I learn from some Lines of *W. B.* to *Massinger*, on his *Bondman*.

'Tis granted for your Twelve Pence you did fit,
And see and hear, and *understood not yet*; †

The

* From the Diary of *Edward Allen*, a celebrated Actor, who founded a College at *Dulwich*, in the Reign of King *James* the First, we find that the whole Amount of Money taken at the Acting of a Play at his own Theatre, called *The Fortune*, was no more than 3l. and a few Shillings; the Diary says, indeed that the Audience was very slender:

† This seems to be a much valued Compliment which was frequently paid to our old Dramatic Authors. *Beaumont* tells *B. Jonson* in some verses in praise of his *Cataline*, that he was so deep in sense he would not be understood in three Ages—An unhappy Panegyrick for a Dramatic Writer, whose worst Fault must be Obscurity.

Dr.

The Author in a Christian Pity, takes
Care of your Good, and prints it for your Sakes,
That such as will but venture *Six Pence more*,
May know what they but saw and heard before.

I am inclined to believe that * *Shakespeare*,
as a sharing Actor, gained more Money than any
of his brother Poets did by the Profits of their
Plays.

Though *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were the Sons
of Men dignified in the Church and the Law,
and consequently superior to Indigence; yet I
do not find that they rejected any lucrative Ad-
vantages they could acquire by their Writings.
It was a Custom, says *Langbaine*, with *Fletcher*,
after he had written the three first Acts of a
Play, to shew them to the Actors, and make
Terms with them for the whole.

Without any other Resource but his Pen,
and surrounded as he was with many Inconve-
niences, *Massinger* might indeed be permitted
to complain, that his Misfortunes obliged him
to write for the Stage.

But however mean the Gratifications which
he obtained from his Patrons, and however small

* *Dr. Percy*, in an Appendix to the First Volume of his Re-
licks of Ancient Poetry, quotes, from *Green's Groat's Worth*
of Wit, a Passage which will tend to confirm what I have
conjectured of *Shakespeare's* Share as an Actor. A Player is
introduced in this Pamphlet of *Green*, boasting that his
Share in Stage Apparel would not be sold for Two Hun-
dred Pounds.

the Profits were which arose from the Acting and Printing of his Plays, he was by no means wanting to himself; he was not remiss in pursuing his Interest, or slow in making known his Pretensions. He applied to such noble Lords and Ladies as were allied by Birth or Marriage to the *Pembroke* Family, and laid Claim to their Favour on Account of his Father's Connections with that noble House.

The Earl of *Montgomery* being accidentally at the Representation of the *Bondman*, and openly approving it, furnished the Author with a fair Pretence to dedicate that Play to his Lordship. The Beginning of his Address is remarkable, and we may guess from it that the Dedicator had made some fruitless Attempts to be introduced to the Earl.

However I could never arrive at the Happiness to be made known to your Lordship, a Desire born with me, to make a Tender of all Duties and Services to the noble Family of the Herberts, descended to me as an Inheritance from my dead Father, Philip Massinger: many Years he happily spent in the Service of your honourable House, and died a Servant of it.

This claim to Patronage and Protection is here plainly, though modestly, insinuated. What Favour he afterwards experienced from this Nobleman during the Life of his Brother *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, concerning whom *Massinger*,

ger always observes the most profound Silence, cannot now be known: But when, by the Death of the * latter, the Earl of *Montgomery* acquired the Title and Estate of *Pembroke*, there is reason to suppose that our Author's uneasy Circumstances were happily relieved, for in a Copy of Verses written by him on the Death of *Charles Lord Herbert*, the Earl's Son, he addressed him not only as his singular good Lord, but his Patron. He likewise hints in a Prologue to the Play of *The Very Woman*, that he had revived and altered that Piece in Obedience to the Command of his Patron:

By command

He undertook this Task, nor could it stand
With his low Fortune, to refuse to do
What by his Patron he was call'd unto:
For whose Delight and yours, we hope with Care
He hath revived it.

It is not improbable, that the Resentment of the *Herbert* Family to *Massinger*, which proceeded from the Offence given to *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, and was merely Personal, expired with that Nobleman.

That our Author was happy in the Acquaintance of Men distinguished by Superiority of Rank, and esteemed for their Virtues, is unquestionable. If Dramatic History † had not

* *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, to the great Regret of the Public, died *April* 10th, 1630.

† *Langbaine's* Lives of the Poets.

told us that he was beloved for his Modesty, Candour, Affability, and other amiable Qualities of the Mind, the Testimonies of Sir *Aston Cockaine*, Sir *Henry Moore*, Sir *Thomas Jay*, of *Ford*, *May*, *Shirley* and many Others, would have proved lasting and honourable Records of the Goodness of his Mind and the Extent of his Genius.

The Epithets of Address conferred on our Author by his Panegyriste are remarkably affectionate, *beloved, much esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honour'd, long known and long loved Friend*, convey the Sentiments of *Massinger's* Admirers and Friends with an honest Warmth, worthy of him and the Congratulators.

The general Approbation given by the Public to the Plays which were produced by the united Efforts of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, tempted many other Dramatic Writers to follow their Example, and to commence joint Traders in Wit, but not with equal Fortune. These twin Stars of Dramatic Poetry were so well match'd in Abilities, so uniform in strength of Sentiment, Brilliancy of Fancy, Elegance of Diction, Variety of Character, and Oeconomy of Plot, that the most critical Reader could not pretend to determine where *Beaumont* began or where *Fletcher* ended.

But the Public might be easily convinced, that this Mode of uniting different Capacities in the joint Fabrication of a Play, was a hazardous Undertaking, which suited very few Wri-
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ters, and indeed scarce any but the great Originals themselves.

The unequal Powers of Genius generally produced an heterogenous Offspring, for in no Part of Composition did the Partners assimilate or harmonize. The whole Work was at best a Piece of tawdry Patchwork, and of as many Colours as the Patriarch's Coat: The Elements of Matter in Chaos were not more dissimilar and discordant than the separate Scenes of these hand-in-hand Writers.*

*Quia Corpore in Uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia ficcis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.*

I have dwelt the longer upon this awkward and ridiculous Partnership in Wit, because our *Massinger* suffered greatly by the Practice. The mixing his fine Ore with foreign Dross, gave a Credit to his Allies which they did not merit, at the same Time that his own pure Metal was debased below its genuine Standard. In this Censure I do not mean to include *Nathaniel Field*, who assisted our Author in writing his *Fatal Dowry*; the comic Scenes of this Writer cannot easily be separated from *Massinger's*.

We

* I know of but one Comedy written since the Times of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, where the Wit, Fancy, and Humour of two Authors unite so happily, that the Texture of the Whole may be supposed to be woven by one Hand: The Reader will easily guess I mean the *Clandestine Marriage*.

We are told indeed that *Massinger* joined with *Fletcher* in the Writing of a few Plays.—Happy should we be to discover the Dramatick Pieces in which these eminent Writers exerted their mutual Talents; for they were almost equally matched, and equally capable to earn the Reward of superior Merit. But for this interesting Fact, we have no other Proof than the vague Testimony of Sir *Aston Cockaine* *, who, in a profaick Copy of Verses, addressed to the Publishers of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, calls upon them to point out which Plays those Authors wrote jointly, and which separately, and to distinguish the Pieces which the united Musés of *Fletcher* and *Massinger* produced. But this was no more than meer Hearsay; for Sir *Aston's* Authority was founded, according to *Langbaine*, upon something which he had heard in Conversation from one who was *Fletcher's* intimate Friend; we cannot therefore rely on the Truth of this Story.

Sir *Aston Cockaine* was well acquainted with *Massinger*, who would, in all probability, have communicated to his Friend, a Circumstance which was so honourable to himself.

* To Mr. *Humphrey Mosley* and Mr. *Humphrey Robinson*,

In the large Book of Plays you late did print
 In *Beaumont* and in *Fletcher's* Name; why in't
 Did you not Justice? Give to each his due?
 For *Beaumont* of those many writ but few:
 And *Massinger* in other few; the main
 Being sweet Issues of sweet *Fletcher's* Brain.
 But how come I (you ask) so much to know?
Fletcher's chief bosom Friend* inform'd me so.

* Mr. *Charles Cetton*, Author of *Virgil Travestie*.

We can find no Footsteps of any Intimacy or Acquaintance between *Shakespeare* and *Massinger*; though the latter seems to have much admired the Works of the former, whom he frequently imitated, and sometimes, indeed, he has little more than transcribed him. But *Shakespeare* was older than our Poet by twenty Years, and before *Massinger* could possibly be known to the Publick, the Father of the *English* Drama enjoyed that happy Affluence, which enabled him to spend the greatest Part of his Time at his beloved *Stratford upon Avon*; from whence he returned occasionally to the Metropolis, to visit his old Friends, and to exhibit some new Work which his Leisure in the Country had tempted him to write for the Stage*.

But we cannot so easily account for *Ben Jonson's* Silence respecting our Author, who out-lived *Jonson* only two Years. He, who was so ready to praise or censure all who submitted to, or questioned his Authority, has not once mentioned the Man, who after *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, and himself, was the most distinguished Name in Dramatick Poetry.

But this Poet Critick, in Proportion as the Faculties of his Mind decayed, seems to have been more urgent in his Claims to superior

* That *Shakespeare* wrote for the Stage till the Year 1614, two Years before his Death, has been proved by Mr. *Malone* in a very laborious and well established Account of the several Eras when his Plays were acted.—Vide last Edit. of *Johnson's Shakespeare*, 10 Vol. 8vo.

Merit; and the publick Voice not according with his own, it rendered him more petulant, presumptuous, and peevish. He valued himself much upon his Tragick Style, which was his worst Species of Composition. His Disappointment of Success in *Sejanus*, did not prevent him from writing his beloved *Cataline*; as I think my Lord *Dorset* some where styles it. The ill Fate of this Play seems to have hurt his Mind, and damped his Genius. For nothing which he produced afterwards, if we except some Scenes of an imperfect Piece, called the *Sad Shepherd*, is worth reading. Tradition informs us, that he wrote his *Bartholomew Fair*, to revenge the Insult offered to *Cataline*. But that Comedy does no Honour to his Memory; nor to that Publick, who could endure such Scenes of vile Ribaldry, low Humour, and vulgar Dialogue. Such a Man, ruffled in his Temper, and disgusted with the World, would not temperately bear so successful a Rival as *Massinger*, who, in Dramatick Poetry, was equal to himself, and greatly superior to his two adopted Heirs, *Raindolph* and *Cartwright*.

Jonson was, beyond all Controversy, a Man of considerable Abilities. He was an excellent Scholar, and the first Writer who taught the Use of critical Learning in Dramatic Composition. His Humour, though confined to Characters of the lowest Class, was genuine; and in the Conduct of his Scenes, he approached nearer to the Simplicity of the Ancients than any Play Wright of his own Times; but his

Subjects were often ill chosen; and though his Portraits were correctly designed, his Colouring was dry and unpleasant, his Wit was fashionable, and his Satire local.

His Reputation has sunk in Proportion as *Shakespeare* has been known and admired. The unlimited Obedience to his Stage Laws, which *Jonson* exacted, not only from the People at large, but from his contemporary Authors, whether Inferiors or Equals, was, in his own Age, often disputed with Warmth, and rejected with Indignation.

Who can forbear smiling at the extravagant and absurd Commendations bestowed upon this Man by *Selden*, *Beaumont*, *Randolph*, *Chapman*, *Cartwright*, and others, his Admirers and Flatterers?

His Son *Randolph* thus approaches his poetical Parent, with the most profound and reverential Awe:

—When my Muse upon obedient Knees
Asks not a Father's Blessing, let her leese
The Fame of her Adoption; 'tis a Curse
I wish her, 'cause I cannot think a worse!

That his other Son, *Cartwright*, should prefer *Jonson* and *Fletcher* to *Shakespeare*, and even ridicule the Humour of the matchless Bard, can be attributed to nothing but a bad Taste, or the grossest Partiality.

That

That *Massinger* scorned to bow the Knee to this self-elected Monarch, may be proved, I think, from some Lines in his Prologue to the *Bashful Lover*.

‘ Let others, building on their Merit, say
Y’are in the wrong, if you move not that way
Which they prescribe you ; as you were
bound to learn
Their Maxims, but incapable to discern
’Twi’x Truth and Falsehood.’

This is the constant Language of *Jonson*, in his Inductions, Prologues, and Epilogues. He will not permit the Audience to decide for themselves ; he assures them that his Play is good, and they ought to approve it. In the Epilogue to *Cynthia’s Revels*, he swears to the Excellence of his Workmanship.

I’ll only speak what I have heard him say,
By — ’tis good, and if you like’t you may.

When the Practice of adopting poetical Offspring first began, may be with more Readiness conjectured than ascertained. *Jonson*, who was as much delighted with an implicit Homage to his Nod of Authority, as ever beautiful Woman was charmed with the Number of her Adorers, was, I believe, the Parent of this whimsical Custom. *Ben* was not a little fond of the Delights which flow from social Pleasure, and loved the brisk Circulation of the Glass. Some peculiar Rite must have followed the Christening of the poetical Brat, who, it is likely, paid the Tribute of a sumptuous Dinner, and some Gallons of Sack, to his Revered Pa-

rent, for the much desired Blessing of Adoption. It were to be wished, that the Circumstances attending this Parnassian Ceremony, had been handed down to us, and set forth as explicitly as the celebrated *Leges Convivales*, or *Club Laws* of *Jonson*, hung up in the *Apollo*, at the *Devil Tavern*.*

In Imitation of *Ben's* Method of creating Heirs of Genius, other Poets claimed an equal Right of raising up poetical Offspring: *Chapman* adopted *Nath. Field*, and what may be thought somewhat surprizing, *Richard Brome*, the Servant and *Amanuensis* of *Jonson*, chose for his Parent, *Decker*, the avowed Antagonist of his Master. Let us hear what Father *Decker* says to his Son *Brome*, in a congratulatory Poem on his *Northern Lads*.

To my Son *Brome* on his Lads.

Which then of both shall I commend?
Or thee that art my Son and Friend,
Or her by thee begot?

Massinger was, I believe, the last of these poetical Parents; *James Shirley* was the Offspring of his Choice; and with Mr. *Dryden's* Leave, I will be bold to say, he was not un-

* In the Beginning of the Reign of *Charles* the First, or some Time after, this Society was established by *Ben Jonson*, and all the Members who composed it were called his Sons; Dr. *Morley*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*, and many Persons of Rank and Merit, thought themselves honoured to be adopted into the Number of these jolly Associates at the *Devil Tavern*.

worthy to be chosen Successor to a Man of the most approved Dramatical Abilities. As I have given the whole Poem, written by the Father to his adopted Heir, in its proper Place, I shall only quote here two Lines, which may serve to prove *Massinger's* Opinion of his Child's Abilities.

To his Son *James Shirley*, on his *Minerva*, &c.

Thou art my Son, in that my Choice is spoke;
Thine, with thy Father's Muse, strikes equal
Stroke:

Here we see the modest Man, on this Occasion, throwing off his usual Reserve, and assuming a Dignity conformable to his Merit.

Amongst the Friends of *Massinger*, I must not forget to name *Joseph Taylor*, a very eminent Comedian; who, in a Copy of Verses, complimented him on the great Success of his *Roman Actor*, a Play in which *Taylor* represented the principal Character. In his Address, he styles the Poet his long known and loved Friend, *Philip Massinger*.

Goff, in some Latin Verses, which he wrote upon the same Play, celebrates the Merit of the Author and the Player.

Ecce *Philipinæ*, celebrata Tragædia, Musæ,
Quam *Roseus Britonum Roscius* egit, adest,
Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, &c.

Taylor

Taylor represented the Part of *Hamlet*, originally; from the Remembrance of whose Action in that Character, Sir *William Davenant* is said to have taught *Betterton* to perform Wonders.

Taylor's Name is to be found in the List of Actors in *Shakespeare's* and *Beaumont and Fletcher's* Plays. After having lived above forty Years the Admiration of the Publick, in a Variety of principal Characters, he was unhappily reduced to a State of Indigence. It was his Misfortune to survive the prosperous Days of the Theatre, which the breaking out of the civil Wars in 1640, caused to be shut up till the Restoration of *Charles II.* a Period of twenty Years. This excellent Actor died very poor, at *Richmond*, in *Surry*, about the Year 1655.

Massinger did not live to feel the Miseries of that civil Contest, which destroyed the Government of this Kingdom, in Church and State; he was happy in not seeing the Times of Confusion and Tumult, which though they affect all Ranks of Society, are most unfriendly to the Muses. Had he survived, he might, perhaps, have shared the Fate of *Taylor*; or have been reduced, like his Son *Shirley*, to earn his Livelihood by teaching Grammar*.

Massinger died in *March* 1640, according to our present Mode of reckoning, or 1639 agreea-

* *Shirley* died during the Rage of the great Fire of *London*, in 1666.—The Terror and Fright which he and his Wife suffered from this dreadful Conflagration, precipitated the Death of both.

ble to that Style which then prevailed: *Wood* and *Langbaine* both agree in the Manner of his Death; he went to bed in good Health, and was found dead in the Morning, in his own House, on the *Bankside, Southwark*. The Comedians paid a just Tribute to their deceased Friend by attending him to his Grave. He was buried about the Middle of the Church-yard, belonging to *St. Saviour's Church*, commonly called the *Bull-head Church-yard*.

Sir *Aston Cockaine*, in an Epitaph which I here transcribe from his Poems, published in 1659, acquaints us, that *Massinger* was buried in the same Grave with *Fletcher*.

An Epitaph on Mr. *John Fletcher*, and Mr. *Philip Massinger*, who lay both buried in one Grave, in *St. Mary Overy's Church*, in *Southwark* *.

In the same Grave was *Fletcher* buried, here Lies the Stage Poet, *Philip Massinger*; Plays they did write together, were great Friends,
And now one Grave includes them in their ends. So whom on Earth nothing could part, beneath Here in their Fame they lie, in spite of Death.

After what has been said of our Author, by the Editor, in his elegant Preface, and by the judicious Writer of the Essay on our *English*

* The Register of that Church, according to *Oldys*, in his MS. Notes on *Langbaine's* Life of *Massinger*, records that he was buried in one of the four Church Yards belonging to the *Bullhead*.

Dramatick Poets, it may be thought superfluous, as well as impertinent in me, to add any Thing farther upon the Subject.

Notwithstanding, I hope I shall be pardoned if I endeavour to point out some Peculiarities which distinguish this Writer from his Contemporaries.

The Plots of *Massinger*, like those of all our old Dramatists, are borrowed from surprizing Tales, and strange Adventures, from wild Romances and entertaining Novels, or from old Chronicles and well known History. In the conducting of his Fable, he is consistently and invariably attentive.

It is not his Custom, in Imitation of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, to write two or three Acts of a Play with uncommon Energy, and after exciting Expectation, and promising Delight, to disappoint the Reader, by unpardonable Neglect, or an utter Desertion of the Fable. I will not pretend to say, that these valuable Authors are always and equally deficient in working up the Catastrophes of their Plays; but I will appeal to their most partial Readers, if they are not often shamefully forgetful and indolent, where the Union of Genius and Judgment is most required*.

* I have either read or been informed that it was generally Mr. *Fletcher's* Practice, after he had finished three Acts of a Play, to shew them to the Actors; and after they had agreed upon Terms, he huddled up the two last without that proper Care which was requisite.

Langbaine's Poets, p. 144.

In

In *Massinger*, Nature and Art are so happily connected, that the one never seems to counteract the other, and in whatever Rank he may be placed by the Criticks, yet this Praise cannot be refused him, that his Genius operates equally in every Part of his Composition; for the Powers of his Mind are impartially diffused through his whole Performance; no Part is purposely degraded to Insipidity, to make another more splendid and magnificent; one Act of a Play is not impoverished to enrich another. All the Members of the Piece are cultivated and disposed as Plot, Situation, and Character require.

The Editor very justly observes, that *Massinger* excels *Shakespeare* himself in an easy constant flow of harmonious Language; nor should it be forgotten, that the Current of his Style is never interrupted by harsh, and obscure Phraseology, or overloaded with figurative Expression. Nor does he indulge in the wanton and licentious Use of mixed Modes in Speech; he is never at a Loss for proper Words to cloath his Ideas. And it must be said of him with Truth, that if he does not always rise to *Shakespeare's* Vigour of Sentiment, or Ardor of Expression, neither does he sink like him into mean Quibble, and low Conceit.

There is a Discrimination in the Characters of *Massinger*, by which they are varied as distinctly as those of *Shakespeare*. The Hero, the Statesman, the Villain, the Fop, the Coward, the Man of Humour, and the Gentleman, speak
a Lan-

a Language appropriated to their several Personages.

Sometimes he takes Pleasure in smoothing the Features of a Villain, and concealing his real Character, till his Wickedness breaks out into Action; nor is this Peculiarity in our Author effected by any constrained or abrupt Conduct, but strictly conformable to Dramatick Truth, and the Oeconomy of his Fable. *Francisco*, in the *Duke of Milan*, assumes, during the first Act, such a Face of Honesty and Fidelity, that the Reader must be surprized, though not shocked at the Change of his Behaviour in the second Act. The Villains of *Massinger* are not Monsters of Vice, who sin merely from the Delight they feel in the Practice of Wickedness. *Francisco*, like *Dr. Young's Zanga*, *, carries his Resentment beyond the Limits of his Provocation; but a Sister dishonoured, is, by an *Italian*, supposed to be a sufficient Cause for pursuing the deepest Revenge. So *Montreville*, in the unnatural Combat, smothers his Rage for the Injuries he had received from *Malefort*, with whom he lives in great Familiarity, and the highest seeming Warmth of Friendship, till he gains an Opportunity, towards the Close of the Play, to glut his Appetite of Revenge, by ravishing *Malefort's* Daughter, and upbraiding him at the same Time with the Wrongs which he had suffered from him.

* In the Tragedy of the *Revenge*, *Francisco* has some Features not unlike those of the *Moor*. And I cannot help thinking, that *Young* had read the *Duke of Milan*, and borrowed a few Hints from that Tragedy.

Massinger is equally skilful in producing Comick and Tragick Delight; his Characters in both Styles are stamped by the Hand of Nature. *Eubulus*, in the *Piecture*, is as true a Portrait of honest Freedom, shrewd Observation, and singular Humour, as *Shakespeare's* *Ænobarbus*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Durazzo*, in the *Guardian*, is inferior to no Character of agreeable Singularity in any Author. Joyous in Situations of the utmost Peril, he is an impartial Lover of Valour, in Friend or Foe; he pardons the Follies of Youth, by a generous Recollection of his own. *Durazzo* forgives every Thing but Cowardice of Spirit and Meanness of Behaviour; a more animated and picturesque Description of Field Sports than that given by *Durazzo* is not to be found in any Author. *Massinger* does not use the Agency of Fools, who in *Shakespeare's* Management produce such admirable Scenes of Delight; *Graculo* and *Hilario* in the *Duke of Milan* and the *Piecture* seem to partake something of the *Spanish Gracioso* and the *English Clown*; and are employed by our Author as Chorusses to conduct his Plots.

That *Massinger* was no mean Scholar every Reader of Taste will discern; his Knowledge in Mythology, and History antient and modern, appears to have been extensive; nor was he a mere Smatterer in Logic, and Philosophy, though *Wood* informs us that he did not apply himself to the Study of these Sciences when he was at the University. That he was very conversant with the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics, his frequent

frequent Allusions to poetical Fable, and his interweaving some of the choicest Sentiments of the best antient Writers in his Plays, sufficiently demonstrate. What he borrowed from the Classics he paid back with Interest, for he dignified their Sentiments by giving them a new Lustre; while *Jonson*, the superstitious Idolater of the Antients, deforms his Style by affected Phraseology and verbal Translation; his Knowledge was unaccompanied by true Judgment and Elegance of Taste, and in the Incorporation of foreign Sentiments with his own, he understood not the Means to enrich his Composition by artfully borrowing from the dead Languages.

It was a Fault common to our old Dramatic Writers, in describing the Manners of different Nations, to forget what Painters call the Costume; if they laid their Plots in *France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or Turkey*, the Characters were merely *English*, and the Customs, Fashions, Follies, and Vices of our great Metropolis were sure to be introduced, though the Poet had laid his Scene in *Rome or Constantinople*.

This Incongruity in national Manners runs through *Shakespeare, B. Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher*, as well as *Massinger*. But though, in the Conduct of the Drama, this was a great Impropriety, the Public, I believe, suffered no Injury from it. The reigning Enormities and fashionable Follies of the Times, were censured, perhaps, with greater Freedom, when the Scene was

was laid at *Venice*, than if it had been placed in *London*.

Although the Dramatic Poet is the most pleasing, he is at the same Time the most pungent Moralist; and a more powerful Reformer of Vice and Folly than the profest Satirist himself. What are the solemn Sermons of *Seneca*, the laughing Reproofs of *Horace*, and the grave Declamations of *Juvenal*, when compared with the deep Reflections of the melancholy *Cardenes*,* and the poignant Strictures of a mad *Timon* or a distracted *Lear*? *Seneca* dazzles the Reason, *Horace* amuses the Fancy, *Juvenal* alarms the Passions, but *Shakespeare* and *Massinger* warm and refine the Heart.

Massinger, though inferior in pointed Satire to *Shakespeare*, seizes every Opportunity to crush rising Folly, and repel incroaching Vice.

When this Author lived, Luxury in Eating and Finery in Dress universally prevailed, to the most enormous Excess.—These Perversions of natural Appetite and decent Custom he combated with an uncommon Ardor of Resentment, and applied to them the Force of Ridicule wherever he fairly met them. In his *City Madam* he attacks the Pride, Extravagance, and Affectation of the Citizens and their Wives; he fixes the Boundaries between the gay Splendors of a Court, and the sober Customs of the City. The Ci-

* A Character in the Play of the *Very Woman*.

tizens, by an awkward Imitation of Court Gaieties have always rendered themselves Ridiculous. But this is not all—In abandoning their own primitive Way of Living, they have lost that Influence which can only be preserved by Industry, Wealth, Oeconomy, Simplicity, and Plainness of Manners.

Massinger does not, like *Shakespeare* and *Jonson*, sport with Cowardice and Effeminacy; he considers them not only as Defects of Character but as Stains of Immorality: *Romont's* Reproof to *Noval*, a Coward and a Fop, is singular and bitter.

As if thou e'er wert angry
 But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor Shred
 Can bring more to the making up of a Man
 Then can be hoped from thee—Thou art his
 Creature,
 And did he not each Morn create thee,
 Thou'dst stink and be forgotten.—I'll not
 change
 One Syllable more with thee, until thou bring
 Some Testimony under good Men's Hands
 Thou art a *Christian*. I suspect thee strongly,
 And will be satisfied.

Fatal Dowry, Act II.

But, besides the occasional Censure which *Massinger* passed upon the growing Vices of the Times in which he lived he aimed at higher Game. He boldly attacked the Faults of Ministers and of Kings themselves. He pointed

pointed his Arrows against *Carr* and *Buckingham*, against *James* and *Charles* the First.

The pusilanimous Temper of *James* exposed him to the Scorn of all Europe, and rendered him contemptible in the Eyes of his own Subjects. The warlike Spirit of the Nation was subdued by the Cowardice of the Prince. He was called upon by the Voice of his People, and by his Parliament, to assist his Son-in-Law, *Frederick*, the *Electōr Palatine*, and King of *Bohemia*, against the Emperor *Ferdinand*, who deprived him at last of the best Part of his Dominions. *James*, instead of furnishing Troops to *Frederick*, contented himself with sending Ambassadors to the *Austrian* Court, the Futility of which Conduct was ridiculed upon the Stage at *Brussells*.

Massinger, though from the general Tenor of his Writings, he appears to have been a firm Friend of Monarchy, and warmly attached to Government in Church and State, was not a Favourer of Arbitrary Power, or inclined to put an implicit Faith in the Word of Kings; he was averse from embracing the Doctrines of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance *, so much

* The Conduct of *B.* and *Fletcher* so far as it respects the Duty which Subjects owe to Kings, deserves Notice: They preach up the most unreserved Submission to Princes, and zealously maintain

The Right Divine of Kings to govern Wrong.

Yet they make no Scruple of plotting against, and destroying tyrannical Princes.

Vide The Maid's Tragedy.

inculcated by *James*, in his Speeches to Parliament, and his Court Divines in their Sermons. *Massinger* was a good Subject, but not like other Poets, his Contemporaries, a slavish Flatterer of Power, and an Abettor of despotick Principles.

Our Poet, in his Play of the *Maid of Honour*, under the Characters of *Roberto*, King of *Sicily*, and *Fulgentio* his Favourite, undoubtedly drew the Portraits of *James* and his Minion, *Carr* or *Buckingham*, or perhaps both.

The Duke of *Urbino*, by his Ambassador, craves the Assistance of the King of *Sicily*.—*Roberto* pleads in his Refusal, the Injustice of the Duke's Cause.—*James* too, would not own the Title of his Son-in-Law to *Bohemia*, though he was chosen by the free Votes of the Estates of that Kingdom; nor would he permit him to receive the Honours due to his high Rank, from pretended Scruples of Conscience or Motives of Honour. *Bertoldo*, from many spirited Arguments, urges the King to grant the Duke the requested Aid. The following Speech will, I believe, confirm my Conjecture of the *Sicilian* Prince's Resemblance to our *British* Monarch.

—May you live long

* *The King of Peace*; so you deny not us
The Glory of the War; let not our Nerves

* *Rex Pacificus* was a Title that *James* affected, and was highly pleased with.

Shrink

Shrink up with Sloth, nor for Want of Em-
ployment

Make younger Brothers Thieves: 'Tis their
Sword, Sir,

Must sow and reap their Harvest. If Examples
May move you more than Arguments, *look on
England,*

*The Empress of the European Isles,
Unto whom alone ours yields Precedence:
When did she flourish so as when she was
The Mistress of the Ocean? Her Navies
Putting a Girdle round about the World.
When the Iberian quak'd, her Worthies nam'd;
And the fair Fleur de Lis grew pale set by
The Red Rose and the White? Let not our Armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd Armada make us
Ridiculous to the late poor Snakes, our Neighbour's,
Warm'd in our Bosoms; and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our Hours
Without Variety, confin'd to Drink,
Dice, Cards, or Whores.*

When this animated Speech was first delivered by the Actor, I cannot doubt but that it was heard by the Audience with Rapture, and universally applauded. The Poet spoke the genuine Sense of the Nation. *James*, unhappily for himself and his Posterity, instead of giving free Liberty to the generous Spirit of his Subjects, and indulging the favourite Passion of the Nation in the brisk Prosecution of a foreign War, by which he might have gained their Love and secured their Allegiance, cherished the Cockle of Discontent and Sedition, which broke out

with Violence in the Reign of his Successor, and caused the Ruin of the King and Kingdom.

Of *Fulgentio*, King *Roberto's* Favourite, *Bertoldo* speaks with the utmost Contempt:

—Let him keep his Smiles
For his State Catamite.

Though *James* was supposed to be averse from the Fair Sex, and was unsuspected of any Intrigue with Women, yet he was extremely solicitous to gratify the amorous Passions of his two great Favourites, *Somerset* and *Buckingham*. To forward the former's Marriage with the Countess of *Essex*, he undertook to prove the Necessity of a Divorce between her and the Earl her Husband, *propter frigiditatem*. Many learned Arguments did he make, and several obscene Expressions did he use, in the Prosecution of this unkingly Business. But if we may credit Sir *Edward Peyton*, *James* carried his Complaisance to his Minion *Buckingham* still farther, even to a shameful Degree of Pandarism.

“ The King entertained Sir *John Crofts* and his Daughter, a beautiful Lass, at *Newmarket*, that *Buckingham* might have the easier Means to vitiate her. And one Mrs. *Dorothy Gawdry* being a rare Creature, the King carried *Buckingham* to *Culford*, that he might have his Will of her: But Sir *Nicholas Bacon's* Sons and *Peyton* himself, contrived to secure the Lady from the King and *Buckingham's* base Intentions *.”

* *Peyton's* divine Catastrophe of the *Stuarts*.

In the same Play of the *Maid of Honour*, King *Roberto*, willing to second the Passions of his favourite *Fulgentio*, employs his Influence to forward his Match with *Camiola*. For that Purpose, he sends her a Ring by the Minion himself; but the Lady treats *Fulgentio* with that proper Contempt which his Character deserves:

Camiola. Excuse me, Sir, if I Deliver Reasons, why upon no Terms I'll marry you.

Fulgentio. Come, your wife Reasons.

Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them: First, I am doubtful whether you are a Man; *Since for a Shape, trim'd up in Lady's Dressing, You might pass for a Woman**. Now I love To deal on Certainties; and for the Fairness Of your Complection, which you think will take me, The Colour I must tell you in a Man, Is weak and faint.

—Then as you are a Courtier, A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward.

And so much for your Person. Rich you are, Dev'lish rich, as 'tis reported, and surely have The Aids of Satan's little Fiends to get it: And what is got upon his Back, must be Spent, you know where.

* I have seen *Somerset* and *Buckingham* labour to resemble Ladies in the Effeminacy of their Dressings; though in whorish Looks and wanton Gestures, they exceeded any Part of Womankind, my Conversation did cope withall.

Osborne's Memoirs of James I.

But *Massinger* did not confine his Censure to personal Defects or Vices in the Prince and his Ministers. He extended his Satire to an open Attack upon Mal-administration, and the Abuses of Government.

The Admirers of the two first *Stuarts*, *Charles* and *James*, will confess, that though they affected to despise, yet they greatly dreaded, and cordially hated Parliaments; Assemblies that were obnoxious to them, because they endeavoured to fix proper Bounds to their Power, and inquired rigorously into national Grievances. During their Reigns, Patents, Monopolies, Loans, and Benevolences, were the Abuses universally exclaimed against. All these raged in full Force, when the Dread of a House of Commons was withdrawn.

In the *Emperor of the East*, a Play acted by the Command of *Charles I.* *Massinger* vindicates the Cause of the Nation against unjust and exorbitant Impositions, and the Excesses of regal and ministerial Authority. A Scene between the Projectors and *Pulcheria*, the Guardian of the Kingdom, in whose Character I think he intended a Compliment to the Memory of *Queen Elizabeth*, gave the Author an Opportunity to speak the public Sense upon the Stage :

Pulcheria. Projector, I treat first
Of you and your Disciples; you roar out,
All is the King's; his Will's above his Laws,
And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes

For

PHILIP MASSINGER. lxxxix

For his poor Subjects; whispering in his Ear,
If they would have his Fear, no Man should
dare

To bring a Sallad from his Country Garden
Without the paying Gabel; kill a Hen
Without Excise; or if he desire
To have his Children or his Servants wear
Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm
In Policy, 'tis fit the Owner should
Pay for them by the Poll; or if the Prince
Want a certain Sum, he may command a City
Impossibilities; and for Nonperformance,
Compel it to submit to any Fine
His Officers shall impose, &c.

The Reader of public Transactions, during the whole Reign of *James*, and the greatest Part of *Charles I.* will acknowledge the Justice of *Massinger's* Censure. I shall only observe, that the City of *London* was frequently the Object of courtly Imposition and arbitrary Taxation.— From the Authority of *Camden*, in his Annals of *James I.* we learn, that that Monarch, in the Year 1620, demanded of the City of *London* Twenty Thousand Pounds. As there was no legal Pretence for the Tax, the Citizens did not entirely comply with the royal Mandate; but willingly, as the same Author assures us, gave the King Ten Thousand Pounds. But enough on this Subject.

In a peculiar Strain of Eloquence, and most pathetic Art of Persuasion, *Massinger* equals, if not excels, all Dramatick Writers, ancient
and

and modern; whether he undertakes the Defence of injured Virtue, avenges the Wrongs of suffering Beauty, or pleads the Cause of insulted Merit; would he sooth, by gentle Insinuation, or prevail by Strength of Argument, and the Irradiations of Truth!—Does he arraign, supplicate, reproach, threaten or condemn!—He is equally powerful, victorious and triumphant. What are all the laboured Defences of the Stage, when compared to *Paris's* eloquent Vindication of scenical Exhibition before the *Roman Senate*, in the Tragedy of the *Roman Actor*? Would the Reader feel the Effects of filial Piety, in its most amiable and enthusiastick Excess, let him read *Charolois* pleading in Behalf of his dead Father, and claiming a Right to his Body, by giving up his own in Exchange, in the *Fatal Dowry*. The same *Charolois*, justifying himself from the Charge of Cruelty, in putting to Death an adulterous Wife, exhibits a still stronger Proof of that inimitable Art, which our Author so perfectly enjoyed, to move the Passions, by an irresistible Stream of eloquent and pathetick Language.

Massinger is the avowed Champion of the Fair Sex. He lived at a Time when the Spirit of Chivalry, which owed its Institution to the Honours due to the beautiful Part of the Creation, was not quite extinguished. And however the Excesses of Knight Errantry may be ridiculed, there is something noble in the Idea of protecting Beauty in Distress, and rescuing female Innocence from Oppression. Our Author always rises above himself, when he describes Beauty
and

and its Effects. When a fine Woman is the Subject, his Verses run with a sweet Fervour, and pleasing Rapidity; like *Milton*, when ruminating on the divine Verses of *Homer* and other sublime Poets, *Massinger's* Ideas when feeding on his favourite Subject.—

Voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers.

The Females of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are for the most Part violent in their Passions, capricious in their Manners, licentious, and even indecent in their Language,

Massinger's Fair Ones are cast in a very different Mold; they partake just so much of the male Virtues, Constancy and Courage, as to render their feminine Qualities more amiable and attractive.

Four of our Author's Plays are professedly written in Honour of the Fair Sex. The *Bondman*, the *Bashful Lover*, the *Picture*, and the *Maid of Honour*, are so many beautiful Wreaths, composed of the choicest poetical Flowers, and offered on the Shrine of Beauty.

I have been tempted by my Veneration for this admirable Writer, to go greater Lengths than I intended, in the Investigation of his peculiar Excellencies. *Massinger*, the more he is read will certainly be more esteemed and approved, for no Author will better bear the strictest Examination; the enjoying the Beauties of this Writer will be attended, perhaps, with some little Mur-

Murmuring and Self-upbraiding; Surprize will be accompanied with Indignation, and Delight with Regret; most Readers will lament the having had such a noble Treasure within their Reach, without having once looked upon its Lustre; and in Proportion as their Negligence has been, will be the Profusion of their Praise and Admiration!

Though it must be granted, that *Massinger*, in Compliance with the Times in which he lived, and in Conformity to the Practice of contemporary Writers, did occasionally produce low Characters, and write Scenes of licentious and reprehensible Dialogue; yet we must remember to his Honour, that he never sports with Religion by prophane Rants or idle Jestings; nor does he once insult the Clergy, by petulant Witticism or Common-place Abuse.



T O

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

THIS LIFE of MASSINGER,

Is most respectfully inscribed,

As a small but sincere Tribute

To his liberal and extensive Learning;

His great and uncommon Genius;

And his universal and active Benevolence;

By his much obliged

And most obedient Servant,

THOMAS DAVIES.

Speedily will be delivered,

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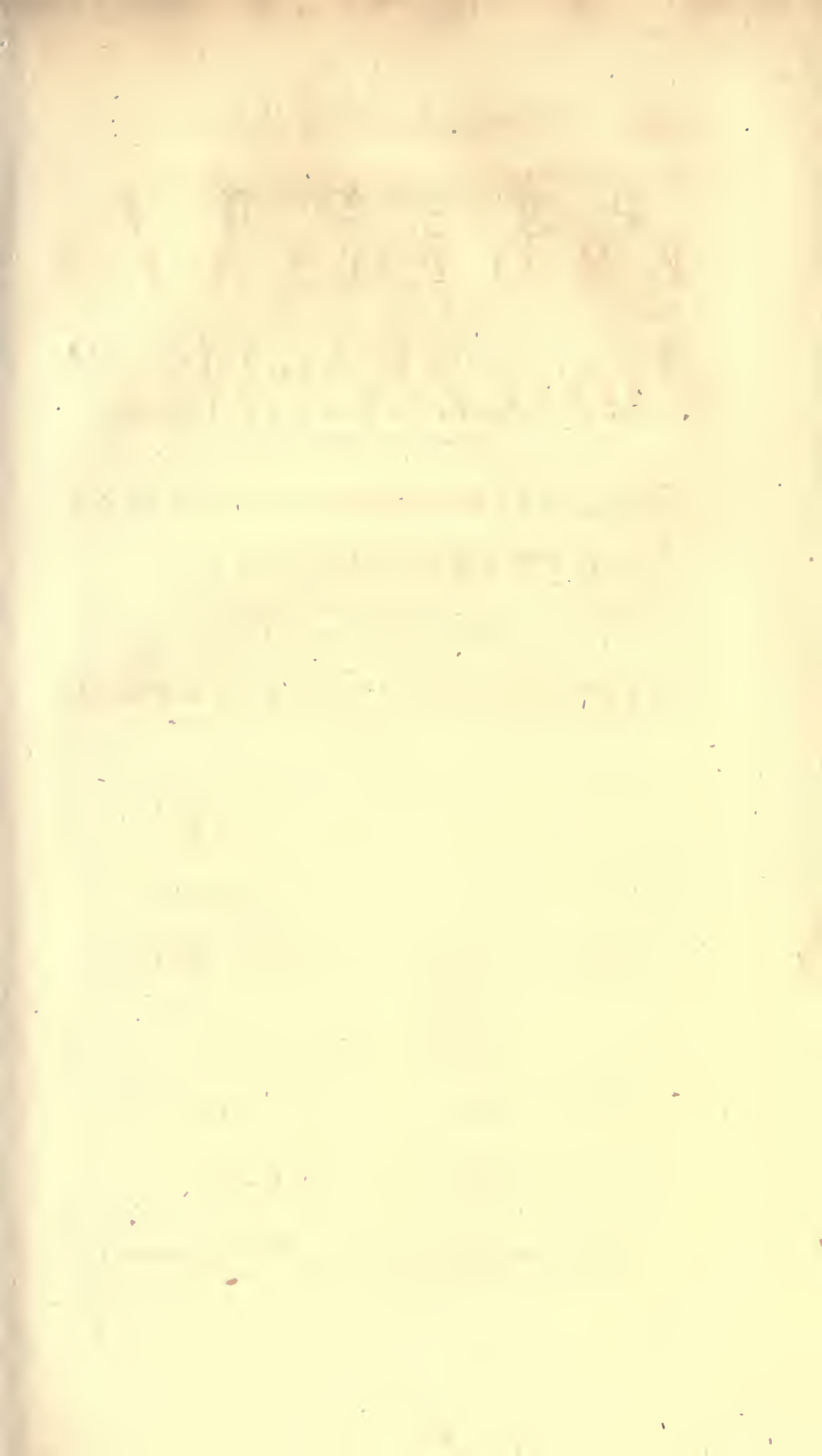
And those of many eminent DRAMATIC POETS,

As represented on the STAGE

By Mr. GARRICK,

And other celebrated COMEDIANS;

With ANECDOTES of AUTHORS, ACTORS, &c. &c.



V E R S E S

T O

MR. PHILIP MASSINGER.

The Author's FRIEND to the READER.

(VERSES prefixed to the BONDMAN.)

THE Printer's Haste calls on; I must not drive
My Time past Six, though I begin at Five.
One Hour I have intire, and 'tis enough,
Here are no Gipsie Jiggs *, no Drumming Stuff,
Dances, or other Trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common Way, the common Sight;
The Author of this Poem, as he dares
To stand th' austereſt Censure; so he cares
As little what it is, his own best Way
Is to be Judge; and Author of his Play:
It is his Knowledge makes him thus secure;
Nor does he write to please; but to indure. †
And (Reader) if you have disburs'd a Shilling;
To see this worthy Story, and are willing
To have a large Increase; (If rul'd by me)
You may a Merchant, and a Poet be:
'Tis granted for your Twelve-Pence you did fit,
And see, and hear, and understand, not yet.

* Gipsie Jiggs—The Writer had in his Mind a Comedy of Middleton's called the *Gipsies*, in which there is Abundance of Singing and Dancing.

† But to indure—He does not wish to please for a Day and then to be forgotten, but to last for Ages. D.

The Author (in a Christian Pity) takes
 Care of your Good, and prints it for your Sakes,
 That such as will but venture Sixpence more,
 May know what they but saw and heard before :
 'Twill not be Money lost. If they can read
 (There's all the Doubt now) but your Gains exceed
 If you can understand, and you're made
 Free of the freest, and the noblest Trade ;
 And in the Way of Poetry, now-a-days,
 Of all that are call'd Works, the best are Plays.

W. B.

*Upon this Work * of his beloved Friend the AUTHOR.*

I AM snapt already and may go my Way ;
 The Poet Critick's come, I hear him say
 This Youth's mistook, the Author's Work's a Play.

He could not miss-it, he will strait appear
 At such a Bait ; 'twas laid on purpose there
 To take the Vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah ! you will be nibbling ; a small Bit,
 A Syllable when you're in the hungry Fit
 Will serve to stay the Stomach of your Wit.

Fool, Knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave
 thee ;

And were the Devil instantly to have thee,
 Thou canst not instance such a Work to save thee.

'Mongst all the Ballets which thou dost compose,
 And what thou stilest thy Poems, ill as those,
 And void of Rhime and Reason, thy worse Prose :

Yet like a rude Jack-sauce in Poesie,
 With Thoughts unblest and Hands unmannerly,
 Ravishing Branches from *Apollo's* Tree ;

* *The Duke of Milan.*

Thou

Thou mak'st a Garland for thy Touch unfit,
 And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd Sconce with it,
 As if it were the supreme Head of Wit:

The blameless Muses, who do not allow
 That reverend Order to each vulgar Brow,
 Whose sinful Touch profanes the holy Bough:

Hence, shallow Prophet; and admire the Straine
 Of thine own Pen; or thy poor Cope-mate's Vein;
 This Piece two curious is for thy coarse Braine: †

Here Wit more fortunate is join'd with Art;
 And that most sacred Frenzy bears a Part
 Infus'd by Nature in the Poet's Heart.

Here may the puny Wits themselves direct,
 Here may the wisest find what to affect,
 And Kings may learn their proper Dialect.

On then dear Friend; thy Pen thy Name shall spread,
 And should'st thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
 The Muse must labour, when thy Hand is dead.

W. B. ‡

To his dear Friend the AUTHOR; on the ROMAN ACTOR.

I AM no great Admirer of the Plays,
 Poets, or Actors, that are now-a-days;
 Yet, in this Work of thine, methinks, I see
 Sufficient Reason for Idolatry.

† Who this sharp Satire is pointed at cannot positively be proved---From the third Line of the first Triplet I should imagine *B. Jonson*, was certainly intended. The Author's Work's a Play, and the Author's Play is a Work, were Expressions frequently used for and against *B. Jonson*.

‡ 'Tis the Opinion of Mr. Reed, that the Initials *W. B.* stand for *William Brown*, the Author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. I see no Reason to think otherwise, except that *Ben Jonson*, whom *W. B.* seems to attack all through this Poem, had greatly celebrated *Brown's Pastorals*; but indeed *Jonson* was so capricious in his Temper that we must not suppose him to be very constant in his Friendships. D.

e. V E R S E S . T O

Each Line thou hast taught CÆSAR, is as high
 As he could speak, when grov'ling Flattery,
 And his own Pride (forgetting Heaven's Rod)
 By his Edicts stil'd himself great Lord and God.
 By thee, again the Laurel crowns his Head;
 And, thus reviv'd, who can affirm him dead?
 Such Power lies in this lofty Strain as can
 Give Swords and Legions, to DOMITIAN:
 And when thy PARIS pleads in the Defence
 Of Actors, every Grace, and Excellence
 Of Argument for that Subject, are by thee
 Contracted in a sweet Epitome.
 Nor do thy Women the tir'd Hearers vex
 With Language no way proper to their Sex.
 Just like a cunning Painter thou let'st fall
 Copies more fair than the Original.
 I'll add but this: From all the modern Plays
 The Stage hath lately borne, this wins the Bays.
 And if it come to Trial, boldly look
 To carry it clear, thy Witness being thy Book.

T. JAY.

*In PHILIPPI MASSINGERI, Poetæ Elegantiss.
 ACTOREM ROMANUM, typis excusum.*

Δεξασιον.

ECCĒ Philippinæ, celebrata Tragædia Musæ
 Quam Roscius Britonum Roscius egit, adest.
 Semper, fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper
 Liber ab invidiæ dentibus esto, Liber.
 Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pati
 Thus, Vænum expositi tegmina suta libri:
 Nec metuas raucos, Momorum Sybila, rhoncos,
 Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus, erit.
 Nam totiés festis, actum, placuisse Theatris
 Quod liquet, hoc, Cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO. GOFF.

MR. P. MASSINGER. ci

To his deserving Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
upon his Tragedy, the ROMAN ACTOR.

PARIS, the best of Actors in his Age,
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman Stage
Such Lines by thee, as do not derogate [State.
From Rome's proud Heights, and her then learned
Nor great Domitian's Favour; nor th' Embraces
Of a fair Empress, nor those often Graces
Which from th' applauding Theatres were paid
To his brave Action, nor his Ashes laid
In the Flaminian Way, where People strew'd
His Grave with Flow'rs, and Martial's Wit bestow'd
A lasting Epitaph; not all these same
Do add so much Renown to Paris' Name,
As this that thou present'st, his History,
So well to us. For which, in Thanks, would he
(If that his Soul, as thought Pythagoras,
Could into any of our Actors pass)
Life to these Lines by Action gladly give
Whose Pen so well has made his Story live.

THO. MAY.*

Upon Mr. MASSINGER his ROMAN ACTOR.

TO write, is grown so common in our Time
That ev'ry one, who can but frame a Rhime,
However monstrous, gives himself that Praise
Which only he should claim, that may wear Bays,
By their Applause whose Judgments apprehend
The Weight, and Truth, of what they dare commend;
In this besotted Age, Friend, 'tis thy Glory
That here thou hast out-done the Roman Story.

* May translated *Lucan* into English Verse, and was a Candidate for the Office of Poet Laureat with Sir *William Davenant*. He wrote several Plays; his Latin Supplement to *Lucan* is much admired by the learned. D.

Domitian's Pride; his Wife's Lust unabated,
 In Death; with Paris, merely were related
 Without a Soul, until thy abler Pen
 Spoke them, and made them speak, nay act again
 In such a Height, that here to know their Deeds,
 He may become an Actor, that but reads.

JOHN FORDE.*

LONG'ST thou to see proud Cæsar set in State,
 His Morning Greatness, or his Evening Fate;
 With Admiration here behold him fall,
 And yet out-live his Tragick Funeral:
 For 'tis a Question whether Cæsar's Glory
 Rose to its Height before, or in this Story,
 Or whether Paris, in Domitian's Favour,
 Were more exalted, than in this thy Labour.
 Each Line speaks him an Emperor, ev'ry Phrase
 Crowns thy deserving Temples with the Bays,
 So that reciprocally both agree:
 Thou liv'it in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY,

*To his long known and loved Friend, Mr. PHILIP
 MASSINGER, upon his ROMAN ACTOR.*

IF that my Lines, being plac'd before thy Book,
 Could make it sell, or alter but a Look
 Of some sour Censurer, who's apt to say,
 No one in these Times can produce a Play
 Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,
 The old accepted are more than the new:
 Or, could I on some Spark o'the Court work so,
 To make him speak no more than he doth know;

* *John Forde* was the Author of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, a Tragedy, and several other Dramatick Pieces.

Not

Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd Friend
 What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend:
 Then (gentle Friend) I should not blush to be
 Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones, which here I see
 Ushering this Work; but why I write to thee
 Is, to profess our Love's Antiquity,
 Which to this Tragedy must give my Test,
 Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.*

*To my honoured Friend, Master PHILIP MASSINGER,
 upon his RENEGADO, 1630.*

DABBBLERS in Poetry, that onely can
 Court this weak Lady or that Gentleman,
 With some loose Witt in Rime;
 Others that fright the Time
 Into Belief, with mighty Words that tear
 A Passage through the Ear;
 Or nicer Men,
 That through a Perspective will see a Play,
 And use it the wrong Way,
 (Not worth thy Pen)
 Though all their Pride exalt 'em, cannot be
 Competent Judges of thy Lines or thee.
 I must confess I have no Publick Name
 To rescue Judgement, no Poetick Flame
 To dress thy Muse with Praise,
 And Phœbus his owne Bayes;
 Yet I commend this Poem, and dare tell
 The World I lik'd it well;
 And if there be
 A Tribe who in their Wisdoms dare accuse
 This Offspring of thy Muse,
 Let them agree

* *Joseph Taylor* was a very celebrated Comedian. He acted the Character of *Paris* in the Play he so amply commends. *D.*

Conspire one Comedy, and they will say,
 “ 'Tis easier to Commend, then Make a Play.”

JAMES SHIRLEY,

*To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP MASSINGER,
 on his Play call'd the RENEGADO.*

THE Bosom of a Friend cannot breath forth
 A flatt'ring Phrase to speak the noble Worth
 Of him that hath lodg'd in his honest Breast,
 So large a Title: I, among the rest
 That honour thee do only seem to praise,
 Wanting the Flow'rs of Art, to deck that Bays
 Merit has crown'd thy Temples with. Know, Friend!
 Though there are some, who merely do commend
 To live i' th' World's Opinion, such as can
 Censure with Judgement; no such Piece of Man,
 Makes up my Spirit; where Desert does live,
 There will I plant my Wonder, and there give
 My best Endeavours to build up his Story
 That truly merits. I did ever glory
 To behold Virtue rich; though cruel Fate
 In scornful Malice boes beat low their State
 That best deserve; when others, that but know
 Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow
 Great in their Favours, that would seem to be
 Patrons of Wit, and modest Poesy:
 Yet, with your abler Friends, let me say this,
 Many may strive to equal you, but miss
 Of your fair Scope; this Work of yours Men may
 Throw in the Face of Envy, and then say
 To those, that are in great Mens Thoughts more blest,
 Imitate this, and call that Work your best.
 Yet wise Men, in this, and too often, err,
 When they their Love before the Work prefer.
 If I should say more, some may blame me for't,
 Seeing your Merits speak you, not Report.

DANIEL LAKYN.

To his worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
upon his Tragi-Comedy, stiled, the PICTURE.

MEthinks I hear some busy Critick say,
Who's this that singly ushers in this Play?
'Tis Boldness, I confess, and yet perchance
It may be constru'd Love, not Arrogance,
I do not here upon this Leaf intrude
By praising one, to wrong a Multitude.
Nor do I think, that all are ty'd to be
(Forc'd by my Vote) in the same Creed with me,
Each Man hath Liberty to judge: Free Will,
At his own Pleasure to speak Good, or I'll.
But yet your Muse already's known so well
Her worth will hardly find an Infidel.
Here she hath drawn a Picture, which shall lie
Safe for all future Times to practice by;
Whate'er shall follow are but Copies, some
Preceding Works were Types of this to come,
'Tis your own lively Image, and sets forth,
When we are Dust, the Beauty of your Worth,
He that shall duly read, and not advance
Ought that is here, betrays his Ignorance,
Yet whoso'er beyond Desert commends,
Errs more by much than he that reprehends;
For Praise misplaced, and Honour set upon
A worthless Subject, is Detraction,
I cannot sin so here, unless I went
About, to style you only Excellent.
Apollo's Gifts are not confin'd alone
To your Dispose, he hath more Heirs than one,
And such as do derive from his blest Hand
A large Inheritance in the Poet's Land,
As well as you; nor are you I assure
Myself so envious, but you can endure [known,
To hear their Praise, whose Worth long since was
And justly too prefer'd before your own,

I know

I know you'd take it for an Injury,
 (And 'tis a well-becoming Modesty)
 To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
 Your Name by some too partial Friend writ near
 Unequal'd Jonson; being Men whose Fire,
 At Distance, and with Rev'ence, you admire.
 Do so, and you shall find your Gain will be
 Much more, by yielding them Priority,
 Than with a Certainty of Loss to hold
 A foolish Competition: 'tis too bold
 A Task, and to be shun'd; nor shall my Praise,
 With too much Weight ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.*

To my worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
 upon his Tragi-Comedy, called the EMPEROR of the
 EAST.

SUFFER, my Friend, these Lines to have the Grace,
 That they may be a Mole on Venus' Face.
 There is no Fault about thy Book, but this;
 And it will shew how fair thy Emperor is.
 Thou more than Poet! our Mercury, that art
 Apollo's Messenger, and do'st impart
 His best Expressions to our Ears, live long
 To purify the slighted English Tongue,
 That both the Nymphs of Tagus and of Po,
 May not henceforth despise our Language so.
 Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
 The matchless Features of the Fairy Queen;

* Sir Thomas Jay's Eulogium is very singular and is widely different from any that I ever read—Most Writers of Commendatory Verses sacrifice all Authors, the Living and the Dead, on the Shrine of their Favourite Idol—But Sir Thomas is so far from gratifying the Vanity of his Friend, that he puts him in Mind of his Inferiority to *Beaumont* and *Jonson*—However we may in this differ from the Knight's Opinion, his Lines are an evident Proof of his own Integrity and *Massinger's* Modesty. D.

Read

Read Jonson, Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
 Thy neat-limned Pieces, skilful Massinger,
 Tho' known, all the Castilians must confess
 Vego de Carpio thy Foil, and bless
 His Language can translate thee, and the fine
 Italian Wits, yield to this Work of thine.
 Were old Pythagoras alive again,
 In thee he might find Reason to maintain
 His Paradox, that Souls by Transmigration
 In divers Bodies make their Habitation:
 And more, that all Poetick Souls yet known,
 Are met in thee, contracted into one.
 'This is a Truth, not an Applause: I am
 One that at farthest Distance view thy Flame,
 Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
 In thee his Poesy might all be read.
 Forbear thy Modesty; thy Emperor's Vein
 Shall live admir'd, when Poets shall complain
 It is a Pattern of too high a Reach,
 And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach,
 Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
 To say, it with the World shall not grow old,

ASTON COCKAINE,

A Friend to the AUTHOR, *and Well-wisher to the*
 READER.

WHO with a liberal Hand, freely bestows
 His Bounty, on all Comers, and yet knows
 No Ebb, nor formal Limits, but proceeds
 Continuing his hospitable Deeds,
 With daily Welcome shall advance his Name
 Beyond the Art of Flattery; with such Fame,
 May yours (dear Friend) compare. Your Muse hath
 Most bountiful, and I have often seen [been
 The willing Seats receive such as have fed,
 And risen thankful; yet were some missed

By

By Nicety, when this fair Banquet came
 (So I allude) their Stomachs were to blame,
 Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant Sauce
 Was wanting, they arose without due Grace,
 Lo! thus a second Time he doth invite you:
 Be your own Carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.

*To my true Friend and Kinsman, PHILIP
 MASSINGER.*

I TAKE not upon Trust, nor am I led
 By an implicit Faith: what I have read
 With an impartial Censure I dare crown
 With a deserv'd Applause, how'er cry'd down
 By such whose Malice will not let 'em be
 Equal to any Piece limn'd forth by thee.
 Contemn their poor Detraction, and still write
 Poems like this, that can endure the Light,
 And Search of abler Judgements. This will raise
 Thy Name; the other's Scandal is thy Praise.
 This, oft perus'd by grave Wits, shall live long,
 Not die as soon as past the Actor's Tongue,
 (The Fate of flighter Toys) and I must say,
 'Tis not enough to make a passing Play,
 In a true Poet: Works that should endure,
 Must have a Genius in 'em, strong as pure.
 And such is thine, Friend: nor shall Time devour
 The well-form'd Features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

*To my worthy Friend the AUTHOR, upon his Tragi-
 Comedy, the MAID of HONOUR,*

WAS not thy Emperor enough before
 For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
 I would be just, but cannot: that I know
 I did not slander, this I fear I do.

But

But pardon me, if I offend : Thy Fire
 Let equal Poets praise, while I admire.
 If any say that I enough have writ,
 They are thy Foes, and envy thee thy Wit.
 Believe not them, nor me; they know thy Lines
 Deserve Applause, but speak against their Minds.
 I, out of Justice, would commend thy Play,
 But (Friend, forgive me) 'tis above my Way.
 One Word, and I have done (and from my Heart
 Would I could speak the whole Truth, not the Part)
 Because 'tis thine; it henceforth will be said,
 Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE.*

*To the ingenious Author, Master PHILIP MASSINGER,
 on his Comedy, called, A NEW WAY TO PAY
 OLD DEBTS.*

'TIS a rare Charity, and thou could'st not
 So proper to the Time have found a Plot :
 Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend, the Age
 We Wretches live in ; that to come, the Stage
 The thronged Audience that was thither brought
 Invited by your Fame, and to be taught
 This Lesson. All are grown indebted more,
 And when they look for Freedom ran in Score.
 It was a cruel Courtesy to call,
 In Hope of Liberty, and then, enthal.
 The Nobles are your Bondmen, Gentry, and
 All besides those that did not understand.

* Sir *Aston Cockaine* was the Friend, Companion and Patron of the Dramatick Poets who lived in the Reign of *Charles the First* ; his Regard for *Massinger* induced him to write several Copies of Verses in his Praise, besides his Epitaph.

From his social Manner of Living we may reasonably conjecture that he was an agreeable and pleasant Companion—but his own Poems and Plays do not contain any strong marks of Genius or Taste. *D.*

They

They were no Men of Credit, Bankrupts born,
 Fit to be trusted with no Stock, but Scorn.
 You have more wisely credited to such,
 That though they cannot pay, can value much.
 I am your Debtor too, but to my Shame,
 Repay you nothing back, but your own Fame.

HENRY MOODY.* Miles.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

YOU may remember how you chid me, when
 I rank'd you equal with those glorious Men
 Beaumont and Fletcher: If you love not Praise,
 You must forbear the publishing of Plays.
 The crafty Mazes of the cunning Plot,
 The polish'd Phrase, the sweet Expressions, got
 Neither by Theft, nor Violence; the Conceit
 Fresh and un sullied; all is of Weight,
 Able to make the captive Reader know
 I did but Justice when I plac'd you so.
 A shamefac'd Blushing would become the Brow
 Of some weak Virgin Writer, we allow,
 To you a Kind of Pride; and there where most
 Should blush at Commendations, you should boast.
 If any think I flatter, let him look
 Off from my idle Trifles on thy Book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

*To Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, my much esteem'd Friend,
 on his GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.*

ENJOY thy Laurel! 'tis a noble Choice,
 Not by the Suffrages of Voice
 Procur'd; but by a Conquest so atchiev'd,
 As that thou hast at full reliev'd

Almost

* Sir Henry Moody was the Friend of Massinger, but his Verses consist of nothing but a String of pitiful Puns upon the Title of the Play. D.

Almost neglected Poetry, whose Bays
 (Sully'd by childish Thirst of Praise)
 Wither'd into a Dullness of Despair,
 Had not thy later Labour (Heir
 Unto a former Industry) made known
 This Work, which thou may'st call thine own,
 So rich in Worth, that th' Ignorant may grudge
 To find true Virtue is become their Judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

To the deserving Memory of this worthy Work, and the
 Author Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER.*

ACTION gives many Poems Right to live;
 This Piece gave Life to Action; and will give
 For State, and Language, in each Change of Age,
 To Time, Delight; and Honour to the Stage.
 Should late Prescription fail which fames that Seat,
 This Pen might style The Duke of Florence GREAT.
 Let many write: let much be printed, read,
 And censur'd: Toys; no sooner hatch'd than dead.
 Here, without Blush to Truth of Commendation,
 Is prov'd, how Art hath out-gone Imitation.

JOHN FORD.

* The Great Duke of Florence:

These Commendatroy Verses are for the greatest Part more remarkable for Zeal and Affection to the Author, whom they celebrate, than for Art of Composition or Vigour of Genius in the Writers: However it must be confessed that *W. B's* Triplets are sprightly and very satirical, and *May's* Commendation of the *Roman Actor* is written with some Poetical Spirit. Sir *Thomas Jay's* Panegyricks are more judiciously conceived, as well as more harmoniously expressed, than any of the Poems in Honour of *Massinger*. Amongst the many Applauders of the *Roman Actor*, *Goff* alone has done Justice to the Merit of *Taylor's* Representation of *Paris*: He indeed has bestowed a joint Wreath upon the Author and the Actor: The rest seem to have proudly overlooked this great Comedian's Merit—Nay some of them have wantonly insinuated a Deficiency of Abilities in the Actor to do Justice to his Author. D.

A LIST of the OLD EDITIONS of MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THE VIRGIN MARTYR; T. acted by the Servants of the <i>Revels</i>, 4to 1622; 4to 1651, 4to 1661.
<i>Decker</i> joined in this Play.</p> <p>2 The DUKE of MILAN, T. acted at <i>Black Fryars</i>, 4to 1623, 4to 1638.</p> <p>3 The BONDMAN, an antient Story, acted at the <i>Cockpit</i>, <i>Drury Lane</i>, 4to 1624; 4to 1638, 8vo 1719.</p> <p>4 The ROMAN ACTOR, T. acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 4to 1629, 8vo 1722.</p> <p>5 The RENEGADO, T. C. acted at the <i>Globe</i> and <i>Black Fryers</i>, 4to 1630.</p> <p>6 The PICTURE, T. C. acted at the <i>Globe</i> and <i>Black Fryers</i> 4to 1630.</p> <p>7 The EMPEROR of the EAST, T. C. acted at the <i>Globe</i> and <i>Black Fryers</i>, 4to 1632.</p> <p>8 The MAID of HONOUR, acted at the <i>Phœnix</i>, <i>Drury Lane</i>, 4to 1632.</p> <p>9 The FATAL DOWRY, T. acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 4to</p> | <p>1632. <i>Nathaniel Field</i> joined in this Tragedy.</p> <p>10 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, C. acted at the <i>Phœnix</i>, <i>Drury Lane</i>, 4to 1633.</p> <p>11 The GREAT DUKE of FLORENCE, a comical History, acted at the <i>Phœnix</i>, <i>Drury Lane</i>, 4to 1636.</p> <p>12 The UNNATURAL COMBAT, T. acted at the <i>Globe</i>, 4to 1639.</p> <p>13 The BASHFUL LOVER, C. acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 8vo 1655.</p> <p>14 The GUARDIAN, a comical History, acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 8vo 1655.</p> <p>15 A VERY WOMAN: or the PRINCE of TARENT, T. C. acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 8vo 1655.</p> <p>16 THE OLD LAW: or a NEW WAY TO PLEASE YOU, C. acted at <i>Salisbury House</i>, 4to 1656. <i>Thomas Middleton</i> and <i>William Rowley</i> joined in this Play.</p> <p>17 THE CITY MADAM, C. acted at <i>Black Fryers</i>, 4to 1659.</p> |
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In a List of Dramatick Authors, printed at the End of the second Volume of *Cibber's* Life, under the Article *Massinger*, I find the following Observation:—Mr. *Massinger*, I believe, was Author of several other Dramatic Pieces: one I have seen in Manuscript, which I am assured was acted, by the proper Quotations; the Title runs thus, *Believe as you List*—Written by Mr. *Massinger*; with the following Licence:

This Play called *Believe as you List*, may be Acted this 6th of May, 1631.
Henry Herbert.

I believe this to be a Transcript from *Chetwood*, the Prompter, who wrote the Lives of the Actors, Published 1744.

Antony Wood ascribes to *Massinger* the *Powerful Favourite*, or the *Life of Sejanus*, Published in 1628.—But this Work was originally written in French by *Peter Matthieu*; *Wood* was perhaps deceived by the Initials P. M. in the Title Page, which might induce him to place it to our Author.—However we cannot pretend to say who was the Translator. D.

T H E

P I C T U R E .

A

T R A G I - C O M E D Y .

M N U T I

T O

My Honoured and Selected Friends

O F T H E

Noble SOCIETY of the INNER TEMPLE:

*I*T may be objected, my not inscribing their Names, or Titles, to whom I dedicate this Poem, proceedeth either from my Diffidence of their Affection to me, or their Unwillingness to be published the Patrons of a Trifle. To such as shall make so strict an Inquisition of me, I truly answer, The Play, in the Presentment, found such a general Approbation, that it gave me assurance of their Favour to whose Protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the Maker, that they would have freely granted that in the Publication, which, for some Reasons I denied myself. One; and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real Proofs of their Friendship; than Mountebank-like boast their Numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a Confirmation of his Service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the World how much he stands engaged for your so frequent Bounties, and in your charitable Opinion of me believe, that you now may, and ever shall command,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Original Actors.

<i>Ladislaus</i> , King of Hungary.	ROBERT BENFIELD.
<i>Eubulus</i> , an old Counsellor.	JOHN LEWIN.
<i>Ferdinand</i> , General of the Army.	RICHARD SHARPE.
<i>Mathias</i> , a Knight of Bohemia.	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
<i>Ubaldo</i> , } Two wild Cour-	THOMAS POLLARD.
<i>Ricardo</i> , } tiers.	EYLARDT SWANSTONE.
<i>Hilario</i> , Servant to <i>Sophia</i> .	JOHN SHANUKE.
<i>Julio Baptista</i> , a great Scholar.	WILLIAM PEN.
<i>Honorio</i> , the Queen.	JOHN THOMSON.
<i>Acanthe</i> , a Maid of Honour.	ALEXANDER GOFFE.
<i>Sophia</i> , Wife to <i>Mathias</i> .	JOHN HUNNIEMAN.
<i>Corisca</i> , <i>Sophia</i> 's Woman.	WILLIAM TRIGGE.
Six Masquers.	
Six Servants to the Queen.	
Attendants.	

