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PHILIP MASSINGER.

C. Gignion sculp.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER,
COMPLETE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Revised, Corrected, and all the various Editions Collated,

By THOMAS COXETER.

WITH

NOTES Critical and Explanatory,

Of various AUTHORS.

To which are prefixed,

CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Old English DRAMATIC WRITERS.

ADDRESSED TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

459.916
28.3.47

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden.*

MDCCLXI.



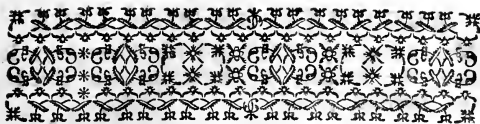
T H E
W O R K S
O F,
P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.

VOLUME the FIRST.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The VIRGIN MARTYR.	1
The DUKE OF MILAN.	91
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S O M E

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

O F

Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER.

T H E R E are very few Circumstances to be gathered concerning the Life of MASSINGER; and, indeed, the Lives of most of our eminent Poets are so destitute of Events, their Transactions so little known, that were it not for their Works, those living Monuments of Fame; many of them would be buried in Oblivion, and their Names no more remembered.

When Narration is wanting, their Works are indeed the best Comments on their Lives; and from MASSINGER's we learn, that he was a Man of a mild and gentle Disposition, humane, and grateful. He was extremely beloved by the Poets of that Age, and there were few who did not esteem it an Honour to write in Conjunction with him, as MIDDLETON, ROWLEY, FIELD, and DECKER did; and LANGBAIN tells us that he was likewise a Partner with FLETCHER in several Plays, but that he could not ascertain which they were.

What farther confirms this Assertion, is the following Copy of Verses, wrote by Sir Aston Cokain

vi ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

to Mr. Humphrey Mosely and Mr. Humphrey Robinson, the Printers of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, in Folio.

In the large Book of Plays you late did print
(In Beaumont's and in Fletcher's Name) why in't
Did you not Justice? give to each his Due?
For Beaumont (of those many) writ in few;
And Massinger in other few; the main
Being sole Issues of sweet Fletcher's Brain.
But how came I (you ask) so much to know?
Fletcher's chief bosom Friend * inform'd me so.
I' th' next Impression, therefore, Justice do,
And print the old ones in one Volume too:
For Beaumont's Works, and Fletcher's should come
With all the Right belonging to their Worth. [forth

The few Particulars I have been able to collect,
relating to his Life, are the following:

Philip Massinger was the Son of Mr. Philip Massinger, a Gentleman belonging to the Earl of Montgomery, in whose Service he both lived and died †.

Our Poet was born at Salisbury, about the Year 1585, and was entered a Commoner in St. Alban's Hall in Oxford, 1601, where, though he was encouraged in his Studies, (says Mr Wood) by the Earl of Pembroke, yet he applied his Mind more to Poetry and Romances, than to Logic and Philosophy.

He remained a Student for three or four Years; then quitted the University without a Degree, and being impatient to move in a public Sphere, he came to London, in order to improve his Poetic

* Mr. Cha. Cotton. See Cokain's Poems, page 92.

† See the Dedication to the BONDMAN.

OF Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER. vii

Fancy, and polite Studies, by Conversation, and reading the World. Here he applied himself to the Stage, and wrote several Tragedies and Comedies, with great Applause, and were (as Langbaine says) highly esteemed by the Wits of those Times, for their Purity of Stile, and the Oeconomy of their Plots.

He is said to have been a Man of great Modesty; but if one may judge from the general Strain of his Dedications, he was always in a State of Dependence and Necessity.

He died suddenly at his House on the Bank-side, Southwark; near to the then Playhouse; for he went to Bed well, and was dead before Morning, the 17th of March 1669. His Body was interred in the Church of St. Mary Overy's, and was attended to the Grave by all the Comedians then in Town. Sir Aston Cokaine has an Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Massinger, who, as he says, both lie buried in one Grave; this Epitaph I shall here transcribe, and then conclude with an Account of his Plays.

In the same Grave Fletcher was buried, here
Lies the Stage Poet Philip Massinger.
Plays they did write together, were great Friends,
And now one Grave includes them at their Ends:
So whom on Earth nothing did part, beneath
Here (in their Fames) they lie, in spite of Death.
Sir Aston Cokain's Poems, page 186.

The following List is given in the Order as the Plays
are printed in this Edition.

V O L . I.

The VIRGIN MARTYR, a Tragedy; acted by his
Majesty's Servants with great Applause. By the
Servants

viii LIST OF THE PLAYS.

Servants of his Majesty's Revels. London, printed in 4to, 1622.

The DUKE OF MILAN, a Tragedy, acted by his Majesty's Servants, at the Black Friars. Printed in 4to, 1623.

The BONDMAN, an ancient Story, often acted at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, by the Lady Elizabeth's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1638.

The ROMAN ACTOR; performed several Times with Success, at the Private House in Black Friars. Printed in 4to, 1629. This Tragedy was revived by Mr. Betterton.

V O L. II.

The RENEGADO, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted by the Queen's Servants, at the Private Playhouse in Drury-Lane. Printed in 4to, 1630.

The PICTURE, a Tragi-Comedy, often presented at the Globe and Black-Friars Playhouses, by the King's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1630.

The FATAL DOWRY, a Tragedy, often acted at the Private House in Black Friars. Printed in 4to, 1632.

The EMPEROR OF THE EAST, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at the Black Friars and Globe Playhouse. Printed in 4to, 1632.

The MAID OF HONOUR, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane, by the Queen's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1632.

V O L. III.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, a Comedy. Printed in 4to, 1633. This Play met with great Success on its first Representation, and has been since revived by Mr. Garrick, and acted on the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 1750.

The

LIST OF THE PLAYS. ix

The **GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE**, a Comical History, often presented with Success at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane. Printed in 4to, 1636.

The **UNNATURAL COMBAT**, a Tragedy, presented by the King's Servants, at the Globe. Printed in 4to, 1639.

The **BASHFUL LOVER**, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at the Private House in Black Friars, by his late Majesty's Servants, with Success. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

V O L. IV.

The **GUARDIAN**, a Comical History, often presented with Success, at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

A **VERY WOMAN**, or the Prince of Tarent, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at a Private House in Black Friars. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

The **OLD LAW**, or a new Way to please you; acted before the King and Queen in Salisbury House. Printed in 4to, 1656.

The **CITY MADAM**, a Comedy, acted at the Private House in Black Friars, with Applause. Printed in 4to, 1659.



To his dear Friend the AUTHOR
On the ROMAN ACTOR.

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

T. JAY.

IN PHILIPPI MASSINGERI, Poetæ Elegantiff.
 Actorem Romanum, typis excusum.

ΔΙΧΑΣΤΗΡ.

ECCE Philippinæ, celebrata Tragædia Musa
 Quam Roscius Britonum Roscius egit, adest.
 Semper, fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper
 Liber ab invidia dentibus esto, Liber.
 Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pati
 Thus, Vænum expositi tegmina futa libri :
 Nec metuas raucos, Memorum Sybilla, rhoncos
 Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus, erit.
 Nam totiés festis, actum, placussè Theatris
 Quod liquet, hoc, Cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO. GOFF.

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

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

THO. MAY.

Upon Mr. MASSINGER his Roman Actor.

TO write, is grown so common in our Time,
 That ev'ry one, who can but frame a Rhime,
 However monstrous, gives himself that Praise
 Which only he should claim, that may wear Bays,
 By their Applause whose Judgments apprehend
 The Weight, and Truth, of what they dare commend.
 In this besot'd Age, Friend, 'tis thy Glory
 That here thou hast out-done the Roman Story.
 Domitian's Pride; his Wife's Lust unabated,
 In Death; with Paris, merely were related
 Without a Soul, until thy abler Pen
 Spoke them, and made them speak, nay act again
 In such a Height, that here to know their Deeds,
 He may become an Actor, that but reads.

JOHN FORDE.

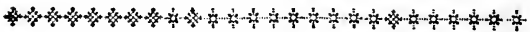


Long'st thou to see proud Cæsar set in State,
 His Morning Greatness, or his Evening Fate,
 With Admiration here behold him fall,
 And yet out-live his Tragick Funeral:
 For 'tis a Question whether Cæsar's Glory
 Rose to its Height before, or in this Story.
 Or whether Paris, in Domitian's Favour,
 Were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

ROBERT HARVEY.

My best Endeavours to build up his Story
 That truly merits. I did ever glory
 To behold Virtue rich; though cruel Fate
 In scornful Malice does beat low their State
 That best deserve; when others, that but know
 Only to scribble, and no more; oft grow
 Great in their Favours, that would seem to be
 Patrons of Wit, and modest Poesy:
 Yet, with your abler Friends, let me say this,
 Many may strive to equal you, but miss
 Of your fair Scope; this Work of yours Men may
 Throw in the Face of Envy, and then say
 To those, that are in great Mens Thoughts more blest,
 Imitate this, and call that Work your best.
 Yet wise Men, in this, and too often, err,
 When they their Love before the Work prefer.
 If I should say more, some may blame me for't,
 Seeing your Merits speak you, not Report.

