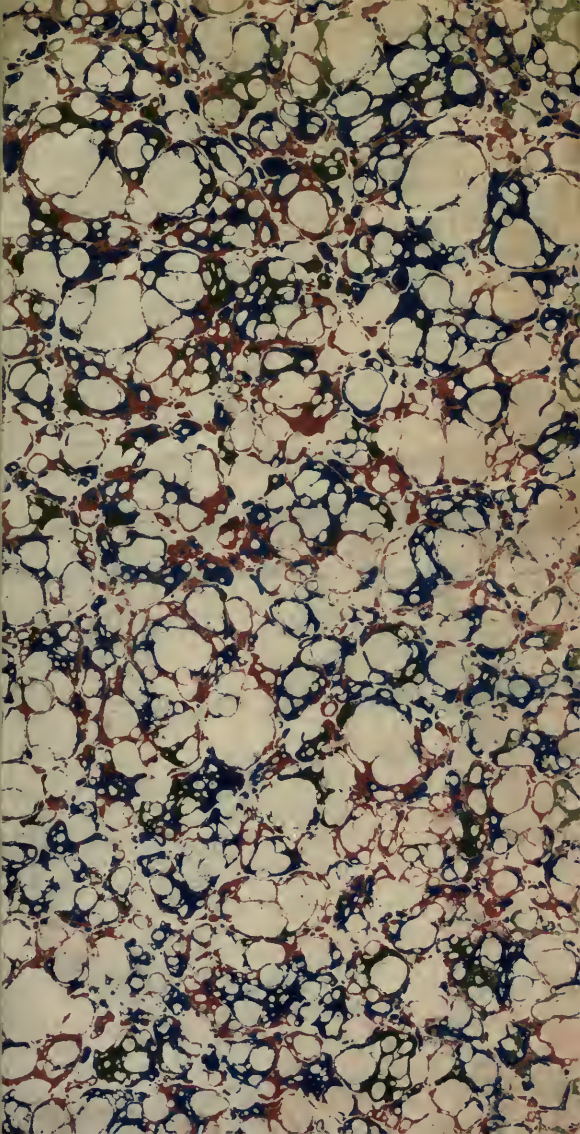






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M^r John Dryden.

Verelst.

The DRAMATICK
WORKS

O F

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA: Or, *Trath found too late.*

The SPANISH FRYAR, Or, *The Double Discovery.*

The DUKE of GUISE.
Vindication of the DUKE of GUISE.

ALBION and ALBIANUS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's Head*
over-against Katharine-Street in the Strand.

M D C C X V I I .



Charles Baker of the
Middle Temple

1840
1841
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T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A :

O R,

Truth found too late.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

D U K E ' S T H E A T R E.

*To which is Prefix'd, A PREFACE Con-
taining the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.*

*Rectius, Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus,*

Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

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To the Right Honourable

R O B E R T,

Earl of *SUNDERLAND,*

*Principal Secretary of State, One
of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council, &c.*

My LORD,



*S*INCE I cannot promise you much Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reasonable that I shou'd secure you from any Part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better distinguish the Exactness of your Taste from that of other Men, than by the Plainness and Sincerity of my Address. I must keep my Hyperboles in Reserve for Men of other Understandings: An hungry Appetite after Praise, and a strong Digestion of it, will bear the Grossness of that Diet: But one of so critical a Judgment as your Lordship who can set the Bounds of just and proper

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in every Subject, would give me small Encouragement for so bold an Undertaking. I more than suspect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Justice to your self: And therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my Appeal from your Lordship to the Reader, and wou'd justify my self from Flattery by the publick Voice; whatever Protestation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other Measures with your Lordship; I am to stand upon my Guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Augustus*.

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill-tim'd, or an extravagant Commendation, wou'd not pass upon you: But you wou'd keep off such a Dedicator at Arms-end; and send him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who stood in Need of such trifling Merchandise. You see, my Lord, what an Awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that Incense, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: But am forc'd to curb my self, from ascribing to you those Honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I must confess I never practis'd that Virtue of Moderation (which is properly your Character) with so much Reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own Knowledge, in not witnessing your Worth; and deprives me of the only Means which I had left, to shew the World that true Honour and uninterested Respect which I have always payed you. I would say somewhat, if it were possible, which might distinguish that Veneration I have for you, from the Flatteries of those who adore your Fortune. But the Eminence of your Condition,
in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in this Particular, is my Unhappinefs: For it renders whatever I would say suspected. Professions of Service, Submissions, and Attendance, are the Practice of all Men to the great: And commonly they who have the least Sincerity, perform them best; as they who are least engag'd in Love, have their Tongues the freest to counterfeit a Passion. For my own Part, I never cou'd shake off the rustick Bashfulness which hangs upon my Nature; but valuing my self at as little as I am worth, have been affraid to render even the common Duties of Respect to those who are in Power. The Ceremonious Visits which are generally payed on such Occasions, are not my Talent. They may be real even in Courtiers, but they appear with such a Face of Interest, that a modest Man wou'd think himself in Danger of having his Sincerity mistaken for his Design. My Congratulations keep their Distance and pass no farther than my Heart. There it is that I have all the Joy imaginable when I see true Worth rewarded; and Virtue uppermost in the World.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the Honour to be known; and to know him so perfectly, that I could say without Flattery, he had all the Depth of Understanding that was requisite in any able Statesman, and all that Honesty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without Vanity, and knowing without Positiveness: That he was loyal to his Prince, and a Lover of his Country; that his Principles were full of Moderation, and all his Counsels such as tended to heal, and not to widen the Breaches of the Nation: That in all his Conversation there appear'd a native Candour, and a Desire of doing Good in all his Actions; if such an one whom I have

The Epistle Dedicatory.

describ'd, were at the Helm, if he had risen by his Merits, and were chosen out in the Necessity and Pressure of Affairs, to remedy our Confusions by the Seasonableness of his Advice, and to put a Stop to our Ruin, when we were just rowling downward to the Precipice; I shou'd then congratulate the Age in which I live, for the common Safety; I should not despair of the Republick, though *Hannibal* were at the Gates; I should send up my Vows for the Success of such an Action, as *Virgil* did on the like Occasion for his Patron, when he was raising up his Countrey from the Desolations of a Civil War.

*Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seculo,
Ne superi prohibete.*

I know not whither I am running, in this Ecstasy which is now upon me: I am almost ready to reassume the ancient Rights of Poetry; to point out, and Prophecy the Man, who was born for no less an Undertaking; and whom Posterity shall bless for its Accomplishment. Methinks I am already taking Fire from such a Character, and making Room for him, under a borrow'd Name, amongst the Heroes of an *Epick* Poem. Neither could mine, or some more happy Genius, want Encouragement under such a Patron.

Pollio amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica, Musam.

But these are Considerations afar off, my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy must be first accomplished: the Quiet of the Nation must be secur'd; and a mutual Trust, betwixt Prince and People, be renew'd: and then this great and good
Man

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Man will have leisure for the Ornaments of Peace; and make our Language as much indebted to his Care, as the *French* is to the Memory of their famous *Richelieu*. You know, My Lord, how low he lay'd the Foundations of so great a Work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*; without which all those Remarks and Observations, which have since been made, had been perform'd to as little Purpose, as it wou'd be to consider the Furniture of the Rooms, before the Contrivance of the House. Propriety must first be stated, e're any Measures of Elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* sufficient for such a Work. 'Twas the Employment of the whole Academy for many Years; for the perfect Knowledge of a Tongue was never attain'd by any single Person. The Court, the College, and the Town, must be joyn'd in it. And as our *English* is a Composition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a perfect Knowledge, not only of the *Greek* and *Latin*, but of the Old *German*, *French* and the *Italian*: and to help all these, a Conversation with those Authors of our own, who have written with the fewest Faults in Prose and Verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak, your Lordship knows, and I am sufficiently sensible in my own *English*. For I am often put to a stand, in considering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or false *Grammar*, and Nonsense couch'd beneath that specious Name of *Anglicisme*. And have no other way to clear my Doubts, but by translating my *English* into *Latin*, and thereby trying what Sense the Words will bear in a more stable Language: I am desirous, if it were possible, that we might all write with the same certainty of Words and Purity of Phrase, to which the *Italians* first arriv'd

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arriv'd, and after them the *French*: At least that we might advance so far, as our Tongue is capable of such a Standard. It wou'd mortify an *English* Man to consider, that from the time of *Boccace* and of *Petrarche*, the *Italian* has varied very little: And that the *English* of *Chaucer* their Contemporary, is not to be understood without the help of an Old *Dictionary*. But their *Goth* and *Vandal* had the Fortune to be grafted on a *Roman* Stock: Ours has the Disadvantage, to be founded on the *Dutch*. We are full of Monosyllables, and those clogg'd with Consonants, and our Pronunciation is effeminate. All which are Enemies to a founding Language: 'Tis true that to supply our Poverty, we have traffick'd with our Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in Words, as *Amsterdam* does in Religions; but to order them, and make them useful after their Admission, is the Difficulty. A greater Progress has been made in this, since his Majesty's Return, than perhaps since the Conquest to his time. But the better part of the Work remains unfinish'd: And that which has been done already, since it has only been in the Practice of some few Writers, must be digested into Rules and Method, before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordship give me leave to speak out at last? and to acquaint the World, that from your Encouragement and Patronage, we may one Day expect to speak and write a Language, worthy of the *English* Wit, and which Foreigners may not disdain to learn. Your Birth, your Education, your natural Endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the Joy of good Men you now exercise at Home, seem all to conspire to this Design: the Genius of the Nation seems to call you
out

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out as it were by Name, to polish and adorn your Native Language, and to take from it the Reproach of its Barbarity. 'Tis upon this Encouragement that I have adventur'd on the following Critique, which I humbly present you together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the Leisure, nor indeed the Encouragement to proceed to the principal Subject of it, which is the Words and Thoughts that are suitable to Tragedy; yet the whole Discourse has a tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted some of my former Opinions, in my loose Essays of the like Nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the Fault of my riper Age and Experience, and that Self-love, or Envy have no part in it. The Application to *English* Authors is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the Foundation of the Rules is Reason, and the Authority of those living Criticks who have had the Honour to be known to you Abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not less of your Acquaintance. Whatsoever it be, I submit it to your Lordship's Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unless it be to your good Nature, and your Candour. If you can allow an Hour of Leisure to the Perusal of it, I shall be fortunate that I could so long Entertain you; if not, I shall at least have the Satisfaction to know, that your Time was more usefully employ'd upon the Publick. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



THE P R E F A C E.

THE Poet *Æschylus* was held in the same Veneration by the *Athenians* of After-Ages, as *Shakespear* is by us; and *Longinus* has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble Boldness of Expression, and that his Imaginations were lofty and Heroick: but on the other side *Quintilian* affirms, that he was daring to Extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous Words, and that his Sense was obscur'd by Figures: Notwithstanding these Imperfections, the Value of his Writings after his Decease was such, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal Reward to those Poets, who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theatre, with those whose Productions were wholly New, and of their own. The Case is not the same in *England*; though the Difficulties of altering are greater, and our Reverence for *Shakespear* much more just, than that of the *Grecians* for *Æschylus*. In the Age of that Poet, the *Greek* Tongue was arriv'd to its full Perfection; they had then amongst them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The *English* Language is not capable of such a Certainty; and we are at present so far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it must be allowed to the present Age, that the Tongue in general is so much refin'd since *Shakespear's* time, that many of his Words, and more of his Phrases, are scarce intelligible. And of those which we under-

understand, some are ungrammatical, others coarse; and his whole Stile is so pester'd with Figurative Expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure. 'Tis true, that in his latter Plays, he had worn off somewhat of the Rust; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was, in all probability, one of his first Endeavours on the Stage.

The Original Story was written by one *Lollius a Lombard*, in Latin Verse, and Translated by *Chaucer* into English; intended I suppose a Satyr on the Inconstancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the Ancients; not so much as the Name *Cressida* once mention'd. *Shakespeare* (as I hinted) in the Apprenticeship of his Writing, modell'd it into that Play, which is now call'd by the Name of *Troilus and Cressida*; but so lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: which Fault I ascribe to the Actors, who Printed it after *Shakespeare's* Death; and that too, so carelessly, that a more uncorrected Copy I never saw. For the Play it self, the Author seems to have begun it with some Fire; the Characters of *Pandarus* and *Thersites*, are promising enough; but as if he grew weary of his Task, after an Entrance or two, he lets them fall: and the latter part of the Tragedy is nothing but a Confusion of Drums and Trumpets, Excursions and Alarms. The chief Persons, who give Name to the Tragedy, are left alive: *Cressida* is false, and is not punish'd. Yet after all, because the Play was *Shakespeare's*, and that there appear'd in some Places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that heap of Rubbish, under which many excellent Thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new modell'd the Plot; threw out many unnecessary Persons; improv'd those Characters which were begun, and left unfinish'd: as *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Pandarus* and *Thersites*; and added that of *Andromache*. After this, I made with no small trouble, an Order and Connexion of all the Scenes; removing them from the Places where they were inartificially set: and though it was impossible to keep them all unbroken, because the Scene must be sometimes in the City, and sometimes in the Camp, yet I have so order'd them, that there is a Coherence of them with one another, and a
dependence

dependence on the main Design: no leaping from *Troy* to the *Grecian* Tents, and thence back again, in the same Act; but a due proportion of Time allow'd for every Motion. I need not say that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obsolete; but I am willing to acknowledge, that as I have often drawn his *English* nearer to our Times, so I have sometimes conform'd my own to his: and consequently, the Language is not altogether so pure, as it is significant. The Scenes of *Pandarus* and *Cressida*, of *Troilus* and *Pandarus*, of *Andromache* with *Hector* and the *Trojans*, in the second Act, are wholly *New*: together with that of *Nestor* and *Ulysses* with *Thersites*; and that of *Thersites* with *Ajax* and *Achilles*. I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of *Pandarus* and the Lovers, in the Third; and those of *Thersites*, which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the last Scene in it, which is almost half the Act, betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. The occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. *Betterton*: the Contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an Injury, by saying that it is an Imitation of the Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Cassius*, do me an Honour, by supposing I could imitate the incomparable *Shakespeare*: but let me add, that if *Shakespeare's* Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in *Amintor* and *Melantius* had never been, yet *Euripides* had furnish'd me with an excellent Example in his *Iphigenia*, between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: and from thence indeed, the last turn of it is borrow'd. The Occasion which *Shakespeare*, *Euripides*, and *Fletcher*, have all taken, is the same; grounded upon Friendship: and the Quartel of two virtuous Men, rais'd by natural Degrees, to the extremity of Passion, is conducted in all three, to the Declination of the same Passion; and concludes with a warm renewing of their Friendship. But the particular Ground-work which *Shakespeare* has taken, is incomparably the best: Because he has not only chosen two the greatest Heroes of their Age; but has likewise interested the Liberty of *Rome*, and their own Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in this Debate. And if he has made *Brutus* who was naturally a patient Man, to fly into Excess at first, let it

be remembred in his Defence, that just before, he has
 receiv'd the News of *Portia's* Death: whom the Poet, on
 purpose neglecting a little Chronology, supposes to have
 dy'd before *Brutus*, only to give him an Occasion of be-
 ing more easily exasperated. Add to this, that the In-
 jury he had receiv'd from *Cassius*, had long been brooding
 in his Mind; and that a melancholy Man, upon Consid-
 ration of an Affront, especially from a Friend, would be
 more eager in his Passion, than he who had given it,
 though naturally more Cholerick. *Euripides*, whom I have
 follow'd, has rais'd the Quarrel betwixt two Brothers
 who were Friends. The Foundation of the Scene was
 this: The *Grecians* were wind-bound at the Port of *Au-
 lis*, and the Oracle had said, that they could not Sail, un-
 less *Agamemnon* deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd:
 he refuses; his Brother *Menelaus* urges the publick Safety,
 the Father defends himself, by Arguments of natural Af-
 fection, and hereupon they quarrel. *Agamemnon* is at last
 convinc'd, and promises to deliver up *Iphigenia*, but so
 passionately laments his Loss, that *Menelaus* is griev'd to
 have been the Occasion of it, and by a return of Kind-
 ness, offers to intercede for him with the *Grecians*, that his
 Daughter might not be sacrific'd. But my Friend Mr.
Rymer has so largely, and with so much Judgment de-
 scrib'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of *Melan-
 tius* and *Amintor*, that it is superfluous to say more of it:
 I only nam'd the Heads of it, that any reasonable Man
 might judge it was from thence I modell'd my Scene
 betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. I will conclude my Reflecti-
 ons on it, with a Passage of *Longinus*, concerning *Plato's*
 Imitation of *Homer*: ' We ought not to regard a good
 ' Imitation as a *Theft*; but as a Beautiful Idea of him
 ' who undertakes to imitate, by forming himself on the
 ' Invention and the Work of another Man; for he en-
 ' ters into the Lists like a new Wrestler, to dispute the
 ' Prize with the former Champion. This sort of Emu-
 ' lation, says *Hesiod*, is honourable, ἄγασθὴ δ' ἐπίς ἐσὶ
 ' βρόλοισι: --- when we combat for Victory with a He-
 ' roe, and are not without Glory even in our Overthrow.
 ' Those great Men whom we propose to our selves as
 Patterns

‘ Patterns of our Imitation, serve us as a Torch, which
 ‘ is lifted up before us, to enlighten our Passage; and
 ‘ often elevate our Thoughts as high, as the Conception
 ‘ we have of our Author’s Genius.

I have been so tedious in three Acts, that I shall contract my self in the two last. The beginning Scenes of the Fourth Act are either added, or chang’d wholly by me; the middle of it is *Shakespear* alter’d. and mingled with my own, three or four of the last Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing, are my own Additions.

But having written so much to an Imitation of what is excellent, in that Part of the *Preface* which related only to my self; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleasant to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets, *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*, in their Tragedies: And this will occasion another Enquiry, how those two Writers differ between themselves: But since neither of these Questions can be solv’d, unless some Measures be first taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I shall endeavour, as briefly as I can, to discover the Grounds and Reason of all Criticism, applying them in this Place only to Tragedy. *Aristotle* with his Interpreters, and *Horace*, and *Longinus*, are the Authors to whom I owe my Lights; and what Part soever of my own Plays, or of this, which no Mending could make regular, shall fall under the Condemnation of such Judges, it would be Impudence in me to defend. I think it no Shame to retract my Errors, and am well pleas’d to suffer in the Cause, if the Art may be improv’d at my Expence: I therefore proceed to,

The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.

TRagedy is thus defin’d by *Aristotle*, (omitting what I thought unnecessary in his Definition.) ’Tis an Imitation of one intire, great, and probable Action; not told but represented, which by moving in us Fear and Pity, is conducive to the purging of those two Passions in our Minds.

Minds. More largely thus, Tragedy describes or paints an Action, which Action must have all the Proprieties above-nam'd. First, it must be one or single, that is, it must not be a History of one Man's Life: Suppose of *Alexander* the Great, or *Julius Caesar*, but one single Action of theirs. This condemns all *Shakespear's* Historical Plays, which are rather Chronicles represented, than Tragedies; and all double Action of Plays. As to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own *Marriage A-la-Mode*, where there are manifestly two Actions, not depending on one another: But in *Oedipus* there cannot properly be said to be two Actions, because the Love of *Adrastus* and *Eurydice* has a necessary Dependance on the principal Design, into which it is woven: The natural Reason of this Rule is plain; for two different independant Actions, distract the Attention and Concernment of the Audiencé, and consequently destroy the Intention of the Poet: If his Business be to move Terror and Pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the People, and utterly make void his greater Purpose. Therefore as in Perspective, so in Tragedy, there must be a Point of Sight in which all the Lines terminate: Otherwise the Eye wanders, and the Work is false. This was the Practice of the *Grecian* Stage. But *Terence* made an Innovation in the *Roman*: All his Plays have double Actions; for it was his Custom to Translate two *Greek* Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet so, that both the Actions were Comical; and one was principal, the other but secondary or subservient. And this has obtain'd on the *English* Stage, to give us the Pleasure of Variety.

As the Action ought to be one, it ought as such, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural Beginning, a Middle, and an End: A natural Beginning, says *Aristotle*, is that which could not necessarily have been plac'd after another thing, and so of the rest. This Consideration will arraign all Plays after the new Model of *Spanish* Plots, where Accident is heap'd upon Accident, and that which is first might as reasonably be last: An Inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one Accident natu-
rally

rally produce another, otherwise 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this Nature is the *Slighted Maid*; where there is no Scene in the first Act, which might not by as good Reason be in the fifth. And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewise to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in *Mustapha*, the Play should naturally have ended with the Death of Zanger, and not have given us the Grace-Cup after Dinner, of *Solyman's* Divorce from *Roxolana*.

The following Properties of the Action are so easy, that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to consist of great Persons, to distinguish it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the Persons of inferior Rank. The last Quality of the Action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not necessary that there should be Historical Truth in it; but always necessary that there should be a Likeness of Truth, something that is more than barely possible, probable being that which succeeds or happens oftner than it misses. To invent therefore a Probability, and to make it wonderful, is the most difficult Undertaking in the Art of Poetry: For that which is not wonderful, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reasonable Audience. This Action thus describ'd, must be represented and not told, to distinguish Dramatick Poetry from Epick: But I hasten to the End, or Scope of Tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our Passions, Fear and Pity.

To instruct delightfully is the general End of all Poetry; Philosophy instructs, but it performs its Work by Precept; which is not delightful, or not so delightful as Example. To purge the Passions by Example, is therefore the particular Instruction which belongs to Tragedy. *Rapin* a judicious Critick, has observ'd from *Aristotle*, that Pride and Want of Commiseration are the most predominant Vices in Mankind: Therefore to cure us of these two, the Inventors of Tragedy have chosen to work upon two other Passions, which are Fear and Pity. We are wrought to fear, by their setting before our Eyes some terrible Example of Misfortune, which happened to Per-
sons

sons of the highest Quality; for such an Action demonstrates to us, that no Condition is privileged from the Turns of Fortune: This must of Necessity cause Terror in us, and consequently abate our Pride. But when we see that the most virtuous, as well as the greatest, are not exempt from such Misfortunes, that Consideration moves Pity in us: And insensibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over the distress'd, which is the noblest and most God-like of moral Virtues. Here 'tis observable, that it is absolutely necessary to make a Man virtuous, if we desire he should be pity'd: We lament not, but detest a wicked Man, we are glad when we behold his Crimes are punish'd, and that Poetical Justice is done upon him. *Euripides* was censur'd by the Criticks of his Time, for making his chief Characters too wicked: for Example, *Phadra* though she lov'd her Son-in-Law with Reluctancy, and that it was a Curse upon her Family for offending *Venus*; yet was thought too ill a Pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore banish all Characters of Villany? I confess I am not of that Opinion; but it is necessary that the Hero of the Play be not a Villain: that is, the Characters which should move our Pity ought to have virtuous Inclinations, and Degrees of moral Goodness in them. As for a perfect Character of Virtue, it never was in Nature; and therefore there can be no Imitation of it: But there are Allays of Frailty to be allow'd for the chief Persons, yet so that the Good which is in them, shall outweigh the Bad; and consequently leave Room for Punishment on the one Side, and Pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other Grounds, than those of exciting Pity and Terror in us? *Bossu*, the best of modern Criticks, answers thus in general: That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to Perfection by Men of a transcendent Genius; and that therefore they who practise afterwards the same Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their Footsteps, and to search in their Writings the Foundation of them: For it is not just that new Rules should destroy the Authority of the old.

old. But *Rapin* writes more particularly thus: That no Passions in a Story are so proper to move our Concernment, as Fear and Pity; and that it is from our Concernment we receive our Pleasure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with Fear for one Character, or Hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the Interest which we take in their Adventures.

Here therefore the general Answer may be given to the first Question, how far we ought to imitate *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them so far only, as they have Copy'd the Excellencies of those who invented and brought to Perfection Dramatick Poetry: Those Things only excepted which Religion, Customs of Countries, Idioms of Languages, &c. have alter'd in the Superstructures, but not in the Foundation of the Design.

How defective *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* have been in all their Plots, Mr. *Rymer* has discover'd in his *Criticisms*: Neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the same or greater Errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, because we want their Beauties to countervail our Faults. The best of their Designs, the most approaching to Antiquity, and the most conducing to move Pity, is the *King and no King*; which, if the Farce of *Befsus* were thrown away, is of that inferior Sort of Tragedies, which end with a prosperous Event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the Story of *OEdipus*, with the Character of *Alexander the Great*, in his Extravagancies, given to *Arbaces*. The taking of this Play, amongst many others, I cannot wholly ascribe to the Excellency of the Action; for I find it moving when it is read: 'Tis true, the Faults of the Plot are so evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The Beauties of it must therefore lie either in the lively Touches of the Passion; or we must conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are less Degrees of Nature, by which some faint Emotions of Pity and Terror are rais'd in us. As a less Engine will raise a less Proportion of Weight, though not so much as one of *Archimedes* making; for
nothing

nothing can move our Nature, but by some natural Reason, which works upon Passions. And since we acknowledge the Effect, there must be something in the Cause.

The Difference between *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* in their Plotting seems to be this; that *Shakespear* generally moves more Terror, and *Fletcher* more Compassion: For the first had a more Masculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the second a more soft and Womanish. In the mechanick Beauties of the Plot, which are the Observation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but *Shakespear* most. *Ben. Johnson* reform'd those Errors in his Comedies, yet one of *Shakespear's* was Regular before him: Which is, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For what remains concerning the Design, you are to be refer'd to our *English Critick*. That Method which he has prescrib'd to raise it from Mistake, or Ignorance of the Crime, is certainly the best, though 'tis not the only: For amongst all the Tragedies of *Sophocles*, there is but one, *OEdipus*, which is wholly built after that Model.

After the Plot, which is the Foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judgment, is the Manners; for now the Poet comes to work above Ground: The Ground-work indeed is that which is most necessary, as that upon which depends the Firmness of the whole Fabrick; yet it strikes not the Eye so much, as the Beauties or Imperfections of the Manners, the Thoughts and the Expressions.

The first Rule which *Bossu* prescribes to the Writer of an Heroick Poem, and which holds too by the same Reason in all Dramatick Poetry, is to make the Moral of the Work; that is, to lay down to your self what that Precept of Morality shall be, which you would insinuate into the People: As namely, *Homer's*, (which I have Copy'd in my *Conquest of Granada*) was, that Union preserves a Common-wealth, and Discord destroys it. *Sophocles*, in his *OEdipus*, that no Man is to be accounted happy before his Death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole Action of the Play to one Center; and that Action or Fable, is the Example built upon the Moral, which

con-

confirms the Truth of it to our Experience: When the Fable is design'd, then, and not before, the Persons are to be introduc'd with their Manners, Characters and Passions.

The Manners in a Poem, are understood to be those Inclinations, whether natural or acquir'd, which move and carry us to Actions, good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the Persons to such, or such Actions. I have anticipated Part of this Discourse already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the Manners perfectly good in his best Persons, but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his Characters, than Necessity requires. To produce a Villain, without other Reason than a natural Inclination to Villany, is in Poetry to produce an Effect without a Cause: And to make him more a Villain than he has just Reason to be, is to make an Effect which is stronger than the Cause.

The Manners arise from many Causes: And are either distinguish'd by Complexion, as cholerick and phlegmatick, or by the Differences of Age or Sex, of Climates, or Quality of the Persons, or their present Condition: They are likewise to be gather'd from the several Virtues, Vices, or Passions, and many other common-places which a Poet must be suppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philosophy, Ethicks, and History; of all which whosoever is ignorant, does not deserve the Name of Poet.

But as the Manners are useful in this Art, they may be all compris'd under these general Heads: First, they must be apparent, that is, in every Character of the Play, some Inclinations of the Person must appear: And these are shown in the Actions and Discourse. Secondly, the Manners must be suitable or agreeing to the Persons; that is, to the Age, Sex, Dignity, and the other general Heads of Manners: Thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his Persons, in all his Actions and Speeches, that Person must discover Majesty, Magnanimity, and Jealousy of Power; because these are suitable to the general Manners of a King. The third Property of Manners is Resemblance; and this is founded upon the

the particular Characters of Men, as we have them deliver'd to us by Relation or History: That is, when a Poet has the known Character of this or that Man before him, he is bound to represent him such, at least not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been: Thus it is not a Poet's Choice to make *Ulysses* choleric, or *Achilles* patient, because *Homer* has describ'd 'em quite otherwise. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily split: And the Absurdity is as monstrous, as if a Painter should draw a Coward running from a Battle, and tell us it was the Picture of *Alexander the Great*.

The last Property of Manners is, that they be constant, and equal, that is, maintain'd the same through the whole Design: Thus when *Virgil* had once given the Name of *Pious* to *Aeneas*, he was bound to show him such, in all his Words and Actions through the whole Poem. All these Properties *Horace* has hinted to a judicious Observer. 1. *Notandi sunt tibi mores,* 2. *Aut famam sequere,* 3. *Aut sibi convenientia fingere.* 4. *Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerat, & sibi constet.*

From the Manners, the Characters of Persons are deriv'd, for indeed the Characters are no other than the Inclinations, as they appear in the several Persons of the Poem. A Character being thus defin'd, that which distinguishes one Man from another. Not to repeat the same things over again which have been said of the Manners, I will only add what is necessary here. A Character, or that which distinguishes one Man from all others, cannot be suppos'd to consist of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or Passion only; but 'tis a Composition of Qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same Person: Thus the same Man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; so in a Comical Character, or Humour, (which is an Inclination to this, or that particular Folly) *Falstaff* is a Lyar, and a Coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, because all these Qualities may agree in the same Man; yet it is still to be observ'd, that one Virtue, Vice, and Passion, ought to be shown in every Man, as predominant over all the rest: As Co-

vetousness in *Crassus*, Love of his Country in *Brutus*; and the same in Characters which are feign'd.

The chief Character or Hero in a Tragedy, as I have already shown, ought in Prudence to be such a Man, who has so much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwise cannot have any Concernment for his Sufferings: And 'tis on this one Character that the Pity and Terror must be principally, if not wholly, founded. A Rule which is extremely necessary, and which none of the Criticks that I know, have fully enough discover'd to us. For Terror and Compassion work but weakly, when they are divided into many Persons. If *Creon* had been the chief Character in *OEdipus*, there had neither been Terror nor Compassion mov'd; but only Detestation of the Man, and Joy for his Punishment; if *Adrastus* and *Enrydice* had been made more appearing Characters, then the Pity had been divided, and lessen'd on the Part of *OEdipus*: But making *OEdipus* the best and bravest Person, and even *Jocasta* but an underpart to him; his Virtues, and the Punishment of his fatal Crime, drew both the Pity, and the Terror to himself.

By what has been said of the Manners, it will be easy for a reasonable Man to judge, whether the Characters be truly or falsely drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no Manners appearing in the Characters, no Concernment for the Persons can be rais'd: No Pity or Horror can be mov'd, but by Vice or Virtue; therefore without them, no Person can have any Business in the Play. If the Inclinations be obscure, 'tis a Sign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what Manner of Man he presents to you; and consequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that Man: Nor can judge what Resolutions he ought to take; or what Words or Actions are proper for him. Most Comedies made up of Accidents, or Adventures, are liable to fall into this Error: And Tragedies with many Turns are subject to it: For the Manners never can be evident, where the Surprises of Fortune take up all the Business of the Stage; and where the Poet is more in Pain, to tell you what happened to
such

such a Man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the Excellencies of *Shakespear*, that the Manners of his Persons are generally apparent; and you see their Bent and Inclinations. *Fletcher* comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in every thing: There are but Glimmerings of Manners in most of his Comedies, which run upon Adventures: And in his Tragedies, *Rollo*, *Otto*, the *King and No King*, *Melantius*, and many others of his best, are but Pictures shown you in the Twi-light; you know not whether they resemble Vice, or Virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this Commendation is to be given to *Ben. Johnson*, that the Manners even of the most inconsiderable Persons in his Plays, are every where apparent.

By considering the Second Quality of Manners, which is, that they be suitable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, &c. of the Character, we may likewise judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this Kind *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, have more excell'd among the *Greeks* than *Æschylus*: And *Terence*, more than *Plautus* among the *Romans*: Thus *Sophocles* gives to *OEdipus* the true Qualities of a King, in both those Plays which bear his Name: But in the latter which is the *OEdipus Coloneus*, he lets fall on Purpose his Tragick Stile, his Hero speaks not in the Arbitrary Tone; but remembers in the Softness of his Complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is banish'd from his Country, and persecuted by his next Relations. The present *French* Poets are generally accus'd, that wheresoever they lay the Scene, or in whatsoever Age, the Manners of their Heroes are wholly *French*: *Racin's Bajazet* is bred at *Constantinople*; but his Civilities are convey'd to him by some secret Passage, from *Versailles* into the *Seraglio*. But our *Shakespear*, having ascrib'd to *Henry the Fourth* the Character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect Manners of each Relation, when either he transacts with his Son, or with his Subjects. *Fletcher*, on the other Side gives neither to *Arbaces*, nor to his King in the *Maids Tragedy*, the Qualities which are suitable to a Monarch:

Though he may be excus'd a little in the latter; for the King there is not uppermost in the Character; 'tis the Lover of *Evadne*, who is King only, in a second Consideration; and though he be unjust, and has other Faults which shall be nameless, yet he is not the Hero of the Play: 'Tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in *Rhodes*) and therefore Mr. *Rymer's* Criticism stands good; that he should not be shown in so vicious a Character. *Sophocles* has been more judicious in his *Antigona*; for though he represents in *Creon* a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Usurper, and *Antigona* her self is the Heroine of the Tragedy: But when *Philaster* wounds *Arethusa* and the Boy; and *Perigot* his Mistress, in the faithful Shepherdes, both these are contrary to the Character of Manhood: Nor is *Valentinian* manag'd much better, for though *Fletcher* has taken his Picture truly, and shown him as he was, an effeminate, voluptuous Man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of those Royal Marks, which ought to appear in a lawful Successor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what *Fletcher* should have done on this Occasion; ought he not to have represented *Valentinian* as he was? *Bosiu* shall answer this Question for me, by an Instance of the like Nature: *Mauritius* the Greek Emperor, was a Prince far surpassing *Valentinian*, for he was indued with many Kingly Virtues; he was Religious, Merciful, and Valiant, but withal he was noted of extream Covetousness, a Vice which is contrary to the Character of a Hero, or a Prince: Therefore, says the Critick, that Emperor was no fit Person to be represented in a Tragedy, unless his good Qualities were only to be shown, and his Covetousness (which sully'd them all) were slur'd over by the Artifice of the Poet. To return once more to *Shakespear*; no Man ever drew so many Characters, or generally distinguish'd 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnson*: I will instance but in one, to show the Copiousness of his Invention; 'tis that of *Calytan*, or the Monster in the *Tempest*. He seems there to have created a Person which was not in Nature, a Boldness

ness, which at first Sight would appear intolerable: For he makes him a Species of himself, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the Bounds of Credibility, at least the Vulgar still believe it. We have the separated Notions of a Spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits according to *Plato*, are vested with a subtil Body; according to some of his Followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the distinct Apprehensions of a Horse, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, so from those of an *Incubus* and a *Sorceress*, *Shakespear* has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has most judiciously furnish'd him with a Person, a Language, and a Character, which will suit him, both by Father's and Mother's side: he has all the Discontents, and Malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient Proportion of the deadly Sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the dejectedness of a Slave is likewise given him, and the Ignorance of one bred up in a Desert Island. His Person is monstrous, and he is the Product of unnatural Lust; and his Language is as Hobgoblin as his Person: in all things he is distinguish'd from other Mortals. The Characters of *Fletcher* are poor and narrow, in comparison of *Shakespear's*; I remember not one which is not borrow'd from him; unless you will except that strange mixture of a Man in the *King and no King*: So that in this Part *Shakespear* is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate *Fletcher* is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.

Under this general Head of Manners, the Passions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I speak not of Pity and of Terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealousy, Revenge, &c. as they are shown in this or that Person of the Play. To describe these naturally, and to move them Artfully, is one of the greatest Commendations which can be given to a Poet: to write Pathetically, says *Longinus*, cannot proceed but from a lofty Genius. A Poet must be born with this Quality; yet,

unless he help himself by an acquir'd Knowledge of the Passions, what they are in their own Nature, and by what Springs they are to be mov'd, he will be subject either to raise them where they ought not to be rais'd; or not to raise them by the just Degrees of Nature, or to amplify them beyond the Natural Bounds, or not to observe the Crisis and turns of them, in their cooling and Decay: all which Errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unskill'd in the Principles of Moral Philosophy. Nothing is more frequent in a Fanciful Writer, than to foil himself by not managing his Strength: therefore, as in a Wrestler, there is first requir'd some measure of Force, a well-knit Body, and Active Limbs, without which all Instruction would be vain; yet, these being granted, if he want the Skill which is necessary to a Wrestler, he shall make but small Advantage of his natural Robustness: So in a Poet, his inborn Vehemence and force of Spirit, will only run him out of Breath the sooner, if it be not supported by the help of Art. The roar of Passion indeed may please an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is Noise, and it may stretch the Lungs of an Ambitious Actor, who will dye upon the Spot for a thundring Clap; but it will move no other Passion than Indignation and Contempt from judicious Men. *Longinus*, whom I have hitherto follow'd, continues thus: If the Passions be Artfully employ'd, the Discourse becomes vehement and lofty; if otherwise, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great Passion out of Season: And to this purpose he animadverts severely upon *Æschylus*, who writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture, and in Fury with his Audience: the Inspiration was still upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the Tripod; or (to run off as madly as he does, from one Similitude to another) he was always at High-flood of Passion, even in the dead Ebb, and lowest Water-mark of the Scene. He who would raise the Passion of a judicious Audience, says a learned Critick, must be sure to take his Hearers along with him; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a Huff: he must move

them.

them by degrees, and kindle with them; otherwise he will be in danger of setting his own Heap of Stubble on fire, and of burning out by himself, without warming the Company that stand about him. They who would justify the madness of Poetry from the Authority of *Aristotle*, have mistaken the Text, and consequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be false read, where he says of Poetry, that it is *Ἐυφύνης ἢ μανικῆς*, that it had always somewhat in it either of a Genius, or of a Mad-man. 'Tis more probable that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was *Ἐυφύνης ἢ μανικῆς*, That it belongs to a Witty-man but not to a Mad-man. Thus then the Passions, as they are consider'd simply and in themselves, suffer Violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the same height; for what Melody can be made on that Instrument, all whose Strings are screw'd up at first to their utmost stretch, and to the same Sound? But this is not the worst; for the Characters likewise bear a part in the general Calamity, if you consider the Passions as embody'd in them: for it follows of Necessity, that no Man can be distinguish'd from another by his Discourse, when every Man is ranting, swaggering, and exclaiming with the same Excess: as if it were the only Business of all the Characters to contend with each other for the Prize at *Billinggate*; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in *Jerusalem*. Suppose the Poet should intend this Man to be Cholerick, and that Man to be patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot distinguish them from one another: for the Man who was call'd patient and tame, is only so before he speaks; but let his Clack be set a going, and he shall tongue it as impetuously, and as loudly as the errantest Hero in the Play. By this means, the Characters are only distinct in Name; but in Reality, all the Men and Women in the Play are the same Person. No Man should pretend to write, who cannot temper his Fancy with his Judgment: nothing is more dangerous to a raw Horse-man, than a Hot-mouth'd Jade without a Curb.

'Tis necessary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by describing of a Passion, first to pre-

pare it, and not to rush upon it all at once. *Ovid* has judiciously shown the Difference of these two Ways, in the Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses*: *Ajax* from the very beginning breaks out into his Exclamations, and is swearing by his Maker. — *Agimus, proh Jupiter, inquit.* *Ulysses*, on the contrary, prepares his Audience with all the Submissiveness he can practise, and all the Calmness of a reasonable Man; he found his Judges in a Tranquillity of Spirit, and therefore set out leisurely and softly with them, till he had warm'd them by Degrees; and then he began to mend his Pace, and to draw them along with his own Impetuousness: yet so managing his Breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reserving his utmost Proofs of Ability even to the last. The Success you see was answerable; for the Croud only Applauded the Speech of *Ajax*; —

Vulgique secutum ultima murmur erat: —

But the Judges awarded the Prize for which they contended, to *Ulysses*.

*Mota manus Procerum est, & quid facundia possit
Tum patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma Disertus.*

The next necessary Rule is, to put nothing into the Discourse which may hinder your moving of the Passions. Too many Accidents, as I have said, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of *Saul* did *David*; for the variety of Passions which they produce, are ever crossing and jostling each other out of the Way. He who treats of Joy and Grief together, is in a fair way of causing neither of those Effects. There is yet another Obstacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of Season; these are nothing of Kin to the violence of Passion: no Man is at leisure to make Sentences and Similes, when his Soul is in an Agony. I the rather name this Fault, that it may serve to mind me of my former Errors; neither will I spare my self, but give an Example of this kind from my *Indian* Emperor: *Montezuma*, pursu'd by his Enemies, and seeking Sanctuary,
stands

stands parlying without the Fort, and describing his Danger to *Cydaria*, in a Simile of six Lines;

*As on the Sands the frighted Traveller
Sees the High Seas come rowling from afar, &c.*

My *Indian* Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd since the first Act, when he sent his Son to discover it. The Image had not been amiss from another Man, at another time: *Sed nunc non erat his locus*: he destroy'd the Concernment which the Audience might otherwise have had for him; for they could not think the Danger near, when he had the Leisure to invent a Simile.

If *Shakespear* be allow'd, as I think he must, to have made his Characters distinct, it will easily be infer'd that he understood the Nature of the Passions: because it has been prov'd already, that confus'd Passions make undistinguishable Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his Failings; but they are not so much in the Passions themselves, as in his manner of Expression: he often obscures his Meaning by his Words, and sometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not say of so great a Poet, that he distinguish'd not the blown puffy Style, from true Sublimity; but I may venture to maintain, that the Fury of his Fancy often transported him beyond the Bounds of Judgment, either in coining of new Words and Phrases, or racking Words which were in Use, into the violence of a Catachresis. 'Tis not that I would explode the Use of Metaphors from Passions, for *Longinus* thinks them necessary to raise it; but to use them at every Word, to say nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or Description, is I doubt to smell a little too strongly of the Buskin. I must be forc'd to give an Example of expressing Passion figuratively; but that I may do it with Respect to *Shakespear*, it shall not be taken from any thing of his: 'tis an Exclamation against Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet*, but written by some other Poet.

*Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune; all you Gods,
In general Synod, take away her Power.*

*Break all the Spokes and Fallyes from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n
As low as to the Fiends.*

And immediately after, speaking of *Hecuba*, when *Priam* was kill'd before her Eyes:

*The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the Flame with bisson Rheum: a Clout along
that Head,
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loyns,
A Blanket in th' Alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious Sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,
The Instant burst of Clamor that she made
(Unless things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made Milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,
And Passion in the Gods.*

What a Pudder is here kept in raising the Expression of trifling Thoughts? Would not a Man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-wright, for his first Rant? and had follow'd a Ragman, for the Clout and Blanket, in the Second? Fortune is painted on a Wheel; and therefore the Writer in a Rage, will have Poetical Justice done upon every Member of that Engin: after this Execution, he bowls the Nave Down-hill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreasonable long Mark a Man would think;) 'tis well there are no solid Orbs to stop it in the Way, or no Element of Fire to consume it: but when it came to the Earth, it must be monstrous heavy, to break Ground as low as to the Center. His making Milch the burning Eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tolerable flight too; and I think no Man ever drew Milk out of Eyes before him: yet to make the Wonder greater, these Eyes were burning. Such a Sight indeed were
enough

enough to have rais'd Passion in the Gods; but to excuse the Effects of it, he tells you, perhaps they did not see it. Wise Men would be glad to find a little Sense couch'd under all those pompous Words; for Bombast is commonly the Delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but understands it not: and as commonly has been the Practice of those Writers, who not being able to infuse a natural Passion into the Mind, have made it their Business to ply the Ears, and to stun their Judges by the Noise. But *Shakespear* does not often thus; for the Passions in his Scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius* are extremely natural, the Thoughts are such as arise from the Matter, and the Expression of them not viciously figurative. I cannot leave this Subject, before I do Justice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his passionate Descriptions: 'tis of *Richard* the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of *London* by *Henry Bullingbrook*: the painting of it is so lively, and the Words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other Language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate Usurper passing through the Crowd, and follow'd by the Shouts and Acclamations of the People; and now behold King *Richard* entering upon the Scene: consider the wretchedness of his Condition, and his Carriage in it; and refrain from Pity if you can.

*As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage;
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no Man cry'd, God save him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome Home,
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The Hearts of Men; they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pity'd him.*

To speak justly of this whole matter; 'tis neither height of Thought that is discommended, nor pathetick Vehemence, nor any nobleness of Expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false Measure of all these, something which is like them, and is not them: 'tis the *Bristol-stone* which appears like a Diamond; 'tis an extravagant Thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring Madness instead of Vehemence; and a sound of Words, instead of Sense. If *Shakespear* were stript of all the Bombast in his Passions, and dress'd in the most vulgar Words, we should find the Beauties of his Thoughts remaining; if his Embroideries were burnt down, there would still be Silver at the bottom of the Melting-Pot: but I fear (at least, let me fear it for my self) that we who Ape his sounding Words, have nothing of his Thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a Dwarf within our Giants Cloaths. Therefore, let not *Shakespear* suffer for our Sakes; 'tis our fault, who succeed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him so ill, that we copy his Failings only, and make a Virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an Imperfection.

For what remains, the Excellency of that Poet was, as I have said, in the more manly Passions; *Fletcher's* in the softer: *Shakespear* writ better betwixt Man and Man; *Fletcher*, betwixt Man and Woman: consequently, the one describ'd Friendship better; the other Love: yet *Shakespear* taught *Fletcher* to write Love: and *Juliet*, and *Desdemona*, are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the softer Soul; but the Master had the kinder. Friendship is both a Virtue, and a Passion essentially; Love is a Passion only in its Nature, and is not a Virtue but by Accident: good Nature makes Friendship; but Effeminacy Love. *Shakespear* had an Universal Mind, which comprehended all Characters and Passions; *Fletcher* a more confin'd and limited: for though he treated Love in Perfection, yet Honour, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the stronger Passions, he either touch'd not, or not Masterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of *Shakespear*.

I had intended to have proceeded to the last Property of Manners, which is, that they must be constant; and
the

the Characters maintain'd the same from the beginning to the End; and from thence to have proceeded to the Thoughts and Expressions suitable to a Tragedy: but I will first see how this will relish with the Age. 'Tis I confess but cursorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But because many Men are shock'd at the name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magisterial Prescription upon Poets, I will conclude with the Words of *Rapin*, in his Reflections on *Aristotle's* Work of Poetry: If the Rules be well consider'd, we shall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method; to trace her Step by Step, and not to suffer the least Mark of her to escape us: 'tis only by those, that Probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Poetry: they are founded upon good Sense, and sound Reason, rather than on Authority; for though *Aristotle* and *Horace* are produc'd, yet no Man must argue, that what they write is true, because they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous Mistakes and gross Absurdities, which have been made by those Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their Guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer Caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reasonable and judicious Poem.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*,

Representing the Ghost of *Shakespear*.

SEE, my lov'd Britons, see your *Shakespear* rise,
An awful Ghost confess'd to human Eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other Shades, by this eternal Green,
About whose Wreaths the vulgar Poets strive,
And wish a Touch, their wither'd Bays revive:
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age,
I found not, but created first the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin Store,
'Twas, that my own Abundance gave me more.
On Foreign Trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without Supply,
In this my rough-drawn Play, you shall behold
Some Master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the Successors to my Name?
What bring they to fill out a Poet's Fame?
Weak, short-liv'd Issues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Christen'd on the Stage!
For Humour Farce, for Love they Rhyme dispense,
That tolls the Knell for their departed Sense.

PROLOGUE.

*Dullness might thrive in any Trade but this:
'Twon'd recommend to some fat Benefice.
Dulness, that in a Play-house meets Disgrace,
Might meet with Reverence, in its proper Place.
The fulsome Clench that nauseates the Town,
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such Virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
And that insipid Stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave Debate:
Dulness is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that still 'tis understood
Bad Plays are best decry'd by showing Good:
Sit silent then, that my pleas'd Soul may see
A Judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithful Scene from true Records shall tell,
How Trojan Valour did the Greek excell;
Your great Fore-fathers shall their Fame regain,
And Homer's angry Ghost repine in vain.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Hector.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Troilus.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Priam.</i>	<i>Mr. Percivall.</i>
<i>Aeneas.</i>	<i>Mr. Joseph Williams.</i>
<i>Pandarus.</i>	<i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
<i>Calchas.</i>	<i>Mr. Percivall.</i>
<i>Agamemnon.</i>	<i>Mr. Gillo.</i>
<i>Ulysses.</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Achilles.</i>	<i>Mr. David Williams.</i>
<i>Ajax.</i>	<i>Mr. Bright.</i>
<i>Nestor.</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Diomedes.</i>	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
<i>Patroclus.</i>	<i>Mr. Boman.</i>
<i>Menelaus,</i>	<i>Mr. Richards.</i>
<i>Thersites.</i>	<i>Mr. Underhill.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Cressida.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Andromache.</i>	<i>Mrs. Betterton.</i>



Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomedes, and Nestor.

A G A M E M N O N.



PRINCES, it seems not strange to us nor new,

That after Nine Years Siege Troy makes Defence,

Since every Action of recorded Fame
Has with long Difficulties been involv'd,

Not answering that Idea of the Thought

Which gave it Birth; why then you Grecian Chiefs,

With sickly Eyes do you behold our Labours,

And think 'em our Dishonour, which indeed

Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,

To prove heroick Constancy in Men?

Nestor. With due Observance of thy Sovereign Seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy

Thy well-weigh'd Words: In struggling with Misfor-
 Lyes the true Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas, [tunes
 How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
 And make an equal Way with firmer Vessels!
 But let the Tempest once intrage that Sea,
 And then behold the strong rib'd *Argosie*,
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*.
 Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?
 Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port,
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: Even thus
 Do empty show, and true-priz'd Worth divide
 In Storms of Fortune.

Ulysses. Mighty *Agamemnon*!

Heart of our Body, Soul of our Designs,
 In whom the Tempers, and the Minds of all
 Shou'd be inclos'd: Hear what *Ulysses* speaks.

Agam. — You have free Leave.

Ulysses. *Troy* had been down e're this, and *Hector's*
 Wanted a Master, but for our Disorders: [Sword
 Th' Observance due to Rule has been neglected;
 Observe how many *Grecian* Tents stand void
 Upon this Plain; so many hollow Factions:
 For when the General is not like the Hive
 To whom the Foragers should all repair,
 What Honey can our empty Combs expect?
 Or when Supremacy of Kings is shaken,
 What can succeed? How cou'd Communities
 Or peaceful Traffick from divided Shores,
 Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
 But by Degree stand on their solid Base!
 Then every thing resolves to brutal Force,
 And headlong Force is led by hoodwink'd Will,
 For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Wolf,
 Spur'd on by Will, and seconded by Power,
 Must make an universal Prey of all,
 And last devour it self.

Nest. Most prudently *Ulysses* has discover'd
 The Malady whereof our State is sick,

Diom. Tis Truth he speaks, the General's disdain'd

By him one Step beneath, he by the next :
 That next by him below : So each Degree
 Spurns upward at Superiour Eminence :
 Thus our Distempers are their sole Support ;
 Troy in our Weakness lives, not in her Strength.

Agam. The Nature of this Sickness found, inform us
 From whence it draws its Birth ?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
 The chief of all our Host ———

Having his Ears buzz'd with his noisy Fame,
 Disdains thy Sovereign Charge, and in his Tent
 Lyes mocking our Designs, with him *Patroclus*
 Upon a lazy Bed, breaks scurril Jests,
 And with ridiculous and awkward Action,
 Which, Slanderer, he Imitation calls,
 Mimicks the *Grecian* Chiefs.

Agam. As how, *Ulysses* ?

Ulysses. Ev'n thee, the King of Men, he do's not spare,
 (The Monkey Author) but thy Greatness pageants,
 And makes of it Rehearsals: like a Player
 Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring,
 And his rack'd Voice Jar to his Audience ;
 So represents he Thee, though more unlike
 Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus*.

And at this fulsome Stuff, this Wit of Apes,
 The large *Achilles* on his Prest-Bed lolling,
 From his deep Chest roars out a loud Applause,
 Tickling his Spleen, and laughing till he wheeze.

Nestor. Nor are you spar'd, *Ulysses*, but as you speak in
 Council:

He hems e're he begins, then strokes his Beard,
 Casts down his Looks, and winks with half an Eye ;
 Has every Action, Cadence, Motion, Tone,
 All of you but the Sense.

Agam. Fortune was merry
 When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
 To make a Mimick Prince ; he ne'er acts Ill
 But when he would seem Wise :
 For all he says or do's from serious Thought,
 Appears so wretched that he mocks his Title.

And is his own Buffoon.

Ulysses. In Imitation of this scurril Fool,
Ajax is grown Self-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes factious Feasts,
Rails on our State of War, and sets *Thersites*
(A slanderous Slave of an o'er-flowing Gall)
To level us with low Comparisons:

They Tax our Policy with Cowardice,
Count Wisdom of no Moment in the War,
In brief, esteem no Act, but that of Hand;
The still and thoughtful Parts which move those Hands,
With them are but the Tasks cut out by Fear
To be perform'd by Valour.

Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* Horse
Is more of use than he: but you, grave Pair,
Like Time and Wisdom marching Hand in Hand,
Must put a stop to these incroaching Ills:
To you we leave the Care:

You who cou'd show whence the Distemper springs,
Must vindicate the Dignity of Kings. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troil. Why should I fight without the Trojan Walls,
Who, without fighting, am o'erthrown within?
The Trojan who is Master of a Soul,
Let him to battle; *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an End with you?

Troil. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their Strength,
Fierce to their Skill, and to their Fierceness wary;
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance:
And Artless as unpractis'd Infancy.

Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my
part I'll not meddle nor make any further in your Love:
He that will eat of the Roastmeat, must stay for the
kindling of the Fire.

Troil. Have I not stay'd?

Pand. Ay, the kindling; but you must stay the spit-
ting of the Meat. *Troil.*

Troil. Have I not stay'd?

Pand. Ay, the spitting: but there's two Words to a Bargain: you must stay the roasting too.

Troil. Still have I stay'd: and still the farther off.

Pand. That's but the roasting, but there's more in this Word Stay; there's the taking off the Spitt, the making of the Sawce, the dishing, the setting on the Table, and saying Grace; nay you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Chaps.

Troil. At *Priam's* Table pensive do I sit,
And when fair *Cressida* comes into my Thoughts
(Can she be said to come, who ne'er was absent!)

Pand. Well, she's a most ravishing Creature; and she look'd Yesterday most killingly, she had such a Stroke with her Eyes, she cut to the Quick with every Glance of them.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart
Was ready with a Sigh to cleave in two,
Lest *Hector*, or my Father should perceive me,
I have with mighty Anguish of my Soul
Just at the Birth stifled this still-born Sigh,
And forc'd my Face into a painful Smile.

Pand. I measur'd her with my Girdle Yesterday, she's not half a Yard about the Waste, but so taper a Shape did I never see; but when I had her in my Arms, Lord, thought I, and by my Troth I could not forbear sighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this Advantage, and I were holding of the Door. — And she were a thought taller, but as she is, she wants not an Inch of *Hellen* neither; but there's no more Comparison between the Women — there was Wit, there was a sweet Tongue: How her Words melted in her Mouth! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have such a Tongue in his Mouth, I warrant him.

I wou'd some Body had heard her talk Yesterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am mad
In *Cressid's* Love, thou answerst she is fair;
Praisest her Eyes, her Stature and her Wit;
But praising thus, instead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'st in every Wound her Love has giv'n me,
The Sword that made it:

Pand.

Pand. I give her but her due.

Troil. Thou giv'st her not so much.

Pand. Faith I'll speak no more of her, let her be as she is: If she be a Beauty, 'tis the better for her; and she be not She has the Mends in her own Hands, for *Pandarus*.

Troil. In spite of me thou wilt mistake my meaning.

Pand. I have had but my Labour for my Pains, Ill thought on of her, and Ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, and am Ground in the Millstones for my Labour.

Troil. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*, with thy Friend?

Pand. Because she's my Niece, therefore she's not so Fair as *Hellen*; and she were not my Niece, show me such another Piece of Womans Flesh; take her Limb by Limb, I say no more, but if *Paris* had seen her first, *Menelaus* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if she were a Blackmoore, what am I the better for her Face?

Troil. Said I she was not beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, she's a Fool to stay behind her Father *Calchas*, let her to the *Greeks*; and so I'll tell her: for my part I am resolute, I'll meddle no more in your Affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus* —

Pand. Pray speak no more on't, I'll not burn my Fingers in another body's Business, I'll leave it as I found it, and there's an End. [Exit.

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by him,
And he's as peevish to be woo'd to wooc,
As she is to be won.

Enter *Æneas*.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*; why not in the Battle?

Troil. Because not there, this Woman's Answer suits me;
For Womannish it is to be from thence:
What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to day?

Æn.

Æn. Paris is hurt.

Troil. By whom?

Æn. By *Menelaus*. Hark what good Sport

[*Alarm within.*

Is out of Town to Day, when I hear such Musick
I cannot hold from dancing.

Troil. I'll make one,

And try to lose an anxious Thought or two
In heat of Action.

Thus Coward-like from Love to War I run, [Aside.
Seek the less Dangers, and the greater shun. [Exit *Troil.*

Enter *Cressida*.

Cress. My Lord *Æneas*, who were those went by? I
mean the Ladies!

Æn. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cress. And whither go they?

Æn. Up to the Western Tower,
Whose Height commands as subject all the Vale,
To see the Battle. *Hector*, whose Patience
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n, to Day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his Armourer,
And as there were good Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun was up he went to Field;
Your Pardon, Lady, that's my Business too. [Exit *Æneas*.

Cressi. *Hector's* a gallant Warriour.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Pand. What's that, what's that?

Cress. Good-morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pand. Good-morrow Cousin *Cressida*: When were you
at Court?

Cress. This Morning, Uncle.

Pand. What were you a talking when I came? Was
Hector arm'd, and gone e'er ye came? *Hector* was stirring
early.

Cress. That I was talking of; and of his Anger.

Pand. Was he angry, say you? true he was so, and I
know the Cause: He was struck down yesterday in the
Battle, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry Quittance with
'em to day I'll answer for him: And there's *Troilus* will
not come far behind him; let 'em take Heed of *Troilus*,
I can tell 'em that too.

Cressi. What was he struck down too?

Pand. Who *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better Man of the two.

Cressi. Oh *Jupiter*! there's no Comparison, *Troilus* the better Man!

Pand. What, no Comparison between *Hector* and *Troilus*? do you know a Man if you see him?

Cressi. No, for he may look like a Man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cressi. That's what I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, make your best of that, Niece!

Cressi. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himself.

Pand. Himself! alas poor *Troilus*! I wou'd he were himself; well the Gods are allsufficient, and Time must mend or end: I wou'd he were himself, and wou'd I were a Lady for his Sake. I would not answer for my Maidenhead,——No, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Cressi. Excuse me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the Bud; 'tis early Day with him, you shall tell me another Tale when *Troilus* is come to Bearing: And yet he'll not bear neither in some Sense. No, *Hector* shall never have his Virtues.

Cressi. No Matter.

Pand. Nor his Beauty, nor his Fashion, nor his Wit, he shall have nothing of him.

Cressi. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no Judgment Niece, *Hellen* her self swore t'other Day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown Complexion; (for so it is, I must confess;) not brown neither.

Cressi. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith to say Truth, brown and not brown: Come I swear to you, I think *Hellen* loves him better than *Paris*: Nay I'm sure she does, she comes me to him t'other Day, into the Bow-Window, and you know *Troilus* has not above three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cressi. That's but a bare Commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Hellen* loves him, she comes, and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin!

Cressi.

Cressi. Has he been fighting then, how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his cloven Chin: She has a marvellous white Hand I must needs confesse. But let that pass, for I know who has a whiter:

Well Cousin, I told you a thing yesterday, think on't;

Cressi. So I do, Uncle. [think on't.]

Pand. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep ye, and 'twere a Man born in *April*. [A Retreat sounded.]

Hark, they are returning from the Field; shall we stay and see 'em as they come by sweet Neice? do sweet Neice *Cressida*.

Cressi. For once you shall command me.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent Place; we may see 'em here most bravely, and I'll tell you all their Names as they pass by: But mark *Troilus* above the rest, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Aeneas passes over the Stage.

Cressi. Speak not so loud then.

Pand. That's *Aeneas*, Is't not a brave Man that? he's a Swinger, many a *Grecian* he has laid with his Face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Enter Anthenor passing.

That's *Anthenor*, he has a notable Head-piece I can tell you, and he's the ablest Man for Judgment in all *Troy*, you may turn him loose i'faith, and by my Troth a proper Person: When comes *Troilus*? I'll show you *Troilus* anon, if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Hector passes over.

That's *Hector*, that, that, look you that, there's a Fellow, go thy Way *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Neice: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a Countenance! Is't not a brave Man, Neice?

Cressi. I always told you so.

Pand. Is a not? it does a Man's Heart good to look on him; look you, look you there, what Hacks are on his Helmet? this was no Boys Play i'faith, he laid it on with a Vengeance, take it off whose will, as they say! there are Hacks, Neice!

Cressi. Were those with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and

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Launces! any thing, he cares not! and the Devil come 'tis all one to him: by *Jupiter* he looks so terribly, that I am half affraid to praise him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Neice; is't not a brave young Prince too! He draws the best Bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a Span twelve-score Level; Who said he came home hurt to Day? why this will do *Hellen's* Heart good now! Ha! that I could see *Troilus* now!

Enter Helenus.

Cress. Who's that black Man, Unkle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is all this whiie? that's *Helenus*. I think *Troilus* went not forth to Day; that's *Helenus*.

Cress. Can *Helenus* fight, Unkle?

Pand. *Helenus*! No, yes, he'll fight indifferently well. I marvel in my Heart what's become of *Troilus*? Hark! do you not hear the People cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Priest and keeps a Whore; he'll fight for his Whore, or he's no true Priest I warrant him.

Enter Troilus passing over.

Cress. What sueaking Fellow comes yonder?

Pand. Where, yonder! that's *Deiphobus*: No, I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a Man, Neice! hem! O brave *Troilus*! the Prince of Chivalry, and Flower of Fidelity!

Cress. Peace, for Shame Peace.