T H E
P I C T U R E.
A T R U E
H U N G A R I A N H I S T O R Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Mathias in Armour, Sophia in a riding Suit, Corisca, Hilario, with other Servants.

Mathias,

SINCE we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the *Turkish* Camp
Above five Leagues, and who knows but some Party
Of his Timariots, that scour the Country,
May fall upon us?—be now, as thy Name
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wife, and discreet, and to thy Understanding
Marry thy constant Patience.

Soph. You put me, Sir,
To the utmost Trial of it.

Math. Nay, no Melting;
Since the Necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the Reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in Tears.
I grant that you in Birth were far above me,
And great Men, my Superiors, Rivals for you;
But mutual Consent of Heart, as Hands
Join'd by true Love, hath made us one, and equal;

Nor is it in me mere Desire of Fame,
 Or to be cry'd up by the publick Voice
 For a brave Soldier, that puts on my Armour;
 Such airy Tumours take not me. You know
 How narrow our Demeans are, and what is more,
 Having as yet no Charge of Children on us,
 We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, Sir,
 I have all Abundance.

Math. For my Mind's Content,
 In your own Language I could answer you;
 You have been an obedient Wife, a right one;
 And to my Power, though short of your Desert,
 I have been ever an indulgent Husband.
 We have long enjoy'd the Sweets of Love, and though
 Not to Satiety, or Loathing, yet
 We must not live such Dotards on our Pleasures,
 As still to hug them to the certain Loss
 Of Profit and Preferment. Competent Means
 Maintains a quiet Bed; Want breeds Dissention,
 Even in good Women.

Soph. Have you found in me, Sir,
 Any Distaste; or Sign of Discontent,
 For want of what's superfluous?

Math. No, *Sophia*;
 Nor shalt thou ever have Cause to repent
 Thy constant Course in Goodness; if Heaven bless
 My honest Undertakings. 'Tis for thee
 That I turn Soldier, and put forth, Dearest,
 Upon this Sea of Action as a Factor,
 To trade for rich Materials to adorn
 Thy noble Parts and shew 'em in full Lustre.
 I blush that other Ladies, less in Beauty
 And outward Form (but in the Harmony
 Of the Soul's ravishing Music, the same Age
 Not to be nam'd with thee) should so out-shine thee,
 In Jewels and Variety of Wardrobes;
 While you (to whose sweet Innocence both *Indies*
 Compar'd are of no Value) wanting these
 Pass unregarded.

THE PICTURE.

7

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your Opinion so, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Math. Why!—I should be censur'd
Of Ignorance, possessing such a Jewel
Above all Price, if I forbear to give it
The best of Ornaments. Therefore, *Sophia*,
In few Words know my Pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your Discretion
I leave the Government of my Family,
And our poor Fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself :
To the utmost of what's mine live plentifully ;
And ere the Remnant of our Store be spent,
With my good Sword, I hope, I shall reap for you
A Harvest in such full Abundance, as
Shall make a merry Winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, Sir, from what you purpose,
All Arguments to stay you here are useless.
Go when you please, Sir: Eyes, I charge you waste not,
One Drop of Sorrow, look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd Bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest Angels,
Guardians of human Life ! I at this Instant
Forbear t'invoke you : at our Parting, 'twere
To personate Devotion. My Soul
Shall go along with you, and when you are
Circled with Death and Horror, seek and find you ;
And then I will not leave a Saint unfru'd to
For your Protection. To tell you what
I will do in your Absence, would shew poorly ;
My Actions shall speak for me ; 'twere to doubt you,
To beg I may hear from you where you are ;
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one Post
By Night, or Day, pass unexamined by me.
If I dwell long upon your Lips, consider
After this Feast the griping Fast that follows,
And it will be excusable ; Pray turn from me.
All that I can is spoken. [Exit *Sophia*.

Math. Follow your Mistrefs.

Forbear your Wiffes for me; let me find 'em
At my Return, in your prompt Will to ferve her.

Hil. For my Part, Sir, I will grow lean with Study
To make her merry,

Corif. Though you are my Lord,
Yet being her Gentlewoman, by my Place
I may take my leave; your Hand, or if you please
To have me fight fo high, I'll not be coy,
Bur ftand a tip-toe for't.

Math. O! farewell, Girl.

Hil. A Kifs, well begg'd, *Corifca.*

Corif. 'Twas my fee;

Jove, how he melts! I cannot blame my Lady's
Unwillingnefs to part with fuch Marmelade Lips,
There will be scrambling for 'em in the Camp;
And were it not for my Honesty, I cou'd wish now
I were his leiger Landrefs, I would find
Soap of mine own, enough to wafh his Linen,
Or I would ftain hard for't.

Hil. How the Mammet twitters!
Come, come; my Lady ftays for us.

Corif. Would I had been
Her Ladyship the laft Night.

Hil. No more of that, Wench.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Corifca.*]

Math. I am ftangely troubled: Yet why I fould
nourifh

A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food?
Having no real Grounds on which to raife
A Building of Suspicion fhe ever was,
Or can be false hereafter? I in this
But foolifhly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My prefent Ignorance were a cheap Purchase,
Though with my lofs of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingnefs) have won him

THE PICTURE.

To do as much as Art can to resolve me
My Fate that follows—To my wish he's come,

Enter Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your Promise and Performance walk together ;
And therefore, without Circumstance, to the Point,
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made Trial of my Love some other Way.

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

Bapt. If you can,
Proportion your Desire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy : I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchless Wife
Is to this present Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason therefore
You should fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O *Baptista* !

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions ;
I must know farther, or you have made good
But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my Presence was
A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted ?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
The absolute Disposer of herself,
Without Controul or Curb ; nay more, invited
By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
If then she hold out—

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainties,
Baptista,

By your Assurance, or your boasted Art
 Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle—
 And play with my Affliction! I'm on
 The rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, *Mathias*,

I am no God, nor can I dive into
 Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are ;
 That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
 E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
 Out of long Observation, what is likely ;
 But positively to foretel that this shall be
 You may conclude impossible ; all I can
 I will, do for you, when your are distant from her
 A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her ;
 You shall know truly when she is solicated,
 And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia*,
 With more than human Skill limn'd to the Life ;
 Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
 So punctually observed, that, had it Motion,
 In so much 'twere herself.

Math. It is, indeed,

An admirable Piece ; but if it have not
 Some hidden Virtue that I cannot guess at,
 In what can it advantage me ?

Bapt. I'll instruct you ;

Carry it still about you, and as oft
 As you desire to know how she's affected,
 With curious Eyes peruse it: While it keeps
 The Figure it now has intire and perfect,
 She is not only innocent in Fact,
 But unattempted ; but if once it vary
 From the true Form, and what's now white and red
 Incline to yellow, rest most confident
 She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd.
 But if it turn all black, 'tis an Assurance
 The Fort, by Composition or Surprize,
 Is forc'd, or with her free Consent, surrender'd.

THE PICTURE.

11

Math. How much you have engag'd me for this Fa-
vour,

The Service of my whole Life shall make good.

Bapt. We will not part so ; I'll along with you,
And it is needful with the rising Sun
The Armies meet ; yet ere the Fight begin,
In spite of Opposition I will place you
In the Head of the *Hungarian* General's Troop,
And near his Person.

Math. As my better Angel
You shall direct and guide me.

Bapt. As we ride
I'll tell you more.

Math. In all things I'll obey you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo.

Ric. When came the Post ?

Ubal. The last Night.

Ric. From the Camp ?

Ubal. Yes, as 'tis said, and the Letter writ and sign'd
By the General *Ferdinand*.

Ric. Nay, then sans question
It is of Moment.

Ubal. It concerns the Lives
Of two great Armies,

Ric. Was it chearfully
Received by the King ?

Ubal. Yes, for being assured
The Armies were in View of one another ;
Having proclaim'd a public Fast and Prayer
For the good Success, he dispatch'd a Gentleman
Of his Privy Chamber to the General,
With absolute Authority from him
To try the Fortune of a Day.

Ric. No doubt then
The General will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven prosper him : This military Art

I grant to be the noblest of Professions ;
 And yet (I thank my Stars for't) I was never
 Inclin'd to learn it, since this bubble Honour, ³
 (Which is indeed the Nothing Soldiers fight for,
 With the Loss of Limbs or Life) is in my Judgment
 Too dear a Purchase.

Ubal. Give me our Court-warfare :
 The Danger is not great in the Encounter
 Of a fair Mistrefs.

Ric. Fair and found together
 Do very well, *Ubaldo.* But such are
 With Difficulty to be found out ; and when they know
 Their Value, priz'd too high. By thy own Report
 Thou wast at Twelve a Gamester, and since that
 Studied all Kinds of Females, from the Night-trader
 I'the Street, with certain Danger to thy Pocket,
 To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
 That spent upon thee more in Cullises,
 To strengthen thy weak Back, than would maintain
 Twelve *Flanders* Mares, and as many running Horses ;
 Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons Bills,
 Paid upon all Occasions, and those frequent.

Ubal. You talk, *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
 A Novice in those Mysteries.

Ric. By no means ;
 My Doctor can assure the contrary,
 I lose no Time. I have felt the Pain and Pleasure,
 As he that is a Gamester, and plays often,
 Must sometimes be a Loser.

Ubal. Wherefore then
 Do you envy me ?

3 ———— *This Bubble Honour.*

In speaking of *Honour*, *Massinger* seems to have had *Shakespeare* in
 his Eye: Thus, in *As you like it*,

Seeking the *Bubble*, Reputation,
 Even in the Cannon's Mouth.

And in *Falstaff's* Catechism. See the First Part of *Henry IV.* Act
 5. Scene 2.

Ric. It grows not from my Want,
Nor thy Abundance, but being as I am
The likelier Man, and of much more Experience,
My good Parts are my Curfes: There's no Beauty
But yields ere it be summon'd; and as Nature
Had sign'd me the Monopolies of Maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my Market;
Satiety cloyes me: As I live, I would part with
Half my Estate, nay, travel o'er the World,
To find that only *Phoenix* in my Search
That could hold out against me.

Ubal. Be not rap't so:
You may spare that Labour, as she is a Woman,
What think you of the Queen?

Ric. I dare not aim at
The Petticoat royal; that is still excepted:
Yet were she not my King's, being the Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman,
To write her in my Catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my Neck to a Halter. But we talk of
Impossibilities; as she hath a Beauty
Would make old *Nestor* young, such Majesty
Draws forth a Sword of Terror to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queen of Love
Vow'd her best Furtherance to him.

Ubal. Have you observ'd
The Gravity of her Language mix'd with Sweetness?

Ric. Then, at what Distance she reserves herself
When the King himself makes his Approaches to her!

Ubal. As she were still a Virgin: and his Life
But one continued Wooing.

Ric. She well knows
Her Worth, and values it.

Ubal. And so far the King is
Indulgent to her Humours, that he forbears
The Duty of a Husband, but when she calls for't.

Ric. All his Imaginations and Thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud Noise of War
Cannot awake him.

Ubal. At this very Instant,

When both his Life and Crown are at the Stake,
 He only studies her Content, and when
 She's pleas'd to shew herself, Music and Masques
 Are with all Care and Cost provided for her.

Ric. This Night she promis'd to appear.

Ubal. You may believe it by the Diligence of the King,
 As if he were her Harbinger.

Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and Attendants with Perfumes.

Ladis. These Rooms
 Are not perfum'd, as we directed.

Eub. Not, Sir!

I know not what you would have; I am sure the Smoak
 Cost treble the Price of the whole Week's Provision
 Spent in your Majesty's Kitchens.

Ladis. How! I scorn
 Thy gross Comparison. When *Honoria*,
 Th' Amazement of the present Time, and Envy
 Of all succeeding Ages, does descend
 To sanctify a Place, and in her Presence
 Makes it a Temple to me, can I be
 Too curious, much less Prodigal, to receive her?
 But that the Splendour of her Beams of Beauty
 Hath struck thee blind.

Eub. As Dotage hath done you.

Ladis. Dotage, O Blasphemy! is it in me
 To serve her to her Merit? Is she not
 The Daughter of a King?

Eub. And you the Son
 Of ours I take it; by what Privilege else
 Do you reign over us? For my Part, I know not
 Where the Disparity lies.

Ladis. Her Birth, old Man,
 Old in the Kingdom's Service which protects thee,
 Is the least Grace in her: And though her Beauties
 Might make the Thunderer a Rival for her,
 They are but superficial Ornaments,
 And faintly speak her. From her heavenly Mind,
 Were all Antiquity and Fiction lost,

Our modern Poets could not in their Fancy
 But fashion a *Minerva* far transcending
 Th' imagin'd one, whom *Homer* only dream't of :
 But then add this, she's mine, mine *Eubulus* :
 And though she knows one Glance from her fair Eyes
 Must make all Gazers her Idolaters,
 She is so sparing of their Influence,
 That to shun Superstition in others,
 She shoots her powerful Beams only at me.
 And can I then, whom she desires to hold
 Her kingly Captive above all the World,
 Whose Nations and Empires if she pleas'd
 She might command as Slaves, but gladly pay
 The humble Tribute of my Love and Service?
 Nay, if I said of Adoration to her,
 I did not err.

Eub. Well, since you hug your Fetters,
 In Love's Name wear 'em. You are a King, and that
 Concludes you wise. Your Will a powerful Reason,
 Which we that are foolish Subjects must not argue.
 And what in a mean Man I should call Folly,
 Is in your Majesty remarkable Wisdom.
 But for me I subscribe.

Ladis. Do, and look up,
 Upon this Wonder.

*Loud Musick, Honoria in State under a Canopy, her Train
 born up by Sylvia and Acanthe.*

Ric. Wonder ! It is more, Sir.

Ubal. A Rapture, an Astonishment.

Ric. What think you, Sir ?

Eub. As the King thinks, that is the surest Guard
 We Courtiers ever lie at. Was ever Prince
 So drown'd in Dotage ? Without Spectacles
 I can see a handsome Woman, and she is so :
 But yet to Admiration look not on her.
 Heaven, how he fawns ! and as it were his Duty,
 With what assured Gravity she receives it !
 Her Hand again ! O she at length vouchsafes

Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it,
 How he's exalted! Women in their Natures
 Affect Command, but this Humility
 In a Husband and a King, marks her the Way
 To absolute Tyranny. So, *Juno's* plac'd
 In *Jove's* Tribunal, and like *Mercury*
 (Forgetting his own Greatness) he attends
 For her employments. She prepares to speak,
 What Oracles shall we hear now?

Hon. That you please, Sir,
 With such Assurances of Love and Favour,
 To grace your Handmaid, but in being yours, Sir,
 A matchless Queen, and one that knows herself so,
 Binds me in Retribution to deserve
 The Grace conferr'd upon me.

Ladis. You transcend;
 In all Things excellent; and it is my Glory,
 (Your Worth weigh'd truly) to depose myself
 From absolute Command, surrendering up
 My Will and Faculties to your Dispose:
 And here I vow, not for a Day or Year,
 But my whole Life, which I wish long, to serve you;
 That whatsoever I in Justice may
 Exact from these my Subjects, you from me
 May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
 In Sign of my Subjection, as your Vassal,
 Thus I will pay my Homage.

Hon. O forbear, Sir,
 Let not my Lips envy my Robe: On them
 Print your Allegiance often. I desire
 No other Fealty.

Ladis. Gracious Sovereign,
 Boundless in Bounty!

Eub. Is not here fine fooling?
 He's questionless bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,
 So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit
 My Life for it I must speak.—By your good Leave, Sir,
 I have no Suit to you, nor can you grant one,
 Having no Power. You are like me, a Subject,
 Her more than serene Majesty being present.

And I must tell you, 'tis ill Manners in you,
 Having depos'd yourself, to keep your Hat on,
 And not stand bare as we do, being no King,
 But a fellow Subject with us. Gentlemen Ushers,
 It does belong to your Place; see it reform'd;
 He has given away his Crown, and cannot challenge
 The Privilege of his Bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eub. Tempt you, in what? In following your Example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,
 As *Ladislaus* should do *Eubulus*,
 On equal Terms. You were of late my Sovereign,
 But weary of it, I now bend my Knee
 To her Divinity, and desire a Boon
 From her more than Magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not mov'd, for our Mirth Sake let us hear him.

Eub. 'Tis but to ask a Question: have you ne'er read
 The Story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eub. I will then instruct you,

And 'tis to the Purpose. This *Ninus* was a King,
 And such an impotent loving King, as this was,
 But now he's none. This *Ninus* (pray you observe me)
 Doted on this *Semiramis*, a Smith's Wife,
 (I must confess, there the Comparison holds not,
 You are a King's Daughter, yet, under your Correction,
 Like her, a Woman) this *Assyrian* Monarch,
 (Of whom this is a Pattern) to express
 His Love and Service, seated her, as you are,
 In his regal Throne, and bound by Oath his Nobles,
 Forgetting all Allegiance to himself,
 One Day to be her Subjects, and to put
 In Execution whatever she
 Pleas'd to impose upon 'em. Pray you command him
 To minister the like to us, and then
 You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladis. Well, Sir, to your Story.

Eub. You have no Warrant, stand by; let me know
Your Pleasure, Goddess.

Hon. Let this Nod assure you.

Eub. Goddess-like, indeed; as I live a pretty Idol!
She knowing her Power, wisely made Use of it;
And fearing his Inconstancy, and Repentance
Of what he had granted (as in Reason, Madam,
You may do his) that he might never have
Power to recall his Grant, or question her
For her short Government, instantly gave Order
To have his Head struck off.

Ladis. Is't possible?

Eub. The Story says so, and commends her Wisdom
For making Use of her Authority:
And it is worth your Imitation, Madam;
He loves Subjection, and you are no Queen,
Unless you make him feel the Weight of it.
You are more than all the World to him, and that,
He may be true to you, and not seek Change,
When his Delights are sated, mew him up
In some close Prison, if you let him live,
(Which is no Policy) and there diet him
As you think fit to feed your Appetite,
Since there ends his Ambition.

Ubal. Devilish Counsel.

Ric. The King's amaz'd.

Ubal. The Queen appears too, full
Of deep Imaginations; *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.

☞ 6 *You are more than all the World to him, and that
He may be Foe to you.*

This is the reading of all the old Copies, but most certainly false.
It ought to be

*You are more than all the World to him, and that
He may be so to you.*

If the Amendments proposed were admitted, the Passage would
not be Sense. *Eubulus* proposes to mew him up, not only in order
to secure her Affections to him, but his to her.—*True* is evidently the
right Reading. *M. M.*

Ric. Now she seems resolv'd:

I long to know the Issue.

[*Honoria descends.*

Hon. Give me Leave,

Dear Sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old Man, out of Envy
Of your unequall'd Graces shower'd upon me,
Hath in his fabulous Story faucily
Apply'd to me: Sir, that you only nourish
One Doubt, *Honoria* dares abuse the Power
With which she is invested by your Favour,
Or that she ever can make Use of it
To the Injury of you the great Bestower,
Takes from your Judgment: It was your Delight
To seek me with more Obsequiousness,
Than I desired; and stood it with my Duty
Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer?
I do but act the Part you put upon me,
And though you make me personate a Queen,
And you my Subject, when the Play, your Pleasure,
Is at a Period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble Wife,
And you my royal Sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of Captains taken more with Dangers
Than the Rewards, and if in your Approaches
To those Delights which are your own, and freely
To heighten your Desire, you make the Passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
Or blame your Fondness? Or can that swell me
Beyond my just Proportion?

Ubal. Above Wonder.

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such Goodness.

Hon. Now, Sir,

The State I took to satisfy your Pleasure,
I change to this Humility; and the Oath
You made to me of Homage, I thus cancel,
And seat you in your own.

Ladis. I am transported
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wife Lordship,

Am I prov'd a *Semiramis*? Or hath
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent th' Excess of Favour to me,
Which you call Dotage?

Ladis. Answer, Wretch.

Eub. I dare, Sir,

And say, however the Event may plead
In your Defence, you had a guilty Cause;
Nor was it Wisdom in you (I repeat it)
To teach a Lady, humble in herself,
With the ridiculous Dotage of a Lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon. *Eubulus*, I am so,

'Tis rooted in me, you mistake my Temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my Sex, but not to hold
Command over my Lord, such a proud Torrent
Would sink me in my Wishes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with Justice challenge.

Eub. This I look'd for;

After this seeming humble Ebb, I knew
A gushing Tide would follow.

Hon. By my Birth,

And liberal Gifts of Nature, as of Fortune,
From you, as Things beneath me, I expect
What's due to Majesty, in which I am
A Sharer with your Sov'reign.

Eub. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in Place,
In all my Actions I would appear so.

Ladis. You need not fear a Rival.

Hon. I hope not;

And till I find one, I disdain to know
What Envy is.

Ladis. You are above it, Madam.

Hon. For Beauty without Art, Discourse, and free

7 For Beauty without Art, Discourse and free, &c.

These last Words are improperly arranged, we should read

For Beauty without Art, and Discourse free from Affectation. M. M.

From Affectation, with what Graces else
Can in the Wife and Daughter of a King
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself.

Eub. As I

Blush for you, Lady, Trumpet your own Praises! 8---
This spoken by the People had been heard
With Honour to you; does the Court afford
No Oil-tongu'd Parasite, that you are forc'd
To be your own grofs Flatterer?

Ladis. Be dumb,
Thou Spirit of Contradiction.

Hon. The Wolf

But barks against the Moon, and I contemn it.
The Masque you promis'd.

A Horn. Enter a Post.

Ladis. Let 'em enter. How!

Eub. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Ladis. From the Camp?

Post. The General, victorious in your Fortune,
Kisses your Hand in this, Sir.

Ladis. That great Power,
Who at his Pleasure does dispose of Battles,
Be ever prais'd for't. Read, Sweet, and partake it:
The *Turk* is vanquish'd, and with little Loss
Upon our Part, in which our Joy is doubl'd.

Eub. But let it not exalt you; bear it, Sir,
With Moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladis. I understand thee, *Eubulus*. I'll not now
Inquire Particulars. Our Delights deferr'd,
With Rev'rence to the Temples: there we'll tender

8 *As I*

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praises—

Mr. *Doddsley*, in his Collection of Old Plays, reads this Passage thus:

As I

Blush for you, Lady, trumpet not your own Praise.

I think that the old Reading should stand. He means, that she herself having lost all Sense of Shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.

Our Soul's Devotions to his dread Might,
 Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight.
 [*Exeunt omnes,*

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario, Corisca.

Hil. YOU like my Speech?

Corif. Yes, if you give it Action
 In the Delivery.

Hil. If!—I pity you.
 I have play'd the Fool before; this is not the first Time,
 Nor shall be, I hope, the last.

Corif. Nay, I think so too.

Hil. And if I put her not out of her Dumps with
 Laughter,
 I'll make her howl for Anger.

Corif. Not too much
 Of that, good Fellow *Hilario*. Our sad Lady
 Hath drank too often of that bitter Cup,
 A pleasant one must restore her. With what Patience
 Would she endure to hear of the Death of my Lord;
 That merely out of doubt he may miscarry,
 Afflicts herself thus?

Hil. Um; 'tis a Question
 A Widow only can resolve. There be some
 That in their Husband's Sickness have wept
 Their Pottle of Tears a Day; but being once certain
 At Midnight he was dead, have in the Morning
 Dry'd up their Handkerchiefs, and thought no more on't,

Corif. Tush, she is none of that Race; if her Sorrow
 Be not true and perfect, I against my Sex
 Will take my Oath, Women ne'er wept in earnest,
 She has made herself a Prisoner to her Chamber,
 Dark as a Dungeon, in which no Beam

Of Comfort enters. She admits no Visits ;
 Eats little, and her nightly Musick is
 Of Sighs and Groans, tun'd to such Harmony
 Of feeling Grief, that I, against my Nature,
 Am made one of the Concert. This Hour only
 She takes the Air, a Custom every Day
 She solemnly observes, with greedy Hopes,
 From some that pass by, to receive Assurance
 Of the Success and Safety of her Lord.
 Now, if that your Device will take——

Hil. Ne'er fear it :

I am provided cap-a-peé, and have
 My Properties in Readiness.

Sophia within. Bring my Veil, there.

Coris. Be gone, I hear her coming.

Hil. If I do not

Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss me.

[*Exit Hilario.*]

Enter Sophia,

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a Star, but now
 Turn'd a prodigious Meteor ; and, like one,
 Hang in the Air between my Hopes and Fears,
 And every Hour (the little Stuff burnt out
 That yields a waning Light to dying Comfort)
 I do expect my Fall, and certain Ruin.
 In wretched Things more wretched is Delay ;⁹
 And Hope, a Parasite to me, being unmask'd,
 Appears more horrid than Despair, and my
 Distraction worse than Madness. E'en my Prayers,
 When with most Zeal sent upward, are pull'd down
 With strong imaginary Doubts and Fears,

☞ ⁹ *In wretched Things more wretched is Delay.*

This, I think should be read,

To wretched Things, &c.

This Alteration is unnecessary, by *wretched Things* *Massinger* means
 not unhappy People but unfortunate Events. *M. M.*

And in their sudden Precipice o'erwhelm me.
 Dreams and fantastick Visions walk the Round
 About my widow'd Bed, and every Slumber
 Broken with loud Alarms : Can these be then
 But sad Presages, Girl?

Coris. You make 'em so,

And antedate a Loss shall ne'er fall on you.
 Such pure Affection, such mutual Love,
 A Bed, and undefil'd on either Part,
 A House without Contention, in two Bodies
 One Will and Soul, like to the Rod of Concord
 Kissing each other, cannot be short-liv'd,
 Or end in Barrenness.---If all these, dear Madam,
 (Sweet in your Sadness) should produce no Fruit,
 Or leave the Age no Models of yourselves,
 To witness to Posterity what you were,
 Succeeding Times, frighted with the Example,
 But hearing of your Story, would instruct
 Their fairest Issue to meet sensually,
 Like other Creatures, and forbear to raise
 True Love, or *Hymen*, Altars.

Soph. O *Corisca*!

I know thy Reasons are like to thy Wishes,
 And they are built upon a weak Foundation,
 To raise me Comfort. Ten long Days are past,
 Ten long Days, my *Corisca*, since my Lord
 Embark'd himself upon a Sea of Danger,
 In his dear Care of me. And if his Life
 Had not been shipwreck'd on the Rock of War,
 His Tenderness of me (knowing how much
 I languish for his Absence) had provided
 Some trusty Friend from whom I might receive
 Assurance of his Safety.

Coris. Ill News, Madam,
 Are Swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on Crutches;
 With Patience expect it; and ere long,
 No doubt, you shall hear from him.

*A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Post.*¹⁰

Soph. Ha! What's that?

Corif. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn, [*Aside.*
A Post, as I take it, Madam.

Soph. It makes this Way still,
Nearer and nearer.

Corif. From the Camp, I hope.

*Enter Hilario, with long white Hair and Beard, in an
antick Armour, one with a Horn before him.*

Soph. The Messenger appears, and in strange Armour.
Heaven, if it be thy Will!

Hil. It is no Boot

To strive; our Horses tir'd, let's walk on Foot,
And that the Castle which is very near us,
To give us Entertainment, may soon hear us,
Blow lustily, my Lad, and drawing nigh,
Ask for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophy*.¹¹

¹⁰ *A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Post.*

I have here followed the old Copies, not chusing to make any absolute Alteration, though the Passage is evidently corrupt: I take it should be as follows:

A Sow-gelder's-Horn blown.

Soph. Ha! What's that?

Corif. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn. [*Aside.*
A Post, as I take it, Madam.

Soph. It makes this Way still,
Nearer and nearer.

Corif. From the Camp, I hope.

If *Corisca* had told her Mistress, that the Fool had got a *Sow-gelder's Horn*, she would not so readily have believed that he came from the *Camp*; nor does there seem to be any Necessity for a *Post* to be mentioned at all, when the Horn is blown. I imagine in the written Copy there was not Room for the Transcriber to write it in the same Line, and therefore he placed it over the Word *Horn*, which occasioned this Mistake in the Printing.

¹¹ This emandation is evidently right, as all the rest of this ridiculous Speech is in Rhyme, we should without doubt read *Sophy*, instead of *Sophia*.

Corif. He names you, Madam.

Hil. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in Arms, News of a pretty Thing,
By Name *Mathias*.

Soph. From my Lord? O Sir!
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias*' Wife.
So may *Mars* favour you in all your Battles,
As you with Speed unload me of the Burthen
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him.

Hil. If thou art,
As I believe, the Pigsney of his Heart,
Know he's in Health, and what's more, full of Glee;
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no Letters from him?

Hil. No, mere Words.
In the Camp we use no Pens, but write with Swords;
Yet as I am enjoin'd, by Word of Mouth
I will proclaim his Deeds from North to South;
But tremble not while I relate the Wonder,
Though my Eyes like Lightning shine, and my Voice
thunder.

Soph. This is some counterfeit Bragart.

Corif. Hear him, Madam.

Hil. The Rear march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalion, no Man
Durst stay to shift a Shirt, or louse himself;
Yet ere the Armies join'd, that hopeful Elf,
Thy dear, thy dainty Duckling, bold *Mathias*,
Advanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.
A hundred thousand *Turks* (it is no Vaunt)
Affail'd him; every one a Termagant:
But what did he then? with his keen-edge Spear
He cut, and carbonaded 'em: Here and there
Lay Legs and Arms; and, as 'tis said truly
Of *Bevis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

Soph. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take Breath:
Then, like a Nightingale, I'll sing his Death,
Soph. His Death!

Hil. I am out.

Coris. Recover, Dunder-head.

Hil. How he escap'd, I should have fung, not dy'd;
For, though a Knight, when I said so, I dy'd!
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous Knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in Woe,
He call'd to me, Help! help, *Hilario!*
My valiant Servant, help.

Coris. He has spoil'd all.

Soph. Are you the Man of Arms? Then I'll make
bold

To take off your martial Beard; you had Fool's Hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy Sport of what concerns me more than Life,
In such an antick Fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? You, Minion,
Had a Hand in it too, as it appears,
Your Petticoat serves for Bases to this Warriour.

Coris. We did it for your Mirth.

Hil. For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a Soldier.

Soph. Hence, you Rascal.

I never but with Reverence name my Lord,
And can I hear it by thy Tongue prophan'd,
And not correct thy Folly? But you are
Transform'd, and turn'd Knight-errant; take your Course
And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my Lord's Life (an Oath I will not break)
Till his Return, or Certainty of his Safety,
My Doors are shut against thee. [Exit Sophia.

Coris. You have made

A fine Piece of Work on't: How do you like the Qua-
You had a foolish Itch to be an Actor, [lity? ¹²
And may now stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my Share?

Coris. No, certainly, I fear I have already
Too much of mine own: I'll only, as a Damsel,

¹² The Quality means here, the Calling, or Profession. M. M.

(As the Book says) thus far help to disarm you ;
 And so, dear Don *Quixote*, taking my Leave,
 I leave you to your Fortune. [Exit Corisca.

Hil. Have I sweat

My Brains out for this quaint and rare Invention,
 And am I thus rewarded? I could turn
 Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
 'Twould get me too great a Stomach, having no Meat
 To pacify *Colon*,¹³ what will become of me ?
 I cannot beg in Armour, and steal I dare not :
 My End must be to stand in a Corn Field,
 And fright away the Crows, for Bread and Cheese,
 Or find some hollow Tree in the Highway,
 And there, until my Lord return, sell Switches.
 No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now :
 I'll weep my Eyes out, and be blind of Purpose
 To move Compassion ; and so I vanish. [Exit *Hilario*,

S C E N E II.

Enter Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, and others:

Eub. Are the Gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd
 By the King's Direction, to entertain
 The General ?

Ric. Long since; they by this have met him,
 And given him the *Bienvenue*,

Eub. I hope I need not
 Instruct you in your Parts.

Ubal. How! us, my Lord?
 Fear not; we know our Distances and Degrees,
 To the very Inch, where we are to salute him,

Ric. The State were miserable, if the Court had none
 Of her own Breed, familiar with all Garbs.
 Gracious in *England, Italy, Spain* or *France*,
 With Form and Punctuality to receive
 Stranger Embassadors. For the General,
 He's a mere Native, and it matters not
 Which Way we do accost him.

¹³ *Colon* is the great Gut. *M. M.*

Ubal. 'Tis great Pity
That such as sit at the Helm provide no better
For the training up of the Gentry. In my Judgment
An Academy erected, with large Pensions
To such as in a Table could set down
The Congees, Cringes, Postures, Methods, Phrases,
Proper to every Nation——

Ric. O, it were
An admirable Piece of Work.

Ubal. And yet rich Fools
Throw away their Charity on Hospitals,
For Beggars and lame Soldiers, and ne'er study
The due Regard to Compliment and Courtship,
Matters of more Import, and are indeed
The Glories of a Monarchy.

Eub. These, no doubt,
Are State Points, Gallants, I confess; but sure,
Our Courts need no Aids this Way, since it is
A School of nothing else. There are some of you
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining Heads
Are the Mint of all new Fashions, that have done
More Hurt to the Kingdom by superfluous Bravery,
Which the foolish Gentry imitate, than a War,
Or a long Famine; all the Treasure, by
This foul Excess, is got into the Merchant's,
Embroiderer's, Silkman's, Jeweller's, Taylor's Hands,
And the third Part of the Land too, the Nobility
Engrossing Titles only.

Ric. My Lord, you are bitter.

Enter a Servant.

[*A Trumpet.*]

Serv. The General is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten Generals, I am prepar'd,
And know what I will do.

Eub. Pray you what, *Ricardo*?

Ric. I'll fight at Compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too.

Eub. And that's a desperate Service, if you come off
well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two Captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the Officers to keep
The Soldier as he march'd in Rank and File,
Till they hear farther from me.

Eub. Here's one speaks
In another Key : This is no canting Language
Taught in your Academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will present you
To the King myself.

Math. A Grace beyond my Merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a Price on.

Eub. With a Friend's true Heart
I gratefully return.

Ferd. Next to the Favour
Of the great King, I am happy in your Friendship.

Ubal. By Courtship, coarse on both Sides.

Ferd. Pray you receive
This Stranger to your Knowledge, on my Credit,
At all Parts he deserves it.

Eub. Your Report
Is a strong Assurance to me.---Sir, most welcome.

Math. This said by you, the Reverence of your Age
Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty.
But second me now.---I cannot stoop too low
To do your Excellence that due Observance
Your Fortune claims.

Eub. He ne'er thinks on his Virtue:

Ric. For, being, as you are, the Soul of Soldiers,
And Bulwark of *Bellona*.

Ubal. The Protection
Both of the Court and King.

Ric. And the sole Minion
Of mighty *Mars*.

Ubal. One that with Justice may
Increase the Number of the Worthies.

Eub. Hoy day !

Ric. It being impossible in my Arms to circle
Such giant Worth.

Ubal. At Distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd Gauntlet.

Eub. What Reply now
Can he make to this Foppery ?

Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take Time to thank you.

Eub. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the Fops gape now !

Ric. This was harsh, and scurvy.

Ubal. We will be reveng'd
When he comes to court the Ladies, and laugh at him.

Eub. Nay, do your Offices, Gentlemen, and conduct
The General to the Presence.

Ric. Keep your Order.

Ubal. Make Way for the General.

[*Exeunt all but Eubulus.*]

Eub. What wise Man,
That with judicious Eyes looks on a Soldier,
But must confess that Fortune's Swing is more
O'er that Profession, than all Kinds else
Of Life pursu'd by Man ? They, in a State,
Are but as *Chirurgeons* to wounded Men,
E'en desp'rate in their Hopes : while Pain and Anguish
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for Death ;
Their Wives and Children kiss the Chirurgeon's Knees,
Promise him Mountains, if his saving Hand
Restore the tortur'd Wretch to former Strength.
But when grim Death, by *Æsculapius'* Art,
Is frighted from the House, and Health appears
In sanguine Colours on the sick Man Face,
All is forgot ; and asking his Reward,
He's paid with Curses, often receives Wounds
From him whose Wounds he cur'd ; so Soldiers,
Though of more Worth and Use, meet the same Fate,
As it is too apparent. I have observ'd
When horrid *Mars*, the Touch of whose rough Hand

With Palfies shakes a Kingdom, hath put on
 His dreadful Helmet, and with Terror fills
 The Place where he, like an unwelcome Guest,
 Resolves to revel; how the Lords of her, like
 The Tradesman, Merchant, and litigious Pleader,
 (And such like *Scarabs* bred i' th' Dung of Peace)
 In Hope of their Protection, humbly offer
 Their Daughters to their Beds, Heirs to their Service,
 And wash with Tears their Sweat, their Dust, their Scars;
 But when those Clouds of War that menac'd
 A bloody Deluge to th' affrighted State,
 Are by their Breath dispers'd, and overblown,
 And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona's* Pages,
 Whipp'd from the quiet Continent to *Thrace*; ¹⁴
 Soldiers, that like the foolish Hedge Sparrow
 To their own Ruin hatch this Cuckow Peace,
 Are straight thought burdensome, since want of Means,
 Growing for want of Action, breeds Contempt,
 And that, the worst of Ills, falls to their Lot,
 Their Service with the Danger soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Queen, my Lord, hath made Choice of
 this Room,
 To see the Masque.

Eub. I'll be a Looker on,
 My dancing Days are past.

Loud Musick as they pass, a Song in the Praise of War;
Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, and Hon-
noriam, Mathias, Sylva, Acanthe, Baptista, and others.

Ladis. This Courtesy
 To a Stranger, my *Honoriam*, keeps fair Rank

† ¹⁴ *Whipp'd from the quiet Continent to Thrace.*

Massinger is here mistaken, for *Thrace* is upon the Continent.

Massinger probably knew as well as the Editor that Part of *Thrace*
 was on the Continent; but the *Thracian Archipelago*, which was
 dedicated to *Mars*, is composed of Islands. *M. M.*

With all your Rarities. After your Travel
 Look on our Court Delights ; but first from your
 Relation, with erected Ears I'll hear
 The Musick of your War, which must be sweet,
 Ending in Victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble

Your Majesties with Description of a Battle,
 Too full of Horror for the Place, and to
 Avoid Particulars, which should I deliver,
 I must trench longer on your Patience than
 My Manners will give Way to ; in a Word, Sir,
 It was well fought on both Sides, and almost
 With equal Fortune, it continuing doubtful
 Upon whose Tents plum'd Victory would take
 Her' glorious Stand : Impatient of Delay,
 With the Flower of our prime Gentlemen, I charg'd
 Their main Battalia, and with their Assistance
 Broke in ; but when I was almost assur'd
 That they were routed, by a Stratagem
 Of the subtil *Turk*, who opening his gross Body,
 And rallying up his Troops on either Side,
 I found myself so far engag'd, (for I
 Must not conceal my Errors) that I knew not
 Which Way with Honour to come off.

Eub. I like

A General that tells his Faults, and is not
 Ambitious to engross unto himself
 All Honour, as some have, in which, with Justice,
 They could not claim a Share.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,

Their Scymitars rag'd among us, and my Horse
 Kill'd under me, I every Minute look'd for
 An honourable End, and that was all
 My Hope could fashion to me ; circl'd thus
 With Death and Horror, as one sent from Heaven,
 This Man of Men, with some choice Horse that follow'd
 His brave Example, did pursue the Track
 His Sword cut for 'em, and, but that I see him
 Already blush to hear what, he being present,

I know would wish unspoken, I should say, Sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of *Hector*.

Math. General,

Pray, spare these strange Hyperboles.

Eub. Do not blush

To hear a Truth; here are a Pair of *Monsieurs*,
Had they been in your Place, would have run away,
And ne'er chang'd Countenance.

Ubal. We have your good Word still.

Eub. And shall while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence: on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful Lightning thrown
From *Jupiter's* Shield, dispers'd the armed Gire
With which I was environed; Horse and Man
Shrunk under his strong Arm: More, with his Looks
Frighted, the Valiant fled, with which encourag'd,
My Soldiers (like young Eaglets preying under¹⁵
The Wings of their fierce Dam) as if from him
They took both Spirit and Fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspir'd
With treble Courage; and such as fled before,
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm 'em,
It suddenly was apparent, that the Fortune
Of the Day was ours; each Soldier and Commander
Perform'd his Part; but this was the great Wheel
By which the lesser mov'd, and all Rewards
And Signs of Honour; as the *Civic* Garland,
The mural Wreath, the Enemy's prime Horse,
With the General's Sword, and Armour, (the old Ho-
nours

With which the *Romans* crown'd their several Leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladis. And they shall

Deservedly fall on him. Sit; 'tis our Pleasure.

Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

Hon. You are a Stranger,

But, in your Service for the King, a Native.

¹⁵ In the *Unnatural Combat*, *Messinger* has this same Smile again.

And, tho' a free Queen, I am bound in Duty
To cherish Virtue wheresoe'er I find it :
This place is yours.

Math. It were Prefumption in me
To fit so near you.

Hon. Not having our Warrant.

Ladis. Let the Maskers enter : By the Preparation,
'Tis a *French* Brawl, an apish Imitation
Of what you really perform in Battle ;
And *Pallas* bound up in a little Volume,
Apollo, with his Lute attending on her,
Serve for the Induction. [Song and Dance.

Enter the two Boys, one with his Lute, the other like Pallas.
A Song in the Praise of Soldiers, especially being victorious :
The Song ended, the King goes on.

¹⁶ Song by *Pallas*.

*Though we contemplate to express
The Glory of your Happiness,
That, by your powerful Arm, have been
So true a Victor, that no Sin
Could ever taint you with a Blame
To lessen your deserved Fame.*

*Or, though we contend to set
Your Worth in the full Height, or get
Celestial Singers crown'd with Bays,
With Flourishes to dress your Praise :
You know your Conquest ; but your Story
Lives in your triumphant Glory.*

Ladis. Our Thanks to all.
To the Banquet that's prepar'd to entertain 'em :
What would my best *Honor*ia ?

¹⁶ I don't think *Massinger* excels in writing Songs ; there are none to be found in these Plays that have any Degree of Merit, and few that are even intelligible. *M. M.*

Hon. May it please
My King, that I, who, by his Suffrage, ever
Have had Power to command, may now entreat
An Honour from him.

Ladis. Why should you desire
What is your own? Whate'er it be, you are
The Mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your Grant: My Suit, Sir, is, that your Commanders,
Especially this Stranger, may, as I
In my Discretion shall think good, receive
What's due to their Deserts.

Ladis. What you determine
Shall know no Alteration.

Eub. The Soldier
Is like to have good Usage, when he depends
Upon her Pleasure: Are all the Men so bad,
That, to give Satisfaction, we must have
A Woman Treasurer. Heaven help all.

Hon. With you, Sir,
I will begin, and, as in my Esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take;
The Favour in the quick Dispatch being double.
Go fetch my Casket, and with Speed. [*Exit Acanthe.*]

Eub. The Kingdom
Is very bare of Money, when Rewards
Issue from the Queen's Jewel-house. Give him Gold
And Store, no Question the Gentleman wants it.
Good Madam, what shall he do with a Hoop Ring,
And a Spark of Diamond in it? Tho' you took it

Enter Acanthe.

(For the greater Honour) from your Majesty's Finger,
'Twill not increase the Value. He must purchase
Rich Suits, the gay Caparison of Courtship,
Revel, and Feast, which, the War ended, is
A Soldier's Glory; and 'tis fit that Way
Your Bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
 And by your narrow Thoughts proportion mine.
 What I will do now, shall be worth the Envy
 Of *Cleopatra*. Open it, see here [*Honoria descends.*
 The Lapidary's Idol.—Gold is Trash,
 And a poor Salary fit for Grooms; wear these
 As studded Stars in your Armour, and make the Sun
 Look dim with jealousy of a greater Light
 Than his Beams gild the Day with: when it is
 Expos'd to View, call it *Honoria's Gift*,
 The *Queen Honoria's Gift*, that loves a Soldier;
 And, to give Ornament and Lustre to him,
 Parts freely with her own. Yet, not to take
 From the Magnificence of the King, I will
 Dispense his Bounty too, but as a Page
 To wait on mine; for other Uses take
 A hundred thousand Crowns; your Hand, dear Sir,
 And this shall be thy Warrant.

[*Takes off the King's Signet.*

Eub. I perceive
 I was cheated in this Woman: Now she is
 I' th' giving Vein to Soldiers, let her be proud,
 And the King doat, so she go on, I care not. [*Aside.*

Hon. This done, our Pleasure is, that all Arrears
 Be paid unto the Captains; and their Troops,
 With a large Donative to increase their Zeal
 For the Service of the Kingdom.

Eub. Better still;
 Let Men of Arms be us'd thus: If they do not
 Charge desperately upon the Cannon's Mouth,
 Tho' the Devil roar'd, and fight like Dragons, hang
 me.

Now they may drink Sack; but small Beer, with a Pass-
 port
 To beg with as they travel, and no Money,
 Turns their red Blood to Butter-milk.

Hon. Are you pleas'd, Sir,
 With what I have done?

Ladis. Yes, and thus confirm it
 With this Addition of mine own: You have, Sir,

From our lov'd Queen received some Recompence
 For your Life hazarded in the late Action ;
 And, that we may follow her great Example
 In cherishing Valour, without Limit ask
 What you from us can wish.

Math. If it be true,

Dread Sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every Soil,
 Where he is well, is to a valiant Man
 His natural Country ; Reason may assure me
 I should fix here, where Blessings beyond Hope,
 From you, the Spring, like Rivers flow unto me.
 If Wealth were my Ambition, by the Queen
 I am made rich already, to the Amazement
 Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
 The Story of her Bounty ; if to spend
 The Remnant of my Life in Deeds of Arms,
 No Region is more fertile of good Knights,
 From whom my Knowledge that Way may be better'd,
 Than this your warlike Hungary ; if Favour,
 Or Grace in Court could take me, by your Grant,
 Far, far beyond my Merit, I may make
 In yours a free Election ; but, alas ! Sir,
 I am not mine own, but by my Destiny
 (Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer
 My Country's Smoke, before the glorious Fire
 With which your Bounties warm me. All I ask, Sir,
 Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
 Of foul Ingratitude, is your gracious Licence
 For my Departure.

Ladis. Whither ?

Math. To my own Home ; Sir,
 My own Poor home ; which will at my Return
 Grow rich by your Magnificence. I am here
 But a Body without a Soul ; and, till I find it
 In the Embraces of my constant Wife, and, to set off
 that Constancy,
 In her Beauty and matchless Excellencies without a Rival,
 I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
 So chaste and fair as you infer ?

Math. O, Madam,
 Tho' it must argue Weakness in a rich Man,
 To show his Gold before an armed Thief,
 And I, in praising of my Wife, but feed
 The Fire of Lust in others to attempt her ;
 Such is my full-sail'd Confidence in her Virtue,
 Tho' in my Absence she were now besieg'd
 By a strong Army of lascivious Wooers,
 (And every one more expert in his Art,
 Than those that tempted chaste *Penelope* ;)
 Tho' they rais'd Batteries by prodigal Gifts,
 By amorous Letters, Vows made for her Service,
 With all the Engines wanton Appetite
 Could mount to shake the Fortrefs of her Honour ;
 Here, here is my Assurance she holds out,

[*Kisses the Picture.*]

And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that ?

Math. Her fair Figure.

Ladis. As I live, an excellent Face !

Hon. You have seen a better.

Ladis. I ! ne'er, except yours ; nay, frown not, sweetest ;

The *Cyprian* Queen, compar'd to you, in my
 Opinion, is a Negro. As you order'd,
 I'll see the Soldiers paid ; and in my Absence
 Pray you use your powerful Arguments, to stay
 This Gentleman in our Service.

Hon. I will do

My Part.

Ladis. On to the Camp.

[*Exeunt* *Ladislaus*, *Ferdinand*, *Eubulus*,
Baptista, *Captains.*]

Hon. I am full of Thoughts.

And something there is here I must give Form to,
 Tho' yet an Embrion : you, Signiors,
 Have no Business with the Soldier, as I take it,
 You are for other Warfare ; quit the Place,
 But be within call.

Ric. Employment, on my Life, Boy.

Ubal. If it lie in our Road, we are made for ever.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.*

Hon. You may perceive the King is no Way tainted
With the Disease of Jealousy, since he leaves me
Thus private with you.

Math. It were in him, Madam,
A Sin unpardonable, to distrust such Pureness,
Tho' I were an *Adonis*.

Hon. I presume -

He neither does, nor dares: And yet the Story
Delivered of you by the General,
With your heroic Courage (which sinks deeply
Into a knowing Woman's Heart) besides
Your promising Presence, might beget some Scruple
In a meaner Man: But more of this hereafter;
I'll take another Theme now, and conjure you
By the Honours you have won, and by the Love
Sacred to your dear Wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.

Math. You need not use
Charms to this Purpose, Madam.

Hon. Tell me then,
Being yourself assur'd 'tis not in Man
To fully with one Spot th' immaculate Whiteness
Of your Wife's Honour, if you have not since
The Gordian of your Love was ty'd by Marriage,
Play'd false with her?

Math. By the Hopes of Mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the Converse
Of handsome Ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your Faith's untried yet.

Math. Surely, Madam,
I am no Woman Hater; I have been
Received to the Society of the best
And fairest of our Climate, and have met with
No common Entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least Heat that Way.

Hon. Strange! and do you think still,
The Earth can show no Beauty that can drench

In *Lethe* all Remembrance of the Favour
You now bear to your own?

Math. Nature must find out
Some other Mould to fashion a new Creature
Fairer than her *Pandora*, ere I prove
Guilty, or in my Wishes or my Thoughts,
To my *Sophia*.

Hon. Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole Sex?

Math. I am constant to
My Resolution.

Hon. But, dare you stand
The Opposition; and bind yourself
By Oath for the Performance?

Math. My Faith else
Had but a weak Foundation.

Hon. I take hold
Upon your Promise, and enjoin your Stay
For one Month here——

Math. I am caught.

Hon. And if I do not
Produce a Lady in that Time that shall
Make you confess your Error, I submit
Myself to any Penalty you shall please
T' impose upon me: In the mean Space, write
To your chaste Wife, acquaint her with your Fortune;
The Jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better Confirmation, I'll provide you
Of trusty Messengers: But how far distant is she?

Math. A Day's hard Riding.

Hon. There's no retiring;
I'll bind you to your Word.

Math. Well, since there is
No Way to shun it, I will stand the Hazard,
And instantly make ready my Dispatch:
——Till then, I'll leave your Majesty. [*Exit Mathias.*

Hon. How I burst
With Envy, that there lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal Woman; 'twas the End
Of my Ambition, to be recorded

The only Wonder of the Age ; and shall I
 Give Way to a Competitor ? Nay more,
 To add to my Affliction, the Assurances
 That I plac'd in my Beauty have deceiv'd me :
 I thought one amorous Glance of mine could bring
 All Hearts to my Subjection ; but this Stranger,
 Unmov'd as Rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
 Sit down so with my Honour : I will gain
 A double Victory, by working him
 To my Desire, and taint her in her Honour,
 Or lose myself. I have read, that some Time Poison
 Is useful ; to supplant her, I'll employ
 With any Cost, *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
 Two noted Courtiers, of approved Cunning
 In all the Windings of Lust's Labyrinth ;
 And in corrupting him, I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa : If he shut his Ears
 Against my Syren Notes, I'll boldly swear
Ulysses lives again ; or that I have found
 A frozen Cynic, cold in spite of all
 Allurements ; one, whom Beauty cannot move,
 Nor softest Blandishments entice to Love.

[*Exit Honoria.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario.

THIN, thin Provision ! I am dieted
 Like one set to watch Hawks ; and to keep me
 waking,
 My croaking Guts make a perpetual 'Larum.
 Here I stand Centinel ; and, tho' I fright
 Beggars from my Lady's Gate, in Hope to have
 A greater Share, I find my Commons mend not.
 I look'd this Morning in my Glass, the River ;

And there appear'd a Fish, call'd a Poor John,
 Cut with a lenten Face in my own Likeness;
 And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good-morrow, Cousin!
 No Man comes this Way but has a Fling at me:
 A Chirurgeon passing by, ask'd, at what Rate
 I would sell myself? I answered, For what Use?
 To make, said he, a living Anatomy,
 And set thee up in our Hall, for thou art transparent
 Without Dissection: and indeed he had Reason;
 For I am scour'd with this poor Porridge to nothing.
 They say that Hunger dwells in the Camp; but till
 My Lord returns, or certain Tidings of him,
 He will not part with me.—But Sorrow's dry,
 And I must drink howsoever.

Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.

Guide. That is her Castle,
 Upon my certain Knowledge.

Ubal. Our Horses held out
 To my Desire. I am asire to be at it.

Ric. Take the Jades for thy Reward; before I part
 hence,
 I hope to be better carried. Give me the Cabinet:
 So, leave us now.

Guide. Good Fortune to you, Gallants. [*Exit Guide.*

Ubal. Being joint Agents in a Design, of Trust too,
 For the Service of the Queen and our own Pleasure,
 Let us proceed with Judgment.

Ric. If I take not
 This Fort at the first Assault, make me an Eunuch,
 So I may have precedence.

Ubal. On no Terms.
 We are both to play one Prize; he that works best
 I' the searching this Mine, shall carry it
 Without Contention.

Ric. Make you your Approaches
 As I directed.

Ubal. I need no Instruction;
 I work not on your Anvil. I'll give Fire

With mine own Linstock; if the Powder be dank,
The Devil rend the Touch-hole. Who have we here?
What Skeleton's this?

Ric. A Ghost; or the Image of Famine.
Where dost thou dwell?

Hil. Dwell, Sir? My Dwelling is
I' th' Highway. That goodly House was once
My Habitation; but I am banished,
And cannot be call'd Home, till News arrive
Of the good Knight *Matbias*.

Ric. If that will
Restore thee, thou art safe.

Ubal. We come from him,
With Presents to his Lady.

Hil. But, are you sure
He is in Health?

Ric. Never so well: Conduct us
To the Lady.

Hil. Tho' a poor Snake, I will leap
Out of my Skin for Joy. Break, Pitcher, break;
And Wallet, late my Cupboard, I bequeath thee
To the next Beggar; thou red Herring, swim
To the Red Sea again. Methinks I am already
Knuckle deep in the Flesh-pots; and, tho' waking,
dream
Of Wine and Plenty.

Ric. What's the Mystery
Of this strange Passion?

Hil. My Belly, Gentlemen,
Will not give me leave to tell you. When I have
brought you
To my Lady's Presence, I am disenchantèd.
There you shall know all. Follow: If I outstrip you,
Know I run for my Belly.

Ubal. A mad Fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Corisca.

Soph. Do not again delude me.

Coris. If I do, send me a grazing with my Friend
Hilario.

I stood, as you commanded, in the Turret
Observing all that pass'd by : And even now
I did discern a Pair of Cavaliers;
For such their Outside spoke them, with their Guide,
Dismounting from their Horses; they said something
To our hungry Centinel, that made him caper
And frisk i' th' Air for Joy : And, to confirm this,
See, Madam, they're in View.

Enter Hilarío, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hil. News from my Lord !

Tidings of Joy ! these are no Counterfeits,
But Knights indeed. Dear Madam, sign my Pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my Crumbs :
I have had a long Fast of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable Words ! *Eat, I forgive thee !*

And, if in this I do not soon obey you,
And ram in to the Purpose, billet me again
I' th' Highway. Butler and Cook be ready,
For I enter like a Tyrant. [*Exit* Hilarío.]

Ubal. Since mine Eyes

Were never happy in so sweet an Object,
Without Inquiry, I presume you are
The Lady of the House, and do salute you.

Ric. This Letter, with these Jewels, from your Lord,
Warrant my Boldness, Madam.

Ubal. In being a Servant

To such rare Beauty, you must needs deserve
This Courtesy from a Stranger. [*To* Corisca.
Salutes her.]

Ric. You are still
Before-hand with me. Pretty one, I descend
To take the Height of your Lip; and, if I miss
In the Altitude, hereafter, if you please,
I will make Use of my *Jacob's* Staff.

[*Sophia* having in the Interim read the Letter,
and open'd the Casket.

Coris. These Gentlemen
Have certainly had good Breeding, as it appears
By their neat Kissing, they hit me so pat on the Lips.
At the first Sight.

Soph. Heaven, in thy Mercy, make me
Thy thankful Handmaid, for this boundless Blessing,
In thy Goodness shower'd upon me.

Ubal. I do not like
This simple Devotion in her; it is seldom
Practis'd among my Mistresses.

Ric. Or mine.
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the Possession
Of such inestimable Wealth, before
They thank'd the Bringers of it? The poor Lady
Does want Instruction; but I'll be her Tutor,
And read her another Lesson.

Soph. If I have
Shown Want of Manners, Gentlemen, in my Slowness
To pay the Thanks I owe you for your Travel,
To do my Lord and me (howe'er unworthy
Of such a Benefit) this noble Favour:
Impute it, in your Clemency, to the Excess
Of Joy that overwhelm'd me.—

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may
Increase th' Offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my Lord, before I have
Invited you to taste such as the Coarseness
Of my poor House can offer; pray you connive
On my weak Tenderness, tho' I intreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his Letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you Assurance that he is in Health,
Grac'd by the King and Queen.

Ubal. And in the Court
With Admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore
Put off these Widow's Garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all Pleasures
Your Fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular Privacies, which on Occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your Service ever.

Ric. Good! your Service; mark that.

Soph. In the mean Time, by your Acceptance make
My rustic Entertainment relish of
The Curiousness of the Court.

Ubal. Your Looks, sweet Madam,
Cannot but make each Dish a Feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such, in the Freedom of my Will to please you.
I'll shew the Way: This is too great an Honour
From such brave Guests, to me so mean an Hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Acanthe to four or five with Vizards.

Acan. You know your Charge; give it Action, and
expect
Rewards beyond your Hopes.

1 Viz. If we but eye 'em,
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 Viz. May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

Acan. Let that stop your Mouth,
And learn more Manners, Groom. 'Tis upon the Hour

In which they use to walk here : When you have 'em
 In your Power, with Violence carry them to the Place
 Where I appointed : There I will expect you.
 Be bold and careful. [Exit Acanthe.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

1 *Viz.* These are they.

2 *Viz.* Are you sure ?

1 *Viz.* Am I sure I am myself ?

2 *Viz.* Seize on him strongly ; if he have but Means
 To draw his Sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't.
 Take all Advantages.

Math. I cannot guess
 What her Intents are ; but her Carriage was
 As I but now related.

Bapt. Your Assurance
 In the Constancy of your Lady, is the Armour
 That must defend you. Where's the Picture ?

Math. Here,
 And no Way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,
 There is no Truth in Art.

Math. By this, I hope,
 She hath receiv'd my Letters.

Bapt. Without Question.
 These Courtiers are rank Riders, when they are
 To visit a handsome Lady.

Math. Lend me your ear.
 One Piece of her Entertainment will require
 Your dearest Privacy.

1 *Viz.* Now they stand fair,
 Upon 'em.

Math. Villains !

1 *Viz.* Stop their Mouths. We come not
 To try your Valours. Kill him, if he offer
 To open his Mouth.—We have you.—'Tis in vain
 To make Resistance.—Mount 'em, and away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Servants with Lights, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Ladis. 'Tis late. Go to your Rest: But do not envy
The Happiness I draw near to.

Eub. If you enjoy it
The moderate Way, the Sport yields, I confess,
A pretty Titillation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your Knees. In my younger Days
I was myself a Gamester; and I found
By sad Experience, there is no such Soaker
As a young spongy Wife! she keeps a thousand
Horse Leeches in her Box, and the Thieves will suck
out

Both Blood and Marrow! I feel a Kind of Cramp
In my Joints, when I think on't. But it may be Queens,
And such a Queen as yours is, has the Art——

Ferd. You take Leave
To talk, my Lord.

Ladis. He may, since he can do nothing.

Eub. If you spend this Way too much of your royal
Stock,

Ere long we may be Puefellows.

Ladis. The Door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her Woman.
Take off my Gown.

Enter Acanthe.

Acan. My Lord, the Queen by me
This Night desires your Pardon.

Ladis. How, *Acanthe*!
I come by her Appointment; 'twas her Grant;
The Motion was her own.

Acan. It may be, Sir;
But by her Doctors she is since advis'd,
For her Health's Sake, to forbear.

Eub. I do not like
This physical Letchery ; the old downright Way
Is worth a Thousand of 't.

Ladif. Prithee, *Acanthe*,
Mediate for me.

Eub. O the Fiends of Hell !
Would any Man bribe his Servant, to make Way
To his own Wife ? If this be the Court State,
Shame fall on such as use it.

Acan. By this Jewel,
This Night I dare not move her ; but to-morrow
I will watch all Occasion.

Ladif. Take this,
To be mindful of me. [*Exit Acanthe.*

Eub. 'Slight, I thought a King
Might have taken up any Woman at the King's Price :
And must he buy his own, at a dearer Rate
Than a Stranger in a Brothel ?

Ladif. What is that
You mutter, Sir ?

Eub. No Treason to your Honour :
I'll speak it out, tho' it anger you : If you pay for
Your lawful Pleasure, in some Kind, great Sir,
What do you make the Queen ? Cannot you clicket
Without a Fee ? or when she has a Suit for you to grant ?

Ferd. O hold, Sir !

Ladif. Off with his Head.

Eub. Do when you please ; you but blow out a Taper
That would light your Understanding, and in Care of 't
Is burnt down to the Socket. Be as you are, Sir,
An absolute Monarch : It did shew more King-like
In those libidinous *Casars*, that compell'd
Matrons and Virgins of all Ranks to bow
Unto their rav'nous Lusts ; and did admit
Of more Excuse than I can urge for you,
That slave yourself to th' imperious Humour
Of a proud Beauty.

Ladif. Out of my Sight.

Eub. I will, Sir,
Give Way to your furious Passion : But when Reason

Hath got the better of it, I much hope
 The Counsel that offends now, will deserve
 Your royal Thanks. Tranquillity of Mind
 Stay with you, Sir.—I do begin to doubt
 There's something more in the Queen's Strangeness than
 Is yet disclos'd; and I'll find it out,
 Or lose myself in the Search. [Exit Eubulus.

Ferd. Sure he is honest,
 And from your Infancy hath truly serv'd you :
 Let that plead for him, and impute this Harshness
 To the Frowardness of his Age.

Ladis. I am much troubled,
 And do begin to stagger. *Ferdinand*, good Night !
 To-morrow visit us. Back to our own Lodgings.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Acanthe, the vizarded Servants, Mathias, Baptista.

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that
 Room, [They carry off Baptista.
 There let him ruminatè ; I'll anon unhood him :
 The other must stay here. As soon as I
 Have quit the Place, give him the Liberty
 And Use of his Eyes ; that done, disperse yourselves
 As privately as you can : But, on your Lives,
 No Word of what hath pass'd. [Exit Acanthe.

Viz. If I do, sell
 My Tongue to a Tripe Wife.—Come, unbind his Arms ;
 You are now at your own Disposure, and however
 We us'd you roughly, I hope you will find here
 Such Entertainment as will give you Cause
 To thank us for the Service : and so we leave you.
 [Exeunt Servants.

Math. If I am in a Prison, 'tis a neat one.
 What *OEdipus* can resolve this Riddle ? Ha !
 I never gave just Cause to any Man
 Safely to plot against my Life.—But what is

Become of my true Friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.

Acan. Remove that idle Fear; [From behind.
He's safe as you are.

Math. Whoso'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I should be: Tho' I have read the Table
Of Errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the Relations
Of magical Enchantments; yet I am not
So sottishly credulous to believe the Devil
Hath that Way Power. Ha! Music!

Music above. A Song of Pleasure.

17 *The blushing Rose and purple Flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted.
Dainty Fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in Ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these;
The more you taste, the more she'll please.*

*Beauty, tho' inclos'd with Ice,
Is a Shadow chaste as rare:
Then how much those Sweets entice,
That have Issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her Powers,
One equal for Dame Venus' Bowers.*

A Song too! Certainly be it he or she
That owns this Voice, it hath not been acquainted
With much Affliction. Whoso'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have Bodies,
And are not mere aërial Forms, appear,

17 This Song puts me in Mind of Swift's Love-Song,

*Cupid, spread thy purple Pinions,
Sweetly waving o'er my Head, &c.*

and seems to have as little Meaning in it. M. M.

Enter Honoria, mask'd.

And make me know your End with me. Most strange!
 What have I conjur'd up? Sure, if this be
 A Spirit, 'tis no damn'd one! What a Shape's here!
 Then with what Majesty it moves! If *Juno*
 Were now to keep her State among the Gods,
 And *Hercules* to be made again her Guest,
 She could not put on a more glorious Habit,
 Tho' her Handmaid, *Iris*, lent her various Colours,
 Or old *Oceanus* ravish'd from the deep
 All Jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
 Thus far made known yourself, if that your Face
 Have not too much Dignity about it
 For mortal Eyes to gaze on, perfect what
 You have begun, with Wonder and Amazement
 To my astonish'd Senses. How! the Queen! [*Kneels.*
[She pulls off her Mask.

Hon. Rise, Sir, and hear my Reasons, in Defence
 Of the Rape (for so you may conceive) which I
 By my Instruments made upon you. You, perhaps,
 May think what you have suffer'd for my Lust
 Is a common Practice with me; but I call
 Those ever-shining Lamps, and their great Maker,
 As Witnesses of my Innocence: I ne'er look'd on
 A Man but your best self, on whom I ever
 (Except the King) vouchsaf'd an Eye of Favour.

Math. The King, indeed, and only such a King,
 Deserves your Rarities, Madam; and, but he,
 'Twere giant-like Ambition in any,
 In his Wishes only, to presume to taste
 The Nectar of your Kisses; or to feed
 His Appetite with that Ambrosia, due
 And proper to a Prince; and, what binds more,
 A lawful Husband. For myself, great Queen,
 I am a Thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
 All Merit that can raise me higher than
 In my most humble Thankfulness for your Bounty,

To hazard my Life for you, and that Way
I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
Than what you promise. If you dare expose
Your Life, as you profess, to do me Service;
How can it better be employ'd than in
Preserving mine? which only you can do,
And must do with the Danger of your own.
A desperate Danger too! If private Men
Can brook no Rivals in what they affect;
But to the Death pursue such as invade
What Law makes their Inheritance; the King,
To whom you know I am dearer than his Crown,
His Health, his Eyes, his After-hopes, with all
His present Blessings, must fall on that Man
Like dreadful Lightning, that is won by Prayers,
Threats, or Rewards, to stain his Bed, or make
His hop'd-for Issue doubtful.

Math. If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the Reasons
Which you deliver, should in Judgment rather
Deter me, than invite a Grant, with my
Assured ruin:

Hon. True, if that you were
Of a cold Temper, one whom Doubt, or Fear,
In the most horrid Forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your Denial
To me that have deserv'd so much, ¹⁸ is more,
If it can have Addition.

Math. I know not
What your Commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
Among arm'd Men, yet cannot guess what Lists
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing Lady? One, that to enjoy
Your company, this Night deny'd the King
Access to what's his own. If you will press me
To speak in plainer Language——

¹⁸ That is, more than Ingratitude. M. M.

Math. Pray you, forbear ;

I would I did not understand too much
Already. By your Words I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred Suspicion in me of Untruth,
Tho' an Angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with Happiness (which is ever built
On virtuous Chastity) in the Wantonness
Of Appetite, you desire to make Trial
Of the false Delights propos'd by vicious Lust ;
Among ten thousand, every Way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your Subjects, why should you
Make Choice of me, a Stranger ?

Hon. Tho' yet Reason

Was ne'er admitted in the Court of Love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urg'd
In our last Conference, you have
A pretty promising Presence ; but there are
Many in Limbs and Feature, who may take
That Way the Right-hand File of you : Besides,
Your *May* of Youth is past, and the Blood spent
By Wounds (tho' bravely taken) render you
Disabled for Love's Service ; and that Valour
Set off with better Fortune, which, it may be,
Swells you above your Bounds, is not the Hook
That hath caught me, good Sir : I need no Champion
With his Sword, to guard my Honour or my Beauty ;
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own Protection.

Math. If these Advocates,

The best that can plead for me, have no Power ;
What else can you find in me, that may tempt you,
With irrecoverable Loss unto yourself,
To be a Gainer from me ?

Hon. You have, Sir,

A Jewel of such matchless Worth and Lustre,
As does disdain Comparison, and darkens

All that is rare in other Men; and that
I must or win or lessen.

Matb. You heap more
Amazement on me! What am I possess'd of
That you can covet? Make me understand it,
If it have a Name.

Hon. Yes, an imagin'd one;
But is in Substance nothing, being a Garment
Worn out of Fashion, and long since given o'er
By the Court and Country; 'tis your Loyalty,
And Constancy to your Wife; 'tis that I dote on,
And does deserve my Envy; and that Jewel,
Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

Matb. These are mere Contraries. If you love me,
Madam,
For my Constancy, why seek you to destroy it?
If my keeping it, preserves me worth your Favour,
Or, if it be a Jewel of that Value,
As you with labour'd Rhetoric would persuade me,
What can you stake against it?