DANIEL LAKYN.



To his worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
 upon his Tragi-Comedy, stiled, The Picture.

MEthinks I hear some busy Critick say,
 Who's this that singly ushers on this Play?
 'Tis Boldness, I confess, and yet perchance
 It may be constru'd Love, not Arrogance.
 I do not here upon this Leaf intrude
 By praising one, to wrong a Multitude.
 Nor do I think, that all are ty'd to be
 (Forc'd by my Vote) in the same Creed with me.
 Each Man hath Liberty to judge; Free Will,
 At his own Pleasure to speak Good, or Ill.
 But yet your Muse already's known so well
 Her Worth will hardly find an Infidel.
 Here she hath drawn a Picture, which shall lie
 Safe for all future Times to practice by.

What-

Whate'er shall follow are but Copies, some
 Preeeding Works were Types of this to come.
 'Tis your own lively Image, and sets forth,
 When we are Dust, the Beauty of your Worth.
 He that shall duly read, and not advance
 Ought that is here, betrays his Ignorance.
 Yet whosoe'er beyond Desert commends,
 Errs more by much than he that reprehends ;
 For Praise, misplac'd, and Honour set upon
 A worthless Subject, is Detraction.
 I cannot sin so here, unless I went
 About, to style you only Excellent.
 Apollo's Gifts are not confin'd alone
 To your dispose, he hath more Heirs than one.
 And such as do derive from his blest Hand
 A large Inheritance in the Poet's Land,
 As well as you ; nor are you I assure,
 Myself, so envious, but you can endure [known,
 To hear their Praise, whose Worth long since was
 And justly too prefer'd before your own.
 I know you'd take it for an Injury,
 (And 'tis a well-becoming Modesty)
 To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
 Your Name by some too partial Friend write near
 Unequal'd Jonson ; being Men whose Fire,
 At Distance, and with Rev'rence, you admire.
 Do so, and you shall find your Gain will be
 Much more, by yielding them Priority,
 Than with a Certainty of Loss to hold
 A foolish Competition ; 'tis too bold
 A Task, and to be shun'd ; nor shall my Praise,
 With too much Weight ruin, what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

To

To my worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
upon his Tragi-Comedy, call'd, The Emperor of
the East.

SUFFER, my Friend, these Lines to have the Grace,
That they may be a Mole on Venus' Face.
There is no Fault about thy Book, but this;
And it will shew how fair thy Emperor is.
Thou more than Poet! our Mercury, that art
Apollo's Messenger, and do'st impart
His best Expressions to our Ears, live long
To purify the slighted English Tongue,
That both the Nymphs of Tagus and of Po,
May not henceforth despise our Language so.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
The matchless Features of the Fairy Queen;
Read Jonson, Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-limn'd Pieces, skilful Massinger.
Thou known, all the Castilians must confess
Vega de Carpio thy Foil, and bless
His Language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian Wits, yield to this Work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee he might find Reason to maintain
His Paradox, that Souls by transmigration
In divers Bodies make their Habitation:
And more, that all Poetick Souls yet known,
Are met in thee, contracted into one.
This is a Truth, not an Applause: I am
One that at farthest Distance view thy Flame,
Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
In thee his Poesy might all be read.
Forbear thy Modesty: thy Emperor's Vein
Shall live admir'd, when Poets shall complain
It is a Pattern of too high a Reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.
Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
To say, it with the World shall not grow old.

ASTON COKAINE.

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

WHO with a liberal Hand, freely bestows
His Bounty, on all Comers, and yet knows
No Ebb, nor formal Limits, but proceeds
Continuing his hospitable Deeds,
With daily Welcome shall advance his Name
Beyond the Art of Flattery; with such Fame,
May yours (dear Friend) compare. Your Muse hath
Most bountiful, and I have often seen [been
The willing Seats receive such as have fed,
And risen thankful; yet were some misled
By Nicety, when this fair Banquet came
(So I allude) their Stomachs were to blame,
Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant Sauce
Was wanting, they arose without due Grace,
Lo! thus a second Time he doth invite you:
Be your own Carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.



To my true Friend and Kinsman, PHILIP
MASSINGER.

I Take not upon Trust, nor am I led
By an implicit Faith: what I have read
With an impartial Censure I dare crown
With a deserv'd Applause, how'er cry'd down
By such whose Malice will not let 'em be
Equal to any Piece limn'd forth by thee.
Contemn their poor Detraction, and still write
Poems like this, that can endure the Light,
And Search of abler Judgments. This will raise
Thy Name; the other's Scandal is thy Praise.
This, oft perus'd by grave Wits, shall live long,
Not die as soon as pass the Actor's Tongue,

b

(The

(The Fate of flighter Toys) and I must say,
 'Tis not enough to make a passing Play,
 In a true Poet: Works that should endure,
 Must have a Genius in 'em, strong as pure.
 And such is thine, Friend; nor shall Time devour
 The well-form'd Features of thy EMPEROR.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.



To my worthy Friend the Author, upon his Tragi-
 Comedy, The Maid of Honour.

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

ASTON COKAINE.

To the ingenious Author, Master PHILIP MASSINGER, on his Comedy, called, A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

TIS a rare Charity, and thou could'st not
 So proper to the Time have found a Plot :
 Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend, the Age
 We Wretches live in ; that to come, the Stage,
 The thronged Audience that was thither brought
 Invited by your Fame, and to be taught
 This Lesson. All are grown indebted more,
 And when they look for Freedom ran in Score.
 It was a cruel Courtesy to call,
 In Hope of Liberty, and then, enthrall.
 The Nobles are your Bondmen Gentry, and
 All besides those that did not understand.
 They were no Men of Credit, Bankrupts born,
 Fit to be trusted with no Stock, but Scorn.
 You have more wisely credited to such,
 That though they cannot pay, can value much.
 I am your Debtor too, but to my Shame,
 Repay you nothing back, but your own Fame.

HENRY MOODY. Miles.



To his Friend the AUTHOR.

YOU may remember how you chid me, when
 I rank'd you equal with those glorious Men,
 Beaumont and Fletcher : If you love not Praise,
 You must forbear the publishing of Plays.
 The crafty Mazes of the cunning Plot,
 The polish'd Phrase, the sweet Expressions, got
 Neither by Theft, nor Violence ; the Conceit
 Fresh and unfullied ; all is of Weight,
 Able to make the captive Reader know
 I did but Justice when I plac'd you so.

A shame-

A shamefac'd Blushing would become the Brow
 Of some weak Virgin Writer, we allow,
 To you a Kind of Pride; and there where most
 Should blush at Commendations, you should boast.
 If any think I flatter, let him look
 Off from my idle Trifles on thy Book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

On his Great Duke of Florence.

To Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, my much esteem'd Friend.

ENJOY thy Laurel! 'tis a noble Choice,
 Not by the Suffrages of Voice
 Procur'd; but by a Conquest so atchiev'd,
 As that thou hast at full reliev'd
 Almost neglected Poetry, whose Bays
 (Sully'd by childish Thirst of Praise)
 With'er'd into a Dullness of Despair,
 Had not thy later Labour (Heir
 Unto a former Industry) made known

This Work, which thou may'st call thine own,
 So rich in Worth, that th' Ignorant may grudge
 To find true Virtue is become their Judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

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

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

JOHN FORD.

* The Great Duke of Florence.

E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

- Page 46, line 1, *after Gain insert a ;*
85, line 8 from the bottom, *for through read though.*
In the Dedication to the BONDMAN, line 13 *for Arthur read Philip.*
Page 127, line 20, *for Fate can alter, read Fate cannot alter.*
187, line 19, *for give read gives.*
202, line 3, *for gives her a Scarf, read gives her Scarf.*
296, line 3 from the bottom, *for heard read hear.*
331, line 6 from the bottom, *for stand read stood.*
345, line 18, *for hard read heard.*

V O L. II.

- Page 125, line 29, *for Dame read Dam.*
135, line 20, *for Food read Good,*
141, line 15, *for Queen read Queens.*
158, line 22, *for no read my.*
160, line 2 from the bottom, *for write read right.*
223, line 17, *for Charmi place Char.*
293, line 7, *for mark read mark'd.*
308, line 1, *for War read Way.*
331, line 6, *for their read thy.*
341, line 3 of the Note, *for peculiar read peculiarly.*
344, line 17, *for to read too.*
353, line 10, *for stands read stand.*
435, line 3 in the Note, *for Mithridate read Mithridates.*
437, line 17, *for your read you.*
448, line 26, *for charge read change.*
453, line 27, *for Rober. read Gonz.*

V O L. III.