Pand. Nay, but mark him then! O brave *Troilus*! there's a Man of Men, Neice! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er saw two and twenty. Go thy Way *Troilus*, go thy Way! had I a Sister were a Grace, and a Daughter a Goddess, he shou'd take his Choice of 'em. O admirable Man! *Paris*, *Paris* is Dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change, wou'd give all the Shoes in her Shop to boot.

Enter common Soldiers passing over.

Cress. Here come more.

Pand. Asses, Fools, Dolts, Dirt and Dung, Stuff and Lumber: Forridge after Meat? but I co..d live and dye with

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 51

with *Troilus*. Ne'er look Neice, ne'er look, the Lyons are gone: Apes and Monkeys, the fag End of the Creation. I had rather be such a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cress. There's *Achilles* among the *Greeks*, he's a brave Man!

Pand. *Achilles*! a Carman, a Beast of Burden; a very Camel; have you any Eyes Neice, do you know a Man?—is he to be compar'd with *Troilus*!

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* wou'd instantly speak with you.

Pand. Where Boy, where!

Page. At his own House, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good Boy tell him I come instantly, I doubt he's wounded; farewell good Neice: But I'll be with you by and by.

Cress. To bring me, Unkle!

Pand. Ay, a Token from Prince *Troilus*. [Exit *Pandarus*.]

Cress. By the same Token you are a Procurer, Unkle.

Cressida alone.

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we ourselves deceive.
Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his Praises from my Unkle's Mouth,
As if my Ears cou'd ne'er be satisfy'd;
Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince?
How cou'd my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
To say I lov'd him not, O childish Love?
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he most desires, he throws away. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Troy*.

Enter *Priam*, *Hector*, *Troilus* and *Aeneas*.

Priam. AFTER th' Expence of so much Time and Blood,
Thus once again the *Grecians* send to *Troy*.

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Deliver *Helen*, and all other Loss
Shall be forgotten. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no Man less can fear the *Greeks* than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender Heart,
More ready to cry out, who knows the Consequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modest Doubt is mix'd
With manly Courage best; let *Helen* go.

If we have lost so many Men of ours,
To keep a Thing not ours; not worth to us
The Value of a Man, what Reason is there
Still to retain the Cause of so much Ill?

Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the Worth and Honour of a King,
So great as *Asia's* Monarch, in a Scale
Of common Ounces thus?

Are Fears and Reasons fit to be consider'd,
When a King's Fame is question'd?

Hect. Brother, she's not worth
What her Defence has cost us.

Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But Value dwells not in Opinion only:
It holds the Dignity and Estimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the Prizer; 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.

Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
When we have worn 'em: The remaining Food
Throw not away, because we now are full.

If you confess 'twas Wisdom *Paris* went,
As you must needs; for you all cry'd, Go, go:
If you'll confess he brought home noble Prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapt your Hands,
And cry'd, inestimable: Why do you now
So under-rate the Value of your Purchase?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly Theft,
When we have taken what we fear to keep!

Æn. There's not the meanest Spirit in our Party
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: None so noble
Whose Life were ill bestowed, or Death unfam'd,

When

When *Helen* is the Subject.

Priam. So says *Paris*.

Like one besotted on effeminate Joys,
He has the Honey still, but these the Gall.

Æn. He not proposes meerly to himself
The Pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But he wou'd have the Stain of *Helen's* Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

Hect. *Troilus* and *Æneas*, you have said:
If saying superficial things be Reason.
But if this *Helen* be another's Wife,
The moral Laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud she be restor'd: Thus to persist
In doing Wrong, extenuates not Wrong,
But makes it much more so: *Hector's* Opinion
Is this, in Way of Truth: Yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly Brother, I encline to you
In Resolution to defend her still:
For 'tis a Cause on which our *Trojan* Honour
And common Reputation will depend.

Troil. Why there you touch'd the Life of our Design:
Were it not Glory that we covet more
Than War and Vengeance (Beasts and Wömen's Pleasure)
I wou'd not wish a Drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence: But oh! my Brother,
She is a Subject of Renown and Honour,
And I presume brave *Hector* wou'd not lose
The rich Advantage of his future Fame
For the wide World's Revenue: — I have Business;
But glad I am to leave you thus resolv'd.
When such Arms strike, ne'er doubt of the Success.

Æn. May we not guess?

Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [Exit *Troil*.]

Hect. A Woman, on my Life: Even so it happens,
Religion, State-Affairs, whate'er's the Theme,
It ends in Women still.

Enter *Andromache*.

Priam. See here's your Wife
To make that Maxim good.

Hect. Welcome *Andromache*: Your Looks are chearful,

You bring some pleasing News.

Andro. Nothing that's serious.

Your little Son *Alyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambassadref.

Hect. Upon what Errand?

Andro. No less than that his Grandfather this Day
Would make him Knight: He longs to kill a *Grecian*:
For shou'd he stay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no Work for him.

Priam. Your own Blood, *Hector*.

Andro. And therefore he designs to send a Challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*,
To prove they do not well to burn our Fields;
And keep us coop'd like Pris'ners in a Town,
To lead this lazy Life.

Hect. What Sparks of Honour
Fly from this Child! the Gods speak in him sure:
— It shall be so — I'll do't.

Priam. What means my Son?

Hect. To send a Challenge to the boldest *Greek*;
Is not that Country ours? those fruitful Fields
Wash'd by yon silver Flood, are they not ours?
Those teeming Vines that tempt our longing Eyes,
Shall we behold 'em? shall we call 'em ours,
And dare not make 'em so? by Heavens I'll know
Which of these haughty *Grecians* dares to think
He can keep *Hector* Pris'ner here in *Troy*.

Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be Courage, but in him 'tis Madness.
The general Safety on your Life depends;
And shou'd you perish in this rash Attempt,
Troy with a Groan wou'd feel her Soul go out,
And breath her last in you.

En. The Task you undertake is hazardous:
Suppose you win, what wou'd the Profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundring Arm, wou'd all the rest depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set Sail for this? then it were worth your Danger:
But, as it is, we throw our utmost Stake

Against

Against whole Heaps of theirs.

Priam. He tells you true.

Æn. Suppose one *Ajax*, or *Achilles* lost,
They can repair with more that single Loss:
Troy has but one, one *Hector*.

Hect. No, *Æneas*?

What then art thou; and what is *Troilus*?

What will *Astyanax* be?

Priam. An *Hector* one Day.

Put you must let him live to be a *Hector*.

And who shall make him such when you are gone?

Who shall instruct his Tenderness in Arms,

Or give his Childhood Lessons of the War?

Who shall defend the Promise of his Youth,

And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sappling

Is shrouded long beneath the Mother-tree,

Before it be transplanted from its Earth,

And trust it self for Growth.

Hect. Alas, my Father!

You have not drawn one Reason from your self,

But publick Safety, and my Son's green Years:

In this neglecting that main Argument,

Trust me you chide my filial Piety:

As if I cou'd be won from my Resolves

By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any Name

More dear to me than yours.

Priam. I did not name my self; because I know

When thou art gone, I need no *Grecian* Sword

To help me dye, but only *Hector's* Loss.

Daughter, why speak not you? why stand you silent?

Have you no Right in *Hector*, as a Wife?

Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hector's* Wife;

And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,

I had aspir'd a nobler Name, his Friend.

How I love *Hector*, (need I say I love him?)

I am not but in him:

But when I see him arming for his Honour,

His Country and his Gods, that martial Fire

That mounts his Courage, kindles ev'n to me:

And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out.

With Pray'rs, and meet with Blessings his Return;
 The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breast,
 To wipe away the Sweat and Dust of War:
 And dress my Heroe, glorious in his Wounds.

Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come;
 Thou better Name than Wife! would'st thou not blush
 To hug a Coward thus? [Embrace.

Priam. Yet still I fear!

Andro. There spoke a Woman; pardon Royal Sir;
 Has he not met a thousand lifted Swords
 Of thick rank'd *Grecians*, and shall one affright him?
 There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
 And yet as safe, as if the broad brim'd Shield
 That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

Hect. Thou know'st me well; and thou shalt praise
 Gods make me worthy of thee! [me more,

Andro. You shall be
 My Knight this Day, you shall not wear a Cause
 So black as *Helen's* Rape upon your Breast,
 Let *Paris* fight for *Helen*; Guilt for Guilt;
 But when you fight for Honour and for me,
 Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
 They may not blush to Crown.

Hect. *Aeneas* go,
 And bear my Challenge to the *Grecian* Camp,
 If there be one amongst the best of *Greece*,
 Who holds his Honour higher than his Ease,
 Who knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear;
 Who loves his Mistress more than in Confession:
 And dares avow her Beauty and her Worth.
 In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
 I have a Lady of more Truth and Beauty,
 Than ever *Greek* did compass in his Arms:
 And will to-morrow, with the Trumpet's call,
 Mid-way, between their Tents, and these our Walls,
 Maintain what I have said; if any come
 My Sword shall honour him, if none shall dare,
 Then shall I say at my Return to *Troy*,
 The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
 The Splinter of a Lance,

Æn. It shall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it.

Priam. Heav'n protect thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pand. Yonder he stands, poor Wretch! there stands he with such a Look, and such a Face, and such begging Eyes; there he stands, poor Prisoner.

Cress. What a Deluge of Words do you pour out Unkle, to say just nothing?

Pand. Nothing do you call it? is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the World, like one of your rascally Malefactors, just thrown off the Gibber, with his Cap down, his Arms ty'd down, his Feet sprunting, his Body swinging. nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a Vengeance.

Cress. O, what think you of a hurt Bird, that flutters about with a broken Wing?

Pand. Why go to then, he cannot fly away then, then, that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lyes to be taken up: but if you had seen him, when I said to him, Take a good Heart Man, and follow me; and fear no Colours, and speak your Mind, Man: she can never stand you: she will fall, and 'twere a Leaf in Autumn.

Cress. Did you tell him all this without my Consent?

Pand. Why you did consent, your Eyes consented; they blabb'd, they leer'd, their very Corners blabb'd. But you'll say your Tongue said nothing. No I warrant it; your Tongue was wiser; your Tongue was better bred: your Tongue kept its own Counsel: Nay, I'll say that for you, your Tongue said nothing. Well, such a shamefac'd Couple did I never see Days o' my Life: so fraid of one another; such ado to bring you to the Business: well, if this Job were well over, if ever I lose my Pains again with an awkward Couple, let me be painted in the Sign-Post for the *Labour in vain*: fye upon't, fye upon't; there's no Conscience in't: all honest People will cry Shame on t.

Cress. Where is this Monster to be shown? what's to be given for a Sight of him?

Pand. Why ready Money, ready Money; you carry it about you: give and take is Square-dealing; for in my Conscience he's as errant a Maid as you are: I was fain to use Violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd and I pull'd: for you must know he's absolutely the strongest Youth in *Troy*: t'other Day he took *Helen* in one Hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at Arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a Back, there were Bone and Sinews: there was a Back for you.

Cress. For these good procuring Offices you'll be damn'd one Day, Unkle.

Pand. Who I damn'd? Faith I doubt I shall: by my Troth I think I shall; nay if a Man be damn'd for doing Good, as thou sayst, it may go hard with me.

Cress. Then I'll not see Prince *Troilus*, I'll not be accessory to your Damnation.

Pand. How, not see Prince *Troilus*? why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have past my Word, I care not for damning, let me alone for damning; I value not damning in Comparison with my Word. If I am damn'd it shall be a good damning to thee Girl, thou shalt be my Heir. come 'tis a virtuous Girl, thou shalt help me to keep my Word, thou shalt see Prince *Troilus*.

Cress. The Venture's great.

Pand. No Venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou shalt venture it for my little Cousin that must be.

Cress. Weigh but my Fears, Prince *Troilus* is young.——

Pand. Marry is he, there's no Fear in that I hope, the Fear were if he were old and feeble.

Cress. And I a Woman.

Pand. No Fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man, put them two together, put 'em together.

Cress. And if I should be frail.——

Pand. There's all my Fear that thou art not frail: thou should'st be frail, all Flesh is frail.

Cress. Are you my Unkle, and can give this Counsel to your own B. other's Daughter?

Pand.

Pand. If thou wert my own Daughter a thousand Times over, I cou'd do no better for thee; what would'st thou have Girl? he's a Prince and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Unkle do'st thou call me? by *Cupid* I am a Father to thee; get thee in, get thee in Girl I hear him coming. And do you hear Neice! I give you Leave, [Exit Cressida.
to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take Heed of Obstnacy, that's a Vice; no Obstnacy, my dear Neice.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus*.

Pand. Now, my sweet Prince! have you seen my Neice? no, I know you have not.

Troil. No *Pandarus*; I stalk about your Doors Like a strange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks, Staying for Waftage: O be thou my *Charon*, And give me a swift Transportance to *Elysium*, And fly with me to *Cressida*.

Pand. Walk here a Moment more: I'll bring her strait.

Troil. I fear she will not come: most sure she will not.

Pand. How not come, and I her Unkle! why I tell you Prince, she twitters at you. Ah poor sweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does she think, and think, and think again of what must be betwixt you two. Oh sweet, — oh sweet — O—— what not come, and I her Unkle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'st me; but prithee flatter still; for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleasing Dream: oh Hope how sweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no Effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint Heart, faint Heart! well there's much good Matter in these old Proverbs! No, she'll not come I warrant her; she has no Blood of mine in her, not so much as will fill a Flea: But if she does not come, and come, and come with a Swing into your Arms, I say no more, but she has renounc'd all Grace, and there's an End.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be sure.

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: shall I go, say you? speak the Word then: — yet I care not: you may stand in your own Light; and lose a sweet young Lady's Heart: well, I shall not go then!

Troil.

Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'st me.

Pand. Do I so, do I so! do I torture you indeed! well,
I will go.

Troil. But yet thou do'st not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with
a Thought, yet you think a Man never does enough for
you: I have been labouring in your Business like any
Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this Morning, to make
your Excuse at Night for not supping at Court: and I
found him, Faith how do you think I found him; it
does my Heart good to think how I found him: yet
you think a Man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Cressida*?

Pand. Why you will not hear a Man; what's this to
Cressida? Why I found him abed, abed with *Helena* by my
Troth: 'Tis a sweet Queen, a sweet Queen; a very sweet
Queen, — but she's nothing to my Cousin *Cressida*; she's a
Blowse, a Gipsie, a Tawney-moor to my Cousin *Cressida*:
And she lay with one white Arm underneath the Whor-
son's Neck: Oh such a white, Lilly-white, round, plump
Arm it was — and you must know it was skript up to
th' Elbows: and she did so kiss him, and so huggle him:
— as who should say —

Troil. But still thou stay'st: What's this to *Cressida*?

Pand. Why I made your Excuse to your Brother *Paris*;,
that I think's to *Cressida*; but such an Arm, such a Hand,
such taper Fingers, t'other Hand was under the Bed-
cloaths, that I saw not, I confess, that Hand I saw not.

Troil. Again thou tortur'st me.

Pand. Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tor-
tur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a Shift, to make
him, to make your Excuse, to make your Father; —
by *fore* when I think of that Hand, I am so ravish'd,
that I know not what I say: I was tortur'd too.

[*Troilus turns away discontented.*]

Well I go, I go: I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct
her: not come goth a, and I her Unkle! [Exit *Pand.*]

Troil. I m giddy; Expectation whirls me round:
Th' imaginary Relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my Sense; what will it be

When

When I shall taste that Nectar?
 It must be either Death, or Joy too fine:
 For the Capacity of humane Powers.
 I fear it much; and I do fear beside,
 That I shall lose Distinction in my Joys:
 As does a Battle, when they charge on Heaps,
 A flying Enemy:

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: she'll come strait, you must be witty now; she does so blush, and fetches her Breath so short, as if she were frighted with a Spright: 'tis the prettiest Villain, she fetches her Breath so short, as 'twere a new ta'en Sparrow.

Troil. Just such a Passion does heave up my Breast!
 My Heart beats thicker than a feverish Pulse:
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 Just like a Slave at unawares encountring
 The Eye of Majesty:— Lead on, I'll follow.

[*Exeunt together.*]

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Nestor, Ulysses.

Ulyss. I have conceiv'd an Embryo in my Brain;
 Be you my Time to bring it to some Shape.

Nest. What is't, *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. The feeded Pride,
 That has to this Maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt;
 Or shedding, breed a Nursery of like Ill,
 To overtop us all.

Nest. That's my Opinion.

Ulyss. This Challenge which *Æneas* brings from *Hector*;
 However it be spread in general Terms,
 Relates in Purpose only to *Achilles*.
 And will it wake him to the Answer, think you?

Nest. It ought to do: whom can we else oppose,
 Who cou'd from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
 If not *Achilles*? the Success of this,
 Although particular, will give an Omen
 Of Good or Bad, ev'n to the general Cause.

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Ulyss. Pardon me, *Nestor*, if I contradict you:
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.

Let us like Merchants show our coarsest Wares,
And think perchance they'll sell: but if they do not,
The Lustre of our better yet unshown
Will show the better; let us not consent
Our greatest Warriour shou'd be match'd with *Hector*.
For both our Honour and our Shame in this
Shall be attended with strange Followers.

Nest. I see 'em not with my old Eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What Glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him;
But he already is too insolent:

And we had better parch in *Affrick* Sun,
Than in his Pride, shou'd he scape *Hector* fair.

But grant he shou'd be foil'd,

Why then our common Reputation suffers

In that of our best Man: No, make a Lottery;

And by Device let blockish *Ajax* draw

The Chance to fight with *Hector*: among our selves

Give him Allowance as the braver Man;

For that will physick the great *Myrmion*,

Who swells with loud Applause; and make him fall

His Crest, if brainless *Ajax* come safe off.

If not, we yet preserve a fair Opinion,

That we have better Men.

Nest. Now I begin to relish thy Advice:

Come let us go to *Agamemnon* strait,

T'inform him of our Project.

Ulyss. 'Tis not ripe.

The skilful Surgeon will not lance a Sore,

'Till Nature has digested and prepar'd

The growing Humours to his healing Purpose,

Else must he often grieve the Patient's Sense;

When one Incision once well-tim'd wou'd serve:

Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* Friends?

Nest. As much as Fools can be.

Ulyss. That Knot of Friendship first must be unty'd,
E'er we can reach our Ends; for while they love each o-
Both hating us, will draw too strong a Byass, [ther,
And

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And all the Camp will lean that Way they draw:
For brutal Courage is the Soldier's Idol:

So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the Law to cool and sober Sense,
And place the Power of War in Mad-mens Hands.

Nest. Now I conceive you; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The other's tow'ring Growth: and keep both low,
As Instruments, and not as Lords of War.
And this must be by secret Coals of Envy,
Blown in their Breast: Comparisons of Worth;
Great Actions weigh'd of each: and each the best,
As we shall give him Voice.

Ulyss. Here comes *Thersites*,

Enter Thersites:

Who feeds on *Ajax*: yet loves him not, because he can
But as a *Species*, differing from Mankind, [not love,
Hates all he sees; and rails at all he knows;
But hates them most, from whom he most receives.
Disdaining that his Lot shou'd be so low,
That he shou'd want the Kindness which he takes.

Nest. There's none so fit an Engine: Save ye, *Thersites*,

Ulyss. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou Relief of Toils,
Soul of our Mirth, and Joy of sullen War,
In whose Converse our Winter-nights are short,
And Summer-days not tedious.

Thers. Hang you both.

Nest. How, hang us both!

Thers. But hang thee first, thou very reverend Fool!
Thou sapless Oak, that liv'st by wanting Thought.
And now in thy three Hundredth Year repin'st
Thou should'st be fel'd: Hanging's a Civil Death,
The Death of Men: thou can'st not hang: thy Trunk
Is only fit for Gallows to hang others.

Nest. A fine Greeting.

Thers. A fine old Dotard, to repine at Hanging
At such an Age! what saw the Gods in thee,
That a Cock-Sparrow shou'd but live three Years,
And thou should'st last three Ages! he's thy Better;
He uses Life: he treads himself to Death.

Thou

Thou hast forgot thy Use some Hundred Years.
Thou Stump of Man, thou worn-out Broom: thou Lumber.

Nest. I'll hear no more of him, his Poyson works;
What, curse me for my Age!

Ulyss. Hold, you mistake him, *Nestor*; 'tis his Custom:
What Malice is there in a mirthful Scene!

'Tis but a Keen-edg'd Sword, spread o'er with Balm,
To heal the Wound it makes:

Thers. Thou beg'st a Curse!
May'st thou quit Scores then, and be hang'd on *Nestor*,
Who hangs on thee: thou lead'st him by the Nose:
Thou play'st him like a Puppet; speak'st within him;
And when thou hast contriv'd some dark Design
To lose a thousand *Greeks*, make Dogs-meat of us,
Thou lay'st thy Cuckow's Egg within his Nest,
And mak'st him hatch it: teachest his Remembrance:
To lye; and say, the like of it was practis'd
Two Hundred Years ago; thou bring'st the Brain,
And he brings only Beard to vouch thy Plots.

Nest. I'm no Man's Fool.

Thers. Then be thy own, that's worse:

Nest. He'll rail all Day.

Ulyss. Then we shall learn all Day.
Who forms the Body to a graceful Carriage,
Must imitate our awkward Motions first;
The same Prescription does the wise *Thersites*
Apply to mend our Minds. The same he uses
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*; to the rest;

His Satyrs are the Physick of the Camp. [Hemlock:

Thers. Wou'd they were Poyson to't, Rats-bane and
Nothing else can mend you; and those two brawny Fools,

Ulyss. He hits 'em right:
Are they not such, my *Nestor*?

Thers. Dolt-heads, Asses,
And Beasts of Burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles*!
The Pillars, no, the Porters of the War.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Eush'd on to do your Work.

Nest. They are indeed.

Thers. But what a Rogue art thou

To say they are indeed: Heav'n made 'em Horses,
And thou put'st on their Harnes: rid'st and spur'st 'em:
Usurp'st upon Heav'n's Fools, and mak'st 'em thine.

Nest. No: they are headstrong Fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Thersites*: thou alone
Can'st tame, and train 'em to their proper Use;
And doing this may'st claim a just Reward
From Greece, and Royal *Agamemnon*'s Hands.

Thers. Ay, when you need a Man, you talk of giving;
For Wit's a dear Commodity among you:
But when you do not want him, then stale Porridge,
A starv'd Dog wou'd not lap; and furrow Water,
Is all the Wine we taste; give Drabs and Pimps:
I'll have no Gifts with Hooks at End of 'em.

Ulyss. Is this a Man, O *Nestor*, to be bought!
Asia's not Price enough! bid the World for him.
And shall this Man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* Table, almost Minstrel,
And with his Presence grace a brainless Feast?
Why they con Sense from him, grow Wits by Rote,
And yet, by ill repeating, libell him;
Making his Wit their Nonsense: nay they scorn him;
Call him bought Railer, mercenary Tongue!
Play him for Sport at Meals, and kick him off.

Thers. Yes they can kick; my Buttocks feel they can:
They have their Asses tricks: but I'll eat Pebbles,
I'll starve; 'tis brave to starve, 'tis like a Soldier;
Before I'll feed those Wit-starv'd Rogues with Sense.
They shall eat dry, and choak for want of Wit,
E'er they be moisten'd with one Drop of mine.
Ajax and *Achilles*, two Mud-walls of Fool,
That only differ in Degrees of Thicknes.

Ulyss. I'd be reveng'd of both, when Wine fumes high;
Set 'em to prate, to boast their brutal Strength,
To vye their stupid Courage, 'till they quarrel,
And play at Hard-head with their empty Skulls.

Thers. Yes; they shall butt and kick; and all the while
I'll think they kick for me: they shall fell Timber
On both Sides; and then Log-wood will be cheap.

Nest. And *Agamemnon* —————

Thers. Pox of *Agamemnon*;
Cannot I do a Mischief for my self
But he must thank me for't!

Ulyss. to *Nestor*. Away; our Work is done. [*Exeunt Ulyss. Nest.*]

Thers. This *Agamemnon* is a King of Clouts:
A Chip in Porridge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Thersites*!

Thers. Set up to frighten Daws from Cherry-trees.

Ajax. Dog!

Thers. A Standard to march under!

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf! can't thou not hear! feel then.
[*Strikes him.*]

Thers. The Plague of *Greece*, and *Helen's* Pox light on
thee,

Thou mongrel Mastiff; thou Beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy Leaven of the Camp.
Speak, or I'll beat thee into Handsomness.

Thers. I shall sooner rail thee into Wit: thou can't kick,
can't thou? A red Murrain on thy Jades Tricks!

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation.

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. You whorson Cur, take that. [*Strikes him.*]

Thers. Thou scurvy valiant Afs.

Ajax. Thou Slave.

Thers. Thou Lord! ----- I, do, do, ----- wou'd my
Buttocks were Iron for thy Sake.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*! wherefore do you this?
How now *Thersites*, what's the Matter, Man!

Thers. I say this *Ajax* wears his Wit in's Belly, and his
Guts in's Brains.

Achil. Peace Fool.

Thers. I wou'd have Peace; but the Fool will not.

Pat. But what's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the Proclamation, and he rails
upon me.

Thers. I serve thee not.

Ajax. I shall cut out your Tongue!

Thers. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much Sense as
thou:

thou afterwards: I'll see you hang'd e'er I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's Wit stirring, and leave the Faction of Fools.----- [Going.]

Achil. Nay, thou shalt not go *Thersites*, 'till we have squeez'd the Venom out of thee: prithee inform us of this Proclamation.

Thers. Why you empty Fuz-balls, your Heads are full of nothing else but Proclamations.

Ajax. Tell us the News, I say.

Thers. You say! why you never said any thing in all your Life!

But since you will know, 'tis proclaim'd thro' the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgel you to morrow.

Achil. How, cudgel him, *Thersites*!

Thers. Nay, you may take a Child's Part on't if you have so much Courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the toughest of the *Greeks*: and 'tis in Dispute which of your two Heads is the soundest Timber.

A knotty Piece of Work he'll have betwixt your Noddles.

Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*,
He knows his Man.

Ajax. Yes; he may know his Man, without Art
Magick.

Thers. So he had Need: for to my certain Knowledge, neither of you two are Conjurers to inform him.

Achil. to *Ajax*. You do not mean your self, sure.

Ajax. I mean nothing.

Thers. Thou mean'st so always.

Achil. Umh! mean nothing!

Thers. [aside.] *Fore*, if it be thy Will, let these two Fools quarrel about nothing: 'tis a Cause that's worthy of 'em.

Ajax. You said he knew his Man: is there but one?
One Man amongst the *Greeks*!

Achil. Since you will have it,
But one to fight with *Hector*.

Ajax. Then I am he.

Achil. Weak *Ajax*.

Ajax. Weak *Achilles*.

Thers. Weak indeed: God help you both!

Patro. Come, this must be no Quarrel,

Thers.

Thers. Where's no Cause for't.

Patro. He tells you true; you are both equal

Thers. Fools.

Achil. I can brook no Comparisons.

Ajax. Nor I.

Achil. Well *Ajax*.

Ajax. Well *Achilles*.

Thers. So now they quarrel in *Monosyllables*: A Word and a Blow, and't be thy Will.

Achil. You may hear more.

Ajax. I wou'd,

Achil. Expect.

Ajax. Farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Thers. Curse on them, they want Wine: your true Fool will never fight without it. Or a Drab, a Drab: Oh for a commodious Drab betwixt 'em! wou'd *Helen* had been here! then it had come to something.

Dogs, Lyons, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:

And the Beast Man, is valiant for his Whore.

[*Exit Thersites.*]



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

Enter Thersites.

Thers. SHALL the Idiot *Ajax* use me thus! he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! wou'd I cou'd but beat him, and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the Walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a Curse dependent on those that fight as we do for a Cuckold's Queen. ———
What ho, my Lord *Achilles*.

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. Who's there, *Thersites*! Good *Thersites* come in and rail.

Thers.

Thers. [*aside.*] If I cou'd have remembred an Afs with gilt Trappings, thou had'st not flipp'd out of my Contemplation. But 'tis no Matter; thy self upon thy self: the common Curse of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens bless thee from a Tutor; and Discipline come not near thee.

I have said my Prayers; and the Devil Envy say Amen.
Where's *Achilles*!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there, *Thersites*! why my Digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy self to my Table, so many Meals! come begin, what's *Agamemnon*?

Thers. Thy Commander, *Achilles*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patro. Thy Benefactor, *Thersites*; then tell me prithee what's thy self?

Thers. Thy Knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou may'st tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell. This must be very foolish: and I dye to have my Spleen tickled.

Thers. I'll decline the whole Question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Benefactor; I am *Patroclus*'s Knower; and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patro. You Rascal!

Achil. He's a priviledg'd Man; proceed *Thersites*. Ha! ha! ha! prithee proceed while I am in the Vein of laughing.

Thers. And all these foresaid Men are Fools: *Agamemnon*'s a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*: *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded by him; I am a Fool to serve such a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool positive.

Patro. Why am I a Fool?

Thers. Make that Demand to Heaven, it suffices me thou art one.

Achil. Ha, ha, ha! O give me Ribs of Steel, or I shall split with Pleasure: now play me *Nestor* at a Night Alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him cough and spit, and fumble with his Gorget, and shake the Rivets with his palsy Hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding foolish.

Patro.

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Patro. Nestor shall not 'scape so, he has told us what we are; come what's Nestor?

Thers. Why he's an old wooden Top, set up by Father Time three Hundred Years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, and sleeps to all the World besides.

Achil. So let him sleep, for I'll no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a Smile, *Ajax* has drawn the Lot, and all the Praise of *Hector* must be his,

Thers. I hope to see his Praise upon his Shoulders, in Blows and Bruises, his Arms, Thighs, and Body all full of Fame; such Fame as he gave me; and a wide Hole at last full in his Bosom, to let in Day upon him, and discover the Inside of a Fool.

Patro. How he struts in Expectation of Honour! he knows not what he does.

Thers. Nay that's no Wonder, for he never did.

Achil. Prithce say how he behaves himself?

Thers. O you would be learning to practise, against such another Time.-----Why he tosses up his Head as he had built Castles i'th' Air; and he treads upward to 'em, stalks into th' Element, he surveys himself, as 'twere to look for *Ajax*: he wou'd be cry'd, for he has lost himself, nay he knows no Body; I said, Good Morrow *Ajax*, and he replied Thanks *Agamemnon*.

Achil. Thou shalt be my Ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Thers. No, I'll put on his Person, let *Patroclus* make his Demands to me, and you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the Valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent: and to procure safe Conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon*.

Patro. Jove bless the mighty *Ajax*!

Thers. Humh!

Patro. I come from the great *Achilles*.

Thers. Ha!

Patro. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Thers. Humh!

Patro. And to procure him safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thers.

Thers. Agamemnon?

Patro. Ay, my Lord.

Thers. Ha!

Patro. What say you to't?

Thers. Farewell with all my Heart.

Patro. Your Answer Sir!

Thers. If to morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a-Clock it will go one Way or t'other, however he shall buy me dearly: fare you well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why but he is not in this Tune, is he?

Thers. No, but he's thus out of Tune; what Musick will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his Brains, I know not, nor I care not: but if Emptiness makes Noise, his Head will make Melody.

Achil. My Mind is troubl'd like a Fountain stirr'd:
And I my self see not the Bottom on't.

Thers. Wou'd the Fountain of his Mind were clear;
that he might see an Ass in't. [*Aside.*] I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than such a valiant Ignorance.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes and Menelaus,

Patro. Look who comes here.

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no Body; come in after me, *Thersites*. [*Exeunt Achilles, Thersites.*]

Agam. Where's *Achilles*?

Patro. Within, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Men. We saw him at the opening of his Tent.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Patro. I shall say so to him. [*Exit Patroclus.*]

Diom. I know he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon-sick, sick of a proud Heart, you may call it Melancholy if you'll humour him: but on my Honour 'tis no more than Pride: and why shou'd he be proud?

Men. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.
Enter Patroclus.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me tell you, he is sorry
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleasure
Did move you to this Visit: he's not well,
And begs you wou'd excuse him, as unfit
For present Business.

Agam.

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Agam. How! how's this, *Patroclus*?
 We are too well acquainted with these Answers.
 Though he has much Desert, yet all his Virtues
 Do in our Eyes begin to lose their Gloss.
 We came to speak with him; you shall not err,
 If you return, we think him over-proud
 And under-honest. Tell him this; and add,
 That if he over-hold his Price so much,
 We'll none of him: but let him like an Engine
 Not portable, lye lagg of all the Camp.
 A stirring Dwarf is of more Use to us
 Than is a sleeping Giant: tell him so.

Patro. I shall; and bring his Answer presently.

Agam. I'll not be satisfy'd but by himself.
 So tell him, *Menelaus*. [Exeunt *Menelaus*, and *Patroclus*.]

Aja. What's he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himself.

Aja. Is he so much! do you not think he thinks himself a better Man than me?

Dion. No doubt he does.

Aja. Do you think so?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as strong, as valiant; but much more courteous.

Aja. Why shou'd a Man be proud? I know not what Pride is: I hate a proud Man, as I hate the ingendring of Toads.

Dion. [aside.] 'Tis strange he should; and love himself so well.

Re-enter *Menelaus*.

Men. *Achilles* will not to the Field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his Excuse?

Men. Why he relies on none
 But his own Will; possiest he is with Vanity:
 What shou'd I say? he is so plaguy proud
 That the Death Tokens of it are upon him;
 And bode there's no Recovery.

Enter *Ulysses*, and *Nestor*.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulyss. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
 We'll consecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,

When

When they go from *Achilles*: shall that proud Man
Be worship'd by a greater than himself,
One whom we hold our Idol;
Shall *Ajax* go to him? No, *Jove* forbid,
And say in Thunder, go to him *Achilles*.

Nest. [*aside.*] O, this is well; he rubbs him where it itches.

Aja. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clenched,
I'll dash him o'er the Face.

Agam. O no, you shall not go.

Aja. And 'he be proud with me, I'll cure his Pride: a paltry insolent Fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself?

Ulyf. [*aside.*] The Crow chides Blackness.—here is a Man, but 'tis before his Face, and therefore I am silent.

Nest. Wherefore are you? He is not envious as *Achilles* is.

Ulyf. Know all the World he is as valiant.

Aja. A whorson Dog that shall palter thus with us! wou'd a were a *Trojan*.

Ulyf. Thank Heav'n my Lord, you're of a gentle Nature, Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth; But he who taught you first the Use of Arms, Let *Mars* divide Eternity in two, And give him half. I will not praise your Wisdom, *Nestor* shall do't; but Pardon Father *Nestor*, Were you as green as *Ajax*, and your Brain Temper'd like his, you never shou'd excel him; But be as *Ajax* is.

Aja. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyf. Ay, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulyf. There is no staying here; the Hart *Achilles* Keeps Thicket, please it our great General, I shall impart a Counsel, which observ'd May cure the Madman's Pride.

Agam. In my own Tent our Talk will be more private.

Ulyf. But nothing without *Ajax*:
He is the Soul and Substance of my Counsels,
And I am-but his Shadow.

Aja. You shall see

I am not like *Achilles*.

Let us confer; and I'll give Counsel too. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a Baby; swear the Oaths now to her, that you swore to me: what, are you gone again? you must be watch'd e'er you are made tame, must you? why don't you speak to her first! — Come draw this Curtain, and let's see your Picture: alas a Day, how loath you are to offend Day-light! — (*They kiss.*) that's well, that's well, nay you shall fight your Hearts out e'er I part you. — so so — so so —

Troil. You have bereft me of all Words, fair *Cressida*.

Pand. Words pay no Debts; give her Deeds: — what, Billing again! here's in Witness whereof the Parties interchangeably — come in, come in, you lose time both.

Troil. O *Cressida*, how often have I wish'd me here?

Cres. Wish'd, my Lord! — the Gods grant! O my Lord. —

Troil. What shou'd they grant? what makes this pretty Interruption in thy Words?

Cres. I speak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever so; and if I answer you I know-not what, it shews the more of Love. Love is a Child that talks in broken Language, Yet then he speaks most plain.

Cres. I find it true, that to be wise and love Are inconsistent things.

Pand. What Blushing still, have you not done talking yet!

Cres. Well Uncle, what Folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he finch I'll be hang'd for him — (Now am I in my Kingdom!)

[*Aside.*]

Troil.

Troil. You know your Pledges now, your Unkle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pand. Nay I'll give my Word for her too: our Kindred are constant: they are Burrs I can assure you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cress. Boldness comes to me now, and I can speak: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Cressida* then so hard to win?

Cress. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my Lord. What have I blabb'd? who will be true to us, When we are so unfaithful to our selves! O bid me hold my Tongue; for in this Rapture Sure I shall speak what I shou'd soon repent. But stop my Mouth.

Troil. A sweet Command; and willingly obey'd. [*Kisses.*]

Pand. Pretty i'faith!

Cress. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me, 'Twas not my Purpose thus to beg a Kiss.

I am asham'd: O Heavens, what have I done! For this Time let me take my Leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take Leave 'till to morrow morning, call me Cut.

Cress. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you, Madam?

Cress. My own Company.

Troil. You cannot shun your self.

Cress. Let me go and try:

I have a Kind of Self resides in you.

Troil. Oh that I thought Truth cou'd be in a Woman!
(As if it can, I will presume in you)

That my Integrity and Faith might meet
The same Return from her who has my Heart.

How shou'd I be exalted! but alas
I am more plain than dull Simplicity!
And artless, as the Infancy of Truth.

Cress. In that I must not yield to you, my Lord.

Troil. All constant Lovers shall, in future Ages,
Approve their Truth by *Troilus*: when their Verse
Wants *Similes*, as Turtles to their Mates:
Or true as flowing Tides are to the Moon;

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Earth to the Center: Iron to Adamant:
At last when Truth is tir'd with Repetition;
As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the Verse,
And sanctify the Numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I am false, or swerve from Truth of Love,
When Time is old, and has forgot it self,
In all things else, let it remember me;
And after all Comparisons of Falshood
To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids;
Let it be said, as false as *Cressida*.

Pand. Go to, little ones: a Bargain made: here I hold
your Hand, and here my Cousin's: if ever you prove false
to one another, after I have taken such Pains to bring
you together; let all pitiful Goers between, be call'd to
the World's End after my Name, *Pandars*.

Cres. And will you promise that the holy Priest
Shall make us one for ever!

Pand. Priests! marry hang 'em! they make you one!
go in, go in, and make your selves one without a Priest:
I'll have no Priest's Work in my House.

Cres. I'll not consent, unless you swear.

Pand. Ay, do, do, swear; a pretty Woman's worth an
Oath at any time. Keep or break, as time shall try; but
'tis good to swear, for the saving of her Credit: Hang
'em sweet Rogues, they never expect a Man shou'd keep
it. Let him but swear, and that's all they care for.

Troil. Heavens prosper me, as I devoutly swear,
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a Chamber: and
suppose there be a Bed in't; as I sack, I know not: but
you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you naughty
Hildings: get you together, get you together. Ah you
Wags, do you leer indeed at one another! do the Neyes
twinkle at him! get you together, get you together.

[*Leads them out.*]

*Enter at one Door Æneas with a Torch, at another
Hector, and Diomed with Torches.*

Hec. So ho; who goes there? *Æneas!*

An. Prince *Hector!*

Diom.

Diom. Good-morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Hecl. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his Hand;
Witness the Proceſs of your Speech within;
You told how *Diomede* a whole Week by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æn. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all Buſineſs of the gentle Truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black Deſiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.

Diom. Both one and t'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm; and ſo, long Health;
But when Contention, and Occaſion meets,
By *Jove* I'll play the Hunter for thy Life.

Æn. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will fly
With his Face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
Welcome to Troy: now by *Anchiſes'* Soul
No Man alive can love in ſuch a Sort
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We know each other well.

Æn. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
To *Hecl.*] My Lord, the King has ſent for me in Haſte:
Know you the Reaſon?

Hecl. Yes: his Purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this Greek to *Calchas's* Houſe,
Where *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render
For our *Anthenor*, now redeem'd from Priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida*:

Æn. What! Has the King reſolv'd to gratify
That Traytor *Calchas*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?

Hecl. The bitter Diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Calchas*, as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Anthenor*,
On whoſe wiſe Counſels we can moſt rely:
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.

Æn. A Word my Lord——(Your Pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus*, to my certain Knowledge,
Does lodge this Night in *Pandarus's* Houſe.

Hecl. Go you before: tell him of our Approach,

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Which will I fear be much
Unwelcome to him.

Æn. I assure you,
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Cressida* from *Troy*.

Hect. I know it well: and how he is, beside,
Of hasty Blood:

Æn. He will not hear me speak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brother's Love: an awful Homage
The fiery Youth pays to your elder Virtue.

Hect. Leave it to me; I'll manage him alone:
Attend you *Diomedes*; My Lord good-morrow: [*To Diom.*
An urgent Business takes me from the Pleasure
Your Company affords me; but *Æneas*
With Joy will undertake to serve you here,
And to supply my Room

Æn. to *Diom.* My Lord I wait you. [*Excunt severally;*
Diomedes with Æneas; Hector at another Door.
Enter Pandarus: a Servant: Musick.

Pand. Softly, Villain, softly; I would not for half *Troy*
the Lovers should be disturb'd under my Roof; listen
Rogue, listen, do they breathe?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by some certain Signs, they are
both awaken.

Pand. That's as it shou'd be: that's well aboth Sides:

[*Listens.*]
Yes 'faith they are both alive:—— there was a Creak!
there was a Creak! they are both alive, and alive like;
there was a Creak! a ha Boys!——Is the Musick ready?

Serv. Shall they strike up, Sir!

Pand. Art thou sure they do not know the Parties?

Serv. They play to the Man in the Moon for ought
they know.

Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they so
indeed Rogue! I understand thee: thou art a Wag; thou
art a Wag. Come towze rowze! in the Name of Love,
strike up Boys!

Musick, and then Song: during which Pandarus listens.

SONG. **C** An Life be a Blessing,
 Or worth the possessing,
 Can Life be a Blessing, if Love were away?
 Ah no! though our Love all Night keep us waking,
 And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our Pains in the taking,
 There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour to repay.

(II.)

*In every possessing,
 The ravishing Blessing,
 In every possessing the Fruit of our Pain,
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
 Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain;
 'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and to languish,
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.*

Pand. Put up, and vanish; they are coming out; what a Ferrup, will you play when the Dance is done? I say vanish. [Exit Musick.

Peeping. Good i'faith; good i'faith! what, Hand in Hand!———a fair Quarrel, well ended! do, do, walk him, walk him; a good Girl, a discreet Girl: I see she'll make the most of him.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troil. Farewell, my Life! leave me, and back to Bed: Sleep seal those pretty Eyes;
 And tye thy Senses in as soft a Band,
 As Infants void of Thought.

Pand. *shewing himself.* How now, how now, how go Matters! hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Cousin *Cressida*?

Cres. Go hang your self you naughty mocking Unkle: You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What Ill have I brought you to do? say what if you dare now! My Lord, have I brought her to do Ill?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your Heart; you'll neither be good your self, nor suffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench; alas poor Devil; hast not slept to Night? wou'd a'not (a naughty Man) let it sleep one twinkle! Ah Bugbear take him!

Knock within.] Cres. Who's that at Door? good Unkle go and see:

My Lord, come you again into my Chamber!
You smile and mock as if I meant naughtily!

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Cres. Come y'are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing:

Knock again.] How earnestly they knock? pray come in: I wou'd not for all *Troy*, you were seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pand. Who's there! what's the Matter!
Will you beat down the House there!

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good-morrow my Lord *Pandarus*; good-morrow!

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector*! what News with you so early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what shou'd he do here?

Hect! Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It does import him much to speak with me.

Pand. Is he here say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn! For my own Part I came in late! ——— what shou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him Wrong e'er y'are aware; you'll be so true to him, that you'll be false to him: you shall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither: ——— go. [Exit *Pandarus.*]

Enter Troilus.

I bring you Brother, most unwelcome News;
But since of Force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother best might tell it:
Therefore, before I speak, arm well your Mind,
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick;
That so, prepar'd for Ill, you may be less
Surpris'd to hear the worst.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,

I stand prepar'd already.

Hect. Come, you are hot,
I know you *Troilus*; you are hot and fiery:
You kindle at a Wrong; and catch it quick
As Stubble does the Flame.

Troil. 'Tis Heat of Blood,
And Rashness of my Youth; I'll mend that Error:
Begin, and try my Temper.

Hect. Can you think
Of that one thing which most cou'd urge your Anger,
Drive you to Madness, plunge you in Despair,
And make you hate ev'n me?

Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful Love
I bear to Heav'n, and to superior Virtue,
And when I quit this Love, you must be that
Which *Hector* ne'er can be.

Hect. Remember well
What you have said: for when I claim your Promise,
I shall expect Performance.

Troil. I am taught:
I will not rage.

Hect. Nor grieve beyond a Man.

Troil. I wo not be a Woman.

Hect. Do not, Brother:
And I will tell my News, in Terms so mild,
So tender, and so fearful to offend,
As Mothers use to sooth their froward Babes;
Nay I will swear as you have sworn to me,
That if some Gust of Passion swell your Soul
To Words intemperate, I will bear with you.

Troil. What wou'd this Pomp of Preparation mean?
Come you to bring me News of *Priam's* Death,
Or *Hecuba's*?

Hect. The Gods forbid I shou'd:
But what I bring is nearer you, more close,
An Ill more yours.

Troil. There is but one that can be.

Hect. Perhaps 'tis that.

Troil. I'll not suspect my Fate
So far, I know I stand possess'd of that.

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Hect. 'Tis well: consider at whose House I find you.

Troil. Ha!

Hect. Does it start you! I must wake you more:

Antenor is exchange'd.

Troil. For whom?

Hect. Imagine.

Troil. It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break: if here it fall,
The subtil Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes.

Hect. That *Cressida* for *Antenor* is exchange'd,
Because I knew 'twas harsh, I wou'd not tell;
Not all at once; but by Degrees and Glimpses
I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
And quite o'erpower your Soul: in this I think
I show'd a Friend: your Part must follow next:
Which is, to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man.

Troil. I think I do,

That I yet live to hear you: but no more:
Hope for no more: for shou'd some Goddess offer
To give her self and all her Heaven in Change,
I wou'd not part with *Cressida*: so return
This Answer as my last.

Hect. 'Twill not be taken:
Nor will I bear such News.

Troil. You bore me worse.

Hect. Worse for your self; not for the general State;
And all our common Safety, which depends
On freed *Antenor's* Wisdom.

Troil. You wou'd say
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy*.

Hect. I wou'd say so indeed: for can you find
A Fate more glorious than to be that Victim?
If parting from a Mistress can procure
A Nation's Happiness, show me that Prince
Who dares to trust his future Fame so far
To stand the Shock of Annals, blotted thus,
He sold his Country for a Woman's Love?

Troil.

Troil. O, she's my Life, my Being, and my Soul!

Hecl. Suppose she were, which yet I will not grant,
You ought to give her up.

Troil. For whom!

Hecl. The Publick.

Troil. And what are they, that I shou'd give up her,
To make them happy? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
Slaves, with the Minds of Slaves: so born, so bred:
Yet such as these united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Publick: Millions of such Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum: an Eagle's Life
Is worth a World of Crows: are Princes made
For such as these, who, were one Soul extracted
From all their Beings, cou'd not raise a Man. —

Hecl. And what are we, but for such Men as these?
'Tis Adoration, some say makes a God:
And who shou'd pay it, where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n those who serve, have their Expectances;
Degrees of Happiness, which they must share,
Or they'll refuse to serve us.

Troil. Let 'em have it.
Let 'em eat, drink and sleep; the only Use
They have of Life.

Hecl. You take all these away,
Unless you give up *Cressida*.

Troil. Forbear;
Let *Paris* give up *Helen*: she's the Cause,
And Root of all this Mischief.

Hecl. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there: you voted for her Stay.

Troil. If one must stay, the other sha'not go.

Hecl. She sha'not?

Troil. Once again, I say she shall not.

Hecl. Our Father has decreed it otherwise.

Troil. No Matter.

Hecl. How! no Matter, *Troilus*?
A King, and Father's Will!

Troil. When 'tis unjust.

Hect. Come, she shall go.

Troil. She shall? then I am dar'd.

Hect. If nothing else will do.

Troil. Answer me first;

And then I'll answer that: be sure I will;

Whose Hand seal'd this Exchange?

Hect. My Fátter's first;

Then all the Council's after.

Troil. Was yours there?

Hect. Mine was there too.

Troil. Then you're no more my Friend:

And for your Sake, now mark me what I say,

She shall not go.

Hect. Go to, you are a Boy.

Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not such a Man,

Not such as thou; a Traytor to thy Brother:

Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a sacred Name,

Which none but brave and honest Men shou'd wear;

In thee 'tis vile; 'tis prostitute: 'tis Air;

And thus I puff it from me.

Hect. Well, young Man,

Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e'er I was

To one so far unworthy) bring her out,

Or by our Father's Soul, of which no Part

Did e'er descend to thee, I'll force her hence.

Troil. I laugh at thee.

Hect. Thou dar'st not.

Troil. I dare more,

If urg'd beyond my Temper: prove my daring,

And see which of us has the larger Share

Of our great Father's Soul.

Hect. No more, thou know'st me.

Troil. I do; and know my self.

Hect. All this ye Gods,

And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,

A Traytor to his Country!

Troil. 'Tis too much

Hect. By Heaven too little; for I think her common,

Troil. How, Common!

Hect. Common as the tainted Shambles,

Or as the Dust we tread.

Troil. By Heaven as chaste as thy *Andromache*.

[*Hector lays his Hand on Troilus's Arm;*
and *Troilus does the same to him.*]

Hect. What! nam'st thou them together!

Troil. No; I do not:

Fair *Cressida* is first: as chaste as she,
But much more fair.

Hect. O Patience, Patience, Heaven!

Thou tempt'st me strangely: shou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended,
Or think I slew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I shall shake thee into Atoms:
Thou know'st I can.

Troil. I care not if you cou'd.

Hect. [*walking off*] I thank the Gods for calling to my Mind
My Promise, that no Words of thine shou'd urge me,
Beyond the Bounds of Reason: But in thee
'Twas brutal Baseness, so forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the Name of Man: to spurn my Kindness;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'st how loth!)
The wholesome bitter Cup o' friendly Counsel!
To dash it in my Face: farewell, farewell.
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter use
The Name of Brother; but of Friend no more.

Troil. Wilt thou not break yet, Heart? stay Brother, stay. [*Going out.*]
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow,
And you keep yours too well.

Hect. What would'st thou more?

Take Heed, young Man, how you too far provoke me!
For Heaven can witness 'tis with much Constraint
That I preserve my Faith.

Troil. Else you wou'd kill me?

Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.

Troil. I'm satisfy'd.

You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my self;
What's Life to him, who has no Use of Life?
A barren Purchase, held upon hard Terms!
For I have lost (oh what have I not lost!)

The fairest, dearest, kindest of her Sex,
 And lost her ev'n by him, by him, ye Gods,
 Who only cou'd, and only shou'd protect me!
 And if I had a Joy beyond that Love,
 A Friend, have lost him too!

Hecl. Speak that again:

(For I cou'd hear it ever :) said'st thou not,
 That if thou hadst a Joy beyond that Love,
 It was a Friend? O saidst thou not a Friend!
 That doubting *if* was kind: then thou'rt divided;
 And I have still some Part.

Troil. If still you have,
 You do not care to have it.

Hecl. How, not care!

Troil. No, Brother, care not.

Hecl. Am I but thy Brother!

Troil. You told me I must call you Friend no more.

Hecl. How far my Words were distant from my Heart!
 Know when I told thee so, I lov'd thee most.
 Alas! it is the Use of human Frailty,
 To fly to worst Extremities with those
 To whom we most are kind.

Troil. Is't possible!

Then you are still my Friend!

Hecl. Heaven knows I am!

Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my Passion?
 For I have been to blame: oh much to blame:
 Have said such Words, nay done such Actions too,
 (Base as I am) that my aw'd, conscious Soul
 Sinks in my Breast, nor dare I lift an Eye
 On him I have offended.

Hecl. Peace be to thee,

And Calmness ever there. I blame thee not:
 I know thou lov'st; and what can Love not do!
 I cast the wild disorderly Account
 Of all thy Words and Deeds on that mad Passion;
 I pity thee, indeed I pity thee.

Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my Head
 Upon thy Bosom; all my Peace dwells there;
 Thou art some God, or much much more than Man!

Hecl.

Hect. Alas! to lose the Joys of all thy Youth,
One who deserv'd thy Love!

Troil. Did she deserve?

Hect. She did.

Troil. Then sure she was no common Creature.

Hect. I said it in my Rage, I thought not so.

Troil. That Thought has bless'd me! but to lose this Love
After long Pains, and after short Possession.

Hect. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'll break this Treaty off; or let me fight;
I'll be thy Champion; and secure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.

Troil. It must not be, my Brother!
For then your Error would be more than mine:
I'll bring her forth, and you shall bear her hence;
That you have pity'd me is my Reward.

Hect. Go then; and the good Gods restore her to thee,
And with her all the Quiet of thy Mind;
The Triumph of this Kindness be thy own;
And Heaven and Earth this Testimony yield,
That Friendship never gain'd a nobler Field.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida meeting.

Pand. I S't possible! no sooner got but lost!
The Devil take *Anthenor*: the young Prince will
go mad:

A Plague upon *Anthenor*! wou'd they had broke's Neck.

Cres. How now! what's the Matter! who was here!

Pand. Oh, oh!

Cres. Why sigh you so! O where's my *Troilus*? tell me
sweet Unkle what's the Matter? [born!

Pand. Prithee get thee in, wou'd thou hadst never been
I knew thou wou'd'st be his Death; oh poor Gentleman!

A Plague upon *Anthenor*!

Cres. Good Unkle, I beseech you on my Knees, tell me what's the Matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone, Girl; thou must be gone, to the fugitive Rogue Priest thy Father, (and he's my Brother too, but that's all one at this time:) a Pox upon *Anthenor*.

Cres. O ye immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must, thou must.

Cres. I will not: I have quite forgot my Father; I have no touch of Birth; no Spark of Nature: No Kin, no Blood, no Life; nothing so near me As my dear *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here he comes sweet Duck!

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*! [*They both weep over each other, she running into his Arms.*]

Pand. What a Pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh Heart, [*sings*] (as the Saying is) O Heart, heavy Heart, why sigh'st thou without breaking (where he answers again) Because thou can'st not ease thy Smart, by Friendship nor by Speaking; there was never a truer Rhime; let us cast away nothing; for we may live to have Need of such a Verse: we see it, we see it, how now Lambs?

Troil. *Cressida*, I love thee with so strange a Purity, That the blest Gods, angry with my Devotions More bright in Zeal, than that I pay their Altars, Will take thee from my Sight.

Cres. Have the Gods Envy?

Pand. Ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a Case!

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

Troil. A hateful Truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus*: and suddenly. So suddenly, 'tis counted but by Minutes.

Cres. What not an Hour allow'd for taking Leave?

Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious Fates Juggle betwixt, and part the dear Adieu's Of meeting Lips, clasp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces.

Aneas

Æneas within.

My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?

Troil. Hark, you are call'd: some say the Genius fo
Cryes come, to him who instantly must dye.

Pand. Where are my Tears! some Rain to lay this Wind:
Or my Heart will be blown up by the Roots!

Troil. Hear me my Love! be thou but true like me.

Cres. I true! how now, what wicked Thought is this?

Troil. Nay, we must use Expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I spoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;

But be thou true, I said to introduce

My following Protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. You'll be expos'd to Dangers.

Troil. I care not: but be true.

Cres. Be true again?

Troil. Hear why I speak it, Love.

The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:

Alas a Kind of holy Jealousie,

Which I beseech you call a virtuous Sin,

Makes me afraid how far you may be tempted.

Cres. O Heavens, you love me not!

Troil. Dye I a Villain then!

In this I do not call your Faith in Question,

But my own Merit.

Cres. Fear not; I'll be true.

Troil. Then Fate thy worst: for I will see thee, Love:

Not all the *Grecian* Host shall keep me out,

Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with Fire, shou'd hold me in.

Æneas within.

My Lord, my Lord *Troilus*: I must call you.

Pand. A. Mischief call him: nothing but Screech-owls?
do, do, call again; you had best part 'em now in the
Sweetness of their Love! I'll be hang'd if this *Æneas* be
the Son of *Venus*, for all his Bragging. Honest *Venus* was
a Punk: wou'd she have parted Lovers? no he has not a
Drop of *Venus* Blood in him: honest *Venus* was a Punk.

Troil. to *Pand.* Prithee go out; and gain one Minute more.

Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your Business; lose

no time, 'tis very precious; go, Bill again: I'll tell the Rogue his own, I warrant him. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cres. What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?

Troil. Only to wish another, and another,
A longer struggling with the Pangs of Death.

Cres. O those who do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to dye!

Troil. When I but think this Sight may be our last;
If *Jove* cou'd set me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He cou'd not press me more.

Cres. Oh let me go, that I may know my Grief;
Grief is but guess'd, while thou art standing by:
But I too soon shall know what Absence is.

Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another Name for Death.
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, stand on some Icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes;
'Till he sink down from Heav'n! O only *Cressida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me.

Cres. If I could live to hear it, I were false,
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I trust my Heart with thee: and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Casket.

Troil. Then, I will live; that I may keep that Treasure:
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go
Loose, yet secure as is the gentle Hawk
When whistled off she mounts into the Wind:
Our Love's like Mountains high above the Clouds,
Though Winds and Tempests beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storm, nor Thunder know,
But scorn the threatenng Rack that rowls below.

[*Exeunt* Ambo.]

SCENE II.

Achilles and Patroclus, standing in their Tent.

Ulysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor and Ajax, passing over the Stage.

Ulysses. *Achilles* stands in th' Entrance of his Tent:
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with neglectful Eyes and Scorn:
Pride must be cur'd by Pride.

Agamemnon. We'll execute your Purpose, and put on
A Form of Strangeness as we pass along;
So do each Prince, either salute him not,
Or else disdainfully, which will shake him more
Than if not look'd on: I will lead the Way.

Achilles. What, comes the General to speak with me!
You know my Mind; I'll fight no more with *Troy*.

Agamemnon. What says *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us?

Nestor. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General!

Achilles. No.

Nestor. Nothing my Lord.

Agamemnon. The better.

Menelaus. How do you, how do you!

Achilles. What, does the Cuckold scorn me!

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*!

Achilles. Good-morrow *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha!

Achilles. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay; and good next Day too.

[*Exeunt all but Achilles, and Patroclus.*]

Achilles. What mean these Fellows! know they not *Achilles*?

Patroclus. They pass by strangely; they were us'd to bow,
And send their Smiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.

Achilles. Am I poor of late!

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with Men too! what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the Eyes of others,

As feel in his own Fall: for Men like Butter-flies,
Show not their mealy Wings but to the Summer.

Patro. 'Tis known you are in Love with *Hector's* Sister,
And therefore will not fight: and your not fighting
Draws on you this Contempt: I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In time of Action; I'm condemn'd for this:
They think my little Appetite to War
Deads all the Fire in you: but rowse your self,
And Love shall from your Neck unloose his Folds;
Or like a Dew drop from a Lyon's Mane
Be shaken into Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patro. Yes, and perhaps shall gain much Honour by him.

Achil. I see my Reputation is at Stake.

Patro. O then beware, those Wounds heal ill that Men
Have giv'n themselves, because they give 'em deepest.

Achil. I'll do something:

But what I know not yet, — No more our Champion.

*Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses,
Nestor, Diomedes, Trumpet.*

Agam. Here art thou daring Combat, valiant *Ajax*,
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud Note to *Troy*,
Thou noble Champion, that the sounding Air
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purse:
Now crack thy Lungs, and split the sounding Brass;
Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

[*Trumpet sounds, and is answer'd from within.*]

Enter Hector, Æneas, and other Trojans.

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æneas, coming to the Greeks,

Health to the Grecian Lords; what shall be done
To him that shall be vanquish'd? or do you purpose
A Victor should be known! will you the Knights,
Shall to the Edge of all Extremity,
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any Voice or Order of the Field;

Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æn. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;

A little proudly, and too much despising
The Knight oppos'd, he might have found his Match.

Æn. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name!

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æn. Therefore *Achilles*, but who e'er know this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride, weigh him but well,
And that which looks like Pride is Courtesie.

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* Blood,
In Love whereof half *Hector* stays at home.

Achil. A Maiden Battle! I perceive you then.

Agam. Go *Diomedes*, and stand by valiant *Ajax*:

As you and Lord *Æneas* shall consent,
So let the Fight proceed or terminate.

[*The Trumpets sound on both Sides, while Æneas and
Diomedes take their Places, as Judges of the Field:
The Trojans and Grecians rank themselves on
either Side.*

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

[*Fight equal at first, then Ajax has Hector at Dis-
advantage: at last Hector closes, Ajax falls on
one Knee, Hector stands over him, but strikes not,
and Ajax rises.*

Æneas, throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them,
Princes enough, you both have shown much Valour.

Diom. And we, as Judges of the Field, declare,
The Combat here shall cease.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Æn. Then let it be as *Hector* shall determine.

Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.

Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Hesion's* Son;
The Obligation of our Blood forbids us.
But were thy Mixture Greek and Trojan so,
That thou cou'd'st say, this Part is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, hence thou shou'dst not bear
One Grecian Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not Impression made; but Heav'n forbid

That

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That any Drop thou borrow'st from my Mother,
Shou'd e'er be drain'd by me: let me embrace thee Cousin:
By him who thunders, thou hast sinewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus:—[*Embrace.*]
Thine be the Honour, *Ajax*.

Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:
I came to kill thee Cousin, and to gain
A great Addition from that glorious Act:
But thou hast quite disarm'd me.

Hect. I am glad.

'Tis the only way I cou'd disarm thee.

Ajax. If I might in Intreaty find Success,
I wou'd desire to see thee at my Tent.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* Wish, and great *Achilles'*,
Both long to see the valiant *Hector* there.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two sign this friendly Interview.

[*Agamemnon, and the chief of both Sides approach.*]

Agam. to *Hector*. Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one,
Who wou'd be rid of such an Enemy.

To *Troil.*] My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee often
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel Way
Through Ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have seen thee
As swift as Lightning spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And seen thee scorning many forfeit Lives,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline, on prostrate Foes:
That I have said to all the Standers by,
Loe *Jove* is yonder, distributing Life.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old *Chronicle*,
Who hast so long walkt Hand in Hand with Time:
Most Reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your Count'nance, Lord *Ulysses*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomedes*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embassy.

Achil. Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee;
I have with exact View perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted Joint by Joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*!