Hon. A Queen's Fame,
And equal Honour.

Matb. So, whoever wins,
Both shall be Losers.

Hon. That is what I aim at.
Yet on the Dye I lay my Youth, my Beauty,
This moist Palm, this soft Lip, and those Delights
Darkness should only judge of! Do you find 'em
Infectious in the Trial, that you start
As frighted with their Touch?

Matb. Is it in Man
To resist such strong Temptations?

Hon. He begins
To waver.

[*Aside.*]

Matb. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this short Night's Deliberation to me;
And, with the rising Sun, from me you shall
Receive full Satisfaction.

Hon. Tho' Extremes
Hate all Delay, I will deny you nothing;

This Key will bring you to your Friend ; you are both safe :

And all Things useful that could be prepar'd
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take Counsel of your Pillow, such a Fortune
As with Affection's swiftest Wings flies to you,
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit Honoria.

Math. How my Blood
Rebels ! I now could call her back—and yet
There's something stays me : If the King had tender'd
Such Favours to my Wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refus'd : But, being a Man,
I should not yield first, or prove an Example
For her Defence of Frailty. By this, *sans* Question,
She's tempted too ; and here I may examine
[Looks on the Picture.

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure Crystal Rock of Chastity ! Perish all
Allurements that may alter me ! The Snow
Of her sweet Coldness, hath extinguished quite
The Fire that but even now began to flame :
And I, by her confirm'd, Rewards, nor Titles,
Nor certain Death from the refused Queen,
Shall shake my Faith ; since I resolve to be
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit Mathias.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubal. What we spake on the Volley¹⁹ begins to work,
We have laid a good Foundation.

Ric. Build it up,
Or else 'tis nothing : You have by Lot the Honour
Of the first Assault ; but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the Time proportion'd ; I'll not part with
My Share in the Atchievement ; when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

¹⁹ On the Volley.—A literal Translation of the French Phrase *a la volée*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*. M. M.

Enter Sophia.

Ubal. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My Opportunity.

Soph. I find myself
Strangely distracted with the various Stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my Guests
Deliver'd of my Lord: And like poor Beggars
That in their Dreams find Treasure, by Reflection
Of a wounded Fancy make it questionable
Whether they sleep, or not; yet tickl'd with
Such a fantastick Hope of Happiness,
Wish they may never wake: In some such Measure,
Incredulous of what I see and touch,
As 'twere a fading Apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious Jealousy
To be assur'd, by what Means, and from whom,
Such a Mass of Wealth was first deserv'd, then gotten,
Cunningly steals into me. I have practis'd,
For my certain Resolution, with these Courtiers;
Promising private Conference to either.
And at this Hour, if in Search of the Truth,
I hear, or say, more than becomes my Virtue,
Forgive me, my *Mathias*.

Ubal. Now I make in.
Madam, as you commanded, I attend
Your Pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the Favour.

Ubal. I am no ghostly Father; yet if you have
Some Scruples, touching your Lord, you would be re-
solv'd of,

I am prepar'd.

Soph. But will you take your Oath,
To answer truly?

Ubal. On the Hem of your Smock if you please,
A Vow I dare not break, it being a Book
I would gladly swear on.

Soph. To spare, Sir, that Trouble,
I'll take your Word; which in a Gentleman
Should be of equal Value. Is my Lord, then,
In such Grace with the Queen?

Ubal. You should best know,
By what you have found from him, whether he can
Deserve Grace or no.

Soph. What Grace do you mean?

Ubal. That special Grace (if you'll have it)
He laboured so hard for between a Pair of Sheets
On your Wedding Night, when your Ladyship
Lost you know what.

Soph. Fie, be more modest,
Or I must leave you.

Ubal. I would tell a Truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the Subject
Makes me run out a little.

Soph. You would put now
A foolish Jealousy in my Head, my Lord
Hath gotten a new Mistress.

Ubal. One, a hundred:
But under Seal I speak it; I presume
Upon your Silence, it being for your Profit;
They talk of *Hercules' Back* for fifty in a Night,²⁰
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a Pidler:
Such a Soldier, and a Courtier never came
To *Aula regalis*, the Ladies run mad for him,
And there is such Contention among 'em
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.

☞ ²⁰ *They talk of Hercules' Back for fifty in a Night,*
'Twas well, &c.

This Freedom of Language, I am afraid, will be apt to displease many of *Massinger's* Readers; who, perhaps, will think that such Scenes had better have been quite omitted: But as that would not be consistent with my Plan, I shall urge in Defence, that it was the Vice of the Age he lived in; and that *Massinger* was, perhaps, obliged more from Necessity than Inclination, to comply with the Taste of his Audience, in order to secure his Pieces a favourable Reception.

Soph. Are they handsome Women ?

Ubal. Fie, no, coarse Mammets, and what's worse,
they are old too,
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,
Believing, that he carries a powder in his Breeches
Will make 'em young again ; and these suck shrewdly.

Ric. Sir, I must fetch you off. [Whistles.]

Ubal. I could tell you Wonders
Of the Cures he has done, but a Business of Import
Calls me away, but, that dispatch'd, I will
Be with you presently. [He steps aside.]

Soph. There is something more
In this than bare Suspicion.

Ric. Save you, Lady :
Now you look like yourself ! I have not look'd on
A Lady more compleat ; yet have seen a Madam
Wear a Garment of this Fashion, of the same Stuff too,
One just of your Dimensions ; sat the wind there, Boy ?

Soph. What Lady, Sir ?

Ric. Nay, nothing ; and methinks
I should know this Ruby : Very good ; 'tis the same.
This Chain of orient Pearl, and this Diamond too,
Have been worn before ; but much Good may they do
you ;

Strength to the Gentleman's Back, he toil'd hard for 'em
Before he got 'em.

Soph. Why ? How were they gotten ? [Ubaldo *hems.*

Ric. Not in the Field with his Sword, upon my Life,
He may thank his close Stillet too. Plague upon it ;
Run the Minutes, so fast ? Pray excuse my Manners ;
I left a Letter in my Chamber Window,
Which I would not have seen on any Terms ; Fie on it,
Forgetful as I am ; but I'll straight attend you.

[Ricardo *steps aside.*

Soph. This is strange ; his Letters said these Jewels
were

Presented him by the Queen, as a Reward
For his good Service, and the Trunks of Clothes
That followed them this last Night, with Haste made up
By his Direction.

Enter Ubaldo.

Ubal. I was telling you
Of Wonders, Madam.

Soph. If you are so skilful,
Without Premeditation answer me.
Know you this Gown, and these rich Jewels ?

Ubal. Heaven !
How Things will come out ! But that I should offend
you,
And wrong my more than noble Friend,
Your Husband, (for we are sworn Brothers) in the Discovery
Of his nearest Secrets, I could——

Soph. By the Hope of Favour
That you have from me, out with it.

Ubal. 'Tis a potent Spell,
I cannot resist ; why I will tell you, Madam,
And to how many several Women you are
Beholding for your Bravery.—This was
The Wedding Gown of *Paulina*, a rich Strumpet,
Worn but a Day, when she married old *Gonzage*,
And left off trading.

Soph. O my Heart !

Ubal. This Chain
Of Pearl was a great Widow's that invited
Your Lord to a Masque, and the Weather proving foul,
He lodg'd in her House all Night, and merry they were ;
But how he came by it I know not.

Soph. Perjur'd Man !

Ubal. This Ring was *Fulietta's* ; a fine Piece,
But very good at the Sport. This Diamond
Was Madam *Acanthe's*, given him for a Song
Prick'd in a private Arbour, as she said,
(When the Queen ask'd for it,) and she heard him sing
too,

And danc'd to his Hornpipe, or there are Liars abroad.
There are other Toys about you
The same Way purchas'd ; but parallel'd

With these, not worth the Relation.

You are happy in a Husband; never Man
Made better Use of his Strength; would you have him
waste

His Body away for nothing? If he holds out,
There's not an embroidered Petticoat in the Court
But shall be at your Service.

Soph. I commend him:

It is a thriving Trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.

Ubal. You may command

Your Servant, Madam. She's stung unto the Quick, Lad.

Ric. I did my Part; if this work not, hang me;
Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow
We'll mount new Batteries.

Ubal. And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt* Ubaldo, Ricardo.]

Soph. You Powers, that take into your Care the Guard
Of Innocence, aid me; for I am a Creature
So forfeited to Despair, Hope cannot fancy
A Ransom to redeem me; I begin
To waver in my Faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their Holiness of Life, sin'd not in secret,
Since my *Mathias* is fall'n from his Virtue
In such an open Fashion. Could it be else,
That such a Husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to Temperance; for lascivious Hire,
Should prostitute himself to common Harlots,
Old and deform'd too! Was it for this he left me!
And on a feign'd Pretence for want of Means
To give me Ornament? Or to bring Home
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false
And lustful Goats, if he were true and right,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only Reason why he left me?
No, he is lost; and shall I wear the Spoils,
And Salaries of Lust? They cleave unto me
Like *Nessus'* poison'd Shirt. No, in my Rage
I'll tear 'em off, and from my Body wash

The Venom with my Tears. Have I no Spleen,
 Nor Anger of a Woman? Shall he build
 Upon my Ruins, and I, unreveng'd,
 Deplore his Falseness? No, with the same Trash
 For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
 A just Revenge. I am not yet so much
 In Debt to Years, nor so mishap'd, that all
 Should fly from my Embraces. Chastity,
 Thou only art a Name, and I renounce thee;
 I'm now a Servant to Voluptuousness;
 Wantons of all Degrees and Fashions, welcome;
 You shall be entertain'd; and, if I stray,
 Let him condemn himself that led the Way. [Exit.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. WE are in a desperate Strait; there's no
 Evasion,
 Nor Hope left to come off, but by your yielding
 To the Necessity; you must feign a Grant
 To her violent Passion, or——

Math. What, my *Baptista*?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
 And my neck upon the Block, I would not buy
 An Hour's Reprieve with the Loss of Faith and Virtue
 To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
 Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear
 To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
 The many Years that, by the Course of Nature,
 We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
 And hold it as a Blessing, as it is,
 When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, *Baptista*,
 Our Virtues are prefer'd before our Years,

By the great Judge. To die untainted in
 Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest;
 And to lose that, can we desire to live?
 Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a Period, to all Times
 Have breach of Faith and Perjury, remembered
 In a still living Epitaph? No, *Baptista*,
 Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave,
 Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
 With equal Loyalty; but look on this,
 Your own great Work, your Master-piece, and then,
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,

[*The Picture altered.*]

This is a terrible Vision! I will clear
 My Eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are Lines
 Of a dark Colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every Miniature of her Face, and those
 Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet, as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her Consent and Wishes
 She's false, but not in Fact yet.

Math. Fact! *Baptista*?

Make not yourself a Pander to her Looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a Vizard
 Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
 In her Will decline from Chastity, but found Means
 To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more
 Impossible in Nature for gross Bodies,
 Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
 Or with my single Arm to underprop
 A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
 To stop the Lightning, than to stay a Woman

Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falsehood,
In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you, temper
The Violence of your Passion.

Math. In Extremes

Of this Condition, can it be in Man
To use a Moderation? I am thrown
From a steep Rock headlong into a Gulph
Of Misery, and find myself past Hope,
In the same Moment that I apprehend
That I am falling, and this, the Figure of
My Idol, few Hours since, while she continued
In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
In which I saw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Husband
Could wish in a chaste Wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical Glass, and does present
Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet
(And 'tis the best Foundation,) build up Comfort
On your own Goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me;
For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worse than Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen
(Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempted
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets,) to preserve my Faith
Inviolate to thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, since she could inflict
No less for my Contempt, and have I met
Such a Return from thee? I will not curse thee,
Nor for thy Falsehood rail against the Sex;
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise Men
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem;
Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come,
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
Produce one constant Woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the Satyrists wrote against 'em.

Math. There's no Language
That can express the Poison of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould
My Thoughts into another Form, and, if
She can outlive the Report of what I have done,
This Hand, when next she comes within my Reach,
Shall be her Executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Bapt. The Queen, Sir.

Hon. Wait our Command at Distance; Sir, you too
have
Free Liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know my Manners,
And thank you for the Favour. [*Exit Baptista.*

Hon. Have you taken
Good Rest in your new Lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute Answer; but advise maturely
Before I hear it.

Math. Let my Actions, Madam,
For no Words can dilate my Joy, in all
You can command, with Cheerfulness to serve you,
Assure your Highness; and in Sign of my
Submission, and Contrition for my Error,
My Lips, that but the last Night shunn'd the Touch
Of yours as Poison, taught Humility now,
Thus on your Foot, and that too great an Honour
For such an Undeserver, seal my Duty.
A cloudy Mist of Ignorance, equal to
Cimmerian Darkness, would not let me see then,
What now with Adoration and Wonder,
With Reverence I look up to: But those Fogs
Dispers'd and scatter'd by the powerful Beams
With which yourself, the Sun of all Perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my Blindness, like a Suppliant
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you once pleas'd to tender.

Hon. This is more
Than I could hope ; what find you so attractive
Upon my Face, in so short Time to make
This sudden Metamorphosis ? Pray you, rise ;
I, for your late Neglect, thus sign your Pardon.
Aye, now you kifs like a Lover, and not as Brothers
Coldly salute their Sisters.

Math. I am turn'd
All Spirit and Fire.

Hon. Yet, to give some Allay
To this hot Fervour, 'twere good to remember
The King, whose Eyes and Ears are every where,
With the Danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Math. Danger ! A Bugbear, Madam ; let me ride once
Like *Phaeton* in the Chariot of your Favour,
And I contemn *Jove's* Thunder : Tho' the King
In our Embraces stood a Looker on,
His Hangmen too, with studied Cruelty, ready
To drag me from your Arms, it should not fright me
From the enjoying that, a single Life is
Too poor a Price for : O, that now all Vigour
Of my Youth were recollected for an Hour,
That my Desire might meet with yours, and draw
The Envy of all Men in the Encounter
Upon my Head ! I should—but we lose Time ;
Be gracious, mighty Queen.

Hon. Pause yet a little :
The Bounties of the King, and, what weighs more,
Your boasted Constancy to your matchless Wife,
Should not soon be shaken.

Math. The whole Fabric,
When I but look on you, is in a Moment
O'erturn'd and ruin'd, and, as Rivers lose
Their Names, when they are swallow'd by the Ocean,
In you alone all Faculties of my Soul
Are wholly taken up, my Wife and King
At the best as Things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be ?
I have gain'd my End now.

[*Aside.*]

Math. Wherefore stay you, Madam?

Hon. In my Consideration, what a Nothing
Man's Constancy is!

Math. Your Beauties make it so
In me, sweet Lady.

Hon. And it is my Glory :
I could be coy now as you were, but I
Am of a gentler Temper ; howsoever,
And in a just Return of what I have suffer'd
In your Disdain, with the same Measure grant me
Equal Deliberation : I ere long
Will visit you again, and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, Slave-like, wait
On my triumphant Beauty. [Exit Honoria.

Math. What a Change
Is here beyond my Fear ! but by thy Falsehood,
Sophia, not her Beauty, is it deny'd me
To sin but in my Wishes. What a Frown
In Scorn, at her Departure, she threw on me ?
I am both Ways lost ; Storms of Contempt and Scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all Hope
Of Shelter doubtful : I can neither be
Disloyal, nor yet honest ; I stand guilty
On either Part ; at the worst, Death will end all,
And he must be my Judge to right my Wrong,
Since I have lov'd too much, and liv'd too long.
[Exit Mathias.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sophia sola, with a Book and a Note.

Soph. Nor Custom nor Example, nor vast Numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the Sin.
For each particular Crime a strict Account
Will be exacted ; and that Comfort which
The Damn'd pretend, (Fellows in Misery)
Takes nothing from their Torments ; every one
Must suffer in himself the Measure of

His Wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
 It being unrefutable in Reason,
 Howe'er my Lord offend, it is no Warrant
 For me to walk in his forbidden Paths :
 What Penance then can expiate my Guilt
 For my Consent (transported then with Passion)
 To Wantonness ? The Wounds I give my Fame
 Cannot recover his ; and, though I have fed
 These Courtiers with Promises and Hopes,
 I am yet in Fact untainted ; and I trust
 My Sorrow for it, with my Purity
 And Love to Goodness for itself, made powerful,
 Tho' all they have alleged prove true or false,
 Will be such Exorcisms as shall command
 This Fury, Jealousy, from me. What I have
 Determin'd touching them, I am resolv'd
 To put in Execution. Within there !
 Where are my noble Guests ?

Enter Hilario, Corisca, with other Servants.

Hil. The elder, Madam,
 Is drinking by himself to your Ladyship's Health
 In Muskadine and Eggs ; and, for a Rasher
 To draw his Liquor down, he hath got a Pye
 Of Marrow-bones, Potatoes and Eringos,
 With many such Ingredients ; and 'tis said
 He hath sent his Man in Post to the next Town,
 For a Pound of Ambergrise, and half a Peck
 Of Fishes call'd Cantharides.

Coris. The younger
 Prunes up himself, as if this Night he were
 To act a Bridegroom's Part ; but to what Purpose,
 I am Ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue so.

Let those Lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,
[Gives a Paper.]

And fail not in a Circumstance, as you
 Respect my Favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our Instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow 'em.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Madam, here comes
The Lord *Ubaldo*.

Ubal. Pretty one, there's Gold
To buy thee a new Gown; and there's for thee:
Grow fat, and fit for Service. I am now,
As I should be, at the Height, and able to
Beget a Giant. O my better Angel,
In this you shew your Wisdom, when you pay
The Letcher in his own Coin; shall you sit puling,
Like a patient *Grizzle*, and be laugh'd at? No,
This is a fair Revenge, shall we to it?

Soph. To what, Sir?

Ubal. The Sport you promis'd.

Soph. Could it be done with Safety?

Ubal. I warrant you! I am found as a Bell, a tough
Old Blade, and Steel to the Back, as you shall find me
In the Trial on your Anvil.

Soph. So; but how, Sir,
Shall I satisfy your Friend, to whom, by Promise,
I am equally engag'd?

Ubal. I must confess,
The more the merrier; but, of all Men living,
Take Heed of him; you may safer run upon
The Mouth of a Cannon when it is unlading,
And come off colder.

Soph. How! is he not wholesome?

Ubal. Wholesome! I'll tell you for your Good; he is
A Spital of Diseases, and indeed
More loathsome and infectious; the Tub is
His weekly Bath: He hath not drank this seven Years,
Before he came to your House, but Compositions
Of *Sassafras* and *Guaicum*, and dry Mutton's
His daily Portion; name what Scratch soever

Can be got by Women, and the Surgeons will resolve
you,

At this Time or at that, *Ricardo* had it.

Soph. Bless me from him.

Ubal. 'Tis a good Prayer, Lady.

It being a Degree unto the Pox

Only to mention him; if my Tongue burn not, hang
me,

When I but name *Ricardo*.

Soph. Sir, this Caution
Must be rewarded.

Ubal. I hope I have marr'd his Market.
But when?

Soph. Why, presently; follow my Woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To-night for a Page. Let the Waistcoat I appointed,
With the Cambrick Shirt perfum'd, and the rich Cap,
Be brought into his Chamber.

Ubal. Excellent Lady!

And a Caudle too in the Morning.

Coris. I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*]

Enter Ricardo.

Soph. So hot on the Scent! Here comes the other
Beagle.

Ric. Take Purse and all.

Hil. If this Company would come often,
I should make a pretty Term on't.

Soph. For your Sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a Kifs;
I gave it, and so parted.

Ric. I hope better,
He did not touch your Lip?

Soph. Yes, I assure you.
There was no Danger in it?

Ric. No! eat presently
These Lozenges, of forty Crowns an Ounce,
Or you are undone.

Soph. What is the Virtue of 'em?

Ric. They are Preservatives against stinking Breath,
Rising from rotten Lungs.

Soph. If so, your Carriage
Of such dear Antidotes, in my Opinion,
May render yours suspected.

Ric. Fie, no, I use 'em
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.
But I'll be free with you. He was once a Creature
It may be of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a Druggist's Shop; the Spring and Fall
Hold all the Year with him; that he lives, he owes
To Art, not Nature; she has giv'n him o'er.
He moves, like the Fairy King, on Screws and Wheels
Made by his Doctor's Recipes, and yet still
They are out of Joint, and every Day repairing:
He has a Regiment of Whores he keeps
At his own Charge in a Lazar-house: But the best is,
There's not a Nose among 'em. He's acquainted
With the Green Water; and the Spitting Pill's
Familiar to him. In a frosty Morning
You may thrust him in a Pottle-pot, his Bones
Rattle in his Skin, like Beans tofs'd in a Bladder.
If he but hear a Coach, the Fomentation,
The Friction with Fumigation cannot save him
From the Chin-evil. In a Word, he is
Not one Disease, but all: Yet, being my Friend,
I will forbear his Character; for I would not
Wrong him in your Opinion.

Soph. The best is,
The Virtues you bestow on him to me,
Are Mysteries I know not: But, however,
I am at your Service. Sirrah, let it be your Care
T'unclothe the Gentleman, and with Speed: Delay
Takes from Delight.

Ric. Good, there's my Hat, Sword, Cloak——
A Vengeance on these Buttons; off with my Doublet,
I dare show my Skin, in the Touch you will like it better;
Prithee cut my Codpiece-point, and for this Service,
When I leave them off, they are thine.

Hil. I take your Word, Sir.

Ric. Dear Lady, stay not long.

Soph. I may come too soon, Sir.

Ric. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the Way, Sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*]

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their Reports
Touching my Lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent Malice, tho' I presume
They are bad enough; but I have studied for 'em
A Way for their Recovery.

[*The Noise of clapping a Door, Ubaldo above
in his Shirt.*]

Ubal. What dost thou mean, Wench?
Why dost thou shut the Door upon me? Ha!
My Clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?
Is this my Lodging? I am sure the Lady talk'd of
A rich Cap, a perfum'd Shirt, and a Waistcoat;
But here is nothing but a little fresh Straw,
A Petticoat for a Coverlet, and that torn too;
And an old Woman's Biggen for a Night-cap.

Enter Corisca to Sophia.

'Slight, 'tis a Prison, or a Pig-stye. Ha!
The Windows grated with Iron, I cannot force 'em,
And, if I leap down here, I break my Neck;
I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out;
I am a Lord, and that's no common Title,
And shall I be us'd thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast;
I'll parley with him at Leisure.

Ricardo entering with a great Noise below, as fallen.

Ric. Zoons, have you Trap-doors?

Soph. The other Bird's i' th' Cage too, let him flutter.

Ric. Whither am I fall'n? Into Hell!

Ubal. Who makes that Noise there?
Help me, if thou art a Friend.

Ric. A Friend! I am where
I cannot help myself; let me see thy Face.

Ubal. How, *Ricardo!* prithee, throw me
Thy Cloak, if thou canst, to cover me, I am almost
Frozen to Death.

Ric. My Cloak! I have no Breeches;
I am in my Shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a Clown's cast-off Suit.

Ubal. We are both undone.
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!

Enter Hilario in Ricardo's Suit.

Ric. Lady of the House!

Ubal. Grooms of the Chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

Ubal. Shall we be murder'd?

Soph. No, but soundly punish'd,
To your Deserts.

Ric. You are not in earnest, Madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear
What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being receiv'd as Guests into my House,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable Duties,
And with the Defamation of my Lord,
Wrought on my Woman-weakness, in Revenge
Of his Injuries, as you fashion'd 'em to me,
To yield my Honour to your lawless Lust.

Hil. Mark that, poor Fellows.

Soph. And so far you have
Transgress'd against the Dignity of Men,
Who should, bound to it by Virtue, still defend
Chaste Ladies' Honours, that it was your Trade
To make 'em infamous: But you are caught
In your own Toils, like lustful Beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the Usage of Men from me;
Such Mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish Women.

Ubal. How will you use us?

Soph. Ease and Excess in Feeding made you wanton ;
 A Pleurisy of ill Blood you must let out.
 By Labour, and spare Diet, ²¹ that Way got too,
 Or perish with Hunger.—Reach him up that Distaff
 With the Flax upon it, tho' no Omphale,
 Nor you a second *Hercules*, as I take it ;
 As you spin well at my Command, and please me,
 Your Wages, in the coarsest Bread and Water,
 Shall be proportionable.

Ubal. I will starve first.

Soph. That's as you please.

Ric. What will become of me now ?

Soph. You shall have gentler Work ; I have oft ob-
 serv'd

You were proud to shew the Fineness of your Hands,
 And softness of your Fingers ; you should reel well
 What he spins, if you give your Mind to it, as I'll force
 you.

Deliver him his Materials. Now you know
 Your Penance, fall to work, Hunger will teach you ;
 And so, as Slaves to your Lust, not me, I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Servants.*]

Ubal. I shall spin a fine Thread out now.

Ric. I cannot look

On these Devices, but they put me in Mind
 Of Rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy Task,
 Forget such Vanities, my Livery there
 Will serve thee to work in.

Ric. Let me have my Clothes yet ;
 I was bountiful to thee.

Hil. They are past your Wearing,
 And mine, by Promise, as all these can witness ;
 You have no Holidays coming, nor will I work
 While these and this lasts ; and so when you please
 You may shut up your Shop Windows.

[*Exit Hilario.*]

²¹ That is, by Labour. *M. M.*

Ubal. I am faint,
And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold——
O cursed Women.

Ubal. This comes of our Whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,
But not o'er-sleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.
[*They draw the Curtains.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acathethe, *Attendants.*

Hon. Now you know all, Sir, with the Motives why
I forc'd him to my Lodging.

Ladisf. I desire
No more such Trials, Lady.

Hon. I presume, Sir,
You do not doubt my Chastity.

Ladisf. I would not ;
But these are strange Inducements.

Eub. By no Means, Sir.
Why, tho' he were with Violence seiz'd upon,
And still detain'd ; the Man, Sir, being no Soldier,
Nor us'd to charge his Pike, when the Breach is open,
There was no Danger in't : You must conceive, Sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a Chaplain
To read old Homilies to her in the Dark ;
She's bound to it by her Canons.

Ladisf. Still tormented
With thy Impertinence ?

Hon. By yourself, dear Sir,
I was ambitious only to overthrow
His boasted Constancy in his Consent,
But for Fact I contemn him ; I was never
Unchaste in Thought ; I laboured to give Proof
What Power dwells in this Beauty you admire so ;
And, when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,

And with what Superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladis. I will look on
This Pageant; but——

Hon. When you have seen and heard, Sir,
The Passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.

Ladis. Well, I'll observe the Issue.

Eub. How had you took this, General, in your Wife?

Ferd. As a strange Curiosity; but Queens
Are privileg'd above Subjects, and 'tis fit, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, Sir, since the last Night
When the Queen left you, and look chearfully,
Your Dulness quite blown over.

Math. I have seen a Vision,
This Morning makes it good, and never was
In such Security as at this Instant,
Fall what can fall: And when the Queen appears,
Whose shortest Absence now is tedious to me,
Observe th' Encounter.

Enter Honoria to Mathias. (Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, with others enter above.)

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the Lifts.

Math. And I prepar'd to meet her.

Bapt. I know my Duty.

Hon. Not so, you may stay now
As a Witness of our Contract.

Bapt. I obey
In all Things, Madam.

Hon. Where's that Reverence,
 Or rather superstitious Adoration,
 Which, Captive-like, to my triumphant Beauty
 You paid last Night? No humble Knee? nor Sign
 Of vassal Duty? Sure this is the Foot
 To whose proud Cover, and then happy in it,
 Your Lips were glu'd; and that the Neck then offer'd
 To witness your Subjection to be trod on:
 Your certain Loss of Life in the King's Anger
 Was then too mean a Price to buy my Favour;
 And that false Glow-worm Fire of Constancy
 To your Wife, extinguish'd by a greater Light
 Shot from our Eyes; and that, it may be, (being
 Too glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you
 Of Speech and Motion: But I will take off
 A little from the Splendor, and descend
 From my own Height, and in your Lowness hear you
 Plead as a Suppliant.

Math. I do remember
 I once saw such a Woman.

Hon. How!

Math. And then
 She did appear a most magnificent Queen;
 And what's more, virtuous, tho' somewhat darken'd
 With Pride and Self-opinion.

Eub. Call you this Courtship?

Math. And she was happy in a royal Husband,
 Whom Envy could not tax, unless it were
 For his too much Indulgence of her Humours.

Eub. Pray you, Sir, observe that Touch, 'tis to the
 Purpose;

I like the Play the better for't.

Math. And she liv'd
 Worthy her Birth and Fortune; you retain yet
 Some Part of her angelical Form; but when
 Envy to the Beauty of another Woman
 Inferior to hers, (one she never
 Had seen, but in her Picture) had dispers'd
 Infection thro' her Veins, and Loyalty

(Which a great Queen as she was, should have nourish'd)
Grew odious to her——

Hon. I am Thunderstruck.

Math. And Lust, in all the Bravery it could borrow
From Majesty, how'er disguis'd, had took
Sure Footing in the Kingdom of her Heart,
(Once the Throne of Chastity,) how in a Moment
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all Hearts; like seeming Shadows,
Wanting true Substance, vanish'd.

Hon. How his Reasons
Work on my Soul!

Math. Retire into yourself.
Your own Strengths, Madam, strongly mann'd with
Virtue;

And be but as you were, and there's no Office
So base, beneath the Slavery that Men
Impose on Beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a Stranger,
Varying your Shapes like *Thetis*, tho' the Beauties
Of all that are by Poets' Raptures painted
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

Eub. If this take not, I am cheated.

Math. To slip once,
Is incident,^{a2} and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection;
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is
Like to this Picture. While we run
A constant Race in Goodness, it retains
The just Proportion. But the Journey being
Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way,
That may in some Degree divert us from
The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,

^{a2} That is, is incident to human frailty, and rendered excusable by it. M. M.

Or be with Blackness clouded. But when we
Find we have gone astray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing Guide,
Virtue; Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it
To the first Pureness.

Hon. I am disenchantèd :
Mercy, O Mercy, Heavens ! [Kneels.

Ladis. I am ravish'd with
What I have seen and heard.

Ferd. Let us descend, and hear
The rest below.

Eub. This hath fall'n out beyond
My Expectation. [They descend.

Hon. How have I wander'd
Out of the Tract of Piety ! and misled
By overweening Pride, and Flattery
Of fawning Sycophants, (the Bane of Greatness)
Could never meet till now a Passenger,
That in his Charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my Precipice to Ruin !
How ill have I return'd your Goodness to me !

Enter the King and others.

The Horror in my Thought of it turns me Marble.
But if it may be yet prevented :—O Sir,
What can I do to shew my Sorrow, or,
With what Brow ask your Pardon ?

Ladis. Pray you rise.

Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your Love and Favour a chang'd Woman.
My State and Pride turn'd to Humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your Commands, and my Obedience
Steer'd only by your Will.

Ladis. And that will prove
A second and a better Marriage to me.— All is forgot.

Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till with a free Confession of a Crime,

Unknown to you yet, a following Suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.

Ladis. I melt with you.

'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Hon. Know then, Sir,

In Malice to this good Knight's Wife, I practis'd
Ubaldo and *Ricardo* to corrupt her.

Bapt. Thence grew the Change of the Picture.

Hon. And how far

They have prevail'd I am ignorant. Now, if you, Sir,
For the Honour of this good Man, may be intreated
To travel thither, it being but a Day's Journey,
To fetch 'em off—

Ladis. We will put on to-night.

Bapt. I, If you please, your Harbinger.

Ladis. I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my Arms, your Service
Done on the *Turk*, compared with this, weighs nothing.

Math. I am still your humble Creature.

Ladis. My true Friend.

Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eub. Such a Plant,

Imported to your Kingdom and here grafted
Would yield more Fruit, than all the idle Weeds
That suck up your Rain of Favour.

Ladis. In my Will

I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our Journey.

In Act be my *Honor* now, not Name,

And to all after Times preserve thy Fame.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sophia, Corisca, and Hilario.

Soph. ARE they then so humble?

Hil. **A** Hunger and hard Labour
Have tam'd 'em, Madam; at first they bellow'd
Like Stags ta'en in a Toil, and would not work
For Sullenness, but when they found without it
There was no Eating, and that to starve to Death
Was much against their Stomachs, by Degrees,
Against their Wills, they fell to it.

Corif. And now feed on
The little Pittance you allow, with Gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stopp'd their Noses
At the Sight of Beef and Mutton, as coarse feeding
For their fine Palates; but now their Work being ended,
They leap at a Barley Crust, and hold Cheese-parings,
With a Spoonful of pall'd Wine pour'd in their Water,
For Festival-exceedings.

Corif. When I examine
My Spinster's Work, he trembles like a 'Prentice,
And takes a Box on the Ear when I spy Faults
And Botches in his Labour, as a Favour
From a curst Mistress.

Hil. The other too reels well
For his Time; and if your Ladyship would please
To see 'em for your Sport, since they want airing,
It would do well in my Judgment, you shall hear
Such a hungry Dialogue from 'em.

Soph. But suppose,
When they are out of Prison they should grow
Rebellious?

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead 'em out by the Nose with a coarse Thread
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,
And without Grumbling; and when you are weary of
Their Company, as easily return 'em.

Corif. Dear Madam, it will help to drive away
Your Melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this Assurance,
I am content; bring 'em hither.

Hil. I will do it
In stately Equipage.

[*Exit Hilario.*

Soph. They have confessed then
They were set on by the Queen to taint me in
My Loyalty to my Lord?

Corif. 'Twas the main Cause
That brought 'em hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end
I'll at the Height revenge it; let us step aside;
They come, the Object's so ridiculous,
In Spight of my sad Thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd Smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hil. Come away,
Work as you go, and lose no Time, 'tis precious,
You'll find it in your Commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!
The Word is proper; I have graz'd so long
Upon your Commons, I am almost starv'd here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

Ubal. Better'd?

Worser they cannot be: Would I might lie
Like a Dog under her Table and serve for a Footstool,
So I might have my Belly full of that
Her Iceland Cur refuses.

Hil. How do you like
Your Airing? Is it not a Favour?

Ric. Yes;

Just such a one as you use to a Brace of Greyhounds,
When they are led out of their Kennels to scumber;
But our Case is ten Times harder, we have nothing
In our Bellies to be vented: If you will be

An honest Yeoman Phewterer,²³ feed us first,
And walk us after.

Hil. Yeoman Phewterer!

Such another Word to your Governor, and you go
Supperless to Bed for't.

Ubal. Nay even as you please.

The comfortable Names of Breakfast, Dinner,
Collations, Supper, Beverage, are Words
Worn out of our Remembrance.

Ric. O for the Steam
Of Meat in a Cook's Shop.

Ubal. I am so dry,

I have not Spittle enough to wet my Fingers
When I draw my Flax from my Distaff.

Ric. Nor I Strength
To raise my Hand to the Top of my Reeler. Oh!
I have the Cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think
Were best to apply to it? A Cramp-stone, as I take it,
Were very useful.

Ric. Oh! no more of Stones,
We have been us'd too long like Hawks already.

Ubal. We are not so high in our Flesh now to need
casting,

We will come to an empty Fist.

Hil. Nay that you shall not.

So ho, Birds, how the Eyaffas scratch and scramble!
Take Heed of a Surfeit; do not cast your Gorges:
This is more than I have Commission for; be thankful.

Soph. Were all that study the Abuse of Women
Us'd thus, the City would not swarm with Cuckolds,
Nor so many Tradesmen break.

Coris. Pray you appear now
And mark the Alteration.

Hil. To your Work,
My Lady is in Prefence; shew your Duties
Exceeding well.

Soph. How do your Scholars profit?

²³ A Phewterer, or Fewterer, means a Dog-keeper. *M. M.*

Hil. Hold up your Heads demurely, Prettily
For young Beginners.

Corif. And will do well in Time
If they be kept in Awe.

Ric. In Awe! I am sure
I quake like an Aspen Leaf.

Ubal. No Mercy, Lady?

Ric. Nor Intermission?

Soph. Let me see your Work.

Fie upon't what a Thread's here! a poor Cobler's Wife
Would make a finer to sow a Clown's rent Startup;²⁴
And here you reel as you were drunk.

Ric. I am sure it is not with Wine.

Soph. O, take Heed of Wine;
Cold Water is far better for your Healths,
Of which I am very tender; you had foul Bodies,
And must continue in this physical Diet,
Till the Cause of your Disease be ta'en away,
For fear of a Relapse, and that is dangerous;
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recovered, and that Way to resolve me
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both, nearer; what would you now give,
If your Means were in your Hands, to lie all Night
With a fresh and handsome Lady?

Ubal. How! a Lady?

O! I am pass'd it, Hunger with her Razor
Hath made me an Eunuch.

Ric. For a Mefs of Porridge,
Well sopp'd with a Bunch of Radish and a Carrot,
I would sell my Barony; but for Women, oh!
No more of Women, (not a Doit for a Doxy)
After this hungry Voyage.

²⁴ A Startup is Part of a Man's Dress; the same Expression occurs in *Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdes*. Mr. Percy in the Glossary annexed to his ancient Ballads, says it was a Buskin laced before, and worn by Rusticks. M. M.

Soph. These are truly
Good Symptoms ; let them not venture too much in the
Air

Till they are weaker.

Ric. This is Tyranny.

Ubal. Scorn upon Scorn.

Soph. You were so
In your malicious Intents to me,

Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but Justice—What's the Business ?

Serv. My Lord's great Friend, Signior *Baptista*,
Madam,
Is newly lighted from his Horse, with certain
Assurance of my Lord's Arrival.

Soph. How !

And stand I trifling here ? Hence with the Mungrels
To their several Kennels, there let them howl in private,
I'll be no farther troubled. [*Exeunt Sophia and Servant.*]

Ubal. O that ever
I saw this Fury !

Ric. Or look'd on a Woman
But as a Prodigy in Nature !

Hil. Silence,
No more of this.

Coris. Methinks you have no Cause
To repent your being here.

Hil. Have you not learnt,
When your 'States are spent, your several Trades to live
by,

And never charge the Hospital ?

Coris. Work but tightly,
And we will not use a Dish-clout in the House
But of your spinning.

Ubal. O ! I would this Hemp
Were turn'd to a Halter.

Hil. Will you march ?

Ric. A soft one ;
Good General, I beseech you.

Ubal. I can hardly
Draw my Legs after me.

Hil. For a Crutch you may use
Your Distaff, a good Wit makes Use of all Things.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sophia and Baptista.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect Love
Without some Touch of't, Madam.

Soph. And my Picture,
Made by your dev'lish Art, a Spy upon
My Actions? I never sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, Sir, Commiffion for't.

Bapt. Excuse me; at his earnest Suit I did it.

Soph. Very good:
Was I grown so cheap in his Opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous Events that crown'd his For-
tunes
May qualify the Offence.

Soph. Good! the Event's²⁵
The Sanctuary Fools and Madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate Undertakings thrive
well;

But good and wise Men are directed by
Grave Counfels, and with fuch Deliberation
Proceed in their Affairs, that Chance has nothing
To do with 'em. Howfoe'er, take the Pains, Sir,
To meet the Honour (in the King and Queen's
Approaches to my Houfe,) that breaks upon me,
I will expect them with my beft of Care.

²⁵ ¶ *Sophia. Read the Events.*

This is the Reading of all the old Editions, and is followed by Mr.
Dodfley; but I think we ought to read

Soph. Good! the Event's, &c.

Bapt. To entertain such royal Guests.

Soph. I know it.

[*Exit* Baptista.

Leave that to me, Sir. What should move the Queen,
So given to Ease and Pleasure, as Fame speaks her,
To such a Journey? Or work on my Lord
To doubt my Loyalty? Nay, more, to take
For the Resolution of his Fears, a Course
That is by holy Writ deny'd a Christian?
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the Welcome
He hopes in my Embraces may deceive
His Expectation. The Trumpets speak
The King's Arrival. Help a Woman's Wit now,
To make him know his Fault and my just Anger.

[*Exit* Sophia.

S C E N E *the last.*

Loud Musick. Enter Ladislaus, Mathias, Eubulus, Honoria, Ferdinand, Baptista, Acanthe, with Attendants,

Eub. Your Majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my Lord,

A willing Mind makes a hard Journey easy.

Math. Not *Jove*, attended on by *Hermes*, was
More welcome to the Cottage of *Philemon*
And his poor *Baucis* than your gracious Self,
Your matchless Queen, and all your royal Train
Are to your Servant and his Wife,

Ladisj. Where is she?

Hon. I long to see her as my now loved Rival.

Eub. And I to have a Smack at her; ('tis a Cordial
To an old Man, better than Sack and a Toast
Before he goes to Supper.)

Math. Ha! is my House turn'd
To a Wilderness? Nor Wife nor Servants ready
With all Rites due to Majesty, to receive
Such unexpected Blessings? you assur'd me
Of better Preparation; hath not
Th' Excess of Joy transported her beyond
Her Understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her
And gave her your Directions.

Math. How shall I beg
Your Majesties' Patience? Sure my Family's drunk,
Or by some Witch, in Envy of my Glory,
A dead Sleep thrown upon 'em.

Enter Hilario and Servants.

1st Serv. Sir.

Math. But that
The sacred Presence of the King forbids it,
My Sword should make a Massacre among you.
Where is your Mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, Sir;
Then know, she says she's sick, Sir. There's no Notice
Taken of my Bravery.

Math. Sick at such a Time!
It cannot be; tho' she were on her Death-bed,
And her Spirit even now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this Honour
Give her a second Being: Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This Mortgage of her Manners.

[*Exeunt Mathias and Hilario.*

Eub. There's no Climate
In the World, I think, where one Jade's Trick or other
Reigns not in Women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the Sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean Women

Have their Faults as well as Queens.

Ladis. O she appears now.

Enter Mathias and Sophia.

Math. The Injury that you conceive I have done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your Perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.

Soph. I am pass'd my Childhood,
And need no Tutor.

Math. This is the great King,
To whom I am engag'd till Death for all
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble Roof is proud, Sir,
To be the Canopy of so much Greatness
Set off with Goodness.

Ladis. My own Praises flying
In such pure Air as your sweet Breath, fair Lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the Queen of Queens,
In her Magnificence to me.

Soph. In my Duty
I kiss her Highness' Robe:

Hon. You stoop too low
To her whose Lips would meet with yours.

Soph. Howe'er
It may appear prepost'rous in Women
So to encounter, 'tis your Pleasure, Madam,
And not my proud Ambition—Do you hear, Sir,
Without a magical Picture, in the Touch
I find your Print of close and wanton Kisses
On the Queen's Lips.

Math. Upon your Life be silent.
And now salute these Lords.

Soph. Since you'll have me,
You shall see. I am experienced at the Game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave Man, Sir.
And do deserve a free and hearty Welcome.
Be this the Prologue to it.

Eub. An old Man's Turn
Is ever last in Kissing. I have Lips too,
Howe'er cold ones, Madam.

Soph. I will warm 'em
With the Fire of mine.

Eub. And so she has, I thank you;
I shall sleep the better all Night for't.

Math. You express
The Boldness of a wanton Courtezan,

And not a Matron's Modesty; take up,
Or you are disgrac'd for ever.

Soph. How! with kissing
Feelingly as you taught me? Would you have me
Turn my Cheek to 'em; as proud Ladies use
To their Inferiors, as if they intended
Some Business should be whisper'd in their Ear,
And not a Salutation? What I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the Humour,
I'll fly at all: Are there any more?

Math. Forbear,
Or you will raise my Anger to a Height
That will descend in Fury.

Soph. Why? You know
How to resolve yourself what my Intents are,
By the Help of Mephostophilos, and your Picture.
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank
The Queen's great Care of me while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young Wife,
And being for that Time a Kind of Widow,
To pass away her melancholy Hours
Without good Company, and in Charity therefore
Provided for me; out of her own Store
She cull'd the Lords *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
Two principal Courtiers for Ladies' Service,
To do me all good Offices; and as such
Employ'd by her, I hope I have receiv'd
And entertain'd 'em; nor shall they depart
Without the Effect arising from the Cause
That brought 'em hither.

Math. Thou dost belye thyself:
I know that in my Absence thou wert honest,
However now turn'd Monster.

Soph. The Truth is
We did not deal like you, in Speculations
On cheating Pictures; we knew Shadows were
No Substances, and actual Performance
The best Assurance. I will bring 'em hither,
To make good in this Presence so much for me.
Some Minutes Space I beg your Majesties' Pardon.—

You are mov'd ; now champ upon this Bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, *Hilario*.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario*.

Ladis. How now ? turn'd Statue, Sir ?

Math. Fly, and fly quickly,
From this curf'd Habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her Tongue
Millions of Adders hiss, and every Hair
Upon her wicked Head a Snake more dreadful
Than that *Tifphon* threw on *Athamas*,
Which in his Madness forc'd him to dismember
His proper Issue. O that ever I
Repos'd my Trust in Magick, or believ'd
Impossibilities ! or that Charms had Power
To sink and search into the bottomless Hell
Of a false Woman's Heart !

Eub. These are the Fruits
Of Marriage ; an old Batchelor as I am,
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine Fagaries.

Ferd. Till you are resolv'd, ²⁶ Sir,
Forfake not Hope.

Bapt. Upon my Life, this is
Diffimulation.

Ladis. And it suits not with
Your Fortitude and Wisdom, to be thus
Transported with your Passion.

Hon. You were once
Deceiv'd in me, Sir, as I was in you ;
Yet the Deceit pleas'd both.

Math. She hath confess'd all.
What further Proof should I ask ?

Hon. Yet remember
The Distance that is interpos'd between
A Woman's Tongue and her Heart, and you must grant
You build upon no Certainties.

²⁶ *Resolved* means here *convinced*. M. M.

Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Ubaldo, and Ricardo, as before.

Eub. What have we here?

Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves.

Ubal. The King!

Ric. And Queen too! Would I were as far under the Earth

As I am above it.

Ubal. Some Poet will

From this Relation, or in Verse or Prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all Ages.

Ladis. I remember

This Face, when it was in a better Plight:
Are not you *Ricardo*?

Hon. And this Thing, I take it,
Was once *Ubaldo*.

Ubal. I am now I know not what.

Ric. We thank your Majesty for employing us
To this subtle Circe.

Eub. How, my Lord, turn'd Spinster!
Do you work by the Day, or by the Great?

Ferd. Is your Theorbo

Turn'd to a Distaff, Signior? and your Voice,
With which you chanted *Room for a lusty Gallant*,
Tun'd to the Note of *Lacrymæ*?

Eub. Prithee tell me,

For I know thou art free, how often, and to the Purpose,
Have you been merry with this Lady?

Ric. Never, never.

Ladis. Howsoever you should say so, for your Credit,
Being the only Court Bull.

Ubal. O that ever

I saw this kicking Heifer!

Soph. You see, Madam,

How I have cur'd your Servants, and what Favours
They with their rampant Valour have won from me.
You may, as they are physick'd, I presume,

Trust a fair Virgin with 'em ; they have learn'd
 Their several Trades to live by, and paid nothing
 But Cold and Hunger for 'em, and may now
 Set up for themselves, for here I give 'em over.
 And now to you, Sir, why do you not again
 Peruse your Picture, and take the Advice
 Of your learned Consort ? These are the Men, or none,
 That made you, as the *Italians* say, a *Beco*.

Math. I know not which Way to entreat your Par-
 don,

Nor am I worthy of it, my *Sophia*.
 My best *Sophia*, here before the King,
 The Queen, these Lords, and all the Lookers on,
 I do renounce my Error, and embrace you,
 As the great Example to all After-times,
 For such as would die chaste and noble Wives,
 With Reverence to imitate.

Soph. Not so, Sir.

I yet hold off. However I have purg'd
 My doubted Innocence, the foul Aspersions,
 In your unmanly Doubts cast on my Honour,
 Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eub. Shall we have
 More Jiggobobs yet ?

Soph. When you went to the Wars
 I set no Spy upon you, to observe
 Which Way you wander'd, tho' our Sex by Nature
 Is subject to Suspitions and Fears ;
 My Confidence in your Loyalty freed me from 'em.
 But, to deal as you did 'gainst your Religion,
 With this Enchanter to survey my Actions,
 Was more than Woman's Weakness ; therefore know,
 And 'tis my Boon unto the King, I do
 Desire a Separation from your Bed ;
 For I will spend the Remnant of my Life
 In Prayer and Meditation.

Math. O take Pity
 Upon my weak Condition, or I am
 More wretched in your Innocence, than if
 I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a Jewel

Out of the Cabinet of your rich Mind
To lock it up again?---She turns away.
Will none speak for me? Shame and Sin hath robb'd
me

Of the Use of my Tongue.

Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, Madam,
You wrong the Glory of your Victory
If you use it not with Mercy.

Ferd. Any Penance
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.

Eub. Have I liv'd to see
But one good Woman; and shall we for a Trifle
Have her turn Nun? I will first pull down the Cloyster.
To the old Sport again, with a good Luck to you:
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must have some of the Breed of you: Will you
destroy

The Kind, and Race of Goodness? I am converted,
And ask your Pardon, Madam, for my ill Opinion
Against the Sex; and shew me but two such more,
I'll marry yet, and love 'em.

Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the King,
Thus begs Remission for him.

Soph. O dear Madam,
Wrong not your Greatness so.

Omnes. We all are Suitors.

Ubal. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Ric. And we have suffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive
There's no Resistance: But suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From Jealousy hereafter?

Math. I will be
My own Security: Go, ride where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make Choice with whom;
I'll set no Watch upon you; and, for Proof of it,
This cursed Picture I surrender up
To the consuming Fire.

Bapt. As I abjure
The Practice of my Art.

Soph. Upon these Terms
I am reconcil'd; and for these that have paid
The Price of their Folly, I desire your Mercy.

Ladis. At your Request they have it.

Ubal. Hang all Trades now.

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is to live honest.

Hil. These are my Fees.

Ubal. Pray you, take 'em with a Mischief.

Ladis. So, all ends in Peace now.

And, to all married Men be this a Caution,
Which they should duly tender as their Life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a Wife.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The Reader will find some judicious Remarks on this excellent Play, in the Essay prefixed to this Edition. *M. M.*

End of THE PICTURE.

THE
VIRGIN-MARTYR.

A
T R A G E D Y.

ACTED in the Year 1631, by His MAJESTY'S
Servants, with great Applause.

WRITTEN BY
PHILLIP MASSINGER,
AND
THOMAS DECKER.

Dramatis Personæ.

- DIOCLESIAN, } Emperors of ROME.
MAXIMINUS, }
A King of PONTUS.
A King of EPIRE.
A King of MACEDON.
SAPRITIUS, Governor of *Cæsarea*.
THEOPHILUS, a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.
SEMPRONIUS, Captain of SAPRITIUS's Guards.
ANTONINUS, Son to SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, Friend to ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, an Evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the
Shape of a Secretary.
ARTEMIA, Daughter to DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTE, } Daughters to THEOPHILUS.
CHRISTETA, }
DOROTHEA, the Virgin Martyr.
ANGELO, a Good Spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the Ha-
bit of a Page.
A BRITISH Slave.
HERCIUS, a Whoremaster, } Servants to DOROTHEA.
SPUNGIUS, a Drunkard, }
A Priest to JUPITER.
Officers and Executioners.

THE
VIRGIN-MARTYR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theophilus and Harpax.

Theophilus.

COME to *Cæsarea* to-night?

Harpax. Most true, Sir.

Theoph. The Emperor in Person?

Harp. Do I live?

Theoph. 'Tis wond'rous strange! The Marches of
great Princes,

Like to the Motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are Step by Step observ'd; and loud-tongu'd Fame
The Harbinger to prepare their Entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an Army,
Tho' cover'd with the Night, could be so near,
The Governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his Person,
But, by some secret Means, he should have Notice
Of *Cæsar's* Purpose;—in this then excuse me
If I appear incredulous:

✂ * This Tragedy was written jointly by *Massinger* and *Decker*, and is far inferior to those of *Massinger's* own Composition. *Decker* was cotemporary with *Ben Johnson* in the Reign of King *James I.* and a great Contender for the Bays. He wrote eight entire Plays himself, and was concerned in five more; but the latter vastly exceed the former: And this, in Point of Merit, is superior to any.

Harp. At your Pleasure.

Theoph. Yet, when I call to Mind you never fail'd me
In Things more difficult; but have discover'd
Deeds that were done thousand Leagues distant from
me,
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
No, nor the Power they serve, ¹ could keep these Chris-
tians

Or from my Reach or Punishment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not possible thy powerful Art
Should meet a Check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Caliste and
Christeta.*

Harp. Look on the Vestals,
The holy Pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste, fair Daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A Service to a Master not unthankful,
I could say, these in Spite of your Prevention;
Seduc'd by an imagin'd Faith, not Reason,
(Which is the Strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The Gentile Gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their Intentions, taught you to use
With gentle Words and mild Persuasions,
The Pow'r and the Authority of a Father,
Set off with cruel Threats, and so reclaim'd them.
And, whereas they with Torments should have dy'd,

¹ *Could keep these Christians
Or from my Reach or Punishment.*

The Plot of this Play is founded on the tenth and last general Persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth Year of *Dioclesian's* Reign, and raged ten whole Years, with a Fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being every where, without Distinction of Sex, Age, or Condition, dragged to Execution, and tortured with the most exquisite Torments that Rage, Cruelty, and Hatred could invent.

(Hell's Furies to me, had they undergone it.) [*Afide.*
 They are now Vot'ries in great *Jupiter's* Temple,
 And, by his Priest instructed, grown familiar
 With all the Myst'ries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
 Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a Benefit,
 For which I ever owe you. Hail, *Jove's* Flamen!
 Have these my Daughters reconcil'd themselves,
 Abandoning for ever the Christian Way,
 To your Opinion?

Priest. And are constant to it:
 They teach their Teachers with their Depth of Judge-
 ment,
 And are with Arguments able to convert
 The Enemies to our Gods, and answer all
 They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear Daughters!

Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung Sect,
 In private or in publick.

Harp. My best Lady,
 Persevere² in it.

Chrif. And what we maintain,
 We will seal with our Bloods.

Harp. Brave Resolution!
 I e'en grow fat to see my Labours prosper.

Theoph. I young again—To your Devotions.

Harp. Do—
 My Prayers be present with you.

[*Exeunt Priest and Daughters.*]

Theoph. O my *Harpax*!
 Thou Engine of my Wishes, thou that steelest
 My bloody Resolutions; thou that arm'st
 My Eyes 'gainst womanish Tears and soft Compassion,
 Instructing me without a Sigh to look on
 Babes torn by Violence from their Mother's Breast,
 To feed the Fire, and with them make one Flame:

² *Persevere.*—All our ancient Writers generally lay the Accent on the second Syllable of this Word. *M. M.*

Old Men, as Beasts, in Beasts' Skins torn by Dogs :
Virgins and Matrons tire the Executioners ;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their Torments easy.

Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.

Theoph. Were all Sceptres
That grace the Hands of Kings, made into one, }
And offer'd me, all Crowns laid at my Feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them ;
So I to all Posterities might be call'd
The strongest Champion of the Pagan Gods,
And rooter out of Christians.

Harp. Oh, mine own,
My own dear Lord ! to further this great Work
I ever live thy Slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theoph. No more—the Governor.

Sap. Keep the Ports close, and let the Guards be dou-
bl'd ;

Disarm the Christians, call it Death in any
To wear a Sword, or in his House to have one.

Semp. I shall be careful, Sir.

Sap. 'Twill well become you.

Such as refuse to offer Sacrifice
To any of our Gods, put to the Torture.
Grub up this growing Mischief by the Roots ;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.

Semp. You pour Oil
On Fire that burns already at the Height,
I know the Emp'ror's Edict and my Charge ;
And they shall find no Favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This Care is timely for the Entertainment
Of our great Master, who this Night in Person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who ! the Emperor ?

Harp. To clear your Doubts, he does return in Tri-
umph,

Kings lackeying by his triumphant Chariot ;
 And in this glorious Victory, my Lord,
 You have an ample Share : For know, your Son,
 The ne'er-enough commended *Antoninus*,
 So well hath flesh'd his maiden Sword, and dy'd
 His Snowy Plumes so deep in Enemies Blood
 That, besides publick Grace beyond his Hopes,
 There are Rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
 No Mean in thine, could this be true.

Harp. My Head answer the Forfeit.

Sap. Of his Victory
 There was some Rumour ; but it was assured,
 The Army pass'd a full Day's Journey higher
 Into the Country.

Harp. It was so determined :
 But, for the further Honour of your Son,
 And to observe the Government of the City,
 And with what Rigour or remiss Indulgence
 The Christians are pursu'd, he makes his Stay here ;
 For Proof, his Trumpets speak his near Arrival.

[Trumpets a-far off.]

Sap. Haste, good *Sempronius* ! draw up our Guards,
 And with all ceremonious Pomp receive
 The conqu'ring Army. Let our Garrison speak
 Their Welcome in loud Shouts ! the City shew
 Her State and Wealth.

Semp. I'm gone.

[Exit Sempronius.]

Sap. O, I am ravish'd
 With this great Honour ! cherish, good *Theophilus*,
 This knowing Scholar ; send your fair Daughters ;
 I will present them to the Emperor,
 And in their sweet Conversion, as a Mirror,
 Express your Zeal and Duty. [A Lesson of Cornets.]

Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax* !

A Guard, brought in by Sempronius's Soldiers, leading in three Kings, bound; Antoninus and Macrinus carrying the Emperor's Eagles; Dioclesian with a gilt Laurel on his Head, leading in Artemia; Sapritius kisses the Emperor's Hand, then embraces his Son; Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta.—Loud Shouts.

Diocle. So, at all Parts I find *Cæsarea*

Completely govern'd, the licentious Soldiers
 Confined in modest Limits, and the People
 Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with Rigour :
 The ancient *Roman* Discipline reviv'd,
 (Which rais'd *Rome* to her Greatness, and proclaim'd her
 The glorious Mistress of the conquer'd World :)
 But, above all, the Service of the Gods
 So zealously observ'd, that, good *Sapritius*,
 In Words to thank you for your Care and Duty
 Were much unworthy *Dioclesian's* Honour,
 Or his Magnificence to his loyal Servants.
 But I shall find a Time with noble Titles
 To recompense your Merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cæsar* !

Whose Power upon this Globe of Earth is equal
 To *Jove's* in Heaven ; whose victorious Triumphs
 On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
 Are perfect Figures of his immortal Trophies
 Won in the Giants' War ; whose conqu'ring Sword
 Guided by his strong Arm, as deadly kills
 As did his Thunder ; all that I have done,
 Or, if my Strength were centupl'd, could do,
 Comes short of what my Loyalty must challenge.
 But, if in any Thing I have deserv'd
 Great *Cæsar's* Smile, 'tis in my humble Care
 Still to preserve the Honour of those Gods,
 That make him what he is : my Zeal to them
 I ever have express'd in my fell Hate
 Against the Christian Sect, that with one Blow,
 Ascribing all Things to an unknown Power,
 Would strike down all their Temples, and allow them
 No Sacrifice nor Altars.

Diocl. Thou, in this,
Walk'st Hand in Hand with me ; my Will and Power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar* !

If your Imperial Majesty stand pleas'd
To show'r your Favours upon such as are
The boldest Champions of our Religion ;
Look on this reverend Man, to whom the Power
Of searching out, and punishing such Delinquents,
Was by your Choice committed ; and, for Proof,
He hath deserv'd the Grace impos'd upon him,
And a fair and even Hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself ; or those
Of equal Nearness to himself ; behold

☞ 2 ———— *Thou, in this*
Walk'st Hand in Hand with me.

As the Subject of this Play is turned so much on the Persecution of the Christians, I shall here transcribe such Passages of *Dioclesian's* Life as may serve to illustrate not only what the Poet here makes him speak, but several other Parts of the Tragedy before us.

“ Happy and glorious had hitherto been the Reign of *Dioclesian* ; but he no sooner began to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of the Righteous, says *Eusebius*, than he felt the Effects of Divine Vengeance in the many Calamities which soon overtook him. A few Days after the issuing of the first Edicts against the Christians, a Fire broke out in the Palace at *Nicomedia* where *Dioclesian* and *Galerius* (a most violent Persecutor) were lodged, and reduced Part of it to Ashes. *Eusebius* writes, that he could never know how that Accident happened. *Constantine*, who was on the Spot, ascribes it to Lightning ; and *Lactantius* assures us, that *Galerius* caused Fire to be privately set to the Palace, that he might lay the Blame of it upon the Christians, and by that Means incense *Dioclesian* still more against them, which he did accordingly. *Dioclesian* was so disturbed with this Accident, that thenceforth he constantly imagined he saw Lightning falling from Heaven ; his Terror and Dismay was greatly increased by a second Fire, which broke out in the Palace fifteen Days after the first, but was stopped before it had done any great Mischief : However, it had the Effect which was intended by the Author of it, *Galerius* ; for *Dioclesian* ascribing it to the Christians, resolved to keep no Measures with them ; and *Galerius*, the more to exasperate him against them, withdrew from *Nicomedia* the same Day, saying, that he was afraid of being burnt alive by the Christians.

These Pair of Virgins.

Diocle. What are these ?

Sap. His Daughters.

Artem. Now by your sacred Fortune, they are fair ones :
Exceeding fair ones : Would 'twere in my Power
To make them mine.

Theoph. They are the Gods, great Lady !
They were most happy in your Service else :
On these (when they fell from their Father's Faith)
I us'd a Judge's Power, Intreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy Pow'rs we worship ; I put on
The scarlet Robe of bold Authority :
And, as they had been Strangers to my Blood,
Presented them (in the most horrid Form)
All kind of Tortures, Part of which they suffer'd
With *Roman* Constancy.

Artem. And could you endure,
Being a Father, to behold their Limbs
Extended on the Rack ?

Theoph. I did ; but must
Confess, there was a strange Contention in me,
Between th' impartial Office of a Judge,
And Pity of a Father ; to help Justice
Religion stept in, under which Odds
Compassion fell :—Yet still I was a Father ;
For even then, when the flinty Hangman's Whips
Were worn with Stripes spent on their tender Limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them tho' they
would

Be cruel to themselves, they would take Pity
On my grey Hairs. Now note a sudden Change,
Which I with Joy remember ; those, whom Torture,
Nor fear of Death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my Sufferings ; and so won,
(Returning to the Faith that they were born in,)
I gave them to the Gods ; and be assur'd
I that us'd Justice with a rig'rous Hand
Upon such beauteous Virgins, and mine own,
Will use no Favour, where the Cause commands me,

To any other ; but, as Rocks, be deaf
To all Intreaties.

Diocle. Thou deserv'st thy Place ;
Still hold it, and with Honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the Gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human Cares, and exercise that Power
Heav'n has conferred upon me ; which that you,
Rebels and Traytors to the Power of *Rome*,
Should with all Extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your Crimes
Or mitigate my Anger ?

Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy Power, that yesterday were Kings
And had Command o'er others ; we confess
Our Grandfires paid yours Tribute, yet left us,
As their Forefathers had, Desire of Freedom.
And, if you *Romans* hold it glorious Honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (tho' our Fortune
Denies that Happiness) who can accuse
The famish'd Mouth, if it attempt to feed ;
Or such, whose Fetters eat into their Freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off ?

Pontus. We stand
The last Examples, to prove how uncertain
All human Happiness is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That Spoke, which now is highest
In Fortune's Wheel, must, when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. 4 This, consider'd,
Taught the *Ægyptian Hercules*, *Sesoftris*,

——— 4 *This, consider'd,*
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesoftris,

Sesoftris might have been considered as one of the most illustrious and most boasted Heroes of Antiquity, had not the Lustre of his warlike Actions, as well as his pacific Virtues been tarnished by a Thirst of Glory, and a blind Fondness for his own Grandeur, which made him forget that he was a Man ; the Kings and Chiefs of the conquered Nations came, at stated Times, to do Homage to their Victor, and pay him the appointed Tribute ; On every other Oc-

(That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings)
 To free them from that Slavery;—but to hope
 Such Mercy from a *Roman*, were mere Madness:
 We are familiar with what Cruelty
Rome, since her infant Greatness, ever us'd
 Such as she triumph'd over; Age nor Sex
 Exempted from her Tyranny; scepter'd Princes
 Kept in your common Dungeons, and their Children
 In Scorn train'd up in base mechanic Arts
 For publick Bondmen: In the Catalogue
 Of those unfortunate Men, we expect to have
 Our Names remember'd.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
 Ev'n Cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
 And be set up Examples to strike Terror
 In others, tho' far off: But, when a State,
 Is rais'd to her Perfection, and her Bases
 Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use Mercy,
 And do't with Safety: But to whom? Not Cowards,
 Or such whose Baseness shames the Conqueror
 And robs him of his Victory, as weak *Perseus*
 Did great *Æmilius*.⁴ Know, therefore, Kings
 Of *Epire*, *Pontus* and of *Macedon*,
 That I with Courtesy can use my Prisoners

caſion he treated them with ſome Humanity and Generoſity; but when he went to the Temple, or entered his Capital, he cauſed theſe Princes, four a-breath, to be harneſſed to his Car inſtead of Horſes; and valued himſelf upon hiſ being thus drawn by the Lords and Sovereigns of other Nations.

§ 5 ———— *As weak Perſeus*
Did great Æmilius.

It is ſaid that *Perſeus* ſent to deſire *Paulus Æmilius* not to exhibit him as a Spectacle to the *Romans*, and to ſpare him the Indignity of being led in Triumph. *Paulus Æmilius* replied coldly, *the Favour he aſks of me is in his own Power; he can procure it for himſelf.* He reproached in thoſe few Words his Cowardice and exceſſive Love of Life, which the *Pagans* thought incumbent on them to ſacrifice generously in ſuch Conjunctions. They did not know that it is never lawful to attempt upon one's own Life. But *Perſeus* was not prevented by that Conſideration: For further Particulars ſee *Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory*, Vol. II.

As well as make them mine by Force, provided
That they are noble Enemies : Such I found you
Before I made you mine ; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the Courages of Princes,
Altho' the Fortune. Had you borne yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no Slavery
Had been too easy for you : but such is
The Power of noble Valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our Enemies, and, taken with it,
Desire to make them Friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not, *Cæsar!*

Diocle. By the Gods, I do not.

Unloose their Bonds ;—I now as Friends embrace you ;
Give them their Crowns again.

Pontus. We're twice o'ercome ;
By Courage and by Courtesy.

Macedon. But this latter
Shall teach us to live ever faithful Vassals
To *Dioclesian*, and the Power of *Rome*.

Epire. All Kingdoms fall before her.

Pontus. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar!*

Diocle. I believe
Your Tongues are the true Trumpets of your Hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of Fate!
Imperious Fortune, mix some light Disaster
With my so many Joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter Relish ; I'm girt round
With true Felicity ; faithful Subjects here ;
Here bold Commanders ; here with new-made Friends ;
But, what's the Crown of all, in thee, *Artemia!*
My only Child ! whose Love to me and Duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Artem. I make Payment
But of a Debt which I stand bound to tender
As a Daughter and a Subject.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A Retribution from me, *Artemia!*
Ty'd by a Father's Care, how to bestow
A Jewel, of all Things to me most precious :

Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
 The chief Joys of Creation, Marriage Rights ; ⁶
 Which that thou may'st with greater Pleasures taste of,
 Thou shalt not like with mine Eyes, but thine own.
 Among these Kings, forgetting they were Captives,
 Or those, remembering not they are my Subjects,
 Make Choice of any ; by *Jove's* dreadful Thunder
 My Will shall rank with thine.

Artem. It is a Bounty
 The Daughters of great Princes seldom meet with ;
 For they, to make up Breaches in the State,
 Or for some other publick Ends, are forc'd
 To match where they affect not : May my Life
 Deserve this Favour.

Diocle. Speak ! I long to know
 The Man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that Titles,
 Or the adored Name of Queen, could take me,
 Here would I fix mine Eyes, and look no further :
 But these are Baits to take a mean-born Lady,
 Not her, that boldly may call *Cæsar* Father :
 In that I can bring Honour unto any,
 But from no King that lives receive Addition.
 To raise Desert and Virtue by my Fortune,
 Tho' in a low Estate, were greater Glory,
 Than to mix Greatness with a Prince that owns
 No Worth but that Name only.

Diocle. I commend thee :
 'Tis like myself.

Artem. If then, of Men beneath me
 My Choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
 But among those that best deserve from you ?
 That have serv'd you most faithfully ; that in Dangers
 Have stood next to you ; that have interpos'd
 Their Breasts, as Shields of Proof, to dull their Swords
 Aim'd at your Bosom ; that have spent their Blood
 To crown your Brows with Laurel.

⁶ The Rights which Marriage gives may be considered as the chief Joys of Creation, but the mere Ceremonies of Marriage cannot. *M. M.*

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR, III

Macr. Cytherea,

Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me! [*Aside.*

Harp. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her Eyes on me!

Fair *Venus's* Son! draw forth a leaden Dart,
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;

Or, if thou needs wilt use a Golden one,

Shoot in the Behalf of any other;

Thou know'st I am thy Votary elsewhere. [*Aside.*

Artem. Sir!