- Page 7, line 28, *for to Scavenger, read to be Scavenger.*
13, line 18, *for love her read love to her.*
51, line 28; *for Marg. place Mar.*
62, line 7 in the Note, *for is read are.*
65, line 14, *for your read you.*
97, line 31, *for whey read when.*
99, line 25, *for to report him, read report him.*
205, line 3. *for you read your.*
16, *for dim'd Sorrow read dim'd with Sorrow.*
241, line 13, *for Feaver read Fever.*
244, line 12, *for her read the.*
267, line 12, *for A. I. read as I.*

V O L. IV.

- Page 22, line 31, *for dary read dare.*
 27, line 11, *for Fogs read Frogs.*
 36, line 20, *for be wou'd read wou'd be.*
 72, line 1, *for Words read Woods.*
 117, line 14, *for with you read with your.*
 128, line 28, *for the read thee.*
 142, line 34, *for This may take, will, sure, read
 This may take, it will.*
 151, line 4, *for How I like, read How like.*
 175, line 7, *for you read your.*
 205, last line, *for Years Years, read Years.*
 215, line 4, *for Oh! my, read of my.*
 236, line 36, *for we're read were.*
 143, line 14, *for Breaths reads Breathes.*
 254, line 26, *for know read no.*
 343, line 15, *for Ruffes read Ruffs.*
 349, line 17, *for Vassels read Vassials.*



CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Old *English* Dramatick Writers.

To *DAVID GARRICK*, Esq;

S I R,

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

B

exercising

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

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

The following Pages are destined to contain a Vindication of the Works of *Massinger*; one of our old dramattick Writers, who very seldom falls much beneath *Shakespeare* himself, and sometimes almost rises to a proud Rivalship of his chiefest Excellencies. They are meant too as a laudable, though faint, Attempt to rescue these admirable Pieces from the too general Neglect, which they now labour under, and to recommend them to the Notice of the Publick. To whom then can such an Essay be more properly inscribed than to you, whom that Publick seems to have appointed, as its chief *Arbiter Deliciarum*,

ciarum, to preside over the Amusements of the Theatre?—But there is also, by the bye, a private Reason for addressing you. Your honest Friend *Davies*, who, as is said of the provident Comedians in *Holland*, spends his Hours of Vacation from the Theatre in his Shop, is too well acquainted with the Efficacy of your Name at the Top of a Play-Bill, to omit an Opportunity of prefixing it to a new Publication; hoping it may prove a Charm to draw in Purchasers, like the Head of *Shakespeare* on his Sign. My Letter too being anonymous, your Name at the Head, will more than compensate for the Want of mine at the End of it: And our above-mentioned Friend is, no Doubt, too well versed in both his Occupations, not to know the Consequence of Secrecy in a Book-feller, as well as the Necessity of concealing from the Publick many Things that pass *behind the Curtain*.

There is perhaps no Country in the World more subordinate to the Power of Fashion, than our own. Every Whim, every Word, every Vice, every Virtue in its Turn becomes the Mode, and is followed with a certain Rage of Approbation for a Time. The favourite Stile in all the polite Arts, and the reigning Taste in Letters, are as notoriously Objects of Caprice as Architecture and Drefs. A new Poem, or Novel, or Farce, are as inconsiderately extolled or decried as a Ruff or a *Chinese* Rail, a Hoop or a Bow Window. Hence it happens, that the Publick Taste is often vitiated: Or if, by Chance, it has made a proper Choice, becomes partially attached to one Species of Excellence, and remains dead to the Sense of all other Merit, however equal, or superior.

I think I may venture to assert, with a Confidence, that on Reflection it will appear to be true, that the eminent Class of Writers, who flourished at the Beginning of this Century, have almost entirely superseded their illustrious Predecessors. The Works of *Congreve*, *Vanburgh*, *Steele*, *Addison*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, &c. &c. are the chief Study of the Million: I

lay, of the Million, for as to those few, who are not only familiar with all our own Authors, but are also conversant with the Antients, they are not to be circumscribed by the narrow Limits of the Fashion. *Shakespeare* and *Milton* seem to stand alone, like first-rate Authors, amid the general Wreck of old *English* Literature. *Milton* perhaps owes much of his present Fame to the generous Labours and good Taste of *Addison*. *Shakespeare* has been transmitted down to us with successive Glories; and you, Sir, have continued, or rather increased, his Reputation. You have, in no fullsome Strain of Compliment, been stiled the Best Commentator on his Works: But have you not, like other Commentators, contracted a narrow, exclusive, Veneration of your Author? Has not the Contemplation of *Shakespeare's* Excellencies almost dazzled and extinguished your Judgment, when directed to other Objects, and made you blind to the Merit of his Cotemporaries? Under your Dominion, have not *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, nay even *Jonson*, suffered a Kind of theatrical Disgrace? And has not poor *Massinger*, whose Cause I have now undertaken, been permitted to languish in Obscurity, and remained almost entirely unknown?

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

pleasing Effect on a modern Audience, as they are so totally different from the Manners of the present Age.

These, and such as these, might once have appeared reasonable Objections: But you, Sir, of all Persons, can urge them with the least Grace, since your Practice has so fully proved their Insufficiency. Your Experience must have taught you, that when a Piece has any striking Beauties, they will cover a Multitude of Inaccuracies; and that a Play need not be written on the severest Plan, to please in the Representation. The Mind is soon familiarized to Irregularities, which do not sin against the Truth of Nature, but are merely Violations of that strict Decorum, of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient Spectators are we of the Inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling *Shakespeare*! What critical Catcall ever proclaimed the Indecency of introducing the Stocks in the Tragedy of *Lear*? How quietly do we see *Gloster* take his imaginary Leap from *Dover Cliff*! Or to give a stronger Instance of Patience, with what a philosophical Calmness do the Audience dose over the tedious, and uninteresting, Love-Scenes, with which the bungling Hand of *Tate* has coarsely pieced and patched that rich Work of *Shakespeare*!—To instance further from *Shakespeare* himself, the Grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention *Polonius*) are not only endured, but applauded; the very Nurse in *Romco* and *Juliet* is allowed to be Nature; the Transactions of a whole History are, without Offence, begun and compleated in less than three hours; and we are agreeably wafsted by the *Chorus*, or oftener without so much Ceremony, from one End of the World to another.

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

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

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

This Charge must be confessed to be true: But upon Examination it will, perhaps, be found of less Consequence than is generally imagined. These Dramattick Tales, for so we may best stile such Plays, have often occasioned much Pleasure to the Reader and Spectator, which could not possibly have been conveyed to them by any other Vehicle. Many an interesting Story, which, from the Diversity of its Circumstances, cannot be regularly reduced either to Tragedy or Comedy, yet abounds with Character,
and

and contains several affecting Situations : And why such a Story should lose its Force, dramatically related and assisted by Representation, when it pleases, under the colder Form of a Novel, is difficult to conceive. Experience has proved the Effect of such Fictions on our Minds ; and convinced us, that the Theatre is not that barren Ground, wherein the Plants of Imagination will not flourish. *The Tempest, the Midsummer Night's Dream, the Merchant of Venice, As you like it, Twelfth Night, the Faithful Shepherdes of Fletcher,* (with a much longer List that might be added from *Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher,* and their Cotemporaries, or immediate Successors) have most of them, within all our Memories, been ranked among the most popular Entertainments of the Stage. Yet none of these can be denominated Tragedy, Comedy, or Tragi-Comedy. The Play Bills, I have observed, cautiously stile them Plays : And Plays indeed they are, truly such, if it be the End of Plays to delight and instruct, to captivate at once the Ear, the Eye, and the Mind, by Situations forcibly conceived, and Characters truly delineated.

There is once Circumstance in Dramatick Poetry, which, I think, the chastised Notions of our modern Criticks do not permit them sufficiently to consider. Dramatick Nature is of a more large and liberal Quality, than they are willing to allow. It does not consist merely in the Representation of Real Characters, Characters acknowledged to abound in common Life ; but may be extended also to the Exhibition of imaginary Beings. To Create, is to be a Poet indeed ; to draw down Beings from another Sphere, and endue them with suitable Passions, Affections, Dispositions, allotting them at the same Time proper Employment ; to *body forth*, by the Powers of Imagination, *the Forms of Things unknown*, and to *give to airy Nothing a local Habitation and a Name*, surely requires a Genius for the Drama equal, if not superior, to the Delineation of Personages in the ordinary

dinary Course of Nature. *Shakespeare* in particular is universally acknowledged never to have soared so far above the Reach of all other Writers, as in those Instances, where he seems purposely to have transgressed the Laws of Criticism. He appears to have disdained to put his free Soul *into Circumscription and Confine*, which denied his extraordinary Talents their full Play, nor gave Scope to the Boundlessness of his Imagination. His Witches, Ghosts, Fairies, and other imaginary Beings, scattered through his Plays, are so many glaring Violations of the common Table of Dramatick Laws. What then shall we say? Shall we confess their Force and Power over the Soul, shall we allow them to be Beauties of the most exquisite Kind, and yet insist on their being expunged? And why? except it be to reduce the Flights of an exalted Genius, by fixing the Standard of Excellence on the Practice of inferior Writers, who wanted Parts to execute such great Designs; or to accommodate them to the narrow Ideas of small Criticks, who want Souls large enough to comprehend them?