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy Fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I wou'd buy thee, view thee Limb by Limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou read'st me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Achil. Tell me ye Heav'ns, in which Part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? there, or there, or there!
That I may give th' imagin'd Wound a Name,
And make distinct the very Breach, whereout
Hector's great Spirit flew! answer me Heavens!

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee; henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where:

Ye noble *Grecians* pardon me this Boast,
His Insolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match these Words;
Else may I never ———

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Cousin;
And you *Achilles*, let these Threats alone:
You may have every Day enough of *Hector*;
If you have Stomach: the general State I fear
Can scarce intreat you to perform your Boast.

Hect. I pray you let us see you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars, since you refus'd
The *Grecian* Cause.

Achil. Do'st thou entreat me, *Hector*!
To morrow will I meet thee fierce as Death;
To Night all Peace.

Hect. Thy Hand upon that Match.

Agam. First, all you *Grecian* Princes go with me,
And entertain great *Hector*; afterwards,
As his own Leisure shall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your several Tents.

[*Exeunt* *Agam.*, *Hect.*, *Menel.*, *Nest.*, *Diom.* together.]

Troil.

Troil. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what Part of the Field does *Calchas* lodge!

Ulys. At *Menelaus*' Tent;
There *Diomedes* does feast with him to Night:
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all Gaze and Bent of amorous View
On *Cressida* alone.

Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither!

Ulys. I shall wait on you.
As freely tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*? had she no Lovers there
Who mourn her Absence?

Troil. O Sir, to such as boasting show their Scars,
Reproof is due, she lov'd and was belov'd:
That's all I must impart. Lead on my Lord.

[*Exeunt Ulysses, and Troilus.*]

Achil. to *Patro.* I'll heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine
to Night,
Which with my Sword I mean to cool to Morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the Height.

Enter Therites.

Patro. Here comes *Therites*.

Achil. How now thou Core of Envy,
Thou crusty Batch of Nature, what's the News?

Thers. Why thou Picture of what thou seem'st, thou
Idol of Idiot Worshippers, there's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Thers. Why thou full Dish of Fool, from *Troy*.

Patro. Well said Adversity! what makes thee so keen

Thers. Because a Fool's my Whetstone. [to *Day*?

Patro. Meaning me?

Thers. Yes meaning thy no Meaning; prithee be silent,
Boy, I profit not by thy Talk: Now the rotten Diseases
of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs; Loads
of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the
like, take thee, and take thee again; thou green Sarce-
net Flap for a iore Eye, thou Tail of a Prodigal's Purse,
thou: Ah how the poor World is pester'd with such Wa-
ter-flies: such Diminutives of Nature. *Achil.*

Achil. My dear *Patroclus*, I am quite prevented
From my great Purpose, bent on *Hector's* Life:
Here is a Letter from my Love *Polixena*,
Both taxing, and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have sworn; and will not break it
To save all *Greece*: Let Honour go or stay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus!*]

Thers. With too much Blood, and too little Brain, these
two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *Agamemnon* too, an honest Fellow enough, and loves a
Brimmer heartily; but he has not so much Brains as an
old Gander. But his Brother *Menelaus*, there's a Fellow:
the goodly Transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *Eu-
ropa*: the primitive Cuckold: A vile Monkey ty'd eter-
nally to his Brother's Table. To be a Dog, a Mule, a
Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizard, a Herring without a
Roe, I wou'd not care: but to be be *Menelaus* I wou'd
conspire against Destiny——Hey Day! *Will* with a Wisp,
and *Jack* a Lanthorn!

Hector, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Diomedes*, *Ulysses*,
Troilus, going with *Torches* over the Stage.

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there where we see the Light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. Not at all, Cousin: Here comes *Achilles* himself
to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy*, I take my Leave;

Ajax commands the Guard, to wait on you.

Men. Good Night my Lord!

Hect. Good Night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Thers. [*aside.*] Sweet quoth a! sweet Sink, sweet Shore,
sweet Jakes!

Achil. *Nestor* will stay; and you Lord *Diomedes*,
Keep *Hector* Company an Hour or two.

Diom. I cannot, Sir: I have important Business.

Achil. Enter, my Lords.

Ulys. to *Troil.* Follow his Torch: he goes to *Calchas's* Tent.

[*Exeunt* *Achill.* *Hect.* *Ajax* at one Way, *Diomedes* another; and after him *Ulysses,* and *Troilus*

Thers. This *Diomedes's* a false-hearted Rogue, an unjust Knave: I will no more trust him when he winks with one Eye, than I will a Serpent when he hisses. He will spend his Mouth and Promise, like Brabbler the Hound: but when he performs, Astronomers set it down for a Prodigy; though I long to see *Hector,* I cannot forbear dogging him. They say he keeps a *Trojan* Drabb: and uses *Calchas's* Tent, that fugitive Priest of *Troy*; that Canonical Rogue of our Side. I'll after him: nothing but Whoring in this Age: all incontinent Rascals!

[*Exit* *Thersites.*

Enter *Calchas,* and *Cressida.*

Calch. O, what a Blessing is a virtuous Child! Thou hast reclaim'd my Mind, and calm'd my Passions Of Anger and Revenge: my Love to *Troy* Revives within me, and my lost *Tiara* No more disturbs my Mind.

Cres. A virtuous Conquest.

Calch. I have a Woman's Longing to return; But yet which Way, without your Aid, I know not.

Cres. Time must instruct us how.

Calch. You must dissemble Love to *Diomedes* still: False *Diomedes,* bred in *Ulysses's* School

Can never be deceiv'd,

But by strong Arts and Blandishments of Love.

Put 'em in Practice all; seem lost and won,

And draw him on, and give him Line again.

This *Argus* then may close his hundred Eyes,

And leave our Flight more easie.

Cres. How can I answer this to Love and *Troilus*?

Calch. Why 'tis for him you do it: promise largely; That Ring he saw you wear, he much suspects Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.

Diom. [*within.*] Ho; *Calchas,* *Calchas!*

Calch. Hark! I hear his Voice.

Pursue your Project: doubt not the Success.

Cres. -

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Cres. Heaven knows against my Will: and yet my Hopes
This Night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis Truce,
Afford my Mind some Ease.

Calch. No more: retire. [Exit *Cressida*.]

Enter *Diomede*; *Troilus* and *Ulysses* appear listening
at one Door, and *Thersites* watching at another.

Diom. I came to see your Daughter, worthy *Calchas*!

Calch. My Lord, I'll call her to you. [Exit *Calchas*!]

Ulyf. to *Troil.* Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter *Cressida*.

Troil. *Cressida* comes forth to him!

Diom. How now my Charge?

Cres. Now my sweet Guardian: hark a Word with you.
[Whisper.]

Troil. Ay, so familiar!

Diom. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes. [Madness!]

Troil. Heav'ns! what shou'd she remember! Plague and

Ulyf. Prince, you are mov'd: let us depart in Time,

Left your Displeasure should enlarge it self
To wrathful Terms: this Place is dangerous;
The Time unfit: beseech you let us go.

Troil. I pray you stay; by Hell, and by Hell Torments
I will not speak a Word.

Diom. I'll hear no more: good Night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in Anger!

Troil. Does that grieve thee! O wither'd Truth!

Diom. Farewell Cozner.

Cres. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.

Ulyf. You shake, my Lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.

Troil. By all the Gods I will not.

There is between my Will and all my Actions,
A Guard of Patience! stay a little while.

Thers. [aside.] How the Devil Luxury with his fat
Rump, and Potato-finger, tickles these together! put him
off a little, you foolish Harlot! 'twill sharpen him the
more.

Diom. But will you then?

Cres. I will as soon as e'er the War's concluded.

Diom. Give me some Token, for the Surety of it:

The Ring I saw you wear.

Cres. [*Giving it.*] If you must have it.

Troil. The Ring! nay then 'tis plain! O Beauty where's thy Faith!

Ulys. You have sworn Patience.

Thers. That's well, that's well, the Pledge is given, hold her to her Word good Devil, and her Soul's thine I warrant thee.

Diom. Who's was't?

Cres. By all *Diana's* waiting Train of Stars, And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Diom. Why then thou lov'st him still, farewell for ever: Thou never shalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cres. You shall not go, one cannot speak a Word, But straight it starts you.

Diom. I do not like this fooling..

Thers. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that which likes not me, pleases me best.

Diom. I shall expect your Promise.

Cres. I'll perform it.

Not a Word more, good Night,——I hope for ever:

Thus to deceive Deceivers is no Fraud.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Diomede and Cressida severally.*]

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troil. Is it?

Ulys. Pray let us go.

Troil. Was *Cressida* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troil. She was not sure! she was not.

Let it not be believ'd for Womanhood:

Think we had Mothers, do not give Advantage

To biting Satyr, apt without a Theme,

For Defamation, to square all the Sex

By *Cressid's* Rule, rather think this not *Cressida*.

Thers. Will he swagger himself out on's own Eyes!

Troil. This she! no, this was *Diomede's Cressida*.

If Beauty have a Soul, this is not she:

I cannot speak for Rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it, in that Point of Time,
When both our Joys were fullest! — If he keeps it,
Let Dogs eat *Troilus*.

Thers. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: th's will be Sport
to see! *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the Intelligence
of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an Almond,
than he will for a commodious Drab: I wou'd I cou'd
meet with this Rogue *Diomed* too; I wou'd croak like
a Raven to him; I wou'd bode: it shall go hard but I'll
find him out. [Exit *Thersites*.

Enter *Aeneas*.

Aen. I have been seeking you this Hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ulys. Commend me, gallant *Troilus*, to your Brother:
Tell him, I hope he shall not need to arm:

The fair *Polixena* has, by a Letter,
Disarm'd our great *Achilles* of his Rage.

Troil. This I shall say to *Hector*.

Ulys. So I hope!

Pray Heaven *Thersites* have inform'd me true—— [Aside.

Troil. Good Night, my Lord; accept distracted Thanks.
[Exit *Ulysses*.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been seeing
yon poor Girl. There have been old Doings there i'faith.

Troil. [aside] Hold yet, my Spirits; let him pour it in:
The Poyson's kind: the more I drink of it,
The sooner 'twill dispatch me.

Aen. to *Pand.* Peace you Babbl'!

Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: she
takes most wonderfully among 'em: *Achilles* kiss'd her, and
Patroclus kiss'd her: Nay, and old *Nestor* put aside his grey
Beard, and brush'd her with his Whiskers. Then comes
me *Agamemnon* with his General's Staff, diving with a
low Bow e'en to the Ground, and rising again, just at
her Lips: And after him came *Ulysses*, and *Ajax*, and *Me-
nelaus*: and they so pelted her i'faith: pitter patter, pit-
ter patter, as thick as Hail-stones. And after that, a

whole Rout of 'em: Never was Woman in *Phrygia* better kiss'd.

Troil. [*aside.*] *Hector* said true: I find it now!

Pand. And last of all comes me *Diomede* so demurely: that's a notable fly Rogue I warrant him! Mercy upon us, how he laid her on upon the Lips! for as I told you, she's most mightily made on among the *Greeks*. What, cheer up, I say, Man! she has every one's good Word. I think in my Conscience, she was born with a Caul upon her Head.

Troil. [*aside.*] Hell, Death, Confusion, how he tortures me!

Pand. And that Rogue-Priest my Brother, is so courted and treated for her Sake: the young Sparks do so pull him about, and haul him by the Cassock: nothing but Invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was so bold, as to ask him, if she were a Virgin; and with that, the Rogue my Brother takes me up a little God in his Hand, and kisses it, and swears devoutly that she was; then was I ready to burst my Sides with Laughing, to think what had pass'd betwixt you two.

Troil. O I can bear no more: she's Falshood all: False by both Kinds; for with her Mother's Milk She suck'd th' Infusion of her Father's Soul. She only wants an Opportunity, Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand. What wou'd you make a Monopoly of a Woman's Lips? a little Consolation or so, might be allow'd, one wou'd think, in a Lover's Absence!

Troil. Hence from my Sight:
Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name:
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work.

Pand. O World, World: thou art an ungrateful Patch of Earth!

Thus the poor Agent is despis'd! he labours painfully in his Calling, and trudges between Parties: but when their Turns are serv'd, come out's too good for him. I am mighty

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mighty melancholy: I'll e'en go home, and shut up my Doors; and dye o'th' Sullens like an old Bird in a Cage!

[Exit Pandarus.]

Enter Diomedes and Therites.

Thers. [aside.] There; there he is: now let it work: now play thy Part Jealousy, and twinge 'em: put 'em between thy Mill-stones, and grind the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord, I am by *Ajax* sent to inform you, This Hour must end the Truce.

Æn. to Troil. Contain your self; Think where we are.

Diom. Your Stay will be unsafe.

Troil. It may for those I hate.

Thers. [aside.] Well said *Trojan*: there's the first Hit.

Diom. Beseech you Sir make Haste, my own Affairs Call me another Way.

Thers. [aside.] What Affairs? what Affairs? demand that. Dolt-head! the Rogue will lose a Quarrel for want of Wit to ask that Question.

Troil. May I enquire where your Affairs conduct you?

Thers. [aside.] Well said again; I beg thy Pardon.

Diom. Oh, it concerns you not.

Troil. Perhaps it does.

Diom. You are too inquisitive: nor am I bound To satisfy an Enemy's Request.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your Finger, *Diomedes*, And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were;

'Twas given to one who can defend her Gift.

Thers. [aside.] So, so; the Boars begin to gruntle at one another: set up your Bristles now a'both Sides: whet 2nd foam, Rogues.

Troil. You must restore it, *Greek*, by Heav'n you must: No Spoil of mine shall grace a Traytor's Hand. And, with it, give me back the broken Vows Of my false Fair; which, perjur'd as she is, I never will resign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou, it seems, art that forsaken Fool, Who wanting Merit to preserve her Heart, Repines in vain to see it better plac'd;

But know, (for now I take a Pride to grieve thee)
 Thou art so lost a thing in her Esteem,
 I never heard thee nam'd, but some Scorn follow'd:
 Thou wert our Table-Talk for laughing Meals:
 Thy Name our sportful Theme for Evening-walks:
 And intermissive Hours of cooler Love:
 When Hand in Hand we went. *Troil.* Hell and Furies!

Thers. [*aside.*] O well stung, Scorpion!
 Now *Menelaus* his *Greek* Hoins are out o' Doors, there's a
 new Cuckold starts up on the *Trojan* Side.

Troil. Yet this was she, ye Gods, that very She,
 Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night;
 Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd, and kiss'd again,
 As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
 To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage.
 Who loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
 And shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
 A little longer Darkness.

Diom. Plagues and Tortures!

Thers. Good, good, by *Pluto*! their Fool's mad to lose
 his Harlot; and our Fool's mad, that t'other Fool had her
 first: if I sought Peace now, I cou'd tell 'em there's Punk
 enough to satisfy 'em both; Whore sufficient! but let 'em
 worry one another, the foolish Curs; they think they
 can never have enough of Carrion.

Æn. My Lords, this Fury is not proper here
 In Time of Truce; if either Side be injur'd,
 To Morrow's Sun will rise apace, and then —

Troil. And then! but why should I defer 'till then?
 My Blood calls now, there is no Truce for Traytors,
 My Vengeance rowls within my Breast, it must,
 It will have Vent. —————

[*Draws.*]

Diom. Hinder us not, *Æneas*,
 My Blood rides high as his, I trust thy Honour;
 And know thou art too brave a Foe to break it. —

[*Draws.*]

Thers. Now Moon! now shine sweet Moon! let 'em
 have just Light enough to make their Passes: and not
 Light enough to ward 'em.

Æn.

Æn. [*Drawing too.*] By Heav'n he comes on this, who strikes the first.

You both are mad; is this like gallant Men,
To fight at Midnight; at the Murtherer's Hour;
When only Guilt and Rapine draws a Sword?
Let Night enjoy her Dues of soft Repose;
But let the Sun behold the brave Man's Courage.
And this I dare engage for *Diomedè*,
Foe though I am, he shall not hide his Head,
But meet you in the very Face of Danger.

Diom. [*Putting up.*] Be't so: and were it on some Pre-
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath, [cipice,
Call when thou dar'st, just on the sharpest Point
I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Destruction.

Troil. A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty Men,
As I'll haunt thee; to summon thee to this;
Nay, should'st thou take the *Stygian* Lake for Refuge,
I'll plunge in after, through the boiling Flames
To push thee hissing down the vast Abyss.

Diom. Where shall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my Way;
And in the Sight of perjur'd *Cressida*,
Give Death to her through thee.


Diom. 'Tis largely promis'd.
But I disdain to answer with a Boast;
Be sure thou shalt be met.

Troil. And thou be found:

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas one Way: Diomedè the other.*]

Thers. Now the Furies take *Æneas*, for letting em sleep upon their Quarrel: who knows but Rest may cool their Brains, and make 'em rise maukish to Mischief upon Consideration? May each of 'em dream he sees his Cockatrice in t'other's Arms: and be stabbing one another in their Sleep, to remember 'em of their Business when they wake: let 'em be punctual to the Point of Honour; and if it were possible, let both be first at the Place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have Cogitation enough, to consider 'tis a Whore they fight for: and let 'em value

their Lives at as little as they are worth. And lastly, let no succeeding Fools take Warning by 'em; but, in Imitation of them, when a Strumpet is in question,
 Let 'em beneath their Feet all Reason trample,
 And think it great to perish by Example. [Exit.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Trojans, Andromache.

Hect. **T**HE blue Mists rise from off the nether Grounds,
 And the Sun mounts apace: To Arms, to Arms:
 I am resolv'd to put to th' utmost Proof
 The Fate of *Troy* this Day.

Andro. [*Aside.*] Oh wretched Woman, oh!

Hect. Methought I heard you sigh, *Andromache!*

Andro. Did you, my Lord?

Hect. Did you, my Lord? you answer indirectly:
 Just when I said that I wou'd put our Fate
 Upon th' extreamest Proof, you fetch'd a Groan;
 And, as you check'd your self for what you did,
 You stifled it and stopt. Come, you are sad.

Andro. The Gods forbid.

Hect. What should the Gods forbid?

Andro. That I should give you Cause of just Offence.

Hect. You say well; but you look not chearfully.
 I mean this Day to waste the Stock of War,
 And lay it prodigally out in Blows.
 Come gird my Sword, and smile upon me, Love;
 Like Victory come flying to my Arms,
 And give me Earnest of desir'd Success.

Andro. The Gods protect you, and restore you to me.

Hect. What, grown a Coward! Thou wert us'd, *Andro-*
 To give my Courage Courage: Thou would'st cry, [*mache,*
 Go *Hector*, Day grows old, and Part of Fame
 Is ravish'd from thee by thy sloathful Stay.

Andro. [*aside*] What shall I do to seem the same I was!
 Come let me gird thy Fortune to thy Side,

And

And Conquest fit as close and sure as this.

[*She goes to gird his Sword, and it falls.*]

Now Mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this Omen.

Hect. A foolish Omen! take it up again,
And mend thy Error.

Andro. I cannot, for my Hand obeys me not:
But as in Slumbers, when we fain wou'd run
From our imagin'd Fears, our idle Feet
Grow to the Ground, our struggling Voice dies inward:
So now, when I wou'd force my self to chear you,
My faltring Tongue can give no glad Prefage;
Alas, I am no more *Andromache*.

Hect. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into Air,
As if my Mind, mastring my mortal Part,
Wou'd bear my exalted Body to the Gods.
Last Night I dreamt *Jove* sat on *Ida's* Top,
And beck'ning with his Hand divine from far,
He pointed to a Choir of Demi-gods,
Bacchus, and *Hercules*, and all the rest,
Who, free from humane Toils, had gain'd the Pitch
Of blest Eternity: Lo there, he said,
Lo there's a Place for *Hector*.

Andro. Be to thy Enemies this boding Dream!

Hect. Why, it portends me Honour and Renown.

Andro. Such Honour as the Brave gain after Death.
For I have dreamt all Night of horrid Slaughters,
Of trampling Horses, and of Chariot Wheels,
Wading in Blood up to their Axle-trees;
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skies,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a midnight Blaze;
O therefore, if thou lov'st me, go not forth.

Hect. Go to thy Bed again, and there dream better.
Ho! bid my Trumpet sound.

Andro. No Notes of Sally, for the Heaven's sweet sake:
'Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop:
This is a Day when thy ill Stars are strong,
When they have driv'n thy helpless Genius down
The Steep of Heaven to some obscure Retreat.

Hect. No more; ev'n as thou lov'st my Fame, no more:

My

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My Honour stands engag'd to meet *Achilles*:
 What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
 Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy self,
 When once this Ague Fit of Fear is o'er,
 If I should lose my Honour for a Dream?

Andro. Your Enemies too well your Courage know,
 And Heaven abhors the Forfeit of rash Vows,
 Like spotted Livers in a Sacrifice.

I cannot, O I dare not let you go:
 For when you leave me, my presaging Mind
 Says, I shall never, never see you more.

Hect. Thou excellently good, but oh too soft,
 Let me not 'scape the Danger of this Day;
 But I have struggling in my manly Soul
 To see those modest Tears, asham'd to fall,
 And witness any Part of Woman in thee!
 And now I fear, lest thou shouldst think it Fear,
 If thus dissuaded, I refuse to fight,
 And stay inglorious in thy Arms at home.

Andro. Oh cou'd I have that Thought, I shou'd not love
 Thy Soul is Proof to all things but to Kindness, [thee].
 And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
 How mad *Cassandra*, full of Prophecy,
 Ran round the Streets, and like a Bacchanal
 Cry'd Hold him *Friam*, 'tis an ominous Day,
 Let him not go, for *Hector* is no more.

Hect. Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
 To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.
 Therefore to thee, and not to Fear of Fate,
 Which once must come to all, give I this Day;
 But see thou move no more the like Request:
 For rest assur'd, that to regain this Hour,
 To Morrow will I tempt a double Danger:
 Mean time, let Destiny attend thy Leisure;
 I reckon this one Day a Blank of Life.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you Brother? now in Honour's Name,
 What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd?
 The imbattel'd Soldiers throng about the Gates;
 The Matrons to the Turrets Tops ascend,

Holding

Holding their helpless Children in their Arms,
To make you early known to their young Eyes,
And *Hector* is the universal Shout.

Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to Day.

Troil. Employ some Coward to bear back this News,
And let the Children hoot him for his Pains.

By all the Gods, and by my just Revenge,
This Sun shall shine the last for them or us:
These noisy Streets, or yonder echoing Plains,
Shall be to Morrow silent as the Grave.

Andro. O Brother, do not urge a Brother's Fate;
But let this Wreck of Heav'n and Earth roul o'er,
And when the Storm is past, put out to Sea.

Troil. O now I know from whence his Change pro-
Some frantick Augur has observ'd the Skies; [ceeds;
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong:
By Heav'n 'twas never well, since sawcy Priests
Grew to be Masters of the listning Herd,
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown:
Then, as the Earth were scanty for their Pow'r,
They drew the Pomp of Heaven to wait on them.
Shall I go publish, *Hector* dares not fight,
Because a Mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove*?
What cou'd the God see in a brain-sick Priest,
That he should sooner talk to him than me?

Hect. You know my Name's not liable to Fear.

Troil. Yes, to the worst of Fear, to Superstition,
But whether that, or Fondness of a Wife,
(The more unpardonable Ill) has seiz'd you,
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polixena* has beg'd your Life.

Hect. How! that my Life is beg'd, and by my Sister?

Troil. *Ulysses* so inform'd me at our Parting,
With a malicious and disdainful Smile:
'Tis true, he said not in broad Words, you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd Terms 'twas so agreed,
Achilles shou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.

Hect. He thinks my Sister's Treason my Petition;
That largely vaunting in my Heat of Blood;
More than I cou'd, it seems, or durst perform,
I sought Evasion.

Troil.

Troil. And in private pray'd.

Hect. O yes, *Polixena*, to beg my Life.

Andro. He cannot think so, do not urge him thus.

Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'st I need his urg-
By all the Gods, shou'd *Jove* himself descend, [ing.
And tell me, *Hector* thou deserv'st not Life,
But take it as a Boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a mortal Man, and he of all Men,
Shou'd think my Life were in his Power to give,
I will not rest, till, prostrate on the Ground,
I make him, Atheist like, implore his Breath
Of me, and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'll refuse no more to fight?

Hect. Refuse! I'll not be hinder'd, Brother.

I'll through and through'em, ev'n their hindmost Ranks;
Till I have found that large-siz'd boasting Fool,
Who dare presume my Life is in his Gift.

Andro. Farewel, farewel; tis vain to strive with Fate!

Cassandra's raging God inspires my Breast
With Truths that must be told and not believ'd.
Look how he dies! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his Blood bursts out at many Vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* cries out,
And widow'd I fill all the Streets with Screams!
Behold Distraction, Frenzy, and Amazement
Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon Heaps!
And all cry *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! Oh *Hector*! [Exit.

Hect. What Sport will be, when we return at Evening,
To laugh her out of Count'nance for her Dreams!

Troil. I have not quench'd my Eyes with dewy Sleep
this Night;

But fiery Fumes mount upward to my Brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my Nostrils hiss!
I shall turn Basilisk! and with my Sight
Do my Hands Work on *Diomedes* this Day.

Hect. To Arms, to Arms, the Vanguards are engag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls;
Both Old and Young, the Coward and the Brave
Be summon'd all, our utmost Fate to try,
And as one Body move, whose Soul am I.

[Exeunt.]
S C E N E

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Menelaus, Soldiers.

Agam. Thus far the Promise of the Day is fair:

Aeneas rather loses Ground than gains;
I saw him over-labour'd, taking Breath,
And leaning on his Spear, behold our Trenches,
Like a fierce Lion looking up to Toils,
Which yet he durst not leap.

Ulyss. And therefore distant Death does all the Work:
The Flights of whistling Darts make brown the Sky,
Whose clashing Points strike Fire, and gild the Dusk:
Those that reach home, from neither Host are vain,
So thick the Prease; so lusty are their Arms,
That Death seem'd never sent with better Will;
Nor was with less Concernment entertain'd.

Enter Nestor.

Agam. Now, *Nestor*, what's the News?

Nestor. I have descry'd

A Cloud of Dust that mounts in Pillars upwards,
Expanding as it travels to our Camp;
And from the Midst I heard a bursting Shout
That rent the Heav'ns! as if all *Troy* were swarm'd,
And on the Wing this way.

Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Agam. Where's great *Achilles*?

Ulyss. Think not on *Achilles*,

Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(Which sure he will, for I have laid the Train.)

Nest. But young *Patroclus* leads his *Myrmidons*,
And in their Front, ev'n in the Face of *Hector*,
Resolves to dare the *Trojans*.

Agam. Haste *Ulysses*, bid *Ajax* issue forth and second him.

Ulyss. Oh noble General, let it not be so.

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force,
But give it way awhile, and let it waste.

The rising Deluge is not stopt with Dams,
Those it o'er-bears, and drowns the Hopes of Harvest:

But

But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
 Is fluc'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.
 First let small Parties dally with their Fury;
 But when their Force is spent and unsupply'd,
 The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
 And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford.

Enter Therfites.

Thersf. Ho, ho, ho!

Menel. Why dost thou laugh, unseasonable Fool!

Thersf. Why, thou Fool in Season, cannot a Man laugh,
 but thou think'st he makes Horns at thee! Thou Prince
 of the Herd, what hast thou to do with Laughing! 'Tis
 the Prerogative of Man to laugh! Thou Risibility with-
 out Reason, thou Subject of Laughter, thou Fool Royal.

Ulys. But tell us the Occasion of thy Mirth?

Thersf. Now a Man asks me, I care not if I answer to
 my own Kind: Why, the Enemies are broken into our
 Trenches; Fools like *Menelaus* fall by Thousands, yet not
 a human Soul departs on either Side. *Troilus* and *Ajax*
 have almost beaten one anothers Heads off, but are both
 immortal for want of Brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpe-*
don, and *Hector Patroclus*; so there's a towardly springing
 Fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one Day,
 but now he's nipt in the very Bud and Promise of a most
 prodigious Coxcomb.

Agam. Bear off *Patroclus*' Body to *Achilles*:
 Revenge will arm him now, and bring us Aid.
 Th' Alarm sounds near, and Shouts are driv'n upon us,
 As of a Crowd confus'd in their Retreat.

Ulys. Open your Ranks, and make these mad Men way.
 Then close again to charge upon their Backs,
 And quite consume the Relicks of the War.

[Exeunt all but Therfites.]

Thersf. What Shoals of Fools one Battle sweeps away!
 How it purges Families of younger Brothers, Highways
 of Robbers, and Citics of Cuckold-makers! There's no-
 thing like a pitch'd Battle for these brisk Addle-heads!
 Your Physician is a pretty Fellow, but his Fees make
 him tedious, he rides not fast enough; the Fools grow
 upon him, and their Horse Bodies are Poyson Proof. Your

Pestilence.

Restilence is a quicker Remedy, but it has not the Grace to make Distinction, it huddles up honest Men and Rogues together. But your Battle has Discretion, it picks out all the forward Fools, and sowses 'em together into Immortality. [*Shouts and Alarms within.*] Plague upon these Drums and Trumpets! these sharp Sauces of the War to get Fools an Appetite to Fighting! What do I among 'em? I shall be mistaken for some valiant As, and dye a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

[*Here Grecians fly over the Stage pursu'd by Trojans:*

One Trojan turns back upon Therfites, who is flying too.

Troj. Turn Slave, and fight.

Thersf. [*turning.*] What art thou!

Troj. A Bastard Son of Priam's.

Thersf. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards. I am Bastard in Body, Bastard in Mind, Bastard in Valour, in every thing illegitimate. A Bear will not fasten upon a Bear; why should one Bastard offend another! Let us part fair, like true Sons of Whores, and have the Fear of our Mothers before our Eyes.

Troj. The Devil take thee, Coward. [*Exit Trojan.*

Thersf. Now wou'd I were either invisible or invulnerable: These Gods have a fine time on't; they can see and make Mischief, and never feel it.

[*Clattering of Swords at both Doors; he runs each Way, and meets the Noise.*

A Pox clatter you; I am compass'd in! Now wou'd I were that Blockhead *Ajax* for a Minute: Some sturdy Trojan will poach me up with a long Pole! and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free Cost, and have no Body left to laugh at 'em:

Now Destruction! now Destruction!

Enter Hector and Troilus driving in the Greeks.

Hect. to Ther. Speak what Part thou fight'st on!

Thersf. I fight not at all, I am for neither Side.

Hect. Thou art a Greek, art thou a Match for Hector? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Thersf. No, I am a Rascal, a scurvy railing Knave, a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Thersf.

Thers. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but the Devil break thy Neck for frightening me. [*Aside.*]

Troilus returning. What Prisoner have you there?

Hect. A Gleaning of the War, a Rogue he says.

Troil. Dispatch him and away. [*Going to kill him.*]

Thers. Hold, hold; what is't no more but dispatch a Man and away! I am in no such Haste: I will not dye for Greece; I hate Greece, and by my good Will wou'd ne'er have been born there; I was mistaken into that Country, and betray'd by my Parents to be born there. And besides, I have a mortal Enemy among the *Grecians*, one *Diomedes*, a damned Villain, and cannot dye with a safe Conscience till I have first murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomedes*, and thou shalt live.

Thers. Come along with me, and I'll conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making War with the Priest's Daughter.

Hect. Here we must part, our Destinies divide us: Brother and Friend, farewell.

Troil. When shall we meet?

Hect. When the Gods please; if not, we once must part. Look; on yon Hill their squander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I mistake not, 'tis their last Reserve: The Storm's blown o'er, and those but after Drops.

Hect. I wish our Men be not too far engag'd; For few we are and spent, as having born The Burthen of the Day: But, hap what can, They shall be charg'd: *Achilles* must be there; And him I seek, or Death.

Divide our Troops, and take the fresher Half.

Troil. O Brother.

Hect. No Dispute of Ceremony! These are enow for me, in faith enow: Their Bodies shall not flag while I can lead; Nor wearied Limbs confess Mortality, Before those Ants that blacken all yon Hill Are crept into their Earth. Farewel. [*Exit Hector.*]

Troil. Farewel. Come *Greek.*

Thers. Now these rival Rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I shall have the Sport on't.

[*Exit Troil, with Thersites.*]

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Which way went *Hector*?

Myrmid. Up yon sandy Hill:

You may discern 'em by their smoaking Track;
A wavering Body working with bent Hams
Against the Rising, spent with painful March,
And by loose Footing cast on Heaps together.

Achil. O thou art gone! thou sweetest, best of Friends,
Why did I let thee tempt the Shock of War,
E'er yet thy tender Nerves had strung thy Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. Yet, though 't is late,
I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus*!

Nor shall thy Ghost thy Murthrer's long attend,
But thou shalt hear him calling *Charon* back,
E'er thou art wafted to the farther Shore.

Make Haste, my Soldiers; give me this Day's Pains
For my dead Friend: Strike every Hand with mine,
Till *Hector* breathless on the Ground we lay!

Revenge is Honour, the securest way. [*Exit with Myrm.*]

Enter Therites, Troilus, Trojans.

Thersf. That's *Calchas*'s Tent.

Troil. Then that one Spot of Earth contains more False-
Than all the Sun sees in his Race beside. [hood]

That I shou'd trust the Daughter of a Priest!

Priesthood, that makes a Merchandise of Heaven!

Priesthood, that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings!

And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage!

Thersf. Nay cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice, [Offals;
And keeps the best for private Luxury.

Troil. Thou hast deserv'd thy Life for cursing Priests:

Let me embrace thee; thou art beautiful:

That Back, that Nose, those Eyes are beautiful:

Live; thou art honest, for thou hat'st a Priest.

Thersf. [*Aside.*] Farewel *Trojan*; if I 'scape with Life,
as I hope, and thou art knock'd o'th' Head, as I hope
too, I shall be the first that ever 'scap'd the Revenge of a
Priest after cursing him; and thou wilt not be the last, I
prophecy, that a Priest will bring to Ruin. [*Exit Ther.*]

Troil. Methinks my Soul is rowz'd with her last Work;

Has

Has much to do, and little Time to spare.
 She starts within me, like a Traveller
 Who sluggishly out-slept his Morning Hour,
 And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes.

Noise within, Follow, follow.

A Noise of Arms! the Traytor may be there:
 Or else, perhaps, that conscious Scene of Love,
 The Tent, may hold him; yet I dare not search,
 For oh, I fear to find him in that Place. [*Exit Troilus.*]

Enter Calchas and Cressida.

Cres. Where is he? I'll be justify'd, or dye.

Calc. So quickly vanish'd! he was here but now:
 He must be gone to search for *Diomede*,
 For *Diomede* told me, here they were to fight.

Cres. Alas! (*Calc.*) you must prevent and not complain:
 If *Troilus* dye, I have no Share in Life.

Calc. If *Diomede* sink beneath the Sword of *Troilus*,
 We lose not only a Protector here,
 But are debar'd all future Means of Flight.

Cres. What then remains!

Calc. To interpose betimes
 Betwixt their Swords; or if that cannot be,
 To intercede for him who shall be vanquish'd,
 Fate leaves no middle Course. — [*Exit Calchas.*]

Clashing within.

Cres. Ah me! I hear 'em;
 And fear 'tis past Prevention.

*Enter Diomede, retiring before Troilus, and
 falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy Life, or dye.

Diom. No: use thy Fortune:

I loath the Life, which thou canst give, or take.

Troil. Scorn'st thou my Mercy, Villain! — take thy
 Wish. — [*Speak.*]

Cres. Hold, hold your Hand, my Lord, and hear me
 [*Troilus turns back: in which time Diomede rises:
 Trojans and Greeks enter, and rank themselves
 on both Sides of their Captains.*]

Troil. Did I not hear the Voice of perjur'd *Cressida*?
 Com'st thou to give the last Stab to my Heart?

As if the Proofs of all thy former Falshood
Were not enough convincing, com'st thou now
To beg my Rival's Life!

Whom, oh, if any Spark of Truth remain'd,
Thou cou'd'st not thus, ev'n to my Face prefer.

Cres. What shall I say! that you suspect me false,
Has struck me dumb! but let him live, my *Troilus*,
By all our Loves, by all our past Endearments,
I do adjure thee spare him.

Troil. Hell and Death!

Cres. If ever I had Pow'r to bend your Mind,
Believe me still your faithful *Cressida*:
And though my Innocence appear like Guilt,
Because I make his forfeit-Life my Suit,
'Tis but for this, that my Return to you
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his Death.
My Father, treated like a Slave, and scorn'd,
My self in hated Bonds, a Captive held.

Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true,
In Triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy*,
Though *Greece* could rally all her shatter'd Troops,
And stand embattel'd to oppose my Way.
But, oh, thou Syren, I will stop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes; the Winds shall bear
Upon their Wings, thy Words more light than they.

Cres. Alas! I but dissembled Love to him;
If ever he had any Proof beyond
What Modesty might give. —

Diom. No! witness this ——— [The Ring shewn.]
There, take her, *Trojan*; thou deserv'st her best;
You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing Fools
Are Treasures to a Woman.

I was a jealous, hard, vexatious Lover,
And doubted ev'n this Pledge, 'till full Possession:
But she was honourable to her Word;
And I have no just Reason to complain.

Cres. O, unexampled, frontless Impudence! [*Troilus*]

Troil. Hell show me such another tortur'd Wretch, as

Diom. Nay, grieve not: I resign her freely up:
I'm satisfy'd: and dare engage for *Cressida*,

That

That if you have a Promise of her Person,
She shall be willing to come out of Debt.

Cres. [Kneeling] My only Lord, by all those holy Vows,
Which, if there be a Power above, are binding,
Or, if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every Imprecation, which your Rage
Can wish on me, take Place, if I am false.

Diom. Nay, since you're so concern'd to be believ'd,
I'm sorry I have press'd my Charge so far;
Be what you wou'd be thought: I can be grateful.

Troil. Grateful! Oh Torment! now Hell's blewest Flames
Receive her quick; with all her Crimes upon her.
Let her sink spotted down. Let the dark Host
Make Room; and point: and hiss her as she goes.
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoyce, and cry, here comes a blacker Fiend.
Let her ———

Cres. Enough my Lord; you've said enough:
This faithless, perjur'd, hated *Cressida*,
Shall be no more the Subject of your Curses:
Some few Hours hence, and Grief had done your Work:
But then your Eyes had miss'd the Satisfaction
Which thus I give you ——— thus ———

[She stabs her self, they both run to her.]

Diom. Help; save her, help.

Cres. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor *Diom.*
But you, my only *Troilus*, come near: [aside,
Trust me, the Wound which I have giv'n this Breast
Is far less painful, than the Wound you gave it.
Oh, can you yet believe that I am true!

Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou hadst been false!
But, Oh, thou purest, whitest Innocence,
(For such I know thee now) too late I know it!
May all my Curses, and ten thousand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my Head,
Pelion and *Ossa* from the Gyant's Graves,
Be torn by some avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durst invade the Skies!

Cres. Hear him not Heavens!

But hear me bless him with my latest Breath:
 And since I question not your hard Decree,
 That doom'd my Days unfortunate, and few,
 Add all to him, you take away from me;
 And I dye happy, that he thinks me true.

[Dyes.]

Troil. She's gone for ever, and she blest me dying!
 Cou'd she have curs'd me worse! she dy'd for me;
 And, like a Woman, I lament for her:
 Distraction pulls me several Ways at once,
 Here Pity calls me to weep out my Eyes,
 Despair then turns me back upon my self,
 And bids me seek no more, but finish here:

[Sword to his Breast.]

Ha, smil'st thou Traytor, thou instruct'st me best,
 And turn'st my just Revenge to punish thee.

Diom. Thy worst, for mine has been beforehand with
 I triumph in thy vain Credulity, [thee,
 Which levels thy despairing State to mine:
 But yet thy Folly, to believe a Foe,
 Makes thine the sharper, and more shameful Loss.

Troil. By my few Moments of remaining Life;
 I did not hope for any future Joy,
 But thou hast given me Pleasure e'er I dye,
 To punish such a Villain. ——— Fight apart;

[To his Soldiers.]

For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
 And I shou'd grudge ev'n his least Drop of Blood
 To any other Hand. ———

[Troilus and Diomedes fight, and both Parties engage at the same time: the Trojans make the Greeks retire, and Troilus makes Diomedes give Ground, and hurts him. Trumpets sound: Achilles Enters with his Myrmidons, on the Backs of the Trojans, who fight in a Ring encompass'd round: Troilus singling Diomedes, gets him down, and kills him: and Achilles kills Troilus upon him. All the Trojans dye upon the Place, Troilus last.]

Enter

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor,
Ajax, and Attendants.

Achil. Our Toyls are done, and those aspiring Walls,
(The Work of Gods, and almost mating Heaven,)
Must crumble into Rubbish on the Plain.

Agam. When mighty *Hector* fell beneath thy Sword,
Their old Foundations shook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high, th' amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian-Gods, for Fear, forsook their Fanes.

Achil. *Patroclus*, now be quiet: *Hector's* dead:
And, as a second Offering to thy Ghost,
Lyes *Troilus* high upon a Heap of slain:
And noble *Diomed* beneath; whose Death
This Hand of mine reveng'd.

Ajax. Reveng'd it basely.
For *Troilus* fell by Multitudes oppress'd;
And so fell *Hector*, but 'tis vain to talk.

Ulys. Hail *Agamemnon*! truly Victor now!
While secret Envy, and while open Pride,
Among thy factious Nobles Discord threw;
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends,
And those thought Patriots, who disturb'd it most;
Then, like the head-strong Horses of the Sun,
That Light which shou'd have cheer'd the World, con-
Now peaceful Order has resum'd the Reins, [sum'd it-
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew'd:

Then, since from home-bred Factions Ruin springs,
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Thersites*.

THESE Cruel Criticks put me into Passion;
For, in their lowring Looks I read Damnation:
Ye expect a Satyr, and I seldom fail;
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my Part to rail.
You British Fools, of the Old Trojan Stock,
That stand so thick, one cannot miss the Flock,
Poets have Cause to dread a keeping Pit,
When Women's Cullies come to judge of Wit.
As we strew Rats-bane when we Vermin fear,
'Twere worth our Cost to scatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were serv'd,
Dull Poets too shou'd have a Dose reserv'd,
Such Reprobates, as past all Sense of shaming,
Write on, and ne'er are satisfy'd with damning;
Next, those, to whom the Stage does not belong,
Such whose Vocation only is to Song;
At most to Prologue, whom, for Want of time,
Poets take in for Journey-work in Rhime.
But I want Curses for those mighty Shoals
Of scribbling Chloris's, and Phyllis' Fools,

EPILOGUE.

*Those Oaths shou'd be restrain'd, during their Lives,
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from Knives.
I cou'd rail on, but 'twere a Task as vain,
As preaching Truth at Rome, or Wit in Spain:
Yet to huff out our Play was worth my trying,
John Lilburn scap'd his Judges by defying:
If guilty, yet I'm sure o'th' Church's Blessing,
By suffering for the Plot, without confessing.*



T H E

SPANISH FRYAR:

O R, T H E

Double Discovery.

Acted at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

B Y

His M A J E S T Y ' s S e r v a n t s .

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.———Mart.

—————*Alterna revifens*
Lufit, & in folido rurfus fortuna locavit. Virg.

Printed in the Year M D C C X V I I .

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To the Right Honourable.

F O H N,

Lord HAUGHTON.

My LORD,



When I first design'd this Play I found, or thought I found somewhat so moving in the Serious Part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly, I us'd the best of my Endeavour, in the Management of two Plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a Piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the same Nature, in my Opinion, with the same Judgment; though with like Success. And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the Fondness and Partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Con-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those Ideas that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have Liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary Marks man may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one Sitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produc'd at a Heat, or by the Force of Fancy, without the Maturity of Judgment. For my own Part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and so great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict Examination; and am as much ashamed to put a loose indigested Play upon the Publick, as I shou'd be to offer Brass Money in a Payment: For tho' it shou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his Closet that trashy Stuff, whose Glittering deceiv'd him in the Action. I have often heard the Stationer sighing in his Shop, and wishing for those Hands to take off his melancholy Bargain, which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-house every Thing contributes to impose upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the best where there is the most Need of it, surprize the Audience, and cast a Mist upon their Understandings; not unlike the Cunning of a Juggler, who is always staring us in the Face, and overwhelming us with Gibberish, only that he may gain

The Epistle Dedicatory.

gain the Opportunity of making the cleaner Conveyance of his Trick. But these false Beauties of the Stage are no more lasting than a Rain-bow; when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his Reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the Reading, what was become of those glaring Colours which amaz'd me in *Buffy Damboys* upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold, dull Mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting: A dwarfish Thought dress'd up in gigantick Words, Repetition in abundance, Looseness of Expression, and gross Hyperboles; the Sense of one Line expanded prodigiously into ten: and, to sum up all, uncorrect *English*, and a hideous Mingle of false Poetry and true Nonsense; or, at best, a Scantling of Wit which lay gasping for Life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbish. A famous modern Poet us'd to sacrifice every Year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually to the Memory of *Johnson*. But now, my Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some Verses of my own *Maximia* and *Almanzor* which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same Fire with *Statius* and *Chapman*: All I can say for those Passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them: But I repent of them amongst my Sins: and if any of their Fellows intrude by Chance into my present Writings, I draw a Stroke over all those *Dalilab's* of the Theatre; and am

The Epistle Dedicatory.

resolv'd I will settle my self no Reputation by the Applause of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all Ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I shou'd to raise an Estate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty Style in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the same Measures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*: for,

Quae superimposito moles geminata Colosso,
carries a more thundering Kind of Sound than,

Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:

Yet *Virgil* had all the Majesty of a lawful Prince, and *Statius* only the Blustering of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the nearest Resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy Stile, because it looks like Greatness. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought imitable *Spencer* a mean Poet, in Comparison of *Silvester's Dubartas*: and was rapt into an Ecstasy when I read these Lines:

Now when the Winter's keener Breath began

To chrystalize the Baltick Ocean;

To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,

And perriwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable Fustian, that is, Thoughts and Words ill-sorted, and without the least Relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: so little Value there is to be given to the common Cry, that

no-

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nothing but Madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet must be of a Piece with the Spectators, to gain a Reputation with them. But, as in a Room, contriv'd for State, the Height of the Roof shou'd bear a Proportion to the *Area*; so, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the Strength and Vehemence of Figures shou'd be suited to the Occasion, the Subject, and the Persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an Excrecence, and not a living Part of Poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young Gallants, who pretend to Criticism, had not told me, that this Tragi-comedy wanted the Dignity of Style: but, as a Man, who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own Defence; so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more Partiality than I ought, or than such a Trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever Beauties it may want, 'tis free, at least, from the Grossness of those Faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in Reference to my Profit, and the Satisfaction I had, in seeing it represented with all the Justness and Gracefulness of Action. But as 'tis my Interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler Design: for the Propriety of Thoughts and Words, which are the hidden Beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the Vehemence of Action: All Things are there beheld, as in a hasty Motion, where the Objects only glide before the Eye, and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these silent Graces in the Action, than he who rides Post through an unknown Country can distinguish the Situation.

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of Places, and the Nature of the Soil. The Purity of Phrase, the Clearness of Conception and Expression, the Boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the Significancy and Sound of Words, not strain'd into Bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very Words and Thoughts which cannot be chang'd, but for the worse, must of Necessity escape our transient View upon the Theatre: and yet without all these a Play may take. For, if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the Lameness of it with his Performance, or now and then a glittering Beam of Wit or Passion strike through the Obscurity of the Poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present Liking, but not to fix a lasting Admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the surest Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no Faults in this, which that Touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this Nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the Pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this Time I satisfy'd my Humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a Rule for the Pleasure of Variety. The Truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to prophesie, that few Tragedies, except those in Verse, shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a Course of Mirth. For the Feast is too dull and solemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a Task this is, will soon be try'd: for a several Genius is requir'd to either Way; and without both of 'em, a Man, in my Opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it so

tri-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

trivial an Undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poison are always in a Readiness; but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a Preface, than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my Design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble Mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a Subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a *Protestant* Play to a *Protestant* Patron, as I do my self an Honour, so I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always eminent in the Support and Favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the Promises of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceives me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are such, as will no Way degenerate from your Ancestors, but refresh their Memory in the Minds of all true *Englishmen*, and renew their Lustre in your Person; which, My Lord, is not more the Wish, than it is the constant Expectation of

Your Lordship's

most Obedient, Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R O L O G U E.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleases, never fails of Wit:
Honour is yours:

And you, like Kings at City-Treats, bestow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to-day, and hang a Man to-morrow;
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,
Just like Brass-Mony once a Year in Spain:
Take you i'th' Mood, what-e'er base Metal come,
You coin as fast as Groats at Bromingham:
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's Days.
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest Wits a Mile behind.
Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age
Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,
Unless each Vice in Short-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht-Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders no Vices know,
But what they us'd a hundred Years ago,
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, they grow;
They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in Mum.

PROLOGUE.

*Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change, but here's the Curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse;
They take up our old Trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
Our Fathers did, for Change, to France repair,
And they, for Change, will try our English Air:
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more foolish Gemgaw comes in Play:
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.
Scow'ring the Watch grows out-of-Fashion Wit:
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night-Murth'ers, and make Death a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unless the new found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane we have got,
By Way of Thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Torrismond.</i>	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
<i>Bertran.</i>	Mr. <i>Williams.</i>
<i>Alphonso.</i>	Mr. <i>Wiltshair.</i>
<i>Lorenzo, his Son.</i>	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
<i>Raymond.</i>	Mr. <i>Gillow,</i>
<i>Pedro.</i>	Mr. <i>Underhill.</i>
<i>Gomez.</i>	Mr. <i>Nokes.</i>
<i>Dominick, the Spanisſ Fryar.</i>	Mr. <i>Lee.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora, Queen of Arragon,</i>	Mrs. <i>Barry.</i>
<i>Tereſa, Woman to Leonora.</i>	Mrs. <i>Crofts.</i>
<i>Elvira, Wife to Gomez.</i>	Mrs <i>Betterton.</i>

T H E



THE
Spanish Fryar :
OR, THE
Double Discovery.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Alphonso and Pedro meet, with Soldiers
on each Side, Drums, &c.*

ALPHONSO.

TAND: give the Word.

Ped. The Queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro?-----how goes the Night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome Day-light: We shall
have warm Work on't:

The Moor will 'gage

His utmost Forces on this next Assault,

To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Ped.

Ped. Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing, though:
Is the Queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.

Ped. O! *Alphonso*,
I fear they come too late: Her Father's Crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers.
A Crown usurp'd; a lawful King depos'd,
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light;
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd:
What can we less expect than what we feel;
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Ped. Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n. Judge the E-
By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long [vent
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace:
Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs; but left his Daughter,
Our present Queen, ingag'd, upon his Death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whose curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War arose;
Because the Moor *Abdalla*, with whose Troops
Th' Usurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an Infidel, his Love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are Soldiers, *Pedro*; and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Ped. A good Cause wou'd do well though;
It gives my Sword an Edge. You see this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moers*:
What Hope we have is in young *Torrismond*,
Your Brother's Son.

Alph. He's a successful Warrior,
And has the Soldiers Hearts: Upon the Skirts
Of *Arragon* our squander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen from the Tow'rs with longing Eyes
Expect his swift Arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Ped. That's young *Lorenzo's* Duty.

Alph.

Alph. No more:———— Duke *Bertran.*

[*Enter Bertran attended.*

Bert. Relieve the Centries that have watch'd all Night.

[*To Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your Men,
That you stand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short Repose.

Bert. Short let it be,
For, from the *Moorish* Camp, this Hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming Noise,
Like Bees disturb'd, and arming in their Hives.

What Courage in our Soldiers? Speak! What Hope?

Ped. As much as when Physicians shake their Heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heaven.

Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our best Men slain:
The rest, an heartless Number, spent with Watching,
And haras'd out with Duty.

Bert. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my Part, 'tis but a single Life
I have to lose: I'll plant my Colours down
In the Mid-breach, and by 'em fix my Foot:
Say a short Soldier's Pray'r, to spare the Trouble
Of my few Friends above; and then expect
The next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never was known a Night of such Distraction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadful: justling Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch swell'n so high, his double Chin
Might rest upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Fresh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Choir,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in such an Agony,
He told 'em false, for Fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function:
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the World.

Enter

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms.

From the *Moors* Camp the Noise grows louder still:
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Ataballes;
And sometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory: Then Groans again, and Howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd Men: But every Echo
Goes fainter off; and dyes in distant Sounds.

Bert. Some false Attack: expect on t'other Side:
One to the Gunners on St. *Fago's* Tow'r; Bid 'em, for
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul, [Shame,
They're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

Enter a second Captain.

2 Capt. My Lord, here's fresh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torrismond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis said, within their Trenches.

Bert. I think all Fortune is reserv'd for him.
He might have sent us Word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town.————

Alph. It cou'd not be:

We were so close block'd up, that none cou'd peep
Upon the Walls, and live: But yet 'tis time: —————

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On Pain of Death, let no Man dare to sally.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within
How now! What means this Show? [him!

Alph. 'Tis a Procession:

The Queen is going to the great Cathedral,
To pray for our Success against the *Moors*.

Ped. Very good: She usurps the Throne; keeps the
old King in Prison; and, at the same time, is praying
for a Blessing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go
together!

[*A Procession of Priests and Choristers in White, with
Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes
over the Stage: the Choristers singing,*

Look

Look down. ye Bless'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matron's Tears,
Behold our tender Virgin's Fears,
And with Success our Armies crown.

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down:
Oh! save us, save us, and our State restore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.

[The Procession goes off; and shout within. [Then

Enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. to Alph. A joyful Cry; and see your Son Lorenzo:
Good News, kind Heav'n!

Alph. to Lor. O welcome, welcome! Is the General safe?
How near our Army? when shall we be succour'd?
Or, are we succour'd? are the Moors remov'd?
Answer these Questions first, and then a thousand more;
Answer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand Tongues, I will.
The General's well; his Army too is safe
As Victory can make 'em: The Moors King
Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At Dawn of Day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A slight Wound;
Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my Computation now, the Victory was
gain'd before the Procession was made for it; and yet it
will go hard but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lor. Yes faith; we came like bold intruding Guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome:
Their Scouts we kil'd, then found their Body sleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em,
And took what Joint came next, Arms, Heads, or Legs,
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work.

Bert. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Ped,

Bert. I'll spare his Trouble. —

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast;

He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lor. Pedro a Word: — [*whisper.*] [Exit *Bertran.*

Alph. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spight of his dissembling.

To *Lorenzo.*] How many of the Enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, Sir, we were in haste, and cou'd not stay
To score the Men we kill'd; but there they lye.

Best send our Women out to take the Tale;

There's Circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[*Turns to Pedro again.*

Alph. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor. Some few Miles. —

To *Pedro.*] Good Store of Harlots, say you, and dog-
Pedro, they must be had, and speedily; [cheap?

I've kept a tedious Fast.

[*Whisper again.*

Alph. When will he make his Entry? he deserves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome*:

Ha, Boy, what say'st thou?

Lor. As you say, Sir, That *Rome* was very ancient---

To *Pedro.*] I leave the Choice to you; fair, black, tall,
Let her but have a Nose:--- And you may tell her [low;

I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls

Pluck'd from *Moors* Ears. —

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busie

About Affairs relating to the Publick. —

— A seasonable Girl, just in the Nick now. --- [To *Pedro.*

[*Trumpets within.*

Ped. I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand and mark:
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:

There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran's* Brow.

Lor. Then look to see a Storm on *Torrismond's*;
Looks fright not Men: The General has seen *Moors*
With as bad Faces; no Dispraise to *Bertran's*.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp he loves the Queen.

Lor. He drinks her Health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad Blood 'twixt him and *Bertran*.

Ped. Ycs, in private:

But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.
O here they come. —

*Enter Torrismond and Officers on one Side, Bertran attended
on the other: They embrace, Bertran bowing low.*

Just as I prophesy'd — [too.]

Lor. Death and Hell, he laughs at him:— in's Face

Ped. O you mistake him; 'twas an humble Grin,

The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Here are nothing but Lies to be expected: I'll e'en go lose my self in some blind Alley, and try if any courteous Damsel will think me worth the finding. [Exit Lorenzo.]

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bert. Your Country rescu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!

A glorious Conquest, noble *Torrismond*!

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,

And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.

The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,

And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow.

Torr. My Lord, I have no Taste

Of popular Applause; the noisie Praise

Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;

Still vehement, and still without a Cause:

Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide

Of swoln Success; but, veering with its Ebb,

It leaves the Channel dry.

Bert. So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one Drop

Within these Veins for Pageants: But let Honour

Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams;

Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,

And let me hunt her through embattel'd Foes,

In dusty Plains, amidst the Cannons Roar,

There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther —

Suppose th' assembled States of *Arragen*

Decree a Statue to you thus inscrib'd,

To *Torrismond*, who freed his native Land.

[to find,

Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how he sounds and fathoms him

The

The Shallows of his Soul!

Bert. The just Applause

Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,
Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the World.

These Honours you deserve; nor shall my Suffrage
Be lost to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,

You brand us all with black Ingratitude:

For Times to come shall say, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,

Neglects her Champions after noble Acts,

And lets their Laurels wither on their Heads.

Torr. A Statue, for a Battle blindly fought,

Where Darkness and Surprize made Conquest cheap!

Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,

And struck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's Work,

And Fortune take the Praise.

Bert. Yet Happiness

Is the first Fame: Virtue without Success

Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light.

But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:

And whom should Kings esteem above Heaven's Darlings?

The Praises of a young and beauteous Queen

Shall crown your glorious Acts.

Ped. to *Alph.* There sprung the Mine.

Torr. The Queen! That were a Happiness too great!

Nam'd you the Queen, my Lord?

Bert. Yes: You have seen her, and you must confess

A Praise, a Smile, a Look from her is worth

The Shouts of thousand Amphitheatres:

She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:

To Morrow will deliver all her Charms

Into my Arms, and make her mine for ever.

Why stand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot speak.

[employ'd?

Bert. Not speak, my Lord! How were your Thoughts

Torr. Nor can I think, or I am lost in Thought.

Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?

Torr. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:

You ought not think of her.

Torr.

Torr. So I say too,

I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help his Frenzy?

Bert. Fond young Man!

The Wings of your Ambition must be clipt:
Your shame-fac'd Virtue shunn'd the Peoples Praise,
And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know
What Price you hold your self at: You have fought
With some Success, and that has seal'd your Pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me Patience, Heav'n!
Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look out
Upon yon slaughter'd Host, that Field of Blood;
There seal my Pardon, where thy Fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past Redemption!

Alph. [to *Torr.*] Learn Respect
To the first Prince o'th' Blood.

Bert. O, let him rave!

I'll not contend with Madmen.

Torr. I have done:

I know 'twas Madness to declare this Truth:
And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds;
Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
My Merit's but the rash Result of Chance:
My Birth unequal: all the Stars against me:
Pow'r, Promise, Choice; the living and the dead:
Mankind my Foes; and only Love to Friend:
But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whisper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And so may Gods; else why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and close our Eyes in Darkness. [Exit.

Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new Worshipper. [Exit.

Ped. So, here's fine Work!

He has supply'd his only Foe with Arms
For his Destruction. Old *Penelope's* Tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by Day

That

That he has done by Night. — What, Planet-struck!

Alph. I wish I were; to be past Sense of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Lease of his Life so long,
As 'till my Flesh and Blood rebell'd this Way,
Against our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one Hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madness to his Rival!
His Father absent on an Embassy:
Himself a Stranger almost; wholly friendless!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is easier to be stopt, than is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the Court:
Improve your Interest there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak Remedies;
But all must be attempted. [Exit.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have sprung no Game. Our Women are worse Infidels than the *Moors*: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-Errants, that deliver'd them from Ravishment: and I think in my Conscience that's their Quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your Cousin is run honourably mad in Love with her Majesty: He is split upon a Rock; and you, who are in chace of Harlots, are sinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [Exit.

Lorenzo solus.

Lor. My Cousin ruin'd, says he! hum! not that I wish my Kinsman's Ruin; that were Unchristian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's Comfort for a Christian. Money I have, I thank the honest *Moors* for't; but I want a Mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the Tempter is wanting on his Part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier, — will you not hear me?
you Moor-killer, you Matador. —

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elv. Face about, Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the
Enemy! *Lor.*

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first: I see Souls will not be lost for want of Diligence in this Devil's Reign. [Aside.

To her.] Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a Cloud; your Will and Pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the Appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold Discourse with you at first Sight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the Blame on Stars, or Destiny; or what you please, to excuse the Frailty of a Woman.

Lor. O, I love an easie Woman: there's such a-do to crack a thick-shell'd Mistress; we break our Teeth, and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take Pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill Hands at his first Arrival.

Elv. You may have a better Opinion of me than I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are Heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your Head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing Metal, there's but one Way with me: Let me see you, for the Safeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the Wars? I could answer you with another in my Profession: Suppose you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon Content in a seal'd Bagg, without peeping? — but however, I will not stand with you for a Sample. [Lifts up her Veil.

Lor. What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too sharp to be trusted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my Forwardness; but this Day of Jubilee is the only time of Freedom I have had: and there is nothing so extravagant as a Prisoner,

soner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in Love with less than your whole Sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct Road of languishing and sighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow Morning you may hear of me in Rhime and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these Symptoms in my self: perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at Constancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my Pace.

Elv. Oh Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildest Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom: now I know your Temper, you may thank your self if you are kept to hard Meat: ——— you are in for Years, if you make Love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini* at End on't; there may be an evil Meaning in the Word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that Fear: I wish I could rid my self as easily of the Bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

Lor. Three as good Qualities for my Purpose as I could wish: now Love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*Aside.*] If I get not home before my Husband, I shall be ruin'd. ———

I dare not stay to tell you where, ——— farewell, ———
[*to him.*]

cou'd I once more ———
[*Exit.*]

Lor. This is unconscionable Dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whose Livery I wear: ———

Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his Walk, it should be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he. ———

[*To Gomez.*] What, Old *Mamma* here?

Goin.

Gom. How! young *Beelzebub!*

Lor. What Devil has set his Claws in thy Haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragossa*? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Noors* are ready to besiege one Town, I shift Quarters to the next; I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a Hair's Breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: There are Bonfires decreed; and the Times had not been hard, my Billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a Respect for a single Billet, thou would'st almost have thrown on thy self to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own Charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy self for such an Extravagance; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a meer verbal Courtesie: I have just now seen a most incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young Lady? — my Mind misgives me plaguily. [*Aside.*]

Lor. Here, Man, just before this Corner-house: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-house.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thy self? Hast thou any thing to say against the Honesty of that House?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honest Stone, and the Timber very honest Wood, for ought I know; but for the Woman I cannot say, till I know her better: Describe her Person and if she live in this Quarter, I may give you Tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark-colour'd Hair, the most bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the most roguish Cast; her Checks are dimpled when she smiles, and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. [*Aside.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd. —
Go on ——— Colonel ——— have you no other Marks
of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her Marks, but that she has an Hus-
band, a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: Speak; canst thou
tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes, this News, Colonel, that you have seen your
last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the Knowledge of her,
thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you;
Colonel *Hernando*: Once more, you have seen your last
of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that Name
of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*; now he can
tell no Tales of me to my Father.