Theoph. How he blushes!

Sap. Welcome, Fool, thy Fortune!

Stand like a Block, when such an Angel courts thee?

Artem. I am no Object to divert your Eye
From the beholding.

Anton. Rather a bright Sun

Too glorious for him to gaze upon,

That took not first Flight from the Eagle's Airy:

As I look on the Temples or the Gods,

And with that Reverence, Lady, I behold you,

And shall do ever.

Artem. And it will become you,

While thus we stand at Distance; but, if Love

(Love, born out of the Assurance of your Virtues,)

Teach me to stoop so low——

Anton. O, rather take

A higher Flight!

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?

Say I put off the dreadful Awe that waits

On Majesty, or with you share my Beams;

Nay make you too outshine me, change the Name

Of Subject into Lord; rob you of Service

That's due from you to me, and in me make it

Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Anton. Refuse you, Madam? Such a Worm, as I am,

Refuse what Kings upon their Knees would sue for?

Call it, great Lady, by another Name;

An humble Modesty, that would not match

A Molehill with *Olympus*.

Artem. He that's famous

For honourable Actions in the War,
As you are, *Antoninus*; a prov'd Soldier
Is fellow to a King.

Anton. If you love Valour,
As 'tis a kingly Virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a King! there it shines brightest;
And yields the bravest Lustre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate;
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by *Cæsar*; it was a Victory
To stand so long against him: Had you seen him,
How in one bloody Scene he did discharge
The Parts of a Commander and a Soldier,
Wise in Direction, bold in Execution;
You would have said, great *Cæsar's* self excepted,
The World yields not his Equal.

Artem. Yet I've heard,
Encount'ring him alone in the Head of his Troop,
You took him Prisoner.

Epire. 'Tis a Truth, great Princess;
I'll not detract from Valour.

Anton. 'Twas mere Fortune; Courage had no Hand
in it.

Theoph. Did ever Man
Strive so against his own Good!

Sap. Spiritless Villain!
How I am tortur'd! By th' immortal Gods,
I now could kill him.

Diocle. Hold, *Sapritius*, hold!
On our Displeasure hold!

Harp. Why, this would make
A Father mad; 'tis not to be endur'd:
Your Honour's tainted in't.

Sap. By Heav'n, it is;
I shall think of it.

Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay, kneel not, Sir! I am no Ravisher;
Nor so far gone in fond Affection to you,
But that I can retire, my Honour safe;
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected

What, but seen in Possession of another,
Will make thee mad with Envy.

Anton. In her Looks
Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your Life;
Study to appease her.

Anton. Gracious Madam, hear me!

Artem. And be again refus'd.

Anton. The Tender of
My Life, my Service, not, since you vouchsafe it,
My Love, my Heart, my All: And pardon me,
Pardon; dread Princess! that I made some Scruple
To leave a Valley of Security,
To mount up to the Hill of Majesty,
On which, the nearer *Jove*, the nearer Lightning.
What knew I, but, your Grace made Trial of me?
Durst I presume t'embrace; where but to touch
With an unmanner'd Hand, were Death? The Fox,
When he saw first the Forest's King, the Lion,
Was almost dead with Fear; the second View
Only a little daunted him; the third
He durst salute him boldly: Pray you, apply this;
And you shall find a little Time will teach me
To look with more familiar Eyes upon you
Than Duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd!

Artem. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And, that he may
Have Means and Opportunity to do so,
Artemia, I leave you my Substitute
In fair *Cæsarea*.

Sap. And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.

Diocle. *Antoninus*,
So you prove hers, I wish no other Heir.
Think on't—be careful of your Charge, *Theophilus*:
Sapritius, be you my Daughter's Guardian.
Your Company I wish, confederate Princes,
In our *Dalmatian Wars*, which finished,

With Victory I hope, and *Maximinus*,
 Our Brother and Copartner in the Empire,
 At my Request won to confirm as much,
 The Kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
 And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but Antoninus and Macrinus.*

Anton. Oh! I am lost for ever! lost, *Macrinus!*
 The Anchor of the Wretched, Hope, forsakes me,
 And with one Blast of Fortune all my Light
 Of Happiness is put out.

Mac. You're like to those
 That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;
 That, surfeiting in the Excess of Blessings,
 Call their Abundance Want—What could you wish,
 That is not fall'n upon you? Honour, Greatness,
 Respect, Wealth, Favour, the whole World for a Dower;
 And with a Princess, whose excelling Form
 Exceeds her Fortune.

Anton. Yet Poison still is Poison,
 Tho' drunk in Gold; and all these flatt'ring Glories
 To me, ready to starve, a painted Banquet
 And no essential Food: When I am scorched
 With Fire, can Flames in any other quench me?
 What is her Love to me, Greatness, or Empire,
 That am Slave to another, who alone
 Can give me Ease or Freedom?

Mac. Sir, you point at
 Your Dotage on the scornful *Dorothea*:
 Is she, tho' fair, the same Day to be nam'd
 With best *Artemia*?—In all their Courses,
 Wise Men propose their Ends.—With sweet *Artemia*
 There comes along Pleasure, Security,
 Usher'd by all that in this Life is precious:
 With *Dorothea* (tho' her Birth be noble,
 The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
 By him left rich, yet with a private Wealth,
 And far inferior to yours) arrives
 The Emp'ror's Frown, which, like a mortal Plague,
 Speaks Death is near; the Princess' heavy Scorn,
 Under which you'll sink; your Father's Fury,

Which to resist, e'en Piety forbids :
 And but remember that she stands suspected
 A Favourer of the Christian Sect, she brings
 Not Danger, but assured Destruction with her:
 This truly weigh'd, one Smile of great *Artemia*
 Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before
 All Joys in *Dorothea*—Therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou
 art

Grossly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
 For any Man to match above his Rank,
 Is but to sell his Liberty: With *Artemia*
 I still must live a Servant; but, enjoying
 Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule;
 Rule as becomes a Husband. For the Danger,
 Or call it, if you will, assur'd Destruction,
 I slight it thus—If, then, thou art my Friend,
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
 A Governor's Place upon thee, be my Helper.

Mac. You know I dare, and will do any thing;
 Put me unto the Test.

Anton. Go then, *Macrinus*,
 To *Dorothea*; tell her, I have worn,
 In all the Battles I have fought, her Figure,
 Her Figure in my Heart, which, like a Deity,
 Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well,
 And of thy choicest Language spare a little,
 To make her understand how much I love her,
 And how I languish for her. Bear these Jewels,
 Sent in the Way of Sacrifice, not Service,
 As to my Goddess. All Lets thrown behind me,
 Or Fears that may deter me, say, this Morning
 I mean to visit her by the Name of Friendship;
 —No Words to contradict this.

Mac. I am yours :
 And, if my Travel this Way be ill spent,
 Judge not my readier Will by the Event.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Spungius and Hircius. 7

Spungius.

TURN Christian? Would he that first temped me to have my Shoes walk upon Christian Soles, had turn'd me into a Capon: For I am sure now, the Stones of all my Pleasure, in this fleshly Life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping Desire to ride, here is a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a Horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish Jade, Fellow *Spungius!* Have not I as much Cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidel Punk of mine, would have let me come upon Trust for my Curvetting: A Pox on your Christian Cockatrices, they cry, like Poulterers' Wives, no Money, no Coney.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brew'd Wine and Sugar, Grand Patron of Rob-pots, upsy-freesy Tipplers, and Super-naculum-takers; this *Bacchus*, who is Head-warden of Vintners'-hall, Ale-conner, Mayor of all Victualling-houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to Bawdy Houses; Lansepefade 8 to red Noses, and invincible

7 Very few of our old *English* Plays are free from these Dialogues of low Wit and Buffoonery: 'Twas the Vice of the Age; nor is *Massinger* less free from it than his Cotemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this Use, that they mark the Taste, display the Manners, and shew us what was the chief Delight and Entertainment of our Forefathers.

8 Lansepefades were a Sort of petty Officers in the Army below the Coporals, but above the common Men; and we have still in our Regiments what are called Lance Corporals, who are common Soldiers employed occasionally to act as Corporals. *Chambers* derives this Word from *Lancia Spezzata*, which means in *Italian*, a broken Lance, this Rank of Men being generally composed of dismounted Horsemen, who fought with Lances. Were it not that it frequently occurs in other old Plays, I should have thought it, in this Passage, not worthy of Explanation. *M. M.*

Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep-scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled Faces.——

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian Skinker, did I make Legs to——

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no Danger of losing a Man's Ears by making these Indentures; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worse than a *Calamootke*. When I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drink a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me. I was in Hope to lead a sober Life, when I was converted; but, amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: They have whole Streets of nothing but Drinking-rooms, and Drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first Schoolmaster that taught Butchers how to stick Pricks in Flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her Praying and our Fasting, if now I come to a Wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a Clove, and cleaves me with Disdain, as if I were a Calf's Head.

Spun. I see no Remedy, Fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans, and half Christians; for we know very Fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: The Quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the Quarters of Christians; parboil one of these Rogues and he is not Meat for a Dog: No, no, I am resolved to have an Infidel's Heart, tho' in Shew I carry a Christian's Face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my Foot—so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistress sent me

with two great Baskets full of Beef, Mutton, Veal, and Goose, Fellow *Hircius*—

Hir. And Woodcock, Fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Afs-fellow, on which I rid, to all the Alms-women: What thinkest thou I have done with all this good Cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be chok'd else.

Spun. Would my Afs, Basket and all were in thy Maw, if I did: No, as I am a Demi-pagan, I sold the Victuals, and coined the Money into Pottle Pots of Wine.

Hir. Therein thou shew'd'st thyself a perfect Demichristian too, to let the Poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the Pip. Our puling, snotty-nos'd Lady sent me out likewise with a Purse of Money, to relieve and release Prisoners—Did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy Ribs were turned into Grates of Iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I swore they should be hanged first; for, Sirrah *Spungius*, I lay at my old Ward of Lechery, and cried, a Pox on your Two-penny Wards! and so I took scurvy common Flesh for the Money.

Spun. And wisely done; For our Lady, sending it to Prisoners, had bestowed it upon lowly Knaves; and thou, to save that Labour, cast it away upon rotten Whores.

Hir. All my Fear is of that Pink-an-eye-jackanapes Boy, her Page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan from my Cod-piece downward, that white-fac'd Monkey frights me too: I stole but a dirty Pudding, last Day out of an Alms-basket, to give my Dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face Page hit me in the Teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty Pudding? So he did me once with a Cow-turd, which in Knavery I would have crumb'd into one's Porridge, who was half a Pagan too: The smug Dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? Let him take Heed I prove not his Back-friend: I'll make him curse his Smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my Lady spoils the Boy; for he is ever at her Heels, and she is never well but in his Company.

Enter Angelo, with a Book and a Taper lighted; they, seeing him, counterfeit Devotion.

Ang. O! now your Hearts make Ladders of your Eyes,

In Shew to climb to Heaven, when your Devotion Walks upon Crutches.—Where did you waste your Time,

When the religious Man was on his Knees, Speaking the heavenly Language?

Spun. Why, Fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in Pedlar's French I hope.

Hir. We ha' not been idle, take it upon my Word.

Ang. Have you the Baskets emptied, which your Lady

Sent from her charitable Hands to Women That dwell upon her Pity?

Spun. Emptied 'em? Yes; I'd be loth to have my Belly so empty; yet, I am sure, I munched not one Bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your Money to the Prisoners?

Hir. Went? No; I carried it, and with these Fingers paid it away,

Ang. What Way? The Devil's Way, the Way of Sin,

The Way of hot Damnation, Way of Lust: And you, to wash away the Poor Man's Bread In Bowls of Drunkenness.

Spun. Drunkenness! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next Neighbour's Man, called *Christopher*, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the Flesh? My Checks speak my Doings.

Ang. Avaunt, ye Thieves, and hollow Hypocrites!
Your Hearts to me lie open like black Books,
And there I read your Doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my Heart?

Hir. Or in mine? Come, amiable *Angelo!* beat the
Flint of your Brain.

Spun. And let's see what Sparks of Wit fly out to
kindle your *Carcbrunt,*

Ang. Your Names even brand you: You are *Spun-*
gius call'd,

And, like a Sponge, you suck up lickerish Wines,
Till your Soul reels to Hell.

Spun. To Hell! can any Drunkard's Legs carry him
so far?

Ang. For Blood of Grapes you sold the Widow's
Food,

And starving them 'tis Murder: What this but Hell?

Hircius your Name, and goatish is your Nature;
You snatch the Meat out of the Prisoner's Mouth,
To fatten Harlots: Is not this Hell too?

No Angel, but the Devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his Throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a Witch;
but sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo,* true it is, that falling into the
Company of wicked He-christians, for my Part—

Hir. And She-ones, for my Part,—we have 'em swim
in Shoals hard by,

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the
Pot; and he of—t'other hollow Commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid lill on both of us; we co-
zen'd the Poor; but 'tis a common Thing; many a
one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two,
has done it, by this Light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo,* play not the Tell-tale
to my Lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of
these Mouse-holes of Sin any more, let Cats flea off our
Skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd Tails of Rats
into those Skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet Charity,
Who sav'd you from the Tree of Death and Shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd rather than thus be told
of my Faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the Gallows; yet
I hope she will not bar Yeomen Sprats to have their
Swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware and mend.

Hir. Let's break his Neck, and bid him mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Have you my Messages sent to the Poor,
Deliver'd with good Hands, not robbing them.
Of any Jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em, Lady? I hope neither my Fellow
nor I am Thieves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good Hands, Madam; else let
me never lick my Fingers more when I eat butter'd
Fish.

Dor. Who cheat the Poor, and from them pluck
their Alms,
Pilfer from Heav'n, and there are Thunderbolts
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;
Were you both faithful, true Distributers?

Spun. Lie, Madam? What Grief is it to see you
turn Swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally
Servants the Lie,

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched People
Tell you they pine for Want of any Thing,
Whisper but to mine Ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper? Nay, Lady, for my Part, I'll cry
whoop.

Ang. Play no more, Villains, with so good a Lady;
For, if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend,

Spun. Tak 'st us for Butchers?

Hir. A Patch, a Patch. [*Exeunt Spun, and Hir.*

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here, most holy Mistress.

Dor. Thy Voice sends forth such Music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial Sound.

Were every Servant in the World like thee,

So full of Goodness, Angels would come down

To dwell with us : Thy Name is *Angelo*,

And like that Name thou art ; get thee to Rest,

Thy Youth with too much Watching is oppress'd.

Ang. No, my dear Lady ! I could weary Stars,

And force the wakeful Moon to lose her Eyes

By my late Watching, but to wait on you.

When at your Prayers you kneel before the Altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some Quire in Heaven,

So blest I hold me in your Company :

Therefore, my most lov'd Mistress, do not bid

Your Boy, so serviceable, to get hence ;

For then you break his Heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then ;

In Golden Letters down I'll set that Day,

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope

To meet such Worlds of Comfort in thyself ;

This little, pretty Body, when I, coming

Forth of the Temple, heard my Beggar-boy,

My sweet-fac'd, godly Beggar-boy, crave an Alms,

Which with glad Hand I gave, with lucky Hand ;

And, when I took thee Home, my most chaste Bosom

Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton Fire,

But with a holy Flame, mounting since higher,

On Wings of Cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my Lady's modest Eye

So likes so poor a Servant.

Dor. I have offer'd

Handfuls of Gold but to behold thy Parents.

I would leave Kingdoms, were I Queen of some,

To dwell with thy good Father ; for, the Son

Bewitching me so deeply with his Presence,

He that begot him must do't ten Times more.

I pray thee, my sweet Boy, shew me thy Parents ;
Be not asham'd.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my Mother was ; but, by yon Palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these Eyes upon it, and this Hand,
My Father is in Heaven ; and, pretty Mistress,
If your illustrious Hour-glass spend his Sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my Life,
You and I both shall meet my Father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed Day !
We all long to be there, but lose the Way, [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Macrinus, Friend to Antoninus, enters, being met by
Theophilus and Harpax.*

Theoph. Sun, God of the Day, guide thee, *Macrinus* !

Mac. And thee, *Theophilus* !

Theoph. Gaddest thou in such Scorn ?

I call my Wish back.

Mac. I'm in Haste.

Theoph. One Word,

Take the least Hand of Time up :—Stay.

Mac. Be Brief.

Theoph. As Thought : I prithee tell me, good *Macrinus*,
How Health and our fair Princess lay together
'This Night, for you can tell ; Courtiers have Flics
That buz all News unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theoph. Double thy Curtsey ; how does *Antoninus* ?

Mac. Ill ; well ; straight ; crooked ;—I know not
how.

Theoph. Once more ;

Thy Head is full of Windmills :—when doth the
Princess

Fill a Bed full of Beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus*, on the Wedding-night ?

Mac, I know not.

Theoph. No ? Thou art the Manuscript,
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his Secrets.
Honest *Macrinus*, tell me.

Mac. Fare you well, Sir !

[*Exit*,

Harp. Honesty is some Fiend, and frights him hence ;
And many Courtiers love it not,

Theoph. What Piece
Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs so jarringly ? The Man
Is from himself divided ; O, thou, the Eye
By which I Wonders see, tell me, my *Harpax*,
What Gadfly tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That, flinging up the Tail, he breaks thus from me,

Harp. Oh, Sir ! his Brain-pan is a Bed of Snakes,
Whose Stings shoot thro' his Eye-balls, whose pois'nous
Spawn

Ingenders such a Fry of speckled Villainies,
That, unless Charms more strong than Adamant,
Be us'd, the *Roman* Angel's⁹ Wings shall melt,
And *Cæsar's* Diadem be from his Head
Spurn'd by base Feet ; the Laurel which he wears,
(Returning Victor) be enforc'd to kiss
(That which it hates) the Fire. And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus*-engine, being made ready
To so much Mischief, keep a steady Motion ?
His Eyes and Feet, you see, give strange Assaults.

Theoph. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy Language,
Which printed is in such crabbed Characters,
It puzzles all my Reading : What i' th' Name
Of *Pluto*, now is hatching ?

Harp. This, *Macrinus*,
The Line is, upon which Love-errands run
'Twixt *Antoninus* and that Ghost of Woman,

⁹ As Angels were no Part of the Pagan Theology, this should certainly be *Angel*, from the *Italian* *Angello*, which means a Bird.—The Allusion is to the *Roman* Eagle. M. M.

The bloodless *Dorothea*, who in Prayer
 And Meditation (mocking all your Gods)
 Drinks up her Ruby Colour: Yet *Antoninus*
 Plays the *Endymion* to this pale-fac'd Moon,
 Courts her, seeks to catch her Eyes.

Theoph. And what of this?

Harp. These are but creeping Billows,
 Not got to Shore yet: But if *Dorothea*
 Fall on his Bosom, and be fir'd with Love,
 (Your coldest Women do so) had you Ink
 Brew'd from th' infernal *Styr*, not all that Blackness
 Can make a Thing so foul, as the Dishonours,
 Disgraces, Buffetings, and most base Affronts
 Upon the bright *Artemia*, Star of Court,
 Great *Cæsar's* Daughter.

Theoph. Now I construe thee.

Harp. Nay, more; a Firmament of Clouds, being
 fill'd

With *Jove's* Artillery shot down at once,
 To dash your Gods in Pieces, cannot give,
 With all those Thunderbolts, so deep a Blow
 To the Religion there, and *Pagan* Lore,
 As this; for *Dorothea* hates your Gods,
 And, if she once blast *Antoninus's* Soul,
 Making it foul like hers, Oh! the Example—

Theoph. Eats thro' *Cæsarea's* Heart like liquid Poison.
 Have I invented Tortures to tear Christians,
 To see but which, could all that feel Hell's Torments
 Have Leave to stand aloof here on Earth's Stage,
 They would be mad, 'till they again descended,
 Holding the Pains most horrid of such Souls,
 May-games to those of mine. Hath this my Hand
 Set down a Christian's Execution
 In such dire Postures, that the very Hangman
 Fell at my Foot dead, hearing but their Figures?
 And shall *Macrinus* and his Fellow-masquer
 Strangle me in a Dance?

Harp. No;—on; I hug thee,
 For drilling thy quick Brains in this rich Plot

Of Tortures 'gainst these Christians: On; I hug thee!

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*
Fly thou and I in Thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdoms

Pil'd upon Kingdoms: There's a Villain-Page,
Waits on her, whom I would not for the World
Hold Traffick with; I do so hate his Sight,
That, should I look on him I must sink down.

Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to confound:
None but this Head with Glories shall be crown'd.

Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, and Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious Eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my Business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent Servants,
That they perform my Will, in what's enjoin'd them
To th' Good of others; else will you find them Flies
Not lying still, yet in them no Good lies:
Be careful, dear Boy!

Ang. Yes, my sweet Mistress. [*Exit.*]

Dor. Now, Sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study

A new Arithmetick, to sum up the Virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become.
There is in him so much Man, so much Goodness,
So much of Honour, and of all Things else,
Which makes our Being excellent, that from his Store
He can enough lend others; yet, much taken from him,
The Want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their Bounty, to fill up their Poorness
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir; he is more indebted
To you for Praise, than you to him that owes it.

Mac. If Queens, viewing his Presents paid to the
Whiteness

Of your chaste Hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be Partners in their num'rous Shares,
This he counts nothing: Could you see main Armies

Make Battles in the Quarrel of his Valour.
 That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing;
 The Greatness of his State, his Father's Voice
 And Arm, owing *Cæsarea*, he ne'er boasts of;
 The Sun-beams which the Emperor throws upon him,
 Shine there but as in Water, and gild him
 Not with one Spot of Pride: No, dearest Beauty!
 All these, heap'd up together in one Scale,
 Cannot weigh down the Love he bears to you,
 Being put into the other.

Dor. Could Gold buy you
 To speak thus for a Friend, you, Sir, are worthy
 Of more than I will number; and this your Language
 Hath Power to win upon another Woman,
 'Top of whose Heart the Feathers of this World
 Are gayly stuck: but all which first you named,
 And now this last, his Love to me, are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad Messenger;—but himself

Enter Antoninus.

Being come in Person, shall, I hope, hear from you
 Musick more pleasing.

Anton. Has your Ear, *Macrinus*,
 Heard none, then?

Mac. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
 In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
 Beauty and Chastity in their full Perfections,
 A rocky Heart, killing with Cruelty
 A Life that's prostrated beneath your Feet?

Dor. I'm guilty of a Shame I yet ne'er knew,
 Thus to hold Parley with you;—pray, Sir, pardon.

Anton. Good Sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
 Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
 With such a mortal Weapon as *Farewel*,
 To let me murmur to your Virgin Ear,
 What I was loth to lay on any Tongue
 But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest Accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Anton. My true Love dares not do it!

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee!

They whispering below, enter above Saprilius, Father to Antoninus, and Governor of Cæsarea; with him Artemia the Princess, Theophilus, Spungius and Hircius.

Spun. So, now, do you see our Work is done; the Fish you angle for is nibbling at the Hook, and therefore untruss the Cod-piece-point of our Reward; no matter if the Breeches of Conscience fall about our Heels.

Theoph. The Gold you earn is here; dam up your Mouths, and no Words of it.

Hir. No; nor no Words from you of too much damning neither. I know Women sell themselves daily; and are hackney'd out for Silver; why may not we, then, betray a scurvy Mistress for Gold?

Spun. She sav'd us from the Gallows, and, only to keep one Proverb from breaking his Neck, we'll hang her.

Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, y' are my fine white Boys.

Spun. If your red Boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured Faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those Fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away!

Hir. I to my sweet Placket:

Spun. And I to my full Pot.

[*Exeunt.*

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—Glaze not thus your Eyes

With self-love of a vow'd Virginity,
Make every Man your Glaz: You see our Sex
Do never murder Propagation;
We all desire your sweet Society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my Blood are guilty.

Artem. O base Villain!

Sap. Bridle your Rage, sweet Princess!

Anton. Could not my Fortunes
(Rear'd higher far than yours) be worthy of you;
Methinks my dear Affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your Fortunes, were they Mines of
Gold,
He that I love is richer; and for Worth,
You are to him lower than any Slave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my Knees before him,
Get, you but be his Servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a King.

Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorceress!

Anton. Your Mocks are great ones; none beneath
the Sun

Will I be Servant to.—On my Knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous Maid!

Sap. I curse thy Baseness!

Theoph. Listen to more.

Dor. O kneel not, Sir, to me!

Anton. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled Heart;
That Heart which tortur'd is with your Disdain,
Justly for scorning others; even this Heart,
To which for Pity such a Princess sues;
As in her Hand offers me all the World,
Great *Cæsar's* Daughter.

Artem. Slave! thou liest.

Anton. Yet this
Is Adamant to her, that melts to you
In Drops of Blood.

Theoph. A very Dog!

Anton. Perhaps

'Tis my Religion makes you knit the Brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your Conscience from that Power
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer

Fret out my Life with weeping at thee, Villain :—Sirrah !

Would, when I got thee, the high Thund'rer's Hand
Had struck thee in the Womb.

Mac. We are betrayed.

Artem. Is that your Idol, Traytor, which thou kneel'ft to,
Trampling upon my Beauty ?

Theoph. Sirrah ! Bandog !

Wilt thou in Pieces tear our *Jupiter*

For her ? Our *Mars* for her ? Our *Sol* for her ?

A Whore ? A Hell-hound ? In this Globe of Brains,

Where a whole World of Furies for such Tortures

Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,

These Nails shall grubbing lie from Skull to Skull,

To find one horrider than all, for you,

You three.

Artem. Threaten not, but strike, quick Vengeance
flies

Into thy Bosom, Caitiff ! here all Love dies. [Exeunt.

Anton. O ! I am thunderstruck !

We're both o'erwhelm'd.

Macrin. With one high-raging Billow.

Dor. You a Soldier,

And sink beneath the Violence of a Woman !

Anton. A Woman ? A wrong'd Princess ! from such
a Star

Blazing with Fires of Hate, what can be look'd for,

But tragical Events ? My Life is now

The Subject of her Tyranny.

Dor. That Fear is base,

Of Death, when that Death doth but Life displace

Out of her House of Earth ; you only dread

The Stroke, and not what follows when you're dead ;

There is the Fear, indeed : Come, let your Eyes

Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their Tyrannies.

*Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, a Guard;
Angelo comes, and is close by Dorothea.*

Artem. My Father's Nerves put Vigour in mine Arm,
And I his Strength must use; because I once
Shed Beams of Favour on thee, and, with the Lion,¹⁰
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my Heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled Prey,
By ling'ring out thy Terrors; but with one Frown
Kill thee.—Hence with 'em to Execution.
Seize him,—but let ev'n Death itself be weary
In tort'ring her. I'll change those Smiles to Shrieks,
Give the Fool, what she's proud of, Martyrdom:
In Pieces rack that Bawd too.

Sap. Albeit the Reverence

I owe our Gods, and you, are in my Bosom,
Torrents so strong, that Pity quite lies drown'd
From saving this young Man: Yet, when I see
What Face Death gives him, and that a Thing within
me

Saith, 'tis my Son, I'm forc'd to be a Man,
And grow fond of his Life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny:

Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have:
I shall more Glory in my Sufferings gain,
Than you in giving Judgment; since I offer
My Blood up to your Anger: Nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched Life of mine from Ruin:
Preserve this Temple, builded fair as yours is,¹¹

¹⁰ With the Lion, means like the Lion. *M. M.*

¹¹ *Preserve this Temple, build it fair as yours is.*

As this Line stands, *Antoninus's* Request is, not merely that *Artemia* should preserve *Dorothea*, but that she should raise her to a Degree of Splendour equal to her own. The Absurdity of supposing that he should make this Request to a Princess, who had condemned him to Death, in Favour of her Rival, made me suppose that there must be an Error in this Passage, and suggested the Amendment. *M. M.*

And *Cæsar* never went in greater Triumph,
Than I shall to the Scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave, Sir?
Set forward to his Triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
(For my Part, I) that you lose ten Times more
By tort'ring me, than I that dare your Tortures:
Thro' all the Army of my Sins, I've even
Labour'd to break, and cope with Death to th' Face.
The Visage of a Hangman frights not me;
The Sight of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Axes, Fires,
Are Scaffoldings by which my Soul climbs up
To an eternal Habitation.

Theoph. *Cæsar's* imperial Daughter, hear me speak!
Let not this Christian Thing, in this her Pageantry
Of proud deriding both our Gods and *Cæsar*,
Build to herself a Kingdom in her Death;
Go, laughing from us; no; her bitterest Torment
Shall be, to feel her Constancy beaten down,
The Bravery of her Resolution lie
Batter'd, by th' Argument, into such Pieces,
That she again shall (on her Belly) creep
To kiss the Pavements of our *Panim* Gods.

Artem. How to be done?

Theoph. I'll send my Daughters to her;
And they shall turn her rocky Faith to Wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your Slave,
And meet no *Roman's*, but a Villain's Grave.

Artem. Thy Prisoner let her be, then; and, *Sapritius!*
Your Son, and that¹² be yours, Death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by Voice or Letters,
To greet each other. Raffle her Estate;
Christians to Beggary brought, grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the Bread of Poverty let me feed.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*]

¹² Meaning *Macrinus*, whom before she had called a Bawd.
M. M.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 133

Ang. O! my admired Mistress! quench not out
The holy Fires within you, tho' Temptations
Show'r down upon you: Clasp thine Armour on:
Fight well; and thou shalt see, after these Wars,
Thy Head wear Sun-beams, and thy Feet touch Stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now, *Angelo*: how is it! What Thread
spins that Whore Fortune upon her Wheel now?

Spun. *Comesta, Comesta*, poor Knave!

Hir. *Com a porte vous, com a porte vous*, me petit Garçon.

Spun. Me partha me Comrade, my Half-inch of Man's
Flesh, how run the Dice of this cheating World, ha?

Ang. Too well on your Sides; you are hid in Gold
o'er Head and Ears.

Hir. We thank our Fates, the Sign of the Gingle-
boys hangs at the Doors of our Pockets.

Spun. Who would think, that we coming forth of
the Arse, as it were, or sag End of the World, should
yet see the Golden Age when so little Silver is stirring?

Hir. Nay, who can say any Citizen is an Ass, for
loading his own Back with Money till his Soul cracks
again, only to leave his Son like a gilded Coxcomb be-
hind him? Will not any Fool take me for a wise Man
now, seeing me draw out of the Pit of my Treasury
this little God with his Belly full of Gold?

Spun. And this full of the same Meat out of my
Ambrey. ¹³

Ang. That Gold will melt to Poison.

Spun. Poison! would it would, whole Pints for
Healths shall down my Throat.

Hir. Gold Poison! there is never a She-thrasher in
Cæsarea, that lives on the Flail of Money, will call it so.

Ang. Like Slaves you sold your Souls for golden
Dross,
Bewitching her to Death, who slept between
You and the Gallows.

¹³ A northern Phrase, and signifies a Cupboard. M. M.

Spun. It was an easy Matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

Hir. The Gallows and we fell out; so she did but part us.

Ang. The Misery of that Mistress is mine own; She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Nose drop in Sorrow, with wet Eyes for her.

Spun. The Petticoat of her Estate is unlaced I confess.

Hir. Yes, and the Smock of her Charity is now all to Pieces.

Ang. For Love you bear to her, for some good Turns Done you by me, give me one Piece of Silver.

Hir. How! a Piece of Silver! if thou wert an Angel of Gold, I would not put thee into white Money, unless I weigh'd thee; and I weigh thee not a Rush.

Spun. A Piece of Silver! I never had but two Calves in my Life, and those my Mother left me; I will rather part from the Fat of them, than from a Mustard-token's Worth of Argent.

Hir. And so, sweet Nit! we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, Demi-dandiprat, adieu!

Ang. Stay,—one Word yet; you now are full of Gold—

Hir. I would be sorry my Dog were so full of the Pox.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the Meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! y' are Beggars both; you are not worth that Leather on your Feet.

Hir. Away, away, Boy!

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set Patches on the Soles of your Jest.

Ang. I'm glad I try'd your Love, which (see!) I want not so long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this—so long as this.

Hir. *Spungius!* you are a Pickpocket.

Spun. *Hircius!* thou hast nimb'd—so long, as not so much Money is left, as will buy a Louse.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 135

Hir. Thou art a Thief, and thou liest in that Gut thro' which thy Wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the Bottom of mine enraged Pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No Blows, no bitter Language;—all your Gold gone?

Spun. Can the Devil creep into one's Breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his Horns once get into the Cod-piece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in Love
With that whose Loss kills you, that, (see) 'tis yours;
All yours: Divide the Heap in equal Share,
So you will go along with me to Prison,
And in our Mistrefs' Sorrows bear a Part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we?

Spun. If she were going to Hanging, no Gallows should part us.

Hir. Let us both be turn'd into a Rope of Onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me, then: Repair your bad Deeds past;
Happy are Men when their best Deeds are last.

Spun. True, Master *Angelo!* Pray, Sir, lead the Way.
[Exit *Ang.*

Hir. Let him lead that Way, but follow thou me this Way.

Spun. I live in a Gaol?

Hir. Away and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for Prisoners are more hungry after Mutton, than Catchpoles after Prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then if a whole Gaol will not fill her Belly.
[Exit.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste, and Christeta.

Sapritius.

SICK to the Death, I fear.

Theoph. I meet your Sorrow,
With my true Feeling of it.

Sap. She's a Witch,
A Sorceress, *Theophilus!* my Son
Is charm'd by her enchanting Eyes, and like
An Image made of Wax, her Beams of Beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my Hopes in him
And all his gotten Honours, find their Grave
In his strange Dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the Earth had open'd,
And swallow'd both alive!

Theoph. There's Hope left yet.

Sap. Not any: Tho' the Princess were pleas'd,
All Title in her Love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her Religion, that unless my Son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same Potion,
And be of her Belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful Wife.

Priest. But, once remov'd
From her Opinion, as I rest assur'd
The Reasons of these holy Maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any Thing
For your Content or his.

Theoph. If she refuse it,
The Stygian Damps, breeding infectious Airs,
The Mandrake's Shrieks, or Basilisk's killing Eye,
The dreadful Lightning, that does crush the Bones
And never finge the Skin, shall not appear

Less fatal to her, than my Zeal made hot
 With Love unto my Gods. I have deferr'd it,
 In Hopes to draw back this Apostata,
 (Which will be greater Honour than her Death,)
 Unto her Father's Faith; and to that End
 Have brought my Daughters hither.

Cal. And we doubt not
 To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
 —Prosper in your good Work; and, were I not
 T' attend the Princess, I would see and hear
 How you succeed.

Theoph. I am commanded too;
 I'll bear you Company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
 To lead her as in Triumph, if they win her,
 Before her Highness. [Exit Sap.]

Theoph. Spare no Promises,
 Persuasions, or Threats, I do conjure you:
 If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious Work
 You ever undertook.

14 Enter Dorothea and Angelo

Priest. She comes.

Theoph. We leave you;
 Be constant, and be careful.

[Exit Theoph. and Priest.]

Cal. We are sorry
 To meet you under Guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
 You are at Liberty; so well I love you,
 That I could wish, for such a Cause as mine,
 You were my Fellow-prisoners: Prithee, *Angelo*,
 Reach us some Chairs. 'Please you sit?

14 Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

The ensuing Scene is most finely wrote and excellent in its Kind,
 it makes us ample Recompense for the unmeaning Ribaldry and Non-
 sense between *Hircins* and *Spurgius*.

Cal. We thank you :
Our Visit is for Love ; Love to your Safety.

Christ. Our Conference must be private ; pray you,
therefore,
Command your Boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any Secret that concerns my Life ;
Falsehood and he are Strangers : Had you, Ladies,
Been bless'd with such a Servant, you had never
Forsook that Way (your Journey even half ended)
That leads to Joys eternal. In the Place
Of loose lascivious Mirth, he would have stir'd you
To holy Meditations ; and so far
He is from Flattery, he that would have told you,
Your Pride being at the Height, how miserable
And wretched Things you were, that, for an Hour
Of Pleasure here, have made a desperate Sale
Of all your Right in Happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me ; without him I fall ;
In this Life he's my Servant ; in the other,
A wish'd Companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the Devil,
Nor all his wicked Arts, to shake such Goodness. [*Aside.*

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a Friend
And Lover of your Safety ; and I pray you
So to receive it ; and, if you remember
How near in Love our Parents were, that we
Ev'n from the Cradle, were brought up together,
Our Amity encreasing with our Years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the Purpose.

Cal. We come, then, as good Angels, *Dorothea*,
To make you happy ; and the Means so easy,
That, be not you an Enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your Persuasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady ?

Leaving those Blessings which our Gods give freely,
 And show'd upon us with a prodigal Hand ?
 As to be noble born, Youth, Beauty, Wealth,
 And the free Use of these without Controul,
 Check, curb, or stop, (such is our Law's Indulgence!)
 All Happiness forsook us ; Bonds and Fetters
 For am'rous Twines ; the Rack and Hangman's Whips
 In place of choice Delights ; our Parents' Curses
 Instead of Blessings ; Scorn, Neglect, Contempt
 Fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,
 We made a fair Retreat ; and reconcil'd
 To our forsaken Gods, we live again
 In all Prosperity.

Cal. By our Example,
 Bequeathing Misery to such as love it,
 Learn to be happy. The Christian Yoke's too heavy
 For such a dainty Neck ; it was fram'd rather
 To be the Shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar
 More precious than Crystal, to support
 Our *Cupid's* Image. Our Religion, Lady,
 Is but a varied Pleasure ; yours a Toil
 Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven Feet ? Are you not Devils ?
 Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
 Without a virtuous and religious Anger ?
 Now, to put on a Virgin Modesty,
 Or Maiden Silence, when his Power is question'd
 That is Omnipotent, were a greater Crime
 Than in a bad Cause to be impudent.
 Your Gods ! your Temples ! Brothel-houses rather,
 Or wicked Actions of the worst of Men
 Pursu'd and practis'd ; your religious Rites !
 Oh ! call them rather juggling Mysteries,
 The Baits and Nets of Hell : Your Souls the Prey
 For which the Devil angles ; false Pleasure
 A steep Descent, by which you headlong fall
 Into eternal Torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful Gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful Gods?
Your Gold, your Silver, Brasses, or Wooden ones?
That cannot do me Hurt nor protect you?
Most pitied Women! will you sacrifice
To such, or call them Gods or Goddeses,
Your Parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded Ignorance!
Tell me *Caliste!* by the Truth I charge you,
Or any Thing you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deify'd to Posterity,
Desire your Father an Adulterer,
A Ravisher, almost a Parricide,
A vile, incestuous Wretch?

Cal. That Piety
And Duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, *Christeta!*
To be hereafter register'd a Goddes,
Give your chaste Body up to the Embraces
Of goatish Lust? Have it writ on your Forehead,
This is the common Whore, the Prostitute,
The Mistress in the Art of Wantonness;
Knows every Trick and Labyrinth of Desires
That are immodest?

Christ. You judge better of me,
Or my Affection is ill plac'd on you;
Shall I turn Strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not;
Yet *Venus*, whom you worship, was a Whore;
Flora the Foundress of the publick Stews,
And hath for that her Sacrifice: Your great God,
Your *Jupiter*, a loose Adulterer,
Incestuous with his Sister: Read but those
That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste Language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then that did partake
Of human Weakness, and had ample Share
In Men's most base Affections? Subject to
Unchaste Loves, Anger, Bondage, Wounds, as Men are?

Here, *Jupiter*, to serve his Lust, turn'd Bull,
 The Shape indeed in which he stole *Europa*;
Neptune, for Gain, builds up the Walls of *Troy*
 As a Day-labourer; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus' Sheep for Bread; the *Lemnian* Smith
 Sweats at the Forge for hire; *Prometheus* here,
 With his still-growing Liver, feeds the Vulture;
Saturn bound fast in Hell with Adamant Chains;
 And thousands more, on whom abused Error
 Bestows a Deity: Will you then, dear Sisters,
 For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
 To Things of less Power than yourselves?

Cal. We worship

Their good Deeds in their Images.

Dor. By whom fashioned?

By sinful Men. I'll tell you a short tale,
 Nor can you but confess it was a true one.

A King of *Agypt*, being to erect
 The Image of *Osiris*, whom they honour,
 Took from the Matrons' Necks the richest Jewels,
 And purest Gold, as the Materials
 To finish up his Work; which perfected,
 With all Solemnity he set it up,
 To be ador'd, and serv'd himself, his Idol,
 Desiring it to give him Victory
 Against his Enemies: But, being overthrown,
 Enrag'd against his God (these are fine Gods,
 Subject to human Fury!) he took down
 The senseless Thing, and melting it again,
 He made a Basin, in which Eunuchs wash'd
 His Concubines' Feet; and for this sordid Use
 Some Months it serv'd: His Mistress proving false,
 As most indeed do so, and Grace concluded
 Between him and the Priests, of the same Basin
 He made his God again:—Think, think of this,
 And then consider, if all worldly Honours,
 Or Pleasures that do leave sharp Stings behind them,
 Have Pow'r to win such as have reasonable Souls
 To put their Trust in Dross.

Cal. Oh, that I had been born
Without a Father!

Christ. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the Attribute
That speaks the Godhead most, is merciful.
Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his Leave.—You weep,—
Oh! 'tis a heav'nly Show'r; celestial Balm
To cure your wounded Conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my Tears;
And may your true Repentance prove the Child
Of my true Sorrow; never Mother had
A Birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught ourselves,
That came to take you; and, assur'd of Conquest,
We are your Captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph;
Your Victory had been eternal Loss,
And this your Loss immortal Gain: Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
'Gainst Tortures, Death and Hell:—But, take Heed,
Sisters!

That, or thro' Weakness, Threats, or mild Persua-
sions,
Tho' of a Father, you fall not into
A second and a worse Apostacy.

Cal. Never, oh! never; steel'd by your Example,
We dare the worst of Tyranny.

Christ. Here's our Warrant;
You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then,
And rest assur'd, the more you suffer here,
The more your Glory, you to Heav'n more dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, and Harpax.

Artem. *Sapritius*, tho' your Son deserves no Pity,
We grieve his Sicknefs; His Contempt of us
We caſt behind us, and look back upon
His Service done to *Cæſar*; that weighs down
Our juſt Diſpleaſure. If his Malady
Have Growth from his Reſtraint, or that you think
His Liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your Grace binds us
Ever your humbleſt Vaſſals.

Artem. Uſe all Means
For his Recovery; tho' yet I love him,
I will not force Affection. If the Chriſtian,
Whoſe Beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our Belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know, when the Cauſe wills, I can
Command my own Deſires.

Theoph. Be happy, then.
My Lord *Sapritius*—I am confident,
Such Eloquence and ſweet Perſuaſion dwells
Upon my Daughters' Tongues, that they will work her
To any Thing they pleaſe.

Sap. I wiſh they may:
Yet 'tis no eaſy Taſk to undertake,
To alter a perverſe and obſtinate Woman. [*A ſhout within.*

Artem. What means this Shout! [*Loud Muſick.*

Sap. 'Tis ſeconded with Muſick,
Triumphant Muſick.—Ha! [*Enter Sempronius.*

Semp. My Lord, your Daughters,
The Pillars of our Faith, having converted,
(For ſo Report gives out) the Chriſtian Lady,
The Image of great *Jupiter* born before them,
Sue for Acceſs.

Theoph. My Soul divin'd as much,
Bleſt be the Time when firſt they ſaw this Light!

144. THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Their Mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble Age, fill'd not my longing Heart
With so much Joy, as they in this good Work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Incense and Censers, followed by Caliste and Christeta, leading Dorothea.

Welcome, oh! thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my Body and my Mind!
Let me embrace in you my Bliss, my Comfort;
And, *Dorothea*, now more welcome too,
Than if you ne'er had fallen off! I'm ravish'd
With the Excess of Joy—speak, happy Daughters,
The blest Event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any Undertaking.

Theoph. O my dear Girl!
Our Gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever Time
On my Part better spent.

Christ. We are all now
Of one Opinion.

Theoph. My best *Christeta*!
Madam, if ever you did Grace to Worth,
Vouchsafe your princely Hands.

Artem. Most willingly—
Do you refuse it?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

Theoph. My own Child still: Here set our God: prepare
The Incense quickly: Come, fair *Dorothea*,
I will myself support you;—now kneel down,
And pay your Vows to *Jupiter*.

Dor. I shall do it
Better by their Example.

Theoph. They shall guide you;
They are familiar with the Sacrifice.
Forward, my Twins of Comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint Offering.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 145

Christ. Thus—— [They both spit at the Image,
Cal. And thus—— throw it down and spurn it.

Harp. Prophane,

And impious!—Stand you now like a Statue?
 Are you the Champion of the Gods? Where is
 Your holy Zeal? Your Anger?

Theoph. I am blasted;

And, as my Feet were rooted here, I find
 I have no Motion;—I would I had no Sight too;
 Or, if my Eyes can serve to any other Use,
 Give me, (thou injur'd Power!) a Sea of Tears,
 To expiate this Madness in my Daughters;
 For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
 So blasphemous a Deed in any other——
 For my Sake, hold a while thy dreadful Thunder,
 And give me Patience to demand a Reason
 For this accursed Act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

Theoph. Peace, damn'd Enchantress, Peace! I should
 look on you

With Eyes made red with Fury, and my Hand,
 That shakes with Rage, should much out-strip my
 Tongue,

And seal my Vengeance on your Hearts;—but Nature
 To you that have fall'n once, bids me again
 To be a Father. Oh! how durst you tempt
 The Anger of great *Jove*?

Dor. A lack, poor *Jove*!

He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
 He'll take a Kick, or any Thing.—

Sap. Stop her Mouth.

Dor. It is the antient'st ¹⁵ Godling: Do not fear him,
 He would not hurt the Thief that stole away
 Two of his golden Locks; indeed he could not;
 And still it is the same quiet Thing.

¹⁵ It is the antient'st Godling:

It is the Patience, not the Antiquity, of the Godling that *Doro-*
thea extols. *M. M.*

Theoph. Blasphemer !
 Ingenious Cruelty shall punish this ;
 Thou art past Hope ; But for you, dear Daughters,
 Again bewitch'd, the Dew of mild Forgiveness
 May gently fall, provided you deserve it
 With true Contrition : Be yourselves again ;
 Sue to th' offended Deity.

Christ. Not to be
 The Mistress of the Earth.

Cal. I will not offer
 A Grain of Incense to it, much less kneel ;
 Nor look on it, but with Contempt and Scorn,
 To have a thousand Years conferr'd upon me
 Of worldly Blessings. We profess ourselves
 To be, like *Dorothea*, Christians,
 And owe her for that Happiness.

Theoph. My Ears
 Receive, in hearing this, all deadly Charms,
 Powerful to make Man wretched.

Art. Are these they
 You bragg'd could convert others ?

Sap. That want Strength
 To stand themselves ?

Harp. Your Honour is engag'd ;
 The Credit of our Cause depends upon it ;
 Something you must do suddenly.

Theoph. And I will.

Harp. They merit Death ; but, falling by your Hand
 'Twill be recorded for a just Revenge,
 And holy Fury in you.

Theoph. Do not blow
 The Furnace of a Wrath thrice hot already ;
Aetna is in my Breast, Wildfire burns here,
 Which only Blood must quench—Incens'd Power !
 Which from my Infancy I have ador'd,
 Look down with favourable Beams upon
 The Sacrifice (tho' not allow'd thy Priest)
 Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleas'd
 (My fiery Zeal inciting me to act it)
 To call that Justice, others may stile Murder,

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 147

Come, you accursed! thus by the Hair I drag you
 Before this holy Altar; thus look on you,
 Less pitiful than Tygers to their Prey:
 And thus with mine own Hand I take that Life
 Which I gave to you. [Kills them.

Dor. O most eruel Butcher!

Theoph. My Anger ends not here; Hell's dreadful Porter,
 Receive into thy ever-open Gates
 Their damned Souls, and let the Furies' Whips
 On them alone be wasted; and, when Death
 Closes these Eyes, 'twill be *Elisum* to me,
 To hear their Shrieks and Howlings! Make me, *Pluto*,
 Thy Instrument to furnish thee with Souls
 Of that accursed Sect; nor let me fall,
 Till my fell Vengeance hath consum'd them all.
 [Exit with Harpax, bugging him.

Enter Artemia, laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave Zeal.

Dor. Oh, call him back again!
 Call back your Hangman! here's one Prisoner left
 To be the Subject of his Knife.

Art. Not so;
 We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee;
 Thou shalt not perish such an easy Way:
 Be she your Charge, *Sapritius*, now; and suffer
 None to come near her, till we have found out
 Some Torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, Mistress;
 These Martyrs but prepare your glorious Fate;
 You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [Exeunt.

Enter Spungius and Hircius, ragged, at several Doors.

Hir. *Spungius!*

Spun. My fine Rogue, how is it? How goes this
 totter'd World?

Hir. Hast any Money?

Spun. Money? No: The Tavern Ivy clings about my Money and kills it. Hast thou any Money?

Hir. No: My Money is a mad Bull; and, finding any Gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then a Tavern and a Bawdy-house have Faces much alike; the one hath red Grates next Door, the other hath Peeping-holes within Doors: The Tavern hath evermore a Bush, the Bawdy-house sometimes neither Hedge nor Bush. From a Tavern a Man comes reeling; from a Bawdy-house, not able to stand. In the Tavern you are cozen'd with paltry Wine; in a Bawdy-house by a painted Whore: Money may have Wine, and a Whore will have Money; but neither can you cry, *Drawer, you Rogue, or Keep Door, rotten Bawd,* without a Silver Whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our Mistress.

Hir. Thou didst; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me Turpentine Pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well! the Thread of my Life is drawn thro' the Needle of Necessity, whose Eye, looking upon my lousy Breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em; which so pricks the Linings of my Body (and those are, Hearts, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriff,) that I beg on my Knees, to have *Atropos*, the Taylor to the Destinies, to take her Sheers, and cut my Thread in two, or to heat the Iron Goose of Mortality, and so press me to Death.

Hir. Sure thy Father was some Botcher, and thy hungry Tongue bit of these Shreds of Complaints, to patch up the Elbows of thy nitty Eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy Father?

Hir. A low-minded Cobler:—A Cobler, whose Zeal set many a Woman upright, the Remembrance of whose Awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy Stitches into my Soul that the Heel of my Happiness is gone awry.

Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy Shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowerly Wax of Comfort melting away, and Misery taking the Length

of my Foot, it boots not me to sue for Life; when all my Hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Cobler's Son, by going thro' Stitch: O *Hircius!* would thou and I were so happy to be Coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our Lives should then be sure of Shoemakers' Ends.

Spun. I see the Beginning of my End, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famish'd.

Spun. All the Members in my Body are in a Rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a Cook; being a Constable, can appease them, presenting to my Nose, instead of his painted Staff, a Spit full of roast Meat.

Spun. But in this Rebellion, what Uproars do they make! my Belly cries to my Mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my Mouth sets out a Throat to my Hand, Why dost not thou lift up Meat, and cram my Chops with it?

Spun. Then my Hand hath a sling at mine Eyes, because they look not out, and shark for Victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of Tears, cry aloud, and curse my Feet, for not ambling up and down to feed *Colon*, sithence if good Meat be in any Place, 'tis known my Feet can smell.

Spun. But then my Feet, like lazy Rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any Thing.

Hir. Why, among so many Millions of People, should thou and I only be miserable Tatter-de-millions, Ragamuffins, and lousy Desperadoes?

Spun. Thou art a mere *I-am-an-no*, *I-am-an-as*: Consider the whole World, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly, thou Whoreson *Asa Fetida*?

Spun. Worse, all tottering, all out of Frame, thou *Foliamini!*

Hir. As how, *Arsenick*? Come, make the World smart.

Spun. Old Honour goes on Crutches; Beggary rides caroched; honest Men make Feasts; Knaves sit at Tables; Cowards are lapp'd in Velvet; Soldiers (as we) in Rags; Beauty turns Whore; Whore, Bawd; and both die of the Pox: Why then, when all the World stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter Angelo.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*! How does my little Man? well?

Ang. Yes; and would you did so. Where are your Cloathes?

Hir. Cloathes? You see every Woman almost go in her loose Gown, and why should not we have our Clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a Velvet Cloak, I warrant, at this Hour, keeps them Company; they are pawned to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawned? Where's all the Gold I left with you?

Hir. The Gold? we put that into a Scrivener's Hands, and he hath cozened us.

Spun. And therefore, I pray thee, *Angelo*, if thou hast another Purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to Devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of Lies? I know which Way Your guilt-winged Pieces flew; I will no more Be mock'd by you: Be sorry for your Riots, Tame your wild Flesh by Labour: Eat the Bread Got with hard Hands: Let Sorrow be your Whip, To draw Drops of Repentance from your Heart. When I read this Amendment in your Eyes, You shall not want; till then, my Pity dies. [Exit.

Spun. Is it not a Shame, that this scurvy *Puerilis* should give us Lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long Time in the Suburbs of Conscience; and they are ever bawdy; but now my Heart shall take a House within the Walls of Honesty.

Enter Harpax, aloof.

Spun. O you Drawers of Wine! draw me no more to the Bar of Beggary; the Sound of Score a Pottle of Sack is worse than the Noise of a scolding Oyster-wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be—I do not like when Conscience

Thaws; keep her frozen still:—How now, my Masters?

Dejected? drooping? drown'd in Tears? Cloathes torn? Lean, and ill colour'd? fighting? Where's the Whirlwind

Which raiseth all these Mischiefs? I have seen you Drawn better on't. O! but a Spirit told me You both would come to this, when you thrust Yourself into the Service of that Lady Who shortly now must die. Where's now her Praying? What Good got you by wearing out your Feet, To run on scurvy Errands to the Poor, And to bear Money to a Sort of Rogues, And lousy Prisoners?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan still, I could not have spit white for Want of Drink; but come to any Vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian, and he cries, Pho!

Harp. Y'are rightly serv'd; before that peevish Lady Had to do with you, Women, Wine and Money Flow'd in Abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh! those Days! those Days!

Harp. Beat not your Breasts, tear not your Hair in
Madness,
Those Days shall come again, be rul'd by me;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have seen you, Sir! as I take it, an Attendant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Harp. Yes, yes; in Shew his Servant: But hark—
hither! Take heed no Body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse stirs.

Harp. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd? how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine Boy! I'll drink too, and be
drunk;

I am a Prince, and any Man by me,
(Let him but keep my Rules) shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich;
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from Pleasures
As other poor Knaves are; no, take their Fill.

Spun. But that, Sir! we're so ragged——

Harp. You'll say you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any Master under the *Zodiac*.

Harp. For Cloathes no Matter; I've a Mind to both.
And one Thing I like in you; now that you see
The Bonfire of your Lady's State burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hang'd!

Spun. And pox'd!

Harp. Why, now ye're mine!
Come, let my Bosom touch you.

Spun. We have Bugs, Sir!

Harp. There's Money; fetch your Clothes home—
There's for you.

Hir. Avoid, Vermin! give over our Mistress! a Man
cannot prosper worse, if he serve the Devil.

Harp. How? the Devil! I'll tell you what now of
the Devil:

He's no such horrid Creature; cloven-footed,
Black, Saucer-ey'd, his Nostrils breathing Fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving to Man, than Man to Man is.

Hir. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

Harp. You shall: He's a wondrous good Fellow, loves a Cup of Wine, a Whore, any Thing; if you have Money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some Tavern or other to you.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best Room in the House for him.

Harp. Some People he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no such Cause.

Harp. He hates a civil Lawyer, as a Soldier does Peace.

Spun. How a Commoner? ¹⁶

Harp. Loves him from the Teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one foolish Question: Doth the Devil eat any Mace in his Broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning Fever takes him; and then he hath the Knuckles of a Bailiff boiled to his Breakfast.

Hir. Then, my Lord! he loves a Catchpole, doth he not?

Harp. As a Bear-ward doth a Dog. A Catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serjeant his Heir, and a Yeoman his Overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great Man's Gate, will the Porter let him come in, Sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves Porters of great Men's Gates, because they are ever so near the Wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their Cheeks, lead hellish Lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any Man: Do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any Thing, see if it doth not come.

Spun. Any Thing?

Harp. Call for a delicate rare Whore, she is brought you.

Hir. Oh! my Elbow itches.—Will the Devil keep the Door?

Harp. Be drunk as a Beggar, he helps you home?

Spun. O my fine Devil! some Watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his Constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you—

Hir. How? on the Chaps?

Harp. No, on the Shoulder; and cries, O, my brave Boys! Will any of you kill a Man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his Word? hang! hang! 'tis nothing:—Or stab a Woman?

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst Word he gives you; a Pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inveigling Rascal!—I am ravish'd.

Harp. Go, get your Clothes; turn up your Glafs of Youth,

And let the Sands run merrily; nor do I care From what a lavish Hand your Money flies, So you give none away to feed Beggars—

Hir. Hang 'em.

Harp. And to the scrubbing Poor.

Hir. I'll see 'em hang'd first.

Harp. One Service you must do me:

Both. Any Thing.

Harp. Your Mistress *Dorothea*, ere she suffers, Is to be put to Tortures: Have you Hearts To tear her into Shrieks? To fetch her Soul Up in the Pangs of Death, yet not to die?

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no Hands, here's my Teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no Teeth, here's my Nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, Sir?

Harp. No, not for Hills of Diamonds; the Grand Master

Who schools her in the Christian Discipline,
Abhors my Company: Should I be there,
You'd think all Hell broke loose, we should so quarrel;
Ply you this Business; he, who her Flesh spares,
Is lost, and in my Love never more shares. [Exit.

Spun. Here's a Master, you Rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible Number of Servants. [Exeunt

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physicians about him; Sapritius and Macrinus.

Sapritius.

O YOU, that are half-Gods, lengthen that Life;
Their Deities lend us, turn o'er all the Volumes
Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* Science,

*17 O you, that are half Gods, lengthen that Life
Their Deities lend us, &c.*

Massinger, in his Duke of Milan, has a Passage that bears a great Similitude to this, which I have here set down.

—O you earthy Gods,
You second Natures, that from your great Master
(Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hypolitus*,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's Envy)
Are taught those hidden Secrets that restore
To Life Death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
On whom t'express the Excellence of Art,
Will bind e'en Heaven your Debtor, though it pleases
To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
The Saints will smile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their celestial Wings to give it Plaudits.

ACT V. SCENE II.

T' increase the Number of this young Man's Days ;
 And, for each Minute of his Time prolong'd
 Your Fee shall be a Piece of *Roman Gold*,
 With *Cæsar's* Stamp, such as he sends his Captains
 When in the Wars they earn well : Do but save him ;
 And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

Doct. What Art can do, we promise : *Physick's Hand*
 As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
 If Heav'n make not the *Med'cine* : All this while
 Our Skill hath Combat held with this Disease ;
 But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep Melancholy,
 To such¹⁸ in Part with Death ; we are in Fear
 The Grave must mock our Labours.

Mac. I have been
 His Keeper in this Sickness, with such Eyes
 As I have seen my Mother watch o'er me ;
 And, from that Observation, sure I find
 It is a Midwife must deliver him.

Sap. A Midwife ! Is he with Child ?

Mac. Yes, with Child ;
 And will, I fear, lose Life, if by a Woman
 He is not brought to Bed : Stand by his Pillow
 Some little while, and in his broken Slumbers,
 Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea* ;
 And, when his Arms fly open to catch her,
 Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
 Pleas'd with Embracings of her airy *Förni* :
 —Physicians but torment him : His Disease
 Laughs at their gibberish Language ; let him hear
 The Voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the Name,
 He starts up with high Colour in his Face.
 She, or none, cures him—And how that can be
 (The Princess' strict Command barring that Happiness)
 To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not ;
 I'll be no Subject to the greatest *Cæsar*
 Was ever crown'd with Laurel, rather than cease
 To be a Father.

[*Exit.*

Mac. Silence, Sir ! he wakes.

Anton. Thou kill'st me—*Dorothea* ! Oh, *Dorothea* !

¹⁸ That is, to such a Degree ; so much. *M. M.*

Mac. She's here :—enjoy her.

Anton. Where?—Why do you mock me?
Age on my Head hath stuck no white Hairs yet;
Yet I'm an old Man, a fond doating Fool,
Upon a Woman. I, to buy her Beauty,
(Truth, I am bewitched) offer my Life,
And she, for my Acquaintance, hazards hers;
Yet, for our equal Sufferings, none holds out
A Hand of Pity.

Doct. Let him have some Musick,

Anton. Hell on your fiddling!

Doct. Take again your Bed, Sir;
Sleep is a sovereign Physick.

Anton. Take an Afs's Head, Sir:
Confusion on your Fooleries! your Charms!
Thou stinking Clyster-pipe; where's the God of Rest,
Thy Pills, and base Apothecary-drugs,
Threaten'd to bring to me? Out, you Impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating Mountebanks! Your Skill
Is, to make sound Men sick, and sick Men kill,

Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear Friend!

Anton. Myself, *Macrinus*?
How can I be myself, when I am mangled
Into a thousand Pieces? Here moves my Head,
But where's my Heart? Where-ever—that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the Hair; Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd Sorcerers! Call up
thy Spirits!
And, if they can, now let them from my Hand
Untwine these witching Hairs.

Anton. I am that Spirit:
Or, if I be not, (were you not my Father)
One made of Iron should hew that Hand in Pieces
That so defaces this sweet Monument
Of my Love's Beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Anton. To Death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Anton. Would I live in Bliss ?

Sap. And do thine Eyes shoot Daggers at that Man
That brings thee Health ?

Anton. It is not in the World.

Sap. It's here.

Ant. To Treasure, by Enchantment lock'd
In Caves as deep as Hell, am I as near.

Sap. Break that enchanted Cave ; enter, and rifle
The Spoils thy Lust hunts after ; I descend
To a base Office, and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing. Make her thy Whore ;
Thy Health lies here : If she deny to give it,
Force it : Imagine thou assault'st a Town's
Weak Wall ; to't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and unseen be Witness, to this Battery
How the coy Strumpet yields. ¹⁹

Doct. Shall the Boy stay, Sir ?

Sap. No Matter for the Boy :—Pages are us'd
To these odd bawdy Shufflings ; and indeed
Are those little young Snakes in a Fury's Head,
Will sting worse than the great Ones,
Let the Pimp stay. [*Exeunt aside.*

Dor. Oh ! Guard me, Angels !
What Tragedy must begin now ?

Anton. When a Tyger
Leaps into a tim'rous Herd, with rav'nous Jaws,
Being Hunger-starv'd, what Tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death : I am happy so ; you hitherto
Have still had Goodness sp'her'd within your Eyes,
Let not that Orb be broken. ²⁰

¹⁹ *Come, and unseen be Witness, to this Battery
How the coy Strumpet yields.*

These two Lines are addressed to *Macrinus* and the *Doctor*.
M. M.

²⁰ ————— *what Tragedy then begins ?*

Dor. *Death : I am happy so ; you hitherto
Have still had Goodness spar'd within your Eyes,
Let not that Orb be broken.*

The Word *Orb* in this last Line proves that we should read *sp'her'd*
instead of *spar'd* ; the latter, indeed, made the Passage Nonsense,
which is now very poetical. *M. M.*

Ang. Fear not, Mistress :

If he dare offer Violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly Man.

Dor. What is your horrid Purpose, Sir? your Eye
Bears Danger in it.

Anton. I must——

Dor. What?

Sap. Speak it out,

Anton. Climb that sweet virgin Tree.

Sap. Plague o' your Trees!

Anton. And pluck that Fruit which none, I think,
e'er tasted.

Sap. A Soldier, and stand fumbling so!

Dor. Oh, kill me!

[*Kneels.*

And Heav'n will take it as a Sacrifice :
But, if you play the Ravisher, there is
A Hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee.

Anton. Rise—For the *Roman* Empire, *Dorothea*,
I would not wound thine Honour. Pleasures forc'd
Are unripe Apples; sour, not worth the Plucking :
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my Father's Will,
That I should seize upon you, as my Prey ;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest Sin
The Villainy of Man did ever act.

[*Sapritius breaks in, and Macrinus,*

Ang. Die happy for this Language!

Sap. Die a Slave,

A blockish Idiot.

Mac. Dear Sir! vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are Geld-
ings :

Cold, phlegmatick Bastard! thou'rt no Brat of mine ;
One Spark of me, when I had Heat like thine,
By this had made a Bonfire. A tempting Whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust ev'n into thine Arms,
And stand'st thou puling? Had a Taylor seen her
At this Advantage, he, with his cross Capers
Had ruffled her by this :—But thou shalt curse
Thy Dalliance; and here, before her Eyes,

Tear thy Flesh in Pieces, when a Slave
 In hot Lust bathes himself, and gluts those Pleasures
 Thy Niceness durst not touch.—Call out a Slave.
 You, Captain of our Guard, fetch a Slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear Sir?

Sap. Teach her a Trade, which many a one would
 learn

In less than half an Hour,—to play the Whore.

Enter a Slave.

Mac. A Slave is come : What now ?

Sap. Thou hast Bones and Flesh
 Enough to ply thy Labour. From what Country
 Wert thou ta'en Prisoner, here to be our Slave ?

Slave. From *Britain*.

Sap. In the Western Ocean ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Island ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I'm fitted : Of all Nations
 Our *Roman* Swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near
 The *Briton* for true Whoring.—Sirrah ! Fellow !
 What wouldst thou do to gain thy Liberty ?

Slave. Do ? Liberty ? Fight naked with a Lion ;
 Venture to pluck a Standard from the Heart
 Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ? I'd thus
 Bestride a Rampire, and Defiance spit
 I' th' Face of Death ; then, when the Batt'ring-ram
 Were fetching his Career backward, to pass
 Me with his Horns to Pieces : To shake my Chains off,
 And that I could not do't but by thy Death,
 Stoodst thou on this dry Shore, I on a Rock
 Ten Pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee
 Or die myself. What is for Man to do
 I'll venture on to be no more a Slave.

Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no Slave ; for I will set thee
 Upon a Piece of Work is fit for Man,
 Brave for a *Briton* :—Drag that Thing aside
 And ravish her,

Slave. And ravish her? Is this your manly Service?
A Devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a Beast,
A Villain, not a Man. I am, as yet,
But half a Slave; but, when that Work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly Slave,
The Slave of all base Slaves:—Do't thyself, *Roman!*
'Tis Drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a Bastinado give him,
Upon his naked Belly, two hundred Blows.

Slave. Thou art more Slave than I. [*Exit, carried in.*]

Dor. That Power supernal, on whom waits my Soul,
Is Captain o'er my Chastity.

Anton. Good Sir, give o'er.
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee!—Thus down I throw
Thy Harlot, thus by th' Hair, nail her to Earth.
Call in ten Slaves, let every one discover
What Lust desires, and surfeit here his Fill.
Call in ten Slaves.

Ang. They're come, Sir, at your call.

Sap. Oh, oh!

[*Falls down.*]

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. Where is the Governor?

Anton. There's my wretched Father.

Theoph. My Lord *Sapritius*—He's not dead?—My Lord,
That Witch there——

Anton. 'Tis no *Roman* Gods can strike
These fearful Terrors.—O, thou happy Maid!
Forgive this wicked Purpose of my Father.

Dor. I do.

Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd.—'Tis thou
Hast done this Act infernal.

Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my Wrongs from thence pull Vengeance down,
I can no Miracles work, yet from my Soul
Pray to those Pow'rs I serve, he may recover.

Theoph. He stirs—Help! Raise him up.—My Lord!

Sap. Where am I?

Theoph. One Cheek is blasted.

Sap. Blasted? Where's the *Lamia*

That tears my Entrails? I'm bewitch'd—Seize on her.

Dor. I'm here; do what you please.

Theoph. Spurn her to the Bar.

Dor. Come, Boy! being there, more near to Heav'n we are.

Sap. Kick harder; go out, Witch. [Exit.

Anton. O bloody Hangman! thine own Gods give thee Breath!

Each of thy Tortures is my several Death. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Harpax, Hircius, and Spungius.

Harp. Do you like my Service now? Say, am not I A Master worth Attendance?

Spun. Attendance? I had rather lick clean the Soles of your dirty Boots, than wear the richest Suit of any infected Lord, whose rotten Life hangs between the two Poles.

Hir. A Lord's Suit! I would not give up the cloak of your Service, to meet the Splay-foot Estate of any left-ey'd Knight above the *Antipodes*; because they are unlucky to meet.

Harp. This Day I'll try your Loves to me; 'tis only But well to use the Agility of your Arms.

Spun. Or Legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other Member that hath no Legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into some Hole.

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my Match; and that I cannot stand in their Hands, I must and will creep on my Knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little Team of Villains, hear me, I cannot teach you Fencing with these Cudgels, Yet you must use them;—lay them on but soundly; That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, phoh!

Spun. But what Walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp. Your Mistrefs.

Hir. How! my Mistrefs? I begin to have a Christian's Heart made of sweet Butter;—I melt, I cannot strike a Woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; beat my Mistrefs?