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

But, in consequence of the Custom of tracing the Events of a Play minutely from a Novel, the Authors were sometimes led to represent a mere human Creature in Circumstances not quite consonant to Nature, of a Disposition rather wild and extravagant, and in both Cases more especially repugnant to modern Ideas. This indeed required particular Indulgence

gence from the Spectator, but it was an Indulgence, which seldom missed of being amply repaid. Let the Writer but once be allowed, as a necessary *Datum*, the Possibility of any Character's being placed in such a Situation, or possess'd of so peculiar a Turn of Mind, the Behaviour of the Character is perfectly natural. *Shakespeare*, though the Child of Fancy, seldom or never dress'd up a common Mortal in any other than the modest Dress of Nature: But many shining Characters in the Plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are not so well grounded on the Principles of the human Heart; and yet, as they were supported with Spirit, they were received with Applause. *Shylock's* Contract, with the Penalty of the Pound of Flesh, though not *Shakespeare's* own Fiction, is perhaps rather improbable; at least it would not be regarded as a happy Dramatick Incident in a modern Play; and yet, having once taken it for granted, how beautifully, nay, how *naturally*, is the Character sustained!—Even this Objection therefore, of a Deviation from Nature, great as it may seem, will be found to be a Plea insufficient to excuse the total Exclusion of our antient Dramatists from the Theatre. *Shakespeare*, you will readily allow, possess'd Beauties more than necessary to redeem his Faults; Beauties, that excite our Admiration, and obliterate his Errors. True. But did no Portion of that divine Spirit fall to the Share of our other Old Writers? And can their Works be suppress'd, or conceal'd, without Injustice to their Merit?

One of the best and most pleasing Plays in *Maffinger*, and which, we are told, was originally received with general Approbation, is call'd, *The PICTURE*. The Fiction, whence it takes its Title, and on which the Story of the Play is grounded, may be collect'd from the following short Scene. *Matthias*, a Gentleman of *Bohemia*, having taken an affecting Leave of his Wife *Sophia*, with a Resolution of serving in the King of

Hungary's Army against the Turks, is left alone on the Stage, and the Play goes on, as follows.

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

Enter Baptista.

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

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

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

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

Math. Good.

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

Math. O *Baptista!*

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions ;
I must know farther, or you have made good
But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my Presence was
A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted ?

But

But when I am absent, and my coming back
 Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
 Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
 The absolute Disposer of herself,
 Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
 By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
 If then she hold out——

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainities, *Baptista*,
 By your Assurance, or your boasted Art
 Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle——
 And play with my Affliction! I'm on
 The Rack, till you confirm me.

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

Math. I desire no more.

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

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

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

The Fort, by Composition or Surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free Content, surrender'd.

Nothing can be more fantastick, or more in the extravagant Strain of the *Italian* Novels, than this Fiction : And yet the Play, rais'd on it, is extremely beautiful, abounds with affecting Situations, true Character, and a faithful Representation of Nature. The Story, thus opened, proceeds as follows. *Matthias* departs, accompanied by his Friend, and serves as a Volunteer in the *Hungarian* Army against the *Turks*. A complete Victory being obtained, chiefly by Means of his Valour, he is brought by the General to the *Hungarian* Court, where he not only receives many Honours from the King, but captivates the Heart of the Queen; whose Passion is not so much excited by his known Valour or personal Attractions, as by his avow'd Constancy to his Wife, and his firm Assurance of her reciprocal Affection and Fidelity to him. These Circumstances touch the Pride, and raise the Envy of the Queen. She resolves, therefore, to destroy His conjugal Faith by giving up Her Own, and determines to make Him a desperate Offer of Her Person; and, at the same Time, under Pretence of Notice of *Matthias* his being detained for a Month at Court, She dispatches two debauched young Noblemen to tempt the Virtue of *Sophia*. These Incidents occasion several affecting Scenes both on the Part of the Husband and Wife. *Matthias* (not with an unnatural and untheatrical Stoicism, but with the liveliest Sensibility) nobly withstands the Temptations of the Queen. *Sophia*, though most virtuously attached to her Husband, becomes uneasy at the feign'd Stories, which the young Lords recount to her of his various Gallantries at Court, and in a Fit of Jealousy, Rage, and Resentment, makes a momentary Resolution to give up her Honour. While she is supposed to be yet under the Dominion
of

of this Resolution, occurs the following Scene between the Husband and his Friend.

MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate Straight ; there's no Evasion
Nor Hope left to come of, but by your yielding
To the Necessity ; you must feign a Grant
To her violent Passion, or——

Math. What, my *Baptista*?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Loss of Faith and Virtue
To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
The many Years that by the Course of Nature
We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
And hold it as a Blessing, as it is,
When Innocence is our Guide ; yet know, *Baptista*,
Our Virtues are prefer'd before our Years,
By the great Judge. To die untainted in
Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest ;
And to lose that, can we desire to live?
Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure,
Which soon comes to a Period, to all Times
Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembered
In a still living Epitaph? No, *Baptista*,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
With equal Loyalty : but look on this,
Your own great Work, your Master-piece, and there
She being still the same, teach me to alter.
Ha! sure I do not sleep ! or, if I dream,

[*The Picture altered.*]

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

Bapt. It is too apparent.

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

Math.

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

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

Math. Fact! *Baptista?*

Make not yourself a Pandar to her Looseness,
In labouring to palliate what a Vizard
Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
In her Will decline from Chastity, but found Means
To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more
Possible in Nature for gross Bodies
Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my single Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
To stop the Lightning, then to stay a Woman
Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood,
In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you temper
The Violence of your Passion.

Math. In Extreame

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

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

Math. No, that hath undone me,
For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worse than Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen
(Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempted
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets,) to preserve my Faith
Inviolate to Thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, since she could inflict

No less for my Contempt, and have I met
 Such a Return from Thee? I will not curse Thee,
 Nor for thy Falshood rail against the Sex;
 'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise Men
 Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
 Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come
 Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
 Produce one constant Woman.

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

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

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

Math. To slip once
 Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
 But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
 Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
 But, as I hope you will do, I repented.

When

When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is
 Like to this Picture. While we run
 A constant Race in Goodness, it retains
 The just Proportion. But the Journey being
 Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way,
 That may in some Degree divert us from
 The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
 Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
 Or be with Blackness clouded. But when we
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to
 Return unto our never-failing Guide
 Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
 The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it
 To the first Purity.

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

* Nobody can have a truer Veneration for the Poetical Genius of
Dryden, than the Writer of these Reflections; but surely that Genius is
 no where so much obscured, notwithstanding some transient Gleams,
 as in his Plays; of which He had Himself no great Opinion, since
 the only Plea He ever urged in their Favour, was, that the Town
 had received with Applause Plays equally bad. Nothing, perhaps,
 but the absurd Notion of Heroick Plays, could have carried the
 immediate Successors to the Old Class of Writers into such ridiculous
 Contradictions to Nature. That I may not appear singular in my
 Opinion

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

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

In Point of Character, (perhaps the most essential Part of the Drama) our Old Writers far transcend the Moderns. It is surely needless, in Support of this Opinion to recite a long List of Names, when the Memory of every Reader must suggest them to himself. The Manners of many of them, it is true, do not prevail at present. What then? Is it dis-

Opinion of *Dryden's* Dramatick Pieces, I must beg Leave to refer the Reader to the *Rambler*, No. 125, where that judicious Writer has produced divers Instances from *Dryden's* Plays, sufficient (to use the *Rambler's* own Language) to awaken the most torpid Risibility.

pleasing or uninstruative to see the Manners of a former Age pass in Review before us? Or is the Mind undelighted at recalling the Characters of our Ancestors, while the Eye is confessedly gratified at the Sight of the Actors dress'd in their antique Habits? Moreover, Fashion and Custom are so perpetually fluctuating, that it must be a very accurate Piece indeed, and one quite new and warm from the Anvil, that catches the *Damon* or *Cynthia* of this Minute. Some Plays of our latest and most fashionable Authors are grown as obsolete in this Particular, as those of the first Writers; and it may with Safety be affirmed, that *Bobadill* is not more remote from modern Character, than the ever-admired and everywhere-to-be-met-with *Lord Foppington*. It may, also, be further considered, that most of the best Characters in our old Plays are not merely fugitive and temporary. They are not the sudden Growth of Yesterday or To-day, sure of fading or withering To-morrow; but they were the Delight of past Ages, still continue the Admiration of the present, and (to use the Language of true Poetry)

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

The ACTOR.