To him.] Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when
thou could'st get by't. ——— Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the
right damning Colour: ——— Thou art not Proof against
Gold sure! ——— Do not I know thee for a cove-
tous ———

Gom. Jealous old Huncks; those were the Marks of
your Mistress's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh the Devil! What a Rogue in Understanding
was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good Colonel; 'tis a decent
Melancholy after an absolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*; ——— but ———

Gom. But ——— no Pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was ——— thinking a little upon
a Point of Gratitude: We two have been long Acquain-
tance; I know thy Merits, and can make some Interest:
Go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Al-
caide*, Mayor of *Saragossa*.

Gom. Satisfie your self; you shall not make me what
you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the Face of a Magi-
strate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magistrate's
Head to my Magistrate's Face; I thank you Colonel.

Lor.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle Story----
That Woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly
Woman, for t'other was a Lye; ----- is no more thy
Wife: --- As I'll go home with thee, and satisfie thee
immediatly, my dear Friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that Trouble; no not so
much as a single Visit; not so much as an Embassy by a
civil old Woman, nor a Serenade of *Twinckledum Twinckle-*
dum under my Windows: Nay, I will advise you, out of
my Tenderness to your Person, that you walk not near
yon Corner-house by Night; for to my certain Know-
ledge there are Blunderbusses planted in every Loop-hole,
that go off constantly of their own Accord at the squeak-
ing of a Fiddle and the thrumming of a Guittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open War
against thee: I'll demolish thy Citadel by force; or, at
least, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee; my thou-
sand red Locusts, that shall devour thee in free Quarter. ---
Farewel, wrought Night-cap. [Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Farewel, Buff! Free Quarter for a Regiment of
Red-coat Locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red Sea
first! ----- But oh; this *Fezabel* of mine! I'll get a Phy-
sician that shall prescribe her an Ounce of *Camphire* eve-
ry Morning for her Breakfast, to abate Incontinency.
She shall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Con-
fession; and for never going, she shall be condemn'd for
a Heretick. She shall have Stripes by *Troy-weight*, and
Sustenance by Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Fa-
sting Almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which
No Carnival nor *Christmas* shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the Year.

[Exit Gomez.



ACT II: SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Queen's Anti-chamber.**Alphonso, Pedro.**Alph.* WHEN saw you my *Lorenzo*?*Ped.* I had a Glimpse of him; but he shōt
Like a young Hound upon a burning Scent: [by me
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.*Alph.* His foreign Breeding might have taught him bet-*Ped.* 'Tis that has taught him this. [ter.

What learn our Youth abroad, but to refine

The homely Vices of their native Land?

Give me an honest home-spun Country Clown

Of our own Growth; his Dulness is but plain,

But theirs embroider'd; they are sent out Fools,

But come back Fops.

Alph. You know what Reasons urg'd me;

But now I have accomplish'd my Designs,

I shou'd be glad he knew 'em. — His wild Riots

Disturb my Soul; but they wou'd fit more close,

Did not the threaten'd Downfall of our House,

In *Torrismond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.*Enter Bertran attended, and whispering with a Courtier, aside.**Bert.* I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;

If he presume to own it, she's so proud,

He tempts his certain Ruin.

Alph. [to *Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws his Eyes
Our old imprison'd King wore no such Looks. [on us.*Ped.* O, wou'd the General shake off his Dotage to th'u-
And re-inthroned good venerable *Sancho*, [surping Queen,
I'll undertake, should *Bertran* sound his Trumpets,
And *Torrismond* but whistle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.*Alph.* I told him so;

But had an Answer louder than a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-Loyalty!

I hate

I hate to see a brave bold Fellow fotted,
 Made four and senseless, turn'd to Whey by Love;
 A driveling Hero, fit for a Romance.

O, here he comes; what will their Greetings be!

Enter Torrismond attended. Bertran and he meet and justle.

Bert. Make Way, my Lords, and let the Pageant pass.

Tor. I make my Way where-e'er I see my Foe:
 But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat.
 I have no *Moors* behind me.

Bert. Death and Hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting Man.

Enter Teresa.

Ter. My Lords, you are too loud so near the Queen:
 You, *Torrismond*, have much offended her.

'Tis her Command you instantly appear,
 To answer your Demeanour to the Prince.

[Exit Teresa; Bertran with his Company follow her.]

Tor. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonso*, pity me!

A Grove of Pikes,
 Whose polish'd Steel from far severely shines,
 Are not so dreadful as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your Aid,
 And, like a Lion press'd upon the Toils,
 Leap on your Hunters. Speak your Actions boldly;
 There is a Time when modest Virtue is
 Allow'd to praise it self.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
 Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fome:
 But since this Message came, you sink and settle,
 As if cold Water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!
 When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
 Is to be impudent:—— No, I'm resolv'd,
 Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go,
 And, dying, bless the Hand that gave the Blow. *[Exit.]*
The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in State,
Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c.

She rises, and comes to the Front.

Qu. Leonora to Bert.] I blame not you, my Lord; my
 Father's Will, G 4 Your

Your own Deferts, and all my People's Voice,
 Have plac'd you in the View of Sov'reign Power.
 But I would learn the Cause, why *Torrismond*,
 Within my Palace-Walls, within my Hearing,
 Almost within my Sight, affronts a Prince
 Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
 And looks as he were Lord of Human Kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at Distance.

Teresa. Madam, the General. ———

Qu. Let me view him well.

My Father sent him early to the Frontiers.
 I have not often seen him; if I did,
 He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
 But where's the Fierceness, the disdainful Pride,
 The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?
 By all these Marks, this is not sure the Man.

Ber. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult;
 Whose fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence
 The Patience of a God could not support.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he shall have
 Immediate Punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a Nature, should I speak it,
 That my Presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,
 By all your Hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a Crime
 Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
 Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
 That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,
 Unless commanded, would have dy'd in Silence.
 But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my Hopes!
 Hopes I have none, for I am all Despair;
 Friends I have none, for Friendship follows Favour;
 Desert I've none, for what I did was Duty:
 Oh that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall; — so I: —
But whither am I going? If to Death,
He looks so lovely sweet in Beauty's Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart. — I dare no more.

Ber. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkness, Dungeons for this Insolence. —

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear. —

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, withdraw; ;
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.

For you, my Lord, —
The Priest to Morrow was to join our Hands;
I'll try if I can live a Day without you.
So both of you depart, and live in Peace.

Alph. Who knows which Way she points!
Doubling and turning like an hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.

Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's? backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every Word. In my Conscience when
she was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, Madam? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince *Bertran*?

Qu. *Torrismond*;

There is no other He.

Ter. [*Aside.*] A rising Sun,
Or I am much deceiv'd.

[*Exit Teresa.*]

Qu. A Change so swift, what Heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my self; in one short Hour
Already am I gone an Age of Passion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?
These might perhaps be found in other Men.
'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me;
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul.

But, when he spoke, what tender Words he said!
So softly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. ———

Enter Teresa with Torrismond.

Ter. He waits your Pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire—— Oh Heav'ns, that I must speak
So distant from my Heart——— [Aside.

To *Tor.*] How now! What Boldness brings you back

Tor. I heard 'twas your Command. [again?

Qu. A fond Mistake,

To credit so unlikely a Command.

And you return full of the same Presumption,

T' affront me with your Love?

Tor. If 'tis Presumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his Judge's Feet:

A Boldness more than this I never knew;

Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past Services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess
A Fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who cou'd dare to disavow his Crime,

When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,

He bears about him still! My Eyes confess it;

My every Action speaks my Heart aloud.

But, oh, the Madness of my high Attempt

Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,

I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,

My Father, with his dying Voice, bequeath'd

My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,

A private Man, presume to love a Queen?

Tor. That, that's the Wound! I see you set so high,
As no Desert or Services can reach.

Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul;
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay!

Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,

And such a Span to grasp 'em? Sure my Lot

By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd

In Fate's Eternal Volume! ——— But I rave,

And, like a giddy Bird in Dead of Night,

Fly round the Fire that scorches me to Death.

Qu. Yet, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you Counsel for your Cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Tor. There is a Pleasure sure

In being mad, which none but Madmen know!

Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!

And, since you are too great to be belov'd,

Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the Words which I must only hear
From *Bertran's* Mouth; they should displease from you:

I say they should; but Women are so vain

To like the Love, though they despise the Lover.

Yet, that I may not send you from my Sight

In absolute Despair——— I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!

Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:

But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,

Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;

And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?

If that would help, I could cast in a Tear

To your Misfortunes.———

Tor. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my past Sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen———

Or you of Royal Blood———

Tor. What have I lost by my Fore-father's Fault?

Why was not I the twentieth by Descent

From a long restive Race of droning Kings?

Love! what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,

When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my Torture!———

Tor. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best Construction for your Love.

Be secret and discreet; these fairy Favours

Are lost when not conceal'd;———provoke not *Bertran*.———

Retire;

Retire : I must no more but this, — Hope, *Torristmond.*

[*Exit.*]

Tor. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; she pities me!
 And Pity still foreruns approaching Love;
 As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps,
 Ye Angels, to that Sound; and thou, my Heart,
 Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
 Hence all my Grievs, and every anxious Care:
 One Word, and one kind Glance, can cure Despair.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE a Chamber.

A Table and Wine set out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible: for Fryars have free Admittance into every House. This *Jacobin*, whom I have sent to, is her Confessor; and who can suspect a Man of such Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious Gentleman coming up Sir; he says he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as rosie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in State before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was such a Tun of Devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking such long Journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with Fasting.

Lor.

Lor. 'Tis a Sign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jowls, Father. Come, ——— to our better Acquaintance: ——— here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow. [Drinks.]

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you Reason. [Drinks.]

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father?

Dom. Second Thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [Drinks.]

It has a most delicious Flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your Health, Son, I am not us'd to be so unmannerly. [Drinks again.]

Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not: ——— To the Bottom. ——— I warrant him a true Church-man. ——— Now, Father, to our Business, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to do an Act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable Subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great Hazard of my Life, I recommended my Person to good St. *Dominick*.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a sure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a Bargain with him, that if I escap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd present some Brother of his Order with Part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable Uses.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominick* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make short my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the worthiest Man: ——— here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purse.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conscience.

Lor. Here; take 'em, Father.

Dom. No, in Troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty. Lor.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your Strength against a decrepit, poor, old Man?

[Takes the Purse.

As I said, 'tis too great a Bounty; but St. Dominick shall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in Mind of you.

Lor. If you please, Father, we will not trouble him 'till the next Battle. But you may do me a greater Kindness, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female, mortal, Married-Woman-Saint: Look upon the Superscription of this Note; you know Don Gomez his Wife.

[Gives him a Letter.

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have some Reason: I am her Ghostly Father.

Lor. I have some Business of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous.

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quintessence of Jealousie: he keeps no Male Creature in his House: and from abroad he lets no Man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in Spiritual Affairs. But he has his Humours with me too: for t'other Day, he call'd me False Apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all: on my Word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action; you might revenge the Church's Quarrel.—— My Letter, Father.——

Dom. Well; so far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a Man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Answer back, that Purse in your Hand has a Twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a Farthing more upon
my

my Priesthood. ——— But what may be the Purport and Meaning of this Letter; that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No Harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your Word: my Comfort is, I know not the Contents; and so far I am blameless. But an Answer you shall have: though not for the Sake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have sworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether Fifty: ——— your Mistress, ——— forgive me that I should call her your Mistress, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next Door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a Word more of the nine and Forty Pieces. ———

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. ——— Fifty Pounds for the Postage of a Letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest Road in Christendom. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Chamber.

Enter Gomez, and Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish Flesh and Wine: I'll have none stirring within these Walls these twelve Months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd, the sooner I am rid of Wedlock. I shall learn the Knack to fast a-days; you have us'd me to fasting Nights already.

Gom. How the Gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent Creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv. Was it such a Crime to enquire how the Battle pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the Business, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle past; you were engaging for a Skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest Woman would be glad to hear, that her Honour was safe, and her Enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her Tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your Defence; and, in case he were, to offer your self

self to be his Chirurgeon:——then, you did not describe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elv. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what Dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at Noon Day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid Purpose with one Colonel *Hernando*.——

Elv. Who, dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I said? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear, little, old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your Sake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your self: be confin'd, I say, during our Royal Pleasure: But, first, down on your Marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction.

[Pulls her down.]

Elv. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submission: But I'll complain to my Ghostly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Punishment, you run with open Mouth to your Confessor; that Parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he must chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my Hands of his Ghostly Authority one Day, [Enter Dominick.] and make him know he's the Son of a—— [sees him.] So;—— no sooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle.——

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no Harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your Words for you 'till time shall serve: and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for Penance.

Gom. [aside.] There's no Harm in that; she shall fast too: Fasting saves Money.

Dom. [to *Elvira*.] What was the Reason that I found you upon your Knees, in that unseemly Posture?

Gom. [aside.] O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees,

Knees, he says, is an unseemly Posture; there's a Priest for you.

Elv. [to *Dom.*] I wish, Father, you wou'd give me an Opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my Spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*aside.*] This goes well: *Gomez*, stand you at a Distance, — farther yet, — stand out of Ear-shot, — I have somewhat to say to your Wife in private..

Gom. [*aside.*] Was ever Man thus Priest-ridden? would the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am sure there's Room for it.

Elv. I am asham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to, — and yet I dare not. —

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful; — if you keep your Wound from the Knowledge of your Surgeon; —

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in Years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I shall be silent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my Heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: — hold, hold; I meant abominable: — Pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aside.*]

Elv. I have seen this Man, Father; and have encourag'd his Address'es: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a most winning Carriage; and what his Courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own Frailty.

Dom. [*aside.*] 'Tis he for certain: — she has sav'd the Credit of my Function, by speaking first; now I must take Gravity upon me.

Gom. [*aside.*] This Whispering bodes me no Good for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the Lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your Matrimonial Vow?

Elv. Yes, to my Sorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miserable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage-Vow is but a thing of course, which all Women take, when they wou'd get a Husband. *Dom.*

Dom. A Vow is a very solemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: ——— but, notwithstanding, it may be broken, upon some Occasions. ——— Have you striven with all your Might against this Frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to strive always: but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer.—— Now, Gentlewoman, you are confessing your Enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast Look: enjoin her to sit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no less in Conscience.

Dom. Hold your Peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make Use of my Authority? your Wife's a well-dispos'd and a vertuous Lady; I say it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elv. I know not what to do, Father; I find my self in a most desperate Condition; and so is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young Man, I must confess, worthy of any Lady's Love in Christendom; in a lawful Way, I mean; of such a charming Behaviour, so bewitching to a Woman's Eye; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good Tokens, this must be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for Love of you: for he press'd a Letter upon me, within this Hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full Resolution, never to put it into your Hands.

Elv. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I shall dye.

Gom. [*Whispering still.*] A Pox of your close Commit-
tee! I'll listen, I'm resolv'd:

[*Steals nearer.*

Dom.

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, — use your Discretion; but for my Part, I wash my Hands on't. — What makes you list'ning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your Peril be it then. I have told you the ill Consequences; *& liberavi animam meam.* — Your Reputation is in Danger, to say nothing of your Soul. Notwithstanding, when the Spiritual Means have been apply'd, and fails: in that Case, the Carnal may be us'd. — You are a tender Child, you are; and must not be put into Despair: your Heart is as soft and melting as your Hand. [*He strokes her Face; takes her by the Hand; and gives the Letter.*]

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commission: Palming is always held foul Play amongst Gamblers.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are misconstrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd 'till you are excommunicate.

Gom. [*aside.*] Ah, Devil on him; there's his Hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Censure, a wise Man wou'd lick his Conscience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am out-law'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elv. [*rising.*] I have read the Note, Father, and will send him an Answer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my Part; but I wish your Intentions be honest. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a silent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will dye, unless you pity him: to save a Man's Life is a Point of Charity; and Actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewell, Daughter. — — *Gomez*, cherish your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. [*Going.*]

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the Door, — that I may

may be sure you steal nothing by the Way. — Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. — Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iscariot*. [Exit after the Fryar.

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will understand nothing of the Business; and yet does it all.

*Fray, Wives and Virgins, at your Time of Need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's Breed,* [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Lorenzo in Fryar's Habit, meeting Dominick.

Lor. **F**ather Dominick, Father Dominick; Why in such Haste, Man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, 'faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity: my Holiness, like yours, is meer Out-side.

Dom. What! — my noble Colonel in Metamorphosis! — On what Occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in Answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my Message faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your Hint: the other Fifty Pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit; that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Design in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The Husband is absent; that evil Counsellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my Grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counsel is but thrown away.

away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son!
ah —

Lor. How! will you turn Recreant at the last Cast? You must along to countenance my Undertaking: We are at the Door, Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, Father; but no fifty Pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is such, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform —

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you Company; for the Reverence of my Presence may be a Curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your *Myrmidon*, and enter. [Exeunt.
Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young Appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a Banquet — Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my Design, never Woman had such a Husband to provoke her, such a Lover to allure her, or such a Confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly Father has given it a Dose of Church-Opium to lull it: Well, for soothing Sin, I'll say that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Christendom.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. [Lifting up his Hood.] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elv. My Soul!

[They embrace.]

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous Swimming in my Head, and such a Mist before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable Water.

Dom.

Dorn. No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a Turn in your Garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good Opinion of you. [Exit Dominic.

Elv. This is certainly the Dust of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my Mind misgives me, this Sickness of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conscience I'll be sworn. You see, Madam, 'tis Interest governs all the World: He preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't: He holds his Tongue; why? because so much more is bidden for his Silence.

Elv. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those Eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the Hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common Rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his Opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treasurer, for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the Nick, he vanishes in a Twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for striking Twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary Sound of single One.

Lor. How, Madam! do you invite me to a Feast, and then preach Abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a Feast where the Dishes are serv'd up in order: You are for making a hasty Meal, and for chopping up your Entertainment, like an hungry Clown. Trust my Management, good Colonel, and call not for your Dessert too soon: Believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this Distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or suffer e'er I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by these dear Eyes.

Elv. Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know you Gallants of the time have a Mint at your Tongue's End to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by Heavens, if you were in a Condition ———

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your Promises, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your Eyes. In few Words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, Lady mine, I take you at your Word; and if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: There are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I with my Knapfack, and you with your Bottle at your Back: We'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your Hand, and strike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand and Kisses it.*]

Lor. In Sign and Token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and so forth ——— When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft Wax?

Elv. O Heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's something in the Wind I'm sure, because your Woman would have run up Stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps ——— Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like these frequent Conjunctions of the Flesh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elv.

Elv. Go hence, good Father; my Husband you see is in an ill Humour, and I would not have you witness of his Folly. [Lorenzo going.]

Gom. [ruming to the Door.] By your Reverence's Favour, hold a little, I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father *Dominic* is shrunk in the Wetting two Yards and a Half about the Belly. What are become of those two Timber-logs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that stood strutting like the two black Posts before a Door? I am afraid some bad Body has been setting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the Quantity for a Receipt. This is no Father *Dominic*, no huge over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking Fryar: As sure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been spawning this young slender Anti-christ.

Elv. [Aside.] He will be found, there's no Prevention.

Gom. Why does he not speak? What! is the Fryar possess'd with a dumb Devil? if he be, I shall make bold to conjure him:

Elv. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoyn'd Silence for a Penance.

Gom. A Novice, quoth-a; you would make a Novice of me too if you could: But what was his Business here? Answer me that, Gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual Instructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb Preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the Contents of him a little closer: O thou Confessor! confess who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World.

[He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his Habit flies open, and discovers a Sword: Gomez starts back.]
As I live, this is a manifest Member of the Church militant.

Lor. [Aside.] I am discover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge. — Yes, faith 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou see'st I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Visit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have suspected you for so much Godliness?

Lor.

Lor. E'en as thou feest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Visit, after so friendly an Invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your Hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old Unkindness: I was upon the Frolick this Evening, and came to visit thee in Masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an Hour with my Wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speak'st my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an Hour for this Excuse——But, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of red Locusts upon me for free Quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locusts in the World as well as red.

Elv. [*Aside.*] When comes my Share of the Reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honestest, kind Man; I was resolv'd I would not out of thy House till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conscience, if I had staid abroad till Midnight. But, Colonel, you and I shall talk in another Tone hereafter; I mean, in cold Friendship, at a Bar before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant. Your Excuses want some Grains to make 'em current, Hum and Ha will not do the Business——There's a modest Lady of your Acquaintance, she has so much Grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to youthful Appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by vertue of his Habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his Entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a Quarter of an Hour.

Gom. And a Quarter of that time would have serv'd thy Turn: O thou Epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Messalina* the Second, retire to thy Apartment: I have an Affligation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all Obedience——— [Exit *Elvira*.]

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers Tongues. In the mean time no ill Treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural Death, and go to Hell in your Bed. *Bilbo* is the Word, remember that and tremble——— [He's going out.]

Enter *Dominic*.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the Name of Goodness? My Mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with your selves: Here will be fine Work, I'm afraid, at your next Confession.

Lor. [*Aside*.] The Devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the Shame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his Part too.

Dom. [*Seeing* *Gom.*] Bless my Eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a Cuckold of this honest Gentleman's making; I thank him for his Pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonish'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own Contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my Business——— Nay, do not look so strangely; remember your own Words, Here will be fine Work at your next Confession. What naughty Couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trusted 'em a full Quarter of an Hour; and, by the way, Horns will sprout in less time than Mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my Order upon light Suspicions. The naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animosities on both Sides. Now that was the Oc-
casion,

caſion, mark me, *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together. You might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeſſions.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, i'faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Ford, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here. Look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the Name of Colonel *Hernando*.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I ſee no Man but a reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe Perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradife.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the Pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain*.

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be ſuch a Man, my righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on holy Garments for a Cover-ſhame of Lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father: When a ſwinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a Miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for Safety, like a Snail into her Shell.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour. There's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe holy Robes. This is the old Church-trick; the Clergy is ever at the Bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it ———

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone ſo eaſily, if I durſt have

trusted you in the House behind me. Gather up your gouty Legs, I say, and rid my House of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect some Judgment shou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetousness, and Jealousie will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocrisie, and Gluttony into your Scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: Nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine Parts, and scarce leaves the Laity a Tythe.

Dom. How dar'st thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, because you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iffachar*. You make Asses of us, to bear your Burthens: When we are young, you put Paniers upon us with your Church-Discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: After that, you procure for other Men, and then you load our Wives too. A fine Phrase you have amongst you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a Man; just as when a Fellow has got a sound Knock upon the Head, they say he's settled: Marriage is a settling Blow indeed. They say every thing in the World is good for something, as a Toad, to suck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your Pimping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer; thy Offences be upon thy Head.

Gom. I believe there are some Offences there of your planting. [Exit Dominic.]

Lord, Lord, that Men should have Sense enough to set Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats and Foxes, and yet

Want Wit a Priest-trap at their Door to lay,

For holy Vermin that in Houses prey. [Exit Gomez.]

S C E N E a Bed-chamber.

Queen, and Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since Yesterday;
Your Food forsakes you, and your needful Rest:
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;

Think

Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in Pain.

Qu. O let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.
I went to Bed, and to my self I thought
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more:
Then shut my Eyes, but cou'd not shut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was lost.
Fev'rish, for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
And, by the Moon-shine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I cast my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,
And, e'er I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
There fought my *Torrismond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Soldier shout,
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing Ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I stand.
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague Fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a Fancy.
At Break of Day, when Dreams, they say, are true,
A drowsy Slumber, rather than a Sleep,
Seiz'd on my Senses, with long Watching worn.
Methought I stood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, *Torrismond* appear'd,
Gave me his Hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the Billows Heads,
'Till safely we had reach'd the farther Shore,

[*scapes*]

Ter. This Dream portends some Ill which you shall

Wou'd you see fairer Visions? Take this Night
Your *Torrifmond* within your Arms to sleep;
And, to that End, invent some apt Pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'Twou'd be better yet,
Could you provoke him to give you th' Occasion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran at a Distance.

Qu. My Stars have sent him;
For, see, he comes: How gloomily he looks!
If he, as I suspect, have found my Love,
His Jealousy will furnish him with Fury,
And me with Means to part.

Bert. [*Aside.*] Shall I upbraid her? shall I call her false?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My Gen'us whispers me, Be cautious, *Bertran*!
Thou walk'st as on a narrow Mountain's Neck,
A dreadful Height, with scanty Room to tread.

Qu. What Bus'ness have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bert. What Bus'ness, Madam?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what Bus'ness?
'Tis somewhat sure of weighty Consequence
That brings you here so often, and unsent for.

Bert. [*Aside.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her Words are cold
To freeze a Man to Death. — May I presume [enough
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dares bellow, or what Sheep dares bleat
Within the Lion's Den?

Bert. Yet Men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Blessings, for they then are Debts. [give;

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own Time when to
But you, it seems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when Men in Sick'ness lingring lye,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years;
So every Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,
Is a whole Age of Pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My Father's Promise ties me not to Time;
And Bonds without a Date they say are void.

Bert.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freest Motion of our Minds;
O, could you see into my secret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled;
Both as a Queen and Mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can dye, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me Cause to think, that when you lost
Three Battels to the *Moors*; you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
Fate was not in my Power.

Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you saw
A raw young Warrior take your baffled Work,
And end it at a Blow!

Bert. I humbly take my Leave; but they who blast
Your good Opinion of me, may have Cause
To know I am no Coward. [He is going.]

Qu. *Bertram*, stay:

A. de.] This may produce some dismal Consequence
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.

To him.] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful Dream,
And often ask my self if yet I wake.

Aside.] This Turn's too quick to be without Design;
I'll sound the Bottom of't e'er I believe.

Qu. I find your Love, and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears sollicit my weak Breast.

I fear my Peoples Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings,
But harder by Usurpers.

Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares oppress'd,
If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,
These Jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one Root, the old imprison'd King;
Whose Lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:

But when long try'd, and found supinely good,
 Like *Æsop's* Log, they leapt upon his Back.
 Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
 He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spurr'd them hard;
 And, but he durst not do it all at once,
 He had not left alive this patient Saint,
 'This Anvil of Affronts, but sent him hence
 To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,
 And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
 Echoes the Sound, and jars within my Soul;
 There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
 Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
 Lop that but off, and then —

Qu. My Virtue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Virtue out of Season.

Mercy is good, a very good dull Virtue;
 But Kings mistake its timing, and are mild
 When manly Courage bids 'em be severe.
 Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.
 Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown,
 And then securely take the Man you love.

Qu. [*walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: The Man
 'Tis true, this Murther is the only Means [I love?
 That can secure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.
 Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
 Makes him the Object of the Peoples Hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the
 stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is Mischief to perswade!
 Few are so wicked as to take Delight
 In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
 If then I break divine and human Laws,
 No Bribe but Love cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
 And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
 I leave it all to you; think what you do,
 You do for him I love.

Bert.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
 She nam'd not me; that may be *Torriſmond*,
 Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this Day:
 Then I am finely caught in my own Snare.
 I'll think again — Madam, it ſhall be done;
 And mine be all the Blame.

[*Exit Bertran.*]

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
 And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
 The Prieſthood groſſly cheat us with Free-will:
 Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed?
 Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed:
 Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
 Meer ſenſeleſs Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
 Like Ships on ſtormy Seas, without a Guide,
 Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter Torriſmond.

Torr. Am I not rudely bold, and preſs too often
 Into your Preſence, Madam? If I am —

Qu. No more, leſt I ſhou'd chide you for your Stay:
 Where have you been, and how cou'd you ſuppoſe
 That I cou'd live theſe two long Hours without you?

Torr. O, Words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
 Welcome as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth!
 But I have been in ſuch a diſmal Place,
 Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers,
 Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps;
 Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
 The good old King, majeſtick in his Bonds,
 And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great:
 By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy Vapours, he lay ſtretch'd along
 Upon th' unwholeſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;
 And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
 Stole down and trickled from his hoary Beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
 Here end thy ſad Diſcourſe, and for my ſake
 Caſt off theſe fearful melancholy Thoughts.

Torr. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
 As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts:

He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
 So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.

Torr. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?

He told me, when my Father did return,
 He had a wondrous Secret to disclose:
 He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
 He prais'd my Courage; pray'd for my Success:
 He was so true a Father of his Country,
 To thank me, for defending, ev'n his Foes,
 Because they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Torr. The Sovereign of my Soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Torr. You are so beautiful,

So wondrous fair, you justify Rebellion:
 As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,
 But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must dye, he must, my *Torristmond*;
 Though Pity softly plead within my Soul,
 Yet he must dye, that I may make you great,
 And give a Crown in Dowry with my Love.

Torr. Perish that Crown---on any Head but yours; —
 O, recollect your Thoughts!
 Shake not his Hour-glass, when his hasty Sand
 Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
 Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter-Storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one Injustice more:
 His Doom is past; and, for your Sake, he dyes.

Torr. Wou'd you, for me, have done so ill an Act,
 And will not do a good one?
 Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
 O spare this great, this good, this aged King;
 And spare your Soul the Crime!

Qu. The Crime's not mine;

'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,
 Fed with false Hopes to gain my Crown and me:
 I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no Leave;
 But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

Torr. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
 Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day;
 How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
 And foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,
 That must be doom'd for Murther? think on Murther:
 That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
 The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
 I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
 Sure there is none but fears a future State;
 And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
 Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[*Exit.*

Torr. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag
 Fiends tear him: blasted be the Arm that struck, [him,
 The Tongue that order'd; — only she be spar'd,
 That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
 The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?
 Why slept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
 Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,
 When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
 'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recal:
 And since 'tis past recal, must be forgotten.

Torr. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten;
 High Heaven will not forget it, after-Ages
 Shall with a fearful Curse-remember ours;
 And Blood shall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
 And the last Funeral-Pomps adorn his Herse;
 I will my self, (as I have Cause too just)

Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies:
 And yearly fix on the revolving Day
 The solemn Marks of Mourning, to atone,
 And expiate my Offences.

Torr. Nothing can,
 But bloody Vengeance on that Traytor's Head,
 Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
 Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd,
 And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
 The spiteful Stars have shed their Venom down,
 And now the peaceful Planets take their Turn.
 This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears,
 And giv'n me just Occasion to refuse him.
 What hinders now, but that the holy Priest
 In secret joyn our mutual Vows? and then
 This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

Torr. Be still, my Sorrows; and, be loud, my Joys.
 Fly to the utmost Circles of the Sea,
 Thou furious Tempest, that hast toss'd my Mind,
 And leave no Thought, but *Leonora* there. —
 What's this I feel a boding in my Soul?
 As if this Day were fatal; be it so;
 Fate shall but have the Leavings of my Love:
 My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;
 The Lyon, though he sees the Toils are set,
 Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, scow'rs away,
 Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day;
 At Night, with sullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt.* }





ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE before Gomez's Door.

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two Soldiers at a Distance.

Dom. I'LL not wag an Ace farther: The whole World shall not bribe me to it; for my Conscience will digest these gross Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conscience not digest 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can shew a Conscience, that comes near it for Digestion: it digested Pimping, when I sent thee with my Letter: and it digested Perjury, when thou swor'st thou did'st not know me: I'm sure it has digested me Fifty Pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*: Prithce, why should'st thou discourage Fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; — phau; no, — [*spits.*] I do not love a pretty Girl; — you are so waggish; — [*spits again.*]

Lor. Why, thy Mouth waters at the very Mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty Pleasure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purse, and wearing out your Body, with hunting after unlawful Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolv'd to forswear it if you do: Let me advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a Church-man to

to a Church-man: in the Common Cause we are all of a Piece; we hang together.

Lor. [*Aside.*] If you don't, it were no Matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honesty, and bribe my Conscience: you shall be summon'd by an Host of Paritours; you shall be sentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd; ——— and ———

[*Here Lorenzo takes a Purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the Purse fall chinking on the Ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another Tone.] I say, a Man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a Mind to bring Matters to Extremity; but, considering, that you are my Friend, a Person of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather dye a thousand Deaths than disoblige you.

[*Lorenzo takes up the Purse, and pours it into the Fryar's Sleeve.*

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, shall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a Witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her Word to be ready at the Door, (for I must reveal it in Confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the Help of these two Soldiers? I know *Gomez* suspects you, and you will hardly gain Admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my Cloathing; yonder I see him keeping Centry at his Door: have you never seen a Citizen, in a cold Morning, clapping his Sides, and waiking forward and backward, a mighty Pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Pais, in Spight of his Suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor.

Lor. If he meet with a Repulse, we must throw off the Fox's Skin, and put on the Lyon's: Come, Gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[They retire all three to a Corner of the Stage, Dominick goes to the Door where Gomez stands.]

Dom. Good Even, Gomez, how does your Wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conspiring Cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her Thoughts how to cure you of your Jealousie.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your Leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may spare your Instructions, if you please, Father, she has no farther Need of them.

Dom. How, no Need of them! Do you speak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your Counsel, that she can say her Lesson, without your teaching: Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my Duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your Leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[Dominick offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.]

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those Occasions that a Confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good Angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good Angels sent you hither, that you best know, Father.

Dom. A Word or two of Devotion will do her no Harm I'm sure.

Gom. A little Sleep will do her more Good I'm sure: You know she disburthen'd her Conscience but this Morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this Afternoon, she may have new Occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order Matters with the Colonel, she

she may have Occasion of confessing her self every Hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to speak; why ever since your last Defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light Indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight Days, and perhaps longer, as I see Occasion: what; I know the Mind of her Sickness a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary, with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana's*: those of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper: in a Word, Sir *Dominick*, we understand one another's Business here: I am resolv'd to stand like the *Swiss* of my own Family, to defend the Entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my Doors fly open, and batter down my Walls; with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of Opinion, that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this Manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and his Cardinals in the same Manner, if they offer'd to see my Wife, without my Leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou do'st not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and so I leave you to recreate your self with the End of an old Song ————— and *Sorrow* came to the old Fryar.

[*Exit.*

Lorenzo comes to him.

Lor. I will not ask you your Success; for I overheard Part of it, and saw the Conclusion; I find, we are now put upon our last Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two Terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what Haste you can, to bring out the Lady;

Lady: What say you, Father? Burglary is but a venial Sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an Enemy of the Church—— There is a Proverb, I confess, which says, That dead Men tell no Tales; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too! The Wickedness of this old Villain startles me, and gives me a Twinge for my own Sin, though it come far short of his: Hark you, Soldiers, be sure you use as little Violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less Danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old King you know is just murther'd, and the Persons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers seize him for one of the Assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee Mercy with all my Heart, for suspecting a Fryar of the least Good-nature; what, wou'd you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it self; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical Rogue, whom we must dispatch: He has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the Murther of a thousand Kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*: He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King if he had been in the Circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-Man, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in Heaven by Hook or Crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first order'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Design, but not altogether so mischievous; the People are infinitely discontented, as they have Reason; and Mutinies there are, or will be, against the Queen; now I am content to put him

him thus far into the Plot, that he should be secur'd as a Traytor; but he shall only be Prisoner at the Soldiers Quarters; and when I am out of Reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you must have Recourse to your infallible Church-remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose Oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their Backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help Neighbours; my House is broken open by Force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedlar's Pack upon your Backs? will you murder a Man in plain Day-light?

First Soldier. No; but we'll secure you for a Traytor, and for being in a Plot against the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a Plot: Why, how can you in Conscience suspect a rich Citizen of so much Wit as to make a Plotter? There are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be fav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

Lor. Thus far we have sail'd with a merry Gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the Trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it.

[*He looks out.*]

Aside.] Ah, my Father and *Pedro* stand at the Corner of the Street with Company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your Arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended, and the Knight may carry off the Lady safely.

Elv.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at Liberty; but stand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain against her Cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no Time, but make haste while the Way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old Gentleman of my Acquaintance that blocks up the Passage at the Corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's Eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer and Barns in Winter. Here's the very Heart, and Soul, and Life-Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I stand on Thorns; prithee, Dear, look out, and see if the Coast be free for our Escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her: She shrieks out.]

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories—— What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. *[Aside.]* What a hopeful Enterprize is here spoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Chear up, Man, thou art out of Jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full Speed, with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy Rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courtesie, with your Eagle's Feet and your Tyger's Wings; and; what were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual Authority in your Behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what End and Purpose?

Elv. Onely to preserve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of Doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence sum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends. The Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my Voice, came in to save me; the Fryar, who was hobling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of Doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and shrieks out for Joy at my Return. But if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the Nick, I should neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for Joy my self for the Loss of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I shall thank you within Doors for your safe Custody of my Jewels and your own. [*He thrusts his Wife off the Stage.*

[*Exit Elvira.*

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a Civil Magistrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the Petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something.

[*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! Murther! I give up the Ghost! I am destroy'd! help! Murther! Murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the Neighbours are coming out with Forks, and Fire-shovels,

vels, and Spits, and other domestick Weapons; the Militia of a whole Alley is rais'd against us.

Lor. This is but the Interest of my Debt, Master Usurer, the Principal shall be paid you at our next Meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid asleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good Counsel; ah----

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*]

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible Fellow, that my Mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one Quarter of an Hour; my poor Limbs smart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, smart Limb, ake Head, and sprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that, [*beats his own Head,*] and to a fine, young, modish Lady, must ye? there's for that too; and, at Threescore, you old, doting Cuckold, take that Remembrance, ————— a fine Time of Day for a Man to be bound Prentice, when he is past using of his Trade; to set up an Equipage of Noise, when he has most Need of Quiet; instead of her being under Covert-Baron, to be under Covert-Feme my self; to have my Body disabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, lastly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a shrill Trebble, [bound, That with one Blast, through the whole House does And first taught Speaking-Trumpets how to sound.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso and Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious Absence,
To find, at my Return, my Master murther'd?
O, that I cou'd but weep, to vent my Passion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis observ'd at Court,
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return

Will

Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To see how you resent King *Sancho's* Death.

Raym. What generous Man can live with that Constraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A Court like this! can I sooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd, to see my Royal Master murder'd,
His Crown usurp'd, a Distaff in the Throne,
A Council made, of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest Men
Banish themselves, for Shame of being there:
A Government, that, knowing not true Wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

Alph. Vertue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sun-shine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an End
So great, so pious, as a just Revenge:
You'll joyn with me?

Alph. No honest Man but must.

Ped. What Title has this Queen but lawless Force?
And Force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonora's* Case;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which most her Soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of Good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly joyn your Son to our Design.

Raym. Your Reason for't.

Ped. I want Time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other Face; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Raym. And that accursed *Bertran*
Stalks close behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Queen to Bertran.] Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my Design, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of Pity, when the Cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:

Had *Caesar's* Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cause.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never Man so much, for 'Saint-like Goodness.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Had bad Men fear'd him but as good Men
 He had not yet been Sainted, [lov'd him,

Qu. I wonder how the People bear his Death.

Bert. Some Discontents there are; some idle Murmurs.

Ped. How, idle Murmurs! Let me plainly speak :

The Doors are all shut up; the wealthier Sort,
 With Arms a-cross, and Hats upon their Eyes,
 Walk to and fro before their silent Shops;

Whole Drovers of Lenders crowd the Bankers Doors,
 To call in Money; those who have none, mark

Where Money goes; for when they rise, 'tis Plunder:

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
 And listen with their Mouths;

Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make
 And he who lyes most loud, is most believ'd. [it;

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall;

Self-Preservation is the first of Laws:

And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,
 They justify Rebellion by that Law;

As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right
 To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such Arbitrary Power in Kings,
 That I much fear, if I should make you one,
 You'll make your self a Tyrant; let these know
 By what Authority you did this Act.

Bert. You much surprize me to demand that Question:
 But, since Truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by Heaven, your Head shall answer
 The Forfeit of your Tongue.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Brave Mischief towards.

Bert. You bad me,

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bad me not in Words;
 The Dyal spoke not, but it made shrewd Signs;

And

And pointed full upon the Stroke of Murther:
 Yet this you said,
 You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
 So left it to my Care.

Qu. What, if I said,
 I was a Woman, ignorant and weak,
 Were you to take th' Advantage of my Sex,
 And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
 You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your Toils;
 And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
 Were you to make my Doubts your own Commission?

Bert. This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully;
 Who, free from Laws himself, will have that done,
 Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure Disgrace;
 And, if perform'd, to Ruin.

Qu. This 'tis to counsel Things that are unjust:
 First, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
 (Which are his Safety,) and then seek Protection
 From him you have endanger'd; but, just Heaven,
 When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil,
 More deep than those he tempted.

Bert. If Princes not protect their Ministers,
 What Man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare
 To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
 But, when a Counsellour, to save himself,
 Would lay Miscarriages upon his Prince,
 Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate;
 O, 'tis an Act as infamously base,
 As, should a common Soldier sculk behind,
 And thrust his General in the Front of War:
 It shews, he only serv'd himself before,
 And had no Sense of Honour, Country, King;
 But center'd on himself; and us'd his Master,
 As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care,
 But with Intent, to sell the publick Safety,
 And pocket up his Prince.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith;
 This Speech is e'en too good for an Usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;

And,

And, had I not been fotted with my Zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my Sight!

The Prince who bears an Insolence like this,
Is such an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whose Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd

I will not fall, nor single.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Queen to Raymond, who kisses her Hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome:

I saw you not before : One honest Lord
Is hid with Ease among a Crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of such a Son as *Torrifmond* ?

Raym. His Actions were but Duty.

Qu. Yet, my Lord.

All have not paid that Debt, like noble *Torrifmond*'
You hear, how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime;
Of which, your Son can witness, I am free;
I sent to stop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are swift, but Penitence is slow;
The bloody *Bertran*, diligent in Ill,
Flew to prevent the soft Returns of Pity.

Raym. O cursed Haste, of making sure a Sin !
Can you forgive the Traitor ?

Qu. Never, never :

'Tis written here in Characters so deep,
That seven Years hence, ('till then should I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy Altar to the Block. [me, Justice,

Raym. [*Aside.*] She's fir'd; as I would wish her; aid
As all my Ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once:—It wounds indeed, [To her.]
To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punish; yet one Way
There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Qu. O, there's none;

Except an Host from Heaven can make such Haste
To save my Crown, as he will do to seize it:

You saw, he came surrounded with his Friends,
And knew besides, our Army was remov'd
To Quarters too remote for sudden Use.

Raym. Yet you may give Commission
To some bold Man, whose Loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the Train-Bands of the City.

Qu. Gross Feeders, Lyon-Talkers, Lamb-like Fighters.

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What pushing Force they have; some Popular Chieft,
More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
And, in a Trice, the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All's* the Word; true Cocks o' th' Game,
That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cause of Quarrel.

Qu. There may be Danger, in that boist'rous Rout:
Who knows, when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But some new Blast of Wind may turn those Flames
Against my Palace-walls?

Raym. But still their Chief
Must be some One, whose Loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that Trust than you,
Whose Interests, though unknown to you, are mine?

Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble,
He shall appear to head em.

Raym. [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertran*,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

Alph. Our lawful Prince?

Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Ped. to Alph. Now we want your Son *Lorenzo*: what
a mighty Faction

Would he make for us of the City-wives,
Wish, Oh, dear Husband, my sweet Honey, Husband,
Wo'n't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; Oh, he's the finest Man! [*Exeunt.*]

Raym. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks, she's in the Depth of my Design,
And, that it's all for her; but Time shall show,
She only lives to help me ruin others,

And last, to fall her self.

Qu. Now, to you, *Raymond*: Can you guess no Reason
Why I repose such Confidence in you? [son,
You needs must think,

There's some more powerful Cause than Loyalty:

Will you not speak, to save a Lady's Blush?

Must I inform you, 'tis for *Torrifmond*,

That all this Grace is shown? [I fear'd.

Raym. [*Aside.*] By all the Powers worse, worse than what

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a Choice?

I love a Man whom I am proud to love,

And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives

What Gratitude would force. O pardon me;

I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before;

Yet think so vast a Treasure as your Son,

Too great for any private Man's Possession;

And him too rich a Jewel to be set

In vulgar Metal, or for vulgar Use.

Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven.

Qu. How, Patience, *Raymond*!

What Exercise of Patience have you here?

What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?

Or in my Person loath'd? Have I, a Queen,

Past by my Fellow-rulers of the World,

Whose vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,

As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?

Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,

And raise new Kings from so obscure a Race,

Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd?

Have I heap'd on my Person, Crown, and State,

To load the Scale, and weigh'd my self with Earth,

For you to spurn the Balance?

Raym. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say;

Can I, can any loyal Subject, see

With Patience such a Stoop from Sovereignty,

An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?

My Zeal for you must lay the Father by,

And plead my Country's Cause against my Son.

What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant,

He wants a Crown to poise against a Crown,

Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings Worth and Virtue to my Bed;
And Virtue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:
I stand in need of one whose Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Dispel the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Disarm the Justice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this Choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?

Go raise the Ministers of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempest round;
And see its Fury fall where I design;
At last a time for just Revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heaven:
But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;
To be a Saint, he makes himself a Slave. [*Exit Queen.*]

Raym. [*solus.*] Marriage with *Torrismond*! it must not be,
By Heaven, it must not be; or, if it be,
Law, Justice, Honour bid farewell to Earth,
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.

Torr. O, ever welcome, Sir,

But doubly now! You come in such a Time,
As if propitious Fortune took a Care
To swell my Tide of Joys to their full Height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least, to save your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you steer your Vessel right, my Son;
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's Melody,
An unseen Whirl-pool draws you fast,
And in a Moment sinks you.

Torr. Fortune cannot,

And Fate can scarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy Storm
That wanted Wings to reach me in the Deep.
Your Pardon, Sir; my Duty calls me hence;

I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddess,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
This Hour's the very *Crisis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,
And all the Colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.

Torr. I see no Danger;
The City, Army, Court espouse my Cause,
And, more than all, the Queen with publick Favour
Indulges my Pretensions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Design.

Torr. If she can make me blest? she only can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her Sex,
In whose Possession Years roul round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kisses, Embraces, Languishing, and Death
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seasons of our Love:
And doubt you if such Love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.

Torr. And what can shock my Honour in a Queen?

Raym. A Tyrant, an Usurper?

Torr. Grant she be,

When from the Conqueror we hold our Lives,
We yield our selves his Subjects from that Hour:
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Because he took it not by lawless Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd by that t'assist his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?

Torr. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,

Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession:
She's in Possession.

Raym. So Diseases are:

Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel when I wou'd thrust it out?
What, shall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who dote on arbitrary Power,
And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,
And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.
O Baseness, to support a Tyrant Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a Part of Usurpation;
To espouse the Tyrant's Person and her Crimes,
And on a Tyrant get a Race of Tyrants,
To be your Country's Curse in after-Ages.

Torr. I see no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman,
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man?
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er consented.
Now, Son, suppose
Some brave Conspiracy were ready form'd
To punish Tyrants, and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you so far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Torr. How cou'd my Hand rebel against my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebel against your Reason?

Torr. No Honour bids me fight against my self;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And she who reigns bestows her Crown on me:

So must I be ungrateful to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead,
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet survives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho's* Blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with Fear,
And trembling at his Name.

Torr. He must be more than Man who makes me
I dare him to the Field with all the Odds [tremble:
Of Justice on his Side, against my Tyrant:
Produce your lawful Prince, and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,
And given me by the King, when Time shou'd serve
To be perus'd by you.

Torr. reads.] *I the King.*

*My youngest and alone surviving Son,
Reported dead t' escape rebellious Rage,
Till happier Times shall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters, or revenge my Fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond* —————

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*,
The World contains not so forlorn a Wretch
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Torr. O cruel Man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any Pity in your Breast,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too
Now, in the Name of Honour, Sir, I beg you [plain.
(Since I must use Authority no more)

On these old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Torr. Why, 'tis the only Bus'ness of my Life;
My Order's issu'd to recall the Army,
And *Bertran's* Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's? O, she's the chief Offen-
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand? [det!
No, if she 'scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Torr. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Torr. Since you must know, but break, O break, my
Before I tell my fatal Story out, [Heart,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O Horror! Horror! After this Alliance
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep;
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man designs, when Heaven opposes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,
Indeed to save a Crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make sure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd — One more Question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever;
Do you yet love the Cause of all your Woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your Sight than Toads and Adders?

Torr. O there's the utmost Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more: — Farewel, my much lamented King.
[*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finish'd my Designs
On *Bertran* and the Queen, but in despite
Ev'n of himself I'll save him.

[*Exit* Raymond.

Torr.

Torr. 'Tis but a Moment since I have been King,
 And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
 And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
 And Heav'n has giv'n me Blessings for a Curse.
 With what a Load of Vengeance am I prest,
 Yet never, never, can I hope for Rest;
 For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
 The Weight falls down, and crushes her I love. [Exit]

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

S C E N E A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Torrismond.

Torr. **L**ove, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
 Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,
 And I am all a Civil-War within!

Enter Queen and Teresa at a Distance.

My *Leonora* there!

Mine! is she mine? my Father's Murtherer mine?
 Oh! that I could, with Honour love her more,
 Or hate her less, with Reason! See, she weeps;
 Thinks me unkind, or false; and knows not why.
 I thus estrange my Person from her Bed:
 Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
 She'll know too soon her own and my Misfortunes. [Exit]

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost; did'st thou not see
 His tullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd;
 He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd. [ceeds?]

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this Change pro-

Qu. No: there's the Grief, *Teresa*: Oh, *Teresa*!
 Feign would I tell thee what I feel within,
 But Shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue!
 Yet, I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me,
 How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!
 With what a Zeal he joyn'd his Lips to mine!
 And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke.

As if he drew his Inspiration thence:

While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths;

As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:

I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false: I could not think;

'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then sure his Transports were not less than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light
I cou'd discern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,

And spark'd through their Casements humid Fires:

He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have spok'd;

But was too fierce to throw away the Time;

All he cou'd say was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

Qu. Last Night he flew not with a Bridegroom's Haste;
Which eagerly prevents the pointed Hour;

I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,

And listned to each softly treading Step,

In Hope 'twas he: but still it was not he.

At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,

So wild, so ghastly, as if some Ghost had met him;

All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round;

Then, with a Groan, he threw himself a-bed,

But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,

And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the Night?

Qu. Even all the live-long Night.

At last: (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)

I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,

He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.

With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,

And ask'd him how I had offended him?

He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans;

So restless past the Night: and at the Dawn

Leapt from the Bed, and vanish'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans,

Paleness and Trembling, all are Signs of Love;

He only fears to make you share his Sorrows.

Qu. I wish 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst;
My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woes,

Forebodes some Ill at Hand: To sooth my Sadness,
Sing me the Song, which poor *Olympia* made,
When false *Bireno* left her. —————

A S O N G.

I.

Farewel, ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis easie to deceive us,
In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it;
But she, that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

III.

The Passion you pretended
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure,
'Till we have lost our Treasure;
But dying is a Pleasure,
When living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Torr. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander like some discontented Ghost
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*]

Qu. O, *Torrismond*, if you resolve my Death,
You need no more, but to go hence again;
Will you not speak?

Torr. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, speak!
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Torr. Oh!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

Torr. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you speak that Word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Virtue.

Torr. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. [*Kneeling.*] You shall not go:
By all the Pleasures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
By these true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes——

Torr. Rise.

Qu. I will never rise,
I cannot chuse a better Place to dye.

Torr. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot.

Qu. [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent then; you love me:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done? [*not:*
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No sconer gain'd, but slighted and betray'd:
And like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the Ground.

Ter. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, moderate your Passion.

Qu. Why nam'st thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for
Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul: [*me.*
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,

And

And loathsome: Oh! what Woman can bear loathsome?
 The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
 He bills the closer: but ungrateful Man,
 Base, barbarous Man, the more we raise our Love;
 The more we pall, and cool, and kill his Ardour.
 Racks, Poyson, Daggers, rid me but of Life;
 And any Death is welcome.

Torr. Be Witnesses all ye Powers that know my Heart;
 I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
 But she has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
 Here, take this Paper, read our Destinies;
 Yet do not; but in Kindness to your self,
 Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me,
 Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

Torr. Then see how much unhappy Love has made us!
 O *Leonora!* Oh!

We two were born when fullen Planets reign'd;
 When each the other's Influence oppos'd,
 And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth,
 Oh! better, better had it been for us,
 That we had never seen, or never lov'd.

Qu. There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven says so,
 You dare not give it.

Torr. As unwillingly,
 As I would reach out Opium to a Friend
 Who lay in Torture, and desir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*]
 But now you have it, spare my Sight the Pain
 Of seeing what a World of Tears it costs you;
 Go, silently enjoy your Part of Grief,
 And share the sad Inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty Fever in my Soul,
 Give me but present Ease, and let me dye.

[*Exit Queen and Teresa.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City-Bands are up,
 Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
 All clustring in a Heap, like swarming Hives,
 And rising in a Moment.

[*King.*]

Torr. With Design to punish Bertran, and revenge the
 'Twas

'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.

'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Torr. The Queen, *Lorenzo*! durst they name the Queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Torr. O Sacrilege! say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Torr. Death and Hell!

Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my *Lorenzo*? dar'st thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me save the Queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider;

Bear Arms against my Father? he beget me;
That's true; but for whose Sake did he beget me?
For his own sure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but says Conscience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how, if Nature fly in my Face first?
Then Nature's the Aggressor: Let her look to't —
——He gave me Life, and he may take it back: ——
No, that's Boy's Play, say I. ——

'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different Sides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treason.

To *Torr.*] Sir, upon mature Consideration, I have found
my Father to be little better than a Rebel, and therefore,
I'll do my best to secure him, for your Sake; in Hope,
you may secure him hereafter for my Sake.

Torr. Put on thy utmost Speed to head the Troops,
Which every Moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life,
Though I no more must call him Father now.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How! not call him Father? I see Prefer-
ment alters a Man strangely, this may serve me for a Use
of Instruction, to cast off my Father when I am great.

Methought too, he call'd himself the lawful King; intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair Way to be a Prince of the Blood. Farewell General; I'll bring up those that shall try what Mettle there is in Orange-Tawny. [Exit.

Torr. [At the Door.] Haste there, command the Guards be all drawn up

Before the Palace-Gate. ——— By Heaven, I'll face This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.

O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the Blest will beg, that thou may'st live,
And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive.

[Exit.]

SCENE *The Palace-Yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the Time is come,
To show your Courage and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of *Sancho's* Royal Blood,
The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him
Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Success,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our Way?

Omn. Lead on, lead on.

[*Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.*]

Enter Torrifmond and his Party: As they are going to fight, he speaks.

Torr. [To his.] Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. [To his.] Retire.

Alph. What means this Pause?

Ped. Peace: Nature works within them.

[Torr. and Raym. go apart.]

Torr.

Torr. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On these harsh Terms! thou very reverend Rebel?

Thou venerable Traytor, in whose Face,
And hoary Hairs Treason is sanctified;
And Sin's black Dye seems blanch'd by Age to Virtue;

Raym. What Treason is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Torr. That's a stale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, first us'd it,
And was the first Reformer of the Skies.

Raym. What, if I see my Prince mistake a Poyson;
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traytor,
Because I hold his Hand, or break the Glass?

Torr. How dar'st thou serve thy King against his Will?

Raym. Because 'tis then the only Time to serve him.

Torr. I take the Blame of all upon my self.
Discharge thy Weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship tosd in a Tempest.
Without the Pilot's Care.

Torr. I'll punish thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd punish Rebels,
Thou stubborn loyal Man.

Raym. First let me see
Her punish'd who mis-leads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into Pieces,
And I shall dye well pleas'd.

Torr. Proclaim my Title,
To save the Effusion of my Subjects Blood, and thou
Be as my Foster-Father near my Breast, [shalt still
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That Word stabs me.
You shall be still plain *Torrismond* with me;
Th' Abettor, Partner, (if you like that Name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
*Till you deserve that Title by your Justice.

Torr. Then, farewell Pity, I will be obey'd.
[To the People.] Hear, you mistaken Men, whose Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treason: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho's* Son;

Dismiss your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his Words are loose
As Heaps of Sand, and scattering, wide from Sense;
You see he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to possess th' usurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his airy Hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Torr. Hear me yet, I am——

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But spare his Person, for his Father's Sake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that shall cure
him. There's not a Surgeon in all *Arragon* has so much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-Vein.

Torr. My Right for me.

Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Om. Liberty, Liberty. — [As they are ready to fight,
Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lor. On Forfeit of your Lives, lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine. The
beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerors. I have been
at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed
your Herd; I have disperst them; and now they are re-
treated quietly, from their extraordinary Vocation of
fighting in the Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of co-
zening in their Shops.

Torr. [to *Raym.*] You see 'tis vain contending with the
Acknowledge what I am. [Truth,

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your
But by a fatal Fondness, you betray [own
Your Fame and Glory to th' Usurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Blood and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* Gift,
And hug your Father's Murderer in your Arms.

Enter Queen, Teresa, and Women.

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the Basilisk of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her Eyes. I will speak on,
My Life is of no farther Use to me:

I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. [*Aside.*] My Heart sinks in me while I hear him
And every slackn'd Fibre drops its Hold, [speak,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father awes me still.
Send off the Crowd: For you, now I have conquer'd,
I can hear with Honour your Demands.

Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traytor? My
Conscience is true to me, it always whispers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Tor. Raym. and Leon.*]

Torr. O *Leonora!* what can Love do more?

I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at last that Tyrant, Justice! Oh

Qu. 'Tis past, 'tis past: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miser's Feast of Happiness,
And cou'd not furnish out another Meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I swear, my *Torrisfrond*,
That to have had you mine for one short Day,
Has cancell'd half my mighty Sum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Torr. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? say that once more;
That all the Saints may witness it against you.

Qu. Cruel *Raymond!*

Can he not punish me, but he must hate?
O! 'tis not Justice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's Person with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To lose a Crown and Lover in a Day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour strikes.

Raym. Then, then you should have thought of Tears
When Virtue, Majesty, and hoary Age [and Pity,
Pleaded for *Sancho's* Life.

Qu. My future Days shall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,

Where

Where every Day an Hundred aged Men
Shall all hold up their wicher'd Hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho's* Death.

Torr. See, *Raymond*, see: She makes a large Amends:
Sancho is dead: no Punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff Limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his blessed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Rest,
To see, with Joy, her Miseries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence;
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But Man, who knows not Hearts, should make Examples;
Which, like a Warning-piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from Crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Blood
To save one Drop of his.

Torr. Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What, if she did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the best of Men,
Heaven's Image double stamp'd, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say;
But yet —————

Raym. But yet you barbarously murther'd him!

Qu. He will not hear me out!

Torr. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him, Syren;
For I shall stop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phrase:
Say you consented not to *Sancho's* Death,
But barely not forbid it.

Qu. Hard-hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cause,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I, for Jealousie of Empire, sought
Good *Sancho's* Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:
But Interest never could my Conscience blind,
'Till Love had cast a Mist before my Eyes;

And made me think his Death the only Means
Which could secure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

Torr. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave, has taken all away.

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?

'Tis to be worſe depoſ'd than *Sancho* was.

Raym. Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with Scorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after-Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt Page.

Torr. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhow how I can puniſh.

Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me her's.

Torr. Condemn a Wife!
That were to atone for Parricide with Murther!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part. [Love.]

Torr. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of

Qu. The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:

I am th' Accuſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Detestation, and your Ruin:
And therefore fix this Doom upon my ſelf.

Torr. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more!

Qu. Yes, I can wiſh it, as the deareſt Proof,
And laſt, that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt, I would be more accuſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
'Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt, ſhall ſay,
Now let her dye, for ſhe has griev'd enough.

Torr. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Blood-hound hear, and melt.

Raym. [*Aside.*] I could cry now, my Eyes grow wo-
But yet my Heart holds out. [manish,

Qu.

Qu. Some solitary Cloyster will I chuse,
 And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
 Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
 Broke by the melancholy midnight-Bell:
 Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfy'd at last.
 Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
 Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice every Hour.

Raym. [*Aside.*] By your Leave, Manhood!

[*Wipes his Eyes.*]

Torr. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.

Raym. No! 'Tis a salt Rheum that scalds my Eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd.
 I'll leave you in the Height of all my Love,
 Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its Way,
 And struggles to you most.

Farewel, a last Farewel! my dear, dear Lord
 Remember me; speak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
 Shall he remember *Leonora's* Love,
 And shed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?

Raym. [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall, pray go.

Torr. Now, by my Soul, she shall not go: why *Ray-*
 Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life; [*mond,*]
 Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
 Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
 But drink deep Draughts of Love, and lose 'em all.

[*Exit Torr. with the Queen.*]

Raym. No Matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
 Now let him frisk and flounce, and run, and roul,
 And think to break his Hold: He toils in vain.
 This Love, the Bait he gorg'd so greedily,
 Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter Alphonso and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he desires
 Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
 This Day shall end our Fears of Civil War:
 For his safe Conduct he entreats your Presente,
 And begs you would be speedy.

Raym. Though I loath
 The Traytor's Sight, I'll go: Attend us here.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as possible.

Ped. Why, how now Gomez: What mak'st thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City-Bailiffs? Why, thou lookest like *Adam* in Paradise, with his Guard of Beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had Need of them, *Don Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Priest, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take Notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-Men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable Belswagger: My Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-Buckets, and call'd for Engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your Wife, her Education has been virtuous, her Nature mild and easie.

Gom. Yes! she's easie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless Virgin still for me. — she's never the worse for my Wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am. —

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no Reason to complain of him for disturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your self; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit, where you preach by Hours.

Dom. And you edifie by Minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uses and Applications for your selves.

Ped. Gomez, give Way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll speak Truth in few Words,
and

and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the Clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any Fryar in all Spain: that's a bold Word now. —

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your Wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first Place, that I and all Men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelour-Cobler is a happier Man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all visited with a household Plague, and; *Lord have Mercy upon us* should be written on all our Doors!

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But, as for my Wife, that Crocodile of *Nilus*; she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and with the Help of the aforesaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal her self away, and under her Arm feloniously to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou Culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point-blank against every Particular of this Charge.

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual Custom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what Haste my Limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian Arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without Respect to my Sacerdotal Orders,

Orders, push'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, just as a Man would set up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker Part you may be sure — whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him Bastinado on Bastinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very Thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Assault and Battery upon my Person, beat me into all the Colours of the Rainbow. And every Word this abominable Priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough-pac'd Lyar that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's Back unseen, over-against Gomez.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now! What's here to do? my Cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourscore take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that stands like the Picture of Madam Justice, with a Pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well ——— but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the first-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

[*Lorenzo peeps over Alphonso's Head, and stares at Gomez.*]

No! I lie, I lie:

He's a very proper, handsome Fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped.