Harp. Y'are Coxcombs, silly Animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, Affes, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust Your Arms out to catch Fortune; say, you fall off, It must be done: You are converted Rascals, And, that once spread abroad, why, every Slave Will kick you, call you motly Christians, And half-fac'd Christians.

Spun. The Guts of my Conscience begin to be of Whitleather.

Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet Butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and every Pagan whom you meet, Shall forked Fingers thrust into your Eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every God the Gentiles bow to, Shall add a Fathom to your Line of Years.

Spun. A hundred Fathom; I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one Inch longer.

Harp. The Senators will, as you pass along, Clap you upon your Shoulders with this Hand, And with this Hand give you Gold: When you are dead, Happy that Man shall be, can get a Nail, The paring,—nay, the Dirt under the Nail Of any of you both, to say this Dirt Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want Dirt under my Nails, I will keep them long of Purpose, for now my Fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The first Thing I do, I'll take her over the Lips.

Spun. And I the Hips,—we may strike any where.

Harp. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I must not,

To see this done; great Business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his Violence. [Exit.

Spun. Fear it not, Sir! her Ribs shall be basted.

Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble,
and thwick-thwack thirley bouncing.

Enter Dorothea, led Prisoner, a Guard attending; a Hangman with Cords, in some ugly Shape, sets up a Pillar in the Middle of the Stage; Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.

Sap. According to our *Roman* Customs, bind
That Christian to a Pillar.

Theoph. Infernal Furies!

Could they into my Hand thrust all their Whips
To tear thy Flesh, thy Soul, 'tis not a Torture
Fit to the Vengeance I should heap on thee,
For Wrongs done me; me! for flagitious Facts
By thee done to our Gods: Yet (so it stand
To great *Cæsarea's* Governor's high Pleasure)
Bow but thy Knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any slight Sacrifice; or do but swear
By *Cæsar's* Fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsar's* Fortune, were it chain'd
To more Worlds than are Kingdoms in the World,
And all those Worlds drawn after him:—I defy
Your Hangman; you now shew me whither to fly.

Sap. Are her Tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not, dear Mistress!

Spun. and *Hir.* My Lord, we are ready for the Business.

Dor. You two! whom I like foster'd Children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved Life with Bread:
You be my Hangmen? Whom, when up the Ladder
Death hal'd you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you? You two my Tormentors?

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Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon me!

Sap. Strike.

[*They strike at her : Angelo kneeling, holds her fast.*

Theoph. Beat out her Brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels!

Sap. Faster, Slaves!

Spun. Faster? I am out of Breath, I am sure: If I were to beat a Buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O, mine Arms! I cannot lift 'em to my Head.

Dor. Joy above Joys! are my Tormentors weary
In tort'ring me? And in my Sufferings
I fainting in no Limb! Tyrants, strike home,
And feast your Fury full.

Theoph. These Dogs are Curs, [*Comes from his Seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not.—See, my Lord, her Face
Hath more bewitching Beauty than before:
Proud Whore, she Smiles; cannot an Eye start out
With these?

Hir. No, Sir, nor the Bridge of her Nose fall; 'tis
full of Iron Work.

Sap. Let's view the Cudgels; are they not Counter-
feit?

Ang. There fix thine Eye still;—thy glorious Crown
must come
Not from soft Pleasure, but by Martyrdom.
There fix thine Eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not Thorns, but Roses shall bear up thy Feet:
There fix thine Eye still. [*Exit.*

Enter Harpax, sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

Theoph. We're mock'd; these Bats have Power to fell
down Giants, yet her Skin is not scar'd.

Sap. What Rogues are these?

Theoph. Cannot these force a Shriek? [*Beats them.*

Spun. Oh! a Woman has one of my Ribs, and now
five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar ?

[*Beats t'other ; he roars.*

Sap. Who hir'd these Slaves ? What are they ?

Spun. We serv'd that noble Gentleman, there : He entic'd us to this dry-beating : Oh ! for one half Pot.

Harp. My Servants ? Two base Rogues, and sometimes Servants

To her, and for that Cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

Theoph. Hang the two Hounds on the next Tree.

Hir. Hang us ? Master *Harpax*, what a Devil, shall we be thus us'd ?

Harp. What Bandogs but you two would worry a Woman ?

Your Mistrefs ! I but clapt you, you flew on.

Say I should get your Lives, each rascal Beggar

Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-hounds !
Traitors !

Spit at you, fling Dirt at you, and no Woman
Ever endure your Sight : 'Tis your best Course
Now, had you secret Knives, to stab yourselves ;
But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your best Course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here ?

To Gallows drag them by the Heels ;—away.

Spun. By the Heels ? No, Sir ! we have Legs to do us that Service.

Hir. I, I, if no Woman can endure my Sight, away with me.

Harp. Dispatch them.

Spun. The Devil dispatch thee.

Sap. Death this Day rides in Triumph, *Theophilus*.
See this Watch made away too.

Theoph. My Soul thirsts for it ;
Come, I myself the Hangman's Part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation Day ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, and Servants.

Anton. Is this the Place, where Virtue is to suffer?
And heavenly Beauty, leaving this base Earth,
To make a glad Return from whence it came?
Is it *Macrinus*? [A Scaffold thrust forth.

Mac. By this Preparation,
You well may rest assur'd, that *Dorothea*
This Hour is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies
The Abstract of all Sweetness that's in Woman;
Set me down, Friend! that, ere the Iron Hand
Of Death close up mine Eyes, they may at once
Take my last Leave both of this Light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious Sun himself
To me's *Cimmerian* Darkness.

Mac. Strange Affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his Shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving Life.

Anton. Nay, weep not;
Tho' Tears of Friendship be a sov'reign Balm,
On me they're cast away: It is decreed
That I must die with her; our Clue of Life
Was spun together.

Mac. Yet, Sir, 'tis my Wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her Tortures, yet will be,
To add to your Calamity, an Eye-witness
Of her last tragic Scene, which must deeper pierce,
And make the Wound more desperate.

Anton. Oh, *Macrinus*!
'Twould linger out my Torments else, not kill me;
Which is the End I aim at: being to die too,
What Instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharp by my constant Love
And true Affection: It may be, the Duty

And loyal Service, with which I pursu'd her,
 And seal'd it with my Death, will be remember'd
 Among her blessed Actions; and what Honour
 Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard, bringing in Dorothea; a Headfman before her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, and Harpax.

Anton. See! she comes;
 How sweet her Innocence appears!—more like
 To Heav'n itself, than any Sacrifice
 That can be offer'd to it. By my Hopes
 Of Joys hereafter, the Sight makes me doubtful
 In my Belief; nor can I think our Gods
 Are good, or to be serv'd, that take Delight
 In Off'rings of this Kind; that, to maintain
 Their Pow'r, deface the Master-piece of Nature
 Which they themselves come short of:—She ascends,
 And every Step raises her nearer Heaven.
 What God soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
 Receive in her a boundless Happiness!

Sap. You are to blame to let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his Will;

And we were left to serve him, not command him,

Anton. Good Sir, be not offended; nor deny
 My last of Pleasures in this happy Object,
 That I shall ere be blest with.

Theoph. Now, proud Contemner
 Of us, and of our Gods, tremble to think,
 It is not in the Pow'r thou serv'st to save thee.
 Not all the Riches of the Sea, increas'd
 By violent Shipwrecks, nor th' unsearch'd Mines,
Mammon's unknown Exchequer, shall redeem thee:
 And therefore, having first with Horror weigh'd
 What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
 All Pleasures and Delights; lastly, to go
 Where all Antipathies to Comfort dwell;
 Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
 And, to add to Affliction, the Remembrance
 Of the *Elysian* Joys thou might'st have tasted,

Hadst thou not turn'd Apostate to those Gods
That so reward their Servants, let Despair
Prevent the Hangman's Sword, and on this Scaffold
Make thy first Entrance into Hell.

Anton. She smiles

Unmov'd, by *Mars*, as if she were assur'd
Death, looking on her Constancy, would forget
The Use of his inevitable Hand.

Theoph. Derided too? Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou Fool!

That gloriest in having Power to ravish
A Trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this Life to me? Not worth a Thought:
Or, if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: Ev'n thy Malice serves
To me but as a Ladder to mount up
To such a Height of Happiness, where I shall
Look down with Scorn on thee and on the World;
Where circled with true Pleasures, plac'd above
The Reach of Death or Time, 'twill be my Glory
To think at what an easy Price I bought it.
There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual Youth.²¹
No joint-benumbing Cold, nor scorching Heat,
Famine nor Age, having any Being there.
Forget, for Shame, your *Tempe*; bury in
Oblivion, your feign'd *Hesperian* Orchards:
The Golden Fruit, kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require a *Hercules* to guard it,
Compar'd with what grows in all Plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The Pow'r I serve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elysian Shades; for he hath made his Bow'rs
Better in deed than you can fancy yours.

Anton. O, take me thither with you!

Dor. Trace my Steps,
And be assur'd you shall.

↳ ²¹ *There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual youth, &c.*

This short but fine Description of *Elysium* is equal, if not superior,
to any given by the ancient Poets.

Sap. With my own Hands
I'll rather stop that little Breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing Fever.

Theoph. By no Means ;
Let him go with her : do, seduc'd young Man,
And wait upon thy Saint in Death ; do, do :
And, when you come to that imagin'd Place,
That Place of all Delights—pray you, observe me,
And meet those cursed Things I once called Daughters,
Whom I have sent as Harbingers before you,
If there be any Truth in your Religion,
In Thankfulness to me, that with Care hasten
Your Journey thither, pray send me some
Small Pittance of that curious Fruit you boast of.

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou, in the last Minute, damn thyself ?

Theoph. The Gates to Hell are open.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant !

Thou Agent for the Devil thy great Master !
Tho' thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

Enter Angelo, in the Angel's Habit.

Harp. Oh ! Mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the Bottom of the Deep ;
Where Light may never find me !

Theoph. What's the Matter ?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her Witchcraft.

Theoph. *Harpax*, my *Harpax*, speak !

Harp. I dare not stay :

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some Whirlwind snatch me from this cursed Place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
Hell's Torments are sweet Slumbers ! [Exit *Harpax*.

Sap. Follow him.

Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy Charms upon my Servant, cursed Witch,
Give thee a short Reprieve.—Let her not die
Till my Return. [Exeunt *Sap.* and *Theoph.*

Anton. She minds him not : What Object
Is her Eye fix'd on ?

Mac. I see nothing.

Anton. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious Minister of the Power I serve !
(For thou art more than mortal) is't for me,
Poor Sinner, thou art pleas'd a while to leave
Thy heavenly Habitation, and vouchsaf'st
(Tho' glorify'd) to take my Servant's Habit?
For, put off thy Divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know, I'm the same ;
And still the Servant to your Piety.
Your zealous Prayers, and pious Deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his Command to whom you sent them)
To guide your Steps. I try'd your Charity,
When in a Beggar's Shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked Limbs, and after fed
(As you believ'd) my famish'd Mouth. Learn all,
By your Example, to look on the Poor
With gentle Eyes ; for in such Habits, often,
Angels desire an Alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now ; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent Soul to Joys eternal,
Your Martyrdom once suffer'd ; and before it,
Ask any Thing from me, and rest assur'd
You shall obtain.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my Torments : since I find such Grace,
Grant that the Love of this young Man to me,
In which he languisheth to Death, may be
Chang'd to the Love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it ;
And in that Instant when the Sword sets free
Your happy Soul, his shall have Liberty.
Is there aught else ?

Dor. For Proof that I forgive
My Persecutor, who in Scorn desir'd
To taste of that most sacred Fruit I go to ;

After my Death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear Mistrefs!

Mac. I am amaz'd.

Anton. I feel a holy Fire,
That yields a comfortable Heat within me :
I am quite alter'd from the Thing I was ;
See ! I can stand, and go alone ; thus kneel
To heav'nly *Dorothea*, touch her Hand
With a religious Kifs.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now ;
But will not be drawn back.

Theoph. It matters not ;
We can discharge this Work without his Help.
But see your Son.

Sap. Villain !

Anton. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our Ends, divorce us not.

Theoph. I'll quickly make a Separation of 'em :
Hast thou aught else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy Tardiness in sending me to rest ;
My Peace is made with Heaven, to which my Soul
Begins to take her Flight : Strike, O ! strike quickly ;
And, tho' you are unmov'd to see my Death,
Hereafter, when my Story shall be read,
As they were present now, the Hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet Eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies. [*Her Head struck off.*

Anton. O, take my Soul along to wait on thine !

Mac. Your Son sinks too. [*Antoninus sinks.*

Sap. Already dead ?

Theoph. Die all
That are of, or favour this accursed Sect :
I triumph in their Ends, and will raise up
A Hill of their dead Carcasses to o're-look
The *Pyrenean Hills*, but I'll root out

These superstitious Fools, and leave the World
No Name of Christian.

[*Loud Musick: Exit Angelo, having first laid his
Hand upon their Mouths.*

Sap. Ha! heavenly Musick!

Mac. 'Tis in the Air.

Theoph. Illusions of the Devil,
Wrought by some Witch of her Religion
That fain would make her Death a Miracle:
It frights not me.—Because he is your Son,
Let him have Burial; but let her Body
Be cast forth with Contempt in some Highway,
And be to Vultures and to Dogs a Prey. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theophilus in his Study. Books about him.

Theophilus.

IS'T Holiday, O *Cæsar*! that thy Servant
(Thy Provost to see Execution done
On these base Christians in *Cæsarea*)
Should now want Work? Sleep these Idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious Painter, [*Rises.*
When he has made some honourable Piece,
Stands off, and with a searching Eye examines
Each Colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare Workmanship.—So here [*He sits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Landscapes
(Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With Shadows, now I want the Substances. [*Takes a Book.*
My Muster-book of Hell-hounds: Were the Christians,
Whose Names stand here, alive and arm'd, not *Rome*
Could move upon her Hinges. What I've done,

Or shall hereafter, is not out of Hate
 To poor tormented Wretches ; no, I'm carry'd
 With Violence of Zeal and Streams of Service
 I owe our *Roman Gods*.—*Great Britain*—what ?
 A thousand Wives with Brats sucking their Breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and thrown to Swine ; ²²
 And then their fleshy Back-parts, hew'd with Hatchets,
 Were minc'd and bak'd in Pies to feed starv'd Christians.
 Ha ! ha !

Again, again,—*East-Angles*,—Oh, *East-Angles*—
 Bandogs (kept three Days hungry) worried
 A thousand *British* Rascals, stied up fat,
 Of Purpose stripped naked and disarm'd.
 I could outstare a Year of Suns and Moons,
 To sit at these sweet Bull-baitings, so I
 Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
 In Adoration to my *Jupiter*.—Twelve hundred
 Eyes bor'd with Augres out—Oh ! Eleven thousand
 Torn by wild Beasts : Two hundred ramm'd i' th' Earth
 To th' Armpits, and full Platters round about 'em,
 But far enough from reaching : Eat, Dogs, ha ! ha ! ha !
 [He rises.]

Tush, all these Tortures are but Phillipings,
 Flea-bitings : I, before the Destinies

Enter Angelo, with a Basket, filled with Fruit and Flowers.

My Bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
 Once more upon some one remarkable
 Above all these : This Christian Slut was well,
 A pretty one ; but let such Horror follow
 The next I feed with Torments, that when *Rome*
 Shall hear it, her Foundation at the Sound
 May feel an Earthquake. How now ? [A Concert.]

²² *A thousand Wives with Brats sucking their Breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and thrown to Swine.*

These two Lines are not grammatical, but that seems to be owing
 to the inadvertency of the Author. M. M.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 175

Ang. Are you amaz'd, Sir?—So great a *Roman* Spirit!
And doth it tremble?

Theoph. How cam'st thou in? To whom thy Business?

Ang. To you;

I had a Mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a Bloody Errand; You intreated
That, when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all Joy, she would send to you
Some of that Garden: Fruit and Flowers, which here,
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

Theoph. Cannot I see this Garden?

Ang. Yes, if the Master

Will give you Entrance. [Angelo vaniseth.]

Theoph. 'Tis a tempting Fruit,
And the most bright-check'd Child I ever view'd;
Sweet-smelling, goodly Fruit: What Flowers are
these?

In *Dioclesian's* Gardens, the most beauteous,
Compar'd with these, are Weeds: Is it not *February*?
The second Day she died: Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the Beard of Winter: Where's the Sun
That gilds this Summer? Pretty, sweet Boy, say,
In what Country shall a Man find this Garden?
My delicate Boy, gone! vanished!—Within there—
Julianus and *Geta*—

Enter two Servants.

Both. My Lord.

Theoph. Are my Gates shut?

1 Serv. And guarded.

Theoph. Saw you not a Boy?

2 Serv. Where?

Theoph. Here he entered, a young Lad; a thousand
Blessings danc'd upon his Eyes; a smooth fac'd glorious
Thing, that brought this Basket.

1 Serv. No, Sir!

[*Exeunt.*]

Theoph. Away—but be in Reach, if my Voice calls you.

No!—vanish'd, and not seen!—Be thou a Spirit
Sent from that Witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,
Will taste it.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [Harpax *within.*]

Theoph. So good! I'll have some more sure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish Fool!

Theoph. What art thou?

Harp. A Fisherman.

Theoph. What dost thou catch?

Harp. Souls, Souls; a Fish call'd Souls.

Enter a Servant.

Theoph. Get a!

1 Serv. My Lord.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [Within.]

Theoph. What insolent Slave is this dares laugh at me?

Or what is it the Dog grins at?

1 Serv. I neither know, my Lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my Fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

Theoph. *Jupiter*! All within me is not well; And yet not sick.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [Louder.]

Theoph. What's thy Name, Slave?

Harp. Go look. [At one End.]

1 Serv. 'Tis *Harpax*' Voice.

Theoph. *Harpax*! Go, drag the Caitiff to my Foot, That I may stamp upon him.

Harp. Fool, thou lyest! [At the other End.]

1 Serv. He's yonder, now, my Lord.

Theoph. Watch thou that End, Whilst I make good this.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [At the Middle.]

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR. 167

Theoph. He is at *Barli-break*, and the last Couple are now in Hell : 23

Search for him—All this Ground, methinks, is bloody,
And pav'd with thousands of those Christians' Eyes

23 *Theoph.* *He is at Barli-break, and the last Couple are now in Hell.*

There are several Allusions in these Plays of *Massinger*, and some in those of his cotemporary Writers, to the ancient Pastime of *Barli-break*; but as there are many Parts of the Country in which this Sport is not now in Use, these Allusions will no longer be generally understood: I should therefore suppose that it would not be unacceptable to the Readers, to be furnished with a poetical Description of it, written by the famous Sir *Philip Sidney*, the most distinguished Character of his Time, for Valour, and every elegant Accomplishment. It is taken from the *Song of Lamon*, in the First Book of the *Arcadia*, where he relates the Passion of *Claius* and *Strepbon* for the beautiful *Urania*.

But glad Desire, his late embosom'd Guest,
Yet but a Babe, with Milk of Sighs he * nurst; (* *Strepbon*.
Desire, the more he suck'd, more sought the Breat,
As Dropsy-folk still drink to be athirst;
Till one Fair Ev'n, an Hour ere Sun did rest,
Who then in Lion's Cave did enter first;
By Neighbours pray'd, she † went abroad, thereby († *Urania*.
A BARLEY-BREAK her sweet, swift Feet to try.

Never the Earth on his round Shoulders bare
A Maid train'd up from high or low Degree,
That in her Doings better could compare
Mirth, with Respect; few Words, with Courtesy;
A careless Comeliness, with comely Care;
Self-guard, with Mildness; Sport, with Majesty;
Which made her yield to deck the Shepherds' Band,
And, still believe me, *Strepbon* was at Hand.

Afield they go, where many Lookers be,
And thou seek-sorrow *Claius* them among;
Indeed, thou saidst it was thy Friend to see,
Strepbon, whose Absence seem'd unto thee long,
While, most with her, he less did keep with thee,
No, no, it was in Spite of Wisdom's Song,
Which Absence wish'd; Love play'd a Victor's Part,
The heavy Love-loadstone drew thy Iron Heart.

Whom I have tortur'd, and they stare upon me.
 What was this Apparition?—Sure he had
 A Shape angelical: Mine Eyes (tho' dazzl'd
 And daunted at first Sight) tell me, it wore
 A Pair of glorious Wings; yes, they were Wings!
 And hence he flew:—'Tis vanished. *Jupiter,*
 For all my Sacrifices done to him,
 Never once gave me Smiles.—How can Stones smile?
 Or Wooden Image laugh? [*Musick.*] Ha! I remember
 Such *Musick* gave a Welcome to mine Ear,

Then Couples three be straight allotted there;
 They of both Ends, the Middle two, do fly;
 The two that, in Mid-space, Hell called were,
 Must strive, with waiting Foot and watching Eye,
 To catch of them, and them to Hell to bear,
 That they, as well as they, may Hell supply;
 Like some that seek to salve their blotted Name
 Will others blot, till all do taste of Shame.

There you may see, soon as the Middle two
 Do coupled, towards either Couple make,
 They, false and fearful, do their Hands undo;
 Brother his Brother, Friend doth Friend forsake,
 Heeding himself, cares not how Fellow do,
 But of a Stranger mutual Help doth take;
 As perjur'd Cowards in Adversity,
 With Sight of Fear from Friends to Friend do fly.

These Sports Shepherds devised, such Faults to shew.
Geron, tho' old, yet gamesome, kept one End
 With *Cosma*; for whose Love *Pas* past in Woe
 Fair *Nous* with *Pas* the Lot to Hell did send;
Pas thought it Hell while he was *Cosma* fro;
 At other End *Uran* did *Strepbon* lend
 Her happy-making Hand, of whom one Look
 From *Nous* and *Cosma* all their Beauty took.

The Play began; *Pas* durst not *Cosma* chase,
 But did intend, next Bout, with her to meet;
 So he with *Nous* to *Geron* turn'd their Race,
 With whom to join fast ran *Urania* sweet;
 But light-legg'd *Pas* had got the middle Space;
Geron strove hard, but aged were his Feet,
 And therefore finding Force now faint to be,
 He thought grey Hairs afforded Subtlety.

When the fair Youth came to me :—'Tis in the Air,
Or from some better :—a Power divine,
Thro' my dark Ign'rance on my Soul does shine,
And makes me see a Conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay, drown'd and damn'd for ever in Christian Gore.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha ! [*Within.*

Theoph. Again ? What dainty Relish on my Tongue
This Fruit hath left ! Some Angel hath me fed ;
If so toothsome, I will be banqueted. [*Eats another.*

And so, when *Pas'* Hand reached him to take,
The Fox on Knees and Elbows tumbled down ;
Pas could not stay, but over him did rake,
And crown'd the Earth with his first-touching Crown ;
His Heels, grown proud, did seem at Heav'n to shake ;
But *Nous*, that slipp'd from *Pas*, did catch the Clown ;
So, laughing all, yet, *Pas* to ease some deal,
Geron with *Uran* were condemn'd to Hell.

Lamon then proceeds to describe the various Incidents of a second Bout.

Sir *John Suckling* also has given the following Description of this Pastime with allegorical Personages.

Love, Reason, Hate did once bespeak
Three Mates to play at *Barley-break*,
Love Folly took ; and Reason Fancy ;
And Hate consorts with Pride, so dance they :
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

They break ; and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her Feet ;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together ;
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her Side ;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's Hand ;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in Hell. *M. M.*

Enter Harpax in a fearful Shape, Fire flashing out of the Study.

Harp. Hold!

Theoph. Not for *Cæsar*.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theoph. Thou art no Twin to him that last was here.
Ye Powers! whom my Soul bids me reverence,
Guard me!—What art thou?

Harp. I'm thy Master.

Theoph. Mine?

Harp. And thou my everlasting Slave: That *Harpax*,
Who Hand in Hand hath led thee to thy Hell,
Am I.

Theoph. Avaunt!

Harp. I will not: Cast thou down
That Basket with the Things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a Drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theoph. My Fruit;
Does this offend thee? see!

Harp. Spit it to th' Earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll piece-meal tear thee.

Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted? See! here's
more. [*Flowers.*]

Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang
thee

In a contorted Chain of Ificles
I' th' frigid Zone: Down with them.

Theoph. At the Bottom
One Thing I found not yet. [*A Cross of Flowers.*]

Harp. Oh! I am tortur'd.

Theoph. Can this do't? Hence! thou Fiend infernal!
hence!

Harp. Clasp *Jupiter's* Image, and away with that.

Theoph. At thee I'll fling that *Jupiter*; for, methinks,
I serve a better Master: He now checks me
For murd'ring my two Daughters, put on by thee,
By thy damn'd Rhet'rick did I hunt the Life

Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin-martyr.
 She is not angry with the Axe, nor me,
 But sends these Presents to me; and I'll travel
 O'er Worlds to find her, and from her white Hand
 Beg a Forgiveness.

Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.

Theoph. I serve a Strength above thine: This small
 Weapon,
 Methinks, is Armour hard enough.—

Harp. Keep from me. [Sinks a little.]

Theoph. Art posting to thy Centre? Down, Hell-
 hound! down;
 Me hast thou lost; that Arm, which hurls thee hence,
 Save me, and set me up the strong Defence
 In the fair Christian's Quarrel!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy Foot there;
 Nor be thou shaken with a *Cæsar's* Voice,
 Tho' thousand Deaths were in it; and I then
 Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
 Thy bloody Hands clean and more white than Snow;
 And to that Garden where these blest Things grow;
 And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
 That heavenly Token to thee; spread this brave Wing,
 And serve, than *Cæsar*, a far greater King. [Exit.]

Theoph. It is, it is some Angel—Vanish'd again!
 Oh, come back, ravishing Boy! bright Messenger!
 Thou hast (by these mine Eyes fix'd on thy Beauty)
 Illumin'd all my Soul: Now look I back
 On my black Tyrannies, which, as they did
 Out-dare the bloodiest, thou, blest Spirit, that leadst
 me,
 Teach me what I must do, and, to do well,
 That my last Act the best may parallel. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, *the Kings of Epire, Pontus, and Macedon, meeting Artemia; Attendants.*

Artem. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant *Cæsar*!

Diocle. Let thy Wish, fair Daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and rev'rence *Maximinus*,
Whose Power, with mine united, make one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held Flattery,
The Bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As Love, and Empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistress.

Artem. Sir, you shew yourself
Both Courtier and Soldier: But take heed,
Take heed, my Lord! tho' my dull-pointed Beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh Refusal in my Servant,
Cannot dart forth such Beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing Heat will thaw your Heart,
Tho' bound in Ribs of Ice. Love still is Love,
His Bow and Arrows are the same. Great *Julius*,
That to his Successors left the Name of *Cæsar*,
Whom War could never tame, that with dry Eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pharsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carcasses of Senators
And Citizens of *Rome*, when the World knew
No other Lord but him; struck deep in Years too,
(And Men grey-hair'd forget the Lusts of Youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A Suppliant too; the Magick of her Eye,
E'en in his Pride of Conquest took him Captive;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
 (But by the Gods you are most excellent)
 Your Gravity and Discretion would o'ercome me ;
 And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner
 To your fair Virtues, than of all the Honours,
 Wealth, Title, Empire, that my Sword hath purchas'd.

Diocle. This meets my Wishes : Welcome it, *Artemia*,
 With outstretch'd Arms, and study to forget
 That *Antoninus* ever was ; thy Fate
 Reserv'd thee for this better Choice, embrace it.

Epire. This happy Match brings new Nerves to give
 Strength
 To our continu'd League.

Diocle. *Hymen* himself
 Will bless this Marriage, which we'll solemnize
 In the Presence of these Kings.

Pontus. Who rest most happy,
 To be Eyewitnesses of a Match that brings
 Peace to the Empire.

Diocle. We much thank your Loves :
 But where's *Sapritius*, our Governor,
 And our most zealous Provost, good *Theophilus* !
 If ever Prince were blest in a true Servant,
 Or could the Gods be Debtors to a Man,
 Both they, and we, stand far engag'd to cherish
 His Piety and Service.

Artem. Sir, the Governor
 Brooks sadly his Son's Loss, altho' he turn'd
 Apostate in Death ; but bold *Theophilus*,
 Who, for the same Cause, in my Presence, seal'd
 His holy Anger on his Daughters' Hearts :
 Having with Tortures first try'd to convert her,
 Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the Scaffold,
 And saw her lose her Head.

Diocle. He is all worthy.
 And from his own Mouth I would gladly hear
 The Manner how she suffer'd.

Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
 With such Contempt and Scorn (I know his Nature)

That rather 'twill beget your Highness' Laughter,
Than the least Pity.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, and Macrinus.

Diocle. To that End I would hear it.

Artem. He comes.—With him the Governor.

Diocle. O *Sapritius*,

I am to chide you for your Tenderness;
But yet, remembering that you are a Father,
I will forget it. Good *Theophilus*,
I will speak with you anon.—Nearer your Ear.

[*To Sapritius.*

Theoph. By *Antoninus*' Soul, I do conjure you,
And, tho' not for Religion, for his Friendship,
Without demanding what's the Cause that moves me,
Receive my Signet;—by the Power of this,
Go to my Prisons, and release all Christians
That are in Fetters there by my Command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

Theoph. Haste then to the Port;

You there shall find two tall Ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor distressed Souls,
And bear them from the Reach of Tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Deity
That they adore will give you prosp'rous Winds,
And make your Voyage such, and largely pay
Your Hazard, and your Travel.—Leave me here;
There is a Scene that I must act alone.

Haste, good *Macrinus*; and the great God guide you!

Mac. I'll undertake't: There's something prompts
me to it;

'Tis to save innocent Blood, a saint-like Act;
And to be merciful has never been
By mortal Men themselves esteem'd a Sin.

[*Exit Mac.*

Diocle. You know your Charge.

Sap. And will with Care observe it.

Diocle. For I profess, he is not *Cæsar*'s Friend,
That sheds a Tear for any Torture that

A Christian suffers.—Welcome, my best Servant!
 My careful zealous Provost! thou hast toil'd
 To satisfy my Will, tho' in Extremes:
 I love thee for't; thou art firm Rock, no Changeling.
 Prithee deliver, and for my Sake do it,
 Without Excess of Bitterness, or Scoffs,
 Before my Brother and these Kings, how took
 The Christian her Death?

Theoph. And such a Presence,
 Tho' every private Head in this large Room
 Were circled round with an Imperial Crown,
 Her Story will deserve, it is so full
 Of Excellence and Wonder.

Diocle. Ha! How's this?

Theoph. O! mark it, therefore, and with that Attention,
 As you would hear an Embassy from Heaven
 By a wing'd Legate; for, the Truth deliver'd,
 Both how, and what, this blessed Virgin suffer'd;
 And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
 You will rise up with Rev'rence; and no more,
 As Things unworthy of your Thoughts, remember
 What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
 Which lying *Greece* so boasts of. Your own Matrons,
 Your *Roman* Dames, whose Figures you yet keep
 As holy Relicks, in her History
 Will find a second Urn: ²⁴ *Gracchus' Cornelia*;
Paulina, that, in Death desir'd to follow
 Her Husband *Seneca*; nor *Brutus' Portia*
 That swallow'd burning Coals to overtake him,
 Tho' all their several Worths were given to one,
 With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad?

Diocle. Why, they did die, *Theophilus*, and boldly;
 This did no more.

²⁴ This Passage, as printed, in the old Edition, is nonsense; it should be pointed thus:

————— *Gracchus's Cornelia*;
Paulina, that, in Death, desir'd to follow
 Her Husband *Seneca*; nor *Brutus' Portia*, &c. *M. M.*

Theoph. They, out of Desperation,
 Or for vain Glory of an After-name,
 Parted with Life : This had not mutinous Sons,
 As the rash *Gracchi* were ; nor was this Saint
 A doating Mother, as *Cornelia* was :
 This lost no Husband, in whose Overthrow
 Her Wealth and Honour sunk ; no Fear of Want
 Did make her Being tedious ; but, aiming
 At an immortal Crown, and in his Cause
 Who only can bestow it, who sent down
 Legions of ministr'ring Angels to bear up
 Her spotless Soul to Heav'n ; who entertain'd it
 With choice celestial Musick, equal to
 The Motion of the Spheres, she, uncompell'd,
 Chang'd this Life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*,
 You at her Death were present ; did you e'er hear
 Such ravishing Sounds ?

Sap. Yet you said then 'twas Witchcraft
 And devilish Illusions.

Theoph. I then heard it
 With sinful Ears, and belch'd out blasphemous Words
 Against his Deity which then I knew not,
 Nor did believe in him.

Diocle. Why, dost thou now ? Or dar'st thou, in our
 Hearing ?

Theoph. Were my Voice
 As loud as is his Thunder, to be heard
 Thro' all the World, all Potentates on Earth
 Ready to burst with Rage, should they but hear it ;
 Tho' Hell, to aid their Malice lent her Furies,
 Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
 I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
 But Dreams of Fools and Madmen.

Max. Lay Hands on him.

Diocle. Thou twice a Child ! (for doting Age so
 makes thee)
 Thou couldst not else, thy Pilgrimage of Life
 Being almost past thro', in this last Moment,
 Destroy whate'er thou hast done good, or great ;
 Thy Youth did Promise much ; and, grown a Man,

Thou mad'st it good, and with Increase of Years
 Thy Actions still better'd: As the Sun,
 Thou didst rise gloriously, keepst a constant Course
 In all thy Journey; and now, in the Evening,
 When thou shouldst pass with Honour to thy Rest,
 Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap. Yet confess

That thou art mad, and that thy Tongue and Heart
 Had no Agreement.

Max. Do; no Way is left, else,
 To save thy Life, *Theophilus*.

Diocle. But, refuse it,
 Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
 Shall fall upon thee, as if Hell stood open,
 And thou wert sinking thither.

Theoph. Hear me, yet;
 Hear for my Service past.

Artem. What will he say?

Theoph. As ever I deserv'd your Favour, hear me,
 And grant one Boon; 'tis not for Life I sue;
 Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew Pity
 To any Christian, being one myself,
 Should look for any; no, I rather beg
 The utmost of your Cruelty; I stand
 Accomptable for thousand Christians' Deaths:
 And, were it possible that I could die
 A Day for every one, then live again
 To be again tormented, 'twere to me
 An easy Penance, and I should pass thro'
 A gentle cleansing Fire; but, that deny'd me,
 It being beyond the Strength of feeble Nature,
 My Suit is, you would have no Pity on me.
 In mine own House there are a thousand Engines
 Of studied Cruelty, which I did prepare
 For miserable Christians; let me feel,
 As the *Sicilian* did his brazen Bull,
 The horridst you can find, and I will say,
 In death, that you are merciful.

Diocle. Despair not :

In this thou shalt prevail—go fetch 'em hither :

[*Some go for the Rack.*]

Death shall put on a thousand Shapes at once,
And so appear before thee ; Racks, and Whips,
Thy Flesh, with burning Pincers torn, shall feed
He Fire that heats them ; and, what's wanting to
The Torture of thy Body, I'll supply
In punishing thy Mind.—Fetch all the Christians
That are in Hold ; and here, before his Face,
Cut 'em in Pieces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy Power—

It was the first good Deed I ever did ;
They are remov'd out of thy Reach ; howe'er
I was determin'd for my Sins to die,
I first took Order for their Liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Diocle. Bind him, I say ;

Make every Artery and Sinew crack ;
He that makes him give the loudest Shriek,
Shall have ten thousand Drachmas : Wretch ! I'll force
thee

To curse the Power thou worshipst :

Theoph. Never, never.

No Breath of mine shall e'er be spent on him,

[*They torture him.*]

But what shall speak his Majesty or Mercy :
I'm honour'd in my Sufferings—Weak Tormentors—
More Tortures, more—alas ! you are unskilful—
For Heav'n's Sake more : My Breast is yet untorn :
Here purchase the Reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool,—here are Arms yet, and Thighs ;
Spare no Part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The Suffrance of a Man.

Sap. No Sigh nor Groan,
To witness he hath Feeling.

Diocle. Harder, Villains !

Enter Harpax.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever :
If Torments ever could bring forth Despair,
Let these compel him to it : Oh me !
My ancient Enemies again ? [Falls down.

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe,
a Crown upon her Head, lead in by the Angel ; Antoninus,
Caliste, and Christeta following, all in white, but less glo-
rious ; the Angel with a Crown for him.*

Theoph. Most glorious Vision !
Did e'er so hard a Bed yield Man a Dream
So heavenly as this ? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you blessed Spirits, and make Haste
To take that Crown of Immortality
You offer to me ;—Death, till this blessed Minute,
I never thought thee slow-pac'd ! nor would I
Hasten thee now, for any Pain I suffer,
But that thou keepst me from a glorious Wreath,
Which, thro' this stormy Way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with Humility wear it.
Oh ! now I feel thee :—Blessed Spirits ! I come,
And, witness for me all these Wounds and Scars,
I die a Soldier in the Christian Wars. [Dies.

Sap. I've seen thousands tortur'd, but ne'er yet
A Constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy Place appointed, cursed Fiend !
In Spite of Hell, this Soldier's not thy Prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hath lost, the Day.

[Exit Angelo.

Diocle. I think the Centre of the Earth be crackt,
[The Devil sinks with Thunder and Lightning.
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will go on ;

The Persecution that is here begun,
Thro' all the World with Violence shall run.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

There is not much to be said in Favour of this Play, which I consider as the worst in this Collection. The Subject is unpleasing; the Incidents unnatural; and the supernatural Agents that are introduced to bring them about, assuming merely the characters of Men, are destitute of the Singularity, Wildness and Fancy, which renders those fictitious Beings so enchanting, which are raised by the magical Pen of *Shakespeare*: the Scenes between *Hircius* and *Spungius* are detestable; replete with Ribaldry of the most abominable Kind, without any Tincture of Wit or Humour: yet perhaps it is to those that the Piece was indebted for the Applause it received on its Representation. The first Act, however, is well written; and there are many poetical Passages dispersed through the Rest of the serious Parts of it; yet, even in these, the Language is unequal; and I think it is not difficult to distinguish the Hand of *Decker* from that of *Massinger*. I wish I was authorized to pronounce with Certainty, that all the Comick Scenes were the Production of the former.

End of THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

THE
DUKE OF MILAN.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often ACTED by His MAJESTY'S
Servants, at the *Black-Friars*, in the Year 1623.

WRITTEN BY

PHILLIP MASSINGER, Gent.

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T O

The Right Honourable, and much esteemed for her
High Birth, but more admired for her Virtue,

The Lady KATHERINE STANHOPE,

Wife to PHILIP Lord STANHOPE,

Baron of SHELFORD.

M A D A M,

IF I were not most assured that Works of this Nature have found both Patronage and Protection amongst the greatest Princes of Italy, and are at this Day cherished by Persons most eminent in our Kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect Labours at the Altar of your Favour. Let the Example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this Kindness (if my Boldness offend) plead my Pardon, and the rather since there is no other Means left me, my Misfortunes having cast me on this Course) to publish to the World (if it hold the least good Opinion of me) that I am ever your Ladyship's Creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing Clemency of your Noble Disposition, not to condemn the tender of his Duty, who while he is, will ever be

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours,

PHILIP MASSINGER,

VOL. I.

N

Dramatis Personæ.

LUDOVICO SFORZA, Duke of MILAN.
SIGNIOR FRANCISCO, his especial Favourite.
TIBERIO, } Lords of his Council.
STEPHANO, }
PESCARA, a Marquis, and Friend to SFORZA.
GRACCHO, a Creature of MARIANA, Sister to SFORZA.
CHARLES, the Emperor.
HERNANDO, } Captains to the Emperor.
MEDINA, }
ALPHONSO, }
MARCELIA, the Dutcheſs, Wife to SFORZA.
ISABELLA, Mother to SFORZA.
MARIANA, Wife to FRANCISCO, and Sister to SFORZA.
EUGENIA, Sister to FRANCISCO.
Two Poſts, a Beadle, Waiters, Mutes.

THE
DUKE of MILAN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, a public Palace in Pisa


Graccho, Jovio, and Giovanni, with Flaggons.

Graccho,

TAKE every Man his Flaggon : give the Oath
To all you meet : I'm this Day the State-drunkard ;
(I'm sure against my Will)—And if you find
A Man, at ten, that's sober, he's a Traitor,
And, in my Name, arrest him.

Jov. Very good, Sir :
But, say he be a Sexton ?

Grac. If the Bells
Ring out of Tune, as if the Street were burning,
And he cry, 'tis rare Musick ; bid him sleep :
'Tis a Sign he has took his Liquor ; and, if you meet
An Officer preaching of Sobriety,

 * I shall not give any further Account of the Tale in general, than that it greatly resembles the famous one of *Herod* and *Mariamne*. *Sforza* the Duke of *Milan* is drawn as rash, uxorious, and jealous, and *Marcellia* his Wife as beautiful, proud and resentful. *Sforza* obliges the Emperor *Charles V.* as *Herod* had done *Octavius*, and was obliged to pay his Compliments in Person to make his Peace. During his Absence, he leaves the same Charge with *Franisco*, his Favourite, to cut off his Wife, that *Herod* did ; and *Marcellia* discovers it, in the same Manner with *Mariamne*. Some other Circumstances are different ; and the modern Play of that Name is more uniform and consistent than this, but in my Opinion has not so many fine independent Passages.

Unless he read it in *Geneva*'s Print,
Lay him by the Heels.

Jov. But think you 'tis a Fault
To be found sober?

Grac. It is Capital Treason;
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty Crowns to the Poor: But give a Pension
To all the Magistrates you find singing Catches
Or their Wives dancing; for the Courtiers reeling,
And the Duke himself, (I dare not say distemper'd,
But kind, and in his tottering Chair carousing)
They do the Country Service. If you meet
One that eats Bread, a Child of Ignorance,
And bred up in the Darkness of no drinking;
Against his Will, you may initiate him,
In the true Posture; tho' he die in the taking
His Drench it skills not: what's a private Man
For th' publick Honour? We've nought else to think on.
And so, dear Friends, Copartners in my Travels,
Drink hard; and let the Health run thro' the City,
Until it reel again, and with me cry
Long live the Dutchess!

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Jov. Here are two Lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the Oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear 'em; your Lord, by his Patent,
Stands bound to take his Rouse. Long live the Dutchess!
[*Exeunt Graccho and Jovio.*]

Steph. The Cause of this? But Yesterday the Court
Wore the sad Livery of Distrust and Fear;
No smile, not in a Buffoon to be seen
Or common Jester: The Great Duke himself
Had Sorrow in his Face; which, waited on
By his Mother, Sister, and his fairest Dutchess,
Dispersed a silent Mourning thro' all *Milan*;

² Alluding to the spirituous Liquor so called. M. M.

As if some great Blow had been given the State,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,

I know, as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of Secrets of more Weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that *Sforza*,
The present Duke, (tho' his whole Life hath been
But one continu'd Pilgrimage thro' Dangers,
Affrights, and Horrors, which his Fortune, guided
By his strong Judgment, still hath overcome)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no Wonder:
All that his Youth hath labour'd for, the Harvest
Sown by his Industry, ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at Stake; and all his Hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever:—

Steph. I know no such Hazard:
His Guards are strong, and sure: His Coffers full;
The People well affected; and so wisely
His provident Care hath wrought, that tho' War rages
In most Parts of our Western World, there is
No Enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten Ruin, are with Ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected;
The Lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible Effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your Knowledge,
And make his Cause of Fear familiar to you.
The Wars, so long continued between
The Emperor *Charles*, and *Francis* the French King
Have int'rested, in either's Cause, the most
Of the Italian Princes; Among which, *Sforza*,
As one of greatest Power, was fought by both;
But with Assurance having one his Friend,
The other liv'd his Enemy.

Steph. 'Tis true;
And 'twas a doubtful Choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing
And hating too, (it seems) the Spanish Pride,
Lent his Assistance to the King of France:

Which hath so far incens'd the Emperor,
That all his Hopes and Honours are embark'd
With his great Patron's Fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But should it change,
The Duke's undone. They have drawn to the Field
Two Royal Armies, full of fiery Youth;
Of equal Spirit to dare, and Power to do:
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all Hope
Of Human Counsel they can e'er be sever'd
Until it be determin'd by the Sword,
Who hath the better Cause: For the Success
Concludes the Victor innocent and the Vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The Fortune of the War is, Children know;
And, it being in Suspense, on whose fair Tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious Stand,
You cannot blame the Duke tho' he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
In such a Time when every Knee should bend
For the Success and Safety of his Person,
Are these loud Triumphs?—In my weak Opinion,
They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the Cause to be excus'd;
It is the Dutchess's Birth-day, once a Year
Solemniz'd, with all Pomp and Ceremony;
In which the Duke is not his own but hers.
Nay, every Day indeed he is her Creature,
For never Man so doted: But to tell
The tenth Part of his Fondness to a Stranger,
Would argue me of Fiction.

Steph. She's, indeed,
A Lady of most exquisite Form.

Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.

Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted,
In any Point of Honour.

Tib. On my Life,
 She's constant to his Bed, and well deserves
 His largest Favours. But, when Beauty is
 Stamp'd on great Women (great in Birth and Fortune,
 And blown by Flatt'ers greater than it is)
 'Tis seldom unaccompany'd with Pride;
 Nor is she that Way free: Presuming on
 The Duke's Affection and her own Desert,
 She bears herself with such a Majesty,
 Looking with Scorn on all, as Things beneath her;
 That *Sforza's* Mother, (that would lose no Part
 Of what was once her own;) nor his fair Sister,
 (A Lady too, acquainted with her Worth)
 Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their Hate
 Is smother'd for a Time, 'tis more than fear'd,
 It will at length break out.

Steph. He, in whose Pow'r it is,
 Turn all to th' best!

Tib. Come, let us to the Court,
 We there shall see all Bravery, and Cost,
 That Art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you Company.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. II.

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, and Mariana.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a Spot
 In her proud Train.

Isab. Shall I, that am his Mother,
 Be so indulgent as to wait on her
 That owes me Duty?

Fran. 'Tis done to the Duke
 And not to her.—And, my sweet Wife, remember,
 And, Madam, if you please, receive my Counsel,
 As *Sforza* is your Son, you may command him;
 And, as a Sister, you may challenge from him

A Brother's Love and Favour : But, this granted,
 Consider he's the Prince, and you his Subjects ;
 And not to question or contend with her
 Whom he is pleas'd to honour. Private Men
 Prefer their Wives ; and shall he, being a Prince,
 And blest with one that is the *Paradise*
 Of Sweetness, and of Beauty, to whose Charge
 The Stock of Women's Goodness is given up,
 Not use her like herself ?

Ifab. You're ever forward
 To sing her Praises.

Mari. Others are as fair ;
 I'm sure as noble.

Fran. I detract from none,
 In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
 Yet being the Dutchess, I stand bound to serve her ;
 But, as she is, to admire her. Never Wife
 Met with a purer Heat her Husband's Fervour ;
 A happy Pair, one in the other blest !
 She confident in herself, he's wholly hers,
 And cannot seek for change : and he secure
 That 'tis not in the Power of Man to tempt her.
 And therefore, to contest with her, that is
 The stronger and the better Part of him,
 Is more than folly. You know him of a Nature
 Not to be play'd with ; and, should you forget
 To obey him as your Prince he'll not remember
 The Duty that he owes you.

Ifab. 'Tis but Truth :

Come, clear our Brows, and let us to the Banquet ;
 —But not to serve his Idol.

Mari. I shall do
 What may become the Sister of a Prince ;
 But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise ;
 Soar not too high to fall ; but stoop to rise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Gentlemen setting forth a Banquet.

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for Love's Sake! let the Court
put on

Her choicest Outside: Cost and Bravery
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the Eye, the Ear, Taste, Touch, or Smell,
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a Masque:
Have you heard what's the Invention?

1 *Gent.* No Matter:
It is intended for the Dutchess' Honour;
And, if it give her glorious Attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the Duke.—They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in Order.

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcelia,
Isabella, Mariana, and Attendants.*

Sfor. You are the Mistress of the Feast—Sit here,
O my Soul's Comfort! and when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to do you Honour, let none think
The meanest Service they can pay my Love,
But as a fair Addition to those Titles
They stand possess'd of. Let me glory in
My Happiness, and mighty Kings look pale
With Envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O Mother, look on her! Sister, admire her!
And, since this present Age yields not a Woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past: And let Imagination help!

3 *And let Imagination, &c.*

This Passage is somewhat embarrassed, but the Sense of it is this;
That tho' in fashioning in their Minds the *Phoenix* of Perfection
they should be assisted by a Recollection of the most boasted Ladies
of Antiquity, they must still confess that Perfection was to be found
in *Marcelia* only. *M. M.*

Of those canoniz'd Ladies *Sparta* boasts of,
 And, in her Greatness, *Rome* was proud to owe,
 To Fashion, and yet still you must confess,
 The *Phoenix* of Perfection ne'er was seen,
 But in my fair *Marcellia*.

Fran. She's, indeed,
 The Wonder of all Times.

Tib. Your Excellence,
 (Tho' I confess you give her but her own)
 Enforces her Modesty to the Defence
 Of a sweet Blush.

Sfor. It need not, my *Marcellia* ;
 When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
 A poor Detractor : For thou art indeed
 So perfect both in Body and in Mind,
 That, but to speak the least Part to the Height,
 Would ask an Angel's Tongue !—and yet then end
 In silent Admiration !

Ifab. You still court her,
 As if she were a Mistress, not your Wife.

Sfor. A Mistress, Mother ? She is more to me,
 And ev'ry Day deserves more to be su'd to.
 Such as are cloy'd with those they have embrac'd,
 May think their wooing done. No Night to me
 But is a bridal one, where *Hymen* lights
 His Torches fresh and new ; and those Delights,
 Which are not to be cloth'd in airy Sounds,
 Enjoy'd beget Desires as full of Heat
 And jovial Fervour, as when first I tasted
 Her Virgin Fruit :—Blest Night ! and be it number'd
 Amongst those happy ones, in which a Blessing
 Was, by the full Consent of all the Stars
 Conferr'd upon Mankind.

Marc. My worthiest Lord ! 4

4 *My worthiest Lord!*

✠ *Milton* seems to have copied this in his *Paradise Lost*. *Eve* says to *Adam*,

“ O Sole in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
 “ My Glory, my Perfection.” Book 5. V. 28.

The only Object I behold with Pleasure !
 My Pride, my Glory ! in a Word, my all !
 Bear Witness, Heaven, that I esteem myself
 In nothing worthy of the meanest Praise
 You can bestow, unless it be in this,
 That in my Heart I love and honour you.
 And, but that it would smell of Arrogance,
 To speak my strong Desire and Zeal to serve you,
 I then could say, these Eyes yet never saw
 The rising Sun, but that my Vows, and Prayers
 Were sent to Heav'n for the Prosperity
 And Safety of my Lord : Nor have I ever
 Had other Study but how to appear
 Worthy your Favour : and that my Embraces
 Might yield a fruitful Harvest of Content
 For all your noble Travel, in the Purchase
 Of her that's still your Servant ; by these Lips,
 (Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss)——

Sfor. O Sweet, for ever swear !

Marc. I ne'er will seek

Delight, but in your Pleasure ; and desire,
 When you are fated with all earthly Glories,
 And Age and Honours make you fit for Heaven,
 That one Grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believ'd,
 Believ'd, my blest One.

Mari. How she winds herself
 Into his Soul !

[*Aside.*]

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
 On those gross Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
 Immortal Viands ta'en in at his Eyes.
 I could live ever thus. Command the Eunuch
 To sing the Ditty that I last composed,

Enter Post.

In Praise of my *Marcellia*.——From whence ?

Post. From *Pavia*, my dread Lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost ?

Post. The Letter will inform you.

Fran. How his Hand shakes, As he receives it! [Aside.]

Mari. This is some Allay To his hot Passion, [Aside.]

Sfor. Tho' it bring Death, I'll read it.

May it please your Excellence to understand, that the very Hour I wrote this, I heard a bold Defiance delivered by a Herald from the Emperor, which was cheerfully received by the King of France. The Battle being ready to join, and the Van-guard committed to my Charge, inforges me to end abruptly.

Your Highness's Servant,

Gaspero.

Ready to join?—By this, then, I am nothing; Or my Estate secure.

Marc. My Lord!

Sfor. To doubt,

Is worse than to have lost; and to despair, I

Is but to antedate those Miseries

That must fall on us; all my Hopes depending,

Upon this Battle's Fortune.—In my Soul,

Methinks, there should be that imperious Power,

By supernatural, not usual Means,

T' inform me what I am. The Cause consider'd,

Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,

Their Numbers full, and in their Councils wise:

But then, the haughty Spaniard is all Fire,

Hot in his Executions; fortunate

In his Attempts; married to Victory:

Aye, there it is that shakes me.

Fran. Excellent Lady,

This Day was dedicated to your Honour;

One Gale of your sweet Breath will easily

Disperse these Clouds: and, but yourself, there's none

That dare speak to him.

Marc. I will run the Hazard.

My Lord!

Sfor. Ha!—Pardon me, *Marcellia*; I am troubled—
And stand uncertain, whether I am Master
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours, Sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no Loss could move you. This Day, Sir,
Is by your Gift made mine: Can you revoke
A Grant made to *Marcellia*? Your *Marcellia*?
For whose Love, nay, whose Honour, gentle Sir,
(All deep Designs, and State-affairs deferr'd)
Be, as you purpos'd, merry.

Sfor. Out of my Sight,
And all Thoughts that may strangle Mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of Fate;
Tho' the Foundation of the Earth should shrink,
The glorious Eye of Heaven lose his Splendor;
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the Ruins,
And seek for new Life here——Why are you sad?
No other Sports? By Heav'n he's not my Friend,
That wears one Furrow in his Face. I was told
There was a Masque.

Fran. They wait your Highness' Pleasure,
And when you please to have it.

Sfor. Bid 'em enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rap't,
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my Days, and Years, shall be employ'd
To do thee Honour.

Marc. And my Life to serve you.— [A Horn.

Sfor. Another Post?—Go hang him, hang him,
I say;

I will not interrupt my present Pleasures,
Altho' his Message should import my Head:
Hang him, I say.

s Out of my Sight, &c.

He is here supposed to throw away the Letter, to which these
Words are addressed. *M. M.*

Marc. Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd
To grant a little Intermiffion to you ;
Who knows but he brings News we wifh to hear,
To heighten our Delights.

Sfor. As wife as fair.

Enter another Poft.

From *Gafpero* ?

Poft. That, was my Lord.

Sfor. How, dead ?

Poft. With the Delivery of this, and Prayers,
To guard your Excellency from certain Dangers,
He ceas'd to be a Man.

Sfor. All that my Fears
Could fafhion to me, or my Enemies wifh,
Is fall'n upon me.—Silence that harfh Mufick :
'Tis now unfeafonable. A tolling Bell,
As a fad Harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd Lump of Flefh muft feaft the Worms ;
Is fitter for me——I am fick.

Marc. My Lord ?

Sfor. Sick to Death, *Marcelia*.—Remove
Thefe Signs of Mirth ; they were ominous, and but ufh'er'd
Sorrow and Ruin.

Marc. Bleft us, Heaven !

Ifab. My Son !

Marc. What fudden Change is this ?

Sfor. All leave the Room ;

I'll bear alone the Burden of my Grief,
And muft admit no Partner.—I am yet
Your Prince, where's your Obedience ? Stay, *Marcelia* ;
I cannot be fo greedy of a Sorrow
In which you muft not fhare.

Marc. And chearfully

I will fufftain my Part—Why look you pale ?
Where is that wonted Conftancy, and Courage,
That dar'd the worft of Fortune ? Where is *Sforza*,
To whom all Dangers that fright common Men,
Appear'd but panick Terrors ?—Why do you eye me

With such fix'd Looks? Love, Counsel, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not Danger.

Sfor. O *Marcellia*!

It is for thee I fear: For thee, thy *Sforza*
Shakes like a Coward; for myself, unmov'd
I could have heard my Troops were cut in Pieces,
My General slain; and he, on whom my Hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their Dependence,
The King of *France*, my greatest Friend, made Prisoner
To so proud Enemies.—

Marc. Then you have just Cause
To shew you are a Man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,
Tho' I add to it, that I am assur'd,
For giving Aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperor incens'd lays his Command
On his victorious Army, flesh'd with Spoil,
And bold of Conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my Estates: Suppose that done too,
The City tak'n, the Kennels running Blood,
The ransack'd Temples falling on their Saints:
My Mother, in my Sight, toss'd on their Pikes,
And Sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast
In Chains, to grace their Triumph; or what else
An Enemy's Insolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* still. But, when I think
That my *Marcellia* (to whom, all these
Are but as Atoms to the greatest Hill)
Must suffer in my Cause; and for me suffer!
All earthly Torments, nay, ev'n those the Damn'd
Howl for in Hell, are gentle Strokes, compar'd
To what I feel, *Marcellia*.

Marc. Good Sir, have Patience:
I can as well partake your adverse Fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample Share
In your Prosperity. 'Tis not in the Power
Of Fate to alter me: For while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But were that Will,
To be so, forc'd, *Marcellia*? and I live

To see those Eyes I prize above my own,
 Dart Favours (tho' compell'd) upon another ?
 Or those sweet Lips (yielding immortal Nectar)
 Be gently touch'd by any but myself ?
 Think, think, *Marcellia*, what a cursed Thing
 I were, beyond Expression.

Marc. Do not feed
 Those jealous Thoughts: the only Blessing that
 Heav'n hath bestow'd on us, more than on Beasts,
 Is, that 'tis in our Pleasure when to die.
 Besides, were I now in another's Power,
 There are so many Ways to let out Life,
 I would not live, for one short Minute, his;
 I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the Goodness of this Woman :

Enter Francisco.

All I can pay is nothing. [*Aside.*]—Why uncall'd for ?

Fran. It is of Weight, Sir, that makes me thus press
 Upon your Privacies. Your constant Friend,
 The Marquis of *Pescara*, tired with Haste,
 Hath Business that concerns your Life and Fortunes,
 And with Speed, to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit Francisco.*
 And, Dearest, to thy Closet: Let thy Prayers
 Assist my Councils.

Marc. To spare Imprecations
 Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit Marcellia.*

Sfor. The Marquis of *Pescara* ? a great Soldier ;
 And, tho' he serv'd upon the adverse Party,
 Ever my constant Friend.

Enter Francisco and Pescara.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
 Full of sad Thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not, good *Francisco*,
 He hath much Cause to grieve.—Would I might end so,
 And not add this, to fear.

Sfor. My dear *Pescara!*

A Miracle in these Times! a Friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling Fortune.

Pesc. If it were

As well in my weak Power, in Act to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a Part of Sorrow with you;
You then should have just Cause to say, *Pescara*
Look'd not upon your State, but on your Virtues,
When he made Suit to be writ in the List
Or those you favour'd.—But my Haste forbids
All Compliment: Thus, then, Sir, to the Purpose.
The Cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your Loss, or Danger;
(For Fame hath many Wings to bring ill Tidings,
And I presume you've heard it) but to give you
Such friendly Counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad Disaster less.

Sfor. You are all Goodness,
And I give up myself to be dispos'd of,
As in your Wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, Sir.

To hope you can hold out against the Emperor,
Were flatt'ring yourself, to your Undoing:
Therefore, the safest Course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his Discretion
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assur'd,
A voluntary Yielding may find Grace,
And will admit Defence, at least Excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his Powers
Have seiz'd your Person and Estates per Force,
You must expect Extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your Counsel into Act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical Affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next Sun
Ride with you—In the mean time, my best Friend,
Pray take your Rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I've travell'd hard,
And will embrace your Counsel. [Exit Pescara.

Sfor. With all Care,
Attend my noble Friend. Stay you, *Francisco*.
—You see how Things stand with me?

Fran. To my Grief:
And if the Loss of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the Building I have rais'd
In your Advancement; and repent no Grace,
I have conferr'd upon you: And, believe me,
Tho' now I should repeat my Favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the Means
Suitable to your Honours: That I thought you
Worthy my Sister and my Family,
And in my Dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you're worthy of them, in your Love
And Service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your Creature;
And any Shape, that you would have me wear
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, *Francisco*;
I now am to deliver to your Trust
A weighty Secret, ⁶ of so strange a Nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the Execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a Deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a Ruffian flesh'd in Murthers,
Or an obdurate Hangman, soft Compassion;

¶ ⁶ *I now am to deliver to your Trust
A weighty Secret.*

The Manner of *Sforza* breaking his Mind to *Francisco*, in the en-
suing Scene, with respect to *Marcellia*, is finely painted, and has a
strange Mixture of Cruelty and Reflection, Delicacy and Madnes,

And yet, *Francisco* (of all Men the dearest;
And from me most deserving) such my State
And strange Condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal Service, and perform it.

Fran. These Preparations, Sir, to work a Stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your Bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless Impertinencies: For I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But thou must swear it,
And put into thy Oath all Joys or Torments
That fright the Wicked, or confirm the Good:
Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)
But, whensoever my Will shall speak, *strike now*;
To fall upon't like Thunder.

Fran. Minister
The Oath in any Way, or Form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: For which Men will curse thee
For being the Instrument; and the blest Angels
Forfake me at my Need for being the Author:
For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Francisco*,
In which the Memory of all good Actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright Posterity by our Example,
That have outgone all Precedents of Villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Tho' taught in Hell's black School, shall ne'er come
near us.

—Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a Man confirm'd——

Sfor. I'll try your Temper:
What think you of my Wife?

Fran. As a Thing sacred:

To whose fair Name and Memory I pay gladly
These Signs of Duty. [Kneels,

Sfor. Is she not the Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman?

Fran. It were a Kind of Blasphemy to dispute it ;
—But to the Purpose, Sir,

Sfor. Add to her Goodness,
Her Tenderness of me, her Care to please me ;
Her unsuspected Chastity, ne'er equall'd ;
Her Innocence, her Honour—O I am lost
In the Ocean of her Virtues and her Graces
When I think of them.

Fran. Now I find the End
Of all your Conjurations : There's some Service
To be done for this sweet Lady. If she have Enemies
That she would have remov'd——

Sfor. Alas ! *Francisco,*
Her greatest Enemy is her greatest Lover ;
Yet, in that Hatred, her Idolater.
One Smile of her's would make a Savage tame ;
One Accent of that Tongue would calm the Seas,
Tho' all the Winds at once strove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present Journey,
(From whence it is all Number to a Cypher,
I ne'er return with Honour) by thy Hand
Must have her murther'd.

Fran. Murther'd !—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again ?
And I, who sometimes you were pleas'd to favour,
Pick'd out the Instrument ?

Sfor. Do not fly off :
What is decreed can never be recall'd ;
'Tis more than Love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd Companion to me in both Fortunes ;
And strong Assurance of thy zealous Faith,
That gives up to thy Trust a Secret that
Racks should not have forc'd from me—O *Francisco,*
There is no Heav'n without her ; nor a Hell,
Where she resides, I ask from her but Justice,

And what I would have paid to her, had Sickness,
 Or any other Accident, divorc'd
 Her purer Soul from her unspotted Body.
 The slavish *Indian* Princes when they die,
 Are cheerfully attended to the Fire
 By the Wife and Slave that living they lov'd best,
 To do them Service in another World :
 Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
 And therefore trifle not, but in thy Looks
 Express a ready Purpose to perform
 What I command ; or, by *Marcelia's* Soul,
 This is thy latest Minute.

Fran. 'Tis not Fear

Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
 But for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
 What Warrant have I ? If you please to sign one,
 I shall, tho' with Unwillingness and Horror,
 Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Francisco* :

But still remember that a Prince's Secrets
 Are Balm, conceal'd ; but Poison if discover'd.
 I may come back ; then this is but a Trial
 To purchase thee, if it were possible,
 A nearer Place in my Affection—but
 I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a Character

I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. †

[*Exeunt.*]

† This Scene is so exquisitely written, that I shall venture to request that the Reader will compare it with one of the most admired Scenes in *Shakespeare* ; I mean that between *King John* and *Hubert*, without fearing that this Comparison will lower their *Idea* of *Massinger's* Abilities. *M. M.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, A Court belonging to the Palace.

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Stephano.

HOW? left the Court?

Tib. Without Guard or Retinue
Fitting a Prince.

Steph. No Enemy near to force him
To leave his own Strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in Bonds, to the Discretion
Of him that hates him? 'Tis beyond Example.
You never heard the Motives that induc'd him
To this strange Course?

Tib. No, those are Cabinet Councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own and sure.—Alas!
We fill up empty Places, and in publick
Are taught to give our Suffrages to that
Which was before determin'd; and are safe so.
Signior *Francisco* (upon whom alone
His absolute Power is with all Strength conferr'd,
During his Absence) can with Ease resolve you:
To me, they're Riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be
My *OEdipus*; I'll rather dwell in Darkness.
But, my good Lord *Tiberio*, this *Francisco*
Is, on the sudden, strangely rais'd.

Tib. O Sir,
He took the thriving Course: He had a Sister,
A fair one too, with whom (as it is rumour'd)
The Duke was too familiar; but she, cast off
(What Promises soever past between them)

Upon the Sight of this ⁸ forsook the Court,
 And since was never seen. To smother this,
 (As Honours never fail to purchase Silence)
Francisco first was grac'd, and Step by Step
 Is rais'd up to this Height.

Steph. But how is his Absence borne ?

Tib. Sadly, it seems,

By the Dutchess ; for, since he left the Court,
 For the most Part she hath kept her private Chamber,
 No Visitants admitted. In the Church,
 She hath been seen to pay her pure Devotions,
 Season'd with Tears ; and sure her Sorrow's true,
 Or deeply counterfeited. Pomp, and State,
 And Bravery's cast off ; and she, that lately
 Rival'd *Poppæa* in her varied Shapes,
 Or the *Ægyptian* Queen ; now, widow-like,
 In sable Colours (as ⁹ her Husband's Dangers
 Strangled in her the Use of any Pleasure)
 Mourns for his Absence.

Steph. It becomes her Virtue,
 And does confirm what was reported of her.

Tib. You take it right : but, on the other Side,
 The Darling of his Mother, *Mariana*,
 As there were an Antipathy between
 Her and the Dutchess' Passions ; and as
 She'd no Dependence on her Brother's Fortune,
 She ne'er appear'd so full of Mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter Graccho, with Fiddlers.

But see her Favourite ; and accompany'd,
 To your Report.

Grac. You shall scrape, and I'll sing
 A scurvy Ditty to a scurvy Tune,
 Repine who dares.

⁸ That is, the present Dutchess. *M. M.*

⁹ *As* means here *as if*, and is frequently used so in these Plays. *M. M.*

Fidl. But, if we should offend,
The Dutchess having silenc'd us : And these Lords
Stand by to hear us——

Grac. They, in Name, are Lords ;
But I am one in Power : And, for the Dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her Pleasure,
We now'll be for my Lady's.

Tib. Signior *Graccho* ?

Grac. A poor Man, Sir, a Servant to the Princess :
But you're great Lords and Counsellors of State,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come, we know
You are a Man in Grace.

Grac. Fye ! no : I grant,
I bear my Fortunes patiently ; serve the Princess,
And have Access at all Times to her Closet,
Such is my Impudence ! when your grave Lordships
Are Masters of the Modesty to attend
Three Hours, nay sometimes four ; and then bid wait
Upon her the next Morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tib. Pray you what News is stirring ? You know all.

Grac. Who, I ? Alas ! I've no Intelligence
At Home nor abroad : I only sometimes guess
The Change of the Times ;—I should ask of your Lord-
ships

Who are to keep their Honours, who to lose 'em ;
Whom the Dutchess smil'd on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me. We poor Waiters
Deal (as you see) in Mirth, and foolish Fiddles :
It is our Element ; and—could you tell me
What Point of State 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this Musick, on mine Honesty,
You would much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah ! you grow saucy.

Tib. And would be laid by th' Heels.

Grac. Not by your Lordships,
Without a special Warrant ;—look to your own Stakes ;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me :
Perhaps, we might change Places too.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Tib. The Princesses——

We must be patient.

Steph. There's no contending.

Tib. See, the informing Rogue!

Steph. That we should stoop
To such a Mushroom!

Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least Word of Scorn, altho' provok'd,
To any Thing of mine. Go, get you Home,
And to your Servants, Friends, and Flatterers, number
How many Descents you're noble:—Look to your
Wives too;

The smooth-chin'd Courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No Way to be a Freeman?

[*Exeunt Tib. and Steph.*

Grac. Your Excellence hath the best Gift to dispatch
These Arras Pictures of Nobility,
I ever read of.

Mari. I can speak sometimes.

Grac. And cover so your bitter Pills with Sweetness
Of princely Language to forbid Reply,
They're greedily swallow'd.

Isab. But to the Purpose, Daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A Visit on this Woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The Absence and the Dangers of my Son
Proclaims a general Sadness?

Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her Honour,
She shall have many of 'em? ¹⁰ I'll make Use
Of my short Reign: My Lord now governs all;
And she shall know, that, her Idolater,
My Brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her Equal.

¹⁰ Referring to *visit* in the Speech preceding.

Grac. Of a little Thing,
It is so full of Gall: A Devil of this Size,
Should they run for a Wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a Horse-head of her. [*Aside.*

Mari. On her Birth-day,
We were forc'd to be merry; and now she's musty,
We must be sad on Pain of her Displeasure;
We will, we will. This is her private Chamber,
Where, like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent Mate, her Servants
Attending her like Mutes: But I'll speak to her,
And in a high Key too.—Play any Thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare Sport. [*Song.*
[*Marcellia above, in black.*

Ifab. She frowns as if
Her Looks could fright us.