There is one Circumstance peculiar to the Dramatick Tales, and to many of the more regular Comedies of our old Writers, of which it is too little to say, that it demands no Apology. It deserves the highest Commendation, since it hath been the Means of introducing the most capital Beauties into their Compositions, while the same Species of Excellence could not possibly enter into those of a later Period. I mean the Poetical Stile of their Dialogue. Most Nations, except our own, have imagined mere Prose, which, with *Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our Cradle; too little

little elevated for the Language of the Theatre. Our Neighbours, the *French*, at this Day write most of their Plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in Rhime; a *Gotbick* Practice, which our own Stage once admitted, but long ago wisely rejected. The *Græcian* Iambick was more happily conceived in the true Spirit of that elegant and magnificent Simplicity, which characterized the Taste of that Nation. Such a Measure was well accommodated to the Expressions of the Mind, and though it refined indeed on Nature, it did not contradict it. In this, as well as in all other Matters of Literature, the Usage of *Greece* was religiously observed at *Rome*. *Plautus*, in his richest Vein of Humour, is numerous and poetical. The Comedies of *Terence*, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop *Hare*, were evidently not written without Regard to Measure; which is the invincible Reason, why all Attempts to render them into downright Prose have always proved, and ever must prove, unsuccessful; and if a faint Effort, now under Contemplation, to give a Version of them in familiar Blank Verse (after the Manner of our Old Writers, but without a servile Imitation of Them) should fail, it must, I am confident, be owing to the Lameness of the Execution. The *English* Heroick Measure, or, as it is commonly called, Blank Verse, is perhaps of a more happy Construction even than the *Græcian* Iambick; elevated equally, but approaching nearer to the Language of Nature, and as well adapted to the Expression of Comick Humour as to the *Pathos* of Tragedy.

The mere Modern Critick, whose Idea of Blank Verse is perhaps attached to that empty Swell of Phraseology, so frequent in our late Tragedies, may consider these Notions as the Effect of Bigotry to our old Authors, rather than the Result of impartial Criticism. Let such an one carefully read over the Works of those Writers, for whom I am an Advocate. There he will seldom or ever find that Tu-

mour of Blank Verse, to which He has been so much accustomed. He will be surpris'd with a familiar Dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary Conversation, is rather an Improvement than Perversion of it. He will soon be convinced, that Blank Verse is by no Means appropriated solely to the Buskin, but that the Hand of a Master may mould it to whatever Purposes he pleases; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit Humour, but heighten and embellish it. Instances might be produced without Number. It must however be lamented, that the Modern Tragick Stile, free, indeed, from the mad Flights of *Dryden*, and his Contemporaries, yet departs equally from Nature. I am apt to think it is in great Measure owing to the almost total Exclusion of Blank Verse from all modern Compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common Use of an Elevated Diction in Comedy, where the Writer was often, of Necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary Matters, and where the Subject demanded him to paint the most ridiculous Emotions of the Mind, was perhaps one of the chief Causes of that *easy Vigour*, so conspicuous in the Stile of the old Tragedies. Habituated to Poetical Dialogue in those Compositions, wherein They were obliged to adhere more strictly to the Simplicity of the Language of Nature, the Poets learnt, in those of a more raised Species, not to depart from it too wantonly. They were well acquainted also with the Force as well as Elegance of their Mother-Tongue, and chose to use such Words, as may be called Natives of the Language, rather than to *harmonize* their Verses, and *agonize* the Audience with *Latin* Terminations. Whether the refined Stile of *Addison's Cato*, and the flowing Versification of *Rowe* first occasioned this Departure from antient Simplicity it is difficult to determine: but it is too true, that *Southerne* was the last of our Dramatick Writers, who was, in any Degree, possess'd of that magnificent Plainness, which is

the

the genuine Dress of Nature; though indeed the Plays even of *Rowe* are more simple in their Stile, than those which have been produced by his Successors. It must not however be dissembled in this Place, that the Stile of our Old Writers is not without Faults; that They were apt to give too much into Conceits; that They often persued an allegorical Train of Thought too far; and were sometimes betrayed into forced, unnatural, quaint, or gigantick Expressions. In the Works of *Shakespeare* himself every one of these Errors may be found; yet it may be safely asserted, that no other Author, antient or modern, has expressed himself on such a Variety of Subjects with more Ease, and in a Vein more truly poetical, unless, perhaps, we should except *Homer*: Of which, by the bye, the deepest Critick, most conversant with Idioms and Dialects, is not quite a competent Judge.

I would not be understood, by what I have here said of Poetical Dialogue, to object to the Use of Prose, or to insinuate that our modern Comedies are the worse for being written in that Stile. It is enough for me, to have vindicated the Use of a more elevated Manner among our Old Writers. I am well aware that most Parts of *Falstaff*, *Ford Benedick*, *Malvolio*, &c. are written in Prose; nor indeed would I counsel a modern Writer to attempt the Use of Poetical Dialogue in a mere Comedy: A Dramatick Tale, indeed, chequered, like Life itself, with various Incidents, ludicrous and affecting, if written by a masterly Hand, and somewhat more severely than those abovementioned, would, I doubt not, still be received with Candour and Applause. The Publick would be agreeably surpris'd with the Revival of Poetry on the Theatre, and the Opportunity of employing all the best Performers, serious as well as comick, in one Piece, would render it still more likely to make a favourable Impression on the Audience. There is a Gentleman, not unequal to such
a Task,

a Task, who was once tempted to begin a Piece of this Sort; but, I fear, he has too much Love of Ease and Indolence, and too little Ambition of literary Fame, ever to complete it.

But to conclude :

Have I, Sir, been wasting all this Ink and Time in vain? Or may it be hoped that you will extend some of that Care to the rest of our Old Authors, which you have so long bestowed on *Shakespeare*, and which you have so often lavished on many a worse Writer, than the most inferior of those here recommended to You? It is certainly your Interest to give Variety to the Publick Taste, and to diversify the Colour of our Dramatick Entertainments. Encourage new Attempts; but do Justice to the Old! The Theatre is a wide Field. Let not one or two Walks of it alone be beaten, but lay open the Whole to the Excursions of Genius! This, perhaps, might kindle a Spirit of Originality in our modern Writers for the Stage; who might be tempted to aim at more Novelty in their Compositions, when the Liberality of the Popular Taste rendered it less hazardous. That the Narrowness of theatrical Criticism might be enlarged I have no Doubt. Reflect, for a Moment, on the uncommon Success of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Every Man in his Humour*! and then tell me, whether there are not many other Pieces of as antient a Date, which, with the like proper Curtailments and Alterations, would produce the same Effect? Has an industrious Hand been at the Pains to scratch up the Dunghill of *Dryden's Amphitryon* for the few Pearls that are buried in it, and shall the rich Treasures of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Jonson*, and *Massinger*, lie (as it were) in the Ore, untouched and disregarded? Reform your List of Plays! In the Name of *Burbage*, *Taylor*, and *Betterton*, I conjure you to it! Let the veteran Criticks once more have the Satisfaction of seeing *the Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and no King*, &c. on the Stage!—Restore
Fletcher's

Fletcher's Elder Brother to the Rank unjustly usurped by *Cibber's Love makes a Man!* and since you have wisely desisted from giving an annual Affront to the City by acting *the London Cuckolds* on Lord-Mayor's Day, why will you not pay them a Compliment, by exhibiting *the City Madam* of *Massinger* on the same Occasion?

If after all, Sir, these Remonstrances should prove without Effect, and the Merit of these great Authors should plead with You in vain, I will here fairly turn my Back upon you, and address myself to the Lovers of Dramatick Compositions in general. They, I am sure, will peruse those Works with Pleasure in the Closet, though they lose the Satisfaction of seeing them represented on the Stage: Nay, should They, together with You, concur in determining that such Pieces are unfit to be acted, You, as well as They, will, I am confident, agree, that such Pieces are, at least, very worthy to be read. There are many Modern Compositions, seen with Delight at the Theatre, which sicken on the Taste in the Perusal; and the honest Country Gentleman, who has not been present at the Representation, wonders with what his *London* Friends have been so highly entertained, and is as much perplexed at the *Town-manner* of Writing as Mr. *Smith* in *the Rehearsal*. The Excellencies of our Old Writers are, on the contrary, not confined to Time and Place, but always bear about them the Evidences of true Genius.