Ped. What, backward and forward, *Gomez*? do'st thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Design upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you shall have Justice.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I say, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Design upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honesty. [*Lor. lifts up his Fist clenched at him.*]

I confess my Wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest Person.

Elv. You see, Sir, he contradicts himself at every Word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, Man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the Face before my own Threshold, that the very Walls cry'd Shame on him. [*Lor. holds up again.*]

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out, in Spight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my Part, I see no Wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no Wrong? why, he ravish'd me with the Help of two Soldiers, carried me away *Vi & Armis*, and would have put me into a Plot against the Government. [*Lor. holds up again.*]

I confess, I never could endure the Government, because it was tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip, and shew the Marks of 'em. [*Lor. again.*]

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yesterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*]

Dom. Fresh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a most manifest Judgment, there never comes better of railing against the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's End this half Hour, and I have not Power to bring it out, for Fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *Malus Genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. [Turning.] Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo*! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this Pains about a Sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can shew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Sister into a Nunnery, with a strict Command, not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and consequently, I married her without your Knowledge, that it might not be in your Power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, Brother, I had a natural Affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I lost! Now, Pox upon me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, she never fails to do her Part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; those fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Pistoles, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conscience, that I may not be accessary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alph. I have no secular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I shall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Bishop's my Friend, and is too honest, to let such as you infect a Cloyster.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-Law, let him be stript of his Habit, and disorder'd.——I would fain see him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Furr upon his Back, that the World may once behold the Inside of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Blessing before I go. —————

May your Sisters, Wives, and Daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no Occasion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to Pimp for 'em.

[Exit, with a Rabble pushing him.

Ester Torrifmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

Torr. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!

Let every one partake the general Joy.

Some Angel with a golden Trumpet sound,

King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies

From Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.

O *Bertran*, oh! no more my Foe, but Brother:

One Act like this blots out a Thousand Crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their Interest, may do Good:

I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murther;

And urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments:

But still, suspecting that her Love was chang'd,

I spread abroad the Rumour of his Death,

To found the very Soul of her Designs:

Th' Event you know was answering to my Fears:

She threw the Odium of the Fact on me,

And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

Torr. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,
Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my Power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;

And I have nothing farther to desire.

But *Sancho's* Leave to authorize our Marriage.

Torr. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;

So merciful a King did never live;

Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive:

But let the bold Conspirator beware,

For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[Exeunt omnes.



EPILOGUE

By a Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

THere's none I'm sure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve;
The ablest Spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious Help, for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reason of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's Religion came in Fashion,
By the large Leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well;
There is no Dives in the Roman Hell.
the strait Gate, and lets him in;
Mortal Sin.
Gold opens Heaven,
But Want of Money is
For all besides you may discount
and drop a Bead, to keep the Tallies even.
How are Men cozen'd still with Shows of Good!
The Pard's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-Man displeases,
Our Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases.
By living ill, tho' they live well,
Vebanches their fat Paunches swell.

EPILOGUE.

*'Tis a Mock-War between the Priest and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some, who did French Counsels first advance,
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more Ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-Man's Godliness is always Gain.
Hence to their Prince they will superiour be;
And Civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty:
They boast the Gift of Heaven is in their Power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they less Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up your Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such Crimes.
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Hony when his Sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
When they have lost the Sound of Aaron's Bells.*



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, but the characters are too light and blurry to be transcribed accurately.

THE
DUKE of GUISE.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by
Their MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by
Mr. *DRYDEN* and Mr. *LEE*.

Οὕτως ἢ φιλότιμοι φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἀγαν
μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τῷ ἀγαθῷ μείζον τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι.
Plutarch. in Agésilao.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

BOOK OF GUIDANCE

T H A G I D Y

THE

OF

THE



To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

Earl of Rochester, &c.

My LORD,



HE Authors of this Poem present it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Representation; and having been in both acquitted, 'tis

K. 5

now

The Epistle Dedicatory.

now to stand the publick Censure in the Reading: Where since, of Necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure, not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honest and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it Acted; and that we had, after a severe and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause, in a strict Perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation it self, it was persecuted with so notorious Malice by one Side, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; so that the Favour more than recompens'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts; because thereby the Weakness of the Faction is discover'd, which in us, at that Time, attack'd the Government; and stood combin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, against the Lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have Recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-house; and yet even there, the Enemies, as well as Friends have free Admission; but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they cou'd boast, that the Theaters were true *Protestant*, and came insulting to the Plays, when their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves,
that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that they can make the major Part of no Assembly, except it be of a *Meeting-house*. Their Tide of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in Spight of them, at last prevalent. In which, my Lord, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, my Lord, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor un-hazardous. And if ever this excellent Government, so well establish'd by the Wisdom of our Fore-fathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age, shall recover its ancient Splendour, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times, have stood undaunted by their King and Country; and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themselves to the Malice of false Patriots, and the Madness of an headstrong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinished, and though we have Reason to hope well of the Success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no Time to raise Trophies, while the Victory is in Dispute: but every Man, by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain, so just a Cause, on which depends the future Settlement and Prosperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiss in the
middle

The Epistle Dedicatory.

middle of the Storm: *Thou may'st do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest, but I will be sure to hold fast the Rudder.* We are to trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second Causes, and admits of our Endeavours with his Concurrence. For our own Parts, we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Assistance. The most we can boast of, is, that we are not so inconsiderable, as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our selves on no other Account, than that we are not of their Number: And since that's their Quarrel, they shall have daily Occasion to hate us more. 'Tis not, my Lord, that any Man delights to see himself pasquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other Side, it ought to be our Glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable Men are well satisfy'd, for whose Sakes the Venom of their Party is shed on us, because they see, that at the same Time, our Adversaries spare not those to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Despair has push'd them to break those Bonds; and 'tis observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud, when Angels, but grew malicious, when Devils. Let them rail, since 'tis the only Solace of their Miseries, and the only Revenge, which we hope they now can take. The greatest, and the best of Men are above their Reach; and for our Meanness, though they assault us like Foot-Pads in the dark, their Blows have done us little Harm; we yet live, to justify our selves in open Day, to vindicate our Loyalty

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to the Government, and to assure your Lordship, with all Submission and Sincerity, that we are

Your LORDSHIP'S

most Obedient,

Faithful Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN,

NAT. LEE.

PRO



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN:

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant: Guisards got the Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Fashions, first produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or serv'd us up, in Scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The falsome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in Reason,
Had giv'n us all our Bellys full of Treason:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty Nation
Chews its own Excrement, th' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning Way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in Play;
Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail,
But your True Protestant can never fail
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir:

PROLOGUE.

Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchase for us a new Tyrant-Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purfes spare;
Make him not Two Pence richer by your Prayer.
To show you love him much, chastize him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Push him to Wars, but still no Pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France.
Cry Freedom up with popular noisive Votes:
And get enough to cut each other's Throats.
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
For Fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A Noise was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a Way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn, to save their Stake;
Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forsake.
But let some Judas near his Person stay,
To swallow the last Sep, and then betray.
Make London independant of the Crown:
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus Furies find no Traytors:
And Ignoramus Poets scribble Satyrs.
And, that your Meaning none may fail to scan,
Do, what in Coffee-houses you began,
Pull down the Master, and set up the Man.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The King.	Mr. <i>Kynaston.</i>
Duke of <i>Guise.</i>	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
Duke of <i>Mayenne.</i>	Mr. <i>Jevon.</i>
<i>Grillon.</i>	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
The Cardinal of <i>Guise.</i>	Mr. <i>Wiltshyre.</i>
Arch-Bishop of <i>Lyons.</i>	Mr. <i>Perin.</i>
<i>Alphonso Corso.</i>	Mr. <i>Monfert.</i>
<i>Polin.</i>	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
<i>Aumale.</i>	Mr. <i>Carlile.</i>
<i>Bussy.</i>	Mr. <i>Saunders.</i>
The Curate of <i>St. Eustace.</i>	Mr. <i>Underbill.</i>
<i>Malicorne.</i>	Mr. <i>Percival.</i>
<i>Melanax, a Spirit.</i>	Mr. <i>Gillow.</i>
Two Sheriffs.	<i>Bright and Samford.</i>
Citizens and Rabble, &c.	

W O M E N.

Queen-Mother.	Lady <i>Slingsby.</i>
<i>Marmontier.</i>	Mrs. <i>Barry.</i>

SCENE PARIS.

T H E



THE
DUKE of *GUISE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Council of Sixteen seated: An empty
Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guise.*

Bussy and Polin Two of the Sixteen.

B U S S Y.



Lights there! more Lights: What burn the
Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guise*, the *Moses*, *Gideon*,
David,

The Saviour of the Nation, makes Approach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the
whole Sixteen,

That sway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purfes, Persons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guise*, where Merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heaven, for Room to shine.

Enter

Enter Curate of St. Eustace.

Buff. The Curate of St. *Eustace* comes at last;
But, Father, why so late?

Cur. I have been taking godly Pains, to satisfie some
Scruples rais'd amongst weak Brothers of our Party, that
were staggering in the Cause,

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object?

Cur. They thought, to arm against the King was Treason.

Buff. I hope you set 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for Answer, I produc'd this Book.

A Calvinist Minister of Orleans

Writ this, to justifie the Admiral
For taking Arms against the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves, that irreligious Kings
May justly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buff. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not so prudent.

Cur. Yes; from the Devil, if it would help our Cause:
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preserve the King, his Power and Person.

Cur. That must be said, you know, for Decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot secure.

Buff. But did the primitive Christians ever rebel,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No sure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r;
The Conscience of a People is their Power.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buff. What is't? I shou'd be glad to find the King
No safer than needs must.

Pol. That in case of Opposition from any Person what-
soever _____

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not
excepted, if he oppose us _____

Pol. We are oblig'd to joyn as one, to punish
All, who attempt to hinder or disturb us.

Buff. 'Tis a plain Case; the King's included in the Pu-
In Case he rebel against the People. [nishment,

Pol.

Pol. But how can he rebel?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Insurrection against the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore, if the People have the Power; the Rebellion is in the King.

Buff. A most convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For arming, if you please; but not for Faction. For still the Faction is the fewest Number; So, what they call the Lawful Government, Is now the Faction; for the most are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I wou'd gladly understand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Question? There's an Article, that, I may say, is as necessary as any in the Creed: namely, that we, the said Associates, are sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service, to that Head which shall be deputed.

Buff. 'Tis most manifest, that, by Vertue of our Oath, we are all Subjects to the Duke of Guise. The King's an Officer that has betray'd his Trust; and therefore we have turn'd him out of Service.

Omn. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guise; Cardinal of Guise, Aumale;

Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.

Buff. Your Highness enters in a lucky Hour; Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice, As Head of Paris, and the holy League.

Card. I say Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion, Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like Saul, is Heaven's repented Choice; You, his anointed one, on better Thought.

Gui. I'm what you please to call me: any thing, Lieutenant-General, Chief, or Constable, Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buff. You chas'd the Germans hence; exil'd Navarre; And rescu'd France from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he, and all of us have done, is known. What's our Reward? Our Offices are lost, Turn'd out, like labour'd Oxen, after Harvest,

To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buss. Our Charters will go next: Because we Sheriffs Permit no Justice to be done on those

The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Gui. Yes; we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties: Dipt in the noisie Crime of State, call'd Treason:

And Traytors we must be, to King, or Country.

Buss. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it self Head of the holy League; And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and *Guifards*.

Gui. What say you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot; And he deserves your Care of his Preferment.

For all his Prayers are Curses on the Government;

And all his Sermons Libels on the King:

In short, a pious, hearty, factious Priest.

Gui. All that are here, my Friends, shall share my Fortunes; There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*,

'Tis but deserve, and have: The *Spanish* King Consigns me Fifty Thousand Crowns a Week To raise, and to foment a Civil War.

'Tis true, a Pension from a Foreign Prince, Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law, But good Intentions justify the Deed.

Cur. Heaven's good; the Cause is good; the Money's No Matter whence it comes. [good;

Buss. Our City-Bands are Twenty Thousand strong; Well disciplin'd, well arm'd, well season'd Traytors; Thick rinded Heads, that leave no Room for Kernel; Shop-Consciencs, of Proof against an Oath, Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.

Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for Birth; And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife Hands.

We miss'd surprizing of the King at *Blois*,

When last the States were held; 'twas Over-sight;

Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This holy Time of Lent we have him sure;

He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
 In that Proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
 What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
 And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?

Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.

Gui. No; guard him ſafe;

'Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
 'Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,

And graſt Succeſſion on a worthier Choice.

To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms,

Shall ſtand prepar'd, to enter at your Call;

And ſpeed the Work: *St. Martin's Gate* was nam'd.

But the Sheriff *Conty*, who commands that Ward,
 Refus'd me Paſſage there.

Buff. I know that *Conty*:

A ſniveling, conſcientious, loyal Rogue:

He'll peach, and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*;

A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;

And make his Witneſs void.

Cur. I'll ſwear him guilty.

I ſwallow Oaths as eaſie as Snap-Dragon,

Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then *Buffy*, be't your Care t'admit my Troops,

At Port *St. Honore*: [*Riſes.*] Night wears apace,

And Day-light muſt not peep on dark Deſigns.

I will my ſelf to Court: pay formal Duty;

Take Leave; and to my Government retire:

Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee

The King imprifon'd, and the Nation free.

[*Exeunt all but Guiſe.*]

Enter Malicorn ſolus.

Mal. Each diſmal Minute when I call to Mind

The Promise, that I made the Prince of Hell,

In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,

Of which, near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,

The Wards of Reaſon rowl into their Spring.

O horrid Thought! but one and Twenty Years,

And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,

Dash'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten Lead,

Reeking,

Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
 And quench'd ten Thousand Fathom in the deep!
 But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still,

[Knocking at the Door,

My Spirits start an End for *Guise's* Fate.

A Devil rises.

Mal. What Counsel does the Fate of *Guise* require?

Dev. Remember, with his Prince there's no Delay,

But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;

Let not the Fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,

The Tomb is still, whatever Fools believe;

Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,

Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King

That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;

Let *Guise* by Blood resolve to mount to Pow'r,

And 'he is great as *Mecca's* Emperour;

He comes, bid him not stand on Altar-Vows,

But then strike deepest, when he lowest bows;

Tell him, Fate's aw'd when an Usurper springs,

And joyns to crowd out just indulgent Kings. [*Vanishes.*]

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Duke of Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives

To your profest and most inveterate Foes;

But if he were inclin'd, as we could wish him,

There is a Lady-Régent at his Ear,

That never pardons.

Gui. Poyson on her Name,

Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager

Will never rest, 'till she has all our Heads

In her Lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,

When she, the King, and grisly *d'Alva* met;

Methinks I see her listening now before me,

Mark'ng the very Motion of his Beard,

His op'ning Nostrils and his dropping Lids,

I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;

Fish for the great Fish, take no Care for Frogs,

Cut off the Poppy-heads, Sir; Madam, charm

The Winds but fast, the Billows will be still.

May. But Sir, how comes it you should be thus warm,

Still pushing Counsels when among your Friends;

Yet

Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen so different,
You seem to me two Men.

Gui. The Reason's plain,
Hot with my Friends, because the Question giv'n,
I start the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the Effect of equal Elements,
And Atoms justly pois'd; nor should you wonder
More at the Strength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the same to see me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over arm'd,
And plow against the Torrent to my Point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans* ;
This to another Man wou'd be a Brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be, as I am here, quite off my Guard,
Would make me such another Thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you must allow a Failure in you,
You love his Neice; and to a Politician
All Passion's Bane, but Love directly Death.

Gui. False, false, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise* again.
Were she not such a wond'rous Composition,
A Soul, so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her;
But she was made when Nature was in Humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honest Atoms fought their Way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the Dregs of Wickedness behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in Hand?

Gui. My utmost Aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm short, by the long Chain of Causes
She has scann'd it, just as if she were my Soul,
And though I flew about with Circumstances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Histories of our Lives, she look'd,
She saw, she overcame,

May. Why then; we're all undone.

Gui. Again you err.

Chaste as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
 Her Honour, as betray me to the King;
 I tell thee, she's the Character of Heaven;
 Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodness,
 She dazzles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
 But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
 While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,
 Before I take my Farewell of the Court.

Enter Marmoutier.

Mar. Ah *Guise*, you are undone.

Gui. How, Madam?

Mar. Lost,
 Beyond the Possibility of Hope,
 Despair, and die.

Gui. You menace deeply, Madam,
 And should this come from any Mouth but yours,
 My Smile should answer how the Ruin touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court?

Gui. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more, but Weariness of State,
 Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
 Call *Rome* ungrateful, and sit down with that;
 Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
 Than all the sullied Conquests you can boast;
 But Oh, you want that *Roman* Mastery;
 You have too much of the tumultuous Times,
 And I must mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Gui. Because the King disdains my Services,
 Must I not let him know I dare be gone?
 What, when I feel his Council on my Neck,
 Shall I not cast 'em backward if I can;
 And at his Feet make known their Villany?

Mar. No, *Guise*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
 For there you strike.

Gui. Madam, you wrong me now;
 For still whate'er shall come in Fortune's Whirl,
 His Person must be safe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
 However, your last Words confess too much.
 Confess, what need I urge that Evidence,

When

When every Hour I see you court the Crowd,
 When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
 I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
 Where, with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
 You sit, and plot the Royal *Henry's* Death.
 Cloud the Majestick Name with Fumes of Wine,
 Infamous Scrowls, and treasonable Verse;
 While, on the other Side, the Name of *Guise*,
 By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
 Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers sing your Ruin,
 While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
 Toss up their greasie-Caps where-e'er you pass,
 And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Gui. Can I help this?

Mar. By Heaven, I'd earth my self,
 Rather than live to act such black Ambition:
 But, Sir, you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
 This Side and that Side congeing to the Crowd;
 You have your Writers too, that cant your Battles,
 That stile you, the New *David*, Second *Moses*,
 Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People,
 Thus from the City, as from the Heart they spread
 Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
 Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
 Then cry, the King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
 And, Spight of us, will have *Navarre* succeed,
 Spight of the Laws, and Spight of our Religion:
 But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down.

[*Kneels.*

Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Posture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:

For, if 'tis possible, my Lord, I'll move you.
 Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
 E'er 'tis too late, I beg you by these Tears,
 These Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
 By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
 That bleeds to Death, O seek the best of Kings,
 Kneel, fling your stubborn Body at his Feet:
 Your Pardon shall be sign'd, your Country sav'd,
 Virgins and Matrons all shall sing your Fame,

And every Babe shall bleſs the *Guiſe's* Name.

Gui. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace again:
Be ſatisfy'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, e're I journey to *Champagne*,
And beg a kind Farewell.

Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee thro' that, you but withdraw awhile,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoy'n the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go.

Gui. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.

Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were ſav'd.
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutiere*
Entreats you, do not go.

Gui. Is't poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt reſuſe you?

Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me, the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.

Gui. But, Madam, I have often heard you ſay,
You lov'd not Courts.

Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo great,
That at his Birth the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then, at laſt, cry'd out, This is a Man.

Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.

Mar. Go to your Government, and try.

Gui. I will.

Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.

Gui. By Heaven

I ſwear, you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.

Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay ſhall hinder me;

For now, methinks, I long for't.

Gui. Possible!

Mar. I'll give you yet a little Time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your Leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand,
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kiss his Hand. [Exit.

Gui. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Espernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonso Corso* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madness.

[Reading the Letter.

Enter Cardinal Guise, Duke of Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam*, the King loves you. [Reads.

But Vengeance I will have; to Peices, thus,
To Peices with 'em all. [Tears the Letter.

Card. Speak lower.

Gui. No;

By all the Torments of this galling Passion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, so loud,
My Father's Ghost shall hear me up to Heaven.


Card. Contain your self; this Outrage will undo us.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruin.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, should they escape our Justice?
I see, by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you swear the like Revenge.
For me, I wish that mine may both rot off——

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.

Gui. I go —— That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die, like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barber's Hands, Imposthumes choak me,
If while alive I cease to chew their Ruin;
Alphonso Corso, *Grillon*, Priest, together,
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead, [Exit.



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

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene, and Polin.

Qu. M. **P**Ray mark the Form of the Conspiracy;
Guise gives it out, he journeys to *Champagne*,
 But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
 Where every Hour he hears, and gives Instructions.
 Mean Time the Council of Sixteen assure him,
 They have Twenty Thousand Citizens in Arms.
 Is it not so, *Polin*?

Pol. True, on my Life;
 And if the King doubts the Discovery,
 Send me to the *Bastile* 'till all be prov'd.

Qu. M. Call Col. *Grillon*, the King would speak with

Ab. Was ever Age like this? [him. Exit Polin.

Qu. M. *Polin* is honest:

Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
 The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before.
 Know then, it is resolv'd, to seize the King,
 When next he goes in penitential Weeds
 Among the Fryars, without his usual Guards;
 Then, under Shew of popular Sedition,
 For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
 And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again?

Qu. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why sends not then the King sufficient Guards,
 To seize the Fiends, and hew 'em into Pieces?

Qu. M. 'Tis in Appearance easie, but th' Effect
 Most hazardous: for straight; upon th' Alarm,
 The City would be sure to be in Arms:
 Therefore to undertake, and not to compass,
 Were to come off with Ruin and Dishonour.
 You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Bisogna Copriersi*:
 He that will venture on a Hornet's Nest,
 Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breast.

Ab.

Ab. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Qu. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration;
Told him, Necessity cry'd out, to take
A Resolution to preserve his Life,
And look on *Guise*, as a reclaimless Rebel.
But thro' the natural Sweetness of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will consider what you say.

Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Qu. M. Right.

The Business were more firm for this Delay;
For noblest Natures, tho' they suffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Dangers.
But see, he comes, *Alphonso Corso* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, and Alphonso Corso.

King. *Alphonso Corso.*

Alph. Sir.

King. I think thou lov'st me.

Alph. More than my Life.

King. That's much; yet I believe thee.

My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that; but, my *Alphonso*,
She has a cruel Wit.

Alph. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well:

But if thou'dst have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man smile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, so cry'd up in Story.
Cesar did Ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremost in the Field; but sneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows;
His Dagger in his Bosom, stabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot, which *Tully's* Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho' the mistaken Man
Makes bold to call those Traitors, Men Divine.

Alph. Tully was wise, but wanted Constancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, and Abbot Delbene.

Qu. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis just the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.

King. Oh, Madam.

Qu. M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.

Qu. M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King. You would embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Qu. M. You see the Plot directly on your Person;
But give it o'er, I did but state the Case.
Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a Drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traitors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Qu. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the sure Design;
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay, Madam, stay, come back, forgive my Fears,
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest Streams:
Know then I hate aspiring *Guise* to Death;
Whor'd *Margarita* plots upon my Life,
And shall I not revenge?

Qu. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He saw the Admiral *Colligny's* Back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorain Fry*;
Might I-but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on those cowering Shallows that await him,

This were a *Florence* Master-piece indeed.

Qu. M. He comes to take his Leave.

King. Then for *Champagne*;

But lyes in wait 'till *Paris* is in Arms.

Call *Grillon* in; all that I beg you now,

Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,

As Urns that never blab.

Qu. M. Doubt not your Friends;

Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter *Grillon*.

King. Welcome my honest Man, my old-try'd Friend.
Why do'st thou fly me, *Grillon*, and retire?

Gril. Rather let me demand your Majesty,

Why fly you from your self? I've heard you say,

You'd arm against the League; why do you not?

The Thoughts of such as you, are Starts divine,

And when you mould with second Cast the Spirit,

The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my old Friend. *Guise* plots upon my Life;

Polin shall tell thee more; hast thou not heard

Th' unsufferable Affronts he daily offers,

War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,

While I am forc'd against my Bent of Soul,

Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,

To cast *Navarre* from the Imperial Line?

Gril. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Traitor.

King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government;

You are his Foe of old: Go to him, *Grillon*;

Visit him as from me, to be employ'd

In this great War against the *Hugonots*;

And prithee tell him roundly of his Faults;

No farther, honest *Grillon*.

Gril. Shall I fight him?

King. I charge thee not.

Gril. If he provokes me, strike him?

You'll grant me that?

King. Not so, my honest Soldier.

Yet speak to him.

Gril. I will by Heav'n to th' Purpose,
And if he force a Beating, who can help it.

[*Exit*.
King.]

King. Follow *Alphonso*, when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.

Qu. M. Grillon, to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guise* know, we are not in the dark.

King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after these Counsels,
So soft, and so unworthy to be nam'd.

Qu. M. They say, that *Grillon's* Neice is come to Court,
And means to kiss your Hand. [Exit.]

King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can suffer;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a Fault, Love is so like themselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

*Enter Guise attended with his Family, Marmoutiere
meeting him new dress'd, attended, &c.*

Gui. Furies! she keeps her Word, and I am lost;
Yet let not my Ambition shew it to her:
For after all, she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Design. Madam, I see
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Mein, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at least your Thousand in a Day. [Sund?]

Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor Thou-
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten Thousand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murther.
Mend me this Curl.

Gui. Woman!

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I swear
The Court's a heav'nly Place; but O my Heart,
I know not why that Sigh should come uncall'd;
Perhaps, 'twas for your going; yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now;
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

Gui. Woman, all over Woman.

The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is noble and majestick.

Mar. O you grudge

The extorted Praise, and speak him but by halves.

Gui. Priest, *Cerſo*, Devils! how she carries it!

Mar. I see, my Lord, you are come to take your Leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suspicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Gui. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But since that cannot be, I'll take my Leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey safe.
Farewell once more. Not stir? does this become you?
Does your Ambition swell into your Eyes?
Jealousie by this Light: nay then, proud *Guise*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to those that are,
And leave you to the Curse of Bosom-War. [Exit.

May. Is this the heavenly?

Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at first she caught the heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition sets her on her Head,
By Hell, I see the cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! some new Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. Sir, I have Business for your Ear.

Gui. Retire.

[*Exeunt his Followers.*

Gril. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait
And bid you welcome to the Court. | you,

Gui. The King

Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater
Than this, the last.

Gril. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commission against the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family shall shortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Gui. If you are there
There must be Action.

Gril. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;

But you, whose Life is one continued Broil,
 What will not your triumphant Arms accomplish!
 You, that were form'd for Mastery in War,
 That, with a Start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
 To Horse, and slaughter'd Forty Thousand *Germans*.

Gui. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Gril. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
 In this great Business, let me understand
 What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
 Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatness of the King,
 The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
 To make their Arms their Business, Aim, and Glory,
 And where so proper, as upon those Rebels
 That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?

Gril. Stor'd Arsenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
 Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
 Sound Infantry, not harras'd and diseas'd,
 To meet the fierce *Navarre*, should first be thought on:

Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
 Therefore, thus much, and I have done: I go
 To joyn the holy League in this great War,
 In which no Place of Office, or Command,
 Not of the greatest, shall be bought or sold;
 Whereas too Honours often are conferr'd
 On Soldiers, and no Soldiers: This Man knighted,
 Because he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
 And sculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon:
 I will have strict Examination made
 Betwixt the meritorious and the base.

Gril. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no Doubt,
 Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words;
 Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
 Curse on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
 Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
 That better would become the great Battalion;
 That when he shines in Arms, and suns the Field,
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War.

Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the great *Navarre*;
 But yet, —————

Gril.

Gril. No yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I swear, no yet:
For never was his Like, nor shall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your curs'd League.

Gui. Judge not too rashly of the holy League,
But look at home.

Gril. Ha! dar'st thou justifie
Those Villains?

Gui. I'll not justifie a Villain
More than your self; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmise, the Lives of free-born People,
What need that awful general Convocation,
The Assembly of the States? nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilifie the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?

Gril. What, if I cou'd,
They should be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.

Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which, without Fear, or Flattery to your Person,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permission,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.

Gril. Come, you're a Murtherer your self within,
A Traitor.

Gui. Thou a ——— hot old hair-brain'd Fool.

Gril. You were Complotter with the cursed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry's* Death.

Gui. 'Tis false.

Gril. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.

Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me sound thy Name,
Lest this old Rust of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raise me to Extreame.

Gril. If thou'rt a Man,
That did'st refuse the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.

Gui. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
'll follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.
 But see, the King: I scorn to ruin thee,
 Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your friendly Visit?
 Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Disorder?
 Those ruff'd Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury?

Gril. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,
 He was the Author of the Rebel-League,
 Therefore a Traitor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't possible?

Gui. No Matter, Sir, no Matter;
 A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;
 The old Man rowz'd, and shook himself a little:
 So if your Majesty will do me Honour,
 I do beseech you let the Business dye.

King. Grillon, submit your self, and ask his Pardon.

Gril. Pardon me, I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for you:
 This Soldierly Embrace makes up the Breach;
 We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Gril. My Lord, I know not what to answer you,
 I'm Friends, and I am not, and so farewell. [Exit.

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
 Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
 Tho' Grillon wou'd not.

Gui. I thank you on my Knees,
 And still while Life shall last, will take strict Care
 To justify my Loyalty to your Person. [Exit.

Qu. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!

King. I see even to the Bottom of his Soul:
 And, Madam, I must say the Guise has Beauties,
 But they are set in Night, and foul Design:
 He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

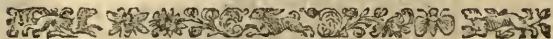
Ab. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?

Qu. M. Graves in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.

O Marmoutiere! now I will haste to meet thee;
 The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horror,
 Looks like the Midnight-Moon upon a Murder;

It gilds the dark Design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon and Polin.

Gril. **H**Ave then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Discovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monastery;
Thus it was fixt, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, streight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Gril. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the Point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above Hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to Day,
For, on bare Guesfs of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him Notice;
Yet Spight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they slunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms;
But see, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Gril. Away, I'll have amongst 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guise's* coming,
That he may streight dispatch his strict Commands

To stop him.

1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbus's o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Gril. Hark you my Friends, if you are not in Haste,
Because you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 *Sher.* Ruin to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!

Gril. Amen, I say; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To seize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conscience yields, how far 'twill stretch;
Next, quite to dash your firmest Hopes in Pieces,
The Duke of *Guise* is dead.

1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Gril. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at last,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and shou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a most venomous one,
Which must be blooded?

1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Gril. Ay, blooded, thou most infamous Magistrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But e'er that be, fall Million miscreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages past consign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your sickly Years,
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatness,
What, wou'd you wrest the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majesty of Kings I swear,
You shall as soon be sav'd for packing Juries.

1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be sav'd?

Gril. Yes, Sir,

From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.

1 *Sher.* Colonel, you speak us plain.

Gril. A Plague confound you,
Why should I not? what is there in such Raskals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my Tongue?
Now,

Now, in the Devil's Name, what make you here,
Dawbing the Inside of the Court, like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To spread your monstrous Lyes, and sow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.

1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And so we take our Leaves.

Gril. Nay, stay, my Masters;
For I'm a thinking now just whereabouts
Grow the two tallest Trees in *Arden* Forest.

1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be so bold?

Gril. Why, to hang you upon the highest Branches;
'Fore God, it will be so; and I shall laugh
To see you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honest Crows pecking your Traitors Limbs.

All. Good Colonel!

Gril. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank stark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things so far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's Reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder. ——— You right elder Sheriff,
Who carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feast, and after stabb'd it through?

1 *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel,

Gril. Run with your Nose to Earth,
Run Blood-Hound, run, and scent out Royal Murder.
You second Rogue, but equal to the first,
Plunder, go hang, nay take your Tackling with you,
For these shall hold you fast, your Slaves shall hang you.
To the mid Region in the Sun:
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Asps, and Adders.

[*Exeunt Sheriffs and People.*]

Enter Malicorn.

Ha! but here comes a Fiend, that soars above
A Prince o'th' Air, that sets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Colonel, a Word.

Gril. I hold no Speech with Villains,

Mal.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Gril. No Matter, I had rather dye traduc'd,
Than live by such a Villain's Help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traitor, but yet love the Treason.

Gril. Why are not you a Villain?

Mal. 'Tis confess'd.

Gril. Then in the Name of all thy Brother-Devils,
What wou'd'st thou have with me?

Mal. I know you're honest,
Therefore it is my Business to disturb you.

Gril. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.

Mal. Why tho' you shou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleasure I shall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruises.

Gril. Wert thou definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I should give thee hearing;
But such a boundless Villany as thine
Admits no Patience.

Mal. Your Neice is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's* Bed.

Gril. Thou ly'st, damn'd Villain.

[*Strikes him.*]

Mal. So, why this I look'd for:
But yet I swear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.

Gril. Wrong'd thee, Villain!

And name Revenge! O wer't thou *Grillon's* Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I swear by this,
One had been past an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee, dar'st not turn again.

Mal. 'Tis false, I dare, like you, but cannot act;
There is no Force in this enervate Arm.

Blasted I was e'er born, Curse on my Stars,
Got, by some Dotard in his pithless Years,
And sent a wither'd Sapling to the World.
Yet I have Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I say again, these Eyes have seen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heaven is streak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a rish'd Maid;
Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her

Fast Sighs and Smiles, swol'n Lips and heaving Breasts,
My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.

Gril. Again thou ly'st; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defy thee;
Nay draw, and with the Edge betwixt my Lips,
Ev'n while thou rak'st it through my Teeth, I'll swear
All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
Or I a Villain.

Gril. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet so much my Hate, that I must fear thee.
For should it be as thou hast said, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honesty
Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World;
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha! 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
I was in Hopes thou would'st have utter'd Treason,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Gril. Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me?

Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits?)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Neice has been before the *Guise's* Mistress.

Gril. Hell-Hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest Meaning.

[Exit.

Gril. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul:
Ha! but the Presence opens, who comes here?
By Heaven my Neice, led by *Alphonso Corso*!
Ha! *Malicorn*, is't possible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in justifying Woman,
Have done the Devil Wrong.

Alph. Madam, the King,
Please you to sit, will instantly attend you.

Gril. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, she comes to seek
O Prostitute, and on her prodigal Flesh [him,
She has lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
To set her off, and sell her to the King.

Mar.

Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprife like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave thofe dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of fome guiltlefs Grove,
And having finish'd it, forfake the World,
Unless fometimes my Heart might entertain
Some fmall Remembrance of the taking *Guife*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipse my Virtue.

Gril. Thou ly'ft, and if thou had'ft not glanc'd afide,
And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good ———

Gril. Thou haft loft thy Honour.

Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maffacre,
That would have ftain'd thy almoft Infant-Honour,
With Luft; and Blood, do'ft thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and blefs the God-like Arm that fav'd me.

Gril. 'Tis falfe, thou haft forgot my generous Action;
And now thou laugh'ft, to think how thou haft cheated,
For all his Kindnefs, this old griff'd Fool.

Mar. Forbid it Heaven!

Gril. But oh, that thou hadft dy'd
Ten thoufand Deaths, e'er blafed *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon that fav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadft ftarv'd, or fold thy felf for Bread,
Took thee into his Bofom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapp'd thee in his Heart-strings;
And now, for all my Cares, to ferve me thus!
O 'tis too much ye Powers! double Confufion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, Shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon's* Iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court, to fave the Life of *Guife*.

Gril. And prostitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquifition,

I listen'd to the Love of daring *Guise*:

Gril. By Arms, by Honesty, I swear thou lov'st him.

Mar. By Heav'n, that gave those Arms Success, I swear I do not, as you think; but take it all.

I've heard the *Guise*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderness of Pity,
And yet, not Love.

Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor should the World have wrought this close Confession;
But to rebate your Jealousy of Honour.

Gril. I know not what to say, nor what to think;
There's Heaven still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his Flight for ever.

Mar. You must not go.

Gril. Tho' I have Reason plain
As Day, to judge thee false, I think thee true:
By Heaven, methinks I see a Glory round thee;
There's something says thou wilt not lose thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honesty:
My foolish open Nature, that would have
All like my self; but off; I'll hence and curse thee.

Mar. O stay!

Gril. I wo't not.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlasting Rest of mine,
Stir not 'till you have heard my Heart's Design.

Gril. Angel, or Devil, I will, ——— nay, at this Rate
She'll make me shortly bring him to her Bed:

Bawd for him? no, he shall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing, first.

That's honourable Sport, but I'll retire,
And if she plays me false, here's that shall mend her.

[*Marmoutiere sits. Song and Dance.*
Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-sick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I discompose you, Sir.

King.

King. Thou dost, by Heaven;
But with such charming Pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angel's View.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who shou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and Self are vile,
While you are by: Try me upon Despair;
My Kingdom at the Stake, Ambition starv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aspire,
So once a Day I may have Leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir! what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em so, as if you did not know 'em:
So stainless, fearless, free in all your Actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this Sort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a Part of their Design:
But to the *Guise* they deal their faithless Praise
As fast, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what End, I cannot guess, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar. Forgive you, Heaven! that Thought: no, mighty
Monarch,
The Love of all the good, and Wonder of the great;
I swear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.

King. O, Madam, rise.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this seditious Rout that dare despise you;
Blast all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cause, like me,
Throw all the Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you, like Pilgrims, through the World.

Gril. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God, a gallant Girl.
[*Aside.*

King. What shall I answer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;

— For,

For, so I swear I will be to my last:

Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown sit easie.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What said you, *Marmoutiere*?

Why do'st thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impossible; no more.

King. No more ——— and with that stern resolv'd
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Priest [Behaviour,
Shou'd urge my last Confession, I'd cry out,

Oh *Marmoutiere*! and yet thou say'st, No more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have lost my Aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O stay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a Trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You cannot go,

You sha'not ——— O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or prostrate, if you please,
Let me intreat for *Guise*.

King. Ha, Madam, what!

For *Guise*; for *Guise*! that stubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, flights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is sworn to *Henry's* Death: Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it self conspire against me;
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my last Drop of Blood. Come, *Guise*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Triators, come ——— I strip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in curst *Henry's* Heart.

Mar. This I expected; but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majesty;
Perhaps you'll be more calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd;

Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you command?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate, think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majesty;

Take your own Methods, all the Heads of *France*
Cannot so well advise you, as your self:

Therefore resume, my Lord, your God-like Temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch shou'd:

Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
Of Heaven it self, and Abstract of the Angels,
Forgive the late Disturbance of my Soul,
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockless Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis said, the *Guise* will come in Spight of me;
Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal word, no more.

King. I will be easy

To my last Gasp, as your own Virgin-Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Passion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to sigh
As we discourse, and court you with my Eyes!

Enter Alphonso.

Why do you wave your Hand,
And warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Justice beck'ns, there's no Hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dyes.

[*Exit with Alphonso.*]

Enter Grillon.

Gril. O rare, rare Creature! By the Power that made
Wer't possible we cou'd be damn'd again [me,
By some new *Eve*, such Virtue might relieve us.
O I cou'd clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
'Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiss thy Beauties to a Dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Unkle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions seem,
I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Gril. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my self;

I'll hew down all the Common-Wealths in Christendom,
And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Councils,
My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd sacrifice him in the City's Sight.
O Heav'ns! what was't I said? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but, as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne for Mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'st, that thou art thus concern'd.
Down, rising Mischiefe, down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cause, and strangle new-born Pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail; no, let the Rebel dye.
I faint beneath this strong Oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and still let Virtue conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and cracks the String.

[*Exit*]

Abb. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his coming.
Yet there is Notice given to the City:
Besides, *Belleure* brought but a half Account,
How that the *Guise* reply'd, he would obey
His Majesty in all, yet, if he might
Have Leave to justifie himself before him,
He doubted not his Cause.

Gril. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleurisie,
And it must bleed.

[*Shout within*]

Abb. Hark, what a Shout was there!
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On Purpose thus.

Let there be Truth, or Lies
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you instant Word.

[*Exit Abbot*]

Manet

Manet Grillon : *Enter* Guise, Cardinal, Mayen, Malicorn, Attendants, &c. *Shouts again.*

Gril. Death, and thou Devil, *Malicorn*, is that Thy Master?

Gui. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guise*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Gril. A Friend!

Traitor, thou mean'st, and so I bid thee welcome;
But since thou art so insolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*

Gui. The Bruises of his Loyalty have craz'd him.

[*Shouts louder.*]

Spirit within sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho!

If the Guise resolves to go,

I charge, I warn thee let him know,

Perhaps his Head may lye too low.

Gui. Why, *Malicorn*?

Mal. [*Starting.*] Sir, do not see the King.

Gui. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Gui. Therefore I will see him,

And so report my Danger to the People.

Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare;

But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?

I thought a Look with us had been a Language;

I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this

By Glances; ha! not yet? thou makest me blush

At thy Delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,

Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, *Marmontiere*!

Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head, and Breast
Ake, as I'd been a Horse-back forty Hours.

Mal. She has seen the King.

Gui. I thought she might. A Trick upon me; well.

Mal. Passion o' both Sides.

Gui. His thou meanest.

Mal. On hers.

Down on her Knees.

Gui.

Gui. And up again, no Matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now smiling, sad at parting.

Gui. Dissembl'd, for she told me this before,

'Twas all put on, that I might hear and rave.

Mal. And so, to make sure Work on't, by Consent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd —

Gui. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

Gui. 'Tis false, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I saw the Apartment.

Gui. What, at Court?

Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven,
I never play'd you foul, why should you doubt me?

Gui. I wou'd thou had'st, e'er thus unmann'd me, Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this last Blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of these irregular Vapours,
The Blood ha'n't burst my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Physician;
And dost thou vomit me with this loath'd Peace?
'Tis Contradiction; i. e. my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' Fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd cross my Way. O Jealousie of Love!
Greater than Fame: Thou eldest of the Passions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.

Card. Have you no Temper?

Gui. Pray, Sir, give me Leave,
A Moment's Thought; ha, but I sweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that Way, 'twill not fix
On ought but Vengeance. *Malicorn*; call the People,
[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they shout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on such exalted Causes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without,

The People shout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Mistress tremble in his Arms, [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter King and Council.

[Shouts without.

King. What mean these Shouts?

Abb. I told your Majesty,

The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with Hopes
Of their Deliverer. [Shouts again.

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; see, *Alphonso*, what's the Cause.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. My Lord, the *Guise* is come.

King. Is't possible! ha, *Grillon*, said'st thou, come?

Gril. Why droops the Royal Majesty? O Sir——

King. O Villain, Slave, wer't thou my late-born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But, Peace, thou fest'ring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?

Gril. With her Majesty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With Thirty thousand Rebels at his Heels.

King. What's to be done? No Pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me best, and dares the most
On this nice Point of Empire, let him speak.

Alph. I would advise you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him instantly upon the Spot.

Abb. I like *Alphonso's* Counsel, short, sure Work;
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Qu. M. Sir, the *Guise* waits.

King. He enters on his Fate.

Qu. M. Not so, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will spare the Royal Majesty.

Once, Sir, let me advise, and rule your Fury.

King. You shall, I'll see him, and I'll spare him now.

Qu. M. What will you say?

King.

King. I know not;

Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guard, and strictly charge the *Swiss*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor.

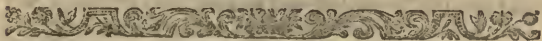
[*Exit Grillon.*]

My Heart has set thee down, O *Guise*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne'er to be blotted out.

Qu. M. Yet you'll relent when this hot Fit is over.

King. If I forgive him, may I ne'er be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear such Insolence,
What Act of Treason will the Villains stop at?
Seize me, they've sworn, imprison me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e'er I suffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their slaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies, alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears sitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each Side of them; amongst the rest, Abbot, Grillon, and Bellicure. The Queen-Mother enters led by the Duke of Guise, who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King rises, and coming forward, speaks.

King. I Sent you Word you should not come

Gui. Sir, that I came——

King. Why, that you came, I see.

Once more, I sent you Word, you should not come.

Gui. Not come to throw my self, with all Submission,
Beneath your Royal Feet: to put my Cause
And Person in the Hands of Sovereign Justice!

King. Now 'tis with all Submission, that's the Preface,
Yet still you came against my strict Command,
You disobey'd me, Duke, with all Submission.

Gui. Sir, it was the last Necessity that drove me,
To clear my self of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd, against my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your express Command,
I should not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as express, as Words could signify;
Stand forth *Belleuvre*, it shall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this false Man's Face declare
Your Message, Word for Word.

Bel. Sir, thus it was. I met him on the Way,
And plain as I could speak, I gave your Orders,
Just in these following Words——

King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can still be patient, and forgive.

Gui. And I can ask Forgiveness, when I err;
But let my gracious Master please to know
The true Intent of my misconstru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Constructions? And——

King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your Con-
science knows
You were not wrong'd; were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to set your Foot in *Paris*,
You shou'd be held the Cause of all Commotions,
That shou'd from thence ensue? and yet you came.

Gui. Sir, will you please with Patience but to hear me?

King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guise*,
To clear you to my self.

Gui. I had been told,
There were in Agitation here at Court,
Things of the highest Note against Religion,
Against the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honest well affected Men;

I therefore judg'd——

King. Then you, it seems, are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion against me?

Gui. I fear'd it might be represent'd so,
And came resolv'd——

King. To head the factious Crowd.

Gui. To clear my Innocence.

King. The Means for that,
Had been your Absence from this hot-brain'd Town——
Where you, not I, are King.——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dyes.

Qu. M. Stopping the King. What mean you, Sir?
You tremble and look pale; for Heaven's Sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.

King. Had I Ten thousand Lives, I'll venture all.
Give me Way, Madam.

Qu. M. Not to your Destruction.
The whole *Parisian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crowd's a Name too small, they are a Nation,
Numberless, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.

King. And that one Soul's the *Guise*, I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.

Gui. [*Aside.*] My Fate is now i'th' Balance, Fool
I thank thee for thy Foresight. [within,

Qu. M. Your Guards oppose 'em.

King. Why not? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.

Qu. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your
For every one a Morfel. [Guards

King. *Cesar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.

Qu. M. So *Galba* thought.

King. But *Galba* was not *Cesar*.

Gui. I must not give 'em Time for Resolution. [*Aside.*
My Journey, Sir, has discompos'd my Health,
[To the King.

I humbly beg your Leave I may retire,
'Till your Commands recall me to your Service. [Exit.

Manet King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So, you have counsell'd well, the Traitor's gone,
To mock the Meekness of an injur'd King. [To *Qu. M.*
Why did not you, who gave me Part of Life,
Infuse my Father stronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd slow Arts
Of womanish Tameness in my Infant Mouth,
Why stood I stupid else, and miss'd a Blow,
Which Heaven and daring Folly made so fair.

Qu. M. I still maintain, 'twas wisely done to spare him.

Gril. A Pox o' this unseasonable Wisdom;
He was a Fool to come; if so, then they
Who let him go, were somewhat.

King. The Event, th' Event will shew us what we were,
For, like a blazing Meteor hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping fiery Train along.
O *Paris, Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes;
Ungrateful, perjur'd, and disloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Presence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hisses out,
And shakes his forked Tongue at Majesty,
While I——

Qu. M. While you lose Time in idle Talk,
And use no Means for Safety and Prevention.

King. What can I do! O Mother, Abbot, *Grillon!*
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cause is desperate.
Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redress were past.

Gril. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the first Reversion of a Rope;
Dispatch is all my Business, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not so bad, as vainly you surmise;
Some Space there is, some little Space, some Steps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not arm'd, nor marshall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guise* will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-Ball to a Heap.

King.

King. So then, my Lord, we are a Day off from Death.
What shall to-morrow do?

Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between slide not too idly by,
You may be Master of their Destiny,
Who now dispose so loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thousand *Swiss*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.

Qu. M. Send *Marschal Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It shall be so: by Heav'n there's Life in this.
The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And shews a Break of Sun-shine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And see your Soldiers well dispos'd within,
For Safeguard of the *Louvre*.

Qu. M. One thing more,
The *Guise* (his Bus'ness not yet fully ripe,)
Will treat, at least, for shew of Loyalty:
Let him be met with the same Arts he brings.

King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your Part of me will come in Play;
Th' *Italian* Soul shall teach me how to sooth:
Even *Jove* must flatter with an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A Night - S C E N E.

Enter Malicorne solus.

Mal. Thus far the Cause of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Master's Cause, and mine succeed:
What shall the *Guise* do next? [A Flash of Lightning.]

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. First seize the King, and after murder him.

Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'st uncall'd to Night.

Mel. Always uncall'd, and still at Hand for Mischief.

Mal. ——— But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'st like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Gospel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,

And Treason on thy Tongue.

Mel. Thou hast me right,
Ten thousand Devils more are in this Habit:
Saintship and Zeal are still our best Disguise:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtless Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism and Murther,
So turn the Arms of Heaven against it self.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Eustace* here?

Mel. Thou art mistaken, Master. 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has assum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Crowd to Madness and Rebellion.

Mal. O true; Enthusiastick Devil, true;
For Lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Didst thou not tell me, if my Lord, the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his Head should then lye low?
That was a Lie; he went, and is return'd.

Mel. 'Tis false; I said, Perhaps it should lye low:
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry's* Veins,
And cramm'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Even so it would have been.

Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil: what do we next?

Mel. I said, first seize the King.

Mal. Suppose it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.

Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorne*;
Thy Master mounts not, 'till the King be slain:

Mal. Not when depos'd?

Mel. He cannot be depos'd:
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.

Mal. My Master had a stronger.

Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular.
The'r Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest;
But if th' ill Influence pass o'er *Harry's* Head,

As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er shall boast
A greater King than he now; cut him off
While yet his Stars are weak.

Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars:
Can'st thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer Way?

Mel. No, *Malicorne*,
The Ways of Heaven are brok'n since our Fall;
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be shot:
Once we could read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Crystal Mirror, see th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By second Causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heaven's revolving Orbs;
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne:

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmises of the future:

Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Just when the Sun was entering in the *Ram*:
Th' ascending *Scorpion* poyson'd all the Sky,
A Sign of deep Deceit and Treachery.
Full on his Cusp his angry Master fate,
Conjoyn'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man:
Of secret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Massacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.

Mal. Then flourish Hell, and mighty Mischief reign;
Mischief to some, to others must be good;
But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darkned World,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.

Mel. 'Tis truly guess'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's Hand,
There's not a damned Ghost, nor Hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo 'scape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To sacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but most the hallow'd Bells,
And softly toll for Souls-departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'st, a future Death foretells.

Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
'Till all go loaded to the neather Skies.

Mal. To-morrow then.

Mel. To-morrow let it be:

Or thou deceiv'st those hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.

Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? Hast thou not often said,
That *Lucifer's* your King?

Mel. I told thee true:

But *Lucifer*, as he who foremost fell,
So now lyes lowest in th' Abyss of Hell.
Chain'd 'till the dreadful Doom, in Place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the damn'd,
Who list'ning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his Purpose: But no more.
The Morning creeps behind yon' Eastern Hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves,
And foolish Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And lash the Laggards from the Sight of Day. [*Descends.*]

Enter Guise, Mayenne, Cardinal, and Archbishop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and slow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were listless to appear,
And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day.

Gui. Y'are an old Man too soon, y'are superstitious,
I'll trust my Stars, I know 'em now by Proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine:
Invirion'd with his Guards he durst not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been spell'd:
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guise*, and durst not,

Card. We have him in our Power, coopt in his Court.
Who leads the first Attack? Now by yond' Heaven —
That blushes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This womanish Attire of godly Peace,
And cry, Lye there, Lord Cardinal of *Guise*.

Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* is too cool,
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.

Bish. Have you not heard the King, preventing Day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swisses* marching to their Fifes.
The Crowd stood gaping heartless, and amaz'd,

Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Passage free.

Gui. I would it should be so, 'twas a good Horror,
First let 'em fear for Rapes, and ransackt Houses;
That very Fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their soft City Courages;
Cold Burghers must be struck, and struck like Flints,
E'er their hid Fire will sparkle.

Bish. I am glad the King has introduc'd these Guards.

Card. Your Reason.

Bish. They are too few for us to fear,
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not cast in; but the Pretence,
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Rising pass for just Defence.

May. Suppose the City should not rise.

Gui. Suppose as well the Sun should never rise:
He may not rise, for Heaven may play a Trick;
But he has risen from *Adam's* Time to ours.

Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard?

No Venture made, but all dull Certainty;
By Heav'n I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding,
I scorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Guise.

A Lady, say'st thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct her in —

[*Exit Servant.*]

Card. You wou'd be left alone —

Gui. I wou'd, retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutiere, and Exit.

Starting back.] Is't possible, I dare not trust my Eyes,
You are not *Marmoutiere*.

Mar. What am I then?

Gui. Why any thing but she:

What should the Mistress of a King do here?

Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Master of a King.

Gui. I sent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think, my Lord, the King sent not for you.

Gui. Do you not fear your Visit will be known?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traitors;

Where

Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.

Gui. What Devil has sent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could detest thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in Spight of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love so mixt with dark Despair,
The Smoke and Soot smother the rising Flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil, 'twere less,
Sure, thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd false, engendring with the Serpent,
Her own Part worse than his.

Mar. Then they got Traitors.

Gui. Yes, Angel-Traitors fit to shine in Palaces;
Fork'd into Ills, and split into Deceits;
Two in their very Frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,
I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk;
For if I had, those Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's Work.

Mar. Why then it seems,
I was not false in all; I told you, *Guise*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You see I kept my Promise.

Gui. Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Mischiefe.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you?

Gui. Stab on, stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful Way you seem to mean.
My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,
As to distinguish you from common Men,
Whate'er you said, or did, was charming all.

Gui. But yet, it seems, you found a King more charming.

Mar. I do not say more charming, but more noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wishes.

Gui. May be so:
But Love has oyl'd your Tongue to run so glib,
Curle on your Eloquence.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition; which defy'd
A Royal Mandate, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deserv'd.

Gui. Then was't not *Henry's* Fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know:
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it. [him;

Gui. Say this again, but add, you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.

Mar. And so it were.

Gui. Why said you, so it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks, 'tis much unkind.

Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindness:
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life,
Be grateful in Return, and do an Act,
Your Honour, tho' unaskt by me, requires.

Gui. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heav'n I
(If I said more, I fear I should not lye,) [love,
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And rise not, 'till approv'd a loyal Subject.

Gui. A duteous loyal Subject I was ever.

Mar. I'll put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.

Gui. I cannot leave
My Country, Friends, Religion, all at Stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the Turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.

Mar. No, I'll return, and perish in those Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithless *Guise*,
Farewell the basest, and the last of Men.

Gui. Stay, or, — O Heav'n! I'll force you; Stay —

Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst, you wou'd:

Honour you've little, Honesty you've less;

But Conscience you have none.

Yet there's a Thing call'd Fame, and Men's Esteem,
Preserves me from your Force. Once more farewell:

Look on me; *Guise*, thou seest me now the last;

Tho' Treason urge not Thunder on thy Head,

This one departing Glance shall flash thee dead. [Exit.]

Gui. Ha, said she true? Have I so little Honour?

Why then a Prize so easie, and so fair,

Had never 'scap'd my Gripe; but mine she is,

For that's set down as sure as *Harry's* Fall:

But my Ambition, that she calls my Crime:

False, false by Fate, my Right was born with me,

And Heaven confest it in my very Frame;

The Fires that would have form'd Ten Thousand Angels,

Were cram'd together for my single Soul.

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,

The Heavens look gaudily upon your Greatness,

And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly;

Brisac and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiss*,

And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,

Where now with Pikes, and Colours furl'd,

They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to dye:

Come forth, and bless the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So slight a Victory requir'd not me:

I but fate still, and nodded like a God

My World into Creation, now 'tis Time

To walk abroad, and carelessly survey

How the dull Matter does the Form obey.

[Exit with Malicorne.]

*Enter Citizens, and Melanax in his Fanatick Habit,
at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you
Gentlemen of the Rabble, a Word of godly Exhortation
to strengthen your Hands, e'er you give the Onset.

1 *Cit.* Is this a Time to make Sermons? I wou'd not
hear the Devil now, though he should come in God's
Name, to preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be
de-

despis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, let the precious Man hold forth.

Omn. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Business: It has been so before any of you were born, and will be so when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 Cit. That's a Lie, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's all Ages: A heavenly sweet Man, I warrant him, I have seen him somewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I have sown Rebellion every where.

1 Cit. How every where? That's another Lie: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 Cit. Now that's a Rapper.

2 Cit. I say, no: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly says true, for he may lie by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depose their Prince, has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 Cit. That's the first true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depose him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depose, than he has to oppose, and this they may do upon the least Occasion.

1 Cit. Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you should say, we may do it upon no Occasion, for the less the better.

Mel. [*Aside.*] Here's a Rogue now will out-shoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 Cit. Some Occasion, in my Mind, were not amiss; for, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occasion, then whereby we have no Occasion to depose him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I stick to those Occasions: for when they are gone, good-Night to Godliness and Freedom.

Mel. When the most are of one Side, as that's our Case, we are always in the right; for they that are in Power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we say White is Black, poor White must lose the Cause, and put
on

on Mourning, for White is but a single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly; and lay on resolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any squeamish Conscience who fears to fight against the King, though I, that have known you Citizens these Thousand Years, suspect not any, let such understand, that his Majesty's politick Capacity is to be distinguish'd from his natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preserve him in the other, and so much for this Time, because the Enemy is at hand.

2 Cit. [*Looking out.*]

Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel, He that devours our Wives, and ravishes our Children.

1 Cit. He looks so grum, I don't care to have to do with him; woud I were safe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 Cit. And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats; Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yesterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glass *Louis d' Ors*; and you Friend, that cry, look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 Cit. How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heaven; and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you: Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other Side of the Stage.*

Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, and his Party.

Gril. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Caesar's* of Pagan Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow; we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Necessity for your Comfort: Now if any Man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with
your

your Souls, as to stand like a good Christian, and offer his Weeson to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more, but that he may be sav'd, and that's the best can come on him.

[Cry on both Sides, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise.

They Fight.

Mel. Hey, for the Duke of *Guise* and Property, up with Religion and the Cause, and down with those arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't you associated Cuckolds.

[Citizens go back.

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn these half-strain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers; twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[They all run off, Melanax with them, the 1 and 2 Citizen taken.

Gril. Possess your selves of the Place, *Maubert*, and hang me up those two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.* O spare me sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up.

Gril. I'll be your Customer, and set you up a little better, Sirrah, go hang him at the next Sign-post: What have you to say for your self, Scoundrel? why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Gril. Nay, if thou hast a Wife that wears the Breeches, thou shalt be condemn'd to live: Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traitor ——— What, are we encompass'd? Nay then, Faces this Way; we'll sell our Skins to the fairest Chapmen.

Enter Aumale and Soldiers on the one Side; Citizens on the other, Grillon and his Party are disarm'd.

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-post: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Om. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal.

[Pull and haul him.

Gril. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds. 'Swounds, what do you make of a Man? Do you think

Legs

Legs and Arms are strung upon a Wire, like a jointed Baby? carry me off quickly, you were best, and hang me decently, according to my first Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg, or an Arm is one Man's Burthen: give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my Sovereign Lady.

Gril. 'Tis too little, in all Conscience, for her, take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I sav'd, O the Conscience of a Shop-keeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your saving of me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for speaking Treason against my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

Enter Guise with a General's Staff in his Hand, Mayenne, Cardinal, Arch-Bishop, Malicorne, and Attendants.

Omn. Vive Guise.

Gui. [*Bowing, and bare-headed.*]

I thank you Country-men, the Hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day;
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But stain your Triumph with no Christian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of sparing Christian Blood? why these are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus'* Ear,
Meer Dogs, that neither can be sav'd, nor damn'd.

Arch-Bish. Where have you learnt to spare inveterate

Gui. You know the Book.

[*Foes?*]

Arch-Bish. And can expound it too:

But Christian Faith was in the Non-age then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World;
What Madness were it for the weak and few,
To fight against the many and the strong?
Grillon must dye, so must the Tyrant's Guards,
Lest gathering Head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People must be flesh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Relish, dip 'em with you——
Or they'll perhaps repent.

[*'em;*]

Gui. You are Fools; to kill 'em were to shew I fear'd
The

The Court disarm'd, disheartned, and besieg'd,
Are all as much within my Power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fist.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a popular Cause,
Must prosecute the Cause by popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You must affect to be.

Gui. Dismiss those Prisoners. *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be still my Foe.

Gril. I will be so: But let me tell you, *Guise*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;
I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
'Till then I am your Debtor.

Gui. That's 'till Dooms-day.

[*Grillon and his Exeunt one Way, Rabble the other.*
Haste Brother, draw out Fifteen Thousand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, lest the Prey should 'scape.
I know the King will send to treat,
We'll set the Dice on him in high Demands,
No less than all his Offices of Trust,
He shall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt,
So long he shall not pass.

Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and such tedious Work,
Like those that hang their Noses o'er a Potion
And Qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sipps.

Arch-Bish. Best make Advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'erwhelming Tide on *Harry's* Head,
In that promiscuous Fury who shall know
Among a Thousand Swords, who kill'd the King.

Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has assum'd my Shape
In this prophetick Doom.

Gui. Peace, croaking Raven,
I'll seize him first, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidst the Three Estates, that represent
The glorious, full, majestick Face of *France*,

Which

Which, in his own Despight, the King shall call;
 So let him reign my Tenant, during Life,
 His Brother of *Navar* shut out for ever,
 Branded with Heresie, and barr'd from Sway,
 That when *Valois* consum'd in Ashes lyes,
 The Phoenix-Race of *Charlemain* may rise.

[*Exeunt.*]S C E N E *The Louvre.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, and Grillon.

King. Dismiss with such Contempt?

Gril. Yes, 'faith, we past like beaten *Romans* under-

King. Give me my Arms. [neath the Fork.

Gril. For what?

King. I'll lead you on.

Gril. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep;
 If you run first, I'll swear they'll follow you.

King. What, all turn'd Cowards? not a Man in *France*
 Dares set his Foot by mine, and perish by me? [ing.

Gril. Troth, I can't find 'em much inclin'd to perish-

King. What can be left in Danger, but to dare?
 No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
 And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Abb. There's something of Divinity in Kings,
 That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Gril. True, Abbot, but the Mischief is, you Church-
 Can see that something further than the Crowd; [men
 These Musket-Bullets have not read much Logick,
 Nor are they given to make your nice Distinctions:

[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads —*
 One of 'em possibly may hit the King

In some one Part of him that's not divine,
 And so that mortal Part of his Majesty wou'd draw
 The Divinity of it into another World, sweet Abbot.

Qu. M. 'Tis equal Madness; to go out, or stay;
 The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
 To haughty *Guise*, and when new Gods are made,
 The old must quit the Temple, you must fly.

King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Gril. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Question:

If you wo'n't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forsake my Regal Town!

Qu. M. Forsake a Bedlam:

This Note informs me, Fifteen Thousand Men
Are marching to inclose the *Lowre* round.