Mari. May it please your Greatness,
We heard that your late Physick hath not work'd;
And that breeds Melancholy, as your Doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your Highness' Vassals,
And are to play the Fool to do you Service,
Present you with a Fit of Mirth:—What think you
Of a new Antick.

Ifab. 'Twould show rare in Ladies.

Mari. Being intended for so sweet a Creature:
Were she but pleas'd to grace it.

Ifab. Fye! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean: She's made of Courtesy.

Mari. The Mistress of all Hearts;—One Smile, I
pray you,
On your poor Servants, or a Fiddler's Fee
Coming from those fair Hands, tho' but a Ducat,
We will inshrine it as a holy Relick.

Ifab. 'Tis Wormwood, and it works.

Marc. If I lay by
My Fears, and Griefs (in which you should be Sharers);
If dotting Age could let you but remember,
You have a Son; or frontless Impudence

You are a Sister ; and in making Answer,
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just Anger——

Ifab. A set Speech, on my Life.

Mari. Penn'd by her Chaplain.

Marc. Yes, I can speak, without Instruction speak,
And tell your Want of Manners, that y'are rude,
And saucily rude too.

Grac. Now the Game begins. [*Aside.*

Marc. You durst not, else, on any Hire or Hope,
(Remembring what I am, and whose I am)
Put on the desperate Boldness, to disturb
The least of my Retirements.

Mari. Note her, now.

Marc. For both shall understand, tho' th' one presume
Upon the Privilege due to a Mother,
The Duke stands now on his own Legs, and needs
No Nurse to lead him.

Ifab. How ? a Nurse ?

Marc. A dry one,
And useles too :—But I am merciful,
And Dotage signs your Pardon.

Ifab. I defy thee ;
Thee, and thy Pardons, proud one ?

Marc. For you, Puppet——

Mari. What of me ? Pine-tree

Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little Worth, but much less Wit :
You durst not else, the Duke being wholly mine,
His Pow'r and Honour mine, and the Allegiance,
You owe him, as a Subject, due to me——

Mari. To you ?

Marc. To me : And therefore, as a Vassal,
From this Hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make Use of my Authority,
And as a Princess punish it.

Ifab. A Princess ?

Mari. I had rather be a Slave unto a Moor
Than know thee for my Equal.

Isab. Scornful Thing!
Proud of a white Face!

Mari. Let her but remember
The Issue in her Leg.

Isab. The charge she puts
The State to for Perfumes.

Mri. And howsoe'er
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself
She stinks above Ground. — Oh that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her Nails
Would tear your painted Face, and scratch those Eyes out:
—Do but come down.

Marc. Were there no other Way,
But leaping on thy Neck to break mine own,
Rather than be outbrav'd thus.—

Grac. Forty Ducats
Upon the little Hen: She's of the Kind,
And will not leave the Pit.

[*Aside.*]

Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a Poniard and a Pistol!
But these weak Hands shall shew my Spleen:

Enter Marcellia below.

Marc. Where are you? You Modicum! you Dwarf!

Mari. Here, Giantess, here.

Enter Francisco, Tiberio and Stephano.

Fran. A Tumult in the Court?

Mari. Let her come on.

Fran. What Wind hath rais'd this Tempest?
Sever 'em, I command you. What's the Cause?
Speak, *Mariana.*

Nari. I am out of Breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, Sir,
Or right me on this Monster (she's three Feet
Too high for a Woman) or ne'er look to have
A quiet Hour with me.

Ifab. If my Son were here,
And would endure this, may a Mother's Curse
Pursue, and overtake him !

Fran. O forbear !

In me he's present, both in Power and Will ;
And, Madam, I much griève, that, in his Absence,
There should arise the least Distaste to move you !
It being his principal, nay, only Charge,
To have you in his Absence serv'd and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing Office.

Mari. This is fine, i'Faith.

Grac. I would I were well off.

[*Aside.*

Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, Madam, frown
not

(Till most unwittingly he hath deserv'd it)
On your poor Servant ; to your Excellence
I ever was and will be such, and lay
The Duke's Authority, trusted to me,
With Willingness at your Feet.

Mari. O base !

Ifab. We're like

To have an equal Judge !

Fran. But, should I find

That you are touch'd in any Point of Honour,
Or that the least Neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a Prince.

Fidl. Without Reward,

Pray you dismiss us.

Grac. Would I were five Leagues hence !

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Fran. I will be partial to none ; not to myself :
Be you but pleas'd to shew me my Offence ;
Or, if you hold me in your good Opinion,
Name those that have offended you,

Ifab. I am one ;

And I will justify it.

Mari. Thou art a base Fellow

To take her Part.

Fran. Remember, she's the Dutchess.

Marc. But us'd with more Contempt, than if I were
A Peasant's Daughter ; baited, and hooted at,

Like to a common Strumpet ; with loud Noises
 Forc'd from my Prayers : and my Private Chamber
 (Which, with all Willingness I would make my Prison,
 During the Absence of my Lord) deny'd me.

But if he e'er return——

Fran. Were you an Actor
 In this lewd Comedy ?

Mari. I, marry was I ;
 And will be one again.

Ifab. I'll join with her,
 Tho' you repine at it.

Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
 (For I stand bound to Honour, and to serve you ;)
 But that the Duke, that lives in this great Lady,
 For the Contempt of him in her, commands you
 To be close Prisoners.

Ifab. *Mariana*, Prisoners ?

Fran. Bear them hence ;
 This is your Charge, my Lord *Tiberio*,
 And, *Stephano*, this is yours.

Marc. I am not cruel,
 But pleas'd they may have Liberty.

Ifab. Pleas'd, with a Mischief !

Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome Dungeon,
 Than in a Paradise, at her Intreaty :
 And, for you, Upstart.——

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. What shall become of these ?

Fran. See them well whipp'd,
 As you will answer it.

Tib. Now, Signior *Graccho*,
 What's become of your Greatness ?

Grac. I preach Patience,
 And must endure my Fortune.

Fid. I was never yet
 At such a hunts-up, nor was so rewarded.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelia.*

Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you
 are
 To be serv'd and honour'd ; which when they confess,

You may again receive them to your Favour :
And then it will shew nobly.

Marc. With my Thanks
The Duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his Presence.

Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair Acceptance ;
That is the Prize, indeed ; All else are Blanks,
And of no Value. As in virtuous Actions,
The Undertaker finds a full Reward,
Altho' conferr'd upon unthankful Men ;
So, any Service done to so much Sweetness,
(However dangerous) and subject to
An ill Construction) in your Favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious End.

Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal Duty ; but, in any other,
It would appear gross Flattery.

Fran. Flattery, Madam !
You are so rare and excellent in all Things,
And rais'd so high upon a Rock of Goodness,
That Vice can never reach you ; who but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But must bow to it ? and out of that Zeal
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it ?

Marc. Whither will this Fellow ?

Fran. Pardon therefore, Madam,
If an Excess in me of humble Duty,
Teach me to hope (and tho' it be not in
The Pow'r of Man to merit such a Blessing)
My Piety, for it is more than Love,
May find Reward.

Marc. You have it in my Thanks :
And, on my Hand, I am pleas'd that you shall take
A full Possession of it. But, take Heed
That you fix here, and feed no Hope beyond this ;
If you do, 'twill prove fatal.

Fran. Be it Death,
And Death with Torments Tyrants ne'er found out ;
Yet I must say I love you.

Marc. As a Subject ;
And 'twill become you.

Fran. Farewel Circumstance !
And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,
But by a plain, and usual Form of Speech ;
All superstitious Reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you.—Why do you start, and fly me ?
I am no Monster, and you but a Woman :
A Woman made to yield, and by Example
Told it is lawful ; Favours of this Nature
Are, in our Age, no Miracles in the greatest ;
And, therefore, Lady——

Marc. Keep off.—O you Powers !——
Libidinous Beast ! and, add to that, unthankful !
(A Crime, which Creatures wanting Reason, fly from)
Are all the princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,
Which, with some Prejudice to his own Wisdom,
Thy Lord and Raifer hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three Days Absence burried ? Hath he made thee
(A thing obscure, almost without a Name)
The Envy of great Fortunes ? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy Rank ? And entertain'd thee, as
A Friend, and not a Servant ? And is this,
This impudent Attempt to taint mine Honour,
The fair Return of both our ventur'd Favours ?

Fran. Hear my Excuse.

Marc. The Devil may plead Mercy,
And with as much Assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns Lust so hot in thee ? Or is thy Pride
Grown up to such a Height, that but a Princess,
No Woman can content thee ? And, add to that,
His Wife and Princess, to whom thou art ty'd
In all the Bonds of Duty ?—Read my Life,
And find one Act of mine so loosely carried
That could invite a most self-loving Fool,
Set off with all that Fortune could throw on him,
To the least Hope to find Way to my Favour ;
And (what's the worst mine Enemies could wish me)
I'll be thy Strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledg'd, Madam,
That your whole Course of Life hath been a Pattern
For chaste and virtuous Women. In your Beauty
(Which I first saw, and lov'd (as a fair Crystal,
I read your heavenly Mind, clear and untainted ;
And while the Duke did prize you to your Value
(Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full Career of Goodness :
But now I find that he's fall'n from his Fortune,
And (howsoever he would appear doting)
Grown cold in his Affection ; I presume,
From his most barbarous Neglect of you,
To offer my true Service : Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the Courtesies of him
That, of all living Men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of Impudence !

Fran. You'll say I'm modest,
When I have told the Story. Can he tax me
(That have receiv'd some worldly Trifles from him)
For being ungrateful ? When he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd your sweet Embraces
(In which, all Blessings that our frail Condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with Happiness, contemns the Giver
Of his Felicity ? And, as he reach'd not
The Master-piece of Mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those Favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly Hate ?—You think he loves you
With unexampled Fervour ; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than Woman :
When, on my Knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the Dead ;—And I, you scorn so,
Perhaps am your Preserver.

Marc. Bless me, good Angels,
Or I am blasted ! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a Purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human Tongue.
My Husband hate me ? Give thyself the Lie,

False and accurs'd thy Soul (if thou hast any)
 Can witness, never Lady stood so bound
 To the unfeign'd Affection of her Lord,
 As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou wouldst work
 Upon my weak Credulity, tell me, rather,
 That the Earth moves: ¹¹ the Sun and Stars stand still;
 The Ocean keeps nor Floods nor Ebbs; or that
 There's Peace between the Lion, and the Lamb;
 Or that the rav'nous Eagle and the Dove
 Keep in one Aviary, and bring up their Young:
 Or any Thing that is averse to Nature
 And I will sooner credit it, than that
 My Lord can think of me, but as a Jewel,
 He loves more than himself, and all the World.

Fran. O Innocence abus'd! Simplicity cozen'd!
 It were a Sin for which we have no Name
 To keep you longer in this wilful Error,
 Read his Affection here; and then observe
 How dear he holds you.—'Tis his Character,
 Which Cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his Hand, I am resolv'd ¹² of it:
 I'll try what the Inscription is.

Fran. Pray you, do so.

Marc. " You know my Pleasure, and the Hour of
 " *Marcellia's* Death, which fail not to execute, as you
 " will answer the Contrary, not with your Head alone,
 " but with the Ruin of your whole Family. And this,
 " written with mine own Hand, and signed with my
 " privy Signet, shall be your sufficient Warrant.

Lodovico Sforza."

I do obey it, every Word's a Poniard,
 And reaches to my Heart.

[*She swoons.*]

¹¹ *That the Earth moves, &c.*

What *Massinger* thought so contrary to Nature, is now proved beyond a possibility of doubt, to be the real Case; that the Earth does move, and the Sun stands still. *M. M.*

¹² *Resolved* means here *convinced.* *M. M.*

Fran. What have I done ?—

Madam! for Heav'n's Sake, Madam!—O my Fate!—
I'll bend her Body :—This is, yet, some Pleasure :
I'll kiss her into a new Life. Dear Lady!—

She stirs : For the Duke's Sake ; for *Sforza's* Sake.—

Marc. *Sforza's* ? Stand off : Tho' dead, I will be his,
And ev'n my Ashes shall abhor the Touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel !

Learn, Women, learn to trust in one another ;
There is no Faith in Man : *Sforza* is false,
False to *Marcellia*.

Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the Pomp,
State, and Observance you had, being his,
Compar'd to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more rememb'rd. Lose his Memory,
And look with cheerful Beams on your new Creature :
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the Emperor
Take not his Life, at his Return he dies,
And by my Hand : My Wife, that is his Heir,
Shall quickly follow.—Then we reign alone :
For with this Arm I'll swim thro' Seas of Blood,
Or make a Bridge, arch'd with the bones of Men,
But I will grasp you in my Arms, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of Women.

Marc. Thou art a Villain :
All Attributes of Arch-villains made into one
Cannot express thee. I prefer the Hate
Of *Sforza*, tho' it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy base Affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true Love to him ;
Nor shall it be corrupted, tho' he's tainted :
Nor will I part with Innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A Thing, that equal with the Devil himself
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing :
Thy Life is in my Power, disdainful Woman !
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, tho' thou wert now
 To play thy Hangman's Part. Thou well may'st be
 My Executioner, and art only fit
 For such Employment; but ne'er hope to have
 The least Grace from me. I will never see thee,
 But as the Shame of Men: So, with my Curses
 Of Horror to thy Conscience in this Life,
 And Pains in Hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
 And, making Haste to make my Peace with Heaven,
 Expect thee as my Hangman. [Exit Marcellia.

Fran. I am lost

In the Discovery of this fatal Secret.
 Curs'd Hope that flatter'd me, that Wrongs could make
 her

A Stranger to her Goodness! All my Plots
 Turn back upon myself;—but I am in,
 And must go on: And, since I have put off
 From the Shore of Innocence, Guilt be now my Pilot,
 Revenge first wrought me; Murder's his Twin-brother:
 One deadly Sin, then, help to cure another!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, The Imperial Camp.

Enter Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso.

Medina.

THE Spoil, the Spoil! 'tis that the Soldier fights
 for;
 Our Victory, as yet, affords us nothing
 But Wounds and empty Honour. We have pass'd
 The Hazard of a dreadful Day, and forc'd
 A Passage with our Swords thro' all the Dangers
 That, Page-like, wait on the Success of War;
 And now expect Reward.

Hern. Hell put it in

The Enemy's Mind to be desperate and hold out :
Yieldings and Compositions will undo us ;
And what is that Way given, for the most Part,
Comes to the Emperor's Coffers, to defray
The Charge of that great Action (as 'tis rumour'd) ;
When, usually, some Thing in Grace (that ne'er heard
The Cannon's roaring Tongue but at a Triumph)
Puts in, and for his Intercession shares
All that we fought for ; the poor Soldier left
To starve, or fill up Hospitals.

Alph. But, when

We enter Towns by Force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with Pillage, and the richest Wines
Open our shrunk-up Veins, and pour into 'em
New Blood and Fervour.

Med. I long to be at it ;

To see these Choughs, ¹³ that every Day may spend
A Soldier's Entertainment for a Year,
Yet make a thin ¹⁴ Meal of a Bunch of Rais'ns :
These Sponges, that suck up a Kingdom's Fat
(Batt'ning like *Scarabs* ¹⁵ in the Dung of Peace)
To be squeez'd out by the rough Hand of War ;
And all that their whole Lives have heap'd together,
By Coz'nage, Perjury, or fordid Thrift,
With one Gripe to be ravish'd.

Hern. I would be towing

Their fair *Madonas*, that in little Dogs,
Monkeys, and Paraquetos consume thousands ;
Yet, for th' Advancement of a noble Action,
Repine to part with a poor Piece of Eight :

¹³ Choughs, Magpies. *D.*

¹⁴ Yet make a third Meal of a Bunch, &c.

This Passage appears to be erroneous : *Medina* is railing at the fordid Thrift if those who, tho' they can afford to spend every Day a Soldier's Pay for a Year, yet live upon a Bunch of Raisins. I therefore read *thin*, instead of *third*. The making a third Meal of Raisins, if they made two good Meals before, would be no Proof of Penuriousness. *M. M.*

¹⁵ *Scarabs*, means *Beetles*. *M. M.*

War's Plagues upon 'em ! I have seen 'em stop
 Their scornful Noses first, then seem to swoon
 At Sight of a Buff-jerkin, if it were not
 Perfum'd and hid with Gold ; yet these nice Wantons
 (Spurr'd on by Lust, cover'd in some Disguise,)
 To meet some rough Court-stallion, and be leap'd,
 Durst enter into any common Brothel,
 Tho' all Varieties of Stink contend there ;
 Yet praise the Entertainment.

Med. I may live

To see the tatter'dst Rascals of my Troop
 Drag 'em out of their Closets with a Vengeance ;
 When neither Threat'ning, Flatt'ring, Kneeling, Howling
 Can ransom one poor Jewel, or redeem
 Themselves from their blunt Wooing.

Hern. My main Hope is,

To begin the Sport at *Milan* : There's enough,
 And of all Kinds of Pleasure we can wish for,
 To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every Day

We look for a Remove.

Med. For *Lodowick Sforza*,

The Duke of *Milan*, I, on mine own Knowledge,
 Can say thus much : He is too much a Soldier,
 Too confident of his own Worth, too rich too,
 And understands too well the Emperor hates him,
 To hope for Composition.

Alph. On my Life,

We need not fear his coming in.

Hern. On mine,

I do not wish it : I had rather that
 To shew his Valour, he'd put us to the Trouble
 To fetch him in by th' Ears.

Med. The Emperor.

Enter Charles the Emperor, Pescara, &c. Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder—nay, it is no Council,
 You may partake it, Gentlemen ; who'd have thought
 That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd Amity,

When he was su'd to, should ere he be summon'd
 (Whether perswaded to it by base Fear,
 Or flatter'd by false Hope, which, 'tis uncertain)
 First kneel for Mercy?

Med. When your Majesty
 Shall please t' instruct us who it is, we may
 Admire it with you.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of Milan,
 The right Hand of the *French*: Of all that stand
 In our Displeasure, whom Necessity
 Compels to seek our Favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so
 In the List of those you pardon. Would his City
 Had rather held us out a Siege, like *Troy*,
 Than, by a feign'd Submission, he should cheat you
 Of a just Revenge; or us, of those fair Glories
 We have sweat Blood to purchase!

Med. With your Honour
 You cannot hear him.

Alph. The Sack alone of *Milan*,
 Will pay the Army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
 To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
 That Money is the Sinew of the War:
 And on what Terms soever he seek Peace,
 'Tis in our Pow'r to grant it, or deny it.
 Yet, for our Glory, and to shew him that
 We've brought him on his Knees, it is resolv'd
 To hear him as a Suppliant. Bring him in;
 But let him see th' Effects of our just Anger,
 In the Guard that you make for him. [*Exit Pescara.*]

Hern. I'm now
 Familiar with the Issue (all Plagues on it!)
 He will appear in some dejected Habit,
 His Count'nance suitable: and, for his Order,
 A Rope about his Neck: Then kneel, and tell
 Old Stories, what a worthy Thing it is
 T' have Pow'r and not to use it; then add to that
 A Tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,

Who said (forsooth, and wisely) “ ’Twas more Honour
 “ To make a King, than kill one : ” Which, apply’d
 To th’ Emperor, and himself, a Pardon’s granted
 To him, an Enemy ; and we, his Servants,
 Condemn’d to Beggary. [*Aside.*

Med. Yonder he comes ;
 But not as you expected. [*Aside.*

Enter Sforza.

Alph. He looks as if
 He would out-face his Dangers. [*Aside.*

Hern. I am cozen’d :
 A Suitor in the Devil’s Name ? [*Aside.*

Med. Hear him speak. [*Aside.*

Sfor. I come not, Emperor, t’ invade thy Mercy,
 By fawning on thy Fortune ; nor bring with me
 Excuses, or Denials. I profess
 (And with a good Man’s Confidence, ev’n this Instant
 That I am in thy Pow’r) I was thine Enemy :
 Thy deadly and vow’d Enemy : one that wish’d
 Confusion to thy Person and Estates :
 And with my utmost Pow’rs, and deepest Counsels,
 Had they been truly follow’d, further’d it :
 Nor will I now, altho’ my Neck were under
 The Hangman’s Axe, with one poor Syllable
 Confess, but that I honour’d the *French King*
 More than thyself, and all Men.

Med. By Saint *Jaques*,
 This is no Flattery. [*Aside.*

Hern. There is Fire and Spirit in’t ;
 But not long-liv’d, I hope. [*Aside.*

Sfor. Now give me Leave
 (My Hate against thyself, and Love to him
 Freely acknowledg’d) to give up the Reasons
 That made me so affected. In my Wants
 I ever found him faithful ; had Supplies
 Of Men and Monies from him ; and my Hopes
 Quite sunk, were, by his Grace, buoy’d up again :
 He was, indeed, to me, as my good Angel,
 To guard me from all Dangers. I dare speak

(Nay must and will) his Praise now, in as high
 And loud a Key, as when he was thy Equal.
 The Benefits he sow'd in me, met not
 Unthankful Ground, but yielded him his own
 With fair Increase, and I still glory in it.
 And, tho' my Fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
 And *Milan*, weigh'd with *France*, appear as nothing)
 Are in thy Fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
 They serv'd but as small Tapers to attend
 The solemn Flame at his great Funeral;
 And with them I will gladly waste myself,
 Rather than undergo the Imputation
 Of being base or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken! [Aside.]

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
 Less than I did. [Aside.]

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
 For Courtesies receiv'd; or not to leave
 A Friend in his Necessities, be a Crime
 Amongst you *Spaniards*, (which other Nations
 That, like you, aim'd at Empire, lov'd, and cherish'd
 Where-e'er they found it) *Sforza* brings his Head
 To pay the Forfeit. Nor come I as a Slave,
 Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid Weed,
 Falling before thy Feet, kneeling and howling,
 For a forestall'd Remission. That were poor,
 And would but shame thy Victory; for Conquest
 Over base Foes, is a Captivity,
 And not a Triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die
 More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
 My Ends in being a Duke, I wore these Robes,
 This Crown upon my Head, and to my Side
 This Sword was girt: And witness Truth, that now
 'Tis in another's Pow'r when I shall part
 With them and Life together, I'm the same:
 My Veins then did not swell with Pride; nor now
 Shrink they for Fear.—Know, Sir, that *Sforza* stands
 Prepar'd for either Fortune.

Hern. As I live,
 I do begin strangely to love this Fellow;

And could part with three Quarters of my Share in
The promis'd Spoil, to save him. [Aside.

Sfor. But, if Example

Of my Fidelity to the *French* (whose Honours,
Titles, and Glories, are now mix'd with yours,
As Brooks, devour'd by Rivers, lose their Names)

Has Pow'r t' invite you to make him a Friend

That hath given evident Proof, he knows to love,

And to be thankful; this my Crown, now yours,

You may restore me, and in me instruct

These brave Commanders (should your Fortune change;

Which now I wish not) what they may expect

From noble Enemies for being faithful.

The Charges of the War I will defray;

And, what you may (not without Hazard) force,

Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the Cries

Of murder'd Infants, and of ravish'd Maids;

Which, in a City sack'd, call on Heav'n's Justice;

And stop the Course of glorious Victories.

And, when I know the Captains and the Soldiers,

That have in the late Battle done best Service,

And are to be rewarded, I myself,

According to their Quality and Merits,

Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said,

And now expect my Sentence.

Alph. By this Light,

'Tis a brave Gentleman! [Aside.

Med. How like a Block

The Emperor sits! [Aside.

Hern. He hath deliver'd Reason,¹⁶

Especially in his Purpose to enrich

Such as fought bravely: (I myself am one,

I care not who knows it) I wonder he

¹⁶ *He hath deliver'd Reasons,*

Hernando evidently means to say that *Sforza* has spoken rationally, especially in expressing his Purpose of enriching those who fought bravely: The word *Reasons* in the Plural will not Express that Sense. *M. M.*

Can be so stupid—Now he begins to stir:
 Mercy, an't be thy Will!— [Aside.]

Charl. Thou hast so far
 Outgone my Expectation; noble *Sforza*,
 (For such I hold thee), and true Constancy,
 Rais'd on a brave Foundation, bears such Palm
 And Privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
 Tho' in an Enemy, it does command us
 To love and honour it.—By my future Hopes,
 I'm glad, for thy Sake, that, in seeking Favour,
 Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,
 Crooked, and abject Means; and for mine own,
 That (since my Purposes must now be chang'd
 Touching thy Life and Fortunes) the World cannot
 Tax me of Levity in my settled Counsels;
 I being neither wrought by tempting Bribes,
 Nor servile Flattery; but forc'd unto it
 By a fair War of Virtue.

Hern. This sounds well. [Aside.]

Charl. All former Passages of Hate be buried:
 For thus with open Arms I meet thy Love,
 And as a Friend embrace it; and so far
 I am from robbing thee of the least Honour,
 That with my Hands, to make it fit the faster,
 I set thy Crown once more upon thy Head;
 And do not only stile thee, Duke of *Milan*,
 But vow to keep thee so: Yet, not to take
 From others to give only to thyself,
 I will not hinder your Magnificence
 To my Commanders, neither will I urge it;
 But in that, as in all Things else, I leave you
 To be your own Disposer, [Flourish. Exit Charles.]

Sfor. May I live
 To seal my Loyalty, tho' with Loss of Life
 In some brave Service worthy *Cæsar's* Favour,
 And I shall die most happy. Gentlemen,
 Receive me to your Loves; and, if henceforth
 There can arise a Difference between us,
 It shall be in a noble Emulation

Who hath the fairest Sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for *Charles* the Emperor?

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the Points of Honour;
And there we are your Scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
As far out-strip the Master. We'll contend
In Love hereafter; in the mean Time, pray you,
Let me discharge my Debt, and, as in earnest
Of what's to come, divide this Cabinet:
In the small Body of it there are Jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand Pistolets;
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfar. And, when great *Charles* commands me to his
Prefence,
If you will please t' excuse my abrupt Departure,
(Designs that most concern me, next this Mercy,
Calling me home) I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the Favour.

Hern. In this, and all Things,
We are your Servants.

Sfor. A Name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt Med. Her. and Alph.*]

Pesc. So, Sir; this Tempest is well overblown,
And all Things fall out to our Wishes. But,
In my Opinion, this quick Return,
Before you've made a Party in the Court
Among the great ones (for these needy Captains
Have little Power in Peace) may beget Danger;
At least Suspicion.

Sfor. Where true Honour lives,
Doubt hath no Being: I desire no Pawn
Beyond an Emperor's Word for my Assurance:
Besides, *Pescara*, to thyself of all Men
I will confess my Weakness—tho' my State
And Crown's restor'd me; tho' I am in Grace
And that a little Stay might be a Step
To greater Honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my Wife, *Pescara*,

Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
 And do not chide, for Friendship Sake, my Fondness;
 But ride along with me; I'll give you Reasons,
 And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your own Pleasure;
 I'll bear you Company.

Sfor. Farewel, Grief! I am stor'd with
 Two Blessings most desir'd in human Life;
 A constant Friend, and unsuspected Wife

Scene changes to Pisa.

Enter Graccho, and an Officer.

Offic. What I did, I had Warrant for... You've tasted
 My Office gently, and for those soft Strokes,
 Flea-bitings to the Jerks I could have lent you,
 There does belong a Feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
 For being tormented and dishonour'd?

Offic. Fye! no,
 Your Honour's not impair'd in't. What's the letting out
 Of a little corrupted Blood, and the next Way too?
 There is no Chirurgeon like me to take off
 A Courtier's Itch that's rampant at great Ladies
 Or turns Knave for Preferment, or grows proud
 Of their rich Cloaks, and Suits, tho' got by Brokage,
 And so forgets his Betters.

Grac. Very good, Sir;
 But am I the first Man of Quality
 That e'er came under your Fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand:
 And they have said I have a lucky Hand too;
 Both Men and Women of all Sorts have bow'd
 Under this Sceptre. I have had a Fellow
 That could indite, forsooth, and make fine Metres
 To tinkle in the Ears of ignorant Madams,
 That for defaming of great Men, was sent me
 Threadbare and lousy, and in three Days after
 (Discharged by another that set him on) I have seen him

Cap-a-pee Gallant, and his Stripes wash'd of
With Oil of Angels.

Grac. 'Twas a soveraign Cure.

Offic. There was a Secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to th' Orders of the Church,
Nor yield to any Argument of Reason,
But still rail at Authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his Tongue, and truss'd his
Haunches,

Grew a fine Pulpit man, and was benefic'd,
Had he not Cause to thank me?

Grac. There was Physick
Was to the Purpose.

Offic. Now, for Women,
For your more Consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine Stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.

Offic. There was lately
A fine She-waiter in the Court, that doted
Extremely of a Gentleman, that had
His main Dependance on a Signior's Favour
(I will not name,) but could not compass him
On any Terms. This Wanton, at dead Midnight,
Was found at the Exercise behind the Arras
With the 'forsoaid Signior: He got clear off;
But she was seiz'd on, and to save his Honour,
Endur'd the Lash; and, tho' I made her often
Curvet and Caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at Push-pin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd? Prithee be brief.

Offic. Why this, Sir.—She delivered,
Had Store of Crowns, assign'd her by her Patron,
Who forc'd the Gentleman, to save her Credit,
To marry her, and say he was the Party
Found in Lob's Pound. So she, that, before, gladly
Would have been his Whore, reigns o'er him as his Wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but Truth, then,
Is not my Office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee; [Gives him Money.
But what will be my Fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft Correction, come again,

Grac. I thank you, Knave.

Offic. And then, Knave, I will fit you. [Exit Officer.

Grac. Whipt like a Rogue? No lighter Punishment
serve

To balance with a little Mirth? 'Tis well;
My Credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit Company only for Pages and for Footboys,
That have perused the Porter's Lodge.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* See, *Julio*,
Yonder the proud Slave is; how he looks now
After his Castigation!

2 *Gent.* As he came¹⁷
From a close Fight at Sea under the Hatches,
With a She-dunkerke, that was shot before
Between Wind and Weather,
And he hath sprung a Leak too, or I'm cozen'd.

1 *Gent.* Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! Am I turn'd to an
Owl?

The Wonder, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* I read, this Morning,
Strange Stories of the passive Fortitude
Of Men in former Ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But, now I look on you, my Wonder ceases.

Grac. The Reason, Sir?

2 *Gent.* Why, Sir, you have been whipp'd;
Whipp'd, Signior *Graccho*: And the Whip, I take it,
Is, to a Gentleman, the greatest Trial
That may be of his Patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict Account for this.

¹⁷ That is, as if he came.

2 *Gent.* I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a Beadle for my Second;
And then I'll answer you.

1 *Gent.* Farewel, poor *Graccho!* [*Exit Gentlemen.*
Grac. Better and better still,—If ever Wrongs
Could teach a Wretch to find the Way to Vengeance,

Enter Francisco and Servant.

Hell now inspire me. How, the Lord Protector!
My Judge! I thank him. Whither thus in private?
I will not see him.

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say, I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or Suits, or Suitors.

Serv. But, Sir, if the Princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?

Fran. Say, I'm rode
Abroad to take the Air; but by no Means
Let her know I'm in Court.

Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit Servant.*

Fran. Within there, Ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good Lord, your Pleasure?

Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy Favour for Access
To th' Dutchess.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my Lord, I dare not;
She's very private.

Fran. Come, there's Gold to buy thee
A new Gown, and a rich one.

Gentlew. This will tempt me. [*Afide.*] I once swore
If e'er I lost my Maidenhead, it should be
With a great Lord as you are; and, I know not how,
I feel a yielding Inclination in me,
If you have Appetite.

Fran. Pox on thy Maidenhead!
Where is thy Lady?

Gentlew. If you venture on her,
She's walking in the Gallery.—Perhaps,
You will find her less tractable.

Fran. Bring me to her.

Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold Entertainment, when
You are at your Journey's End ; and 'twere Discretion
To take a Snatch by the Way.

Fran. Prithee, leave Fooling,
My Page waits in the Lobby : Give him Sweatmcats ;
He is train'd up for his Master's Ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Ex. Francisco and Gentlew.*]

Grac. A brave Discovery, beyond my Hope !
A Plot e'en offer'd to my Hand to work on,
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The Scorn of Worms and Slaves.—Let me consider ;
My Lady and her Mother first committed
In the Favour of the Dutchess, and I whipp'd—
That with an Iron Pen is writ in Brass
On my tough Heart, now grown a harder Metal ;
And all his brib'd Approaches to the Dutchess
To be conceal'd, good, good : This to my Lady,
Deliver'd as I'll order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but Courtship¹⁸ ; let it be,
I care not, so it feed her Jealousy. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Marcellia and Francisco.

Marc. Believe thy Tears or Oaths ? Can it be hop'd,
After a Practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee ?

Fran. Dear Lady,
Great in your Fortune, greater in your Goodness,
Make a superlative of Excellence,
In being greatest in your saving Mercy.

¹⁸ That is, merely his paying his Court to her as Dutchess. *M. M.*

I do confess, humbly confess my Fault,
 To be beyond all Pity; my Attempt,
 So barbarously rude, that it would turn
 A Saint-like Patience into Savage Fury:
 But you that are all Innocence and Virtue,
 No Spleen or Anger in you of a Woman,
 But when a holy Zeal to Piety fires you,
 May, if you please, impute the Fault to Love,
 Or call it beastly Lust, for 'tis no better;
 A Sin, a monstrous Sin, yet with it many
 That did prove good Men after, have been tempted;
 And, tho' I am crooked now, 'tis in your Power
 To make me strait again.

Marc. Is't possible
 This can be Cunning?

[*Aside.*]

Fran. But, if no Submission,
 Nor Prayers can appease you, that you may know
 'Tis not the Fear of Death that makes me sue thus,
 But a loath'd Detestation of my Madness,
 Which makes me wish to live to have your Pardon,
 I will not wait the Sentence of the Duke,
 (Since his Return is doubtful) but I myself
 Will do a fearful Justice on myself,
 No Witnesses by but you, there being no more
 When I offended.—Yet, before I do it,
 For I perceive in you no Signs of Mercy,
 I will disclose a Secret, which, dying with me,
 May prove your Ruin.

Marc. Speak it: it will take from
 The Burthen of thy Conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, Madam,
 The Warrant by my Lord sign'd for your Death,
 Was but conditional; but you must swear
 By your unspotted Truth not to reveal it,
 Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my Hopes
 Of Joys hereafter.—On.

Fran. Nor was it Hate
 That forc'd him to it, but Excess of Love.
 “ And, if I ne'er return, (so said great *Sforza*)

“ No living Man deserving to enjoy
 “ My best *Marcellia*. With the first News
 “ That I am dead, for ¹⁹ no Man after me
 “ Might e’er enjoy her——fail not to kill her ;
 “ But till certain Proof assure thee I am lost,
 “ (These were his Words)
 “ Observe and honour her, as if the Seal
 “ Of Woman’s Goodness only dwelt in her.”
 This Trust I have abus’d and basely wrong’d,
 And, if the excelling Pity of your Mind
 Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
 Rather than look on my offended Lord,
 I stand resolv’d to punish it.

Marc. Hold ! ’tis forgiven,
 And by me freely pardon’d. In thy fair Life
 Hereafter study to deserve this Bounty
 Which thy true Penitence (such I believe it)
 Against my Resolution hath forc’d from me.
 But that my Lord, my *Sforza*, should esteem
 My Life fit only as a Page, to wait on
 The various Course of his uncertain Fortunes ;
 Or cherish in himself that sensual Hope
 In Death to know me as a Wife, afflicts me :
 Nor does his Envy less deserve mine Anger,
 Which, tho’ such is my Love, I would not nourish,
 Will slack the Ardour that I had to see him
 Return in Safety.

Fran. But if your Entertainment
 Should give the least Ground to his Jealousy,
 To raise up an Opinion I am false,
 You then destroy your Mercy. Therefore, Madam,
 (Tho’ I shall ever look on you as on
 My Life’s Preserver, and the Miracle
 Of human Pity) would you but vouchsafe
 In Company to do me those fair Graces
 And Favours which your Innocence and Honour
 May safely warrant, it would to the Duke

¹⁹ For means in this Place, in order that. M. M.

(I being to your best self alone known guilty)
Make me appear most innocent.

Marc. Have your Wishes,
And something I may do to try his Temper ;
At least, to make him know a constant Wife
Is not so slav'd to her Husband's doting Humours,
But that she may deserve to live a Widow,
Her Fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough ;
Nay all I could desire, and will make Way
To my Revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all. [*Aside.*] [*Shout, and flourish.*]

Marc. What Shout is that ?

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Tib. All Happiness to the Dutchess, that may flow
From the Duke's new and wish'd Return !

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it !

Tib. Observe their Encounter.

[*Aside.*
[*Flourish.*]

*Enter Sforza, Pescara, Isabella, Mariana, Graccho, and
the rest.*

Mari. What you have told me, *Graccho*, is believ'd,
And I'll find Time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see Cause ;
I will not do ill Offices.

Sfor. I've stood
Silent thus long, *Marcellia*, expecting
When, with more than a greedy Haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my Arms, and on my Lips
Have printed a deep Welcome. My Desire
To glass myself in these fair Eyes, have borne me
With more than human Speed : Nor durst I stay
In any Temple, or to any Saint
To pay my Vows and Thanks for my Return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My Love and Duty in a modest Fashion,
Such as might suit with the Behaviour
Of one that knows herself a Wife, and how
To temper her Desires; not like a Wanton
Fir'd with hot Appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How? Why, can there be
A Mean in your Affections to *Sforza*?
Or any Act, tho' ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten Appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely. Do not move me;
My Passions to you are in Extremes,
And know no Bounds—come, kiss me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the Joys of Love, she does salute me
As if I were her Grandfather. What Witch,
With curst Spells, hath quench'd the amorous Heat
That liv'd upon these Lips? Tell me, *Marcellia*,
And truly tell me, is't a Fault of mine
That hath begot this Coldness? or Neglect
Of others, in my Absence?

Marc. Neither, Sir:
I stand indebted to your Substitute,
Noble and good *Francisco*, for his Care
And fair Observance of me: There was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted——

Sfor. How?

Marc. The Pleasures
That sacred *Hymen* warrants us excepted;
On which, in troth, you are too great a Doter,
And there is more of Beast in it than Man.
Let us love temperately; Things violent last not,
And too much Dotage rather argues Folly
Than true Affection.

Grac. Observe but this,
And how she prais'd my Lord's Care and Observance;

And then judge, Madam, if my Intelligence
Have any Ground of Truth.

Mari. No more; I mark it.

Steph. How the Duke stands!

Tib. As he were rooted there,

And had no Motion.

Pesc. My Lord, from whence

Grows this Amazement?

Sfor. It is more, dear my Friend;

For I am doubtful whether I've a Being,

But certain that my Life's a Burthen to me.

Take me back, good *Pescara*; show me to *Cæsar*.

In all his Rage and Fury; I disclaim

His Mercy; to live now, which is his Gift,

Is worse than Death, and with all studied Torments,

Marcellia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold

In her Affection; my Excess of Fervour,

Which yet was never equal'd, grown distasteful.

But have thy Wishes, Woman; thou shalt know

That I can be myself, and thus shake off

The Fetters of fond Dotage.—From my Sight,

Without Reply; for I am apt to do

Something I may repent. Oh! who would place

His Happiness in most accursed Woman,

In whom Obsequiousness engenders Pride;²⁰

And Harshness deadly. From this Hour

I'll labour to forget there are such Creatures;

True Friends be now my Mistresses. Clear your Brows,

And, tho' my Heart-strings crack for't, I will be,

To all, a free Example of Delight:

We will have Sports of all Kinds, and propound

Rewards to such as can produce us new,

Unsatisfy'd, tho' we surfeit in their Store,

And never think of curs'd *Marcellia* more.

[*Exeunt.*]

²⁰ In whom Obsequiousness engenders Pride.

This Expression *Milton* seems to have had in View in his *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. Verse 809.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Francisco and Graccho.

Francisco.

AND is it possible thou shouldst forget
A Wrong of such a Nature, and then study
My Safety and Content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the Elements of Courtship²¹
(Not the abstruse and hidden Arts to thrive there)
And you may please to grant me so much Knowledge,
That Injuries from one in Grace, like you,
Are noble Favours. Is it not grown common
In every Sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your Captain cast
If poor, tho' not thought daring, but approv'd so,
To raise a Coward into Name that's rich,
Suffers Disgraces publickly—but receives
Rewards for them in private.

Fran. Well observ'd;
Put on;²² we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this Argument. That Day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his Favour,
I found myself to be another Thing,
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty Fellow, and of pretty Parts too,

²¹ Means here *Court-policy*. M. M.

²² Means *be covered*. M. M.

And was perhaps receiv'd so : but, once rais'd,
 The liberal Courtier made me Master of
 Those Virtues, which I ne'er knew in myself,
 If I pretended to a Jest, 'twas made one
 By their Interpretation : If I offer'd
 To reason of Philosophy, tho' absurdly,
 They had Helps to save me, and without a Blush
 Would swear, that I, by Nature, had more Know-
 ledge,

Than others could acquire by any Labour.
 Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
 Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your Bounty.

Fran. True ;

They gave me those good Parts I was not born to ;
 And, by my Intercession they got that
 Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hop'd
 for.

Grac. All this is Oracle. And shall I, then,
 For a foolish Whipping, leave to honour him,
 That holds the Wheel of Fortune ? No ; that favours
 Too much of th' ancient Freedom.—Since great Men
 Receive Disgraces and give Thanks, poor Knaves
 Must have nor Spleen nor Anger. Tho' I love
 My Limbs as well as any Man, if you had now
 A Humour to kick me lame into an Office,
 Where I might fit in State and undo others,
 Stood I not bound to kiss the Food that did it ?
 Tho' it seem strange, there have been such Things seen
 I' th' Memory of Man.

Fran. But to the Purpose ;

And then, that Service done, make thine own For-
 tunes,

My Wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
 Familiar with the Dutchess.

Grac. And incens'd

For her Commitment in her Brother's Absence ;
 And by her Mother's Anger is spurr'd on
 To make Discov'ry of it. This her Purpose
 Was trusted to my Charge, which I declin'd

As much as in me lay ; but, finding her
 Determinately bent to undertake it,
 Tho' breaking my Faith to her may destroy
 My Credit with your Lordship, I yet thought,
 Tho' at my Peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy Care, and will deserve this Secret,
 In making thee acquainted with a greater,
 And of more Moment. Come into my Bosom,
 And take it from me. Canst thou think, dull *Graccho*,
 My Pow'r and Honours were conferr'd upon me,
 And, add to them, this Form, to have my Pleasures
 Confin'd and limited ? I delight in Change,
 And sweet Variety ; that's my Heav'n on Earth,
 For which I love Life only. I confess,
 My Wife pleas'd me a Day ; the Dutches, two,
 (And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her)
 But now I care for neither. Therefore, *Graccho*,
 So far I am from stopping *Mariana*
 In making her Complaint, that I desire thee
 To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your Ruin,
 The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
 Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cozen'd ;
 His Dotage, like an Ague, keeps his Course ;
 And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose Time,
 And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
 Thou art to be my Instrument, and, in Spite
 Of the old Saw, that says, " it is not safe
 " On any Terms to trust a Man that's wrong'd,"
 I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a Language,
 My Lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, Sirrah,
 To put a Trick on me for the Relation
 Of what I knew before, and, having won
 Some weighty Secret from me, in Revenge
 To play the Traitor.—Know, thou wretched Thing,
 By my Command thou wert whipp'd, and ev'ry Day
 I'll have thee freshly tortur'd, if thou mis

In the least Charge that I impose upon thee.
 Tho' what I speak, for the most Part, is true;
 Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand Witnessess
 To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
 With one Word (such is *Sforza's* Confidence
 Of my Fidelity, not to be shaken)
 To make all void, and ruin my Accusers.
 Therefore look to't, bring my Wife hotly on
 T' accuse me to the Duke (I have an End in't)
 Or think what 'tis makes Man most miserable,
 And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a Fool
 To hope, by being acquainted with my Courses,
 To curb and awe me; or that I should live
 Thy Slave, as thou didst saucily divine.
 For prying in my Counsels, still live mine.

[*Exit* Francisco,

Grac. I'm caught on both Sides. This 'tis for a puny
 In Policy's *Protean* School, to try Conclusions
 With one that hath commenc'd and gone out Doctor.
 If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
 I shall not be believ'd. If I fall off
 From him, his Threats and Actions go together,
 And there's no Hope of Safety, till I get
 A Plummet that may sound his deepest Counsels,
 —I must obey and serve him. Want of Skill
 Now makes me play the Rogue against my Will.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, and a Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his Sight? and with such
 Scorn

As he would rate his Slave?

Tib. 'Twas in his Fury.

Steph. And he repents it, Madam,

Marc. Was I born
T' observe his Humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling Knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty Language.

Steph. He hath paid the Forfeit
Of his Offence, I'm sure, with such a Sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full Remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his Absence
Than he can be for mine?—So, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad Thoughts,
And reconcil'd Passions that are at War
Within myself, I purpose to be private.
And have you Care, unless it be *Francisco*,
That no Man be admitted.

Tib. How, *Francisco*!

[*Aside.*]

Steph. He, that at ev'ry Stage keeps Livery Mistref-
ses;
The Stallion of the State!

[*Aside.*]

Tib. They are Things above us,
And so no Way concern us.

[*Aside.*]

Steph. If I were
The Duke (I freely must confess my Weakness)

Enter Francisco.

I should wear yellow Breeches.—Here he comes.

[*Aside.*]

Tib. Nay, spare your Labour, Lady, we know our
Duty,
And quit the Room.

[*Exit.*]

Steph. Is this her Privacy?
Tho' with the Hazard of a Check, perhaps,
This may go to the Duke. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Steph.*]

Marc. Your Face is full
Of Fears and Doubts.—The Reason?

Fran. O best Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor Convert,
That only wish to live in sad Repentance,
To mourn my desperate Attempt of you,
That have no Ends nor Aims, but that your Goodness
Might be a Witness of my Penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your Mercy,
Am robb'd of that last Hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more than fear, hath found—that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted Honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him chang'd one Syllable
Since his Return but what you heard.

Fran. Yet Malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not,
And Jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure Foundations.

Marc. Jealousy?

Fran. It takes.

[*Aside.*

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, tho' almost on certain Proof,
To give it Hearing, not Belief, deserves
My Hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste Favours shewn unto me;
Or her Imprisonment, for her Contempt
To you, by my Command, my frantick Wife
Hath put it in his Head.—

Marc. Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my Favours
The Themes of her Discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected Path,
Subject to base Construction?—Be undaunted:
For now, as of a Creature that is mine,
I rise up your Protectress. All the Grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut Hand: It shall be now more free,
Open and liberal.—But let it not,

Tho' counterfeited to the Life, teach you
To nourish faucy Hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted
When I prove such a Monster!

Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all Danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what Confidence builds,
And he that dares but doubt, when there's no Ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [Exit.]

Fran. So let it work! Her Goodness, that deny'd
My Service, branded with the Name of Lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a Suitor, that brings Cunning arm'd
With Power to be his Advocates, the Denial
Is a Disease as killing as the Plague,
And Chastity a Clue that leads to Death.
Hold but thy Nature, Duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at Leisure
Repent. I care not.
And let my Plots produce this long'd-for Birth,
In my Revenge I have my Heav'n on Earth. [Exit.]

S C E N E. III.

Enter Sforza, Pescara, and three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promis'd to be merry.

1 *Gent.* There are Pleasures,
And of all Kinds, to entertain the Time.—

2 *Gent.* Your Excellence vouchsafing to make Choice
Of that which best affects you.

Sfor. Hold your prating!
Learn Manners too: you are rude.

3 *Gent.* I have my Answer
Before I ask the Question.

Pesc. I must borrow
The Privilege of a Friend, and will; or else
I am, like these, a Servant, or what's worse,

A Parasite to the Sorrow *Sforza* worships
In spite of Reason.

Sfor. Pray you use your Freedom ;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only, not to be compell'd
To take your Moral Potions. I am a Man,
And, tho' Philosophy your Mistress rage for't,
Now I have Cause to grieve, I must be sad ;
And I dare shew it:

Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier Subject.

Sfor. Take Heed, Friend !
You rub a Sore, whose Pain will make me mad ;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the Shock
Of thousand Enemies, and out-fac'd the Anger
Of a great Emperor, that vow'd your Ruin,
Tho' by a desp'rate, a glorious Way,
That had no Precedent ? Are you return'd with Honour,
Lov'd by your Subjects ? Does your Fortune court you,
Or rather say, your Courage does command it ?
Have you giv'n Proof, to this Hour of your Life,
Prosperity (that searches the best Temper)
Could never puff you up, nor adverse Fate
Deject your Valour ? Shall I say these Virtues,
So many and so various Trials of
Your constant Mind, be buried in the Frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair Woman ?
Yet I have seen her Equals.

Sfor. Good *Pescara*,
This Language in another were prophane ;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her Equal ?
I tell you as a Friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all Men else my Sword should make Reply)
Her Goodness does disdain Comparison,
And, but herself, admits no Parallel.
But you will say she's cross, 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish ; for she's wise, *Pescara*,
And knows how far she may dispose her Bounties,

Her Honour safe ; or, if she were averse,
 'Twas a Prevention of a greater Sin
 Ready to fall upon me ; for she's not ignorant,
 But truly understands how much I love her,
 And that her rare Parts do deserve all Honour,
 Her Excellence increasing with her Years too,
 I might have fallen into Idolatry,
 And, from the Admiration of her Worth,
 Been taught to think there is no Pow'r above her ;
 And yet I do believe, had Angels Sexes,
 The most would be such Women, and assume
 No other Shape, when they were to appear
 In their full Glory.

Pesc. Well, Sir, I'll not cross you,
 Nor labour to diminish your Esteem
 Hereafter of her—since your Happiness
 (As you will have it) has alone Dependence
 Upon her Favour, from my Soul, I wish you
 A fair Atonement.²³

Sfor. Time, and my Submission.

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

May work her to it.—O ! you are well return'd ;
 Say, am I blest ? Hath she vouchsaf'd to hear you ?
 Is there Hope left that she may be appeas'd ?
 Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
 To her Conditions.

Tib. She, Sir, yet is froward,
 And desires Respite, and some Privacy.

Steph. She was harsh at first ; but, ere we parted,
 seem'd not
 Implacable.

Sfor. There's Comfort yet : I'll ply her
 Each Hour with new Ambassadors, of more Honours,
 Titles, and Eminence. My second Self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.

Steph. That a wise Man,
 And what is more, a Prince, that may command,
 Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his Wife,

²³ Atonement means here a Reconciliation. *M. M.*

As she were a victorious Enemy,
At whose proud Feet, himself, his State, and Country,
Basely begg'd Mercy!

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy Thoughts.

Steph. You shall: You are too fond,
And feed a Pride that's swol'n too big already,
And surfeits with Observance.

Sfor. O my Patience!
My Vassal speak thus?

Steph. Let my Head answer it,
If I offend. She that you think a Saint,
I fear, may play the Devil.

Pesc. Well said, old Fellow.

Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your Favours,
Tho' to be nam'd with Rev'rence, Lord *Francisco*,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.

Pesc. Hold, Sir; this is Madness.

Steph. It may be they confer of winning Lordships:
I'm sure he's private with her.

Sfor. Let me go;
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my Pity,
And not my Anger.—Dotard! and to be one
Is thy Protection, else thou durst not think
That Love to my *Marcellia* hath left Room
In my full Heart for any jealous Thought:
That idle Passion dwell with thick-scul'd Tradesmen,
The undeserving Lord, or the unable.
Lock up thy own Wife, Fool, that must take Physick
From her young Doctor, and upon her Back,
Because thou hast the Palsey in that Part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched Things they are that dare be jealous.
Were I match'd to another *Messaline*,
While I found Merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own Torment: But, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me's, a Dian,²⁴
I'm too secure,

²⁴ A Contraction of *Diana*.

Tib. This is a Confidence
Beyond Example!

Enter Graccho, Isabella, and Mariana.

Grac. There he is—Now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

Sfor. If you come
To bring me Comfort, say that you have made
My Peace with my *Marcellia*.

Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your Funeral:

Sfor. You are my Mother!
Or, by her Life, you were dead else.

Mari. Would you were,
To your Dishonour! and, since Dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my Eyes,
Or some Part of my Spirit. Are you all Flesh?
A Limb of Patience only? no Fire in you?
But do your Pleasure—Here your Mother was
Committed by your Servant (for I scorn
To call him Husband, and myself, your Sister
If that you dare remember such a Name)
Mew'd up to make the Way open and free
For the Adulteress, I am unwilling
To say a Part of *Sforza*.

Sfor. Take her Head off;
She hath blasphem'd, and by our Law must die.

Isab. Blasphem'd, for calling of a Whore, a Whore?

Sfor. O Hell! what do I suffer!

Mari. Or is it Treason
For me, that am a Subject, to endeavour
To save the Honour of the Duke, and that
He should not be a Wittal on Record?
For by Posterity 'twill be believ'd,
As certainly as now it can be prov'd,
Francisco, the great Minion that sways all,
To meet the chaste Embraces of the Dutches,

Hath leap'd into her Bed.

Sfor. Some Proof, vile Creature!

Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mari. The publick Fame;

Their hourly private Meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a Pretence of Grief or Anger
You are deny'd the Joys due to a Husband,
And made a Stranger to her, at all Times
The Door stands open to him.—To a *Dutchman*
This were enough; but to a right *Italian*,
A hundred thousand Witnesses.

Ifab. Would you have us
To be her Bawds?

Sfor. O the Malice

And Envy of base Women, that with Horror,
Knowing their own Defects, and inward Guilt,
Dare lye, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast Aspersions upon one untainted?
Y'are in your Natures Devils, and your Ends
(Knowing your Reputations sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd,) to have all
Wear your black Livery. Wretches! you have rais'd
A Monument's Trophy to her Pureness,
In this your study'd Purpose to deprave her:
And all the Shot made by your foul Detraction
Falling upon her sure-arm'd Innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my Love
Could suffer an Addition, I'm so far
From giving Credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her.—Y'are not worthy
To fall as Sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own Envy burst you.

Ifab. All is in vain; he is not to be mov'd.

Mari. She has bewitch'd him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past Belief,
To me it shews a Fable.

Enter Francisco and a Servant.

Fran. On thy Life,
Provide my Horses; and without the Port
With Care attend me.

Serv. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Grac. He's come.

What Gimcrack have we next?

Fran. Great Sir.

Sfor. *Francisco*;

Tho' all the Joys in Woman are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full Delight
That I can hope from Man.

Fran. I would impart,
'Please you to lend your Ear, a weighty Secret,
I am in Labour to deliver you:

Sfor. All leave the Room.—Excuse me, good *Pescara*;
Ere long I will wait on you.

Pesc. You speak, Sir,
The Language I should use.

Sfor. Be within Call;
Perhaps we may have Use of you.

Tib. We shall, Sir. [*Exeunt all but Sfor. and Fran.*]

Sfor. Say on, my Comfort.

Fran. Comfort? No, your Torment;
For so my Fate appoints me—I could curse
The Hour that gave me Being.

Sfor. What new Monsters
Of Misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.

Fran. Draw your Sword then,
And, as you wish your own Peace, quickly kill me.
—Consider not, but do it.

Sfor. Art thou mad?

Fran. Or, if to take my Life be too much Mercy,
(As Death, indeed, concludes all human Sorrows)
Cut off my Nose and Ears; pull out an Eye,
The other only left to lend me Light

To see my own Deformities.—Why was I born
 Without some Mulct impos'd on me by Nature?
 Would from my Youth a loathsome Leprosy
 Had run upon this Face, or that my Breath
 Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
 Of all Societies! curs'd be he that taught me
 Discourse or Manners, or lent any Grace
 That makes the Owner pleasing in the Eye
 Of wanton Women, since those Parts, which others
 Value as Blessings, are to me Afflictions:
 —Such my Condition is.

Sfor. I'm on the Rack!

Dissolve this doubtful Riddle.

Fran. That I alone,

Of all Mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
 And study your Content, should be appointed,
 Not by my Will, but forc'd by cruel Fate,
 To be your greatest Enemy—not to hold you
 In this Amazement longer, in a Word,
 Your Dutche's loves me.

Sfor. Loves thee!

Fran. Is mad for me;
 Pursues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
 Her late Neglect of you.

Sfor. O Women! Women!

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by Persuasion;
 Then urg'd your much Love to her, and the Danger;
 Deny'd her, and with Scorn.

Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
 Your Love and extreme Dotage as a Cloak
 Should cover our Embraces, and your Power
 Fright others from Suspicion, and all Favours
 That should preserve her in her Innocence,
 By Lust inverted to be us'd as Bawds;
 I could not but in Duty (tho' I know
 That the Relation kills in you all Hope
 Of Peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew

Both base and poor to rise up her Accuser)
Freely discover it.

Sfor. Eternal Plagues

Pursue and overtake her! for her Sake
To all Posterity may he prove a Cuckold,
And, like to me, a Thing so miserable
As Words may not express him, that gives Trust
To all-deceiving Women! or, since it is
The Will of Heaven, to preserve Mankind,
That we must know and couple with these Serpents,
No wise Man ever, taught by my Example,
Hereafter use his Wife with more Respect
Than he would do his Horse that does him Service;
Base Woman being in her Creation made
A Slave to Man. But, like a Village Nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest Fool would do?—Within there? *Stephano,*
Tiberio, and the rest.—I will be sudden;
And she shall know and feel; Love in Extremes
Abus'd, knows no Degree of Hate.

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, and Guard.

Tib. My Lord.

Sfor. Go to the Chamber of that wicked Woman.

Steph. What wicked Woman, Sir?

Sfor. The Devil my Wife,

Force a rude Entry; and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the Hair,
And know no Pity; any gentle Usage
To her will call on Cruelty from me
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring? Go,
And put my Will in Act.

Steph. There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a Tempest on the sudden rais'd
Who durst have dream'd of? [*Exit Tib. and Steph.*]

Sfor. Nay, since she dares Dampnation,
I'll be a Fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great Sir,
Exceed not in your Fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her Intent.

Sfor. Intent, *Francisco*?
It does include all Fact, and I might sooner
Be won to pardon Treason to my Crown,
Or one that kill'd my Father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do—Yet, if you please
To prove her Temper to the Height, say only
That I am dead; and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your Call:—Now to the Upshot;
Howe'er I'll shift for one. [*Aside.*] [*Exit,*

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Marcellia, and Guard.

Marc. Where is this Monster?
This walking Tree of Jealousy, this Dreamer,
This horned Beast that would be? Oh! are you here,
Sir?

Is it by your Commandment, or Allowance,
I am thus basely us'd? Which of my Virtues,
My Labours, Services, and Cares to please you
(For, to a Man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a Blush, I may be mine own Trumpet)
Invites this barbarous Course?—Dare you look on me
Without a Seal of Shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appearst now! thy Intent
To be a Whore, leaves thee not Blood enough
To make an honest Blush: What had the Act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the Dishonour thou deservest,
Tho' willingly I had giv'n up myself
To ev'ry common Letcher!

Sfor. Your chief Minion,
Your chosen Favourite, your woo'd *Francisco*,
Has dearly paid for it; for, Wretch! know, he's dead;
And by my Hand.

Marc. The bloodier Villain thou!
 But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy Love
 Does know no other Object; thou hast kill'd then,
 A man I do profess I lov'd; a Man
 For whom a thousand Queens might well be Rivals,
 But he (I speak it to thy Teeth) that dares be
 A jealous Fool, dares be a Murderer,
 And knows no End in Mischief.

Sfor. I begin now
 In this my Justice.

[Stabs her.

Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
 Into my Grave, and only grieve for that
 Which, when you know you've slain an Innocent,
 You needs must suffer,

Sfor. An Innocent? Let one
 Call in *Francisco*, for he lives (vile Creature!)

[Exit Stephano.

To justify thy Falschood, and how often
 With whorish Flatteries thou'st tempted him;
 I being only fit to live a Stale,
 A Bawd and Property to your Wantonness.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Signior *Francisco*, Sir, but ev'n now
 Took Horse without the Ports.

Marc. We're both abus'd,
 And both by him undone—Stay, Death, a little
 Till I have clear'd myself unto my Lord, and then
 I willingly obey thee.—O my *Sforza*,
Francisco was not tempted, but the Tempter;
 And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the Warrant
 That you sign'd for my Death.

Sfor. Then I believe thee;
 Believe thee innocent too.

Marc. But, being contemn'd,
 Upon his Knees with Tears he did beseech me
 Not to reveal it. I, soft-hearted Fool!
 Judging his Penitence true, was won unto it.
 Indeed, th' Unkindness to be sentenc'd by you

Before that I was guilty in a Thought,
 Made me put on a seeming Anger towards you,
 And now—behold the Issue.—As I do,
 May Heav'n forgive you.

[Dies.

Tib. Her sweet Soul has left
 Her beauteous Prison.

Steph. Look to the Duke; he stands
 As if he wanted Motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
 The Organ of his Speech.

Steph. Take up this Body,
 And call for his Physicians.

Sfor. O my Heart-strings.

[Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Out of the Dutchy of Milan.

Enter Francisco and Eugenia.

Francisco.

WH Y couldst thou think, *Eugenia*, that Rewards,
 Graces, or Favours, tho' strew'd thick upon me,
 Could ever bribe me to forget mine Honour?
 Or that I tamely would sit down, before
 I had dry'd these Eyes, still wet with Show'rs of Tears
 By th' Fire of my Revenge? Look up, my dearest!
 For that proud Fair, that, Thief-like, stepp'd between
 Thy promis'd Hopes, and robb'd thee of a Fortune
 Almost in thy Possession, hath found,
 With horrid Proof, his Love, she thought her Glory,
 And an Assurance of all Happiness,
 But hast'ned her sad Ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter

A Grief that is beneath it; for, however
 The credulous Duke to me prov'd false and cruel,

It is, impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the Eyes of Dotage,
And so serve her.

Fran. Such indeed, I grant,
The Stream of his Affection was, and ran
A constant Course, till I with cunning Malice
(And yet I wrong my Act, for it was Justice)
Made it turn backward, and hate in Extremes
Love banish'd from his Heart, to fill the Room;
—In a Word, know fair *Marcellia's* dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by *Sforza's* Hand. Do's it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere Relation of so great a Blessing,
Born proudly on the Wings of sweet Revenge,
Would have call'd on a Sacrifice of Thanks,
And Joy not to be bounded or conceal'd!
You entertain it with a Look, as if
You wish'd it were undone!

Eug. Indeed I do:

For, if my Sorrows could receive Addition,
Her sad Fate would increase, not lessen 'em.
She never injur'd me, but entertain'd
A Fortune humbly, offer'd to her Hand,
Which a wise Lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a Crime,
She was more fair than I, and had Discretion
Not to deliver up her Virgin Fort
(Tho' strait besieg'd with Flatteries, Vows, and Tears)
Until the Church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the Mistress of her Judgment
And constant Temper, skilful in the Knowledge
Of Man's malicious Falschood, I had never,
Upon his Hell-deep Oaths to marry me,
Giv'n up my fair Name, and my Maiden Honour
To his foul Lust; nor liv'd now, being branded
I' th' Forehead for his Whore, the Scorn and Shame
Of all good Women.

Fran. Have you then no Gail,
Anger, or Spleen familiar to your Sex?

Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with Envy ?

Eug. Yes, of him

That did deceive me, There's no Passion, that
A Maid so injur'd ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three Years
In my Desire and Labour of Revenge,
Trusted to you, I have indur'd the Throes
Of teeming Women ; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy Heart, false *Sforza*.—You have trifled with me,
And nor proceeded with that fiery Zeal
I look'd for from a Brother of your Spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all Signs of Grief
Farewel for ever,—Vengeance, arm'd with Fury,
Possess me wholly, now !

Fran. The Reason, Sister,
Of this strange Metamorphosis ?

Eug. Ask thy Fears :

Thy base unmanly Fears, thy poor Delays ;
Thy dull Forgetfulness equal with Death ;
My Wrong, else, and the Scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our House but in his Blood,
Would have stir'd up a Coward to a Deed
In which, tho' he had fall'n, the brave Intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair Monument
Of noble Resolution. In this Shape
I hope to get Access ; and, then, with Shame
Hearing my sudden Execution, judge
What Honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak Woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer ;
And yet in this you but pour Oil on Fire,
And offer your Assistance where it needs not :
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your Wrongs stamp'd deeply on my Heart
By th' Iron Pen of Vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him : That failing,

I did begin his Tragedy in her Death,
 To which it serv'd as Prologue, and will make
 A memorable Story of your Fortunes
 In my assur'd Revenge.—Only, best Sister,
 Let us not lose ourselves in the Performance,
 By your rash Undertaking; we will be
 As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those Terms
 I yield myself and Cause to be dispos'd of
 As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy Purpose?

Serv. There's one *Graccho*,
 That follow'd you, it seems, upon the Track,
 Since you left *Milan*, that's importunate
 To have Access, and will not be deny'd;
 His Haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant.*]
 Tho' he hath laid an Ambush for my Life,
 Or Apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
 And work mine own Ends out,

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Now for my Whipping!
 And if I now out-strip him not, and catch him,
 And by a new and strange Way too, hereafter
 I'll swear there are Worms in my Brains. [*Aside*]

Fran. Now, my good *Graccho*?
 We meet as 'twere by Miracle!

Grac. Love, and Duty,
 And Vigilance in me for my Lord's Safety,
 First taught me to imagine you were here,
 And then to follow you. All's come forth, my Lord,
 That you could wish conceal'd. The Dutchess'
 Wound,
 In the Duke's Rage put home, yet gave her Leave

To acquaint him with your Practices, which your Flight
Did easily confirm.

Fran. This I expected ;
But sure you come provided of good Counsel
To help in my Extremes.

Grac. I would not hurt you.

Fran. How ? Hurt me ? Such another Word's thy
Death ;

Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy Will,
T' outlive what I determine ?

Grac. How he awes me !

[*Aside.*

Fran. Be brief, what brought thee hither ?

Grac. Care to inform you

You are a condemn'd Man, pursu'd and fought for,
And your Head rated at ten thousand Ducats
To him that brings it.

Fran. Very good,

Grac. All Passages

Are intercepted, and choice Troops of Horse
Scour o'er the neighbour Plains ; your Picture sent
To ev'ry State confederate with *Milan*.

That, tho' I grieve to speak it, in my Judgment,
So thick your Dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious Search.

Eug. Why, let us then turn *Romans*,
And, falling by our own Hands, mock their Threats,
And dreadful Preparations.

Fran. 'Twould show nobly ;

But that the Honour of our full Revenge
Were lost in the rash Action. No, *Eugenia*,
Graccho is wise ; my Friend too, not my Servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest Secret.
We would (and thou must help us to perform it)
First kill the Duke—then, fall what can upon us ;
For Injuries are writ in Brass, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

[*Aside.*

Fran. What's that ?

Grac. I labour with
A strong Desire t' assist you with my Service ;
And now I am deliver'd of't.

Fran. I told you—— [To Eugenia.
Speak, my oraculous *Graccho*.

Grac. I have heard, Sir,
Of Men in Debt, that lay'd for by their Creditors,
(In all such Places where it could be thought
They would take Shelter) chose far Sanctuary
Their Lodgings underneath their Creditors,
Or near that Prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended ; confident that there
They never should be sought for.

Eug. 'Tis a strange one !

Fran. But what infer you from it ?

Grac. This, my Lord ;
That, since all Ways of your Escape are stopp'd,
In *Milan* only, or, what's more, i'th' Court
(Whither it is presum'd you dare not come)
Conceal'd in some Disguise, you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discover'd ?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee ? Alas ! I know thee honest, *Graccho* ;
And I will put thy Counsel into Act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving Travel to preserve me,
What bloody End soe'er my Stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good *Graccho*.—Who's within there ?

Grac. In the Devil's Name, what means he ? [Aside.

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my Friend
Into your Custody, and bind him fast ;
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good Lord.

Fran. Dispatch :

'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, *Graccho* ;
I would not have ten thousand Ducats tempt you
(Being of a soft and Wax-like Disposition)

To play the Traitor ; nor a foolish Itch
 To be reveng'd for your late excellent Whipping
 Give you the Opportunity to offer
 My Head for Satisfaction. Why, thou Fool,
 I can look thro' and thro' thee : thy Intents
 Appear to me as written in thy Forehead
 In plain and easy Characters ; and but that
 I scorn a Slave's base Blood should rust that Sword
 That from a Prince expects a scarlet Dye,
 Thou now were dead ; but live only to pray
 For good Success to crown my Undertakings,
 And then, at my Return, perhaps, I'll free thee,
 [Exeunt Servants with Graccho.
 To make me further Sport.—Away with him !
 I will not hear a Syllable. We must trust
 Ourselves, *Eugenia* ; and tho' we make use of
 The Counsel of our Servants, that Oil spent,
 Like Snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.
 But now to our last Scene, which we'll so carry,
 That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
 Till all, with half an Eye, may see 'tis done. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

An inner Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Pescara, Tiberio, and Stephano.