Massinger is perhaps the least known, but not the least meritorious of any of the old Class of Writers. His Works declare him to be no mean Proficient in the same School. He possesses all the Beauties and Blemishes common to the Writers of that Age. He has, like the rest of them, in Compliance with the Custom of the Times, admitted Scenes of a low and gross Nature, which might be omitted with no more Prejudice to the Fable; than the Buffoonry in *Venice Preserved*.

Preserved. For his few Faults he makes ample Atonement. His Fables are, most of them, affecting; his Characters well conceived, and strongly supported; and his Diction, flowing, various, elegant, and manly. His two Plays, revived by *Betterton*, *the Bondman*, and *the Roman Actor*, are not, I think, among the Number of his best. *The Duke of Milan*, *the Renegado*, *the Picture*, *the Fatal Dowry*, *the Maid of Honour*, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, *the Unnatural Combat*, *the Guardian*, *the City Madam*, are each of them, in my Mind, more excellent. He was a very popular Writer in his own Times, but so unaccountably, as well as unjustly, neglected at present, that the accurate Compilers of a Work called *The Lives of the Poets*, published under the learned Name of the late Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, have not so much as mentioned him. He is, however, take him for all in all, an Author, whose Works the intelligent Reader will peruse with Admiration: And that I may not be supposed to withdraw my Plea for his Admission to the Modern Stage, I shall conclude these Reflections with one more Specimen of his Abilities; submitting it to all Judges of Theatrical Exhibitions, whether the most masterly Actor would not here have an Opportunity of displaying his Powers to Advantage.

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

Sfor. ——— Stay you, *Francisco*.
—You see how Things stand with me?
Fran. To my Grief:
And if the Loss of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice, to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor.

Sfor. I think so ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,

It is so wicked : For which, Men will curse Thee
 For being the Instrument ; and the blest Angels
 Forsake Me at my Need, for being the Author :
 For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Francisco*,
 In which the Memory of all good Actions,
 We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :
 Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
 'To fright Posterity by our Example,
 That have out-gone all Precedents of Villains
 That were before us ; and such as succeed,
 Though taught in Hell's black School, shall ne'er come near
 —Art thou not shak'n yet? [us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fran.

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

Sfor. Do not fly off:

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

Fran. 'Tis not Fear

Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
What Warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with Unwillingness and Horror,
Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Francisco*:

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

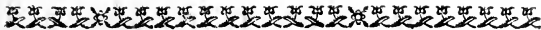
Fran. 'Tis a Character

I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it.

[*Exeunt.*]





T H E

VIRGIN-MARTYR.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Acted in the Year 1631, by his MAJESTY'S
Servants, with Great Applause.

W R I T T E N B Y

P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R,

A N D

T H O M A S D E C K E R.



Dramatis Personæ.

- DIOCLESIAN, } Emperors of ROME.
MAXIMINUS, }
A King of PONTUS.
A King of EPIRE.
A King of MACEDON.
SAPRITIUS, Governor of *Cæsarea*.
THEOPHILUS, a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.
SEMPRONIUS, Captain of SAPRITIUS's Guards.
ANTONINUS, SON to SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, Friend to ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, an Evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the
Shape of a Secretary.
ARTEMIA, Daughter to DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTE, } Daughters to THEOPHILUS.
CHRISTETA, }
DOROTHEA, The Virgin-Martyr.
ANGELO, a Good Spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the
Habit of a Page.
A BRITISH Slave.
HERCIUS, a Whoremaster, } Servants to DOROTHEA.
SPUNGIUS, a Drunkard, }
A Priest to JUPITER.
Officers, and Executioners.

T H E



T H E
V I R G I N - M A R T Y R . *

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

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theophilus.



COME to *Cæsarea* To-night?

Harpax. Most true, Sir.

Theoph. The Emperor in Person?

Harp. Do I live?

Theoph. 'Tis wond'rous strange! The Marches of
great Princes,

Like to the Motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are Step by Step observ'd; and loud-tongu'd Fame
The Harbinger to prepare their Entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an Army,
Though cover'd with the Night, could be so near,
The Governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his Person,
But, by some secret Means, he should have Notice
Of *Cæsar's* Purpose in this;—Then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.

Harp. At your Pleasure.

* This Tragedy was wrote jointly by MASSINGER and DECKER, and is far inferior to those of *Massinger's* own Composition. *Decker* was Cotemporary with *Ben Johnson* in the Reign of King *James I.* and a great Contender for the Bays. He wrote Eight entire Plays himself, and was concerned in five more; but the latter vastly exceed the former: And this, in Point of Merit, is superior to any.

4 THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Theopb. Yet, when I call to Mind you never fail'd me
 In Things more difficult ; but have discover'd
 Deeds that were done thousand Leagues distant from me,
 When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults ;
 No, nor the Power they serve, ¹ could keep these Chri-
 stians

Or from my Reach, or Punishment, but thy Magick
 Still laid them open ; I begin again
 To be as confident as heretofore,
 It is not possible thy powerful Art
 Should meet a Check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Caliste,
 Christeta.*

Harp. Look on the Vestals,
 The holy Pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
 Your chaste, fair Daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
 A Service to a Master, not unthankful,
 I could say this, in Spite of your Prevention,
 Seduc'd by an imagin'd Faith, not Reason,
 (Which is the Strength of Nature) quite forsaking
 The gentle Gods, had yielded up themselves
 To this new-found Religion. This I cross'd,
 Discover'd their Intentions, taught you to use,
 With gentle Words and mild Persuasions,
 The Pow'r and the Authority of a Father,
 Set off with cruel Threats, and so reclaim'd them :
 And, whereas they with Torments should have dy'd,
 (Hell's Furies to me had they undergone it.) *Afide.*

¹ *Could keep these Christians
 Or from my Reach or Punishment.*

The Plot of this Play is founded on the tenth and last general
 Persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth Year
 of Dioclesian's Reign, and raged ten whole Years, with a Fury hardly
 to be expressed ; the Christians being every where, without Distinc-
 tion of Sex, Age, or Condition, dragged to Execution, and tor-
 tured with the most exquisite Torments that Rage, Cruelty, and Ha-
 tred could invent.

They

They are now Vot'ries in great *Jupiter's* Temple,
 And, by his Priest instructed, grown familiar
 With all the Myst'ries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
 Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a Benefit,
 For which I ever owe you. Hail, *Jove's Flamen!*
 Have these my Daughters reconcil'd themselves
 (Abandoning for ever the Christian Way);—
 To your Opinion?

Priest. And are constant to it:
 They teach their Teachers with their Depth of Judgment;
 And are with Arguments able to convert
 The Enemies to our Gods, and answer all
 They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear Daughters!

Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung sect,
 In private or in publick.

Harp. My best Lady,
 Persevere in it.

Christeta. And what we maintain,
 We will seal with our Bloods.

Harp. Brave Resolution!
 I e'en grow fat to see my Labours prosper.

Theoph. I young again — to your Devotions.

Harp. Do—
 My Prayers be present with you.

↓ *Exeunt Priest and Daughters.*

Theoph. O my *Harpax!*
 Thou Engine of my Wishes, thou that steel'd'st
 My bloody Resolutions; thou that arm'st
 My Eyes 'gainst womanish Tears and soft Compassion,
 Instructing me without a Sigh to look on
 Babes torn by Violence from their Mother's Breast,
 To feed the Fire, and with them make one Flame:
 Old Men, as Beasts, in Beast's Skins torn by Dogs;
 Virgins and Matrons tire the Executioners;
 Yet I, unsatisfied, think their Torments easy.

Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.

Theoph. Were all Scepters
That grace the Hands of Kings made into one,
And offer'd me, all Crowns laid at my Feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all Posterities might be call'd
The strongest Champion of the Pagan Gods,
And rooter out of Christians.

Harp. Oh, mine own,
My own dear Lord! to further this great Work
I ever live thy Slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theoph. No more — the Governor.

Sap. Keep the Ports close, and let the Guards be
doubl'd;

Disarm the Christians, call it Death in any
To wear a Sword, or in his House to have one.

Semp. I shall be careful, Sir.

Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer Sacrifice
To any of our Gods, put to the Torture.
Grub up this growing Mischief by the Roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.

Semp. You pour Oil
On Fire that burns already at the Height,
I know the Emp'ror's Edict and my Charge;
And they shall find no Favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This Care is timely, for the Entertainment
Of our great Master, who this Night in Person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who! the Emperor?

Harp. To clear your Doubts, he does return in Triumph,
Kings lackeying by his triumphant Chariot;
And in this glorious Victory, my Lord,
You have an ample Share: For know, your Son,
The ne'er enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden Sword, and dy'd

His

His snowy Plumes so deep in Enemies Blood,
That, besides public Grace beyond his Hopes,
There are Rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
No Mean in thine, could this be true.