Abb. The Business then admits no more Dispute,
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the *Guise*,
Seem easie, fearful, yielding, what you will;
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more Time for his Escape.

Qu. M. I'll undertake it--- Nay, no Thanks my Son,
My Blessing shall be given in your Deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravell'd,
And *Guise* is to begin his Work again. [Exit Qu. M.]

King. I go this Minute.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Nay then, another Minute must be given.
O how I blush, that thou should'st see thy King
Do this low Act that lessens all his Fame:
Death, must a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it must be-----

Mar. It must not, cannot be.

Gril. No, nor shall not Wench, as long as my Soul
wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll trust thee; shall I trust thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewell, thou may'st behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewell,
I'll say't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guise*, for pressing on my Time,
And cutting off Ten Thousand more Adieu's.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Trai-
Make Hastc, my Royal Master, to be safe, [tors,
And save me with you, for I'll share your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?

Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way.
Thou Pledge and Omen of my safe Return;

Not

Not Greece, nor hostile *Juno* cou'd destroy
 The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*;
 He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
 When, loaded with his Gods; he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt, King leading her.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Castle of Bloise.*

Enter Grillon, and Alphonso Corso.

Gril. Welcome Colonel, welcome to *Bloise*.

Alph. Since last we parted at the Barricadoes,
 The World's turn'd upside down.

Gril. No, 'faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downside up,
 Our Part o'th' Wheel is rising, 'tho' but slowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Assembly of the States?

Gril. When the King was escap'd from *Paris*, and got
 out of the Toils, 'twas Time for the *Guise* to take 'em
 down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling
 of a Parliament, where being sure of the major Part, he
 might get by Law, what he had mist by Force.

Alph. But why should the King assemble the States, to
 satisfie the *Guise* after so many Affronts?

Gril. For the same Reason, that a Man in a Duel says,
 he has received Satisfaction when he is first wounded,
 and afterwards disarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Gril. Because no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This
Blois is a very little Town, and the King can draw it af-
 ter him. But *Paris* is a damn'd, unweildy Bulk, and when
 the Preachers draw against the King, a Parson in a Pul-
 pit is a devilish Fore-Horse. Besides, I found in that In-
 surrection, what dangerous Beasts these Towns-men are;
 I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with ten of
 their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen: O your in-
 spir'd Cuckold is most implacable.

Alph.

Alph. Is there any seeming Kindness between the King, and the Duke of *Guise*?

Gril. Yes, most wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Usurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guise*, and the *Guise* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guise*, and the Arch-Bishop of *Lyons*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; they ease his Majesty of all the Spiritual Business, and the *Guise* of all the Temporal; so that the King is certainly the happiest Prince in Christendom, without any Care upon him: so yielding up every Thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the Way of being the greatest, and most glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a sharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admonish'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was past, but seem'd to threaten Vengeance, if they persisted for the future.

Gril. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: he promising to unite himself to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in Pursuance of their old Commonwealth Designs, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now am I dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Gril. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States; and, if they Vote, that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Gril. I hope you mean in Heaven, or else you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-Time; but here comes the Master and my Neice.

Alph. Heaven preserve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treason.

Gril. O yes, you may pray for him, the Preachers of the *Guise's* Side do that most formally: nay, you may be suffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in short, 'tis a judg'd Case of Conscience, to make the best of the King, and to side against him.

Enter

Enter King and Marmoutiere.

King. Grillon, be near me,
There's something for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be sudden, now withdraw.

Gril. aside.] Well, I dare trust my Neice, even though
she comes of my own Family; but if she Cuckolds my
good Opinion of her Honesty, there's a whole Sex fall'n
under a general Rule without one Exception.

[*Exeunt Gril. and Alph.*

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next, and next,
My Time is all ta'en up on Usury;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has Work before it comes.

Mar. There's something for my Service to be done;
Those were your Words.

King. And you desire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may guess.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heaven can only pry;
Not Man, who knows not Man but by Surmise;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.
I tell thee, *Marmoutiere*, I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew, Forgiveness is their own;
For else 'tis Fear to punish that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar.

Mar. In Show, for in Effect he still insults.

King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

Mar. They must, 'till they can shake their Burthen off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.

King. Mistaken still:

All Favours, all Preferments, pass through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar. These are your Arts to make 'em more secure,
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral.

Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutiere*?

Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you,

King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholomew*, [Sir:
Nor is *Blois Paris*.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then?

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then?

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.

King. O! Thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King. No, but keep it secret.

Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are still as much your
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast: [own,
But since you let me in, I find it fill'd

With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guise*.

King. Murder! what Murder! use a softer Word,
And call it Sovereign Justice.

Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:

But Justice bears the God-like Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, and equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender, and the righteous Judge.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Law,
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal:
And forc'd by strong Necessity may strike,
In which indeed they assert the publick Good,
And, like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleasant wholesome Work.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, did'st not thou thy self in fathoming
The Depth of my Designs, drop there the Plummet?
Did'st thou not say Affronts, so great, so publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did, but yet——

King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence so full,
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I should meet the Saints half Way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life.
Can you forgive the Man you justly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to spare him?
One whom you may suspect I more than pity,
(For I would have you see, that what I ask,
I know is wondrous difficult to grant,)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my Firmness:
And doubt the soft Destruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in Return, I swear to Heaven, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel-Rival to disturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[King walks awhile, then wipes his Eyes, and speaks.]

King. You've conquer'd, all that's past shall be forgiv'n,
My lavish Love has made a lavish Grant:
But know, this Act of Grace shall be my last.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him desist, and tempt Revenge no further:
For by yond' Heaven that's conscious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

Deputies appearing at the Door.

The Deputies are entring, you must leave me:
Thus Tyrant-Business all my Hours usurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a prosperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [Exit:

Enter Deputies of the Three States.

*Cardinal of Guise, and Arch-Bishop of Lyons,
at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Import-
Employ'd the States this Morning? [tance

Arch-Bish. One high Point
Was warmly canvass'd in the Commons House,
And will be soon Resolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succession.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvass'd, or so soon Resolv'd.

Card. Things necessary must sometimes be sudden.

King. No sudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.

Arch-Bish. What may be sudden, must be counted so.
We hope, and wish your Life: But yours and ours
Are in the Hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, they are:
Yet in a natural Way I may live long,
If Heaven, and you my loyal Subjects, please.

Arch-Bish. But since good Princes, like your Majesty,
Take Care of Dangers meerly possible,
Which may concern their Subjects whose they are,
And for whom Kings are made.

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And so the Ties are too.

Card. To cut Things short.
The Commons will Decree, to exclude *NAVARRÉ*
From the Succession of the Realm of *France*.

King. Decree, my Lord! What! one Estate decree?
Where then are th' other two, and what am I?
The Government is cast up somewhat short,
The Clergy and Nobility cashier'd,
Five Hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my self that am, or should be King,
An o'ergrown Cypher set before the Sum:
What Reasons urge our Sovereigns for th' Exclusion?

Arch-Bish. He stands suspected, Sir, of Heresie.

King. Has he been call'd to make his just Defence?

Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.

King. To whom?

Card. The Commons.

King. What is't those Gods the Commons do not know?

But Heresie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Supposes obstinate, and stiff persisting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected: has this Course been us'd?

Arch-Bish. We grant it has not, but —————

King. Nay, give me Leave,

I urge from your own Grant, it has not been:
If then in Process of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n:
Much less in the Succession of a Crown,
Which after my Decease, by Right inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.

Card. The Right of Souls is still to be preferr'd,
Religion must not suffer for a Claim.

King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects must be Traitors to be sav'd.

Arch-Bish. Then Heresy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confusion, Wars and Slaughters:
Those Ills are certain; what you name, contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis sincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedness of Thought,
Says, what he means, and what he says, performs:
Brave, but not rash; successful, but not proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneasie,
'Till every petty Service be o'erpaid.

Arch-Bish. Some say revengeful.

King. Some then libel him:

But that's what both of us have learn'd to bear.
He can forgive, but you disdain Forgiveness:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel must profane:
Honour's a sacred Thing in all but Kings;

But when your Rhimes assassinate our Fame,
You hug your nauseous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em, as if Nonsense were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treason.

Arch-Bish. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge —

King. And I have more to answer; let 'em know,
My Royal Brother of Navarre shall stand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cause,
And all the bad shall be constrain'd by Laws.

Arch-Bish. Since gentle Means t'exclude Navarre are
To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd, [vain,
To make the Duke of Guise Lieutenant-General,
Which Power most graciously confirm'd by you,
Will stop this headlong Torrent of Succession,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it.
In Hope you'll not oppose what must be done,
We wish you, Sir, a long and prosp'rous Reign.

[*Exeunt omnes, but the King.*]

King. To morrow Guise is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to morrow I no more am King;
'Tis Time to push my slacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
'Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon to him.

Gril. 'Tis just th' appointed Hour you bid me wait.

King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come;
As if the Guardian-Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'erlept himself so many Years,
Just now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my Rescue.

Gril. I hear the Guise will be Lieutenant-General.

King. And can'st thou suffer it?

Gril. Nay, if you will suffer it, then well may I. If
Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all
Things tamely, they first turn Rebels to themselves, and
that's a fair Example for their Friends; 'sLife, Sir, 'tis a
dangerous Matter to be loyal on the wrong Side, to serve

my Prince in Spight of him; if you'll be a Royalist yourself, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you; but if you wo'not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am resolv'd,
The Course of Things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed End:
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Grillon, the *Guise* is doom'd — to sudden Death:
The Sword must end him; has not thine an Edge?

Gril. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him:

King. ——— I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*]

Gril. ——— So I mean to do.

King. ——— Without thy Hazard.

Gril. Now I understand you, I shou'd murther him;
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hang-man.

King. ——— Do'st thou not hate him?

Gril. ——— Yes.

King. Haft thou not said,
That he deserves it?

Gril. Yes, but how have I
Deserv'd to do a Murther?

King. 'Tis no Murther:

'Tis Sovereign Justice urg'd from Self-Defence:

Gril. 'Tis all confest, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, Thou art a Coward.

Gril. You are my King,

King. Thou say'st, thou dar'st not kill him.

Gril. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durst have don't.

King. Thou hast done worse in thy long Course of Arms
Hast thou ne'er kill'd a Man?

Gril. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Haft thou not plunder'd from the helpless Poor?
Snatch'd from the sweating Labourer his Food?

Gril. Sir, I have eaten and drank in my own Defence,
when I was hungry and thirsty. I have plunder'd, when
you have not paid me——I have been content with a
Farmer's Daughter, when a better Whore was not to be
had. As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him law-
fully

fully in my own Function, when I meet him in the Field; but for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge unjust, or tyrannous?
Heaven knows, I love not Blood.

Gril. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice. You may dispatch a Rebel lawfully, but the Mischief is, that Rebel has given me my Life at the Barricadoes, and 'till I have return'd his Bribe, I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worse; Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conscience. Thou shalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good; But keep my Secret, for that's Conscience too.

Gril. When I disclose it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither streight, and *St. Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find some unsuspected Means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,
That none pass in or out, but those I call:
The rest I'll think on further, so farewell.

Gril. Heaven bless your Majesty!
Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he is kill'd,
For the honest Part of the Jobb let me alone.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

The SCENE opens, and discovers Men and Women at
a Banquet, Malicorne standing by.

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feast I keep;
As this Day twelve Year, on this very Hour,
I sign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure;
Three Things which mortal Men do covet most.
And 'faith, I over-fold it to the Fiend:
What, One and twenty Years, nine yet to come!
How can a Soul be worth so much to Devils?
O how I hug my self, to out-wit these Fools of Hell!
And yet a sudden Damp, I know not why,
Has seiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight,
Hangs on their active Springs, I want a Song
To rouze me, my Blood freezes: Musick there.

After a Song and Dance, loud Knocking at the Door.

Enter a Servant.

What Noise is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd furlly Man,
With a hoarse Voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have Business with him.

[*Exit Servant.*

What louder yet, what faucy Slave is this? [*Knock louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

[*him,*

Serv. He says you have, and must have Business with
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo'not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him so,

[*Knock again more fiercely.*

My Hair stands up in Bristles when I see him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his Back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy self. [*Exit Serv.*

S C E N E closes upon the Company.

Enter Melanax, an Hour-Glass in his Hand, almost empty.

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer Hours?

By Heaven I'll ram thee in some knotted Oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling Winds,
Upon the lonely Plain:

[*Sands,*

Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea growling on the
Ten thousand Billows rowling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'st thou, malicious Fiend?

I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment in a Flame.

Mel. Thou can'st not do't.

Behold this Hour-Glass.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mel. Seest thou these ebbing Sands?

They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall sink for ever down, and heave no more.

Mal. What, resty Fiend?

Nine Years thou hast to serve.

Mel. Not full nine Minutes.

Mal. Thou ly'st, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.

Mel. Then wilt thou stand to that without Appeal?

Mal. I will, so help me Heav'n.

Mel. So take thee Hell. [Gives him the Bond.]

There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil, or thou?

Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are shrunk to twelve,
Do my Eyes dazle?

Mel. No, they see too true:

They daz'd once, I cast a Mist before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull Sight
Appear'd full Twenty one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.

Mel. Fool, thou hast quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To stand to this.

Mal. Then I am lost for ever.

Mel. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?

Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou had'st cheated me.

Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:
For sixty Minutes, I'll forgive nine Years.

Mel. No, not a Moment's Thought beyond my Time:
Dispatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single Farc.

Mal. So pitiless?

But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guise*, even with my latest Breath
Beyond my Soul, and my lost Hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my short-liv'd Power, disclose
What Fate attends my Master.

Mel. If he goes

To Council when he next is call'd, he dyes.

Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant:

G., give my Lord my last Adieu,
Say, I shall never see his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my latest Breath, he dyes.

[Exit Serv.]

The Sands run yet. O do not shake the' Glafs:

[Devil shakes the Glafs.]

I shall be thine too soon; cou'd I repent,
Heaven's not confin'd to Moments; Mercy, Mercy.

Mel. I see thy Prayers disperst into the Winds,
And Heaven has puf't 'em by:

I was an Angel once of foremost Rank,
Stood next the shining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almost gaz'd I Glory in the Face,
That I could bear it, and star'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, base Earth-born Man,
Sins past a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis just; for we were perfect Light,
And saw our Crimes, Man in his Body's Mire,
Half Soul, half Clod, sinks blindfold into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Lusts within.

Mal. Then I have Hope.

Mel. Not so, I preach'd on Purpose
To make thee lose this Moment of thy Prayer;
Thy Sand creeps low, Despair, Despair, Despair.

Mal. Where am I now? Upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heaven behind me closing all its Doors.
A Thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've past,
O cou'd I 'scape so cheap! But ever, ever!
Still to begin an endless Round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell?
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last?
Can earthly Substance endless Flames endure?
Or, when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire——
I feel my Heart-strings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too carelefs of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[A Flash of Lightning, they sink together.]

Enter Duke of Guise, Cardinal, and Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Message from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed!

For Souls just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven;
 Make swift Acquaintance with their Kindred Forms,
 And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the securer Side:
 When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
 Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Arch-Bishop.

Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
 I have provok'd my Sovereign past a Pardon,
 It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
 Then if he dares but to be just, I dye.
 'Tis too much Odds against me, I'll depart,
 And finish Greatness at some safer Time. [hence,

Arch-Bish. By Heaven 'tis Harry's Plot to fright you
 That, Coward-like, you might forsake your Friends.

Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.

Arch-Bish. Yes, some Court-Devil, no doubt:
 If you depart, consider, good my Lord,
 You are the Master-Spring that moves our Fabrick,
 Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
 Without your Presence, which buoys up our Hearts,
 The League will sink beneath a Royal Name:
 Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings
 Will soon be shaken off; Things done, repeal'd;
 And Things undone, past future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taste his Reasons.

Arch-Bish. Nay, were the Danger certain of your Stay,
 An Act so mean would lose you all your Friends,
 And leave you single to the Tyrant's Rage:
 Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
 Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll stand the Shock:
 Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
 My Friends are many, faithful, and united;
 He will not venture on so rash a Deed:
 And now I wonder I should fear that Force,
 Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Arch-Bish. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the
 And warn you not to go.

[Scale,

G.H.K.

Gui. O fear her not,
I will be there. [Exeunt Arch-Bishop and Cardinal.

What can she mean, Repent?

Or is it cast betwixt the King and her
To found me; come what will, it warms my Heart
With secret Joy, which these my ominous Statesmen
Left dead within me; ha! she turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Visit, Sir?

Gui. No, Madam, I at last have gain'd the Point
Of mightiest Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. — Believe me, *Guise*, 'twere gallantly resolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the Inside too.

Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for Thirst of Glory,
Which now again dilates itself in Smiles,
As if you scorn'd that I should know your Purpose.

Gui. I change 'tis true, because I love you still,
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own Despight,
I tell you all, even at that very Moment,
I know you streight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guise*, I never did; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have Reason for't,
Therefore, what am I to expect from Pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me slain.

Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my Heart,
Have you, O *Guise*, since your last solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you swore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er awhile, because again,
I tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui. Never! She's set on by the King to sift me;
Why by that Never then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.

Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in
This very Day he means to cut me off. [Council]

Mar. — By Heaven then you're forsworn, you've
broke your Vows.

Gui. — By you the Justice of the Earth I have not.

Mar. — By you Dissembler of the World you have.

I know the King.

Gui. — I do believe you, Madam.

Mar. — I have try'd you both.

Gui. — Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. — Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*?

But go to Council, Sir, there shew your Truth,

If you are innocent, you're safe; but O

If I shou'd chance to see you stretcht along,

Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone,

That venerable Aspect pale with Death,

I must conclude, you merited your End. [Murther.

Gui. — You must, you will, and smile upon my

Mar. Therefore, if you are conscious of a Breach,

Confess it to me: Lead me to the King,

He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,

And place you next him; therefore, if you're right,

Make me not fear it by Asseverations:

But speak your Heart, and O resolve me truly.

Gui. — Madam, I ha' thought, and trust you with my

You saw but now my parting with my Brother, [Soul,

The Prelate too of *Lions*, 'twas debated

Warmly against me, that I should go on.

Mar. — Did I not tell you, Sir?

Gui. — True, but in Spight

Of those Imperial Arguments they urg'd,

I was not to be work'd from second Thought;

There we broke off; And, mark me, if I live,

You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then. O Heaven! Why must I still suspect you?

Why heaves my Heart? And why o'erflow my Eyes?

Yet if you live, O *Guise*, there, there's the Cause,

I never shall converse, nor see you more.

Gui. O say not so, for once again I'll see you,

Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,

Yet say not never; for I hope by Virtue

To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluse for ever.

Gui. Ha! Stay 'till Morning Tapers are too dim;

Stay 'till the Sun arises to salute you;

Stay 'till I lead you to that dismal Den

Of Virgins, buried quick, and stay for ever.

Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other Way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my suspected Honour.

Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear, at parting;
And one last Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I see your Face pale, as the Cherubins
At *Adam's* Fall.

Mar. O Heav'n I now confess!
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guise*.

Gui. Why Madam, why?

Mar. Because by this Disorder;
And that sad Fate that bodes upon your Brow;
I do believe you love me more than Glory.

Gui. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy;
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to those Infirmities
Which thus unman me, stay 'till the Council's o'er;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my last Pray'r, I'll thank you as my Saint;
If you refuse me, Madam, I'll not murmur.

Mar. Alas, my *Guise*! O Heav'n what did I say?
But take it, take it; if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, since 'tis my last.

Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiss
Your sacred Robe: Is't possible, your Hand!

[*She gives him her Hand.*]

O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again.

Mar. Farewel my Profelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.

Gui. I have none but you,
Must I ne'er see you more?

Mar. I have sworn you must not:
Which Thought thus roots me here, melts my Resolves;

[*Weeps.*]

And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.

Gui. O ye Celestial Dews! O Paradise!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne'er to be tasted more.

Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmontiere*,

The temperate, devoted *Marmoutiere*
Is gone, a last Embrace I must bequeath you:

Gui. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewel for ever; Ah, *Guise*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet — Farewel — and Io's sing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spi-
rits prove,
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love.

[Exit *Marmoutiere*.]

Guise solus.

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? there's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my Flesh were off: What now! Thou bleed'st
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But just three Drops! And why not just three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter a Page.

[wait you.]

Page. My Lord, your Brother and th' Arch-Bishop

Gui. I come; down Devil, ha! Must I stumble too?
Away ye Dreams, What if it thunder'd now?
Or if a Raven cross'd me in my Way:
Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
And all the Cieling plaister'd o'er with black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I must dye, I'll fall
True Politician, and desie you all.

SCENE II. *The Court before the Council-Hall,*

Grillon, Larchant, Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.

Gril. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?

Larch. Sir, They are.

Gril. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Petition;
Make Way there for his Eminence; give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter

*Enter Two Cardinals, Counsellors, the Cardinal of Guise,
Arch-Bishop of Lyons, last the Guise.*

Gui. Well, Colonel, Are we Friends?

Gril. Faith, I think not.

Gui. Give me your Hand.

Gril. No, for that gives a Heart.

Gui. Yet we shall clasp in Heaven.

Gril. By Heaven we shall not,

Unless it be with Gripes.

Gui. True *Grillon* still.

Larch. My Lord.

Gui. Ha! Captain, you are well attended,
If I mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.

Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks;
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds, and lost Arrears.

Gui. It shall be done.

Again my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will figh it off, Captain farewell.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Guise, &c.]

Gril. Shut the Hall-Door, and bar the Castle-Gates:
March, march there closer yet, Captain to the Door.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Council-Hall.

Gui. I do not like my self to Day.

Arch-Bish. ——— A Qualm, he dares not!

Card. ——— That's one Man's Thought; he dares, and
that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmontiere*, ha, never see thee more?
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood?
I'll stand it while I may. O mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why do'st thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their Use. *[Swoons.]*

Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chase him: He comes again.

Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Gril. Th' Effect

Of last Night's Lechery with some working Whore.

Enter Revol.

[*you.*

Rev. My Lord of Guise, the King would speak with

Gui. O Cardinal, O Lyons, but no more;

Yes, one Word more, thou hast a Priviledge

[*To the Cardinal.*

To speak with a Recluse, O therefore tell her,

If never thou behold'st me breathe again,

Tell her I sigh'd it last ————— O *Marmoutiere.*

[*Exit Bowing.*

Card. You will have all Things your own Way, my
By Heav'n, I have strange Horror on my Soul. [*Lord.*

Arch-Bish. I say again, that Henry dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him.

I know he scorns to stoop to mean Revenge;

But when some mightier Mischief shocks his Toure,

He shoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,

And makes it Air; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guise within.] Murtherers, Villains!

Arch-Bish. I hear your Brother's Voice, run to the

Card. Help, Help, the *Guise* is murther'd.

[*Door.*

Arch-Bish. Help, Help.

Gril. Cease your vain Cries, you are the King's Pri-
Take 'em *Dugast* into your Custody. [*soners,*

Card. We must obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE draws, behind it a Traversse.

The Guise is assaulted by Eight, They stab him in.

all Parts, but most in the Head.

Gui. O Villains! Hell-Hounds! Hold:

[*Half draws his Sword, is held.*

Murther'd, O basely, and not draw my Sword,

Dog, *Logniac*, but my own Blood choaks me,

Down, Villain, down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutiere.*

[*Flings himself upon him*—————*Dies.*

The Traverse is drawn.

The King rises from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet-Council.

King. Open the Closet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugast* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be answer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother followed by the Counsellors.

O, Madam, you are welcome; how goes your Health?

Qu. M. A little mended, Sir. What have you done?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lyes dead. [there

Qu. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Resolution. [it up

King. Yes, I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads
Of this great Insurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubbornness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King. [droop;

Gril. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowre and quake, and
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause!

King, looking upon Guise.]

Be Witness, Heaven, I gave him treble Warning;
He's gone; no more; disperse, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unsheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
'Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.



A S O N G in the FIFTH ACT
of the Duke of G U I S E.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Tell me Thirsis, tell your Anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish;
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Blessing
Of Possessing,
What can Love and I do more?

S H E P H E R D.

Think it's Love beyond all Measure,
Makes me faint away with Pleasure;
Strength of Cordial may destroy,
And the Blessing
Of Possessing
Kills me with Excess of Joy.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Thirsis, how can I believe you?
But confess, and I'll forgive you;
Men are false, and so are you;
Never Nature
Fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

S H E P H E R D.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever shining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever shining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. D'RYDEN.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

Much Time and Trouble this poor Play has cost;
And, 'faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.

Yet no one Man was meant; nor great, nor small;

Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at all..

They took no single Aim:—————

But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty;

Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-sides at the whole Party.

Duels are Crimes; but when the Cause is right,

In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.

For what shou'd hinder me to sell my Skin

Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in?

Se Defendendo never was a Sin.

'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,

The Whiggs must talk, and Tories hold their Tongues,

They must do all they can—————

But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian Mind;

And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;

Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wise,

To cry, Box fair, and give him Time to rise.

When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:

Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan, or Mally

Tipt you th' inviting Wink, stand, Shall I, shall I?

EPILOGUE.

A Trimmer cry'd, (that hear'd me tell this Story)
Fie, Mistress Cook, 'faith you're too rank' a Tory!
Wish not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Cases;
You Women love to see Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the Dev'l his Due.
Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent Physician.
I love no Blood——Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But Hanging is a fine dry Kind of Death.
We Trimmers are for holding all Things even:
Yes——just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven,
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes sure: ——But you're for holding all Things steady:
Now since the Weight hangs all on one Side, Brother,
You Trimmers shou'd, to poize it, hang on i'other.
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle Way of steering,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a Kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.]



THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

IN SENATE
January 1, 1901

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
BY THE SENATE
MAY 15, 1899



NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, 1901.

THE
VINDICATION:
OR, THE
PARALLEL

OF THE
French Holy LEAGUE,
AND THE
English League and Covenant.

Turn'd into a Seditious Libel against the
KING and His ROYAL HIGHNESS,

BY

Thomas Hunt and the Authors of the *Reflections*
upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called

The DUKE of *GUISE*.

*Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta: & cum spolia ista, diemq;
Oderit.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

THE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
ROYAL
SOCIETY

OF THE
ROYAL
SOCIETY
OF LONDON
AND
THE
SOCIETY
OF MEDICAL
PHYSICIANS
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THE
VINDICATION
OF THE
DUKE of *Guise*.

IN the Year of His Majesty's Happy Restoration, the First Play I undertook was *The Duke of Guise*; as the fairest Way, which *The Act of Indemnity* had then left us, of setting forth the Rise of the *Late Rebellion*; and by *Exploing* the Villanies of it upon the Stage, to *precaution* Posterity against the like Errors.

As this was my *first Essay*, so it met with the Fortune of an *unfinish'd Piece*; that is to say, it was damn'd in private, by the Advice of some Friends to whom I shew'd it; who freely told me, that it was an excellent Subject; but not so artificially wrought, as they could have wish'd: And now let my Enemies make their best of this Confession.

The Scene of the Duke of *Guise's* Return to Paris, AGAINST the King's *Positive Command*, was then written;
VOL. V. O ten;

ten; I have the Copy of it still by me, almost the same which it now remains, being taken *Verbatim* out of *Davila*: For where the *Action* is *Remarkable*, and the very *Words related*, the Poet is not at Liberty to change them much; and if he will be adding any thing for Ornament, it ought to be *wholly of a Piece*. This do I take for a sufficient Justification of that Scene, unless they will make the pretended *Parallel* to be a *Prophecy*, as well as a *Parallel of Accidents*, that were *twenty Years after to come*. Neither do I find, that they can suggest the least Colour for't in any other Part of the Tragedy.

But now comes the main Objection, *Why was it stopt when?* To which I shall render this just Account, with all due Respects to those who were the Occasion of it.

Upon a wandering Rumour (which I will divide betwixt *Malice* and *Mistake*) that some Great Persons were represented, or personated in it; the Matter was complain'd of to my Lord *Chamberlain*; who, thereupon, appointed the Play to be brought to him, and prohibited the Acting of it 'till further Order; commanding me, after this, to wait upon his Lordship; which I did, and humbly desir'd him to compare the *Play* with the *History*, from whence the Subject was taken, referring to the *First Scene* of the *Fourth Act*, whereupon the *Exception* was grounded, and leaving *Davila* (the *Original*) with his Lordship. This was before *Midsummer*; and about two Months after, I receiv'd the Play back again from his Lordship, but without any positive Order whether it should be Acted or *not*; neither was Mr. *Lee* or *my self* any Way solicitous about it: But this indeed I ever said, That it was intended for the *King's Service*; and *His Majesty* was the best *Judge*, whether it answer'd that End or no; and that I reckon'd it my Duty to submit, if his Majesty, for any Reason whatsoever, should deem it unfit for the *Stage*. In the *Interim*, a strict Scrutiny was made, and *no Parallel* of the Great Person design'd, could be made out. But this Push failing, there were immediately started some terrible Insinuations, that the *Person of His Majesty* was represented under that of *Henry the Third*; which if they could have found out, would have concluded,

ded, perchance, not only in the *stopping* of the *Play*, but in the *hanging up* of the *Poets*. But so it was, that His Majesty's *Wisdom* and *Justice* acquitted both the *One*, and the *Other*; and when the *Play it self* was almost *forgotten*, there were *Orders* given for the *Acting* of it:

This is *Matter of Fact*; and I have the *Honour* of so *Great Witnesses* to the *Truth* of what I have deliver'd, that it will need no other *Appeal*. As to the *exposing* of any *Person* living, our *Innocency* is so clear, that it is almost unnecessary to say, *It was not in my Thought*; and as far as any one *Man* can vouch for another, I do believe it was as little in *Mr. Lee's*. And now since some *People* have been so busie as to cast out false and scandalous *Surmises*, how far we two agreed upon the *Writing* of it, I must do a common *Right* both to *Mr. Lee* and *my self*, to declare publickly, that it was at his earnest *Desire*, without any *Solicitation* of mine, that this *Play* was produced betwixt us. After the *Writing* of *OEdipus*, I pass'd a *Promise* to joyn with him in another; and he happen'd to claim the *Performance* of that *Promise*, just upon the finishing of a *Poem*, when I would have been glad of a little *Respite* before the undertaking of a second *Task*. The *Person* that pass'd betwixt us, knows this to be true; and *Mr. Lee* himself, I am sure, will not disown it: So that I did not [*seduce him to joyn with me*] as the malicious *Authors* of the *Reflections* are pleas'd to call it; but *Mr. Lee's Loyalty* is above so *ridiculous* a *Slander*. I know very well, that the *Town* did ignorantly call and take this to be *my Play*; but I shall not arrogate to my self the *Merits* of my *Friend*. *Two Thirds* of it belong'd to *him*; and then to *me* only the *First Scene* of the *Play*; the whole *Fourth Act*, and the *first half*, or somewhat more of the *Fifth*.

The *Pamphleteers*, I know, do very boldly insinuate, That *before the Acting* of it, I took the *whole Play* to my self; but finding afterwards how ill *Success* it had upon the *Stage*, I threw as much of it as possibly I could upon my *Fellow*. Now here are three damn'd *Lies* crowded together into a very little *Room*: First, That I assum'd any Part of it to my self, which I had not written; wherein I appeal, not

only to my particular *Acquaintance*, but to the whole Company of *Actors*, who will witness for me, that in all the *Rehearsals*, I never pretended to any *one Scene* of Mr. Lee's, but did him all imaginable Right, in his Title to the *greater Part* of it. I hope I may, without *Vanity*, affirm to the World, that I never stood in Need of borrowing another Man's Reputation; and I have been as little guilty of the *Injustice*, of laying Claim to any thing which was not my own. Nay, I durst almost refer myself to some of the angry Poets on the other Side, whether I have not rather *countenanc'd* and *assist'd their Beginnings*, than *hinder'd* them from *Rising*. The two other Faults are, the *ill Success* of the Play, and *my disowning* it. The former is manifestly without *Foundation*; for it succeeded beyond my very *Hopes*, having been frequently Acted, and never without a considerable Audience: And then 'tis a thousand to one, that having *no Ground* to *disown* it, I did not *disown* it; but the *Universe* to a *Nut-shell* that I did not *disown* it for want of *Success*, when it succeeded so much beyond my *Expectation*. But my malignant Adversaries are the more excusable, for this coarse Method of breaking in upon *Truth* and *good Manners*, because it is the only Way they have to gratifie the *Genius* and the *Interest* of the *Faction together*; and never so much Pains taken neither, to so very, very little Purpose. They *deery* the Play, but in such a manner, that it has the Effect of a *Recommendation*. They call it a *dull Entertainment*; and that's a dangerous Word, I must confess, from one of the *greatest Masters* in *humane Nature*, of that *Faculty*. Now I can forgive them this Reproach too, after all the rest: For this Play does openly discover the Original and Root of the Practices and Principles, both of their Party and Cause; and they are so well acquainted with all the *Trains* and *Mazes* of Rebellion, that there's nothing new to them in the whole History. Or what if it were a little insipid, there was no Conjuring that I remember in *Pope Joan*: And the *Lancashire Witches* were without Doubt the most *insipid* Jades that ever flew upon a Stage; and yet even *These*, by the Favour of a *Party*, made a Shift to hold up their Heads. Now if we have

out-done

out-done: these Plays in their own *dull Way*, their Authors have some Sort of *Privilege* to throw the *first Stone*: But we shall rather chuse to *yield* the Point of *Dulness*, than *contend* for it, against so *indisputable* a Claim.

But *Matters of State* (it seems) are *carvassed* on the *Stage*, and *Things of the gravest Concernment* there managed: And who were the *Aggressors*, I beseech you, but a few *factionous, popular Hirelings*, that by *tampering* the *Theatres*, and by *poisoning* the *People*, made a *Play-house* more *seditious* than a *Conventicle*: So that the *Loyal Party* crave only the same *Freedom of defending* the *Government*, which the other took before-hand of *exposing* and *defaming* it. There was no *Complaint* of any *Disorders* of the *Stage*, in the *Bustle* that was made (even to the *forming* of a *Party*) to uphold a *Farce* of *theirs*. Upon the first Day, the whole *Faction* (in a *Manner*) appeared; but after one *Sight* of it, they sent their *Proxies* of *Serving-men* and *Porters* to *Clap* in the *Right* of their *Patrons*: And it was impossible ever to have gotten off the *Noisence* of *three Hours* for *Half a Crown*, but for the *Providence* of so *congruous* an *Audience*. Thus far, I presume, the *Reckoning* is even, for *back Plays*, on *both Sides*; and for *Plays* written for a *Party*. I shall say nothing of *their Poets Affection* to the *Government*, unless upon an *absolute* and an *odious Necessity*. But to return to the *Pretended Parallel*.

I have said enough already to convince any *Man of common Sense*, That there neither *was*, nor could be any *Parallel intended*: And it will farther appear, from the *Nature* of the *Subject*; there being no *Relation* betwixt *Henry the Third* and the *Duke of Guise*, except that of the *King's marrying* into the *Family of Lorrain*. If a *Comparison* had been design'd, how *casie* had it been either to have found a *Story*, or to have invented one, where the *Tyes of Nature* had been nearer? If we consider their *Actions* or their *Persons*, a much less *Proportion* will be yet found betwixt them: and if we bate the *Popularity*, perhaps none at all. If we consider them in *Reference* to their *Parties*; the *One* was manifestly the *Leader*, the *Other*, at the worst, is but *mis-led*. The *Designs* of the *One* tended openly to *Usurpation*: Those of the *Other* may yet

be interpreted more fairly; and I hope from the natural Candour and Probity of his Temper, that it will come to a perfect Submission and Reconcilement at last. But that which perfectly destroys this *pretended Parallel*, is, that our Picture of the *Duke of Guise* is exactly according to the *Original* in the *History*; his Actions, his Manners, nay, sometimes his very Words, are so justly copied, that whoever has read him in *Davila*, sees him the same here. There is no going out of the Way, no Dash of a Pen to make any *By-feature* resemble him to any other Man: And indeed, excepting his Ambition, there was not in *France*, or perhaps in any other Country, any Man of his Age vain enough to hope he cou'd be mistaken for him. So that if we *wou'd* have made a *Parallel*, we *cou'd* not. And yet I fancy, that where I make it my Business to draw *Likeness*, it will be no hard Matter to judge who fate for the *Picture*. For the *Duke of Guise's* Return to *Paris* contrary to the *King's* Order, enough already has been said; 'Twas too considerable in the Story to be omitted, because it occasion'd the Mischiefs that ensued: But in *this Likeness* which was only *casual*, no Danger follow'd. I am confident there was none intended; and am satisfied that none was fear'd. But the Argument drawn from our evident Design is yet, if possible, more convincing. The first Words of the *Prologue* spake the *Play* to be a *Parallel*, and then you are immediately inform'd how far that *Parallel* extended, and of what it is so. *The Holy League* begot the *Covenant*, *Guisards* got the *Whig*, &c. So then it is not, (as the snarling Authors of the *Reflections* tell you) a *Parallel* of the *Men*, but of the *Times*. A *Parallel* of the *Factions*, and of the *Leaguers*. And every one knows that this *Prologue* was written before the stopping of the *Play*. Neither was the Name alter'd on any such Account as they insinuate, but laid aside long before, because a Book call'd the *Parallel* had been printed, resembling the *French League* to the *Englisch Covenant*; and therefore we thought it not convenient to make Use of another Man's Title. The *chief Person* in the *Tragedy*, or he whose *Disasters* are the *Subject* of it, may in Reason give the Name; and so it was call'd *The Duke*

of *Guise*. Our Intention therefore was to make the Play a Parallel, betwixt the *Holy League* plotted by the House of *Guise* and its *Adherents*, with the *Covenant* plotted by the *Rebels* in the Time of King *Charles the First*, and those of the *New Association*, which was the Spawn of the *Old Covenant*.

But *This Parallel* is plain, that the *Exclusion* of the *Lawful Heir* was the main Design of *both Parties*: And that the Endeavours to get the *Lieutenancy* of *France* established on the *Head* of the *League*, is in Effect the same with offering to get the *Militia* out of the *King's Hands* (as declar'd by *Parliament*) and consequently that the Power of Peace and War should be wholly in the People. 'Tis also true that the *Tumults* in the *City*, in the Choice of their *Officers*, have had no small Resemblance with a *Parisian Rabble*. And I am afraid that both *Their Faction* and *Ours* had the same *Good Lord*. I believe also, that if *Julian* had been written and calculated for the *Parisians*, as it was for *our Sectaries*, one of their *Sheriffs* might have mistaken too, and call'd him *Julian the Apostle*. I suppose I need not push this Point any further, where the *Parallel* was intended, I am certain it will reach: But a larger Account of the Proceedings in the *City* may be expected from a better Hand, and I have no Reason to forestal it. In the mean Time, because there has been no *Actual Rebellion*, the *Faction* triumph in their *Loyalty*; which if it were out of *Principle*, all our Divisions would soon be ended, and we the happy People, which God and the Constitution of our Government have put us in Condition to be: But so long as they take it for a *Maxim*, That the *King* is but an *Officer in Trust*, that the *People*, or their *Representatives* are *superiour* to him, Judges of *Miscarriages*, and have Power of *Revocation*, 'tis a plain Case, that whenever they please they may take up Arms; and, according to *Their Doctrine*, *lawfully* too. Let them jointly renounce this one Opinion, as in Conscience and Law they are bound to do, because both *Scripture* and *Acts of Parliament* oblige them to it, and we will then thank their *Obedience* for our Quiet, whereas now we are only beholden to them for their *Fear*. The Miseries of

the last War are yet too fresh in all Mens Memory: And they are *not* Rebels only because they have been so *too lately*. An Author of theirs has told us roundly the *West-Country Proverb*; *Chud eat more Cheese and chad it*: Their Stomach is as good as ever it was; but the Mischief on't is, they are either *muzzled*, or want their *Teeth*. If there were as many *Fanaticks* now in *England*, as there were *Christians* in the *Empire*, when *Julian* reign'd, I doubt we should not find them much enclin'd to *Passive Obedience*; and *Curse ye Meroz* wou'd be oftner preach'd upon, than *Give to Caesar*, except in the Sense Mr. *Hunt* means it.

Having clearly shown wherein the *Parallel* consisted, which no Man can mistake, who does not wilfully; I need not justify my self, in what concerns the sacred Person of His Majesty. Neither the *French History*, nor our own could have supplied me, nor *Plutarch* himself, were he now alive, could have found a *Greek* or *Roman* to have compared to him, in that eminent Virtue of his *Clemency*; even his Enemies must acknowledge it to be *Superlative*, because they live by it. Far be it from Flattery, if I say, that there is nothing under Heaven, which can furnish me with a *Parallel*; and that in his *Mercy*, he is of all Men the *Truest Image* of his *Maker*.

Henry the Third was a Prince of a *mix'd Character*; he had, as an old *Historian* says of another, *Magnas Virtutes, nec minora Vitia*: But amongst those Virtues, I do not find his *forgiving Qualities* to be much celebrated. That he was deeply engaged in the bloody *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, is notoriously known: And if the Relation printed in the *Memoirs of Villeroy* be true, he confesses there that the *Admiral* having brought him and the *Queen-Mother* into Suspicion with his Brother then reigning, for endeavouring to lessen his Authority, and draw it to themselves, he first design'd his Accuser's Death by *Marevel*, who shot him with a *Carabine*, but fail'd to kill him; after which, he push'd on the *King* to that *dreadful Revenge*, which immediately succeeded. 'Tis true, the Provocations were high, there had been reiterated *Rebellions*, but a Peace was now concluded; it was solemnly

sworn to by both Parties, and as great an Assurance of Safety given to the Protestants, as the Word of a King and publick Instruments could make it. Therefore the Punishment was execrable, and it pleas'd God, (if we may dare to judge of his secret Providence) to cut off that King in the very Flower of his Youth, to blast his Successor in his Undertakings, to raise against him the Duke of Guise, the Complotter and Executioner of that inhumane Action (who by the Divine Justice, fell afterwards into the same Snare which he had laid for others) and finally, to dye a violent Death himself; murder'd by a Priest, an *Entlovescast* of his own Religion. From these Premisses, let it be concluded, if reasonably it can, that we could draw a *Parallel*, where the Lines were so diametrically opposite. We were indeed obliged by the Laws of Poetry, to cast into *Shadows* the *Vices* of this Prince; for an excellent Critick has lately told us, that *when a KING is nam'd, a HEROE is suppos'd*: 'Tis a Reverence due to Majesty, to make the Virtues as conspicuous, and the Vices as obscure as we can possibly. And this we own, we have either perform'd, or at least endeavour'd. But if we were more favourable to that Character than the Exactness of History would allow, we have been far from diminishing a *Greater*, by drawing it into Comparison. You may see through the whole Conduct of the Play, a King naturally *severe*, and a *Resolution* carried on to *revenge* himself to the uttermost on the *Rebellious Conspirators*. That this was sometimes shaken by Reasons of Policy and Pity, is confess'd; but it always return'd with greater Force, and ended at last in the Ruin of his Enemies. In the mean Time, we cannot but observe the wonderful Loyalty on the *other* Side; that the *Play* was to be stopp'd, because the *King* was *represented*. May we have many such Proofs of their Duty and Respect: But there was no Occasion for them here. 'Tis to be suppos'd, that His Majesty himself was made acquainted with this Objection; if he were so, he was the supream and only Judge of it; and then the Event justifies us: If it were suspected only by those whom he commanded, 'tis hard if his own Officers and Servants should not see as much Ill in it as other

Men, and be as willing to prevent it; especially when there was no Sollicitation us'd to have it Acted. 'Tis known that Noble Person to whom it was referr'd, is a severe Critick on good Sense, Decency, and Morality; and I can assure the World, that the Rules of *Horace* are more familiar to *him*, than they are to *me*. He remembers too well that the *vetus Comadia* was banish'd from the *Athenian Theatre* for its too much Licence in representing Persons, and would never have pardon'd it in this or any Play.

What Opinion *Henry the Third* had of his *Successor*, is evident from the Words he spoke upon his *Death-Bed*: He exhorted the Nobility (says *Davila*) to acknowledge the King of Navarre, to whom the Kingdom of Right belong'd: and that they should not stick at the Difference of Religion: for both the King of Navarre, a Man of a sincere noble Nature, would in the End return into the Bosom of the Church, and the Pope being better inform'd, would receive him into his Favour. to prevent the Ruin of the whole Kingdom. I hope I shall not need in this Quotation to defend my self, as if it were my Opinion, that the Pope has any Right to dispose of Kingdoms: my Meaning is evident, that the King's Judgment of his Brother-in Law, was the same which I have copied: And I must farther add from *Davila*, that the Arguments I have used in Defence of that *Succession*, were chiefly drawn from the King's Answer to the Deputies, as they may be seen more at large in Pages 730, and 731, of the First Edition of that History in *English*: There the Three Estates, to the Wonder of all Men, jointly concurr'd in cutting off the *Succession*; the Clergy, who were manag'd by the Arch-Bishop of *Lyons*, and Cardinal of *Guise*, were the first who promoted it; and the Commons and Nobility afterwards consented, as referring themselves (says our Author) to the Clergy; so that there was on'y the King to stand in the Gap; and he by Artifice diverted that Storm which was breaking upon Posterity.

The Crown was then reduced to the lowest Ebb of its Authority; and the King, in a Manner, stood single, and yet preserv'd his *Negative-entire*: But if the Clergy
and

and Nobility had been on his Part of the Balance, it might reasonably be suppos'd, that the meeting of those Estates at *Blois* had heal'd the Breaches of the Nation, and not forc'd him to the *Ratio ultima Regum*, which is never to be *prais'd*, nor is it here, but only *excus'd* as the last Result of his Necessity. As for the *Parallel* betwixt the King of *Navarre*, and any other Prince now living, what Likeness the God of Nature, and the Descent of Virtues in the same Channel have produced, is evident; I have only to say, that the Nation certainly is happy where the Royal Virtues of the Progenitors are deriv'd on their Descendants.

In that Scene, 'tis true, there is but *One* of the *Three Estates mention'd*; but the *Other two* are virtually included; for the *Arch-Bishop* and *Cardinal* are at the Head of the *Deputies*: And that the *rest* are *mute Persons*, every Critick understands the Reason, *ne quarta loqui persona laboret*; I am never willing to cumber the Stage with many Speakers, when I can reasonably avoid it; as here I might. And what if I had a Mind to pass over the Clergy and Nobility of *France* in Silence, and to excuse them from joyning in so *illegal* and so *ungodly* a *Decree*? Am I ty'd in *Poetry*, to the strict Rules of *History*? I have follow'd it in this Play more closely, than suited with the Laws of the *Drama*, and a great Victory they will have, who shall discover to the World this wonderful Secret, that I have not observ'd the Unities of *Place* and *Time*; but are they better kept in the *Farce* of the *Libertine destroy'd*? 'Twas our common Business here to draw the *Parallel* of the Times, and not to make an *Exact Tragedy*: For this once we were resolv'd to err with honest *Shakespear*: Neither can *Catiine* or *Sejanus*, (written by the great Master of our Art) stand excus'd any more than we, from this Exception: But if we must be *criticis'd*, some Plays of our *Adversaries* may be expos'd, and let them reckon their Gains when the Dispute is ended. I am accus'd of *Ignorance*, for speaking of the *Third Estate*, as *not sitting in the same House with the other Two*: Let not those Gentlemen mistake themselves, there are many Things in Plays to be accommodated to the Country in which

we live; I spoke to the Understanding of an *English Audience*; Our *Three Estates* now sit, and have long done so, in *Two Houses*; but our *Records* bear Witness, that they, according to the *French Custom*, have sat in *One*; that is, the *Lords Spiritual and Temporal within the Barr*, and the *Commons* without it. If that Custom had been still continued here, it should have been so represented; but being otherwise, I was forc'd to write so as to be understood by our own Country-men. If these be Errors, a bigger Poet than either of us two has fallen into greater, and the Proofs are ready, whenever the Suit shall be recommenc'd.

Mr. *Hunt*, the *Jehu* of the Party, begins very furiously with me, and says, I have already condemn'd the *Charter and City*, and have executed the *Magistrates in Effigies upon the Stage*, in a Play call'd the *Duke of Guise*, frequently Acted; and applauded, &c.

Compare the latter End of this Sentence with what the *Two Authors of the Reflections*, or perhaps the *Associating Club of the Devil-Tavern* write in the Beginning of their Libel. Never was *Mountain deliver'd of such a Mouse*; the fiercest *Tories* have been asham'd to defend this Piece: They who have any Sparks of *Wit* among them are so true to their Pleasure, that they will not suffer *Dulness* to pass upon them for *Wit*, nor *Tediousness* for *Diversions*: Which is the Reason that this Piece has not met with the expected Applause: I never saw a Play more deficient in *Wit*, good Characters or Entertainment, than this is.

For Shame, Gentlemen, pack your Evidence a little better against another Time: You see, My Lord Chief Baron has deliver'd his Opinion, That the Play was frequently Acted and applauded; but you of the *Fury* have found *Ignoramus*, on the *Wit* and the Success of it. *Oates*, *Dugdale* and *Turberville*, never disagreed more than you do; let us know at last, which of the Witnesses are *True Practants*, and which are *Irish*. But it seems, your Authors had contrary Designs: Mr. *Hunt* thought fit to say, it was frequently Acted and applauded, because, says he, it was intended to provoke the *Rabble into Tumults and Disorder*. Now if it were not seen frequently, this Argument

ment would lose somewhat of its Force. The *Reflectors* Business went another Way, it was to be allow'd no *Reputation*, no *Success*, but to be damn'd Root and Branch, to prevent the Prejudice it might do their Party; accordingly; as much as in them lay, they have drawn a Bill of *Exclusion* for it on the *Stage*; but what *Rabble* was it to provoke? Are the *Audience* of a *Play-House* (which are generally Persons of Honour, Noblemen and Ladies, or at worst, as one of your Authors calls his Gallants, *Men of Wit and Pleasure about the Town*) are these the *Rabble* of Mr. *Hunt*? I have seen a *Rabble* at Sir *Edmundsbury Godfrey's* Night, and have heard of such a Name, at *True Protestant Meeting-Houses*; but a *Rabble* is not to be provoked, where it never comes. Indeed, we had one in this *Tragedy*, but it was upon the *Stage*; and that's the Reason, why your *Reflectors* would break the *Glass*, which has shewed them their own Faces. The Business of the *Theatre*, is to expose *Vice* and *Folly*; to dissuade Men by Examples from one, and to shame them out of the other. And however you may pervert our good Intentions, it was here particularly to reduce Men to *Loyalty*, by shewing the pernicious Consequences of *Rebellion*, and popular *Insurrections*. I believe no Man, who loves the Government, would be glad to see the *Rabble* in such a Posture, as they were represented in our *Play*: But if the *Tragedy* had ended on your *Side*, the *Play* had been a *Loyal Witty Perform*, the *Success* of it should have been recorded by *Immortal Og* or *Doeg*, and the *Rabble Scene* should have been *True Protestant*, though a *Whigg-Devil* were at the *Head* of it.

In the mean Time, pray, where lyes the Relation betwixt the *Tragedy of the Duke of Guise*, and the *Charter of London*? Mr. *Hunt* has found a rare Connection, for he tacks them together, by the *Kicking of the Sheriffs*: That Chain of Thought was a little ominous, for something like a *Kicking* has succeeded the *Printing* of his *Book*; and the *Charter of London* was the *Quarrel*. For my Part, I have not Law enough to state that Question, much less decide it; let the *Charter*, shift for it self in *Westminster-Hall*, the Government is somewhat wiser,
 thau-

than to employ my Ignorance on such a Subject; my Promise to honest *Nat. Lee*, was the only Bribe I had, to engage me in this Trouble; for which, he has the good Fortune to escape *Scot-free*, and I am left in Pawn for the Reckoning, who had the least Share in the Entertainment. But the Rising, it seems, should have been on the *True Protestants Side*; for he has tryed, says Ingenious *Mr. Hunt*, what he could do, towards making the *Charter forfeitable*, by some Extravagancy and Disorder of the People. A wise Man I had been doubtless for my Pains, to raise the Rabble to a Tumult, where I had been certainly one of the first Men whom they had limb'd, or dragg'd to the next convenient *Sign-Post*.

But on second Thought, he says, this ought not to move the Citizens: He is much in the right; for the *Rabble Scene* was written on Purpose to keep his Party of them in the Bounds of *Duty*. 'Tis the Business of factious Men to stir up the Populace: *Sir Edmond on Horse-Back*, attended by a *Swindging Pope in Effigie*, and *Forty Thousand True Protestants* for his Guard to Execution, are a Show more proper for that Design, than a *Thousand Stage-Plays*.

Well, he has fortified his Opinion with a Reason; however, why the People should not be moved; because I have so maliciously and mischievously represented the King, and the King's Son; nay, and his Favourite (saith he) the Duke too; to whom I give the worst Strokes of my unlucky Fancy.

This need not be answered, for 'tis already manifest, That neither the King, nor the King's Son are represented, neither that Son he means, nor any of the rest, God bless them all. What Strokes of my unlucky Fancy I have given to His Royal Highness, will be seen, and it will be seen also, who strikes him worst and most unluckily.

The Duke of Guise, he tells us, ought to have represented a great Prince, that had inser'd to some most detestable Villany, to please the Rage or Lust of a Tyrant; such great Courtiers have been often sacrificed, to appease the Furies of the Tyrant's guilty Conscience; to expiate for his Sin, and to atone

the People. For a Tyrant naturally stands in Fear of such wicked Ministers, is obnoxious to them, aw'd by them, and they drag him to greater Evils, for their own Impunity, than they perpetrated for his Pleasure, and their own Ambition.

Sure, he said not all this for nothing; I would know of him, on what Persons he would fix the Sting of this sharp Satyr? *What two* they are, whom, to use his own Words, he *so maliciously and mischievously would represent?* For my Part, I dare not understand the Villany of his Meaning; but Some-body was to have been shown a Tyrant, and some other a great Prince, *inserving to some Detestable Villany, and to that Tyrant's Rage and Lust;* this great Prince or Courtier ought to be sacrificed, to atone the People, and the Tyrant is perswaded, for his own Interest, to give him up to publick Justice. I say no more, but that he has studied the Law to good Purpose. He is dancing on the Rope without a Metaphor, his Knowledge of the Law is the Staff that poizes him, and saves his Neck. The Party indeed speaks out sometimes, for Wickedness is not always so wise, as to be secret, especially when it is driven to Despair. By some of their Discourses, we may guess at whom he points; but he has fenc'd himself in with so many Evasions, that he is safe in his Sacrilege; and he who dares to answer him, may become obnoxious. 'Tis true, he breaks a little out of the Clouds, within two Paragraphs; for there he tells you, that *Caius Cesar (to give unto Cesar, the Things that are Cesar's) was in the Catiline Conspiracy;* a fine Insinuation this, to be sneer'd at by his Party, and yet not to be taken Hold of by publick Justice: They would be glad now, that I or any Man, should bolt out their Covert Treason for them: For their Loop-Hole is ready, that the Cesar here spoken of, was a private Man. But the Application of the Text, declares the Author's to be another Cesar, which is so black and so infamous an Aspersion, that nothing less than the highest Clemency can leave it unpunish'd. I cou'd reflect on his Ignorance in this Place, for attributing these Words to Cesar, *He that is.*

not with us, is against us: He seems to have mistaken them, out of the *New Testament*, and that's the best Defence I can make for him; for if he did it knowingly, 'twas impiously done, to put our *Saviour's Words* into *Cæsar's Mouth*. But *His Law* and *Our Gospel*, are two Things; this Gentleman's Knowledge is not of the *Bible*, any more than his *Practise* is according to it. He tells you, he will give the World a Taste of my *Atheism* and *Impiety*; for which he quotes these following Verses, in the Second or Third Act of the Duke of Guise.

*For Conscience or Heaven's Fear, religious Rules
Are all State-Bells, to toll in pious Fools.*

In the first Place, he is mistaken in his *Man*, for the Verses are not *mine*, but *Mr. Lee's*: I ask'd him concerning them, and have this Account, that they were spoken by the *Devil*; now, what can either *Whig* or *Devil* say, more proper to their *Character*, than that *Religion* is only a *Name*, a *Stalking-Horse*, as errant a *Property*, as *Godiness* and *Property themselves* are amongst their *Party*? Yet for these two Lines, which in the Mouth that speaks them, are of no Offence, he hallooes on the whole Pack, against me: *Judge, Justice, Surrogate*, and *Official* are to be employed, at his Suit, to direct *Process*; and boring through the *Tongue* for *Blasphemy*, is the least Punishment his *Charity* will allow me.

I find 'tis happy for me, that he was not made a *Judge*, and yet I had as lieve have him my *Judge* as my *Council*, if my *Life* were at Stake. My poor Lord *Stafford* was well help'd up with this Gentleman for his *Solicitor*; no Doubt, he gave that unfortunate Nobleman most admirable Advice toward the *saving* of his *Life*; and would have rejoyc'd exceedingly, to have seen him clear'd. I think, I have disprov'd his Instance of my *Atheism*, it remains for him to justify his *Religion*, in putting the Words of *Christ* into a *Heathen's Mouth*: And much more in his prophane Allusion to the *Scripture*, in the other Text; *Give unto Cæsar, the Things that are Cæsar's*; which, if it be not a Profanation of the *Bible*, for the Sake of a *silly Witicism*, let all Men, but his own *Party*, judge. I am not malicious enough

to return him the Names which he has call'd me; but of all Sins, I thank God, I have always abhorr'd *Atheism*: And I had Need be a *better Christian* than Mr. *Hunt* has shown himself; if I forgive him so infamous a *Slander*.

But as he has mistaken *our Saviour* for *Julius Caesar*, so he would *Pompey* too, if he were let alone: To him, and to his *Cause*, or to the like *Cause* it belong'd; he says, to use these Words, *he that is not with us, is against us*. I find, he cares not whose the Expression is, so it be not *Christ's*. But how comes *Pompey the Great* to be a *Whig*? He was indeed, a Defender of the *Ancient Establish'd Roman Government*; but *Caesar* was the *Whig*, who took up Arms unlawfully to *subvert* it. Our *Liberties* and our *Religion* both are safe, they are secur'd to us by the *Laws*, and those *Laws* are executed under an *Establish'd Government*, by a *Lawful King*. The *Defender* of our *Faith*, is the *Defender* of our *Common Freedom*; to *Cabal*, to *Write*, to *Rail* against this Administration, are all *Endeavours* to destroy the *Government*, and to oppose the *Succession*, in any private Man: is a *Treasonable Practice* against the *Foundation* of it. *Pompey* very honourably maintain'd the *Liberty* of his Country, which was govern'd by a *Common-Wealth*: So that there lyes no *Parallel* betwixt his *Cause* and Mr. *Hunt's*, except in the bare Notion of a *Common-Wealth*, as it is oppos'd to *Monarchy*: And that's the Thing he would obliquely slur upon us. Yet on these Premises, he is for ordering my *Lord Chief Justice* to grant out *Warrants* against all those who have *applauded the Duke of Guise*; as if they committed a *Riot* when they *Clapp'd*: I suppose they paid for their *Places*, as well as he and his Party did; who *Hiss'd*: If he were not *half distracted*, for not being *Lord Chief Baron*, methinks he should be *Lawyer* enough, to advise my *Lord Chief Justice* better. To *Clap* and *Hiss* are the *Priviledges* of a *Free-born Subject* in a *Play-House*: They buy them with their *Money*, and their *Hands* and *Mouths* are their own *Property*: It belongs to the *Master of the Revels*, to see that no *Treason* or *Immorality* be in the *Play*; but when 'tis *Acted*, let every Man like or dislike freely: Not but
that

that Respect should be us'd too, in the Presence of the King, for by His *Permission* the *Actors* are allow'd: 'Tis due to his *Person*, as he is *Sacred*, and to the Successors, as being next related to him: There are Opportunities enow for Men to Hiss, who are so dispos'd, in their Absence: For when the King is in Sight, though but by Accident, a Malefactor is repriev'd from Death: Yet such is the Duty, and good Manners of these good Subjects, that they forbore not some Rudeness in his Majesty's Presence; but when his Royal Highness and his Court were only there, they push'd it as far as their Malice had Power; and if their Party had been more numerous, the Affront had been the greater.

The next Paragraph of our Authors, is a Panegyrick on the Duke of *Monmouth*, which concerns not me, who am very far from detracting from him: The Obligations I have had to him, were those of his Countenance, his Favour, his good Word, and his Esteem; all which I have likewise had in a greater Measure from his Excellent Dutches, the Patroness of my poor unworthy Poetry. If I had not greater, the Fault was never in their Want of Goodness to me, but in my own Backwardness to ask, which has always, and I believe will ever keep me from rising in the World. Let this be enough, with reasonable Men, to clear me from the Imputation of an ungrateful Man, with which my Enemies have most unjustly tax'd me. If I am a mercenary Scribler, the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury best know: I am sure, they have found me no importunate Solicitor: For I know my self, I deserv'd little, and therefore have never desir'd much. I return that Slander with just Disdain on my Accusers; 'tis for Men who have ill Consciences to suspect others: I am resolv'd to stand or fall with the Cause of God, my King and Country; never to trouble my self for any railing Aspersions which I have not deserv'd, and to leave it as a Portion to my Children, that they had a Father, who durst do his Duty, and was neither covetous nor mercenary.

As little am I concern'd at that Imputation of my Back-Friends, that I have confess'd my self to be put on

to write as I do : If they mean this Play in particular, that is notoriously prov'd against them to be false : For the rest of my Writings, my Hatred of their Practices and Principles was Cause enough to expose them, as I have done, and will do more. I do not think as they do ; for if I did, I must think *Treason* : But I must in Conscience write as I do, because I *know*, which is more than *Thinking*, that I write for a *Lawful Establish'd Government* against *Anarchy, Innovation, and Sedition* : But *these Lies* (as Prince Harry said to *Falstaffe*) are as gross as he that made them. More I need not say, for I am accus'd without Witnesses. I fear not any of their *Evidences* ; not even him of *Salamanca* ; who though he has disown'd his *Doctorship* in *Spain*, yet there are some allow him to have taken a certain *Degree* in *Italy* ; a Climate, they say, more proper for his *Masculine Constitution*. To conclude this ridiculous Accusation against me, I know but four Men in their whole Party to whom I have spoken for above this Year last past ; and with them neither but casually and cursorily. We have been Acquaintance of a long Standing, many Years before this accursed Plot divided Men into several Parties : I dare call them to witness, whether the most I have at any Time said, will amount to more than this, that *I hop'd the Time would come when these Names of Whig and Tory would cease among us ; and that we might live together, as we had done formerly*. I have since this Pamphlet met accidentally with two of them ; and I am sure, they are so far from being my Accusers, that they have severally own'd to me, that all Men who espouse a Party, must expect to be blacken'd by the contrary Side : That themselves knew nothing of it, nor of the *Authors* of the *Reflections*. It remains therefore to be consider'd, whether, if I were as much a *Knave* as they wou'd make me, I am *Fool* enough to be guilty of this Charge : And whether they who rais'd it, wou'd have made it publick, if they had thought I was theirs inwardly. For 'tis plain they are glad of worse Scriblers than I am, and maintain them too, as I could prove, if I envy'd them their miserable Subsistence. I say no more, but

let

let my Actions speak for me: *Spectemur agendo*, that's the Tryal.