Pesc. The like was never read of.

Steph. In my Judgment,
 To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
 A most impossible Fable.

Tib. For *Francisco*,
 My Wonder is the less, because there are
 Too many Precedents of unthankful Men
 Rais'd up to Greatness which have after studied
 The Ruin of their Makers.

Steph. But that Melancholy,
 Tho' ending in Distraction, should work

So far upon a Man as to compel him
To court a Thing that has not Sense nor Being,
Is unto me a Miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what Degrees
He fell into this Madness: When by the Care
Of his Physicians he was brought to Life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful Dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair *Marcellia*, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in Extremes,
(I would not say blasphem'd) and cry'd that Heaven
For all the Offences that Mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much Sweetness, and of so much Goodness,
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent
That had but Converse with her. Then it came
Into his Fancy that she was accus'd
By his Mother and his Sister; thrice he curs'd 'em,
And thrice his desperate Hand was on his Sword
To've kill'd 'em both; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his Fury, 'spite of all Prevention
He would have turn'd his Rage upon himself;
When wisely his Physicians looking on
The Dutchess' Wound, to stay his ready Hand,
Cry'd out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd
More than a Perpetuity of Pleasure
In any Object else; flatter'd by Hope,
Forgetting his own Greatness, he fell prostrate
At the Doctor's Feet, implor'd their Aid, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private Man, and they should share his Dukedom.
They seem'd to promise fair, and ev'ry Hour
Vary their Judgments, as they find his Fit
To suffer Intermision or Extremes:
For his Behaviour since——

Sfor. (*Within*) As you have Pity,
Support her gently.

Pesc. Now, be your own Witnesses;
I am prevented.

*Enter Sforza, Isabella, Mariana; the Body of Marcellia
brought in; Doctor's Servants.*

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you;
The gentlest Touch torments her, and then think
What I shall suffer.—O you earthy Gods,
You second Natures, that from your great Master
(Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hippolitus*,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's Envy)
Are taught those hidden Secrets that restore
To Life Death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
On whom 't' expresses the Excellence of Art,
Will bind ev'n Heav'n your Debtor, tho' it pleases
To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
The Saints will smile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their celestial Wings to give it Plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
That I presume (dy'd o'er with bloody Guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this Snow-white Hand.—How cold it is!
This once was *Cupid's* Fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me.—How slow her Pulses beat too;
Yet, in this Temper, she is all Perfection
And Mistress of a Heat so full of Sweetness,
The Blood of Virgins, in their Pride of Youth,
Are Balls of Snow or Ice compar'd unto her.

Mari. Is not this strange?

Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear Daughter;
Our Conscience tells us we have been abus'd,
Wrought to accuse the Innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a Fact.—

Enter a Servant.

Mari. 'Tis now past Help.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a strange Aspect;

A Jew by Birth, and a Physician
By his Profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the Duke's Phrensy, on the Forfeit of
His Life, will undertake to render him
Perfect in every Part.—Provided that
Your Lordship's Favour gain him free Access,
And your Pow'r with the Duke a safe Protection,
Till the great Work be ended.

Pesc. Bring me to him;

As I find Cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt Pescara and Servant.*]

Sfor. How sound she sleeps!

Heav'n keep her from a Lethargy!—How long
(But answer me with Comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure Judgment tell you, that these Lids
That cover richer Jewels than themselves,
Like envious Night, will bar these glorious Suns
From shining on me?

1 *Doct.* We have giv'n her, Sir,
A sleepy Potion that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the Torment
The Searching of her Wound will put her to.

2 *Doct.* She now feels little! but, if we should wake
her,

To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.

Sfor. I'm patient.

You see I do not rage, but wait your Pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Altho' her Body's Organs are bound fast,
Her Fancy cannot slumber.

1 *Doct.* That, Sir, looks on
Your Sorrow for your late rash Act with Pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free Confession of your Guilt
With a glad Pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind,
And her Displeasure, tho' call'd on, short-liv'd

Upon the least Submission.—O you Powers
 That can convey our Thoughts to one another
 Without the Aid of Eyes or Ears, assist me!
 Let her behold me in a pleasing Dream
 Thus, on my Knees before her! (yet that Duty
 In me is not sufficient) let her see me
 Compel my Mother, from whom I took Life,
 And this my Sister, Partner of my Being,
 To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
 In my Acknowledgment freely confess
 That we in a Degree as high are guilty
 As she is innocent.—Bite your Tongues, vile Creatures,
 And let your inward Horror fright your Souls,
 For having bely'd that Pureness, to come near which
 All Women that Posterity can bring forth
 Must be, tho' striving to be good, poor Rivals.
 And for that Dog *Francisco*, (that seduc'd me,
 In wounding her, to raise a Temple built
 To Chastity and Sweetness) let her know
 I'll follow him to Hell but I will find him,
 And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
 Then for this cursed Hand and Arm, that guided
 The wicked Steel, I'll have them Joint by Joint
 With burning Irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
 I being a Vulture fit to taste such Carrion.
 Lastly——

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, Sir; you disturb
 Her sweet Repose.

Sfor. I'm hush'd.—Yet give us Leave,
 Thus prostrate at her Feet, our Eyes bent downward,
 Unworthy, and ashamed to look upon her,
 T' expect her gracious Sentence.

2 *Doct.* He's past Hope.

1 *Doct.* The Body too will putrify, and then
 We can no longer cover the Imposture;

Tib. Which in her Death will quickly be discover'd.
 I can but weep his Fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
 You lose no Minute to preserve him; Time
 May lessen his Distraction.

Enter Pescara, Francisco, and Eugenia.

Fran. I am no God, Sir,
To give a new Life to her; yet I'll hazard
My Head, I'll work the senseless Trunk t'appear
To him as it had got a second Being,
Or that the Soul that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first Sweetness, and by a strange Vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her Mouth, create
A seeming Breath: I'll make her Veins run high too,
As if they had true Motion.

Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use Means to win upon his Passions
T' endure to hear she's dead with some small Patience,
And make thy own Reward.

Fran. The Art I use
Admits no Looker on: I only ask
The fourth Part of an Hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

Pesc. I will procure it.

2 Doct. What stranger's this?

Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
There is a main End in't.

Fran. Beware!

Eug. I'm warn'd.

Pesc. Look up, Sir, cheerfully; Comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.

Sfor. From whence came that Sound?
Was it from my *Marcellia*? If it were,
I rise, and Joy will give me Wings to meet it.

Pesc. Nor shall your Expectation be deferr'd
But a few Minutes. Your Physicians are
Mere Voice, and no Performance: I have found
A Man that can do Wonders: Do not hinder
The Dutchess' wish'd Recovery to enquire,
Or what he is, or to give Thanks, but leave him
To work this Miracle.

Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good Angel:

I do obey in all Things ; be it Death
 For any to disturb him, or come near,
 Till he be pleas'd to call us.—O, be prosp'rous,
 And make a Duke thy Bondman !

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Eugenia.*

Fran. 'Tis my Purpose ;
 If that to fall a long-wish'd Sacrifice
 To my Revenge can be a Benefit ;
 I'll first make fast the Doors.—So.

Eug. You amaze me :
 What follows now ?

Fran. A full Conclusion
 Of all thy Wishes.—Look on this, *Eugenia*,
 Ev'n such a Thing, the proudest Fair on Earth
 (For whose Delight the Elements are ransack'd,
 And Art with Nature studies to preserve her)
 Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
 I' th' Court of Death.—But I lose Time.

Eug. What mean you ?

Fran. Disturb me not.—Your Ladyship looks pale ;
 But I, your Doctor, have a Ceruse for you.
 See, my *Eugenia*, how many Faces,
 That are ador'd in Court, borrow these Helps,

[*Paints the Body.*

And pass for Excellence, when the better Part
 Of them are like to this.—Your Mouth smells sour too ;
 But here is that shall take away the Scent,
 A precious Antidote old Ladies use
 When they would kiss, knowing their Gums are rotten :
 —These Hands too, that disdain'd to take a Touch
 From any Lip, whose Honour writ not Lord,
 Are now but as the coarsest Earth ! but I
 Am at the Charge, my Bill not to be paid too,
 To give them seeming Beauty.—So, 'tis done.
 How do you like my Workmanship ?

Eug. I tremble :
 And thus to tyrannize upon the Dead
 Is most inhuman

Fran. Come we for Revenge,
 And can we think on Pity ? Now to the Upshot,

And, as it proves, applaud it. My Lord, the Duke,
Enter with Joy, and see the sudden Change
Your Servant's Hand hath wrought.

Enter Sforza and the rest.

Sfor. I live again
In my full Confidence that *Marcellia* may
Pronounce my Pardon.—Can she speak yet?

Fran. No :
You must not look for all your Joys at once ;
That will ask longer Time.

Pesc. 'Tis wond'rous strange !

Sfor. By all the Dues of Love I have had from her,
This Hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it :
These Lips invite too :—I could ever feed
Upon these Roses ; they still keep their Colour
And native Sweetness ; only the Nectar's wanting,
That, like the Morning Dew in flow'ry *May*,
Preserv'd them in their Beauty.

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Treason, Treason !

Tib. Call up the Guard.

Fran. *Graccho* ! then we are lost.

Grac. I am got off, Sir Jew.—A Bribe hath done it,
For all your serious Charge ; there's no Disguise
Can keep you from my Knowledge,

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of Breath,
But this is——

Fran. Spare thy Labour, Fool. *Francisco.* ²⁵

²⁵ *Francisco* !

Francisco's bold Avowal of his Guilt, with an emphatical Repetition of his Name, and the Enumeration of his several Acts of Villany, which he justifies from a Spirit of Revenge, in all Probability gave rise to one of the most animated Scenes in dramattick Poetry. The Reader will easily see, that I refer to the last Act of *Dr. Young's Revenge*, where *Zanga*, like *Francisco*, defends every cruel and treacherous Act he has committed from a Principle of deep Resentment. *D.*

All. Monster of Men !

Fran. Give me all Attributes

Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the Thing I was born.—I am *Francisco* ;
Francisco, that was rais'd by you, and made
The Minion of the Time ; the same *Francisco*,
That would have whor'd this trunk when it had Life ;
And, after, breath'd a Jealousy upon thee, ²⁶
As killing as those Damps that belch out Plagues
When the Foundation of the Earth is shaken ;
I made thee do a Deed Heav'n will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an Innocent,

Sfor. Call forth the Tortures
For all that Flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst ;
Only, to yield some Reason to the World
Why I pursu'd this Course, look on this Face,
Made old by thy base Falsehood ; 'tis *Eugenia*.

Sfor. *Eugenia* !

Fran. Does it start you, Sir ? My Sister,
Seduc'd and fool'd by thee : But thou must pay
The Forfeit of thy Falsehood.—Does it not work yet ?
Whate'er becomes of me (which I esteem not)
Thou art mark'd for the Grave. I've giv'n thee Poison
In this Cup, ²⁷ now observe me, which thy last
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd Faith to *Eugenia*.

Pesc. O damn'd Villain !

Isab. How do you, Sir ?

Sfor. Like one

That learns to know in Death what Punishment

— 26. *A Jealousy upon thee*
As killing as those Damps, &c.

This is a beautiful Simile, and truly original ; on the whole the Beauties of this Tragedy, though inferior to those of *Shakspear's* *Othello*, are such peculiar Excellencies, that there are none of any Author, ancient or modern, that can be brought in Competition with them.

²⁷ *In this Cup* means the Lips of *Marcellia*. M. M.

Waits on the Breach of Faith. Oh! now I feel
 An *Ætna* in my Entrails.—I have liv'd
 A Prince, and my last Breath shall be command.
 —I burn, I burn! yet ere Life be consum'd,
 Let me pronounce upon this Wretch all Torture
 That witty Cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him!

Tib. In all Things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewel, Sister!

Now I have kept my Word, Torments I scorn:
 I leave the World with Glory.—They are Men,
 And leave behind them Name and Memory,
 That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

[*Exeunt Guard with Francisco.*

Steph. A desperate Wretch?

Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.

—Yet I will not die raging; for alas!

My whole Life was a Frenzy.—Good *Eugenia*,
 In Death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
 To some religious House, there let her spend
 The remnant of her Life.—When I am Ashes,
 Perhaps she'll be pleas'd, and spare a Prayer
 For my poor Soul.—Bury me with *Marcellia*—
 And let our Epitaph be—

[*Dies.*

Tib. His Speech is stop't.

Steph. Already dead?

Pesc. It is in vain to labour

To call him back. We'll give him Funeral,
 And then determine of the State Affairs:

And learn, from this Example, “ There's no Trust
 “ In a Foundation that is built on Lust.”

[*Exeunt.*

It is not my Intention to trouble the Reader in this Edition with Remarks on every Play; but I cannot suffer this of the *Duke of Milan* to pass unnoticed, as I consider it to be one of the noblest Tragedies that ever was composed, possessing every Excellence of the Age in which it was written, without any of the Faults with which they are generally accompanied. It is so free from Ribaldry, and

even from Buffoonery, that I wonder it succeeded: *Graccho*, indeed, is sometimes ludicrous, but is never indecent; nor is he a Character wantonly introduced to make the Audience laugh, but a necessary Agent. The Plot is single; and so very strictly so, that there is not any Incident whatsoever in the Play, even to the Whipping of *Graccho*, that does not materially conduce to the Catastrophe. The Language is uncommonly beautiful, even for *Massinger*; the Sentiments natural, elevated and affecting; and the continual Succession of noble and interesting Situations, which keep the Attention and the Feelings of the Spectators alive, must render it delightful in the Representation, if the last Act were altered in such a Manner, that the Body of *Marcelia* should not appear in View. It must be confessed, that in their Squabble with each other, the Princesses depart most cruelly from their Dignity. I will not assert that this is contrary to Nature; for, possibly Rage, like other Passions in Excess, may level all Distinctions of Rank; and Princesses themselves, when thoroughly irritated, may vent their Resentment like vulgar Women; but it is certainly contrary to Decorum, and should have been avoided. In this Particular, however, the Play may easily be corrected; for tho' it is necessary that they should quarrel, it is not necessary that they should proceed to Blows, or abuse each other in such *Billingsgate* Terms.

It is impossible for any one to read this Tragedy, without turning his Thoughts to *Shakespeare's Othello*, and comparing them together; for the general Subject of both these Plays is precisely the same. It is Jealousy excited by the Artifices of a Villain, in the Breast of a generous, unsuspecting Man; to so fatal a Degree, that it urges him to sacrifice an innocent Wife, and finally ends in his own Destruction, with that of the Miscreant, who worked him up to it.

So far these Pieces resemble each other, but here the Resemblance ceases; for with Respect to the Incidents that are to produce these Events, and the Conduct and Characters of the Persons of the Drama, they differ entirely. The manly love of *Othello* bears no Resemblance to the impotent Dotage of *Sforza*; the Mind of the Moor is free from the slightest Tincture of Jealousy; whereas that of *Sforza* is naturally prone to it; and, though he has a thorough Confidence in the Virtue of his Wife, he is tormented with a restless Jealousy of any other Man's possessing her, even after his Death. No two Characters were ever more unlike than the haughty, sensible, spirited *Marcelia* and the gentle *Desdemona*; and the Arts of *Francisco* are not employed to operate immediately on the Mind of *Sforza*, as *Iago* does upon that of *Othello*, but to engage *Marcelia* to take such Steps, as naturally prepare that deluded Prince, to give full Belief to it, when *Francisco* tells him that the Dutchess loves him. It is really surprising that two such beautiful Edifices, though both erected on the same Ground-plan, should differ when completed so totally from each other, that there is not perhaps a single Circumstance in which the Superstructures agree. *M. M.*

End of THE DUKE OF MILAN.

THE

ROMAN ACTOR.

A

TRAGEDY.

W. H. R. M. A. I. O.

T O

My much Honoured, and most True Friends,

Sir PHILLIP KNYVET, Knt. and Bart.

A N D T O

Sir THOMAS JEAY, Knight.

A N D

THOMAS BELLINGHAM, of *Newtimber*
in *Suffex*, Esquire.

HOW much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many, and extraordinary Favours conferr'd upon me, as far as it is in my Power Posterity shall take Notice, I were most unworthy of such noble Friends, if I should not with all Thankfulness, profess and own them. In the Composition of this Tragedy you were my only Supporters, and it being now by your principal Encouragement to be turned into the World, it cannot walk safer, than under your Protection. It hath been happy in the Suffrage of some learned and judicious Gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find Cause, I hope, in the Perusal, to repent them of their good Opinion of it. If the Gravity and Height of the Subject distaste such as are only affected with Figgs and Ribaldry, (as I presume it will) their Condemnation of me and my Poem, can no way offend me: My Reason teaching me, such malicious, and ignorant Detractors deserve rather Contempt than Satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect Birth of my Minerva; and therefore in Justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me, who, I hope, in their courteous Acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle Construction of my Imperfections, believe they may at their Pleasure dispose of him, who is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their Service,

PHILLIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Original Actors.

<i>Domitianus Cæsar.</i>	JOHN LOWIN.
<i>Paris, the Tragedian.</i>	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
<i>Parthenius, a Free-man of Cæsar's.</i>	RICHARD SHARPE.
<i>Ælius Lamia, and Stephanos.</i>	THOMAS POLLARD.
<i>Junius Rusticus.</i>	ROBERT BENFIELD.
<i>Aretinus Clemens, Cæsar's Spy.</i>	EYLLARDT SWANSTONE.
<i>Æsopus, a Player.</i>	RICHARD ROBINSON.
<i>Philargus, a rich Miser.</i>	ANTHONY SMITH.
<i>Palphurius Sura, a Senator.</i>	WILLIAM PATRICKE.
<i>Fulcinus, a Senator.</i>	
<i>Latinus, a Player.</i>	CURTISE GREVILL.
Three Tribunes.	
Two Licitors.	GEORGE VERNON.
	JAMES HORNE.
<i>Domitia, the Wife of Ælius Lamia.</i>	JOHN TOMPSON.
<i>Domitilla, Cousin-german to Cæsar.</i>	JOHN HUNNIEMAN.
<i>Julia, Titus's Daughter.</i>	WILLIAM TRIGGE.
<i>Cænis, Vespasian's Concubine.</i>	ALEXANDER GOUGH.

ROMAN ACTOR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Roman Theatre.*

Enter Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.

Æsopus.

WHAT do we act to-day?

Lat. *Agave's Frenzy,*
With *Pentheus's* bloody End.

Paris. It skills not what;
The Times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the Day's Expence.
The *Greeks* (to whom we owe the first Invention
Both of the buskin'd Scene and humble Sock)

* The Plot of this Tragedy is taken from the Life of *Domitianus* Emperor of *Rome*: *Maffinger* seems to have copied it from *Suetonius*, and to have been very strict to History: The Tale itself is of too great a Length to transcribe; therefore I shall refer the curious Reader to the Original.

Most of the old *English* Plays, both Tragedies and Comedies, are historical; not confined to my Unity of Time, Place, or Action: But a Series of Adventures told dramatically, and filled with every Incident that was contained in the Story.—Most of them are almost a Transcript of the History or Novel which first gave the Hint to the Poet, begins with the same Circumstances, are composed of the same Characters, abounds with as great a Number of *Épisodes*, and have as many different Catastrophes to conclude the Whole:—Hence it happens, that they are more fruitful of extraordinary Events, and are enriched with a greater Variety of common-place Reflections than perhaps our more regular Plays will allow of, though they are not so simple in Design, or so agreeable to the Laws of Poetry.—Of this Kind is the *Roman Actor*, *The Bondman*, and most of *Maffinger's*.

That reign in every noble Family,
 Declaim against us : And our Amphitheatre,
 Great *Pompey's Work*, that hath given full Delight
 Both to the Eye and Ear of Fifty Thousand
 Spectators in one Day, as if it were
 Some unknown Desart, or great *Rome* unpeopl'd,
 Is quite forsaken.

Lat. Pleasures of worse Natures
 Are gladly entertain'd, and they that shun us,
 Practise, in private Sports the Stews would blush at.
 A Litter borne by eight *Liburnian Slaves*,
 To buy Diseases from a glorious Strumpet,
 The most censorious of our *Roman Gentry*,
 Nay, of the guarded Robe², the Senators,
 Esteem an easy Purchase.

Paris. Yet grudge us,
 That with Delight join Profit, and endeavour
 To build their Minds up fair, and on the Stage
 Decypher to the Life what Honours wait
 On good and glorious Actions, and the Shame
 That treads upon the Heels of Vice, the Salary
 Of six *Sestertii*.

Æsop. For the Profit, *Paris*,
 And mercenary Gain, they're Things beneath us ;
 Since, while you hold your Grace and Power with
Cæsar,

We, from your Bounty find a large Supply,
 Nor can one Thought of Want ever approach us.

Paris. Our Aim is Glory, and to leave our Names
 To Aftertime.

Lat. And, would they give us Leave,
 There ends all our Ambition.

Æsop. We've Enemies,
 And great Ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
 The Consul *Aretinus* (*Cæsar's Spy*)
 Said at his Table, ere a Month expir'd
 (For being gall'd in our last Comedy)
 He'd silence us for ever.

² Guarded Robe, a laced or bordered Robe.—The *Laticlavus*.
 M. M.

Paris. I expect

No Favour from him; my strong Aventine is,
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft have cheer'd
In his most fullen Moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with Ease, the Consul's Ruins.

Lat. 'Tis frequent in the City, he hath subdued,
The *Catti* and the *Daci*, and, ere long,
The second Time will enter *Rome* in Triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Paris. *Jove* hasten it.—With us?—I now believe
The Consul's Threats, *Æsopus*.

1 Lict. You're summon'd
T'appear to-day in Senate.

2 Lict. And there to answer
What shall be urg'd against you.

Paris. We obey you.

Nay, droop not, Fellows; Innocence should be bold.
We that have personated in the Scene
The ancient Heroes, and the Falls of Princes
With loud Applause, being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted Confidence.

Whate'er our Sentence be, think 'tis in Sport.
And, tho' condemn'd, let's hear it without Sorrow.

1 Lict. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

*Enter Ælius, Lamia, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius,
and Sura.*

Lamia. Whither goes *Paris*?

1 Lict. He's cited to the Senate.

Lat. I am glad the State is
So free from Matters of more Weight and Trouble,
That it has vacant Time to look on us.

Paris. That reverend Place, in which the Affairs of
Kings
And Provinces were determin'd, to descend

3 With us?—These Words are addressed to the Lictors. M. M.

To th' Censure of a bitter Word or Jest,
 Dropp'd from a Poët's Pen! Peace to your Lordships,
 We are glad that you are safe.

[*Exeunt Liçtors, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*

Lamia. What Times are these!

To what is *Rome* fall'n! may we, being alone,
 Speak our Thoughts freely of the Prince and State,
 And not fear the Informer?

Rust. Noble *Lamia*,

So dangerous the Age is, and such bad Acts
 Are practis'd every where, we hardly sleep,
 Nay, cannot dream with Safety. All our Actions
 Are call'd in Question; to be nobly born
 Is now a Crime; and to deserve too well,
 Held capital Treason. Sons accuse their Fathers,
 Fathers their Sons; and, but to win a Smile
 From one in Grace at Court, our chafteft Matrons
 Make Shipwreck of their Honours. To be virtuous
 Is to be guilty. They are only safe
 That know to sooth the Prince's Appetite,
 And serve his Lusts.

Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my Wonder,
 That two Sons of so different Nature
 Should spring from good *Vespasian*. We had a *Titus*,
 Styl'd justly the Delight of all Mankind,
 Who did esteem that Day lost in his Life,
 In which some one or other tasted not
 Of his magnificent Bounties: One that had
 A ready Tear, when he was forc'd to sign
 The Death of an Offender: And so far
 From Pride, that he disdain'd not the Converse
 Ev'n of the poorest *Roman*.

Lam. Yet his Brother,

Domitian, that now sways the Power of Things,
 Is so inclin'd to Blood, that no Day passes
 In which some are not fasten'd to the Hook,
 Or thrown from the *Tarpeian* Rock. His Freeman
 Scorn the Nobility, and he himself,
 As if he were not made of Flesh and Blood,
 Forgets he is a Man.

Rust. In his young Years,
 He shew'd what he would be when grown to Ripeness :
 His greatest Pleasure was, being a Child,
 With a sharp-pointed Bodkin to kill Flies,
 Whose Rooms now Men supply. For his Escape
 In the *Vitellian* War, he rais'd a Temple
 To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his Figure
 In the Bosom of the God. And in his Edicts
 He does not blush, or start, to stile himself
 (As if the Name of Emperor were base)
 Great Lord, and God *Domitian*.

Sura. I have Letters
 He's on his Way to *Rome*, and purposes
 To enter with all Glory. The flatt'ring Senate
 Decrees him divine Honours, and to cross it,
 Were Death with studied Torments :—For my Part,
 I will obey the Time, it is in vain
 To strive against the Torrent.

Rust. Let's to the *Curia*,
 And, tho' unwillingly, give our Suffrages
 Before we are compell'd.

Lamia. And, since we cannot
 With Safety use the active, let's make Use of
 The passive Fortitude, with this Assurance
 That the State, sick in him, the Gods to friend,
 Tho' at the worst, will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Chamber.

Enter Domitia and Parthenius.

Domitia. To me this Reverence ?

Parthen. I pay it, Lady,
 As a Debt due to her that's *Cæsar's* Mistress :
 For, understand with Joy, he that commands
 All that the Sun gives Warmth to, is your Servant ;

Be not amaz'd, but fit you to your Fortunes.
Think upon the State, and Greatness, and the Ho-
nours

That wait upon *Augusta*, for that Name
Ere long comes to you.—Still you doubt your Vassal ;
But, when you've read this Letter, writ and sign'd
With his imperial Hand, you will be freed
From Fear and Jealousy ; and, I beseech you,
When all the Beauties of the Earth bow to you,
And Senators shall take it for an Honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy Feet ;
When ev'ry Smile you give is a Preferment,
And you dispose of Provinces to your Creatures,
—Think on *Parthenius*.

Domitia. Rise.—I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assur'd here.
The Means, my good *Parthenius*, that wrought *Cæsar*
(Our God on Earth) to cast an Eye of Favour
Upon his humble Handmaid ?

Parthen. What, but your Beauty ?
When Nature fram'd you for her Masterpiece,
As the pure Abstract of all rare in Woman,
She had no other Ends but to design you
To the most eminent Place. I will not say
(For it would smell of Arrogance to insinuate
The Service I have done you) with what Zeal
I oft have made Relation of your Virtues,
Or how I've sung your Goodness, or how *Cæsar*
Was fir'd with the Relation of your Story :
I am rewarded in the Act, and happy
In that my Project prosper'd.

Domitia. You are modest.
And, were it in my Power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was Mistress of myself,
And in my Way of Youth⁴, pure and untainted,

⁴ *And in my Way of Youth, &c.*

The Emperor had vouchsaf'd to seek my Favours,
 I had with Joy given up my Virgin Fort,
 At the first Summons, to his soft Embraces :
 But I am now another's, not mine own.
 You know I have a Husband ; for my Honour
 I would not be his Strumpet—and how Law
 Can be dispens'd with to become his Wife,
 To me's a Riddle.

Parthen. I can soon resolve it :
 When Power puts in his Plea, the Laws are silenc'd.
 The World confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cæsar*,
 And, as his Rule is infinite, his Pleasures
 Are unconfin'd ; this Syllable, his *Will*,
 Stands for a thousand Reasons.

Domitia. But with Safety,
 Suppose I should consent, how can I do it ?
 My Husband is a Senator, of a Temper
 Not to be jested with.

Enter Lamia.

Parthen. As if he durst
 Be *Cæsar's* Rival.—Here he comes ; with Ease
 I will remove this Scruple.

Lamia. How ! so private ?
 My own House made a Brothel ? Sir, how durst you,
 Tho' guarded with your Power in Court and Greatness,
 Hold Conference with my Wife ?—As for you, Minion,
 I shall hereafter treat.

Parthen. You're rude and saucy.
 Nor know to whom you speak.

In Way of Youth I did enjoy one Friend.

And in *Shakespeare*, *Macbeth* says,

My Way of Life is fallen into the Sere.

The Commentators on that Passage, suppose that it should be writ-
 ten *My May of Life* ; but these Passages in *Massinger* shew, that it
 was a Mode of Expression at the Time. *M. M.*

Lamia. This is fine, i'faith!
Is she not my Wife?

Parthen. Your Wife? But touch her, that Respect
forgotten

That's due to her whom mightiest *Cæsar* favours,
And think what 'tis to die.—Not to lose Time,
She's *Cæsar's* Choice: It is sufficient Honour
You were his Taster in this heav'nly Nectar;
But now must quit the Office.

Lamia. This is rare!
Cannot a Man be Master of his Wife
Because she's young, and fair, without a Patent?
I in my own House am an Emperor,
And will defend what's mine,——where are my
Knaves?

If such an Insolence escape unpunish'd——

Parthen. In yourself *Lamia*, *Cæsar* hath forgot
To use his Power, and I his Instrument,
In whom, tho' absent, his Authority speaks,
Have lost my Faculties.

[Stamps.

Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lamia. The Guard! why, am I
Design'd for Death?

Domitia. As you desire my Favour,
Take not so rough a Course.

Parthen. All your Desires
Are absolute Commands. Yet, give me Leave
To put the Will of *Cæsar* into Act.
Here's a Bill of Divorce between your Lordship
And this great Lady: If you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to it by Reasons that concern yourself,
Her Honour too untainted; here are Clerks,
Shall in your best Blood write it new, till Torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lamia. Is this legal? ⁵

New Works that dare not do unlawful Things,
Yet bear them out, are Constables, not Kings.

Parthen. Will you dispute?

Lamia. I know not what to urge
Against myself, but too much Dotage on her
Love and Obedervance.

Parthen. Set it under your Hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The Duties of a Husband; or, that you are mad
(Rather than want just Cause, we'll make you so).
Dispatch, you know the Danger else; and deliver it;
Nay, on your Knee. Madam, you now are free,
And Mistress of yourself.

Lamia. Can you, *Domitia*,
Consent to this?

Domitia. 'Twould argue a base Mind
To live a Servant, when I may command.
I now am *Cæsar's*,—and yet, in Respect
I once was yours, when you come to the Palace,
(Provided you deserve it in your Service)
You shall find me your good Mistress. Wait me,

Parthenius,
And now farewell, poor *Lamia*. [*Exeunt all but Lamia.*]

Lamia. To the Gods
I bend my Knees, (for Tyranny hath banish'd

⁵ *Lamia.* Is this legal?
New Works, &c.

I considered this Passage for some Time as irretrievable, for there is a Mistake not only in the Words, but in the Person also to whom they are attributed.

Lamia's Speech should end at *legal*, the two following Lines are Part of that of *Parthenius*, and must be printed thus—

*Monarchs who dare not do unlawful Things,
Yet bear them out, are Constables, not Kings.*

In Answer to the violent Threats of *Parthenius*, *Lamia* asks whether what he threatened was legal---*Parthenius* replies that he could not be considered as a King, who had not sufficient Power to do unlawful Acts, and to bear them out though unlawful. *M. M.*

Justice from Men) and as they would deserve
 Their Altars, and our Vows, humbly invoke 'em
 That this my ravish'd Wife may prove as fatal
 To proud *Domitian*, and her Embraces
 Afford him in the End as little Joy,
 As wanton *Helen* brought to him of *Troy*. [Exit,

S C E N E III.

The Senate.

*Enter Licitors, Aretinus, Fulcinus, Rusticus, Sura,
 Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*

Aret. Fathers Conscript! may this our Meeting be
 Happy to *Cæsar* and the Common Wealth.

Lic't. Silence!

Aret. The Purpose of this frequent Senate
 Is, first, to give Thanks to the Gods of *Rome*,
 That, for the Propagation of the Empire,
 Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves,
 In Height of Courage, Depth of Understanding,
 And all those Virtues, and remarkable Graces,
 Which make a Prince most eminent; our *Domitian*
 Transcends the ancient *Romans*. I can never
 Bring his Praise to a Period. What good Man
 That is a Friend to Truth, dares make it doubtful,
 That he hath *Fabius'* Staidness, and the Courage
 Of bold *Marcellus*, to whom *Hanibal* gave
 The Stile of *Target* and the *Sword of Rome*.
 But he has more, and every Touch more *Roman*;
 As *Pompey's* Dignity, *Augustus'* State,
Antony's Bounty, and great *Julius'* Fortune,
 With *Cato's* Resolution.—I am lost
 In th' Ocean of his Virtues. In a Word,
 All Excellencies of good Men meet in him,
 But no Part of their Vices,

Rust. This is no Flattery!

Sur. Take heed, you'll be observ'd,

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Aret. 'Tis then most fit

That we, as to the Father⁶ of our Country,
Like thankful Sons, stand bound to pay true Service
For all those Blessings that he show's upon us,
Should not connive, and see his Government,
Deprav'd and scandaliz'd by meaner Men,
That to his Favour and Indulgence owe
Themselves and Being.

Paris. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite *Paris* the Tragedian.

Paris. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the Chief of thy Profession,
I do accuse the Quality⁷ of Treason,
As Libellers against the State and *Cæsar*.

Paris. Meer Accusations are not Proofs, my Lord;
In what are we Delinquents?

Aret. You are they

That search into the Secrets of the Time,
And, under feign'd Names, on the Stage, present
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
Persons of Rank and Quality of both Sexes,
And with satyrical and bitter Jest
Make ev'n the Senators ridiculous
To the Plebeians.

Paris. If I free not myself,
(And, in myself, the rest of my Profession)
From these false Imputations, and prove
That they make that a Libel which the Poet
Writ for a Comedy, so acted too,
It is but Justice that we undergo
The heaviest Censure.

Aret. Are you on the Stage,
You talk so boldly?

⁶ That we, as to the Father, &c.

We should certainly read *subo* instead of *as*. *M. M.*

⁷ That is, the whole Fraternity. *M. M.*

Paris. The whole World being one,⁸
 This Place is not exempted; and I am
 So confident in the Justice of our Cause,
 That I could with *Cæsar*, in whose great Name
 All Kings are comprehended, sit as Judge,
 To hear our Plea, and then determine of us.
 If, to express a Man sold to his Lusts,
 Wasting the Treasure of his Time and Fortunes
 In wanton Dalliance, and to what sad End
 A Wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
 Deterring careless Youth, by his Example,
 From such licentious Courses; laying open
 The Snares of Bawds, and the consuming Arts
 Of prodigal Strumpets, can deserve Reproof,
 Why are not all your golden Principles,
 Writ down by grave Philosophers to instruct us
 To choose fair Virtue for our Guide, not Pleasure,
 Condemn'd unto the Fire?

Sura. There's Spirit in this!

Paris. Or if Desire of Honour was the Base
 On which the Building of the *Roman* Empire
 Was rais'd up to this Height; if, to inflame
 The Noble Youth with an ambitious Heat
 T' endure the Frosts of Danger, nay of Death;
 To be thought worthy the triumphal Wreath
 By glorious Undertakings, may deserve
 Reward, or Favour from the Common-wealth,
 Actors may put in for as large a Share
 As all the Sects of the Philosophers;
 They with cold Precepts (perhaps seldom read)
 Deliver, what an honourable Thing
 The active Virtue is. But does that fire
 The Blood, or swell the Veins with Emulation
 To be both good and great, equal to that

↳ 8 *The whole World being one
 This Place is not exempted, &c.*

This and the succeeding Speeches of *Paris* are a fine Piece of Oratory, an excellent Defence for the Stage, and written with great Spirit and Energy.

Which is presented on our Theatres?

Let a good Actor in a lofty Scene
 Shew great *Alcides* honour'd in the Sweat
 Of his twelve Labours; or a bold *Camillus*,
 Forbidding *Rome* to be redeem'd with Gold
 From the insulting *Gauls*; or *Scipio*,
 After his Victories, imposing Tribute
 On conquer'd *Carthage*. If done to the Life,
 As if they saw their Dangers, and their Glories,
 And did partake with them in their Rewards,
 All that have any Spark of *Roman* in them,
 The slothful Arts laid by, contend to be
 Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put
 The Consuls to their Whisper.

Paris. But 'tis urg'd
 That we corrupt Youth, and traduce Superiors;
 When do we bring a Vice upon the Stage,
 That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
 By the Success of wicked Undertakings
 Others to tread in their forbidden Steps?
 We shew no Arts of *Lydian* Pandarifin,
Corinthian Poisons, *Persian* Flatteries,
 But mulcted so in the Conclusion, that
 Ev'n those Spectators that were so inclin'd
 Go home chang'd Men. And, for traducing such
 That are above us, publishing to the World
 Their secret Crimes, we are as innocent
 As such as are born dumb. When we present
 An Heir, that does conspire against the Life
 Of his dear Parent, numb'ring every Hour
 He lives, as tedious to him, if there be
 Among the Auditors one whose Conscience tells him
 He is of the same Mould—we cannot help it.
 Or, bringing on the Stage a loose Adulteress,
 That does maintain the riotous Expence
 Of him that feeds her greedy Lust, yet suffers
 The lawful Pledges of a former Bed
 To starve the while for Hunger; if a Matron,
 However great in Fortune, Birth, or Titles,

Guilty of such a foul unnatural Sin,
 Cry out, 'tis writ for me—we cannot help it :
 Or, when a covetous Man's express'd, whose Wealth
 Arithmetick cannot number, and whose Lordships
 A Falcon in one Day cannot fly over ;
 Yet he so sordid in his Mind, so griping
 As not to afford himself the Necessaries
 To maintain Life ; if a Patrician,
 (Tho' honour'd with a Consulship) find himself
 Touch'd to the quick in this—we cannot help it :
 Or, when we show a Judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his Sentence, as he favours
 The Person, not the Cause, saving the Guilty,
 If of his Faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent out of particular Spleen ;
 If any in this reverend Assembly,
 Nay, ev'n yourself, my Lord, that are the Image
 Of absent *Cæsar*, feel something in your Bosom
 That puts you in Remembrance of Things past,
 Or Things intended—'tis not in us to help it.
 —I've said, my Lord ; and now, as you find Cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with Applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my Life ; I never saw him
 Act an Orator's Part before.

Æsop. We might have given
 Ten double Fees to *Regulus*,⁹ and yet
 Our Cause deliver'd worse.

[*A Shout within.*]

Enter Parthenius.

Aret. What Shout is that ?

Parthen. *Cæsar*, our Lord, married to Conquest, is
 Return'd in Triumph.

Fulcin. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the Court ; we will reserve to him
 The Censure of this Cause.

All. Long Life to *Cæsar* !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

⁹ *Regulus*, &c.

A celebrated Roman Pleader in the Times of *Domitian*, *Nerwa*, and
Trajan. His Character may be seen at large in *Pliny's Epistles*. D.

SCENE IV.

*The Capitol.**Enter Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, and Domitia.**Cænis.* Stand back—the Place is mine.*Julia.* Yours? Am I not
Great *Titus*' Daughter, and *Domitian*'s Niece?
Dares any claim Precedence?*Cænis.* I was more,
The Mistress of your Father, and in his Right
Claim Duty from you.*Julia.* I confess you were useful
To please his Appetite.*Domitia.* To end the Controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the Way myself.*Domitilla.* You, Minion!*Domitia.* Yes,
And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my Favours.*Julia.* Whence springs this Flood of Greatness?*Domitia.* You shall know
Too soon for your Vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with Envy, when
You see whom *Cæsar* favours.*Julia.* Observe the Sequel.*Enter at one Door Captains with Laurels, Domitian, in
his Triumphant Chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Latinus,
and Æsopus, met by Aretinus, Sura, Lamia, Rusticus,
Fulcinus, and Prisoners led by him.**Cæs.* As we now touch the Height of human Glory,
Riding in Triumph to the Capitol,
Let these whom this victorious Arm hath made
The Scorn of Fortune, and the Slaves of Rome,
Taste the Extremes of Misery. Bear them off

To the common Prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our Axes are.

Rust. A bloody Entrance! [Aside.

Cæs. To tell you you are happy in your Prince,
Were to distrust your Love, or my Desert;
And either were distasteful. Or to boast
How much, not by my Deputies, but myself,
I have enlarg'd the Empire; or what Horrors
The Soldier in our Conduct hath broke thro',
Would better suit the Mouth of *Plautus' Braggart*,
Than the adored Monarch of the World.

Sura. This is no Boast! [Aside.

Cæs. When I but name the *Daci*,
And grey-ey'd *Germans*, whom I have subdu'd,
The Ghost of *Julius* will look pale with Envy,
And great *Vespasian's* and *Titus' Triumph*,
(Truth must take Place of Father and of Brother :)
Will be no more remember'd. I'm above
All Honours you can give me; and the Stile
Of Lord, and God, which thankful Subjects give me
(Not my Ambition) is deserv'd,

Aret. At all Parts
Celestial Sacrifice is fit for *Cæsar*,
In our Acknowledgments.

Cæs. Thanks, *Aretinus*;
Still hold our Favour. Now, the God of War,
And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona's Pages*,
Banish'd from *Rome* to *Thrace* in our good Fortune,
With Justice he may taste the Fruits of Peace,
Whose Sword hath plough'd the Ground, and reap'd
the Harvest

Of your Prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an Enemy to thriving Virtue,
That can esteem the Jewel he holds dearest
Too good for *Cæsar's Use*.

Sura. All we possess.—

Lamia. Our Liberties.—

Fulcin. Our Children.—

Parthen. Wealth.—

Aret. And Throats

Fall willingly beneath his Feet.

Rust. Base Flattery!

What *Roman* could endure this?

[*Aside.*

Cæs. This calls on

My Love to all, which spreads itself among you,
The Beauties of the Time. Receive the Honour
To kiss the Hand which, rear'd up thus, holds Thunder;

To you 'tis an Assurance of a Calm.

Julia, my Niece, and *Cænis*, the Delight

Of old *Vespasian*! *Domitilla* too

A Princess of our Blood!

Rust. 'Tis strange his Pride

Affords no greater Courtesy to Ladies

Of such high Birth and Rank.

Sura. Your Wife's forgotten.

Lamia. No, she will be remember'd, fear it not;

She will be grac'd and greas'd.

Cæs. But, when I look on

Divine *Domitia*, methinks we should meet

(The lesser Gods applauding the Encounter)

As *Jupiter*, the Giants lying dead

On the *Phlegræan* Plain, embrac'd his *Juno*.

Lamia, 'tis your Honour that she's mine.

Lamia. You are too great to be gainsaid.

Cæs. Let all

That fear our Frown, or do affect our Favour,

Without examining the Reason why,

Salute her (by this Kiss I make it good)

With the Title of *Augusta*.

Domitia. Still your Servant.

All. Long live *Augusta*, great *Domitian's* Empress!

Cæs. *Paris*, my Hand.

Paris. The Gods still honour *Cæsar*.

Cæs. The Wars are ended, and, our Arms laid by,

We are for soft Delights. Command the Poets

To use their choicest and most rare Invention,

To entertain the Time, and be you careful

To give it Action: we'll provide the People

Pleasures of all Kinds. My *Domitia* think not
 I flatter, though thus fond. On to the Capitol,
 'Tis Death to him that wears a fullen Brow.
 This 'tis to be a Monarch, when alone
 He can command all, but is aw'd by none. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Philargus and Parthenius.

Philargus. MY Son to tutor me!—Know your Obedience,
 And question not my Will.

Parthenius. Sir, were I one,
 Whom Want compell'd to wish a full Possession
 Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd
 Your Years, or thought you liv'd too long, with Reason
 You then might nourish ill Opinions of me:
 Or did the Suit that I prefer to you
 Concern myself, and aim'd not at your Good,
 You might deny, and I sit down with Patience,
 And after never press you.

Philargus. I' th' Name of *Pluto*
 What would'st thou have me do?

Parthenius. Right to yourself;
 Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
 This nasty Hat, this tatter'd Cloak, rent Shoe,
 This sordid Linen, can become the Master
 Of your fair Fortunes? whose superfluous Means
 (Tho' I were burthensome) could clothe you in
 The costliest *Persian Silks*, studded with Jewels,
 The Spoils of Provinces, and every Day
 Fresh Change of *Tyrian Purple*.

Philar. Out upon thee!

My Monies in my Coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence Prodigal! shall I make my Mercer
Or Taylor my Heir, or see my Jeweller purchase?
No, I hate Pride.

Parthen. Yet Decency would do well.

Tho' for your Outside you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your Belly Nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted when 'tis cramm'd
with mouldy Barley-bread, Onions, and Leeks,
And, the Drink of Bondmen, Water.

Philar. Would'st thou have me

Be an *Apicius*, or a *Lucullus*,
And riot out my 'State in curious Sauces?
Wise Nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my Guide, I cannot err.

Parthen. But you destroy her in your Want of Care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect Health and Vigour, when you suffer
(Frighted with the Charge of Physick) Rheums, Catarrhs,
The Scurf, Ach in your Bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your Fate with too much sparing;
When a cheap Purge, a Vomit and good Diet
May lengthen it; give me but Leave to send
The Emperor's Doctor to you.

Philar. I'll be borne first

Half rotten to the Fire that must consume me!
His Pills, his Cordials, his Electuaries,
His Syrups, Julips, Bezoar Stone, nor his
Imagin'd Unicorn's Horn comes in my Belly;
My Mouth shall be a Draught¹⁰ first, 'tis resolv'd.
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden Heap,
Which, every Hour increasing, does renew
My Youth, and Vigour; but, if lessen'd, then—
Then my poor Heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't while I live, it being my Life,
My Soul, my All. But when I turn to Dust,

¹⁰ That is a Sink or Drain. M. M.

And part from what is more esteem'd by me
 Than all the Gods *Rome's* thousand Altars smoke to,
 Inherit thou my Adoration of it,
 And, like me, serve my Idol. [Exit Philargus.]

Parthen. What a strange Torture
 Is Avarice to itself! what Man that looks on
 Such a penurious Spectacle, but must
 Know what the Fable meant of *Tantalus*,
 Or th' Ass whose Back is crack'd with curious Viands
 Yet feeds on Thistles. Some Course I must take,
 To make my Father know what Cruelty
 He uses on himself.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
 I make bold to enquire the Emp'ror's Pleasure,
 For, being by him commanded to attend,
 Your Favour may instruct us what's his Will
 Shall be this Night presented.

Parthen. My lov'd *Paris*,
 Without my Intercession you well know
 You may make your own Approaches, since his Ear
 To you is ever open.

Paris. I acknowledge
 His Clemency to my Weakness, and, if ever
 I do abuse it, Lightning strike me dead.
 The Grace he pleases to confer upon me
 (Without Boast I may say so much) was never
 Employ'd to wrong the Innocent, or to incense
 His Fury.

Parthen. 'Tis confess'd, many Men owe you
 For Provinces they ne'er hop'd for; and their Lives
 Forfeited to his Anger—you being absent
 I could say more

Paris. You still are my good Patron;
 And, lay it in my Fortune to deserve it,
 You should perceive the poorest of your Clients
 To his best Abilities thankful.

Parthen. I believe so.

Met you my Father ?

Paris. Yes, Sir ; with much Grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself ?

Parthen. O *Paris*, 'tis a Weight
Sits heavy here, and could this Right-hand's Loss
Remove it, it should off ; but he is deaf
To all Persuasion.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
I'll offer my Advice : I once observ'd
In a Tragedy of ours, in which a Murder
Was acted to the Life, a guilty Hearer,
Forc'd by the Terror of a wounded Conscience,
To make Discovery of that, which Torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an Impossibility, but that
Your Father, looking on a covetous Man
Presented on the Stage, as in a Mirror,
May see his own Deformity and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the Emperor
To see a Comedy we have, that's stil'd
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your Father to be a Spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomiz'd in the Scene,
And see himself so personated ; the Baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable Wretch

¶ 11 ——— I once observ'd
In a Tragedy of ours, &c.

In *Hamlet* there is a Passage like this, which *Massinger* seems to have copied.

I've heard, that guilty Creatures at a Play
Have, by the very Cunning of the Scene,
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
For Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ.

Act II. the last Scene.

Truly describ'd, that I much hope the Object
Will work-Compunction in him.

Parthen. There's your Fee,
I ne'er bought better Counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.

Paris. Sir, when you please,
We'll be prepar'd to enter.—Sir, the Emperor. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cæsar, Aretinus, and Guard.

Cæs. Repine at us?

Aret. 'Tis more, or my Informers,
That keep strict Watch upon him, are deceiv'd
In their Intelligence; there is a List
Of Malecontents, as *Junius Rusticus*,
Palphurius Sura, and this *Ælius Lamia*,
That murmur at your Triumphs as meer Pageants;
And at their Midnight Meetings tax your Justice
(For so I style what they call Tyranny)
For *Pætus Thrasea's* Death, as if in him
Virtue herself were murder'd; nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his Service done
In the reducing *Brittany* to Obedience,
They dare affirm to be remov'd with Poison;
And he compell'd to write you a Coheir
With his Daughter, that his Testament might stand,
Which else you had made void. Then your much Love
To *Julia*, your Niece, censur'd as Incest,
And done in Scorn of *Titus*, your dead Brother:
But the Divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to sign
To her, you honour with *Augusta's* Title,
Being only nam'd, they do conclude there was
A *Lucrece* once, a *Collatine*, and a *Brutus*;
But nothing *Roman* left now but in you,
The Lust of *Tarquin*.

Cæs. Yes, his Fire, and Scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited Power
Can be confin'd. Dares *Lamia* pretend

An Interest to that which I call mine?
 Or but remember, she was ever his
 That's now in our Possession?—Fetch him hither.

[*The Guards go off.*]

I'll give him Cause to wish he rather had
 Forgot his own Name; than e'er mention'd hers.
 Shall we be circumscrib'd? Let such as cannot
 By Force make good their Actions, tho' wicked,
 Conceal, excuse, or qualify their Crimes:
 What our Desires grant Leave and Privilege to,
 Tho' contradicting all Divine Decrees,
 Or Laws confirm'd by *Romulus* and *Numa*,
 Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should, else, take from
 The Dignity of *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Am I Master
 Of two and thirty Legions, that awe
 All Nations of the triumphed World,
 Yet tremble at our Frown, to yield an Account
 Of what's our Pleasure to a private Man?
Rome perish first and *Atlas*' Shoulders shrink;
 Heav'ns Fabrick fall; the Sun, the Moon, the Stars
 Losing their Light and comfortable Heat,
 Ere I confess, that any Fault of mine
 May be disputed.

Aret. So you preserve your Power,
 As you should equal, and omnipotent here,
 With *Jupiter*'s above.

Enter Parthenius.

[*He kneels and whispers to Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Thy Suit is granted,
 Whate'er it be, *Parthenius*, for thy Service
 Done to *Augusta*. Only so? A Trifle:
 Command him hither. If the Comedy fail
 To cure him, I will minister something to him

That shall instruct him to forget his Gold,
And think upon himself.

Parthen. May it succeed well,
Since my Intents are pious. [Exit Parthenius.

Cæs. We are resolv'd
What Course to take; and therefore, *Aretinus*,
Enquire no further. Go you to my Empress,
And say, I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all Men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The Musick of her Voice, at yonder Window,
When I advance my Hand, thus. I will blend
[Exit Aretinus.

My Cruelty with some Scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater Violence, and Hate clothed in Smiles,
Strikes, and with Horror, dead the Wretch that comes
not
Prepar'd to meet it.

Enter Lamia with the Guard.

Our good *Lamia*, welcome.
So much we owe you for a Benefit
With Willingness on your Part conferr'd upon us,
That 'tis our Study, we that would not live
Engag'd to any for a Courtesy,
How to return it.

Lamia. 'Tis beneath your Fate
To be oblig'd, that in your own Hand grasp
The Means to be magnificent.

Cæs. Well put off;
But yet it must not do: The Empire, *Lamia*,
Divided equally, can hold no Weight,
If ballanc'd with your Gift in fair *Domitia*.
You that could part with all Delights at once,
The Magazine of rich Pleasures being contain'd
In her Perfections, uncompell'd deliver'd,
As a Present fit for *Cæsar*. In your Eyes
With Tears of Joy, not Sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
You glory in your Act.

Lamia. Derided too!

Sir, this is more——

Cæs. More than I can requite;

It is 'acknowledg'd, *Lamia.* There's no Drop
Of melting Nectar I taste from her Lip,
But yields a Touch of Immortality
To th' blest Receiver; every Grace and Feature,
Priz'd to the Worth bought at an easy Rate,
If purchas'd for a Consulship. Her Discourse
So ravishing, and her Action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other Senses
Provided I might ever see, and hear her.
The Pleasures of her Bed I dare not trust
The Winds or Air with; for that would draw down,
In Envy of my Happiness, a War
From all the Gods upon me.

Lamia. Your Compassion

To me, in your forbearing to insult
On my Calamity, which you make your Sport,
Would more appease those Gods you have provok'd
Than all the blasphemous Comparisons,
You sing unto her Praise.

Cæs. I sing her Praise?

'Tis far from my Ambition to hope it;
It being a Debt she only can lay down,
And no Tongue else discharge.

[*Musick above, and a Song.*

Hark! I think, prompted

With my Consent that you once more should hear her,
She does begin.—An universal Silence
Dwell on this Place! 'Tis Death with lingering
Torments

To all that dare disturb her. Who can hear this,
And falls not down and worship? In my Fancy,
Apollo being Judge, on *Latmos* Hill,
Fair-hair'd *Calliope* on her Ivory Lute
(But something short of this) sung *Ceres'* Praises,
And grisly *Pluto's* Rape on *Proserpine.*
The Motions of the Spheres are out of Tune

Her musical Notes but heard. Say, *Lamia*, say,—
Is not her Voice angelical?

Lamia. To your Ear:

But I, alas! am silent.

Cæf. Be so ever,

That without Admiration canst hear her.

Malice to my Felicity strikes thee dumb,

And, in thy Hope, or Wish, to repossess

What I love more than Empire, I pronounce thee

Guilty of Treason.—Off with his Head. Do you
stare?

By her that is my Patroness, *Minerva*,

(Whose Statue I adore of all the Gods)

If he but live to make Reply, thy Life

Shall answer it.

[*The Guards lead off Lamia, stopping his Mouth,*

My Fears of him are freed now;

And he that liv'd to upbraid me with my Wrong,

For an Offence he never could imagine,

In Wantonness remov'd. Descend, my dearest.

Plurality of Husbands shall no more

Breed Doubts or Jealousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd,

And with as little Trouble here, as if

I had kill'd a Fly.

*Enter Domitia, ushered in by Aretinus, her Train with all
State borne up by Julia, Cænis and Domitilla.*

Now you appear, and in

That Glory you deserve, and these that stoop

To do you Service, in the Act much honour'd.

Julia, forget that *Titus* was thy Father;

Cænis and *Domitilla* ne'er remember

Sabinus or *Vespasian*. To be Slaves

To her, is more true Liberty than to live

Parthian or *Asian* Queens. As lesser Stars,

That wait on *Phæbe* in her Full of Brightness,

Compar'd to her you are. Thus I seat you

By *Cæsar's* Side, commanding these, that once

Were the adored Glories of the Time,

To witness to the World they are your Vassals,
At your Feet to attend you.

Domitia. 'Tis your Pleasure,
And not my Pride: And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all Duties they can pay
I do receive as Circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Enter Parthenius with Philargus.

Parthen. *Cæsar's* Will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Philarg. Lose Time to see an Interlude? Must I pay too
For my Vexation?

Parthen. Not in the Court,
It is the Emperor's Charge.

Philarg. I shall endure
My Torment then the better.

Cæf. Can it be
This sordid Thing, *Parthenius*, is thy Father?
No Actor can express him. I had held
The Fiction for impossible in the Scene,
Had I not seen the Substance. Sirrah, sit still,
And give Attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever. Let them spare the Prologue,
And all the Ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last Act—there, where the Cure
By the Doctor is made perfect. The swift Minutes
Seem Years to me, *Domitia*, that divorce thee
From my Embraces. My Desires increasing
As they are satisfied, all Pleasures else
Are tedious as dull Sorrows. Kiss me again:
If I now wanted Heat of Youth, these Fires
In *Priam's* Veins would thaw his frozen Blood,
Enabling him to get a second *Hector*
For the Defence of *Troy*.

Domitia. You are wanton!
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the Play.

Cæf. Begin there.

Enter Paris, like a Doctor of Physick, Æsopus, Latinus brought forth asleep in a Chair, a Key in his Mouth.

Æsop. O Master Doctor, he is past Recovery ;
A Lethargy hath seiz'd him : And, however
His Sleep resemble Death, his watchful Care
To guard that Treasure he dares makes no Use of,
Works strongly in his Soul.

Paris. What's that he holds
So fast between his Teeth ?

Æsop. The Key that opens
His Iron Chests, cramm'd with accursed Gold,
Rusty with long Imprisonment. There's no Duty
In me his Son, nor Confidence in Friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the Trust of any.

Philar. He is the wiser :
We were fashion'd in one Mould.

Æsop. He eats with it ;
And, when Devotion calls him to the Temple
Of *Mammon*, whom of all the Gods he kneels to,
That held thus still, his Orisons are paid ;
Nor will he, tho' the Wealth of *Rome* were pawn'd
For the restoring of it, for one short Hour
Be won to part with it.

Philar. Still, still myself :
And if, like me, he lov'd his Gold, no Pawn
Is good Security.

Paris. I'll try if I can force it.—
It will not be. His avaricious Mind
(Like Men in Rivers drown'd) makes him gripe fast,
To his last Gasp, what he in Life held dearest,
And, if that were possible in Nature,
Would carry it with him to the other World.

Philar. As I would do ; to Hell rather than leave it,

Æsop. Is he not dead ?

Paris. Long since, to all good Actions,
Or to himself, or others, for which wise Men
Desire to live. You may with Safety pinch him,

Or under his Nails stick Needles, yet he stirs not ;
 Anxious Fear to lose what his Soul doats on,
 Renders his Flesh insensible. We must use
 Some Means to rouse the sleeping Faculties
 Of his Mind ; there lies the Lethargy. Take a Trum-
 pet,

And blow it into his Ears, 'tis to no Purpose ;
 The roaring Noise of Thunder cannot wake him :
 —And yet despair not ; I have one Trick left.

Æsop. What is it ?

Paris. I will cause a fearful Dream
 To steal into his Fancy, and disturb it
 With th' Horror it brings with it, and so free
 His Body's Organs.

Domitia. 'Tis a cunning Fellow ;
 If he were a Doctor, as the Play says,
 He should be sworn my Servant, govern my Slumbers,
 And minister to me waking.

Paris. If this fail, [A Chest brought in,
 I'll give him o'er. So with all Violence
 Rend ope this Iron Chest ; for here his Life lies
 Bound up in Fetters, and in the Defence
 Of what he values higher, 'twill return ;
 And fill each Vein and Artery—Louder yet,
 'Tis open, and already he begins
 To stir, mark with what Trouble.

[*Latinus stretches himself.*

Philar. As you are *Cæsar*,
 Defend this honest thrifty Man ;—they're Thieves,
 And come to rob him.

Parthen. Peace ! the Emperor frowns.

Paris. So, now pour out the Bags upon the Table,
 Remove his Jewels and his Bonds again ;
 Ring a second golden Peal, his Eyes are open :
 He stares as he had seen *Medusa's* Head,
 And were turn'd Marble.—Once more.

Lat. Murder, Murder,—
 They come to murder me. My Son in the Plot ?
 Thou worse than Parricide ! if it be Death
 To strike thy Father's Body, can all Tortures,

The Furies in Hell practise, be sufficient
 For thee that dost assassinate my Soul?
 My Gold! my Bonds! my Jewels! dost thou envy
 My glad Possession of them for a Day?
 Extinguishing the Taper of my Life
 Consum'd unto the Snuff?

Paris. Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, deny'd myself
 The Joys of human Being? Scrap'd and hoarded
 A Mass of Treasure, which, had *Solon* seen,
 The *Lydian Cræsus* had appear'd to him
 Poor as the Beggar *Irus*: And yet I,
 Solicitous to increase it, when my Entrails
 Were clamm'd with keeping a perpetual Fast,
 Was deaf to their loud windy Cries, as fearing,
 Should I disburse one Penny to their Use,
 My Heir might curse me: And, to save Expence
 In outward Ornaments, I did expose
 My naked Body to the Winter's Cold,
 And Summer's scorching Heat. Nay, when Diseases
 Grew thick upon me, and a little Cost
 Had purchas'd my Recovery, I chose rather
 To have my Ashes clos'd up in my Urn,
 By hastening on my Fate, than to diminish
 The Gold my prodigal Son while I am living,
 Carelessly scatters.

Æsop. Would you dispatch and die at once,
 Your Ghost should feel in Hell, that is my Slave
 Which was your Master.

Philar. Out upon thee, Varlet!

Paris. And what then follows all your Carke and
 Caring,
 And Self-affliction, when your starv'd Trunk is
 Turn'd to forgotten Dust? This hopeful Youth
 Urines upon your Monument, ne'er rememb'ring
 How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells
 To the Companions of his Lusts and Riots,
 The Hell you did endure on Earth, to leave him
 Large Means to be an Epicure, and to feast
 His Senses all at once, a Happiness

You never granted to yourself, your Gold then
 (Got with Vexation, and preserv'd with Trouble)
 Maintains the publick Stews, Panders and Ruffians,
 That quaff Damnation to your Memory,
 For living so long here.

Lat. It will be so, I see it.

O! that I could redeem the Time that's past,
 I would live, and die like myself; and make true Use
 Of what my Industry purchas'd.

Paris. Covetous Men,
 Having one Foot in the Grave, lament so ever:
 But grant that I by Art could yet recover
 Your desperate Sickness, lengthen out your Life
 A dozen of Years, as I restore your Body
 To perfect Health, will you with Care endeavour
 To rectify your Mind?

Lat. I should so live then,
 As neither my Heir should have just Cause to think
 I liv'd too long, for being close-handed to him,
 Or cruel to myself.

Paris. Have your Desires;
Phæbus assisting me, I will repair
 The ruin'd Building of your Health: And think not
 You have a Son that hates you; the Truth is,
 'This Means with his Consent I practis'd on you
 To this good End, it being a Device,
 In you to shew the *Cure of Avarice*.

[*Exeunt Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*

Philar. An old Fool, to be gull'd thus! had he died,
 As I resolv'd to do, not to be alter'd,
 It had gone off twanging.

Cæs. How approve you, Sweetest,
 Of the Matter and the Actors?

Domitia. For the Subject,
 I like it not; it was filch'd out of *Horace*.
 —Nay, I have read the Poets: But the Fellow
 That play'd the Doctor, did it well, by *Venus*;
 He had a tuneable Tongue and neat Delivery;
 And yet, in my Opinion, he would perform
 A Lover's Part much better. *Prithee, Cæsar,*

For I grow weary, let us see To-morrow
Iphis and *Anaxarete*.

Cæs. Any Thing

For thy Delight, *Domitia*. To your Rest
 Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her.
 There is a Business that I must dispatch,
 And I will straight be with you.

[*Exeunt* *Arctinus*, *Domitia*, *Julia*, *Cænis*, and
Domitilla.

Parthen. Now, my dread Sir,
 Endeavour to prevail.

Cæs. One Way or other,
 We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, *Philargus*,
 Thou wretched Thing, hast thou seen thy sordid Base-
 ness?

And but observ'd what a contemptible Creature
 A covetous Miser is! Dost thou in thyself
 Feel true Compunction, with a Resolution
 To be a new Man?

Philarg. This craz'd Body's *Cæsar's*;
 But for my Mind——

Cæs. Trifle not with my Anger.
 Canst thou make good Use of what was now presented;
 And imitate, in thy sudden Change of Life,
 The miserable rich Man that express'd
 What thou art to the Life?

Philarg. Pray you give me Leave
 To die as I have liv'd. I must not part with
 My Gold; it is my Life.—I am past Cure.

Cæs. No; by *Minerva*, thou shalt never more
 Feel the least Touch of Avarice—Take him hence,
 And hang him instantly. If there be Gold in Hell,
 Enjoy it—thine here and thy Life together
 Is forfeited.

Philarg. Was I sent for to this Purpose?

Parthen. Mercy for all my Service! *Cæsar*, Mercy!

Cæs. Should *Jove* plead for him, 'tis resolv'd he dies,
 And he that speaks one Syllable to dissuade me;
 And therefore tempt me not—It is but Justice:

Since such, as wilfully, will hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my Cruelty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Garden of the Palace.

Enter Julia, Domitilla and Stephanos.

NO, *Domitilla*; if you but compare
What I have suffer'd with your Injuries,
(Tho' great ones, I confess) they will appear
Like Molehills to *Olympus*.

Domitilla. You are tender
Of your own Wounds, which makes you lose the Feel-
ing

And Sense of mine. The Incest he committed
With you, and publickly profess'd, in Scorn
Of what the World durst censure, may admit
Some weak Defence, as being borne Headlong to it,
But in a manly Way, to enjoy your Beauties.
Besides, won by his Perjuries, that he would
Salute you with the Title of *Augusta*,
Your faint Denial show'd a full Consent,
And Grant to his Temptations: But, poor I,
That would not yield, but was with Violence forc'd
To serve his Lusts, and in a Kind *Tiberius*
At *Capreae* never practis'd, have not here
One conscious Touch to rise up my Accuser,
I in my Will being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me,
Great Princesses, tho' I presume to tell you,
Wasting your Time in childish Lamentations,
You do degenerate from the Blood you spring from:

For there is something more in *Rome* expected
 From *Titus*' Daughter and his Uncle's Heir,
 Than Womanish Complaints, after such Wrongs
 Which Mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,
 Your Hands are weak, and should you but attempt
 A just Revenge on this inhuman Monster,
 This Prodigy of Mankind, bloody *Domitian*
 Hath ready Swords at his Command, as well
 As Islands to confine you, to remove
 His Doubts, and Fears, did he but entertain
 The least Suspicion you contriv'd or plotted
 Against his Person.

Julia. 'Tis true, *Stephanos*;
 The Legions that sack'd *Jerusalem*
 Under my Father *Titus*, are sworn his,
 And I no more remember'd.

Domitilla. And to lose
 Ourselves by building on impossible Hopes,
 Were desperate Madness.

Steph. You conclude too fast——
 One single Arm, whose Master does contemn
 His own Life, holds a full Command o'er his,
 'Spite of his Guards. I was your Bondman, Lady,
 And you my gracious Patroness; my Wealth,
 And Liberty your Gift; and, tho' no Soldier,
 To whom or Custom or Example makes
 Grim Death appear less terrible, I dare die
 To do you Service in a fair Revenge:
 And it will better suit your Births and Honours
 To fall at once, than to live ever Slaves
 To his proud Empress, that insults upon
 Your patient Sufferings. Say but you *Go on*,
 And I will reach his Heart, or perish in
 The noble Undertaking.

Domitilla. Your free Offer
 Confirms your Thankfulness, which I acknowledge
 A Satisfaction for a greater Debt
 Than what you stand engag'd for: but I must not
 Upon uncertain Grounds hazard so grateful,
 And good a Servant, The immortal Powers

Protect a Prince, tho' fold to impious Acts,
 And seem to slumber 'till his roaring Crimes
 Awake their Justice: But then, looking down,
 And with impartial Eyes, on his Contempt
 Of all Religion and moral Goodness,
 They in their secret Judgments do determine
 To leave him to his Wickedness, which sinks him,
 When he is most secure.

Julia. His Cruelty
 Increasing daily, of Necessity
 Must render him as odious to his Soldiers,
 Familiar Friends, and Freemen, as it hath done
 Already to the Senate: Then forsaken
 Of his Supporters, and grown terrible
 Ev'n to himself, and her he now so dotes on,
 We may put into Act, what now with Safety
 We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepar'd
 To execute, when you please to command me:
 Since I am confident he deserves much more
 That vindicates his Country from a Tyrant
 Than he that saves a Citizen.

Julia. O, here's *Cænis*.

[*Enter Cænis.*

Domitilla. Whence come you?

Cænis. From the Empress, who seems mov'd
 In that you wait no better. Her Pride's grown
 To such a Height, that she disdains the Service
 Of her own Women: and esteems herself
 Neglected, when the Princeesses of the Blood,
 On every coarse Employment, are not ready
 To stoop to her Commands.

Domitilla. Where is her Greatness?

Cænis. Where you would little think she could descend
 To grace the Room or Persons.

Julia. Speak, where is she?

Cænis. Among the Players, where, all State laid by,
 She does enquire who acts This Part, who That,
 And in what Habits? Blames the Tire-women
 For want of curious Dressings; and so taken
 She is with *Paris* the Tragedian's Shape,

That is to act a Lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitilla. In the mean Time
How spends the Emperor his Hours ?

Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore ; in being cruel
To innocent Men, whose Virtues he calls Crimes.
And, but this Morning, if't be possible,
He hath out-gone himself, having condemn'd
At *Aretinus* his Informer's Suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good *Junius Rusticus*,
Men of the best Repute in *Rome* for their
Integrity of Life ; no Fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel Sentence
On *Pætus Thrasea* the Philosopher,
Their Patron and Instructor.

Steph. Can *Jove* see this
And hold his Thunder !

Domitilla. *Nero* and *Caligula*
Commanded only Mischiefs ; but our *Cæsar*
Delights to see 'em.