Harp. Hy Head answer the Forfeit.

Sap. Of his Victory
There was some Rumour; but it was assured,
The Army pass'd a full Day's Journey higher
Into the Country.

Harp. It was so determin'd :
But, for the further Honour of your Son,
And to observe the Government of the City,
And with what Rigour, or remiss Indulgence
The Christians are pursu'd, he makes his Stay here ;
For Proof, his Trumpets speak his near Arrival.

Trumpets a-far off.

Sap. Haste, good *Sempronius!* draw up our Guards,
And with all ceremonious Pomp receive
The conqu'ring Army. Let our Garrison speak
Their Welcome in loud Shouts ; the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Sempr. I'm gone.

[*Exit Sempronius.*]

Sapritius. O, I am ravish'd
With this great Honour! cherish, good *Theophilus,*
This knowing Scholar ; send your fair Daughters ;
I will present them to the Emperor,
And in their sweet Conversion, as a Mirror,
Express your Zeal and Duty. [*A Lesson of Cornets.*]

Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax!*

A Guard, brought in by Sempronius's Soldiers, leading in three Kings bound; Antoninus and Macrinus carrying the Emperor's Eagles; Dioclesian with a gilt Laurel on his Head, leading in Artemia; Sapritius kisses the Emperor's Hand, then embraces his Son; Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta.—Loud shouts.

Diocle. So, at all parts I find *Cæserea*
Completely govern'd, the licentious Soldie

8 THE VIRGIN - MARTYR.

Confin'd in modest Limits, and the People
 Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with Rigour;
 The ancient *Roman* Discipline reviv'd,
 (Which rais'd *Rome* to her Greatness, and proclaim'd her
 The glorious Mistress of the conquer'd World :)
 But, above all, the Service of the Gods
 So zealously observ'd, that, good *Sapritius*,
 In Words to thank you for your Care and Duty,
 Were much unworthy *Dioclesian's* Honour,
 Or his Magnificence to his loyal Servants.
 But I shall find a Time with noble Titles
 To recompence your Merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cæsar* !

Whose Power upon this Globe of Earth is equal
 To *Jove's* in Heaven; whose victorious Triumphs
 On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
 Are perfect Figures of his immortal trophies
 Won in the Giants War; whose conqu'ring Sword
 Guided by his strong Arm, as deadly kills
 As did his Thunder; all that I have done,
 Or, if my Strength were centupl'd, could do,
 Comes short of what my Loyalty must challenge.
 But, if in any Thing I have deserv'd
 Great *Cæsar's* Smile, 'tis in my humble Care
 Still to preserve the Honour of those Gods,
 That make him what he is: my Zeal to them
 I ever have express'd in my fell Hate
 Against the Christian Sect, that with one Blow,
 Ascribing all Things to an unknown Power;
 Would strike down all their Temples, and allow them
 No Sacrifice nor Altars.

Diocl. Thou, in this,
 Walk'st Hand in Hand with me²; my Will and Power
 Shall

² ———— *Thou in this,*
Walk'st Hand in Hand with me.

As the Subject of this Play is turned so much on the Persecution of
 the Christians, I shall here transcribe such Passages of *Dioclesian's* Life

Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar*!

If your Imperial Majesty stand pleas'd
To show'r your Favours upon such as are
The boldest Champions of our Religion;
Look on this reverend Man, to whom the Power
Of searching out, and punishing such Delinquents,
Was by your Choice committed; and, for proof,
He hath deserv'd the Grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even Hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equal Nearness to himself; behold
These Pair of Virgins.

Diocl. What are these?

Sap. His Daughters.

Artem. Now by your sacred Fortune, they are fair ones;
Exceeding fair ones: Would 'twere in my Power
To make them mine.

as may serve to illustrate not only what the Poet here makes him speak, but several other Parts of the Tragedy before us.

“Happy and glorious had hitherto been the Reign of *Dioclesian*; but he no sooner began to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of the Righteous, says *Eusebius*, than he felt the Effects of divine Vengeance in the many Calamities which soon overtook him. A few Days after the issuing of the first Edicts against the Christians, a Fire broke out in the Palace at *Nicomedia* where *Dioclesian* and *Galerius* (a most violent Persecutor) were lodged, and reduced Part of it to Ashes. *Eusebius* writes, that he could never know how that Accident happened. *Constantine*, who was on the Spot, ascribes it to Lightning; and *Lactantius* assures us, that *Galerius* caused Fire to be privately set to the Palace, that he might lay the Blame of it upon the Christians, and by that Means incense *Dioclesian* still more against them, which he did accordingly. *Dioclesian* was so disturbed with this Accident, that thenceforth he constantly imagined he saw Lightning falling from Heaven; his Terror and Dismay was greatly increased by a second Fire, which broke out in the Palace fifteen Days after the first, but was stopped before it had done any great Mischief: However, it had the Effect which was intended by the Author of it *Galerius*; for *Dioclesian* ascribing it to the Christians, resolved to keep no Measures with them; and *Galerius*, the more to exasperate him against them, withdrew from *Nicomedia* the same Day, saying, that he was afraid of being burnt alive by the Christians.”

Theoph.

Theoph. They are the Gods, great Lady! -
 They were most happy in your Service else:
 On these (when they fell from their Father's Faith)
 I us'd a Judge's Power, Intreaties failing
 (They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
 The holy pow'rs we worship; I put on
 The scarlet Robe of bold Authority:
 And, as they had been Strangers to my Blood,
 Presented them (in the most horrid Form)
 All kind of Tortures, part of which they suffer'd
 With *Roman* Conflancy.

Artem. And could you endure,
 Being a Father, to behold their Limbs
 Extended on the Rack?

Theoph. I did; but must
 Confess, there was a strange Contention in me,
 Between th' impartial Office of a Judge,
 And Pity of a Father; to help Justice
 Religion stept in, under which Odds
 Compassion fell:—Yet still I was a Father;
 For even then, when the flinty Hangman's Whips
 Were worn with Stripes spent on their tender Limbs,
 I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they
 would
 Be cruel to themselves, they would take Pity
 On my grey Hairs. Now note a sudden Change,
 Which I with Joy remember; those, whom Torture,
 Nor fear of Death could terrify, were o'ercome
 By seeing of my Sufferings; and so won,
 Returning to the Faith that they were born in,
 I gave them to the Gods; and be assur'd
 I, that us'd Justice with a rig'rous Hand
 Upon such beauteous Virgins, and mine own,
 Will use no Favour, where the Cause commands me,
 To any other; but, as Rocks, be deaf
 To all Intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'st thy Place;
 Still hold it, and with Honour. Things thus order'd
 Touching the Gods, 'tis lawful to descend

To human Cares, and exercise that Power
 Heav'n hath confer'd upon me; which that you,
 Rebels and Traytors to the power of *Rome*,
 Should not with all Extremities undergo,
 What can you urge, to qualify your Crimes,
 Or mitigate my Anger?

Epire. We are now
 Slaves to thy Power, that Yesterday were Kings,
 And had Command o'er others; we confess
 Our Grandfires paid yours Tribute, yet left us,
 As their Forefathers had, Desire of Freedom.
 And, if you *Romans* hold it glorious Honour,
 Not only to defend what is your own,
 But to enlarge your Empire, (though our Fortune
 Denies that Happiness) who can accuse
 The famish'd Mouth, if it attempt to feed;
 Or such, whose Fetters eat into their Freedoms,
 If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
 The last Examples, to prove how uncertain
 All human Happiness is, and are prepar'd
 To endure the worst.

Macedon. That Spoke, which now is highest
 In Fortune's Wheel, must, when she turns it next,
 Decline as low as we are.³ This, consider'd,
 Taught the *Ægyptian Hercules*, *Sesoftris*
 (That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings)

—————³ *This consider'd,*
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesoftris.

Sesoftris might have been considered as one of the most illustrious and most boasted Heroes of Antiquity, had not the Lustre of his warlike Actions, as well as his pacific Virtues been tarnished by a Thirst of Glory, and a blind Fondness for his own Grandeur, which made him forget that he was a Man; the Kings and Chiefs of the conquered Nations came, at stated Times, to do Homage to their Victor, and pay him the appointed Tribute: On every other Occasion he treated them with some Humanity and Generosity; but when he went to the Temple, or entered his Capital, he caused these Princes, four a-breast, to be harnessed to his Carr instead of Horses; and valued himself upon his being thus drawn by the Lords and Sovereigns of other Nations.