Much less am I concern'd at the noble Name of *Bayes*; that's a *Brat* so like his own *Father*, that he cannot be mistaken for any other Body: They might as reasonably have call'd *Tom Sternhold*, *Virgil*, and the Resemblance would have held as well.

As for *Knave*, and *Sycophant*, and *Rascal*, and *Impudent*, and *Devil*, and *Old Serpent*, and a Thousand such Good-morrowes, I take them to be only Names of Parties: And cou'd return *Murderer*, and *Cheat*, and *Whig-Napper*, and *Sodomite*; and in short, the goodly Number of the *seven deadly Sins*, with all their Kindred and Relations, which are Names of Parties too; but *Saints* will be *Saints* in Spight of Villany. I believe they wou'd pass themselves upon us for such a *Compound* as *Mithriate*, or *Venice-Treacle*; as if Whiggism were an admirable *Cordial* in the *Mass*, though the several *Ingredients* are rank *Poisons*.

But if I think either Mr. *Hunt* a *Villain*, or know any of my *Reflectors* to be *ungrateful Rogues*, I do not owe them so much Kindness as to call them so; for I am satisfied that to prove them either, would but recommend them to their own Party. Yet if some will needs make a *Merit* of their *Infamy*, and provoke a *Legend* of their *sordid Lives*, I think they must be gratify'd at last; and though I will not take the *Scavenger's* Employment from him, yet I may be perswaded to point at some Mens Doors, who have Heaps of Filth before them. But this must be when they have a little anger'd me; for hitherto I am provok'd no further than to smile at them. And indeed, to look upon the whole Faction in a Lump, never was a more pleasant Sight than to behold these Builders of a *New Babel*, how ridiculouly they are mix'd, and what a rare Confusion there is amongst them. One Part of them is carrying Stone and Mortar for the building of a *Meeting-House*, another Sort understand not that Language; they are for fetching away their Work-fellows Materials to set up a *Bandy-Haus*: Some of them *blaspheme*, and

and others pray; and both I believe with equal Godliness at Bottom: Some of them are *Atheists*, some *Secularies*, yet *ALL True Protestants*. Most of them love *all Whores*, but her of *Babylon*. In few Words, any Man may be what he will, so he be one of *Them*. 'Tis enough to despise the *King*, to hate the *Duke*, and rail at the *Succession*: After this 'tis no Matter how a Man lives; he is a *Saint* by *Infection*; he goes along with the *Party*, has their *Mark* upon him; his *Wickedness* is no more than *Frailty*; their *Righteousness* is *imputed* to him: So that as *ignorant Rogues* go out *Doctors* when a *Prince* comes to an *University*, they hope at the *Last Day*, to take their *Degree* in a *Crowd of True Protestants*, and thrust unheeded into *Heaven*.

'Tis a *Credit* to be rail'd at by such Men as these. The *Charter-man* in the very *Title-page*, where he hangs out the *Cloth* of the *City* before his *Book*, gives it for his *Motto*, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; as if he shou'd have said, *You have a Mind to be cozen'd, and the Devil give you Good on't*: If I cry a *Sir-Reverence*, and you take it for *Honey*, make the best of your *Bargain*. For *Shame*, good *Christians*, can you suffer such a Man to *starve*, when you see his *Desire* is upon your *Purses*? He is contented to expose the *Ears* representative of your *Party* on a *Pillory*, and is in a *Way* of doing you more *Service* than a worn-out *Witness*, who can hang *Nobody* hereafter but himself. He tells you the *Papists* clap their *Hands* in the *Hopes* they conceive of the *Ruin* of your *Government*: Does not this *single Syllable YOUR* deserve a *Pension*, if he can *prove* the *Government* to be *Yours*, and that the *King* has *nothing* to do in your *Republick*? He continues, as if that were as *sure* and *certain* to *Them*, as it is to *Us*, without *Doubt*, that they (the *Papists*) once *fired* the *City*, just as *certain* in your own *Consciences*. I wish the *Papists* had no more to answer for, than that *Accusation*: Pray let it be put to the *Vote*, and resolv'd upon the *Question*, by your *whole Party*, that the *North-East Wind* is not only *ill-affected* to *Man* and *Beast*, but is also a *Tory* or *Tantivy Papist* in *Masquerade*. I am satisfy'd, not to have

so much *Art* left me as to frame any thing agreeable, or verisimilar, but 'tis plain that he has, and therefore, as I ought in Justice, I resign my *Lawrel*, and my *Bayes* too, to Mr. *Hunt*; 'tis he sets up for the Poet now; and has the only *Art* to amuse and to deceive the People. You may see how profound his Knowledge is in *Poetry*; for he tells you just before, that my *Heroes* are commonly such Monsters as *Theseus* and *Hercules*; renown'd throughout all Ages for destroying. Now *Theseus* and *Hercules* you know have been the *Heroes* of all Poets, and have been renown'd through all Ages, for destroying Monsters, for succouring the Distressed, and for putting to Death inhumane arbitrary Tyrants. Is this your Oracle? If he were to write the Acts and Monuments of *Whig-Heroes*, I find they shou'd be quite contrary to mine: Destroyers indeed, but of a Lawful Government; Murtherers, but of their Fellow-Subjects; Lovers, as *Hercules* was of *Hylas*; with a Journey at last to *Hell*, like that of *Theseus*.

But mark the wise Consequences of our Author. I have not, he says, so much *Art* left me to make any thing agreeable, or verisimilar, wherewith to amuse or deceive the People: And yet in the very next Paragraph, my Province is to corrupt the Manners of the Nation, and lay waste their Morals, and my Endeavours are more happily apply'd, to extinguish the little Remainers of the Virtue of the Age. Now I am to perform all this, it seems, without making any Thing verisimilar or agreeable: Why, *Pharaoh* never set the *Israelites* such a Task, to build *Pyramids* without *Brick* or *Straw*. If the Fool knows it not, *Verisimilitude* and *Agreeableness*, are the very Tools to do it; but I am willing to disclaim them both, rather than to use them to so ill Purpose as he has done.

Yet even this their Celebrated Writer knows no more of *Stile* and *English* than the *Northern Dedicator*. As if *Dulness* and *Clumsiness* were fatal to the Name of *TOM*. 'Tis true, he is a Fool in three Languages more than the Poet, for they say, he understands *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, from all which, to my certain Knowledge, I acquit the other. *Og* may write against the King, if he pleases, so long as he drinks for him; and his Writings will

never

never do the Government so much *Harm*, as his *Drinking* does it *Good*: For true Subjects, will not be much perverted by his *Libels*; but the *Wine-Duties* rise considerably by his *Claret*. He has often call'd me an *Atheist* in Print; I would believe more charitably of him; and that he only goes the *broad Way*, because the other is too *narrow* for him. He may see by this, I do not delight to meddle with his *Course of Life*, and his *Immoralities*, though I have a long *Bead-Roll* of them. I have hitherto contented my self with the *Ridiculous* Part of him, which is enough in all Conscience to employ one Man: Even without the Story of his late Fall at the *Old Devil*, where he *broke no Ribbs*, because the *Hardness* of the *Stairs* cou'd reach *no Boxes*; and for my Part, I do not wonder how he came to *fall*, for I have always known him heavy; the *Miracle* is, how he got *up again*. I have heard of a *Sea-Captain* as *fat* as he, who to 'scape Arrests, would lay himself flat upon the *Ground*, and let the *Bailiffs* carry him to *Prison*, if they cou'd. If a *Messenger* or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly Advertisement how to 'scape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further Consideration, now I have done laughing at him, Wou'd every Man knew his own Talent, and that they who are only born for *drinking*, wou'd let both *Poetry* and *Prose* alone.

I am weary with tracing the Absurdities and Mistakes of our great Lawyer, some of which indeed are *wilful*; as where he calls the *Trimmers*, the *more moderate Sort of Tories*. It seems those Politicians are odious to both Sides; for neither own them to be theirs. We know them, and so does he too in his Conscience, to be *secret Whigs*, if they are any Thing. But now the Designs of *Whiggism* are openly discover'd, they tack about to save a Stake, that is, they will not be Villains to their own Ruin. While the Government was to be destroyed, and there was Probability of compassing it, no Men were so violent as they; but since their *Fortunes* are in Hazard by the *Law*, and their *Places at Court* by the *King's Displeasure*, they pull in their Horns, and talk more peaceably; in Order, I suppose, to their Vehemence on the right
Side,

Side, if they were to be believ'd. For in laying of Colours, they observe a *Medium*; Black and White are too far distant to be plac'd directly by one another, without some Shadowings to soften their Contrarieties. 'Tis *Mariana* I think (but am not certain) that makes the following Relation; and let the noble Family of *Trimmers* read their own Fortune in it. *Don Pedro, King of Castile, Sirnami'd the Cruel, who had been restor'd by the Valour of our Edward the Black Prince, was finally dispossest'd by Don Henry the Bastard, and he enjoyed the Kingdom quietly, 'till his Death; which, when he felt approaching, he call'd his Son to him, and gave him this his last Counsel. I have, said he, gain'd this Kingdom, which I leave you, by the Sword; for the Right of Inheritance was in Don Pedro; but the Favour of the People, who hated my Brother for his Tyranny, was to me instead of Title. You are now to be the peaceable Possessor of what I have unjustly gotten: and your Subjects are compos'd of these three Sorts of Men. One Party espous'd my Brother's Quarrel, which was the undoubted Lawful Cause; those, though they were my Enemies, were Men of Principle and Honour: Cherish them, and exalt them into Places of Trust about you, for in them you may confide safely, who priz'd their Fidelity above their Fortune. Another Sort, are they who fought my Cause against Don Pedro; to those you are indeed oblig'd, because of the accidental Good they did me, for they intended only their private Benefit, and help'd to raise me, that I might afterwards promote them: You may continue them in their Offices, if you please; but trust them no farther than you are forc'd; for what they did, was against their Conscience. But there is a third Sort, which during the whole Wars, were Neuters; let them be crush'd on all Occasions, for their Business was only their own Security. They had neither Courage enough to engage on my Side, nor Conscience enough to help their Lawful Sovereign: Therefore let them be made Examples, as the worst Sort of interess'd Men, which certainly are Enemies to both, and would be profitable to neither.*

I have only a dark Remembrance of this Story, and have not the *Spanish* Author by me, but I think, I am not much mistaken in the Main of it: And whether

true

true or false, the Counsel given, I am sure, is such, as ought, in common Prudence, to be practis'd against *Trimmers*, whether the *Lawful* or *Unlawful* Cause prevail. *Loyal* Men may justly be displeas'd with this *Party*, not for their *Moderation*, as Mr. *Hunt* insinuates; but because under that *Mask* of *seeming Mildness*, there lyes hidden either a deep *Treachery*, or at best, an *interested Lukewarmness*. But he runs Riot into almost *Treasonable* Expressions, as if *Trimmers* were hated because they are not perfectly wicked, or perfectly deceiv'd, of the *Catiline* Make, bold, and without *Understanding*, that can adhere to Men that publicly profess *Murthers*, and applaud the *Design*: By all which villainous Names, he opprobriously calls His Majesty's most *loyal Subjects*; as if Men must be perfectly wicked who endeavour to support a *lawful Government*; or perfectly deceiv'd, who on no Occasion dare take up Arms against their *Sovereign*: As if acknowledging the *Right* of *Succession*, and resolving to maintain it in the *Line*, were to be in a *Catiline* Conspiracy; and at last, (which is ridiculous enough, after so much serious *Treason*) as if to clap the *Duke of Guise*, were to adhere to Men that publicly profess *Murthers*, and applaud the *Design* of the *Assassinating Poets*.

But together with his *Villanies*, pray let his *Incoherences* be observ'd. He commends the *Trimmers*, (at least tacitly excuses them) for Men of some *Moderation*; and this in *Opposition* to the Instruments of *Wickedness* of the *Catiline*-make, that are *resolute* and *forward*, and without *Consideration*. But he forgets all this in the next *Twenty* Lines; for there he gives them their own, and tells them roundly, *in internecino bello medii pro hostibus habentur*. *Neutral* Men are *Traitors*, and assist by their *Indifferency* to the *Destruction* of the *Government*. The plain *English* of his *Meaning* is this; while Matters are only in *Dispute*, and in *Machination*, he is contented they shou'd be moderate; but when once the *Faction* can bring about a *Civil War*, then they are *Traytors*, if they declare not openly for them.

But it is not, he says, the *Duke of Guise*, who is to be assassinated, a *turbulent*, *wicked*, and *haughty* *Courier*, but

an innocent and gentle Prince: By his Favour, our Duke of Guise, was neither Innocent nor Gentle, nor a Prince of the Blood-Royal, though he pretended to descend from Charlemaign, and a Genealogy was printed to that Purpose, for which the Author was punish'd, as he deserv'd; witness Davila, and the Journals of Henry the Third, where the Story is at large related. Well, who is it then? why, 'tis a Prince who has no Fault, but that he is the King's Son: Then he has no Fault by Consequence; for I am certain, that's no Fault of his. The rest of the Complement is so silly, and so fulsome, as if he meant it all in Ridicule. And to conclude the Jest, he says, That the best People of England, have no other Way left, to show their Loyalty to the King, their Religion and Government, in long Intervals of Parliament, than by prosecuting his Son, for the Sake of the King, and his own Merit, with all the Demonstrations of the highest Esteem. Yes, I can tell them one other Way to express their Loyalty, which is, to obey the King, and to respect his Brother, as the next Lawful Successor; their Religion commands them both, and the Government is secur'd in so doing. But why in Intervals of Parliament? How are they more oblig'd to honour the King's Son out of Parliament, than in it? And why this Prosecution of Love for the King's Sake? Has he order'd more Love to be shown to one Son, than to another? Indeed, his own Quality is Cause sufficient for all Men to respect him, and I am of their Number, who truly honour him, and who wish him better than this miserable Sycophant; for I wish him, from his Father's Royal Kindness, what Justice can make him, which is a greater Honour, than the Rabble can confer upon him.

But our Author finds, that Commendation is no more his Talent, than Flattery was that of Æsop's Ass; and therefore falls immediately, from pawing with his Fore-Feet, and grinning upon one Prince, to downright braying against another.

He says, I have not us'd my Patron Duke much better: For I have put him under a most dismal and unfortunate Character of a Successor, excluded from the Crown by Act of State, for his Religion; who sought his Way to the Crown, chang'd

chang'd his Religion, and died by the Hand of a Roman Assassin.

If it please His Royal Highness to be my Patron, I have Reason to be proud of it; because he never yet forsook any Man, whom he has had the Goodness to own for his. But how have I put him under an *unfortunate Character*? The *Authors* of the *Reflections*, and our *John a Nokes*, have not laid their Noddles together about this Accusation. For 'tis their Business to prove, the King of Navarre to have been a most *successful, magnanimous, gentle, and grateful Prince*: In which Character they have follow'd the Stream of all *Historians*. How then happens this jarring amongst Friends, that the same Man is put under such *dismal Circumstances* on one Side, and so *fortunate* on the other, by the Writers of the *same Party*? The Answer is very plain, that they take the Cause by several Handles. They who will not have the Duke resemble the King of Navarre, have *magnify'd* the Character of that Prince, to *debase* His Royal Highness; and therein done what they can to show the *Disparity*. Mr. *Hunt*, who will have it to be the *Duke's Character*, has *blacken'd* that King as much as he is able, to show the *Likeness*. Now this wou'd be ridiculous Pleading at a *Barr*, by Lawyers retain'd for the same Cause; and both Sides wou'd call each other Fools, because the *Fury* betwixt them wou'd be *confounded*, and perhaps the *Judges* too.

But this it is to have a bad Cause, which puts Men of Necessity upon Knavery; and that Knavery is commonly found out. Well, Mr. *Hunt* has in another Place confess'd himself to be in *Passion*, and that's the Reason he is so grossly mistaken in opening of the Cause. For first the King of Navarre was neither under *dismal*, nor *unfortunate Circumstances*. Before the End of that very Sentence, our Lawyer has confess'd, that *he fought his Way to the Crown*; that is, he gloriously vanquish'd all his Rebels, and happily possess'd his Inheritance many Years after he had regain'd it. In the next Place, he was *never excluded from the Crown by Act of State*. He chang'd his Religion indeed, but not 'till he had almost *weather'd* the *Storm*, recover'd the best Part of his *Estate*, and gain'd

some glorious Victories in pitch'd Battles; so that his *changing* cannot without Injustice be attributed to his Fear. *Monseur Chiverny*. in his *Memoirs* of those Times plainly tells us, that he solemnly promis'd to his Predecessor Henry the Third then dying, that he wou'd become a Romanist; and *Davila*, though he says not this directly, yet denies it not. By whose Hands *Henry the Fourth* died, is notoriously known; but it is invidiously urg'd, both by Mr. *Hunt* and the *Reflectors*: For we may, to our Shame, remember, that a King of our own Country was barbarously murder'd by his Subjects, who profess'd the same Religion; though I believe, that neither *Jacques Clement*, nor *Ravillac*, were better Papists, than the *Independants* and *Presbyterians* were Protestants: So that their Argument only proves, that there are Rogues of all Religions: *Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra*. But Mr. *Hunt* follows his Blow again, that I have offer'd a *Justification of an Act of Exclusion against a Popish Successor in a Protestant Kingdom*, by remembring what was done against the King of Navarre, who was de facto excluded by an Act of State. My Gentleman, I perceive, is very willing to call that an Act of Exclusion, and an Act of State, which is only in our Language, call'd a Bill: For *Henry the Third* cou'd never be gain'd to pass it, though it was propos'd by the Three Estates at Blois. The *Reflectors* are more modest; for they profess, (though I am afraid it is somewhat against the Grain) that a Vote of the House of Commons is not an Act: But the Times are turn'd upon them, and they dare speak no other Language. Mr. *Hunt* indeed is a bold Republican, and tells you the Bottom of their Meaning. Yet why should it make the Courage of His Royal Highness quail, to find himself under this Representation? Which by our Author's Favour, is neither dismal, nor disastrous. *Henry the Fourth* escap'd this dreadful Machine of the League: I say dreadful; for the Three Estates were at that Time compos'd generally of *Guifards*, factious, hot-headed, rebellious interess'd Men: The King in Possession, was but his Brother-in-Law; and at that Time publickly his Enemy; for the King of Navarre was then in Arms against him: And yet the Sense of Common Justice, and the Good of his

his People so prevail'd, that he withstood the Project of the States, which he also knew was levell'd at *Himself*; for had the Exclusion proceeded, he had been immediately lay'd by, and the Lieutenantancy of *France* conferr'd on *Guise*: After which the Rebel wou'd certainly have put up his Title for the Crown. In the Case of His *Royal Highness*, only one of the *Three Estates* have offer'd at the *Exclusion*; and have been constantly oppos'd by the other two, and by His *Majesty*: Neither is it any Way probable, that the like will ever be again attempted: For the *fatal Consequences*, as well as the *Illegality* of that Design; are seen through already by the People. So that instead of offering a *Justification* of an Act of *Exclusion*, I have expos'd a *rebellious, impious, and fruitless* Contrivance tending to it. If we look on the Parliament of *Paris*, when they were in their right Wits, before they were intoxicated by the *League*, (at least wholly) we shall find them addressing to King *Henry the Third* in another Key, concerning the King of *Navarre's Succession*, though he was at that Time (as they call'd it) a *relaps'd Heretick*. And to this Purpose I will quote a Passage out of the *Journals of Henry the Third*, so much magnify'd by my Adversaries.

Towards the End of *September, 1585*, there was published at *Paris*, a Bull of *Excommunication*, against the King of *Navarre*, and the Prince of *Conde*: The Parliament of *Paris* made their *Remonstrance* to the King upon it, which was both grave, and worthy of the Place they held, and of the Authority they have in this Kingdom. Saying for Conclusion, that *their Court had found the Style of this Bull, so full of Innovation, and so distant from the Modesty of Ancient Popes, that they cou'd not understand in it the Voice of an Apostle's Successor; forasmuch, as they found not in their Records, nor in the Search of all Antiquity, that the Princes of France had ever been subject to the Justice or Jurisdiction of the Pope, and they cou'd not take it into Consideration, 'till first he made appear the Right which he pretended in the Translation of Kingdoms, establish'd and ordain'd by Almighty God, before the Name of Pope was heard of in the World.* 'Tis plain by this, that the Parliament of *Paris*.

acknowledg'd an inherent Right of Succession in the King of *Navarre*, though of a contrary Religion to their own: And though after the Duke of *Guise's* Murther at *Blois*, the City of *Paris* revolted from their Obedience to their King, pretending, that he was fallen from the Crown, by Reason of that and other Actions, with which they charg'd him; yet the Sum of all their Power to renounce him, and create the Duke of *Mayenne* Lieutenant-General, depended ultimately on the *Pope's* Authority; which, as you see, but three Years before, they had peremptorily denied.

The College of *Sorbonne* began the Dance, by their Determination, that the Kingly Right was forfeited; and stripping him of all his Dignities, they call'd him plain *Henry de Valois*: After this, says my Author, sixteen *Rascals* (by which he means the Council, of that Number) having administred the Oath of Government to the Duke of *Mayenne*, to take in Quality of Lieutenant-General of the Estate and Crown of France; the same ridiculous Dignity was confirm'd to him, by an imaginary Parliament, the true Parliament being detain'd Prisoners, in divers of the City-Gaols, and two new Seals were order'd to be immediately made, with this Inscription: The Seal of the Kingdom of France. I need not enlarge on this Relation, 'tis evident from hence, that the *Sorbomists* were the Original, and our *Schismatics* in England were the Copiers of Rebellion; that *Paris* began, and *London* follow'd.

The next Lines of my Author are, that a Gentleman of *Paris* made the Duke of *Mayenne's* Picture to be drawn, with a Crown Imperial on his Head; and I have heard of an English Nobleman, who has at this Day the Picture of *Old Oliver*, with this Motto underneath it, *Utinam vixeris*. All this while, this cannot be reckon'd an Act of State, for the Deposing King *Henry the Third*; because it was an Act of Overt Rebellion in the *Parisians*: Neither could the holding of the Three Estates at *Paris*, afterwards, by the same Duke of *Mayenne*, devolve any Right on him, in Prejudice of King *Henry the Fourth*; though those pretended States declar'd his Title void, on the Account of his Religion: Because those Estates could neither be call'd

nor holden, but by, and under the *Authority* of the *Lawful King*. It wou'd take more Time than I have allow'd, for this Vindication, or I cou'd easily trace from the *French History*, what Misfortunes attended *France*, and how near it was to Ruin, by the Endeavours to alter the Succession. For first, it was actually *dismembred*, the Duke of *Merceur* setting up a Principality in the Dutchy of *Bretagne*, *Independant* of the *Crown*: The Duke of *Mayenne* had an evident Design to be elected *King*, by the Favour of the *People* and the *Pope*: The young Dukes of *Guise* and of *Nemours*, aspir'd with the Interest of the *Spaniards*, to be chosen, by their Marriage with the *Infanta Izabella*. The Duke of *Lorraine* was for cantling out some Part of *France*, which lay next his Territories; and the Duke of *Savoy* had before the Death of *Henry the Third*, actually possess'd himself of the *Marquisate* of *Saluces*. But above all, the *Spaniards* fomented these Civil Wars, in Hopes to reduce that flourishing Kingdom under their own *Monarchy*. To as many, and as great Mischiefs, should we be evidently subject; if we should madly ingage our selves in the like Practices of altering the *Succession*, which our Gracious King in his Royal Wisdom well foresaw; and has cut up that accursed Project by the Roots; which will render the Memory of his *Justice* and *Prudence*, *Immortal* and *Sacred* to future Ages, for having not only preserv'd our present Quiet, but secur'd the Peace of our Posterity.

'Tis clearly manifest, that no Act of *State* pass'd, to the *Exclusion* of either the King of *Navarre*, or of *Henry the Fourth*; consider him, in either of the two Circumstances: but *Oracle Hunt*, taking this for granted, wou'd prove *à fortiori*, that if a *Protestant Prince* were actually excluded from a *Popish Kingdom*, then a *Popish Successor* is more reasonably to be excluded from a *Protestant Kingdom*; because, says he, a *Protestant Prince* is under no *Obligation* to destroy his *Popish Subjects*, but a *Popish Prince* is to destroy his *Protestant Subjects*: Upon which bare Supposition, without farther Proof, he calls him *insufferable Tyrant*, and the worst of *Monsters*.

Now I take the Matter quite otherwise, and bind my self to maintain that there is not, nor can be any Obligation, for a King to destroy his Subjects of a contrary-Perfwasion to the establish'd Religion of his Country: For *quatenus Subjects*, of what Religion soever, *he is infallibly bound* to preserve and cherish, and not to destroy them: And this is the first Duty of a Lawful Sovereign, as such, antecedent to any Tye or Consideration of his Religion. Indeed, in those Countries where the *Inquisition* is introduc'd, it goes harder with *Protestants*, and the Reason is manifest, because the Protestant Religion has not gotten Footing there, and Severity is the Means to keep it out: But to make this Instance reach *England*, our Religion must not only be chang'd (which in it self, is almost impossible to imagine) but the Council of *Trent* receiv'd, and the *Inquisition* admitted, which *many Popish Countries* have rejected. I forget not the Cruelties, which were exercis'd in *Queen Mary's* Time, against the *Protestants*; neither do I any Way excuse them: But it follows not, that every *Popish Successor* shou'd take Example by them, for every one's Conscience of the same Religion, is not guided by the same Dictates in his Government: Neither does it follow, that if one be cruel, another must; especially, when there is a stronger Obligation, and greater Interest to the contrary: For if a *Popish King* in *England* shou'd be bound to destroy his *Protestant People*, I wou'd ask the Question, over whom he meant to reign afterwards? And how many Subjects would be left?

In *Queen Mary's* Time, the Protestant Religion had scarcely taken Root: And it is reasonable to be suppos'd, that she found the Number of Papists, equalling that of the Protestants, at her Entrance to the Kingdom; especially if we reckon into the Account those who were the *Trimmers* of the Times; I mean such, who privately were Papists, though under her Protestant Predecessor they appear'd otherwise. Therefore her Difficulties in persecuting her Reform'd Subjects, were far from being so insuperable, as ours now are, when the Strength and Number of the Papists is so very inconsiderable. They who
cast

cast in the Church of *England* as ready to embrace *Popery*, are either *Knaves* enough to know they *lie*, or *Fools* enough not to have consider'd the *Tenets* of that Church, which are *diametrically opposite* to *Popery*; and more so than any of the *Sects*.

Not to insist on the Quiet and Security, which Protestant Subjects at this Day enjoy in some Parts of *Germany*, under Popish Princes; where I have been assur'd, that *Mass* is said, and a *Lutheran Sermon* preach'd in different Parts of the same Church, on the same Day, without Disturbance on either Side; nor on the Priviledges granted by *Henry the Fourth* of *France* to his Party, after he had forsaken their Opinions, which they quietly possess'd for a long Time after his Death:

The *French Histories* are full of *Examples*, manifestly proving, that the fiercest of their *Popish Princes* have not thought themselves bound to destroy their *Protestant Subjects*: And the several *Edicts* granted under them, in Favour of the *Reform'd Religion*, are pregnant Instances of this Truth. I am not much given to Quotations, but *Davila* lyes open for every Man to read. *Tolerations*, and *free Exercise of Religion*, granted more *amply* in *some*, more *restrainedly* in *others*, are no Sign that those Princes held themselves oblig'd in *Conscience* to destroy Men of a different Perswasion. It will be said those *Tolerations* were gain'd by Force of *Arms*: In the first Place, 'tis no great Credit to the Protestant Religion, that the Protestants in *France* were actually *Rebels*. But the Truth is, they were only *Geneva Protestants*, and their Opinions were far distant from those of the Church of *England*, which teaches *passive Obedience* to all her Sons, and not to propagat *Religion* by *Rebellion*. But 'tis further to be consider'd, that those *French Kings*, though *Papists*, thought the Preservation of their Subjects, and the publick Peace were to be consider'd, before the Gratification of the Court of *Rome*; and though the Number of the *Papists*, exc eded that of the Protestants, in the Proportion of three to one; though the Protestants were always beaten when they fought, and though the Popes press'd continually with Exhortations and Threatnings to extirpate *Calvi-*

nism, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own Religion themselves, without forcing it upon their Subjects, much less destroying them who profess'd another. But it will be objected, those Edicts of Toleration were not kept on the Papists Side: They wou'd answer, because the Protestants stretch'd their Priviledges further than was granted: And that they often relaps'd into Rebellion: But whether or no the Protestants were in Fault, I leave History to determine: 'Tis Matter of Fact, that they were barbarously massacred, under the Protection of the publick Faith: Therefore to argue fairly, either an Oath from Protestants is not to be taken by a Popish Prince; or if taken, ought inviolably to be preserv'd: For when we oblige our selves to any one, 'tis not his Person we so much consider, as that of the most high God, who is call'd to witness this our Action: And 'tis to him we are to discharge our Conscience. Neither is there, or can be any Tie on human Society, when that of an Oath is no more regarded: Which being an Appeal to God, he is immediate Judge of it; and Chronicles are not silent how often he has punish'd perjur'd Kings. The Instance of *Vladislaus* King of *Hungary*, breaking his Faith with *Amurath* the Turk, at the Instigation of *Julian* the Pope's Legate, and his miserable Death ensuing it, shews that even to *Infidels*, much more to *Christians*, that Obligation ought to be accounted sacred. And I the rather urge this, because it is an Argument taken almost *verbatim* from a Papist, who accuses *Catharine de Medicis* for violating her Word given to the Protestants during her Regency of *France*. What Securities in particular we have, that our own Religion and Liberties wou'd be preserv'd, though under a Popish Successor, any one may inform himself at large in a Book lately written by the Reverend and Learned Doctor *Hicks*, call'd *Fovian*, in Answer to *Julian the Apostate*: In which, that truly Christian Author has satisfy'd all Scruples which reasonable Men can make, and prov'd, that we are in no Danger of losing either; and wherein also, if those Assurances shou'd all fail (which is almost morally impossible) the Doctrine of passive Obedience is unanswerably demonstrated: A Do-

ctrine

Strine deliver'd with so much Sincerity, and Resignation of Spirit, that it seems evident the Assertor of it is ready, if there were Occasion, to seal it with his Blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. *Hunt*, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the most *malicious*, and withal, the most *incoherent ignorant Scribler* of the whole Party. I insult not over his Misfortunes, though he has himself occasion'd them: And though I will not take his own Excuse, that he is in Passion, I will make a better for him; for I conclude him crack'd: And if he should return to *England*, am charitable enough to wish his only Prison might be *Bedlam*. This Apology is truer than that he makes for me: For *writing a Play*, as I conceive, is not entering into the *Observer's Province*; neither is it the *Observer's Manner to confound Truth with Falshood, to put out the Eyes of People, and leave them without Understanding*. The Quarrel of the Party to him is, that he has *undeciv'd the Ignorant*, and laid open the shameful Contrivances of the *new vamp'd Association*: That though he is *on the wrong Side of Life*, as he calls it, yet he pleads not his *Age to be emeritus*: That in short, he has left the Faction as bare of *Arguments*, as *Æsop's Bird of Feathers*; and plum'd them of all those *Fallacies and Evasions* which they borrowed from *Jesuits and Presbyterians*.

Now for my *Templar and Poet in Association for a Libel*, like the *Conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in a fiery Sign*: What the *one* wants in *Wit*, the *other* must supply in *Law*. As for *Malice*, their *Quota's* are indifferently well adjusted: The *rough Draught* I take for granted, is the *Poet's*, the *Finishings* the *Lawyer's*. They begin, that in Order to one Mr. *Friend's* Commands, one of them went to see the Play. This was not the *Poet*, I am certain, for No-body saw him there, and he is not of a *Size* to be *conceal'd*. But the *Mountain*, they say, was deliver'd of a *Mouse*: I have been *Gossip* to many such *Labours* of a *dull fat Scribler*, where the *Mountain* has been *bigger*, and the *Mouse* *less*. The next *Salley* is on the *City-Elections*, and a Charge is brought against my *Lord Mayor*, and the two *Sheriffs*, for excluding true *Electors*. I have heard, that a *Whig-Gentleman* of the *Temple* hired a *Livery-Gown*, to

give his Voice among the *Companies* at *Guild-Hall*: Let the Question be put, *Whether or no, he were a true Elector?* Then their own *Furies* are commended from several *Topicks*; they are the *Wiseſt*, *Richeſt*, and moſt *Conſcientious*: To which is answer'd *Ignoramus*. But our *Furies* give moſt *prodigious* and *unheard of Damages*. Hitherto there is nothing but *Boys-play* in our Authors: *My Mill grinds Pepper and Spice, your Mill grinds Rats and Mice*. They go on, *if I may be allow'd to judge*, (as Men that do not *poetize*, may be *Judges of Wit, humane Nature and common Decencies*:) So then the Sentence is begun with *I*: There is but one of them puts in for a *Judge's Place*: *That's he in the Grey*: But preſently 'tis Men; *two more in Buckram*, wou'd be *Judges* too. Neither of them it ſeems, *Poetizé*; that's true, but both of them are in in at *Rhime Doggrel*; witneſs the Song againſt the *Biſhops*, and the *Tunbridge-Ballad*. By the Way, I find all my ſcribbling *Enemies* have a Mind to be *Judges*, and *Chief Barons*: Proceed *Gentlemen*. *This Play* (as I am inform'd by ſome, who have a nearer *Communication* with the *Poets* and the *Players*, than I have.) Which of the two *Sofia's* is it that now ſpeaks? If the *Lawyer*, 'tis true, he has but little *Communication* with the *Players*: If the *Poet*, the *Players* have but little *Communication* with him. For 'tis not long agoe, he ſaid to *Some-body*, *By G----- my Lord, thoſe Tory-Rogues will act none of my Plays*. Well, but the *Accuſation*, that this Play was once written by another, and then 'twas call'd the *Parisian Maſſacre*: Such a Play, I have heard indeed was written; but I never ſaw it. Whether this be any of it or no, I can ſay no more, than for my own Part of it. But pray, who denies the unparallel'd *Villany* of the *Papiſts* in that bloody *Maſſacre*? I have enquired why it was not *Acted*, and heard it was ſtopt, by the *Interpoſition* of an *Ambaſſador*, who was willing to ſave the *Credit* of his Country, and not to have the *Memory* of an *Action* ſo barbarous, *reviv'd*. But that I tempted my *Friend* to alter it, is a notorious *Whiggism*, to ſave the *broader Word*. The *Sicilian Vespers* I have had plotted by me above theſe ſeven *Years*: The *Story* of it, I found under borrow'd Names in *Giraldo Cinthio*; but the *Rape* in my *Tragedy* of *Amboyna* was ſo

so like it, that I forbore the writing. But what had this to do with Protestants? For the *Massacrees* and the *Mas-sacred* were all Papists.

But 'tis observable, they say, that though the *Massacre* cou'd not be Acted, as it was first Written against Papists, yet when it was turn'd upon Protestants, it found Reception.

Now all's come out, the Scandal of the Story turns at last upon the Government: That patronizes *Popish Plays*, and forbids *Protestant*. Ours is to be a *Popish Play*, why? Because it' exposes the Villany of *Sectaries* and *Rebels*? Prove them first to be Protestants, and see what you will get by it when you have done? Your Party are certainly the Men whom the Play attacks; and so far I will help you: The Designs and Actions represented in the Play, are such as you have copied from the *League*; for though you have Wickedness enough, yet you wanted the *Wit* to make a *new Contrivance*. But for Shame, while you are carrying on such palpable Villany, do not assume the Name of *Protestants*. You will tell us, you are Friends to the Government, and the King's best Subjects; but all the while, you are aspersing both *It* and *him*. Who shall be Judges, whether you are Friends or not? The Government or You? Have not all Rebels always sung the same Song? Was ever Thief or Murtherer Fool enough to plead *Guilty*? For your Love and Loyalty to the King, they who mean him best among you, are no better Subjects than Duke *Trinculo*: They wou'd be content he shou'd be *Vice-Roy*, so they may be *Vice-Roys* over him.

The next Accusation is particular to me, *That I the said Bays, wou'd falsely and felloniously have robb'd Nat. Lee of his Share in the Reputation of OEdipus*: Now I am *Culprit*; I writ the First and Third Acts of *OEdipus*, and drew the *Scenary* of the whole Play: When-ever I have own'd a farther Proportion, let my Accusers speak: This was meant mischievously, to set us two at Variance: Who is the *Old Serpent* and *Satan* now? When my Friends help my barren Fancy, I am thankful for it: I do not use to receive Assistance, and afterwards ungratefully disown it.

Not long after, *Exemplary Punishment* is due to me, for this most *devilish Parallel*. 'Tis a *devilish* one indeed; but who can help it? If I draw *Devils* like *one another*, the fault is in themselves for being so. I neither made their *Horns* nor *Claws*, nor *Cloven Feet*: I know not what I shou'd have done, unless I had drawn the *Devil* a *handsom proper Gentleman*, like the *Painter* in the *Fable*, to have made a *Friend* of him; but I ought to be *exemplarily punish'd* for it; when the *Devil* gets *uppermost*, I shall expect it. In the mean time, let *Magistrates* (that respect their *Oaths and Office*) which Words you see are put into a *Parenthesis*, as if (God help us) we had none such now; let them put the *Law* in execution against *lewd Scriblers*, the *Mark* will be too *fair* upon a *Pillory*, for a *Turnip* or a *rotten Egg* to *miss* it. But for my part, I have not *Malice* enough to wish him so much harm; not so much as to have a *Hair* of his *Head* perish, much less, that one whole side of it should be *dismantled*: I am no *Informer* who writ such a *Song*, or such a *Libel*; if the *Dulness* betrays him not, he is *safe* for me. And may the same *Dulness* preserve him ever from *publick Justice*: 'Tis a sufficient thick *Mud-wall* betwixt him and *Law*: 'Tis his *Guardian Angel*, that protects him from *Punishment*, because in *spight* of him, he cannot deserve it. 'Tis that which preserves him *innocent*, when he means most *Mischief*; and makes him a *Saint*, when he intends to be a *Devil*. He can never offend enough, to need the *Mercy* of the *Government*; for 'tis *beholden* to him, that he writes against it: And he never offers at a *Satyr*, but he converts his *Readers* to the *contrary Opinion*.

Some of the succeeding Paragraphs are intended for *very Ciceronian*: There the *Lawyer* flourishes in the *Pulpit*, and the *Poet* stands in *Socks* amongst the *Crowd* to hear him. Now for *Narration*, *Refutation*, *Calumination*, *Aggravation*, and the whole *Artillery* of *Tropes* and *Figures* to defend the *Proceedings* at *Guild-Hall*: The most minute *Circumstances* of the *Elections* are describ'd so *lively*, that a *Man*, who had not heard he was there in a *Livery-Gown*, might suspect there was a *quorum pars magna fui* in the *Case*; and *Multitudes* of *Electors*, just as well qualified as himself,

himself, might give their Party the greater Number: but throw back their *gilt Shillings*, which were told for *Guineas*, and their Sum was considerably less. Well, there was no Rebellion at this time, therefore says my Adversary, there was no *Parallel*. 'Tis true, there was no *Rebellion*; but whoever told him, that I intended this *Parallel* so far? if the likeness had been throughout, I may guess by their good will to me, that I had never liv'd to write it. But to show his Mistake, which I believe wilful, the Play was wholly written a Month or two before the last Election of the *Sheriffs*. Yet, it seems there was some kind of *Prophecie* in the Case: and till the Faction gets clear of a *Riot*, a part of the Comparison will hold even there; yet, if he pleases to remember, there has been a King of *England* forc'd by the Inhabitants from his *Imperial Town*. 'Tis true, the Son has had better fortune than the Father; but the reason is, that he has now a stronger Party in the *City* than his Enemies: the *Government* of it is secur'd in *Loyal and Prudent Hands*, and the Party is too weak to push their Designs farther. *They rescued not their beloved Sheriffs, at a time (he tells you) when they had most important use of them.* What the importancy of the occasion was, I will not search; 'tis well if their own Consciences will acquit them. But let them be never so much belov'd, their Adherents knew it was a *Lawful Authority* that sent them to the *Tower*; and an Authority, which to their sorrow, they were not able to *resist*: so that if four Men guarded them without disturbance, and to the contempt of their strength, at broad noon day, and at full Exchange time, it was no more their Honesty, to stand looking on with their Hands in their Pockets, than it is of a small Band of *Robbers*, to let a *Cavan* go by, which is too strong for them to assault.

After this, I am call'd after the old rate, *loose and infamous Scribler*, and 'tis well I scape so cheap: bear your good fortune moderately, *Mr. Poet*: for as loose and as infamous as I am, if I had written for your Party, your Pension would have been cut off, as uselefs. But they must take up with *Settle*, and such as they can get: *Bartholomew*

tholomew-Fair Writers, and Bartholomew-Close Printers; there's a famine of Wit amongst them, they are forc'd to give unconscionable Rates, and after all to have only Carrion for their Money.

Then I am *an ignorant Fellow for not knowing there were no Furies in Paris*: I do not remember I have written any such thing: but whoever did, I am confident it was not his *Ignorance*. Perhaps he had a mind to bring the Case a little nearer home: if they had not *Furies in Paris*, we had them from the *Normans*, who were *French-men*: and as you manag'd them, we had as good have had none in *London*: Let it satisfie you we have them now; and some of your loose and infamous Scriblers may come to understand it a little better.

The next is the Justification of a Noble Peer deceas'd: the Case is known, and I have no Quarrel to his Memory: Let it sleep; he is now before another Judge. Immediately after I am said to have intended *an abuse to the House of Commons*; which is call'd by our Authors, *the most August Assembly of Europe*. They are to prove I have abus'd that House; but 'tis manifest they have lessen'd the House of Lords, by owning the Commons to be the *mora August Assembly*. 'Tis an House chosen (they say) by every *Protestant* who has a considerable Inheritance in *England*; which word *considerable* signifies forty Shillings *per Annum* of free Land. For the Interest of the Loyal Party, so much undervalued by our Authors, they have long ago confes'd in Print, that the Nobility and Gentry have disown'd them: and the Yeomanry have at last consider'd, *queis hæc consecvimus arua?* they have had enough of unlawful and arbitrary Power; and know to their cost, what *an August Assembly* they had once without a *King and House of Peers*.

But now they have me in a burning scent, and run after me full cry: *Was ever such Licence commi'd at yet, in an impious Libeller and Scribler, that the Succession, so solemn a matter, that is not fit to be debated of but in Parliament, should be profan'd so far as to be play'd with on the Stage?*

Hold a little, Gentlemen, hold a little (as one of your Fellow Citizens says in the Duke of Guise:) Is it so *unlawful* for me to argue for the Succession in the right Line upon the Stage; and it is so very *lawful* for Mr. Hunt, and the Scriblers of your Party, to oppose it in their Libels off the Stage? Is it so sacred, that a Parliament only is suffer'd to debate it, and dare you run it down both in your Discourses and Pamphlets out of Parliament? In conscience what can you urge against me, which I cannot return an hundred times heavier on you? And by the way you tell me, that to affirm the contrary to this, is a *Premunire* against the Statute of the 13 of Eliz. If such a *Premunire* be, pray answer me who has most incur'd it? In the mean time do me the favour to look into the *Statute-Book*, and see if you can find the *Statute*: you know your selves, or you have been told it, that this *Statute* is virtually *repeal'd*, by that of the first of King James, acknowledging his immediate lawful and undoubted Right to this Imperial Crown, as the next Lineal Heir: those last words are an *implicit Anti-declaration* to the Statute in Queen Elizabeth, which for that reason is now omitted in our Books. The lawful Authority of an House of Commons I acknowledge; but without fear and trembling, as my *Reflectors* would have it: For why should I fear my *Representatives*? they are summon'd to consult about the publick good, and not to frighten those who chose them. 'Tis for you to tremble who libel the Supreme Authority of the Nation. But we knavish Coxcombs and Villains are to know, say my Authors, that a Vote is the Opinion of that House. Lord help our Understandings that know not this without their telling! What *Englishman* do you think does not honour his Representatives, and wish a Parliament void of Heats and Animosities, to secure the Quiet of the Nation? You cite His Majesty's Declaration against those who dare trifle with Parliaments: (a Declaration by the way, which you endeavour'd not to have read publicly in Churches, with a threatning to those that did it.) But we still declare (says His Majesty) that no Irregularities of Parliament shall make us out of love with them: Are not you unfortunate Quoters, why now shou'd you rub up the remembrance of those

those *Irregularities* mention'd in that *Declaration*, which caus'd, as the King informs us, its Dissolution?

The next Paragraph is already answer'd; 'tis only a clumsy Commendation of the *D. of M.* copied after Mr. *Hunt*, and a proof that he is unlike the Duke of *Guise*.

After having done my Drudgery for me, and having most officiously prov'd that the *English* Duke is no Parallel for the *French*; which I am sure he is not, they are next to do their own business, which is, that I meant a Parallel betwixt *Henry the Third*, and our most gracious *Sovereign*. But, as Fallacies are always couch'd in general Propositions, they plead the whole course of the *Drama*, which, they say, *seems* to insinuate my Intentions. One may see to what a miserable shift they are driven: when, for want of any one instance, to which I challenge them, they have only to alledge, that the Play *SEEMS* to insinuate it. I answer, it does not seem, which is a *bare Negative* to a *bare Affirmative*; and then we are just where we were before. Fat *Falstaffe* was never set harder by the Prince for a *Reason*, when he answer'd, that if *Reasons* grew as thick as Blackberries, he wou'd not give one. Well, after long pumping, lest the Lie should appear quite barefac'd, they have found, I said, that at *King Henry's Birth* there shone a *Regal Star*: so there did at *King Charles the Second's*: therefore I have made a Parallel betwixt *Henry the Third*, and *Charles the Second*. A very concluding *Syllogism*, if I shou'd answer it no farther.

Now let us look upon the Play, the words are in the *fourth Act*. The Conjuror there is asking his Devil, *what Fortune attended his Master, the Guise, and what the King?* The Familiar answers concerning the King. *He cannot be depos'd, he may be kill'd; a violent Fate attends him: but at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.* (Conj.) My Master had a stronger. (Devil) *No not a stronger, but more popular.* Let the whole Scene (which is one of the best, in the Tragedy, though murder'd in the *Acting*) be read together; and it will be as clear as day-light, that the Devil gave an *Astrological* account of the *French King's Horoscope*: that the *Regal Star*, then *culminating*, was the *Sun* in the *tenth House* or *Mid-Heaven*; which *cateris paribus* is a *Regal*.

gal Nativity in that Art. The rest of the Scene confirms what I have said: for the Devil has taken the Possession of the Heavens, or Scheme of the World, at the point of the Sun's entrance into Aries: I dispute not here the Truth or Lawfulness of that Art; but 'tis usual with Poets, especially with the Italians, to mix Astrology in their Poems: Chaucer, amongst us, is frequent in it; but this Revolution particularly I have taken out of Luigi Pulci, and there is one almost the same in Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato. Now if these Poets knew, that a Star were to appear at our King's Birth, they were better Prophets than Nostradamus, who has told us nothing of it. Yet this they say is Treason with a Witness, and one of the Crimes for which they condemn'd me to be hang'd drawn and quarter'd: I find they do not believe me to be one of their Party at the bottom, by their charitable Wishes to me; and am proud enough to think I have done them some little Mischiefs, because they are so desirous to be rid of me. But if Jack Ketch must needs have the handling of us Poets, let him begin first where he may take the deepest Say: let me be hang'd, but in my turn; for I am sure I am neither the fattest Scribler nor the worst; I'll be judg'd by their own Party. But for all our Comforts, the Days of hanging are a little out of date: and I hope there will be no more Treason with a Witness, or Witnesses; for now there is no more to be got by Swearing, and the Market is over-stock'd besides.

But are you in earnest, when you say I have made Henry the Third fearful, weak, bloody, perfidious, hypocritical, and fawning in the Play? I am sure an unbiass'd Reader will find a more favourable Image of him in the Tragedy; whatever he was out of it. You wou'd not have told a Lie so shameless, but that you were resolv'd to second it with a worse; that I made a Parallel of that Prince. And now it comes to my turn, pray let me ask you, why you spend three Pages and a half in heaping up all the Villanies true or false, which you can rake together, to blast his Memory? Why is all this pains taken to expose the Person of King Henry the Third? Are you Leaguers, or Covenanters, or Associators? What has the poor dead Man done to nettle you? Were his Rebels your Friends or your Relations?

lations? Were your *Norman* Ancestors of any of those Families; which were Conspirators in the Play? I smell a Rat in this Business: *Henry the Third* is not taken thus to task for nothing. Let me tell you, this is little better than an implicit Confession of the *Parallel* which I intended. This Gentleman of *Valois* sticks in your Stomachs: and though I do not defend his Proceedings in the States, any otherwise, than by the inevitable necessity which caus'd them, yet acknowledging *his Crime* does not extenuate *their Guilt*, that forc'd him to it. 'Twas bad on both sides, but the *Revenge* was not so wicked as the *Treason*: for 'twas a *voluntary* Act of theirs, and a *compell'd* one of his. The short on't is, he took a violent course to cut up the *Covenant* by the *Roots*; and there's your Quarrel to him.

Now for a long-winded Panegyrick of the King of *Navarre*: and here I am sure they are in earnest, when they take such Over-pains to prove there is no Likeness, where they say I intended it. The *Heroe* at whom their Malice is levell'd, does but laugh at it, I believe: And amongst the other Virtues of that Predecessor, wants neither his *Justice* nor his *Clemency*, to forgive all the Heads of the *League*, as fast as they submit: As for obliging them, (which our Authors wou'd fain hook in for an Ingredient) let them be satisfied, that no more Enemies are to be bought off with Places and Preferments: the Tryal which has been made in two Kings Reigns will warn the Family from so *fruitless* and *dangerous* an *Expedient*. The rest is already answer'd, in what I have said to Mr. *Hunt*; but I thank them by the way, for their Instance of the Fellow whom the King of *Navarre* had pardon'd, and done good to, yet he wou'd not love him: for that Story reaches home somewhere.

I must make haste to get out of hearing from this *Bil-linggate* Oratory; and indeed, to make an end with these Authors, except I could call Rogue and Rascal as fast as they. Let us examine the little Reason they produce concerning the *Exclusion*.

Did the Pope, the Clergy, the Nobility and Commonalty of France think it reasonable to exclude a Prince for pro-
fessing

professing a different Religion; and will the Papists be angry if the Protestants be of the same Opinion? No sure, they cannot have the Impudence.

First, here's the *different Religion* taken for granted, which was never prov'd on one Side: Though in the King of Navarre, it was openly profess'd. Then the Pope, and the *Three Estates of France* had no Power to alter the *Succession*, neither did the King in being, consent to it: Or afterwards, did the greater Part of the *Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry* adhere to the *Exclusion*, but maintain'd the *Lawful King* successfully against it; as we are bound to do in *England*, by the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*, made for the Benefit of our Kings, and their Successors: The Objections concerning which Oath, are fully answer'd by Doctor *Hicks*, in his Preface to *Jovian*, and thither I refer the Reader,

They tell us, that what it concerns Protestants to do in that Case, enough has been heard by us in *Parliament Debates*.

I answer, that *Debates* coming not by an *Act* to any *Issue*, conclude, that there is nothing to be done against a *Law establish'd*, and *Fundamental* of the *Monarchy*. They dare not infer a Right of Taking up *Arms*, by Virtue of a *Debate* or *Vote*, and yet they tacitly insinuate this: I ask them, what it does concern Protestants to do in this Case, and whether they mean any Thing by that Expression? They have hamper'd themselves before they were aware; for they proceed in the very next Lines to tell us, They believe *the Crown of England being hereditary, the next in Blood have an undoubted Right to succeed, unless God make them, or they make themselves incapable of Reigning*: So that according to them, if either of those two Impediments shall happen, then it concerns the Protestants of *England* to do that Something, which if they had spoken out, had been direct *Treason*. Here's fine *Legerdemain* amongst them; they have acknowledg'd a *Vote* to be no more than the Opinion of an *House*, and yet from a *Debate*, which was abortive before it quicken'd into a *Vote*, they argue after the old Song, *That there's something more to be done, which you cannot chuse but guess.*

In the next Place, there's no such Thing as *Incapacity* to be suppos'd, in the immediate *Successor* of the Crown; That is, the *rightful* Heir cannot be made, incapable on any Account whatsoever to succeed. It may please God, that he may be *inhabilis*, or *inidoneus ad gerendam Rempublicam*, unfit or unable to govern the Kingdom; but this is no *Impediment* to his *Right* of Reigning; he cannot either be *excluded* or *depos'd* for such Imperfection: For the Laws which have provided for *private* Men in this Case, have also made Provision for the *Sovereign* and for the *Publick*: And the Council of State or the next of Blood, is to administer the Kingdom for him. *Charles the Sixth King of France*, (for I think we have no *English* Examples which will reach it) forfeited not his Kingdom by his *Lunacy*, though a *Victorious King of England* was then knocking at his Gates; but all Things under his Name, and by his Authority, were manag'd. The Case is the same, betwixt a King *non compos mentis*, and one who is *nondum compos mentis*, a distracted or an *Infant-King*. Then the People cannot incapacitate the King, because he derives not his *Right* from them, but from God only: Neither can any *Action*, much less *Opinion* of a *Sovereign*, render him *incapable* for the same Reason; excepting only a *voluntary Resignation* to his *immediate Heir*, as in the Case of *Charles the Fifth*: For that of our *Richard the Second* was *invalid*, because *forc'd*; and not made to the *next Successor*.

Neither does it follow, as our Authors urge, that an *unalterable Succession* supposes *England* to be the *King's Estate*, and the People his *Goods and Chattels* on it: For the Preservation of his *Right*, destroys not our *Property*, but maintains us in it. He has ty'd himself by *Law*, not to invade our Possessions, and we have oblig'd our selves as *Subjects* to him and all his *lawful Successors*: By which *irrevocable Act* of ours, both for our selves and our *Posterity*, we can no more exclude the *Successor*, than we can depose the *present King*. The *Estate of England* is indeed the *King's*, and I may safely grant their *Supposition*, as to the *Government of England*: But it follows not, that the *People* are his *Goods and Chattels* on it; for
then

then he might sell, alienate, or destroy them as he pleas'd, from all which he has ty'd himself by the *Liberties* and *Priviledges* which he has granted us by *Laws*.

There's little else material in this Pamphlet: For to say, I wou'd insinuate into the King, a Hatred to his capital City, is to say, he shou'd hate his best Friends, the last and the present Lord-Mayor, our two Honourable Sheriffs, the Court of Aldermen, the Worthy and Loyal Mr. Common Serjeant, with the rest of the Officers, who are generally well affected, and who have kept out their factious Members from its Government. To say, I wou'd insinuate a Scorn of Authority in the City, is in Effect to grant the *Parallel* in the *Play*: For the Authority of *Tumults* and *Seditions* is only scorn'd in it: An Authority which they deriv'd not from the *Crown*, but exercis'd against it. And for them to confess I expos'd this, is to confess, that *London* was like *Paris*.

They conclude with a Prayer to *Almighty God*: (in which I therefore believe the Poet did not club:) To libel the King through all the Pamphlet, and to pray for him in the Conclusion, is an Action of more Prudence in them than of Piety: Perhaps they might hope to be forgiven, as one of their Predecessors was by King *James*; who, after he had rail'd at him abundantly, ended his *Lampoon* with these two Verses.

Now God preserve our King, Queen, Prince and Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

To take a short Review of the whole; 'Tis manifest, that there is no such *Parallel* in the *Play*, as the *Faction* have pretended: That the *Story* wou'd not bear one where they have plac'd it; and that I cou'd not reasonably intend one, so contrary to the *Nature* of the *Play*, and so repugnant to the *Principles* of the *Loyal Party*. On the other Side, 'tis clear, that the *Principles* and *Practises* of the *publick Enemies*, have both formerly resembled those of the *League*, and continue to hold the same Resemblance. It appears by the Outcry of the *Party* before the *Play* was Acted, that they dreaded and foresaw the bringing of the
Faction

Faction upon the Stage: And by the hasty printing of Mr. *Hunt's Libel*, and the *Reflections*, before the *Tragedy* was publish'd, that they were infinitely concern'd to prevent any farther Operation of it. It appears from the general Consent of the *Audience*, that *Their Party* were known to be represented; and *Themselves* own'd openly by their *his-sing*, that they were incens'd at it, as an Object which they cou'd not bear. 'Tis evident by their Endeavours to *shift off this Parallel from Their Side*, that their Principles are too shameful to be maintain'd: 'Tis notorious, that *They*, and *They only* have made the *Parallel* betwixt the Duke of *Guise* and the Duke of *M.* And that in *Re-vange* for the *manifest Likeness* they find in the *Parties themselves*, they have carried up the *Parallel* to the *Heads* of the *Parties*, where there is *no Resemblance at all*. Under which Colour, while they pretend to *advert upon One Libel*, they *set up Another*: For what *Resemblance* cou'd they suggest betwixt two Persons so *unlike* in their *Descent*, the *Qualities of their Minds*, and the *Disparity of their warlike Actions*, if they grant not, that there is a *Faction here*, which is like that other that was in *France*? so that if they do not first acknowledge *one Common Cause*, there is no Foundation for a *Parallel*. The *Dilemma* therefore lies strong upon them; and let them avoid it, if they can: That either they must *avow the Wickedness* of their *Designs*, or *disown the Likeness of those two Persons*. I do further charge those audacious Authors, that *they themselves* have made the *Parallel* which they call *Mine*, and that under the *Covert* of this *Parallel* they have odiously compar'd our *present King* with *King Henry the Third*. And farther, that they have *forc'd this Parallel expressly* to wound His Majesty in the *Comparison*. For since there is a *Parallel* (as they would have it) it must be either *Theirs* or *Mine*. I have prov'd that it cannot possibly be *Mine*; and in so doing, that it must be *Theirs* by Consequence. Under this *Shadow* all the *Vices* of the *French King* are charg'd by those *Libellers* (by a *Side-Wind*) upon *Ours*: And 'tis indeed the *Bottom* of their *Design* to make the *King, cheap*; his *Royal Brother*, odious; and to alter the *Course of the Succession*.

Now after the *Malice* of this *sputtering Triumvirate* (Mr. *Hunt*, and the *Two Reflectors*) against the Person and Dignity of the King, and against all that endeavour to serve him (which makes their Hatred to his Cause apparent,) the very charging of our Play to be a *Libel*, and such a *Parallel* as these *Ignovamus's* wou'd render it, is almost as great an *Affront* to His Majesty, as the *Libellous Picture* it self, by which they have expos'd him to his Subjects: For it is no longer our *Parallel*, but the King's, by whose Order it was Acted, without any *Shuffling* or *Importunity* from the Poets; The Tragedy (cry'd the Faction) is a *Libel* against such and such *Illustrious Persons*. Upon this the Play was stopt, examin'd, acquitted, and order'd to be brought upon the Stage: Not one Stroke in't, of a *Resemblance* to answer the *Scope* and Intent of the *Complaint*. There were some *Features* indeed, that the *Illustrious Mr. Hunt*, and his Brace of *Beagles* (the *Reflectors*) might see resembling theirs. And no other *Parallel* either found or meant, but betwixt the *French Leaguers* and *Ours*: And so far the Agreement held from Point to Point, as true as a couple of *Tallies*. But when neither the King, nor my Lord *Chamberlain*, with other honourable Persons of Eminent Faith, Integrity and Understanding, upon a strict Perusal of the Papers, cou'd find one Syllable to countenance the *Calumny*; up starts the *Defender of the Charter*, &c. opens his Mouth, and says; What d'ye talk of the King? he's abus'd, he's impos'd upon. Is my Lord Chamberlain and the *Scrutineers* that succeed him, to tell US, when the King and the Duke of York are abus'd? What says my Lord *Chief Baron of Ireland* to the Business? What says the *Livery-Man Templer*? What says *Og the King of Basan* to't? We are Men that stand up for the King's Supremacy in all Causes, and over all Persons, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil, next and immediately under God and the PEOPLE. We are for easing His Royal Highness of his Title to the Crown, and the Cares that attend any such Prospect; and shall we see the King and the Royal Family parallel'd at this Rate, and not reflect upon't?

But to draw to an End. Upon the laying of Matters fairly together, what a King have these *Balderdash Scrib-*

lers given us, under the *Resemblance* of *Henry the Third*? How scandalous a Character again, of His Majesty, in telling the World that he is *Libell'd*, and *Affronted* to his *Face*, *told on't*, *pointed to't*; and yet neither *He*, nor *Those about him* can be brought to *see* or *understand* it? There needs no more to expound the Meaning of these People, than to *compare* them with *Themselves*: When it will evidently appear, that their *Lives* and *Conversations*, their *Writings* and their *Practices* do all take the *same Bias*: And when they dare not any longer revile his Majesty or his Government *point blank*, they have an Intention to play the Libellers in *Masquerade*, and do the *same Thing* in a Way of *Mystery* and *Parable*. This is truly the Case of the *pretended Parallel*. They lay their Heads together, and compose the Lewdest Character of a *Prince* that can be imagin'd, and then exhibit that Monster to the *People* as the *Picture* of the King in the *Duke of Guise*: So that the *Libel* passes for *current* with the *Multitude*, whoever was the *Author* of it: And it will be but Common Justice to give the Devil his Due. But, the Truth is, their Contrivances are now so manifest, that their Party moulders both in Town and Country: (for I will not suspect that there are any of them left in Court.) Deluded *Well-meaners* come over out of *Honesty*, and *small Offenders* out of common *Discretion*, or *Fear*. None will shortly remain with them, but Men of *desperate Fortunes* or *Enthusiasts*: Those who dare not ask Pardon, because they have *transgress'd beyond it*, and those who gain by *Confusion*, as Thieves do by *Fires*: To whom *Forgiveness* were as vain, as a *Reprieve* to *condemn'd Beggars*; who must hang without it, or starve with it.



A L B I O N

A N D

ALBANIVS:

A N

O P E R A.

Perform'd at the

QUEEN'S Theatre in *Dorset-Garden.*

Discite Jusitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.
Virg.