Julia. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with Silence.

Cænis. We are call'd for
By our proud Mistress.

Domitilla. We a-while must suffer.

Steph. It is true Fortitude to stand firm against
All Shocks of Fate, when Cowards faint and die
In Fear to suffer more Calamity.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cæsar and Parthenius.

Cæs. They are then in Fetters ?

Parthenius. Yes, Sir. But——

Cæs. But ? What ?

I'll have thy Thoughts ; deliver them.

Parthen. I shall, Sir :

But still submitting to your God-like Pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed.

Cæs. To the Point.

Parthen. Nor let your sacred Majesty believe
Your Vassal, that with dry Eyes look'd upon
His Father dragg'd to Death by your Command,
Can pity these that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well : Forward.

Parthen. 'Tis my Zeal
Still to preserve your Clemency admir'd,
Temper'd with Justice, that emboldens me
To offer my Advice. Alas ! I know, Sir,
These Bookmen, *Rusticus* and *Palphurius Sura*,
Deserve all Tortures. Yet, in my Opinion,
They being popular Senators, and cried up
With loud Applauses of the Multitude,
For foolish Honesty, and beggarly Virtue,
'Twould relish more of Policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite Torments
You please, it skills not, than to have them drawn
To the Decrees¹² in publick ; for 'tis doubted
That the sad Object may beget Compassion
In the giddy Rout, and cause some sudden Uproar
That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited Coward !
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As, or to court the People's Love, or fear
Their worst of Hate ? Can they, that are as Dust
Before the Whirlwind of our Will and Power,
Add any Moment to us ? Or thou think,
If there are Gods above, or Goddeffes,
(But wise *Minerva*, that's mine own, and sure)

¹² *To the Decrees, &c.*

This should be Degrees, and means the *Gradus Gemonii*, the Place of Execution at *Rome*. *M. M.*

That they have vacant Hours to take into
 Their serious Protection or Care,
 This many-headed Monster? Mankind lives
 In few, as potent Monarchs and their Peers;
 And all those glorious Constellations
 That do adorn the Firmament, appointed,
 Like Grooms, with their bright Influence to attend
 The Actions of Kings and Emperors,
 They being the greater Wheels that move the less.
 Bring forth those condemn'd Wretches; let me see
 One Man so lost, as but to pity 'em,
 And tho' there lay a Million of Souls
 Imprison'd in his Flesh, my Hangmen's Hooks
 Should rend it off and give 'em Liberty.

—*Cæsar* hath said it.

[*Exit Parthenius.*]

Enter Parthenius, Aretinus, and the Guard; Executioners dragging in Junius Rusticus, and Palphurius Sura, bound Back to Back.

Aret. 'Tis great *Cæsar's* Pleasure,
 That with fix'd Eyes you carefully observe
 The People's Looks. Charge upon any Man
 That with a Sigh, or Murmur does express
 A seeming Sorrow for these Traitors' Deaths.
 —You know his Will, perform it.

Cæf. A good Blood-hound,
 And fit for my Employments.

Sur. Give us Leave
 To die, fell Tyrant.

Rust. For, beyond our Bodies,
 Thou hast no Power.

Cæf. Yes; I'll afflict your Souls,
 And force them groaning to the *Stygian* Lake,
 Prepar'd for such to howl in, that blaspheme
 The Power of Princes, that are Gods on Earth.
 Tremble to think how terrible the Dream is
 After this Sleep of Death.

Rust. To guilty Men
 It may bring Terror; not to us, that know

What 'tis to die, well taught by his Example
 For whom we suffer. In my Thought I see
 The Substance of that pure untainted Soul,
 Of *Thrasea*, our Master, made a Star,
 That with melodious Harmony invites us
 (Leaving this Dunghill *Rome*, made Hell by thee)
 To trace his heav'nly Steps and fill a Sphere
 Above yon Crystal Canopy:

Cæs. Do invoke him

With all the Aids his Sanctity of Life
 Have won on the Rewarders of his Virtue;
 They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment
 'em: [*The Hangmen torment 'em, they still*
 So, take a Leaf of *Seneca* now; and prove *smiling*:
 If it can render you insensible
 Of that which but begins here. Now an Oil,
 Drawn from the Stoick's frozen Principles,
 Predominate o'er Fire; were useful for you.—
 Again, again.—You trifle.—Not a Groan?—
 Is my Rage lost? What curst Charms defend 'em!
 Search deeper, Villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
 That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful:

'Tis all your Weakness, Sir:

Parth. I dare not shew

A Sign of Sorrow; yet my Sinews shrink;
 The Spectacle is so horrid;

[*Aside*]

Cæs. I was never

O'ercome till now.—For my Sake roar a little,
 And shew you are corporeal and not turn'd
 Aerial Spirits.—Will it not do? By *Pallas*,
 It is unkindly done to mock his Fury
 Whom the World stiles Omnipotent. I'm tortur'd
 In their Want of feeling Torments. *Marius*' Story,
 That does report him to have sat unmov'd
 When cunning Chirurgeons ripp'd his Arteries
 And Veins, to cure his Gout, compar'd to this,
 Deserves not to be nam'd.—Are they not dead?
 If not, we wash an *Æthiope*.

Sur. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm Patience treading
Upon the Neck of Tyranny. That securely,
(As 'twere a gentle Slumber) we endure
Thy Hangmen's studied Tortures, is a Debt
We owe to grave Philosophy, that instructs us
The Flesh is but the Cloathing of the Soul,
Which growing out of Fashion, tho' it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best Lustre.
But unto such as thou, that hast no Hopes
Beyond the present, every little Scar,
The Want of Rest, Excess of Heat or Cold
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce thro' and thro' them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and I give thee Warning of it:
Tho' it is in thy Will to grind this Earth
As small as Atoms, they thrown in the Sea too,
They shall seem recollected to thy Sense;
And, when the sandy Building of thy Greatness
Shall with its own Weight totter, look to see me,
As I was yesterday in my perfect Shape;
For I'll appear in Horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
I am the Guilty Man, and not the Judge.
Drag from my Sight these cursed ominous Wizards,
That as they're now, iike to double-fac'd *Janus*,
Which Way so'er I look, are Furies to me.
—Away with 'em. First shew them Death, then leave
No Memory of their Ashes. I'll mock Fate.

[*Exeunt Executioners with Rusticus and Sura,
Stephanos following.*]

Shall Words fright him victorious Armies circle?
No, no, the Fever does begin to leave me,

Enter Domitia, Julia, and Cænis.

Or, were it deadly, from this living Fountain
I could renew the Vigour of my Youth,

And be a second *Virbius*. O my Glory!
My Life! command my All!

Domitia. As you to me are.

[*Embracing and kissing mutually.*]

I heard you were sad; I have prepar'd you Sport
Will banish Melancholy. Sirrah, *Cæsar*,
(I hug myself for't) I have been instructing
The Players how to act, and, to cut off
All tedious Impertinency, have contracted
The Tragedy into one continu'd Scene.
I have the Art of't, and am taken more
With my Ability that Way than all Knowledge
I have but of thy Love.

Cæf. Thou'rt still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest——

Domitia. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good Opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and, to humble
The Pride of *Domitilla* that neglects me,
(How'er she is your Cousin) I have forc'd her
To play the Part of *Anaxarete*.
You're not offended with it?

Cæf. Any Thing
That does content thee yields Delight to me;
My Faculties and Powers are thine.

Domitia. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our Places. Bid 'em enter
[*After a short Flourish, enter Paris as Iphis.*]
Without more Circumstance. How do you like
That Shape¹³? Methinks it is most suitable
To the Aspect of a despairing Lover.
The seeming late-fal'n, counterfeited Tears
That hang upon his Cheeks, was my Device,

Cæf. And all was excellent.

¹³ *That Shape?*

The Roman Actors played in Masks, one of which *Domitia* calls a
Shape, *M. M.*

Domitia. Now hear him speak.

Paris. That she is fair (and that an Epithet
Too foul to express her) or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain Truths
In which poor *Iphis* glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other Virgin found,
Abus'd, should nourish Cruelty and Pride
In the divinest *Anaxarete*,
Is, to my love-sick languishing Soul a Riddle,
And with more Difficulty to be solv'd,
Than that, the Monster *Sphinx* from the steepy Rock
Offer'd to *OEdipus*. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming Altars *Iphis*,
Thy never-tired Votary, hath presented
With scalding Tears whole Hecatombs of Sighs;
Preferring thy Power and thy *Paphian* Mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, *Neptune's*, or *Pluto's*,
(That after *Saturn* did divide the World,
And had the Sway of Things, yet were compell'd
By thy inevitable Shafts to yield,
And fight under thy Ensigns) be auspicious
To this last Trial of my Sacrifice
Of Love, and Service.

Domitia. Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a Feeling he delivers
His Orisons to *Cupid*; I am rapt with't.

Paris. And from thy never-emptied Quiver take
A golden Arrow, to transfix her Heart,
And force her Love like me; or cure my Wound
With a leaden one that may beget in me
Hate and Forgetfulness of what's now my Idol.
But I call back my Prayer; I have blasphem'd
In my rash Wish. 'Tis I that am unworthy;
But she all Merit, and may in Justice challenge
From the Assurance of her Excellencies,
Not Love but Adoration. Yet, bear Witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful Advocates to make Intercession,
A loyal Heart with pure and holy Flames,
With the foul Fires of Lust never polluted,

And, as I touch her Threshold (which with Tears,
My Limbs benumb'd with Cold, I oft have wash'd)
With my glad Lips, I kiss this Earth grown proud
With frequent Favours from her delicate Feet.

Domitia. By *Cæsar's* Life he weeps.—And I forbear
Hardly to keep him Company.

Paris. Blest Ground, thy Pardon,
If I prophane it with forbidden Steps.
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling Reverence, as if
My Hands were held up for Expiation
To the incens'd Gods to spare a Kingdom.
—Within there, ho! something Divine come forth
To a distressed Mortal.

Enter Latinus as a Porter.

Latin. Ha! Who knocks there?

Domitia. What a churlish Look this Knave has!

Latin. Is't you, Sirrah?

Are you come to pule and whine?—Avaunt, and
quickly;

Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.

Domitia. Churlish Devil!

But that I should disturb the Scene, as I live
I would tear his Eyes out.

Cæf. 'Tis in Jest, *Domitia.*

Domitia. I do not like such Jestings: If he were not
A flinty-hearted Slave he could not use
One of his Form so harshly. How the Toad swells
At the other's sweet Humility!

Cæf. 'Tis his Part:—

Let 'em proceed.

Domitia. A Rogue's Part will ne'er leave him.

Paris. As you have, gentle Sir, the Happiness
(When you please) to behold the Figure of
The Master-piece of Nature, limn'd to the Life,
In more than human *Anaxarete*,
Scorn not your Servant, that with suppliant Hands

Takes hold upon your Knees, conjuring you,
 As you're a Man, and did not suck the Milk
 Of Wolves and Tygers, or a Mother of
 A rougher Temper, use some Means, these Eyes
 Before they are wept out, may see your Lady.
 Will you be gracious, Sir?

Latin. Tho' I lose my place for't,
 I can hold out no longer.

Domitia. Now he melts;
 There is some little Hope he may die honest,

Enter Domitilla for Anaxarete.

Latin. Madam!

Domitilla. Who calls? What Object have we here?

Domitia. Your Cousin keeps her proud State still, I
 think

I have fitted her for a Part.

Domitilla. Did I not charge thee
 I ne'er might see this Thing more?

Paris. I am, indeed,
 What Thing you please; a Worm that you may tread on;
 Lower I cannot fall to shew my Duty,
 Till your Disdain hath digg'd a Grave to cover
 This Body with forgotten Dust; and, when
 I know your Sentence (cruel'st of Women)
 I'll, by a willing Death, remove the Object
 That is an Eyefore to you.

Domitilla. Wretch, thou dar'st not:
 That were the last, and greatest Service to me
 Thy doting Love could boast of. What dull Fool
 But thou, could nourish any flatt'ring Hope,
 One of my Height, in Youth, in Birth and Fortune,
 Could e'er descend to look upon thy Lowness?
 Much less consent to make my Lord of one
 I'd not accept, tho' offer'd for my Slave:
 My Thoughts stoop not so low.

Domitia. There's her true Nature;
 No personated Scorn,

Domitilla. I wrong my Worth,
Or to exchange a Syllable or Look
With one so far beneath me.

Paris. Yet, take heed,
Take heed of Pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the Foundation is on which
You labour to advance it. *Niobe,*
Proud of her num'rous Issue, durst contemn
Latona's double Burthen.—But what follow'd?
She was left a childless Mother and mourn'd to Marble,
The Beauty you o'er-prize so, Time or Sicknefs
Can change to loath'd Deformity; your Wealth
The Prey of Thieves; *Queen Hecuba Troy* fir'd,
*Ulyffes' Bondwoman*¹⁴. But the Love I bring you
Nor Time, nor Sicknefs, violent Thieves, nor Fate,
Can ravish from you.

Domitia. Could the Oracle
Give better Counsel!

Paris. Say, will you relent yet?
Revoking your Decree that I should die?
Or, shall I do what you command? Resolve;
I am impatient of Delay.

Domitilla. Dispatch then:
I shall look on your Tragedy unmov'd;
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A Comedy to me.

Domitia. O Devil! Devil!

Paris. Then thus I take my last Leave. All the
Curfes
Of Lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,
When any Man, like me contemn'd, shall study
In the Anguish of his Soul to give a Name
To a scornful cruel Mistress, let him only
Say this most bloody Woman is to me,

¹⁴ *Queen Hecuba Troy fir'd,*
Ulyffes' Bondwoman.

These two Half-lines are entirely misplaced, and should not be inserted here; they afterwards occur in the Second Volume, to which Passage they belong. *M. M.*

As *Anaxarete* was to wretched *Iphis*!
 Now feast your tyrannous Mind, and Glory in
 The Ruins you have made: For *Hymen's* Bands
 That should have made us one, this fatal Halter
 For ever shall divorce us; at your Gate,
 As a Trophy of your Pride and my Affliction,
 I'll presently hang myself.

Domitia. Not for the World.

—Restrain him as you love your lives.

Cæs. Why are you

Transported thus, *Domitia*? 'Tis a Play;
 Or, grant it serious, it at no Part merits
 This Passion in you.

Paris. I ne'er purpos'd, Madam,
 To do the Deed in earnest;—tho' I bow
 To your Care, and Tenderness of me:

Domitia. Let me, Sir

Intreat your Pardon; what I saw presented
 Carried me beyond myself.

Cæs. To your Place again,
 And see what follows.

Domitia. No, I am familiar
 With the Conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
 I feel myself much indispos'd,

Cæs. To Bed then;
 I'll be thy Doctor.

Aret. There is something more
 In this than Passion,—which I must find out
 Or my Intelligence freezes.

[*Aside.*]

Domitia. Come to me, *Paris*,
 To-morrow for your reward.

Steph. Patroness, hear me;
 Will you not call for your Share? Sit down with this
 And the next Action like a *Gaditane* Strumpet,
 I shall look to see you tumble.

Domitilla. Prithee be Patient.
 I, that have suffer'd greater Wrongs, bear this;
 And that, till my Revenge, my Comfort is. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, and Cænis,*

Parthenius,

WHY, 'tis impossible—*Paris*?
Julia. You observ'd not
 (As it appears) the Violence of her Passion,
 When personating *Iphis*, he pretended
 (For your Contempt, fair *Anaxerete*) [To Domitilla,
 To hang himself.

Parthen. Yes, yes, I noted that;
 But never could imagine it could work her
 To such a strange Intemperance of Affection,
 As to doat on him.

Domitilla. By my Hopes, I think not
 That she respects, tho' all here saw, and mark'd it,
 Prefuming she can mould the Emperor's Will
 Into what Form she likes, tho' we, and all
 Th' Informers of the World, conspire to cross it.

Cænis. Then with what Eagerness this Morning, urging
 The Want of Health and Rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her.

Domitilla. Who, no sooner absent,
 But she calls, *Dwarf* (so in her Scorn she styles me)
 Put on my Pantofles—fetch Pen and Paper;
 I am to write;—and with distracted Looks,
 In her Smock, impatient of so short Delay
 As but to have a Mantle thrown upon her,
 She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas indors'd
 To my lov'd *Paris*.

Julia. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a Page receiv'd it; let him wait me,
And carefully, in the Walk call'd our Retreat,
Where *Cæsar*, in his Fear to give Offence,
Unsent for, never enters,

Parthen. This being certain,
(For these are more than jealous Suppositions)
Why do not you, that are so near in Blood,
Discover it?

Domitilla. Alas! you know we dare not:
'Twill be receiv'd for a malicious Practice,
To free us from that Slavery, which her Pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the Ice, on Pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.

Parthen. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all Speed
To fetch in *Afcletario* the *Chaldean*,
Who in his Absence is condemn'd of Treason,
For calculating the Nativity
Of *Cæsar*, with all Confidence foretelling
In every Circumstance, when he shall die
A violent Death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my Directions, I would have you speak
As much to *Aretinus* as you have
To me deliver'd. He in his own Nature
Being a Spy, on weaker Grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for Goodness-sake
(With which he never yet held Correspondence)
But to endear his vigilant Observings
Of what concerns the Emperor, and a little
To triumph in the Ruins of this *Paris*,
That cross'd him in the Senate-house.

Enter Aretinus.

—Here he comes,
His Nose held up; he hath something in the Wind,
Or I much err already. My Designs

Command me hence, great Ladies; but I leave
My Wishes with you. [Exit Parthenius.

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
I' th' Trap, my proud *Augusta*?

Domitilla. What is't raps him?

Aret. And my fine *Roman Actor*? Is't even so?
No Coarser Dish to take your wanton Palate,
Save that which, but the Emperor, none durst taste of?
—'Tis very well.—I needs must glory in
This rare Discovery; but the Rewards
Of my Intelligence bid me think even now;
By an Edict from *Cæsar* I have Power,
To tread upon the Neck of slavish *Rome*,
Disposing Offices and Provinces
To my Kinsmen, Friends and Clients.

Domitilla. This is more
Than usual with him.

Julia. Aretinus!

Aret. How!

No more Respect and Reverence tender'd to me
But *Aretinus*? 'Tis confess'd that Title,
When you were Princesses and commanded all,
Had been a Favour; but being, as you are,
Vassals to a proud Woman, the worst Bondage,
You stand oblig'd with as much Adoration
'To entertain him, that comes arm'd with Strength
'To break your Fetters, as tann'd Galley Slaves
Pay such as do redeem them from the Oar:
I come not to entrap you, but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd; and, to make
Your Liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
(This Empress, this *Domitia*, what you will)
'That triumph'd in your Miseries.

Domitilla. Were you serious,
To prove your Accusation I could lend
Some Help.

Cænis. And I.

Julia. And I.

Aret. No Atom to me.

My Eyes and Ears are every where, I know all;

To the Line and Action in the Play that took her ;
 Her quick Dissimulation to excuse
 Her being transported, with her Morning Passion ;
 I brib'd the Boy that did convey the Letter,
 And, having perus'd it, made it up again :
 Your Grievs and Angers are to me familiar ;
 That *Paris* is brought to her, and how far
 He shall be tempted.

Domitilla. This is above Wonder.

Aret. My Gold can work much stranger Miracles
 Than to corrupt poor Waiters. Here, join with me—
 'Tis a Complaint to *Cæsar*. This is that
 Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your
 Hands

To th' Accusation ?

Julia. And will justify
 What we've subscrib'd to.

Cænis. And with Vehemence.

Domitilla. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter Cæsar, with his Guard.

Cæs. Let our Lieutenants bring us Victory,
 While we enjoy the Fruits of Peace at Home ;
 And, being secur'd from our intestine Foes,
 Far worse than foreign Enemies, Doubts and Fears,
 Tho' all the Sky were hung with blazing Meteors,
 Which fond Astrologers give out to be
 Assur'd Presages of the Change of Empires,
 And Deaths of Monarchs, we, undaunted yet,
 Guarded with our own Thunder, bid Defiance
 To them and Fate, we being too strongly arm'd
 For them to wound us.

Aret. Cæsar—

Julia. As thou art
 More than a Man—

Cænis. Let not thy Passions be
 Rebellious to thy Reason—

[*The Petition delivered.*]

Domitilla. But receive
This Trial of your Constancy, as unmov'd
As you go to or from the *Capitol*,
Thanks given to *Jove* for Triumphs.

Domitilla. Vouchsafe
A while to stay the Lightning of your Eyes
Poor Mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no Vein
Of yours that rises with high Rage but is
An Earthquake to us.

Domitilla. And, if not kept clos'd
With more than human Patience, in a Moment
Will swallow us to the Center.

Cænis. Not that we
Repine to serve her, are we her Accusers—

Julia. But that she's fall'n so low.—

Aret. Which on sure Proofs
We can make good.—

Domitilla. And show she is unworthy
Of the least Spark of that diviner Fire
You have confer'd upon her.

Cæs. I stand doubtful
And unresolv'd what to determine of you.
In this malicious Violence you have offer'd
To the Altar of her Truth and Pureness to me,
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to fully
A white Robe of Perfection, black-mouth'd Envy
Could belch no Spot on—But I will put off
The Deity you labour to take from me,
And argue out of Probabilities with you,
As if I were a Man. Can I believe
That she, that borrows all her Light from me,
And knows to use it, would betray her Darkness
To your Intelligence? And make that apparent,
Which by her Perturbations in a Play
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her Slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whose Aids she might employ to make Way for her?
Or *Aretinus*, whom long since she knew,
To be the Cabinet Counsellor, nay, the Key

Of *Cæsar's* Secrets ? Could her Beauty raise her
 To this unequal'd Height to make her fall
 The more remarkable ? Or must my Desires
 To her, and Wrongs to *Lamia*; be reveng'd
 By her, and on herself, that drew on both ?
 Or she leave our imperial Bed to court
 A publick Actor ?

Aret. Who dares contradict
 These more than human Reasons, that have Power
 To clothe base Guilt in the most glorious Shape
 Of Innocence ?

Domitilla. Too well she knew the Strength
 And Eloquence of her Patron to defend her,
 And, thereupon presuming, fell securely,
 Not fearing an Accuser, nor the Truth
 Produc'd against her, which your Love and Favour
 Will ne'er discern from Falsehood.

Cæs. I'll not hear
 A Syllable more that may invite a Change
 In my Opinion of her. You have rais'd
 A fiercer War within me by this Fable,
 (Tho' with your Lives you vow to make it 'Story'¹⁵)
 Than if, and at one Instant, all my Legions
 Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.
 Here in this Paper are the Swords predestin'd
 For my Destruction; here the fatal Stars,
 That threaten more than Ruin; this the Death's Head
 That does assure me, if she can prove false,
 That I am mortal, which a sudden Fever
 Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
 But now in my full Confidence what she suffers,
 In that, from any Witness but myself,
 I nourish a Suspicion she's untrue,
 My Toughness returns to me. Lead on, Monsters,
 And, by the Forfeit of your Lives, confirm
 She is all Excellence, as you all Baseness;

¹⁵ To make it 'Story.

Or let Mankind, for her Fall, boldly swear,
There are no chaste Wives now, nor ever were.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Domitia, Paris and Servants.

Domitia. Say we command, that none presume to dare

On Forfeit of our Favour, that is Life,
Out of a faucy Curiousness to stand
Within the Distance of their Eyes or Ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

—And, Sirrah;

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant Opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Paris. With my humblest Service
I but obey your Summons, and should blush else
To be so near you.

Domitia. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the Greatness of the Grace vouchsaf'd you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your Cups
You boast this Privacy.

Paris. That were, mightiest Empress,
To play with Lightning.

Domitia. You conceive it right.
The Means to kill or save, is not alone
In *Cæsar* circumscrib'd; for, if incens'd,
We have our Thunder too that strikes as deadly.

Paris. 'Twould ill become the Lowness of my Fortune,
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your Will,
And then to serve it.

Domitia. And would not a Secret
(Suppose We should commit it to your Trust)
Scald you to keep it ?

Paris. Tho' it rag'd within me
Till I turn'd Cinders, it should ne'er have Vent.
To be an Age a dying, and with Torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your Council,
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obscure Thing, not worth your Know-
ledge,
Were a perpetual Happiness.

Domitia. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In Reason, but that thou, whom oft I've seen
To personate a Gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful and gainsome, and what Virtues else
The Poet pleases to adorn you with ;
But that (as Vessels still partake the Odour
Of the sweet precious Liquors they contain'd)
Thou must be really in some Degree
The Thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble ;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our *Paris* is the Volume in which all
Those excellent Gifts the Stage hath seen him grac'd
with
Are curiously bound up.

Paris. The Argument
Is the same, great *Augusta*, that I, acting
A Fool, a Coward, a Traitor, or cold Cynick,
Or any other weak and vicious Person,
Of force I must be such. O, gracious Madam,
How glorious soever, or deform'd,
I do appear i' th' Scene, my Part being ended,
And all my borrow'd Ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less, than what I was
Before I enter'd.

Domitia. Come, you would put on
A wilful Ignorance, and not understand
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain Language,
Against the decent Modesty of our Sex,

Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee ?
 Or that in our Desires thou art prefer'd,
 And *Cæsar* but thy Second ? Thou in Justice
 (If from the Height of Majesty we can
 Look down upon thy Lowness; and embrace it)
 Art bound with Fervour to look up to me.

Paris. O, Madam ! hear me with a patient Ear,
 And be but pleas'd to understand the Reasons
 That do deter me from a Happiness
 Kings would be Rivals for. Can I, that owe
 My Life, and all that's mine, to *Cæsar's* Bounties,
 Beyond my Hopes or Merits, shower'd upon me,
 Make Payment for them with Ingratitude,
 Falschood and Treason ? Tho' you have a Shape
 Might tempt *Hypolitus*, and larger Power
 To help or hurt than wanton *Phædra* had;
 Let Loyalty and Duty plead my Pardon,
 Tho' I refuse to satisfy.

Domitia. You're coy,
 Expecting I should court you—let mean Ladies
 Use Prayers and Intreaties to their Creatures
 To rise up Instruments to serve their Pleasures ;
 But for *Augusta* so to lose herself,
 That holds Command o'er *Cæsar* and the World,
 Were Poverty of Spirit.—Thou must, thou shalt ;
 The Violence of my Passion knows no Mean,
 And in my Punishments and my Rewards,
 I'll use no Moderation : Take this only
 As a Caution from me, thread-bare Chastity
 Is poor in the Advancement of her Servants,
 But Wantonness magnificent ; and 'tis frequent
 To have the Salary of Vice weigh down
 The Pay of Virtue. So, without more trifling,
 Thy sudden Answer.

Paris. Oh ! what a Strait am I brought in !
 Alas ! I know that the Denial's Death ;
 Nor can my Grant, discover'd, threaten more.
 Yet to die innocent, and have the Glory
 For all Posterity to report, that I

Refus'd an Empress to preserve my Faith
 To my great Master, in true Judgment must
 Show fairer, than to buy a guilty Life
 With Wealth and Honour. 'Tis the Base I build on;
 I dare not, must not, will not.

Domitia. How? Contemn'd?

Since Hopes nor Fears, in the Extremes, prevail not,
 I must use a Mean. Think who 'tis sues to thee:
 Deny not that yet, which a Brother may
 Grant to his Sister:—As a Testimony

[*Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis above.*
 I am not scorn'd, kiss me.—Kiss me again.
 —Kiss closer. Thou art now my *Trojan Paris*
 And I thy *Helen*.

Paris. Since it is your Will.—

Cæs. And I am *Menelaus*. But I shall be

[*Cæsar descends.*

Something I know not yet.

Domitia. Why lose we Time
 And Opportunity. These are but Sallads
 To sharpen Appetite. Let us to the Feast;

[*Courting Paris wantonly.*

Where I shall wish that thou wert *Jupiter*
 And I *Alcmena*, and that I had Power
 To lengthen out one short Night into three,
 And so beget an *Hercules*.

Cæs. While *Amphitrio*
 Stands by, and draws the Curtains.

Paris. Oh!—

[*Falls on his Face.*

Domitia. Betray'd!

Cæs. No; taken in a Net of *Vulcan's* filing,
 Wherein myself¹⁶ the *Theatre* of the Gods
 Are sad Spectators, not one of 'em daring
 To witness with a Smile he does desire
 To be so sham'd for all the Pleasure that

¹⁶ *Wherein myself, &c.*

It is evident that we should read, *where in myself*; he supposes the *Theatre* of the Gods to be comprised in him. *M. M.*

You've sold your Being for :—What shall I name thee?
 Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
 Invectives, which in Bitterness of Spirit
 Wrong'd Men have breath'd out against wicked Wo-
 men,

Cannot express thee. Have I rais'd thee from
 Thy low Condition to the Height of Greatness,
 Command and Majesty, in one base Act
 'To render me? That was before I hugg'd thee?
 An Adder in my Bosom more than Man
 A Thing beneath a Beast ¹⁷? Did I force these
 Of mine own Blood, as Handmaids to kneel to
 Thy Pomp and Pride, having myself no Thought
 But how with Benefits to bind thee mine;
 And am I thus rewarded? Not a Knee?
 Nor Tear, nor Sign of Sorrow for thy Fault?
 Break stubborn Silence. What canst thou allege
 To stay my Vengeance?

Domitia. This. Thy Lust compell'd me
 To be a Strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
 In my Intent and Will, tho' not in Act,
 To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O Impudence! Take her hence,
 And let her make her Entrance into Hell,
 By leaving Life with all the Tortures that
 Flesh can be sensible of—Yet stay—What Power
 Her Beauty still holds o'er my Soul, that Wrongs
 Of this unpardonable Nature cannot teach me
 To right myself and hate her!

[*Aside.*

—Kill her.—Hold.

O that my Dotage should increase from that
 Which should breed Detestation! By *Minerva*,
 If I look on her longer I shall melt,

¹⁷ These Lines as they are printed are quite unintelligible; they must be printed thus:

*In one base Act
 To render me, that was, before I hugg'd thee,
 (An Adder) in my Bosom more than Man,
 A Thing beneath a Beast? M. M.*

And sue to her, my Injuries forgot,
Again to be receiv'd into her Favour,
Could Honour yield to it.

[*Aside,*

—Carry her to my Chamber;

Be that her Prison, till in cooler Blood

I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with Domitia,*

Aret. Now I step in,

While he's in this calm Mood, for my Reward,

Sir, if my Service hath deserv'd—

Cæs. Yes, yes :

And I'll reward thee—Thou hast robb'd me of
All Rest and Peace, and been the principal Means

To make me know that, of which if again

I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

With the Loss of Empire: Strangle him; take these
hence too,

And lodge them in the Dungeon. Could your Reason,

Dull Wretches, flatter you with Hope to think

That this Discovery, that hath shower'd upon me

Perpetual Vexation, should not fall

Heavy on you?—Away with 'em,—stop their Mouths,

I will hear no Reply.

[*Exit Guard, with Aretinus, Julia, Cænis,
and Domitilla.*

O *Paris, Paris!*

How shall I argue with thee? How begin,

To make thee understand, before I kill thee,

With what Grief and Unwillingness 'tis forc'd from me?

Yet, in Respect I've favour'd thee, I'll hear

What thou canst speak to qualify, or excuse

Thy Readiness to serve this Woman's Lust,

And wish thou couldst give me such Satisfaction,

As I might bury the Remembrance of it.

Look up: We stand attentive.

Paris. O, dread *Cæsar!*

To hope for Life, or plead in the Defence

Of my Ingratitude, were again to wrong you.

I know I have deserv'd Death; and my Suit is

That you would hasten it; yet, that your Highness,

When I am dead (as sure I will not live)

May pardon me, I'll only urge my Frailty,
 Her Will, and the Temptation of that Beauty
 Which you could not resist. How could poor I then
 Fly that which follow'd me, and *Cæsar* fu'd for?
 This is all.—And now your Sentence.

Cæf. Which I know not
 How to pronounce. O that thy Fault had been
 But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst
 In Wantonness (like *Nero*, fir'd proud *Rome*)
 Betray'd an Army, butcher'd the whole Senate;
 Committed Sacrilege, or any Crime
 The Justice of our *Roman* Laws calls Death,
 I had prevented any Intercession,
 And freely sign'd thy Pardon.

Paris. But for this!
 Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, Sir;
 Nor let it to Posterity be recorded,
 That *Cæsar*, unreveng'd, suffer'd a Wrong,
 Which, if a private Man should sit down with it,
 Cowards would baffle him.

Cæf. With such true Feeling
 Thou arguest against thyself, that it
 Works more upon me, than if my *Minerva*
 (The grand Protectress of my Life and Empire,)
 On Forfeit of her Favour, cry'd aloud,
Cæsar, show Mercy. And, I know not how,
 I am inclin'd to it. Rise.—I'll promise nothing;
 Yet clear thy cloudy Fears, and cherish Hopes,
 What we must do, we shall do: We remember
 A Tragedy we oft have seen with Pleasure,
 Call'd the *False Servant*.

Paris. Such a one we have, Sir;
 In which a great Lord takes to his Protection
 A Man forlorn, giving him ample Power
 To order and dispose of his Estate
 In his Absence, he pretending then a Journey:
 But yet with this Restraint that, on no Terms
 (This Lord suspecting his Wife's Constancy,
 She having play'd false to a former Husband)

The Servant, tho' solicited, should consent,
Tho' she commanded him to quench her Flames,
That was indeed, the Argument.

Cæs. And what
Didst thou play in it?

Paris. The *False Servant*, Sir.

Cæs. Thou didst, indeed. Do the Players wait without?

Paris. They do, Sir, and prepar'd to act the Story
Your Majesty mention'd.

Cæs. Call 'em in. Who presents
The injur'd Lord?

Enter Æsopus, Latinus, and a Boy dress'd for a Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my Part, Sir.

Cæs. Thou didst not

Do it to the Life: We can perform it better.
Off with my Robe and Wreath; since *Nero* scorn'd not
The public Theatre, we in private may
Disport ourselves. This Cloak and Hat, without
Wearing a Beard, or other Property,
Will fit the Person.

Æsop. Only, Sir, a Foil

The Point and Edge rebutted, when you act,
To do the Murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own Sword.

Cæs. By no means.

In Jest nor Earnest this parts never from me.
We'll have but one short Scene—That, where the Lady
In an imperious Way commands the Servant
To be unthankful to his Patron:—When
My Cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
And do it spritely; tho' but a new Actor,
When I come to Execution, you shall find
No Cause to laugh at me.

Latin. In the Name of Wonder
What's *Cæsar's* Purpose?

Æsop. There's no contending.

Cæs. Why, when?—

Paris. I am arm'd;
 And, stood grim Death now within my View, and his
 Inevitable Dart aim'd at my Breast,
 His cold Embraces should not bring an Ague
 To any of my Faculties, till his Pleasures
 Wére serv'd and satisfy'd; which done, *Nestor's* Years
 To me would be unwelcome.

Boy. Must we intreat,
 That were born to command? Or court a Servant
 (That owes his Food and Cloathing to our Bounty)
 For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
 Urge not, in thy Excuse, the Favours of
 Thy absent Lord, or that thou standst engag'd
 For thy Life to his Charity; nor thy Fears
 Of what may follow, it being in my Power
 To mould him any Way.

Paris. As you may me,
 In what his Reputation is not wounded,
 Nor I, his Creature, in my Thankfulness suffer.
 I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,
 And loyal to his Bed, that hath advanc'd you
 To th' Height of Happiness.

Boy. Can my Love-sick Heart
 Be cur'd with Counsel? Or durst Reason ever
 Offer to put in an exploded Plea
 In the Court of *Venus*. My Desires admit not
 The least Delay. And therefore instantly
 Give me to understand what I shall trust to.
 For, if I am refus'd, and not enjoy
 Those ravishing Pleasures from thee I run mad for,
 I'll swear unto my Lord at his Return,
 (Making what I deliver good with Tears)
 That brutishly thou wouldst have forc'd from me
 What I make Suit for. And then but imagine
 What 'tis to die with these Words, Slave and Traitor,
 With burning Corrosives writ upon thy Forehead,
 And live prepar'd for't.

Paris. This he will believe
 Upon her Information, 'tis apparent;
 And then I'm nothing: And of two Extremes,

Wisdom says, choose the less. [Aside.

Rather than fall

Under your Indignation, I will yield.

—This Kiss, and this confirms it.

Æsop. Now, Sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it.

Æsop. Yes, Sir; be but perfect.

Cæs. O Villain! thankless Villain!—I should talk now;

But I've forgot my Part—But I can do,

Thus, thus, and thus.

[Kills Paris.

Paris. Oh! I am slain in earnest.

Cæs. 'Tis true; and 'twas my Purpose, my good *Paris*:

And yet, before Life leave thee, let the Honour

I've done thee in thy Death bring Comfort to thee.

If it had been within the Power of *Cæsar*,

His Dignity preserv'd, he had pardon'd thee.

But Cruelty of Honour did deny it.

Yet, to confirm I lov'd thee, 'twas my Study,

To make thy End more glorious, to distinguish

My *Paris* from all others, and in that

I've shown my Pity. Nor would I let thee fall

By a Centurion's Sword, or have thy Limbs

Rent Piece-meal by the Hangman's Hook, however

Thy Crime deserv'd it: But as thou did live

Rome's bravest Actor, 'twas my Plot that thou

Shouldst die in Action,¹⁸ and, to crown it, die

With an Applause enduring to all Times,

By our Imperial Hand. His Soul is freed

From the Prison of his Flesh, let it mount upward:

And for this Trunk when that the Funeral Pile

Hath made it Ashes, we'll see it inclos'd

In a golden Urn. Poets adorn his Hearse

18 ————— 'Twas my Plot that thou
Shouldst die in Action, &c.

The Emperor's Manner of killing *Paris* is a pretty Invention of the Poet's: As an innocent Person we are sorry for his Death; yet considering the Nature of his Offence, and what an absolute Tyrant he had to encounter with, we cannot but applaud the Action, though we lament his End.

With their most ravishing Sorrows, and the Stage
 For ever mourn him, and all such as were
 His glad Spectators, weep his sudden Death,
 The Cause forgotten in his Epitaph.

[*Exeunt. A sad Musick, the Players bearing off
 Paris's Body, Cæsar and the rest following.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, and Guard.

Parthenius.

KEEP a strong Guard upon him, and admit not
 Access to any, to exchange a Word,
 Or Syllable with him, till the Emperor pleases
 To call him to his Presence. The Relation
 That you have made me, *Stephanos*, of these late
 Strange Passions in *Cæsar*, much amaze me.
 The Informer *Aretinus* put to Death
 For yielding him a true Discovery
 Of th' Empress' Wantonness; poor *Paris* kill'd first,
 And now lamented; and the Princesses
 Confin'd to several Islands, yet *Augusta*,
 The Machine on which all this Mischief mov'd,
 Receiv'd again to Grace?

Steph. Nay, courted to it:

Such is the Impotence of his Affection!
 Yet, to conceal his Weakness, he gives out
 The People made Suit for her, whom they hate more
 Than Civil War or Famine. But take heed,
 My Lord, that, nor in your Consent nor Wishes,
 You lent or Furtherance or Favour to
 The Plot contriv'd against her: Should she prove it,
 Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost Man,
 Her Power o'er doating *Cæsar* being now
 Greater than ever.

Parthen. 'Tis a Truth I shake at;
And, when there's Opportunity.—

Steph. Say but do,
I am yours and sure.

Parthen. I'll stand one Trial more,
And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe
The Fondness of this Tyrant, and her Pride.

Enter Cæsar and Domitia.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Domitia. It may be, on your Part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, *Domitia*—'Tis a Favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful Looks.
Can *Cæsar* pardon what you durst not hope for
That did the Injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose Guilt is wash'd off by his Mercy,
Only to entertain it?

Domitia. I ask'd none,
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission (for what I hold no Crime)
But by a bare Acknowledgment, than if
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dar'd thy utmost Fury. Tho' thy Flatterers
Persuade thee, that thy Murthers, Lusts, and Rapes,
Are Virtues in thee, and what pleases *Cæsar*,
Tho' never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false Belief that thou
Art more than mortal, yet I to thy Teeth
(When circl'd with thy Guards, thy Rods, thy Axes,
And all the Ensigns of thy boasted Power)
Will say *Domitian*, nay, add to it, *Cæsar*
Is a weak, feeble Man, a Bondman to
His violent Passions, and in that my Slave;
Nay, more my Slave, than my Affections made me
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear and not revenge it? Come, you know

The Strength that you hold on me, do not use it,
 With too much Cruelty : for, tho' 'tis granted
 That *Lydian Omphale* had less Command
 O'er *Hercules* than you usurp o'er me,
 Reason may teach me to shake off the Yoke
 Of my fond Dotage.

Domitia. Never ; do not hope it ;
 It cannot be. Thou being my Beauty's Captive,
 And not to be redeem'd, my Empire's larger
 Than thine, *Domitian*, which I'll exercise
 With Rigour on thee for my *Paris*' Death.
 And, when I've forc'd those Eyes, now red with Fury,
 To drop down Tears, in vain spent to appease me,
 I know thy Fervour such to my Embraces
 (Which shall be, tho' still kneel'd for, still deny'd thee)
 That thou with Languishment shalt wish my Actor
 Did live again, so thou mightst be his second
 To feed upon those Delicates, when he were sated.

Cæs. O my *Minerva* !

Domitia. There she is, invoke her :
 She cannot arm thee with Ability
 To draw thy Sword on me my Power being greater :
 Or only say to thy Centurions,
 Dare none of you do what I shake to think on ?
 And in this Woman's Death remove the Furies
 That ev'ry Hour afflict me ? *Lamia*'s Wrongs
 When thy Lust forc'd me from him, are in me
 At the Height reveng'd ; nor would I outlive *Paris* ;
 But that thy Love increasing with my Hate,
 May add unto thy Torments ; so, with all
 Contempt I can, I leave thee. [Exit *Domitia*.]

Cæs. I am lost,
 Nor am I *Cæsar* : When I first betray'd
 The Freedom of my Faculties and Will
 To this imperious Syren I laid down
 The Empire of the World and of myself
 At her proud Feet. Sleep all my ireful Powers ?
 Or is the Magick of my Dotage such,
 That I must still make Suit to hear those Charms
 That do increase my Thraldom ? Wake, my Anger,

For Shame break thro' this Lethargy, and appear
 With usual Terror, and enable me,
 Since I wear not a Sword to pierce her Heart,
 Nor have a Tongue to fay this, *let her die,*
 Tho' 'tis done with a Fever-shaken Hand,

[*Pulls out a Table Book.*

To sign her Death : Assist me, great *Minerva,*
 And vindicate thy Votary. So, she's now
 Among the List of those I have proscib'd,
 And are, to free me of my Doubts and Fears,
 To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal Book
 Was never drawn yet, but some Men of Rank
 Were mark'd out for Destruction.

Parthen. I begin
 To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there ?

Parthen. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. So.

These, that command arm'd Troops, quake at my
 Frowns,

And yet a Woman flights 'em. Where's the Wizard
 We charg'd you to fetch in ?

Parthen. Ready to suffer

What Death you please t' appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.

Enter Ascleterio, Tribunes and Guard.

We'll question him ourself. Now you that hold
 Intelligence with the Stars, and dare prefix
 The Day and Hour in which we are to part
 With Life and Empire, punctually foretelling
 The Means and Manner of our violent End,
 As you would purchase Credit to your Art,
 Resolve me, since you are assur'd of us,
 What Fate attends yourself ?

Ascleterio. I've had long since

A certain Knowledge, and as sure as thou

Shall die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The Kalends of *October*, the Hour five;
'Spite of Prevention, this Carcass shall be
Torn and devour'd by Dogs; and let that stand
For a firm Prediction.

Cæs. May our Body, Wretch,
Find never nobler Sepulcher, if this
Fall ever on thee. Are we the great Disposer
Of Life and Death, yet cannot mock the Stars
In such a Trifle? Hence with the Impostor,
And having cut his Throat, erect a Pile
Guarded with Soldiers, 'till his cursed Trunk
Be turn'd to Ashes; upon Forfeit of
Your Life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascler. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,
And do as I command you.

[*The Guard bear off Asclerario.*]

I was never
Fuller of Confidence, for, having got
The Victory of my Passions, in my Freedom
From proud *Domitia* (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love) I rest unmov'd;
And, in Defiance of prodigious Meteors,
Chaldeans vain Predictions, jealous Fears
Of my near Friends and Freemen, certain Hate
Of Kindred and Alliance, or all Terrors
The Soldiers doubted Faith, or People's Rage
Can bring to shake my Constancy, I'm arm'd.
That scrupulous Thing stil'd Conscience is fear'd up,
And I insensible of all my Actions,
For which by moral and religious Fools
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been;
And, since I have subdu'd triumphant Love,
I will not deify pale captivè Fear,
Nor in a Thought receive it. For, till thou,
Wifest *Minerva*, that from my first Youth
Hast been my sole Protectress, doth forsake me,

Not *Junius Rusticus*' threatned Apparition,
 Nor what this Soothfayer but ev'n now foretold,
 (Being Things impossible to human Reason)
 Shall in a Dream disturb me. Bring my Couch there :
 [Enter with Couch.

A sudden but a secure Drowfiness
 Invites me to repose myself. Let Musick,
 With some choice Ditty, second it. In the mean Time,
 Rest there, dear Book, which open'd, when I wake,
 [Lays the Book under his Pillow. The Musick and
 Song. *Cæsar sleeps.*
 Shall make some sleep for ever.

Enter Parthenius and Domitia.

Domitia. Write my Name
 In his bloody Scroll, *Parthenius* ? The Fear's idle
 —He durst not, could not.

Parthen. I can assure nothing ;
 But I observ'd, when you departed from him
 After some little Passion, but much Fury,
 He drew it out : Whose Death he sign'd, I know not ;
 But in his Looks appear'd a Resolution
 Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath
 Determin'd of is uncertain, but too soon
 Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
 His Pleasure known to the Tribunes and Centurions,
 Who never use to enquire his Will, but serve it.
 Now if, out of the Confidence of your Power,
 (The bloody Catalogue being still about him)
 As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
 You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
 Or how to cross it.

Domitia. I would not be caught
 With too much Confidence. By your Leave, Sir. Ha!
 No Motion ! you lie uneasy, Sir,
 Let me mend your Pillow.

Parthen. Have you it ?

Domitia. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh !

Parthen. You have wak'd him: Softly, gracious Madam,
While '9 we are unknown, and then consult at Leisure.

[*Exeunt Parthenius and Domitia.*]

A dreadful Musick sounding, enter Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura, with bloody Swords, they wave them over his Head. Cæsar in his Sleep, troubled, seems to pray to the Image; they scornfully take it away.

Cæs. Defend me, Goddess, or this horrid Dream²⁰
Will force me to Distraction. Whither have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow!
I am bath'd o'er with the cold Sweat of Death,
And am depriv'd of Organs to pursue
These sacrilegious Spirits. Am I at once
Robb'd of my Hopes and Being? No, I live—

[*Rises distractedly.*]

Yes, live, and have Discourse, to know myself
Of Gods and Men forsaken. What Accuser
Within me cries aloud, *I have deserv'd it,*
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not *Cæsar*?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous Traitor! thou shalt die;—what Traitor?
He that hath been a Traitor to himself
And stands convicted here. Yet who can fit
A competent Judge o'er *Cæsar*? *Cæsar*. Yes,
Cæsar by *Cæsar's* sentenc'd, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him.—Ha! where is she?
Where is my Goddess? Vanish'd! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no Dream, but a most real Truth,
That *Junius Rusticus* and *Palphurius Sura*,
Altho' their Ashes were cast in the Sea,
Were by their Innocence made up again,

¹⁹ Means here until. *M. M.* Or, till we are past Discovery. *D.*

²⁰ *Defend me, Goddess, or this horrid Dream*
Will force me to Distraction, &c.

There is a great Likeness between this Speech of *Cæsar's* and that of King *Richard III.* after the Ghosts vanish: As it is pretty long I shall not set it down here, but refer the Reader to the fifth Act of that Play, Scene the VII. where he will find it at large.

And in corporeal Forms but now appear'd,
 Waving their bloody Swords above my Head,
 As at their Deaths they threatned. And, methought,
Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she
 Was for my Blasphemies disarm'd by *Jove*,
 And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,
 His Thunder does confirm it, against which,
 [Thunder and Lightning.
 Howe'er it spare the Laurel, this proud Wreath
 Is no Assurance. Ha! come you resolv'd
 To be my Executioners?

Enter three Tribunes.

1 *Trib.* Allegiance

And Faith forbid that we should lift an Arm
 Against your sacred Head.

2 *Trib.* We rather sue

For Mercy.

3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in Justice
 Our Lives are forfeited for not performing
 What *Cæsar* charged us.

1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it

In our Want of Will or Care; for, being but Men,
 It could not be in us to make Resistance
 The Gods fighting against us.

Cæs. Speak, in what

Did they express their Anger? We will hear it,
 But dare not say undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief thus, Sir!

The Sentence, given by your imperial Tongue
 For the Astrologer *Ascletario's* Death,
 With Speed was put into Execution.

Cæs. Well.

1 *Trib.* For his Throat cut, his Legs bound, and his Arms
 Pinion'd behind his Back, the breathless Trunk
 Was with all Scorn dragg'd to the Field of *Mars*,
 And there, a Pile being rais'd of old dry Wood,
 Sincer'd o'er with Oil and Brimstone, or what else
 Could help to feed or to increase the Fire,
 The Carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner

The Stuff that was most apt, began to flame ;
 But suddenly, to the Amazement of
 The fearless Soldier, a sudden Flash
 Of Lightning breaking thro' the scatter'd Clouds,
 With such a horrid Violence forc'd its Passage ;
 And, as disdain'g all Heat but itself,
 In a Moment quench'd the artificial Fire ;
 And, before we could kindle it again,
 A Clap of Thunder follow'd with such Noise,
 As if then *Jove*, incens'd against Mankind,
 Had in his secret Purposes determin'd
 An universal Ruin to the World.

This Horror past, not at *Deucalion's* Flood
 Such a stormy Show'r of Rain (and yet that Word is
 Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen.

Imagine rather, Sir, that with less Fury
 The Waves rush down the Cataracts of *Nile* ;

Or that the Sea, spouted into the Air
 By the angry *Orc*, endangering tall Ships
 But sailing near it, so falls down again.

Yet here the Wonder ends not, but begins :

For, as in vain we labour'd to consume
 The Wizard's Body, all the Dogs of *Rome*
 Howling and yelling like to famish'd Wolves,
 Brake in upon us ; and, tho' Thousands were
 Kill'd in th' Attempt, some did ascend the Pile,
 And with their eager Fangs seiz'd on the Carcass.

Cæs. But have they torn it ?

Trib. Torn it and devour'd it.

Cæs. I then am a dead Man, since all Predictions
 Assure me I am lost. O, my lov'd Soldiers,
 Your Emperor must leave you ; yet, however
 I cannot grant myself a short Reprieve,
 I freely pardon you.—The fatal Hour
 Steals fast upon me. I must die this Morning ;
 By five, my Soldiers, that's the latest Hour
 You e'er must see me living.

Trib. *Jove* avert it !

In our Swords lies your Fate and we will guard it.

Cæs. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no Strength here to be alter'd.
Let proud Mortality but look on *Cæsar*,
Compass'd of late with Armies, in his Eyes
Carrying both Life and Death, and in his Arms
Fathoming the Earth; that would be stil'd a God,—
And is, for that Presumption, cast beneath
The low Condition of a common Man,
Sinking with mine own Weight,

1 *Trib.* Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you,
2 *Trib.* We'll draw up
More Cohorts of your Guard if you doubt Treason,

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended Gods,
That now sit Judges on me, from their Envy
Of my Power and Greatness here, conspire against me,

1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.
Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:

I'm past Hope of Remission.—Yet, could I
Decline this dreadful Hour of Five, these Terrors
That drive me to Despair, would soon fly from me;
And could you but assure me——

1 *Trib.* Yes, Sir,
Or we'll fall with you, and make *Rome* the Urn
In which we'll mix our Ashes.

Cæs. 'Tis said nobly:
I'm something comforted.—Howe'er, to die
Is the full Period of Calamity. [Exit.

S C E N E II,

Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla,
Stephanos, Sijeius, and Entellus,

Parthen. You see we're all condemn'd; there's no
Evasion;
We must do or suffer.

Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least Delay is mortal.

Domitia. Would I were
A Man to give it Action.

Domitilla. Could I make my Approaches, tho' my
Stature
Does promise little, I have a Spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher,

Steph. I will take
That Burthen from you, Madam. All the Art is,
To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my Sword's Reach,
The World should owe her Freedom from a Tyrant
To *Stephanos*.

Sijeus. You shall not share alone
The Glory of a Deed that will endure
To all Posterity.

Entel. I will put in
For a Part myself.

Parthen. Be resolute, and stand close,
I have conceiv'd a Way, and with the Hazard
Of my Life I'll practise it to fetch him hither,
—But then no trifling,

Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not; I
A dead Dog never bites,

Parthen. Thus then at all,
[*Parthenius goes off; the rest stand aside.*]

Enter Cæsar and the Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-pac'd are these Minutes? in Ex-
tremes,
How miserable is the least Delay!
Could I imp Feathers to the Wings of Time,
Or with as little Ease²¹ command the Sun
To scourge his Coursers up Heav'n's Eastern Hill,
Making the Hour I tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this Dial's Tongue to Six;
My Veins and Arteries emptied with Fear,

²¹ This is an uncommon Mode of Expression; with the same
Ease is the Manner in which we should now express this Idea; or
with as much Ease. M. M.

Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?

Trib. Think not of him; I will shew
There is no Danger: All these Prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural Causes;
And, tho' you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave Soldier. Can it be
That I, that feel myself in Health and Strength,
Should still believe I am so near my End,
And have my Guards about me?—Perish all
Predictions; I grow constant they are false,
And built upon Uncertainties.

Trib. This is right;
Now *Cæsar's* heard like *Cæsar*.

Cæs. We will to
The Camp, and, having there confirm'd the Soldier
With a large Donative, and Increase of Pay,
Some shall—I say no more.

Enter Parthenius.

Parthen. All Happiness,
Security, long Life, attend upon
The Monarch of the World.

Cæs. Thy Looks are cheerful.

Parthen. And my Relation full of Joy and Wonder,
Why is the Care of your imperial Body,
My Lord, neglected? the fear'd Hour being past
In which your Life was threaten'd.

Cæs. Is't past Five?

Parthen. Past Six, upon my Knowledge, and in Justice
Your Clock-master should die, that hath deferr'd
Your Peace so long. There is a Post new 'lighted,
That brings assur'd Intelligence, that your Legions
In *Syria* have won a glorious Day,
And much enlarg'd your Empire. I have kept him
Conceal'd that you might first partake the Pleasure
In Private, and the Senate from yourself

Be taught to understand how much they owe.
To you and to your Fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale Fear, then :

Lead me, *Parthenius*.

1 Trib. Shall we wait on you ?

Cæs. No.

After Losses, Guards are useful.—Know your Distance.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Parthenius.*]

2 Trib. How strangely Hopes delude Men! as I live,
The Hour is not yet come.

1 Trib. Howe'er, we are

To pay our Duties and observe the Sequel.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

Enter Cæsar and Parthenius.

Domitia. I hear him coming.—Be constant.

Cæs. Where, *Parthenius*, is this glad Messenger ?

Steph. Make the Door fast.—Here, a Messenger of
Horror!

Cæs. How! betray'd ?

Domitia. No, taken, Tyrant.

Cæs. My *Domitia* in the Conspiracy ?

Parthen. Behold this Book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost.—Yet, tho' I am unarm'd,
I'll not fall poorly.

[*Overtbro'ws Stephanos.*]

Steph. Help me!

Entel. Thus, and thus.

[*Stabs Cæsar.*]

Sijeius. Are you so long a falling ?

Cæs. 'Tis done—'tis done basely.

[*Falls and dies.*]

Parthen. This for my Father's Death.

Domitia. This for my *Paris*.

Julia. This for thy Incest.

Domitilla. This for thy Abuse of *Domitilla*.

[*They severally stab him.*]

Enter Tribunes.

1 Trib. Force the Doors.—O *Mars*!
What have you done ?

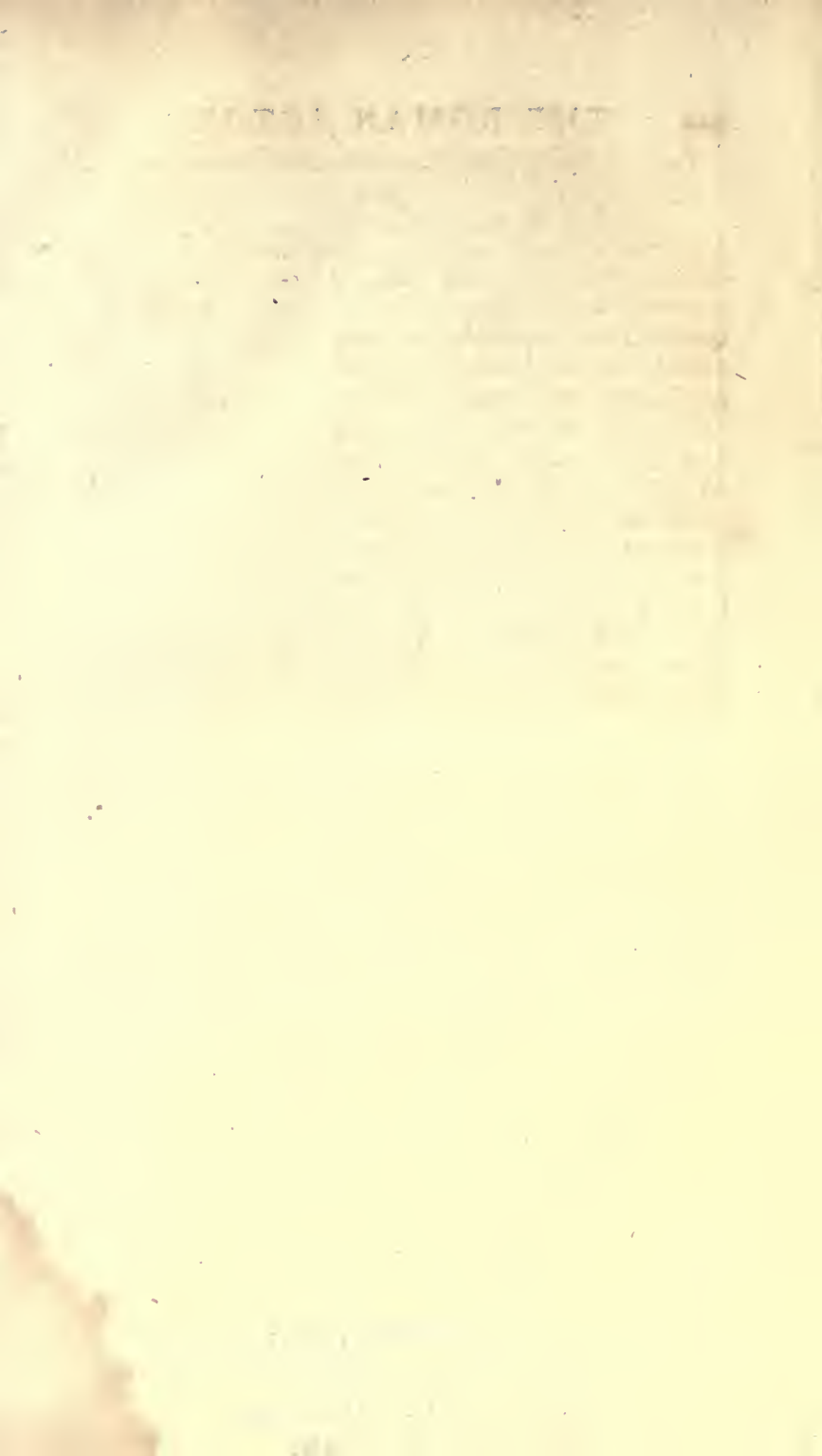
Parthen. What *Rome* shall give us Thanks for
Steph. Dispatch'd a Monster;
Trib. Yet he was our Prince,
 However wicked; and in you this Murther,
 Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
 Nor will we that serv'd under his Command
 Consent that such a Monster as thyself,
 (For in thy Wickedness *Augusta's* Title
 Hath quite forsook thee) thou that wert the Ground
 Of all these Mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd,
 Lay Hands on her, and drag her to Sentence:
 We will refer the Hearing to the Senate,
 Who may at their best Leisure censure you.
 Take up his Body: He in Death hath paid
 For all his Cruelties. Here's the Difference;
 Good Kings are mourn'd for after Life; but ill,
 And such as govern'd only by their Will,
 And not their Reason, unlamented fall:
 No good Man's Tear shed at their Funeral.

[Flourish. Exeunt omnes.]

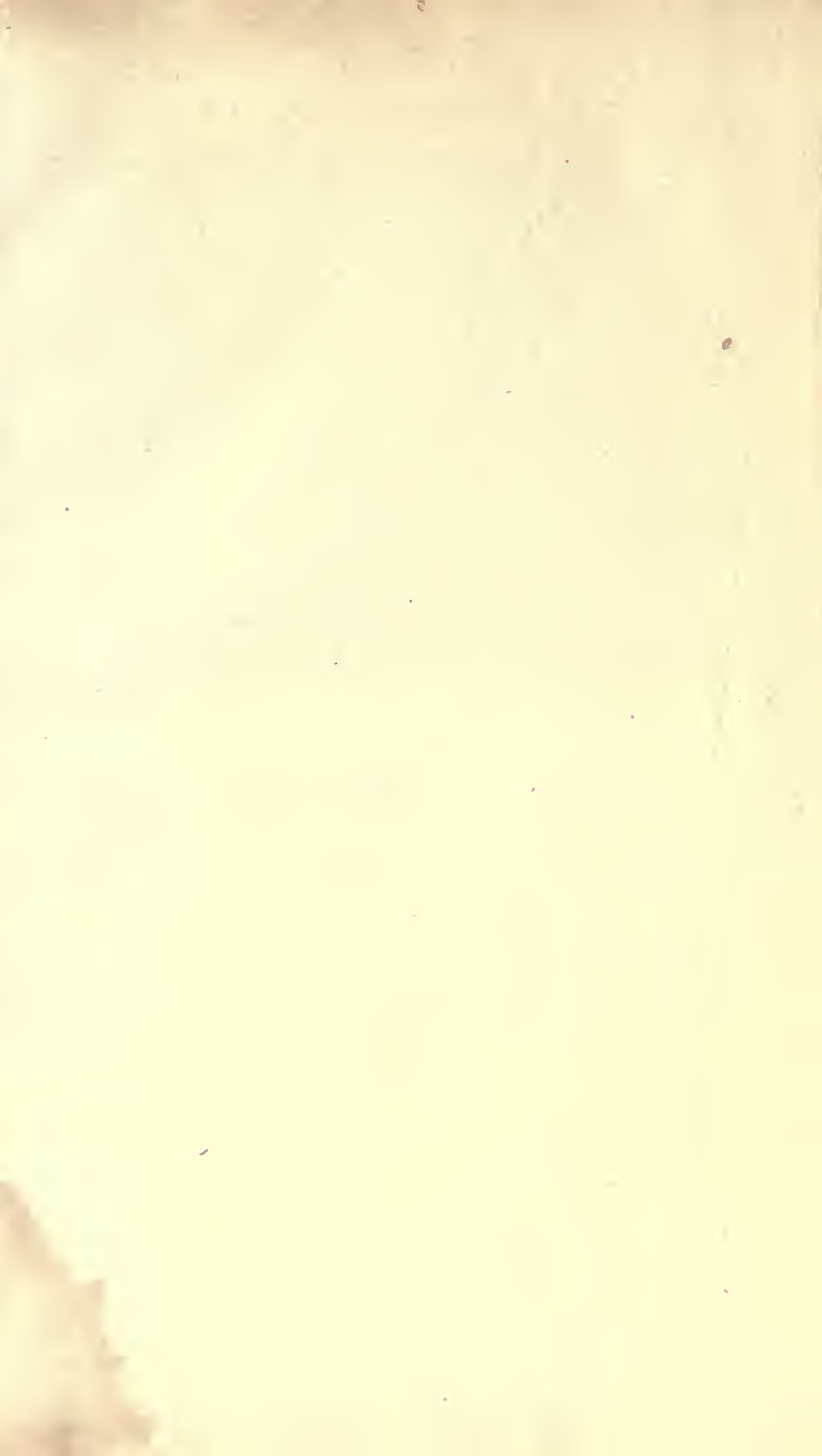
This Tragedy was also revived by *Betterton*: but not, I should suppose, for the same Cause that induced him to revive the *Bondman*; for tho' it be an eloquent and very poetical Composition, that affords much Delight in the Reading; the Epifodes in it, if I may properly call them so, must render it rather tedious in the Representation. The very honourable Light in which it places his own Profession, was probably *Betterton's* Motive for selecting it.

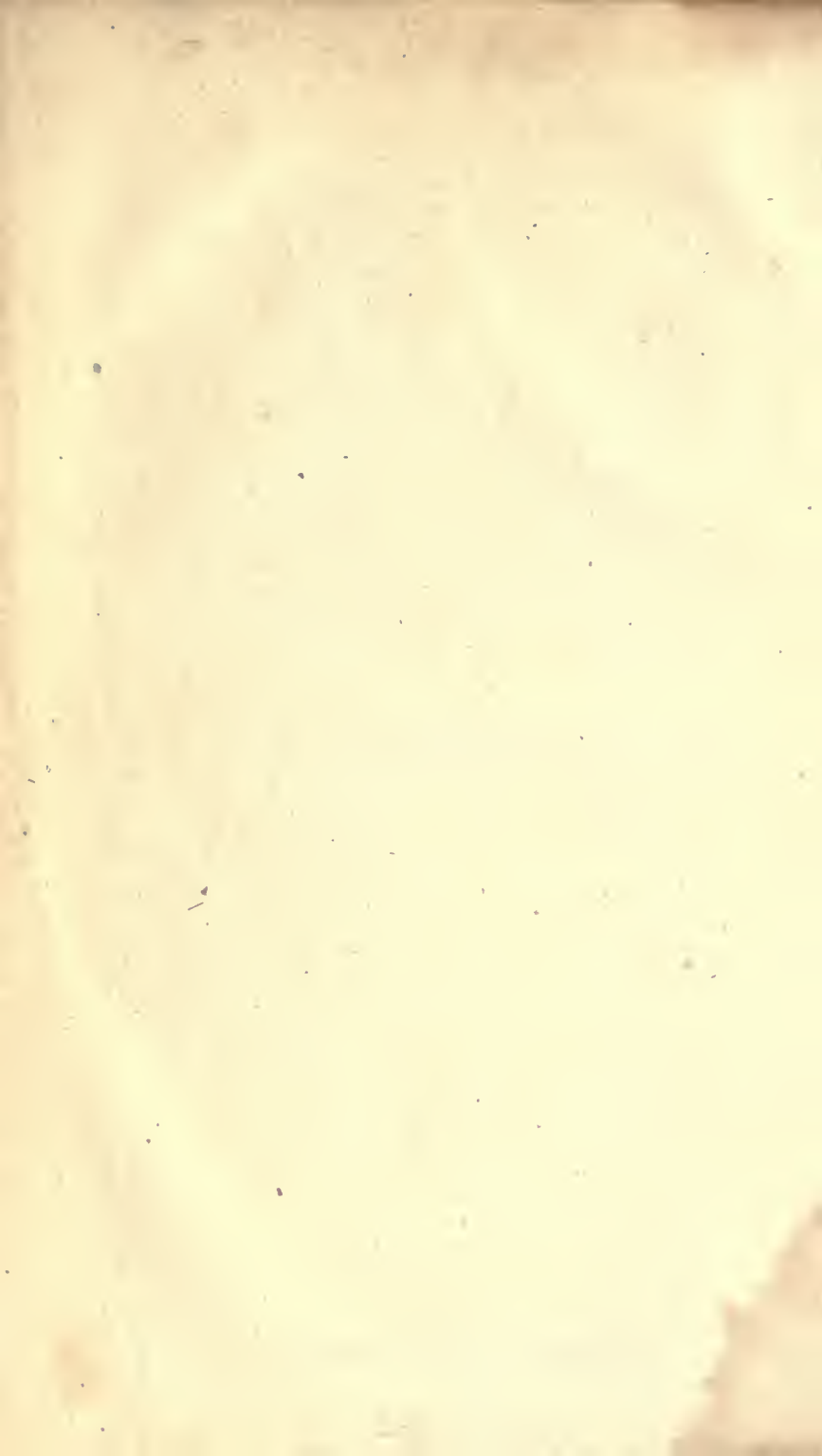
It would give me much Satisfaction to see what Alterations that great Actor had made in these Plays, and in what Manner he had adapted them to the Taste of his Audience; but probably they never were printed in that Form. *M. M.*

The Epifodes of the *Roman Actor*, as the Editor terms them, are doubtless Incumbrances on the main Plot or Fable of the Tragedy; but all the Historical Plays written in our Author's Time partake of the same Fault; *Shakespeare* alone contrives to make his Epifodes more interesting and dramatique. *D.*



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