L O N D O N :

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THE HISTORY OF THE
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FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

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THE PREFACE.

IF Wit has truly been defin'd a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that Definition will extend to all sorts of Poetry; and amongst the rest, to this present Entertainment of an *Opera*. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words, is the cloathing of those Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally proper to them: And from both these, if they are judiciously perform'd, the delight of Poetry results. An *Opera* is a Poetical Tale, or Fiction, represented by Vocal and Instrumental Musick, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The suppos'd Persons of this Musical *Drama*, are generally supernatural, as Gods, and Goddesses, and Heroes, which at least are descended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their Number. The Subject therefore being extended beyond the Limits of Humane Nature, admits of that sort of marvellous and surprizing Conduct, which is rejected in other Plays. Humane Impossibilities are to be receiv'd, as they are in Faith; because where Gods are introduc'd, a Supreme Power is to be understood, and second Causes are out of doors: Yet Propriety is to be observ'd even here. The Gods are all to manage their peculiar

peculiar Provinces; and what was attributed by the Hea-
 thens to one Power, ought not to be perform'd by any
 other. *Phœbus* must foretel, *Mercury* must charm with
 his *Caduceus*, and *Juno* must reconcile the Quarrels of the
 Marriage-Bed. To conclude, they must all act according
 to their distinct and peculiar Characters. If the Persons
 represented were to speak upon the Stage, it wou'd fol-
 low of necessity, That the Expressions should be Lofty,
 Figurative, and Majestical: But the Nature of an *Opera*
 denies the frequent use of those Poetical Ornaments: For
 Vocal Musick, though it often admits a Loftiness of
 Sound; yet always exacts an harmonious Sweetness: or
 to distinguish yet more justly, the recitative Part of the
Opera requires a more Masculine Beauty of Expression and
 Sound: The other, which (for want of a proper English
 Word) I must call *The Songish Part*, must abound in the
 Softness and Variety of Numbers; its principal Intention
 being to please the Hearing, rather than to gratifie the
 Understanding. It appears indeed preposterous at first
 sight, That Rhime, on any consideration, should take
 place of Reason. But in order to resolve the Problem,
 this fundamental Proposition must be settled, That the
 first Inventors of any Art or Science, provided they have
 brought it to Perfection, are, in reason, to give Laws to
 it; and according to their Model, all After-Undertakers
 are to build. Thus in Epique Poetry, no Man ought to
 dispute the Authority of *Homer*, who gave the first Being
 to that Master-piece of Art, and endued it with that
 Form of Perfection in all its Parts, that nothing was
 wanting to its Excellency. *Virgil* therefore, and those
 very few who have succeeded him, endeavour'd not to
 introduce or innovate any thing in a Design already per-
 fected, but imitated the Plan of the Inventor; and are
 only so far true Heroick Poets, as they have built on the
 Foundations of *Homer*. Thus *Pindar*, the Author of
 those Odes, (which are so admirably restor'd by Mr. *Cow-
 ley* in our Language,) ought for ever to be the Standard
 of them; and we are bound, according to the practice of
Horace and Mr. *Cowley*, to copy him. Now, to apply
 this Axiom to our present purpose, whosoever undertakes
 the

the writing of an *Opera*, (which is a Modern Invention, though built indeed on the Foundations of Ethnick Worship,) is oblig'd to imitate the Design of the *Italians*, who have not only invented, but brought to perfection, this sort of Dramatick Musickal Entertainment. I have not been able by any search, to get any light either of the time when it began, or of the first Author. But I have probable Reasons which induce me to believe, that some *Italians* having curiously observ'd the Gallantries of the *Spanish Moors* at their *Zambra's* or Royal Feasts, where Musick, Songs, and Dancing were in perfection; together with their Machines, which are usual at their *Sortia's*, or running at the Ring, and other Solemnities, may possibly have refin'd upon those Moresque Divertisements, and produc'd this delightful Entertainment, by leaving out the warlike part of the Carousels, and forming a Poetical Design for the use of the Machines, the Songs, and Dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that for some Centuries, the knowledge of Musick has flourish'd principally in *Italy*, the Mother of Learning and of Arts; that Poetry and Painting have been there restor'd, and so cultivated by *Italian* Masters, that all *Europe* has been enrich'd out of their Treasury, and the other Parts of it in relation to those delightful Arts, are still as much Provincial to *Italy*, as they were in the time of the *Roman* Empire. Their first *Opera's* seem to have been intended for the Celebration of the Marriages of their Princes, or for the Magnificence of some general time of Joy. Accordingly the Expences of them were from the Purse of the Sovereign, or of the Republick, as they are still practis'd at *Venice*, *Rome*, and other Places at their Carnivals. *Savoy* and *Florence* have often us'd them in their Courts, at the Weddings of their Dukes: And at *Turin* particularly, was perform'd the *Pastor Fido*, written by the famous *Guarini*, which is a Pastoral *Opera* made to solemnize the Marriage of a Duke of *Savoy*. The Prologue of it has given the Design to all the *French*; which is a Compliment to the Sovereign Power by some God or Goddesses; so that it looks no less than a kind of Embassy from Heaven to Earth. I

said in the beginning of this Preface, that the Persons represented in *Opera's* are generally Gods, Goddesses, and Heroes descended from them, who are suppos'd to be their peculiar Care; which hinders not, but that meaner Persons may sometimes gracefully be introduc'd, especially if they have relation to those first Times, which Poets call the *Golden Age*: wherein by reason of their Innocence, those happy Mortals were suppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourse with Superior Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reasonably be admitted, as of all Callings the most innocent, the most happy, and who by reason of the spare Time they had, in their almost idle Employment, had most leisure to make Verses, and to be in Love; without somewhat of which Passion, no *Opera* can possibly subsist.

'Tis almost needless to speak any thing of that noble Language, in which this Musical *Drama* was first invented and perform'd. All, who are conversant in the *Italian*, cannot but observe, that it is the softest, the sweetest, the most harmonious, not only of any Modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It seems indeed to have been invented for the sake of Poetry and Musick; the Vowels are so abounding in all Words, especially in the Terminations of them, that excepting some few Monosyllables, the whole Language ends in them. Then the Pronunciation is so Manly, and so Sonorous, that their very Speaking has more of Musick in it than *Dutch Poetry* and *Song*. It has withal deriv'd so much Copiousness and Eloquence from the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Composition of Words, and the Formation of them, that (if after all we must call it Barbarous) 'tis the most Beautiful and most Learned of any Barbarism in Modern Tongues. And we may, at least, as justly praise it, as *Pyrrhus* did the *Roman* Discipline and Martial Order, that it was of *Barbarians*, (for so the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations) but had nothing in it of Barbarity. This Language has in a manner been refin'd and purify'd from the *Gothick*, ever since the time of *Dante*; which is above Four Hundred Years ago; and the *French*, who now cast a longing Eye to their Country, are not less ambitious to possess their
Elegance

Elegance in Poetry and Musick; in both which they labour at Impossibilities. 'Tis true indeed, they have reform'd their Tongue, and brought both their Prose and Poetry to a Standard; the Sweetness as well as the Purity is much improv'd by throwing off the unnecessary Consonants, which made their Spelling tedious, and their Pronunciation harsh: But after all, as nothing can be improv'd beyond its own *Species*, or farther than its original Nature will allow; as an ill Voice, though never so thoroughly instructed in the Rules of Musick, can never be brought to sing harmoniously, nor many an honest Critick ever arrive to be a good Poet; so neither can the natural Harshness of the *French*, or their perpetual ill Accent be ever refin'd into perfect Harmony like the *Italian*. The *English* has yet more natural Disadvantages than the *French*; our original *Teutonick* consisting most in Monosyllables, and those incumbred with Consonants, cannot possibly be freed from those Inconveniencies. The rest of our Words, which are deriv'd from the *Latin* chiefly, and the *French*, with some small Sprinklings of *Greek*, *Italian* and *Spanish*, are some Relief in Poetry, and help us to soften our uncouth Numbers; which together with our *English Genius*, incomparably beyond the trifling of the *French*, in all the nobler Parts of Verse, will justly give us the Preheminence. But, on the other hand, the Effeminacy of our Pronunciation, (a Defect common to us, and to the *Danes*;) and our Scarcity of Female Rhimes, have left the Advantage of Musical Composition for Songs, though not for Recitative, to our Neighbours.

Through these Difficulties, I have made a shift to struggle in my part of the performance of this *Opera*; which, as mean as it is, deserves at least a Pardon, because it has attempted a Discovery beyond any former Undertaker of our Nation; only remember, that if there be no North-East Passage to be found, the Fault is in Nature, and not in me. Or, as *Ben. Johnson* tells us in the *Alchymist*, when Projection had fail'd, and the Glasses were all broken, there was enough however in the Bottoms of them to cure the Itch; so I may thus be positive, That if I have not succeeded, as I desire, yet there is somewhat still remaining,

remaining, to satisfy the Curiosity or Itch of Sight and Hearing. Yet I have no great Reason to despair; for I may without Vanity, own some Advantages, which are not common to every Writer; such as are the Knowledge of the *Italian* and *French* Language, and the being conversant with some of their best Performances in this Kind; which have furnish'd me with such Variety of Measures, as have given the Composer Monsieur *Grétry* what Occasions he cou'd wish, to shew his extraordinary Talent, in diversifying the Recitative, the Lyrical Part, and the Chorus: In all which, (not to attribute any Thing to my own Opinion,) the best Judges, and those too of the best Quality, who have honour'd his Rehearsals with their Presence, have no less commended the Happiness of his Genius than his Skill. And let me have the Liberty to add one Thing; that he has so exactly express'd my Sense, in all Places, where I intended to move the Passions, that he seems to have enter'd into my Thoughts, and to have been the Poet as well as the Composer. This I say, not to flatter him, but to do him Right; because amongst some *English* Musicians, and their Scholars, (who are sure to judge after them,) the Imputation of being a *Frenchman*, is enough to make a Party, who maliciously endeavour to decry him. But the Knowledge of *Latin* and *Italian* Poets, both which he possesses, besides his Skill in Musick, and his being acquainted with all the Performances of the *French Opera's*, adding to these the good Sense to which he is born, have rais'd him to a Degree above any Man, who shall pretend to be his Rival on our Stage. When any of our Country-men excel him, I shall be glad, for the Sake of old *England*, to be shewn my Error; in the mean Time, let Virtue be commended, though in the Person of a Stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I cou'd here discover some Rules which I have given to my self in writing of an *Opera* in general; and of this *Opera* in particular: But I consider, that the Effect would only be, to have my own Performance measur'd by the Laws I gave; and consequently to set up some little Judges, who not understanding throughly, wou'd be sure to fall upon the Faults,
and

and not to acknowledge any of the Beauties; (an hard Measure which I have often found from false Criticks.) Here therefore, if they will criticise, they shall do it out of their own *Fond*; but let them be first assur'd, that their Ears are nice; for there is neither writing nor judging on this Subject, without that good Quality. 'Tis no easie Matter in our Language to make Words so smooth, and Numbers so harmonious, that they shall almost set themselves, and yet there are Rules for this in Nature: And as great a Certainty of Quantity in our Syllables, as either in the *Greek* or *Latin*: But let Poets and Judges understand those first, and then let them begin to study *English*. When they have chaw'd awhile upon these Preliminaries, it may be they will scarce adventure to tax me with want of Thought, and Elevation of Fancy in this Work; for they will soon be satisfied, that those are not of the Nature of this Sort of writing: The Necessity of double Rhimes, and ordering of the Words and Numbers for the Sweetness of the Voice, are the main Hinges on which an *Opera* must move; and both of these are without the Compass of any Art to teach another to perform; unless Nature in the first Place has done her Part, by enduing the Poet with that Nicety of Hearing, that the Discord of Sounds in Words shall as much offend him, as a Seventh in Musick wou'd a good Composer. I have therefore no Need to make Excuses for Meanness of Thought in many Places: The *Italians*, with all the Advantages of their Language, are continually forc'd upon it; or rather they affect it. The chief Secret is in the Choice of Words; and by this Choice I do not here mean Elegancy of Expression; but Propriety of Sound, to be varied according to the Nature of the Subject. Perhaps a Time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of some Observations which I have made from *Homer* and *Virgil*, who amongst all the Poets, only understood the Art of Numbers, and of that which was properly call'd *Rythmus* by the Ancients.

The same Reasons which depress Thought in an *Opera*, have a stronger Effect upon the Words; especially in our Language. For there is no maintaining the Purity of

English

English in short Measures, where the Rhime returns so quick, and is so often Female, or double Rhime, which is not natural to our Tongue, because it consists too much of Monosyllables, and those too, most commonly clogg'd with Consonants; for which Reason I am often forc'd to coin new Words, revive some that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not serv'd out my Time in Poetry, but was bound 'Prentice to some Doggrel Rhimer, who makes Songs to Tunes, and sings them for a Livelihood. 'Tis true, I have not been often put to this Drudgery; but where I have, the Words will sufficiently shew, that I was then a Slave to the Composition, which I will never be again: 'Tis my Part to invent, and the Musician's to humour that Invention. I may be counsell'd, and will always follow my Friend's Advice, where I find it reasonable; but will never part with the Power of the *Militia*.

I am now to acquaint my Reader with somewhat more particular concerning this *Opera*, after having begg'd his Pardon for so long a Preface to so short a Work. It was originally intended only for a Prologue to a Play, of the Nature of the *Tempest*; which is a Tragedy mix'd with *Opera*; or a *Drama* written in Blank Verse, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all spoken and Acted by the best of the Comedians; the other Part of the Entertainment to be perform'd by the same Singers and Dancers who are introduc'd in this present *Opera*. It cannot properly be call'd a Play, because the Action of it is suppos'd to be conducted sometimes by supernatural Means, or Magick; nor an *Opera*, because the Story of it is not sung. But more of this at its proper Time: But some intervening Accidents having hitherto deferr'd the Performance of the main Design, I propos'd to the Actors, to turn the intended Prologue into an Entertainment by it self, as you now see it, by adding two Acts more to what I had already written. The Subject of it is wholly Allegorical; and the Allegory it self so very obvious, that it will no sooner be read than understood. 'Tis divided according to the plain and natural Method of every Action,

tion, into Three Parts. For even *Aristotle* himself is contented to say simply, That in all Actions there is a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; after which Model, all the *Spanish* Plays are built.

The Descriptions of the Scenes, and other Decorations of the Stage, I had from Mr. *Betterton*, who has spar'd neither for Industry, nor Cost, to make this Entertainment perfect, nor for Invention of the Ornaments to beautifie it.

To conclude, though the Enemies of the Composer are not few, and that there is a Party form'd against him, of his own Profession, I hope, and am perswaded, that this Prejudice will turn in the End to his Advantage. For the greatest Part of an Audience is always uninterests'd, though seldom knowing; and if the Musick be well compos'd, and well perform'd, they who find themselves pleas'd will be so wise as not to be impos'd upon, and fool'd out of their Satisfaction. The Newness of the Undertaking is all the Hazard: When *Opera's* were first set up in *France*, they were not follow'd over eagerly; but they gain'd daily upon their Hearers, 'till they grew to that Height of Reputation, which they now enjoy. The *English*, I confess, are not altogether so Musical as the *French*; and yet they have been pleas'd already with the *Tempest*, and some Pieces that follow'd, which were neither much better written, nor so well compos'd as this. If it finds Encouragement, I dare promise my self to mend my Hand, by making a more pleasing Fable: In the mean Time, every loyal *English-man* cannot but be satisfy'd with the Moral of this, which so plainly represents the Double Restoration of his Sacred Majesty.

P O S T S C R I P T.

T His Preface being wholly written before the Death of my late Royal Master, (*quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebō;*) I have now lately review'd it, as supposing I shou'd find many Notions in it, that
 would

wou'd require Correction on cooler Thoughts. After four Months lying by me, I look'd on it as no longer mine, because I had wholly forgotten it; but I confess with some Satisfaction, and perhaps a little Vanity, that I found my self entertain'd by it; my own Judgment was new to me, and pleas'd me when I look'd on it as another Man's. I see no Opinion that I wou'd retract or alter, unless it be, that possibly the Italians went not so far as Spain, for the Invention of their Opera's. They might have it in their own Country; and that by gathering up the Ship-wrecks of the Athenian and Roman Theatres; which we know were adorn'd with Scenes, Musick, Dances and Machines, especially the Grecian. But of this the learned Monsieur Vossius, who has made our Nation his second Country, is the best, and perhaps the only Judge now living: As for the Opera it self, it was all compos'd, and was just ready to have been perform'd, when he, in Honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.

He had been pleas'd twice or thrice to command, that it shou'd be practis'd before him, especially the First and Third Acts of it; and publickly declar'd more than once, That the Composition and Chorus's were more just, and more beautiful, than any he had heard in England. How nice an Ear he had in Musick, is sufficiently known; his Praise therefore has establish'd the Reputation of it, above Censure, and made it in a Manner sacred. 'Tis therefore humbly and religiously dedicated to his Memory.

It might reasonably have been expected, that his Death must have chang'd the whole Fabrick of the Opera; or at least a great Part of it. But the Design of it originally was so happy, that it needed no Alteration, properly so call'd; for the Addition of twenty or thirty Lines in the Apotheosis of Albion, has made it entirely of a Piece. This was the only Way which cou'd have been invented, to save it from a botch'd Ending; and it fell luckily into my Imagination: As if there were a Kind of Fatality, even in the most trivial Things concerning the Succession; a Change was made, and not for the worse, without the least Confusion or Disturbance: And those very Causes which seem'd to threaten us with Troubles, conspir'd to produce our lasting Happiness.



PROLOGUE.

Full twenty Years, and more, our lab'ring Stage
Has lost, on this incorrigible Age:
Our Poets, the John Ketches of the Nation,
Have seem'd to lash ye, ev'n to Excoriation:
But still no Sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like Heroes, or you brib'd like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
Like beating Nut-Trees, makes a larger Crop?
'Faith we'll e'en spare our Pains; and to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satyr was once your Physick, Wit your Food;
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no Blood.
We now prescribe, like Doctors in Despair,
The Diet your weak Appetites can bear.
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,
Here's Fulep-dance, Ptisan of Song and Show:
Give you strong Sense, the Liquor is too heady;
You're come to Farce, that's Asses Milk, already.
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,
Who one Day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit;
Sound may serve such, e'er they to Sense are grown;
Like Leading-strings, 'till they can walk alone.
But yet to keep our Friend in Count'nance, know,
The wise Italians first invented Show;
Thence, into France the noble Pageant past;
'Tis England's Credit t, be cozen'd last.
Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us Leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fool'd before;
We bring you Change; to humour your Disease;
Change for the worse has ever us'd to please:
Then 'tis the Mode of France, without whose Rules;
None must presume to set up here for Fools:



PROLOGUE.

*In France, the oldest Man is always young,
 Sees Opera's daily, learns the Tunes so long,
 Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with ev'ry Song.
 Each sings his Part, echoing from Pit and Box,
 With his hoarse Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.
 Le plus grand Roy du Monde, is always ringing;
 They show themselves good Subjects by their Singing.
 On that Condition, set up every Throat;
 You Whiggs may sing, for you have chang'd your Note.
 Cits and Citesses, raise a joyful Strain,
 'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign:
 Voices may help your Charter to restoring,
 And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.*



Names of the Persons, represented in
 the same Order as they appear first
 upon the Stage.

<i>Mercury.</i>	<i>Nereids.</i>
<i>Augusta. London.</i>	<i>Acacia. Innocence.</i>
<i>Thamesis.</i>	<i>Tyranny.</i>
<i>Democracy.</i>	<i>Asebia. Atheism, or Ungodliness.</i>
<i>Zelota, Feign'd Zeal.</i>	<i>Proteus.</i>
<i>Archon. The General.</i>	<i>Venus.</i>
<i>Juno.</i>	<i>Fame.</i>
<i>Iris.</i>	<i>A Chorus of Cities.</i>
<i>Albion.</i>	<i>A Chorus of Rivers.</i>
<i>Albanus.</i>	<i>A Chorus of the People.</i>
<i>Istus.</i>	<i>A Chorus of Furies.</i>
<i>Alees.</i>	<i>A Chorus of Nereids and Tritons.</i>
<i>Apollo.</i>	<i>A Grand Chorus of Hero's, Loves, and Graces.</i>

THE



The FRONTISPICE.

THE Curtain rises, and a new Frontispice is seen, joy'n'd to the great Pilasters, which are on each Side of the Stage: On the Flat of each Basis is a Shield, adorn'd with Gold: In the middle of the Shield on one Side, are two Hearts, a small Scrowl of Gold over 'em, and an Imperial Crown over the Scrowl; on the other, in the Shield are two Quivers full of Arrows Saltyre, &c. Upon each Basis stands a Figure bigger than the Life; one represents Peace, with a Palm in one, and an Olive-Branch in the other Hand; 't'other Plenty, holding a Cornucopia, and resting on a Pillar. Behind these Figures are large Columns of the Corinthian Order, adorn'd with Fruit and Flowers: Over one of the Figures on the Trees is the King's Cypher; over the other, the Queen's: Over the Capitals, on the Cornice, sits a Figure on each Side; one presents Poetry, crown'd with Laurel, holding a Scrowl in one Hand, the other with a Pen in it, and resting on a Book; the other, Painting, with a Pallat and Pencils, &c. On the Sweep of the Arch lyes one of the Muses, playing on a Bass-Viol; unother of the Muses, on the other Side, holding a Trumpet in one Hand, and the other on a Harp. Between these Figures, in the middle of the Sweep of the Arch, is a very large Pannel in a Frame of Gold; in this Pannel is painted on one Side a Woman representing the City of London, leaning her Head on her Hand in a dejected Posture, (shewing her Sorrow and Penitence for her Offences;) the other Hand holds the Arms of the City, and a Mace lying under it: On the other Side is a Figure of the Thames, with his Legs shackl'd, and leaning

leaning on an empty Urn: Behind these are Two Imperial Figures; one representing His present Majesty; and the other the Queen: By the King stands Pallas, (or Wisdom and Valour,) holding a Charter for the City, the King extending his Hand, as raising her drooping Head, and restoring her to her ancient Honour and Glory: Over the City are the envious devouring Harpies flying from the Face of Majesty: By the Queen stand the Three Graces, holding Garlands of Flowers, and at her Feet Cupids bound, with their Bows and Arrows broken, the Queen pointing with her Scepter to the River, and commanding the Graces to take off their Fetters. Over the King, in a Scrawl, is this Verse of Virgil,

Discite Justitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos.

*Over the Queen, this of the same Author,
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*





Albion and Albanus;

AN OPERA.

Decorations of the STAGE in the First Act.

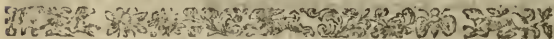
THE Curtain rises; and there appears on either side of the Stage, next to the Frontispice, a Statue on Horse-back of Gold, on Pedestals of Marble, enrich'd with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of England. One of these Statues is taken from that of the late King at Charing-Cross; the other from that Figure of his present Majesty (done by that noble Artist Mr. Gibbons) at Windsor.

The Scene is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal-Exchange; the great Arch is open; and the view is continued through the open part of the Exchange, to the Arch on the other side, and thence to as much of the Street beyond, as could properly be taken.

MERCURY descends in a Chariot drawn by Ravens.

He comes to Augusta and Thamesis. They lie on Couches; at a distance from each other in dejected Postures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers.

On the side of Augusta's Couch are Painted Towers falling,
 a Scarlet Gown, and Gold Chain, a Cap of Maintenance thrown
 down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thrust through it, the
 City Arms, a Mace with an old useless Charter, and all in dis-
 order. Before Thamesis are broken Reeds, Bull-rushes, Sedge, &c.
 with his Urn Reverse.



ACT I.

MERCURY Descends.

MERCURY.



THOU glorious Fabrick! stand for ever, stand:
 Well worthy Thou to entertain
 The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
 To draw the Concourſe of the Land,
 And Wealth of all the Main.
 But where the Shoals of Merchants meeting?

Welcome to their Friends repeating,
 Buſie Bargains deaſer ſound!
 Tongues Confus'd of every Nation?
 Nothing here but Deſolation,
 Mournful Silence reigns around.

Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me!
 I was, while Heav'n did ſmile,
 The Queen of all this Iſle,
Europe's Pride,
 And *Albion's* Bride;
 But gone my Plighted Lord! ah, gone is He!
 O *Hermes!* pity me!

Tham. And i the Noble Flood, whoſe tributary Tide
 Does on her Silver Margent ſmoothly glide;
 But Heaven grew jealous of our happy State;
 And bid revolving Fate,
 Our Doom decrec;

No more the King of Floods am I,
No more the Queen of *Albion*, She!

[*The two last Lines are sung by Reprises, betwixt Aug. & Tham.*

Aug. O *Hermes*! pity me! } *Sung by Augusta and Tha-*
Tham. O *Hermes*! pity me! } *metis together.*

Aug. Behold!

Tham. Behold!

Aug. My Turret's on the Ground
That once my Temples crown'd!

Tham. The Sedgy Honours of my Brows dispers'd!
My Urn revers'd!

Merc. Rise, rise, *Augusta*, rise!

And wipe thy weeping Eyes:

Augusta! for I call thee so!

'Tis lawful for the Gods to know

Thy future Name,

And growing Fame.

Rise, rise, *Augusta*, rise.

Aug. O never, never will I rise!

Never will I cease my Mourning,

Never wipe my weeping Eyes,

Till my plighted Lord's returning!

Never, never will I rise!

Merc. What brought Thee, Wretch, to this Despair?
The Cause of thy Misfortune show.

Aug. It seems the Gods take little Care
Of Humane Things below,

When even our Suff'rings here they do not know!

Merc. Not unknowing came I down,
Disloyal Town!

Speak! didst not Thou

Forfakethy Faith, and break thy Nuptial Vow?

Aug. Ah 'tis too true! too true!

But what cou'd I, unthinking City, do?

Faction sway'd me,

Zeal allur'd me,

Both assur'd me,

Both betray'd me!

Merc. Suppose me sent

Thy *Albion* to restore,

Can'st thou repent?

Aug. My Falshood I deplore!

Tham. Thou see'st her mourn, and I
With all my Waters will her Tears supply.

Merc. Then by some Loyal Deed regain
Thy long lost Reputation,
To wash away the Stain
That blots a noble Nation!
And free thy famous Town again
From force of Usurpation.

Chor. } We'll wash away the stain
of all. } That blots a noble Nation,
And free this famous Town again
From force of Usurpation. [*Dance of the Followers of Mercury!*]

Aug. Behold *Democracy* and *Zeal* appear;
She that allur'd my Heart away,
And he that after made a Prey.

Merc. Resist, and do not fear!

Chor. of all. Resist; and do not fear!

Enter Democracy and Zeal attended by Archon

Democ. Nymph of the City! bring thy Treasures,
Bring me more
To waste in Pleasures.

Aug. Thou hast exhausted all my Store;
And I can give no more.

Zeal. Thou Horny Flood, for *Zeal* provide
A new Supply; And swell thy Moony Tide,
That on thy buxom Back the floating Gold may glide.

Tham. Not all the Gold the Southern Sun produces,
Or Treasures of the fam'd *Levant*,
Suffice for pious Uses,
To feed the sacred Hunger of a Saint!

Democ. Woe to the Vanquish'd, Woe!
Slave as thou art,
Thy Wealth impart,
And me thy Victor know!

Zeal. And me thy Victor know,
Resiftless Arms are in my Hand,
Thy Bars shall burst at my Command;
Thy Towry Head lye low.

Woe to the Vanquish'd, Woe!

Aug. Were I not bound by Fate

For ever, ever here,
 My Walls I would translate
 To some more happy Sphere,
 Remov'd from Servile Fear,

Tham. Remov'd from Servile Fear,
 Wou'd I could disappear
 And sink below the Main;
 For Commonwealth's a Load
 My old Imperial Flood
 Shall never never bear again.

A Commonwealth's a Load
 Our old Imperial Flood
 Shall never never never bear again. } *Thamesis and Aug*
together.

Dem. Pull down her Gates, expose her bare;
 I must enjoy the proud, disdainful Fair,
 Haste, *Archon*, haste

To lay her waste!

Zeal. I'll hold her fast
 To be embrac'd!

Dem. And she shall see
 A Thousand Tyrants are in thee,
 A Thousand Thousand more in me!

Archon } From the *Caledonian* Shore
 to *Aug.* } Hither am I come to save thee,
 Not to force or to enslave thee,
 But thy *Albion* to restore:

Hark! the Peals the People ring,
 Peace, and Freedom, and a King.

Chorus. Hark! the Peals the People ring,
 Peace, and Freedom, and a King.

Aug. Tham. To Arms! to Arms!

Archon. I lead the way!

Merc. Cease your Alarms!

And stay, brave *Archon*, stay!

'Tis doom'd by Fates Decree!

'Tis doom'd that *Albion's* Dwelling,

All other Isles excelling,

By Peace shall happy be!

Archon. What then remains for me?

Merc. Take my *Caduceus*! Take this awful Wand,

With

With this th'Infernal Ghosts I can command,
 And strike a Terroure through the *Stygian* Land.
 Commonwealth will want Pretences,
 Sleep will creep on all his Senses;

Zeal that lent him her Assistance, } *Archon touches Demo-*
 Stand amaz'd without Resistance. } *cracy with a Wand.*

Dem. I feel a lazy Slumber lays me down!
 Let *Albion!* let him take the Crown!

Happy let him reign,
 Till I wake again.

[*Falls asleep.*]

Zeal. In vain I rage, in vain
 I rouse my Powers;

But I shall wake again;
 I shall to better Hours.

Ev'n in Slumber I will vex him;
 Still perplex him,
 Still incumber:

Know you that have ador'd him,
 And Sovereign Power afford him,
 We'll reap the Gains

Of all your Pains,

And seem to have restor'd him!

[*Zeal falls asleep.*]

Aug. and *Tham,* A stupifying Sadness

Leaves her without Motion;

But Sleep will cure her Madness.

And cool her to Devotion.

*A double Pedestal rises: On the Front of it is painted in Stone-
 Colour, Two Women; One holding a double-fac'd Vizor; the
 other a Book, representing Hypocritie and Phanaticism;
 when Archon has charmed Democracy and Zeal with the
 Caduceus of Mercury, they fall asleep on the Pedestal, and
 it sinks with them.*

Merc. Cease, *Augusta!* Cease thy Mourning,

Happy Days appear,

God-like *Albion* is returning

Loyal Hearts to cheer!

Every Grace his Youth adorning,

Glorious as the Star of Morning,

Or the Planet of the Year.

Chor. God-like *Albion* is returning, &c.

Merc. to } Haste away, Loyal Chief, haste away.

Arch. } No Delay, but obey:

To receive thy lov'd Lord! haste away. [Exit *Arch.*

Tham. *Medway* and *Isis*, you that augment me,

Tides that encrease my Watry Store,

And you that are Friends to Peace and Plenty,

Send my merry Boys all ashore;

Seamen Skipping,

Mariners Leaping,

Shouting, Tripping,

Send my merry Boys all ashore!

A Dance of Watermen in the King's and Duke's Liveries.

The Clouds divide. and Juno appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it descends, it opens and discovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is so large, that it almost fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.

Merc. The Clouds divide, what Wonders,
What Wonders do I see!

The Wife of *Jove*! 'Tis She,

That Thunders, more than Thundring He!

Juno. No, *Hermes*, no;

'Tis Peace above

As 'tis below:

For *Jove* has left his wandring Love.

Tham. Great Queen of gathering Clouds,

Whose Moisture fills our Floods,

See; we fall before Thee,

Prostrate we adore Thee!

Aug. Great Queen of Nuptial Rites,

Whose Pow'r the Souls unites,

And fills the Genial Bed with chaste Delights.

See; we fall before Thee,

Prostrate we adore Thee!

Juno. 'Tis ratify'd above by every God,
 And *Jove* has firm'd it with an awful Nod;
 That *Albion* shall his Love renew:
 But oh, ungrateful Fair,
 Repeated Crimes beware,
 And to his Bed be true!

Iris appears on a very large Machine. This was really seen the 18th of March, 1684. by Capt. Christopher Gunman, on Board his R. H. Yacht, then in Calais Pierre: He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the Person of *Iris* sits.

Juno. Speak *Iris*, from *Batavia*, speak the News!
 Has she perform'd my dread Command,
 Returning *Albion* to his longing Land,
 Or dare the Nymph refuse?

Iris. *Albion*, by the Nymph attended,
 Was to *Neptune* recommended,
 Peace and Plenty spreads the Sails:
Venus in her Shell before him,
 From the Sands in Safety bore him,
 And supply'd *Etesian* Gales.

[*Retornella.*]

Archon on the Shore commanding,
 Lowly met him at his Landing,
 Crowds of People swarm'd around;
 Welcome rang like Peals of Thunder;
 Welcome, rent the Skies asunder;
 Welcome. Heav'n and Earth resound.

Juno. Why stay we then on Earth,
 When Mortals laugh and love?

'Tis Time to mount above,
 And send *Astræa* down,
 The Ruler of his Birth,
 And Guardian of his Crown.

'Tis Time to mount above,
 And send *Astræa* down.

Mer. Ju. Ir. 'Tis Time to mount above,
 And send *Astræa* down, [Mer. Ju. and Ir. ascend.

Aug. and Tham. The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches,
For *Albion* and *Albanus* :
Rejoyce at their returning;
The Passages adorning :
The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches
For *Albion* and *Albanus*.

*Part of the Scène disappears, and the Four Triumphal Arches
erected at his Majesty's Coronation are seen.*

*Albion appears, Albanus by his Side, preceded by Ar-
chon, followed by a Train, &c.*

Full Chorus, Hail, Royal Albion, Hail.

Aug. Hail, Royal *Albion*, Hail to thee,
Thy longing Peoples Expectation :

Tham. Sent from the Gods to set us free
From Bondage and from Usurpation!

Aug. To pardon and to pity me,
And to forgive a guilty Nation!

Tham. Behold the differing Climes agree,
Rejoycing in thy Restauration,

*Entry. Representing the Four Parts of the World, rejoicing
at the Restauration of Albion.*





A C T II.

The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The Change is Total. The Upper Part of the House, as well as the Side-Scenes. There is the Figure of Prometheus chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his Liver. Sisyphus rowling the Stone; the Belides, &c. Beyond, Abundance of Figures in various Torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual Agitation. Beyond this, glowing Fire, which terminates the Prospect.

Pluto, the Furies; with Alecto, Democracy, and Zelota.

Plu. I Nfernal Off-spring of the Night,
 Debarr'd of Heav'n your Native Right,
 And from the glorious Fields of Light,
 Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
 And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain;
 Since Pleasures here are none below,
 Be Ill our Good, our Joy be Woe;
 Our Work t'embroil the Worlds above,
 Disturb their Union, dis-unite their Love,
 And blast the beauteous Frame of our Victorious Foe.
Dem. and } O thou for whom those Worlds are made,
Zel. } Thou Sire of all Things and their End,
 From hence they spring, and when they fade,
 In shuffled Heaps they hither tend;
 Here humane Souls receive their Breath,
 And wait for Bodies after Death.

Dem. Hear our Complaint, and grant our Pray'r.

Plu. Speak what you are,
 And whence you fell?

Dem. I am thy first-begotten Care,
 Conceived in Heav'n; but born in Hell,
 When thou didst bravely undertake in Fight

Yon'

Yon' Arbitrary Pow'r,
That rules by Sovereign Might,
To set thy Heav'n-born Fellows free,
And leave no Difference in Degree,
In that Auspicious Hour
Was I begot by thee.

Zel. One Mother bore us at a Birth,
Her Name was *Zeal* before she fell;
No fairer Nymph in Heav'n or Earth,
'Till Saintship taught her to rebel:
But losing Fame,
And changing Name;
She's now the *Good Old Cause* in Hell.

Plu. Dear Pledges of a Flame not yet forgot,
Say, what on Earth has been your Lot?

Dem. and *Zel.* The Wealth of *Albion's* Isle was ours,
Augusta stoop'd with all her stately Towr's!

Dem. Democracy kept Nobles under.

Zel. *Zeal* from the Pulpit' roar'd like Thunder.

Dem. I trampled on the State.

Zel. I lorded o'er the Gown.

Dem. and *Zel.* We both in Triumph fate
Usurpers of the Crown.
But oh prodigious Turn of Fate!
Heaven controuling,
Sent us rowling, rowling down.

Plu. I wonder'd how of late our Acherontick Shore
Grew thin, and Hell unpeopl'd of her Store;
Charon, for want of Use, forgot his Oar.
The Souls of Bodies dead flew all sublime,
And hither none return'd to purge a Crime:
But now I see since *Albion* is restor'd,
Death has no Bus'ness, nor the 'vengeful Sword.

'Tis too too much that here I lye
From glorious Empire hurl'd;
By *Jove* excluded from the Sky;
By *Albion* from the World.

Dem. Were Common-Wealth restor'd again,
Thou shouldst have Millions of the Slain
To fill thy dark Abode.

Zel. For he a Race of Rebels sends,
And *Zeal* the Path of Heav'n pretends;
But still mistakes the Road.

Plu. My lab'ring Thought
At length hath wrought
A bravely bold Design,
In which you both shall joyn;
In borrow'd Shapes to Earth return;
Thou *Common-Wealth*, a Patriot seem,
Thou *Zeal*, like true Religion burn,
To gain the giddy Crowd's Esteem.

Alecto, thou to fair *Augusta* go,
And all thy Snakes into her Bosom throw?

Dem. Spare some to sling
Where they may sting
The Breast of *Albion's* King.

Zel. Let Jealousies so well be mix'd,
That Great *Albanus* be unfix'd!

Plu. Forbear your vain Attempts, forbear;
Hell can have no Admittance there:
The Peoples Fear will serve as well,
Make him suspected, them rebel.

Zel. Y'have all forgot
To forge a Plot,
In seeming Care of *Albion's* Life;
Inspire the Crowd
With Clamours loud,
T'involve his Brother and his Wife.

Al. Take of a Thousand Souls at thy Command,
The basest, blackest of the *Stygian* Band:
One that will swear to all they can invent,
So thoroughly damn'd, that he can ne'er repent:
One often sent to Earth,
And still at every Birth
He took a deeper Stain:
One that in *Adam's* Time was *Cain*:
One that was burnt in *Sodom's* Flame,
For Crimes ev'n here too black to name:
One, who through every Form of Ill has run:
One, who in *Naboth's* Days, was *Belial's* Son:

One, who has gain'd a Body fit for Sin;
 Where all his Crimes
 Of former Times,
 Lye crowded in a Skin.

Plu. Take him;

Make him
 What you please;
 For he
 Can be

A Rogue with Ease.
 One for mighty Mischief born:
 He can swear, and be forsworn.

Plu. & } Take him, make him what you please;

Alce. } For he can be a Rogue with Ease.

Plu. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
 The Wretch that is damn'd has nothing to lose.

Ye Furies advance
 With the *Ghosts* in a Dance.

'Tis a Jubilee when the World is in Trouble.

When People rebel, } *A single Entry of a Devil fol-*
 We frolick in Hell; } *low'd by an Entry of 12 Devils.*

But when the King falls, the Pleasure is double:

Chorus. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our
 The Wretch that is damn'd hath nothing to lose. [Woes,

*The Scene changes to a Prospect taken from the middle of the
 Thames; one Side of it begins at York-Stairs, thence to
 White-Hall, and the Mill-Bank, &c. The other from the
 Saw-Mill, thence to Bishop's Palace, and on as far as can
 be seen in a clear Day.*

*Enter Augusta; She has a Snake in her Bosom, hanging
 down.*

Aug. O Jealousie, thou raging Ill,
 Why hast thou found a Room in Lovers Hearts,
 Afflicting what thou canst not kill,
 And poisoning Love himself, with his own Darts?
 I find my *Albion's* Heart is gone,
 My first Offences yet remain,

Nor can Repentance Love regain;
 One writ in Sand, alas, in Marble one.
 I rave, I rave, my Spirits boil
 Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring
 Disdain and Love succeed by Turns; [Oil:
 One freezes me, and t'other burns; it burns.
 Away soft Love, thou Foe to Rest,
 Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.
 Hate is the nobler Passion far
 When Love is ill repay'd;
 For at one Blow it ends the War,
 And cures the Love-sick Maid.

Enter Democracy and Zelota; one represents a Patriot, the other, Religion.

Dem. Let not thy generous Passion waste its Rage,
 But once again restore our Golden Age;
 Still to weep and to complain,
 Does but more provoke Disdain.
 Let publick Good
 Inflame thy Blood;
 With Crowds of Warlike People thou art stor'd,
 And Heaps of Gold;
 Reject thy old,
 And to thy Bed receive another Lord.

Zel. Religion shall thy Bonds release,
 For Heav'n can loose, as well as tie all;
 And when 'tis for the Nation's Peace,
 A King is but a King on Tryal;
 When Love is lost, let Marriage end,
 And leave a Husband for a Friend.

Dem. With Jealousy swarming
 The People are Arming,
 And Frights of Oppression invade them.

Zel. If they fall to relenting,
 For Fear of repenting,
 Religion shall help to perswade 'em.

Aug. No more, no more Temptations use
 To bend my Will;

How hard a Task 'tis to refuse
A pleasing Ill?

Dem. Maintain the seeming Duty of a Wife,
A modest Show will jealous Eyes deceive,
Affect a Fear for hated *Albion's* Life,
And for imaginary Dangers grieve.

Zel. His Foes already stand protected,
His Friends by publick Fame suspected,

Albanus must forsake his Isle:
A Plot contriv'd in happy Hour
Bereaves him of his Royal Pow'r,
For Heav'n to mourn, and Hell to smile.

The former Scene continues.

Enter Albion and Albanus with a Train.

Alb. Then Zeal and Common-Wealth infest
My Land again;
The Fumes of Madnes that possess
The Peoples giddy Brain,
Once more disturb the Nation's Rest,
And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

II.

Will they at length awake the sleeping Sword,
And force Reven e from their offended Lord?
How long, ye Gods, how long
Can Royal Patience bear
Th' Insults and Wrong
Of Mad-Mens Jealousies, and causeless Fear?

III.

I thought their Love by Mildness might be gain'd,
By Peace I was restor'd, in Peace I reign'd:
But Tumults, Seditions,
And haughty Petitions,
Are all the Effects of a merciful Nature;

Forgiving and granting,
 E'er Mortals are wanting,
 But leads to Rebelling against their Creator.

Mercury descends.

Mer. With Pity *Jove* beholds thy State,
 But *Jove* is circumscrib'd by Fate;
 Th' o'erwhelming Tide rowls on so fast,
 It gains upon this Island's Waste:
 And is oppos'd too late! too late!

Alb. What then must helpless *Albion* do?

Mer. Delude the Fury of the Foe,
 And to preserve *Albanus*, let him go;
 For 'tis decreed,
 Thy Land must bleed,
 For Crimes not thine, by wrathful *Jove*;
 A Sacred Flood
 Of Royal Blood,
 Cries Vengeance, Vengeance loud above.

Mercury ascends.

Alb. Shall I, t'asswage
 Their brutal Rage,
 The Regal Stem destroy;
 Or must I lose,
 (To please my Foes,)
 My sole remaining Joy?
 Ye Gods what worse,
 What greater Curse,
 Can all your Wrath employ?

Alban. Oh *Albion!* hear the Gods and me!
 Well am I lost, in saving thee.
 Not Exile or Danger can fright a brave Spirit
 With Innocence guarded,
 With Vertue rewarded;
 I make of my Sufferings a Merit.

Alb. Since then the Gods, and Thou wilt have it so;
 Go: (Can I live once more to bid Thee? go,

Where

Where thy Misfortunes call thee and thy Fate:
 Go, guiltless Victim of a guilty State,
 In War my Champion to defend,
 In peaceful Hours, when Souls unbend,
 My Brother, and what's more, my Friend!
 Born where the foamy Billows roar,
 On Seas less dang'rous than the Shore:
 Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have assign'd:
 Go from my Sight; but never from my Mind.

Alban. Whatever hospitable Ground
 Shall be for me, unhappy Exile, found,
 'Till Heav'n vouchsafe to smile;
 What Land so e'er.

Tho' none so dear,
 As this ungrateful Isle;
 O think! O think! no Distance can remove
 My' vow'd Allegiance, and my loyal Love.

Albi. & Alba. The rosie-finger'd Morn appears,
 And from her Mantle shakes her Tears,
 In Promise of a glorious Day:
 The Sun, returning, Mortals cheers,
 And drives the rising Mists away,
 In Promise of a glorious Day.

(*Ritornelle.*)

The farther Part of the Heaven opens and discovers a Machine; as it moves forwards, the Clouds which are before it divide, and shew the Person of Apollo, holding the Reins in his Hand. As they fall lower, the Horses appear with the Rays, and a great Glory about Apollo.

Apol. All Hail ye Royal Pair!
 The Gods peculiar Care:
 Fear not the Malice of your Foes;
 Their dark Desigining
 And Combining,
 Time and Truth shall once expose:
 Fear not the Malice of your Foes.

II.

My sacred Oracles assure,
 The Tempest shall not long endure;

But

But when the Nation's Crimes are purg'd away,
 Then shall you both in Glory shine;
 Propitious both, and both Divine:
 In Lustre equal to the God of Day,

} Apollo goes for-
 ward out of
 Sight.

*Neptune rises out of the Water, and a Train of Rivers,
 Tritons, and Sea-Nymphs attend him.*

Tham. Old Father Ocean calls my Tide:

Come away, come away;
 The Barks upon the Billows ride,
 The Master will not stay;
 The merry Boson from his Side
 His Whistle takes to check and chide
 The lingring Lads Delay,
 And all the Crew aloud has cry'd,
 Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends thee,
 Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train:
 All the calmer Gales befriend thee
 In thy Passage o'er the Main:
 Every Maid her Locks is binding,
 Every Triton's Horn is winding,
 Welcome to the watry Plain.

Chacon.

Two Nymphs and Triton sing.

Ye Nymphs, the Charge is Royal,
 Which you must convey;
 Your Hearts and Hands employ all,
 Hasten to obey;
 When Earth is grown disloyal,
 Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

The Chacon continues.

The Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons repeat the same Verses.

The Chacon continues.

Two Nymphs and Tritons.

Sports and Pleasures shall attend you
 Through all the watry Plains,
 Where Neptune reigns:
Venus ready to defend you,
 And her Nymphs to ease your Pains.
 No Storm shall offend you,
 Passing the Main;
 Nor Billow threat in vain,
 So Sacred a Train,
 'Till the Gods that defend you,
 Restore you again.

The Chacon continues.

The Chorus repeat the same Verses, Sports and Pleasure, &c.

The Chacon continues.

The two Nymphs and Triton sing.

See at your blest Returning
 Rage disappears;
 The Widow'd Isle in Mourning
 Dries up her Tears,
 With Flowers the Meads adorning
 Pleasure appears,
 And Love dispels the Nation's causeless Fears.

The Chacon continues.

*The Chorus of Nymphs and Triton repeat the same Verses,
 See at your blest Returning, &c.*

The Chacon continues.

*Then the Chorus repeat, See the God of Seas, &c. And
 this Chorus concludes the Act.*



A C T III.

The Scene is a View of Dover, taken from the Sea: A Row of Cliffs fill up each Side of the Stage, and the Sea the Middle of it, which runs into the Peer: Beyond the Peer, is the Town of Dover: On each Side of the Town, is seen a very high Hill; on one of which is the Castle of Dover; on the other, the great Stone which they call the Devil's-Drop. Behind the Town several Hills are seen at a great Distance, which finish the View.

Enter Albion bare-headed: Acacia or Innocence with him.

Alb. Behold ye Powers! from whom I own
 A Birth immortal, and a Throne:
 See a Sacred King un-crown'd,
 See your Off-spring, *Albion*, bound:
 The Gifts you gave with lavish Hand,
 Are all bestow'd in vain:
 Extended Empire on the Land,
 Unbounded o'er the Main.

Ac. Empire o'er the Land and Main,
 Heav'n that gave, can take again;
 But a Mind that's truly brave,
 Stands despising
 Storms arising,
 And can ne'er be made a Slave.

Alb. Unhelp'd I am, who pity'd the Distress'd;
 And none oppressing, am by all oppress'd;
 Betray'd, forsaken, and of Hope bereft.

Ac. Yet still the Gods and Innocence are left.

Alb. Ah! what canst thou avail,
 Against Rebellion arm'd with Zeal,
 And fac'd with publick Good!

O Monarchs see
 Your Fate in me!
 To rule by Love,
 To shed no Blood,
 May be extoll'd above;
 But here below,
 Let Princes know,
 'Tis fatal to be good.

Chorus of both. To rule by Love, &c.

Ac. Your Father Neptune from the Seas,
 Has Nereids and blue Tritons sent,
 To charm your Discontent.

Nereids rise out of the Sea, and sing, Tritons dance.

From the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
 Come we in Pity your Cares to deplore:
 Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,
 Moony Tides swelling to rowl us a-shore.

II.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Tresses rending,
 Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main;
 Neptune in Anguish his Charge unattending,
 Vessels are found'ring, and Vows are in vain.

*Enter Tyranny, Democracy, represented by Men, attended
 by Asebia and Zelota, Women.*

Tyr. Ha, ha, 'tis what so long I wish'd and vow'd,
 Our Plots and Delusions,
 Have wrought such Confusions,
 That the Monarch's a Slave to the Crowd.

Dem. A Design we fomented;

Tyr. By Hell it was new!

Dem. A false Plot invented,

Tyr. To cover a true.

Dem. First with promis'd Faith we flatter'd,

Tyr. Then Jealousies and Fears we scatter'd.

Aseb. We never valu'd Right and Wrong,

But as they serv'd our Cause.

Zel. Our Business was to please the Throng,
And court their wild Applause:

Afeb. For this we brib'd the Lawyers Tongue,
And then destroy'd the Laws.

Chor. For this, &c.

Tyr. To make him safe, we made his Friends our Prey;

Dem. To make him great, we scorn'd his Royal Sway,

Tyr. And to confirm his Crown, we took his Heir away.

Dem. T' encrease his Store,

We kept him poor:

Tyr. And when to Wants we had betray'd him,
To keep him low,
Pronounc'd a Foe,

Who e'er presum'd to aid him.

Afeb. But you forget the noblest Part,
And Master-piece of all your Art,
You told him he was sick at Heart.

Zel. And when you could not work Belief
In *Albion* of th' imagin'd Grief;
Your perjur'd Vouchers in a Breath,
Made Oath, that he was sick to Death;
And then five Hundred Quacks of Skill
Resolv'd, 'twas fit he should be ill.

Afeb. Now hey for a Common-Wealth,
We merrily drink and sing,
'Tis to the Nation's Health,
For every Man's a King.

Zel. Then let the Mask begin,
The *Saints* advance,
To fill the Dance,
And the Property Boys comes in.

The Boys in white begin a Fantastick Dance.

Chor. Let the Saints ascend the Throne.

Dem. Saints have Wives, and Wives have Preachers,
Guifted Men, and able Teachers;
These to get, and those to own;

Chor. Let the Saints ascend the Throne.

Afel. Freedom is a Bait alluring;
Them betraying, us securing,
While to Sov'reign Pow'r we soar.

Zel. Old Delusions new repeated,
Shews them born but to be cheated,
As their Fathers were before.

*Six Sectaries begin a formal affected Dance, the two gravest
whisper the other Four, and draw 'em into the Plot: They
pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.*

Dem. See friendless *Albion* there alone,
Without Defence
But Innocence;
Albanus now is gone.

Tyr. Say then, what must be done?

Dem. The Gods have put him in our Hand.

Zel. He must be slain!

Tyr. But who shall then command?

Dem. The People: For the Right returns to those,
Who did the Trust impose.

Tyr. 'Tis fit another Sun shou'd rise,
To cheer the World, and light the Skies.

Dem. But when the Sun
His Race has run,
And neither cheers the World, nor lights the Skies;
'Tis fit a Common-Wealth of Stars shou'd rise.

Afeb. Each noble Vice,
Shall bear a Price,
And Virtue shall a Drug become:
An empty Name
Was all her Fame,
But now she shall be dumb.

Zel. If open Vice be what you drive at,
A Name so broad we'll ne'er connive at.
Saints love Vice, but more refin'dly,
Keep her close, and use her kindly.

Tyr. Fall on.

Dem. Fall on: E'er *Albion's* Death we'll try,
If one or many shall his Room supply.

The white Boys dance about the Saints : The Saints draw out the Association, and offer it to them: They refuse it, and quarrel about it: Then the white Boys and Saints fall into a confus'd Dance, imitating Fighting. The white Boys, at the End of the Dance, being driven out by the Sectaries with Protestant Flails.

Alb. See the Gods my Cause defending,
When all humane Help was past!

Acac. Factions mutually contending,
By each other fall at last.

Alb. But is not yonder *Proteus'* Cave,
Below that Steep,
Which rising Billows brave?

Acac. It is: And in it lyes the God asleep!
And snorting by,
We may descry,
The Monsters of the Deep.

Alb. He knows the past,
And can resolve the future too.

Acac. 'Tis true!
But hold him fast,
For he can change his Hue.

The Cave of Proteus rises out of the Sea, it consists of several Arches of Rock-Work, adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, Coral, and Abundance of Shells of various Kinds: Thro' the Arches is seen the Sea, and Parts of Dover-Peer: In the Middle of the Cave is Proteus asleep on a Rock adorn'd with Shells, &c. like the Cave. Albion and Acacia seize on him; and while a Symphony is playing, he sinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himself into a Lion, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own Shape again: He comes toward the Front of the Stage, and sings,

Symphony.

Pro. Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,

Cease

Cease thy Sorrow and Complaining;
 Thou shalt be restor'd again:
Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men.

H.

Still thou art the Care of Heav'n,
 In thy Youth to Exile driv'n:
 Heav'n thy Ruin then prevented,
 'Till the guilty Land repented:
 In thy Age, when none could aid thee,
 Foes conspir'd, and Friends betray'd thee;
 To the Brink of Danger driv'n,
 Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.

Alb. To whom shall I my Preservation owe?

Pro. Ask me no more! for 'tis by *Neptune's* Foe.

Proteus descends.

Democracy and Zelota return with their Faction.

Dem. Our seeming Friends, who join'd alone,
 To pull down one, and build another Throne,
 Are all dispers'd and gone:
 We brave Republick Souls remain.

Zel. And 'tis by us that *Albion* must be slain:
 Say, whom shall we employ
 The Tyrant to destroy?

Dem. That Archer is by Fate design'd,
 With one Eye clear, and t'other blind.

Zel. He seems inspir'd to do't.

Onnes. Shoot holy *Cyclop*, shoot.

*The One-Ey'd Archer advances, the rest follow: A Fire arises
 betwixt them and Albion.* [Ritornel.

Dem. Lo! Heav'n and Earth combine,
 To blast our bold Design.
 What Miracles are shown?
 Nature's alarm'd,

And

And Fires are arm'd,
To guard the Sacred Throne.

Zelota. What help, when jarring Elements conspire
To punish our audacious Crimes.

Retreat betimes,
To shun th' avenging Fire.

Chor. To shun th' avenging Fire.

[*Ritor.*

*As they are going back, a Fire arises from behind: They all
sink together.*

Albion. Let our tuneful Accents upwards move,
Till they reach the vaulted Arch of those above;
Let us adore 'em;
Let us fall before 'em:

Acacia. Kings they made, and Kings they love.
When they protect a rightful Monarch's Reign,
The Gods in Heav'n, the Gods on Earth maintain.

Both. When they protect, &c.

Albion. But see what Glories gild the Main.

Acacia. Bright *Venus* brings *Albanus* back again,
With all the Loves and Graces in her Train.

*A Machine rises out of the Sea: It opens and discovers Venus
and Albanus sitting in a great Scallop-shell, richly adorn'd:
Venus is attended by the Loves and Graces, Albanus by
Heroes: The Shell is drawn by Dolphins: It moves forward,
while a Symphony of Flutes-Doux, &c. is playing till it lands
'em on the Stage, and then it closes and sinks.*

VENUS *Sings.*

Albion, Hail; The Gods present Thee
All the richest of their Treasures,
Peace and Pleasures,

To content Thee, } *Graces and Loves*
Dancing their Eternal Measures. } *Dance an Entry.*

Venus. But above-all Humane Blessing;
Take a Warlike Loyal Brother;
Never Prince had such another:

Conduct, Courage, Truth expressing, } *Here the Heroes*
All Heroick Worth possessing. } *Dance is perform'd*

Chor. of all. But above all, &c.

[*Ritor.*
Whilst

Whilst a Symphony is playing; a very large, and a very glorious Machine descends: The figure of it Oval, all the Clouds shining with Gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about 'em, and plaing in 'em; in the midst of it sits Apollo on a Throne of Gold: he comes from the Machine to Albion.

Phœb. From *Jove's* Imperial Court,
Where all the Gods resort;
In awful Council met,
Surprizing News I bear:
Albion the Great,
Must change his Seat,
For he's adopted there.

Ven. What Stars above shall we displace?
Where shall he fill a Room Divine?

Nept. Descended from the Sea God's Race,
Let him by my *Orion* shine.

Phœb. No, not by that tempestuous Sign:
Betwixt the *Balance* and the *Maid*,

The Just,
August,

And peaceful! Shade,
Shall shine in Heav'n with Beams display'd,
While Great *Albanus* is on Earth obey'd:

Ven. *Albanus* Lord of Land and Main,
Shall with fraternal Virtues reign;
And add his own,

To fill the Throne;
Ador'd and fear'd, and lov'd no less:
In War victorious, mild in Peace,
The Joy of Men, and *Jove's* increase:

Acacia. O Thou! Who mount'st th' *Ethereal* Throne,
Be kind and happy to thy own;
Now *Albion* is come,
The People of the Sky,
Run gazing and cry,
Make Room, make Room,
Make Room for our New Deity.

Here Albion mounts the Machine, which moves upward slowly.

A full Chorus of all that Acacia sung.

Ven. Behold what Triumphs are prepar'd to grace
 Thy glorious Race,
 Where Love and Honour claim an equal place;
 Already they are fix'd by Fate,
 And only ripening Ages wait.

The Scene changes to a Walk of very high Trees: At the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windsor, which faces Eton: In the midst of it is a row of small Trees, which lead to the Castle-Hill: In the first Scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill: In the next the Terrace Walk, the King's Lodgings, and the upper part of St. George's Chappel, then the Keep; And, Lastly, that part of the Castle beyond the Keep.

In the Air is a Vision of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights in Procession, and the King under a Canopy: Beyond this, the upper end of St. George's Hall.

Fame rises out of the middle of the Stage, standing on a Globe; on which is the Arms of England: The Globe rests on a Pedestal: On the Front of the Pedestal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twisted round his Body: He is encompass'd by several Phantastical Rebellious Heads, who suck Poison from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side.

Fame. Renown, assume thy Trumpet!
 From Pole to Pole resounding:
 Great *Albion's* Name;
 Great *Albion's* Name shall be
 The Theme of Fame, shall be Great *Albion's* Name,
 Great *Albion's* Name; Great *Albion's* Name.
 Record the Garters Glory:
 A Badge for Heroes, and for Kings to bear:
 For Kings to bear!
 And swell th' Immortal Story,

With

With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
And swell th' Immortal Story,
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
For Gods to hear.

*A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments: Trumpets
and Ho-Boys make Ritornelloes of all Fame sings; and
Twenty four Dancers are all the time in a Chorus, and
Dance to the end of the Opera.*

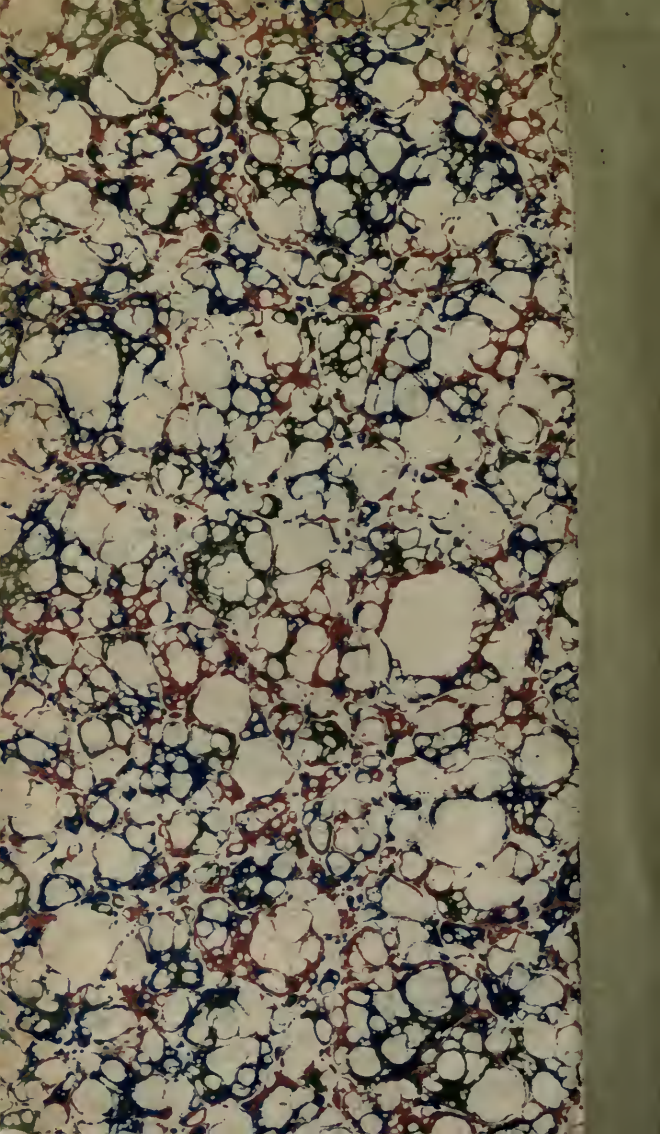


EPILOGUE.

After our AEsop's Fable shown to day,
I come to give the Moral of the Play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier pace;
But, the last Heat, Plain Dealing won the Race:
Plain Dealing for a Jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown.
When Heav'n made Man, to show the Work Divine,
Truth was his Image, stamp'd upon the Coin:
And when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does he stamps his Mind:
This proves a Soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, should every Touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly Valiant to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect:
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and trust him more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What Safety could their publick Acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his Word.
So great a Trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely trod,
While he believ'd the beclining of his God;
But when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our Native Character maintain,
'Tis of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
To excel in Truth we loyally may strive;
Set Privilege against Frerogative:
He plights his Faith, and we believe him Just;
His Honour is to promise, ours to trust,
Thus Britain's Bassis on a Word is laid,
As by a Word the World itself was made.

The End of the Fifth VOLUME.





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