To

To free them from that Slavery ;—but to hope
 Such Mercy from a *Roman*, were meer Madness :
 We are familiar with what Cruelty
Rome, since her infant Greatness, ever us'd
 Such as she triumph'd over ; Age nor Sex
 Exempted from her Tyranny ; scepter'd Princes
 Kept in your common Dungeons, and their Children
 In Scorn train'd up in base, mechanic Arts
 For public Bondmen : In the Catalogue
 Of those unfortunate Men, we expect to have
 Our Names remember'd.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
 Ev'n Cruelty is useful ; some must suffer,
 And be set up Examples to strike Terror
 In others, though far off : But, when a State,
 Is rais'd to her Perfection, and her Bases
 Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use Mercy,
 And do't with Safety : But to whom ? Not Cowards,
 Or such whose Baseness shames the Conqueror,
 And robs him of his Victory, as weak *Perseus*
 Did great *Æmilius*.⁴ Know, therefore, Kings
 Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
 That I with Courtesy can use my Prisoners
 As well as make them mine by Force, provided
 That they are noble Enemies : Such I found you
 Before I made you mine ; and, since you were so,
 You have not lost the Courages of Princes,

⁴ ————— *As weak Perseus*
Did great Æmilius.

It is said that *Perseus* sent to desire *Paulus Æmilius* not to exhibit him as a Spectacle to the *Romans*, and to spare him the Indignity of being led in Triumph. *Paulus Æmilius* replied coldly, *the Favour he asks of me is in his own Power ; he can procure it for himself.* He reproached in those few Words his Cowardice and excessive Love of Life, which the *Pagans* thought incumbent on them to sacrifice generously in such Conjunctions. They did not know that it is never lawful to attempt upon one's own Life. But *Perseus* was not prevented by that Consideration : For further Particulars see *Rollin's Ancient History*, Vol. II.

Although

Although the Fortune. Had you borne yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no Slavery
Had been too easy for you : but such is
The Power of noble Valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our Enemies, and, taken with it,
Desire to make them Friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not, *Cæsar!*

Diocle. By the Gods, I do not.
Unlose their Bonds ;—I now as Friends embrace you ;
Give them their Crowns again.

Pontus. We're twice o'ercome ;
By Courage and by Courtesy.

Macedon. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithful Vassals
To *Dioclesian*, and the Power of *Rome*.

Epire. All Kingdoms fall before her.

Pontus. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar!*

Diocle. I believe
Your Tongues are the true Trumpets of your Hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of Fate,
Imperious Fortune, mix some light Disaster
With my so many Joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter Relish ; I'm girt round
With true Felicity ; faithful Subjects here ;
Here bold Commanders ; here with new made Friends ;
But, what's the Crown of all, in thee, *Artemia!*
My only Child ! whose Love to me and Duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Artem. I make Payment
But of a Debt which I stand bound to tender
As a Daughter and a Subject.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A Retribution from me, *Artemia!*
Ty'd by a Father's Care, how to bestow
A Jewel, of all Things to me most precious :
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief Joys of Creation, Marriage Rites ;
Which that thou may'st with greater Pleasures taste of,
Thou

Thou shalt not like with mine Eyes, but thine own.
 Among these Kings. forgetting they were Captives,
 Or those, remembering not they are my Subjects,
 Make Choice of any ; by *Joves* dreadful Thunder,
 My Will shall rank with thine.

Artem. It is a Bounty
 The Daughters of great Princes seldom meet with ;
 For they, to make up Breaches in the State,
 Or for some other public Ends, are forc'd
 To match where they affect not :—May my Life
 Deserve this Favour.

Diocle. Speak ! I long to know
 The Man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that Titles,
 Or the adored Name of Queen, could take me,
 Here would I fix mine Eyes, and look no further :
 But these are Baits to take a mean-born Lady,
 Not her, that boldly may call *Cæsar* Father :
 In that I can bring Honour unto any,
 But from no King that lives receive Addition.
 To raise Desert and Vertue by my Fortune,
 Though in a low Estate, were greater Glory,
 Than to mix Greatness with a Prince, that owns
 No Worth but that Name only.

Diocle. I commend thee :
 'Tis like myself.

Artem. If then, of Men beneath me,
 My Choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
 But among those that best deserve from you ?
 That have serv'd you most faithfully ; that in Dangers
 Have stood next to you ; that have interpos'd
 Their Breasts, as Shields of Proof, to dull the Swords :
 Aim'd at your Bosom ; that have spent their Blood
 To crown your Brows with Laurel.

Macrinus. *Cytherea,*
 Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me ! [*Aside.*

Harp. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her Eyes on me,
 Fair *Venus's* Son ! draw forth a leaden Dart,

And,

And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
 Or, if thou needs wilt use a Golden one,
 (Shoot,) in the Behalf of any other;
 Thou know'st I am thy Votary elsewhere.

[*Aside.*

Artem. Sir!

Theoph. How he blushes!

Sap. Welcome, Fool, thy Fortune!
 Stand like a Block, when such an Angel courts thee?

Artem. I am no Object to divert your Eye
 From the beholding.

Anton. Rather a bright Sun
 Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
 That took not first Flight from the Eagle's Airy.
 As I look on the Temples, or the Gods,
 And with that Reverence, Lady, I behold you,
 And shall do ever.

Artem. And it will become you,
 While thus we stand at Distance; but, if Love
 (Love, born out of the Assurance of your Virtues,)
 Teach me to stoop so low——

Anton. O, rather take
 A higher Flight!

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
 Say I put off the dreadful Awe that waits
 On Majesty, or with you share my Beams;
 Nay, make you too outshine me, change the Name
 Of Subject into Lord; rob you of Service
 That's due from you to me, and in me make it
 Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Anton. Refuse you, Madam? Such a Worm, as I am,
 Refuse what Kings upon their Knees would sue for?
 Call it, great Lady, by another Name;
 An humble Modesty, that would not match
 A Molehill with *Olympus*.

Artem. He that's famous
 For honourable Actions in the War,
 As you are, *Antoninus*, a prov'd Soldier,
 Is fellow to a King,

Anton.

Anton. If you love Valour,
 As 'tis a Kingly Virtue, seek it out,
 And cherish it in a King; there it shines brightest,
 And yields the bravest Lustre. Look on *Épire*,
 A Prince, in whom it is incorporate;
 And let it not disgrace him that he was
 O'ercome by *Cæsar*; it was a Victory
 To stand so long against him: Had you seen him,
 How in one bloody Scene he did discharge
 The Parts of a Commander and a Soldier,
 Wife in Direction, bold in Execution;
 You would have said, great *Cæsar's* Self excepted,
 The World yields not his Equal.

Artem. Yet I've heard,
 Encount'ring him alone in the Head of his Troop,
 You took him Prisoner.

Épire. 'Tis a Truth, great Princess;
 I'll not detract from Valour.

Anton. 'Twas mere Fortune; Courage had no Hand
 in it.

Theoph. Did ever Man
 Strive so against his own good!

Sap. Spiritless Villain!
 How I am tortur'd! By th' Immortal Gods,
 I now could kill him.

Diocl. Hold, *Sapritius*, hold!
 On our Displeasure hold!

Harp. Why, this would make
 A Father mad; 'tis not to be endur'd:
 Your Honour's tainted in't.

Sap. By Heav'n, it is;
 I shall think of it.

Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay, kneel not, Sir! I am no Ravisher;
 Nor so far gone in fond Affection to you,
 But that I can retire, my Honour safe;
 Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
 What, but seen in Possession of another,
 Will make thee mad with Envy.

Anton.

Anton. In her Looks

Revenge is written.

Macrin. As you love your Life,
Study to appease her.

Anton. Gracious Madam, hear me!

Artem. And be again refus'd.

Anton. The Tender of

My Life, my Service, not, since you vouchsafe it,
My Love, my Heart, my All, and pardon me!
Pardon, dread Princess! that-I made some Scruple
To leave a Valley of Security,
To mount up to the Hill of Majesty,
On which, the nearer *Jove*, the nearer Light'ning.
What knew I, but, your Grace made Trial of me?
Durst I presume t'embrace. where but to touch
With an unmanner'd Hand, were Death? The Fox,
When he saw first the Forest's King, the Lion,
Was almost dead with Fear; the second View
Only a little daunted him; the third
He durst salute him boldly: Pray you, apply this,
And you shall find a little Time will teach me
To look with more familiar Eyes upon you,
Than Duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd!

Artem. You may redeem all yet.

Diocl. And, that he may

Have Means and Opportunity to do so,

Artemia, I leave you my Substitute

In fair *Cæsaria*.

Sap. And here, as yourself,

We will obey and serve her.

Diocl. Antoninus.

So you prove hers, I wish no other Heir.

Think on't — be careful of your Charge, *Theophilus*!

Sapritius, be you my Daughter's Guardian.

Your Company I wish, Confederate Princes,

In our *Dalmatian* Wars, which finished,

With Victory I hope, and *Maximianus*

Our Brother and Copartner in the Empire;

At my Request won to confirm as much,
The Kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but Antoninus and Macrinus.*]

Anton. Oh! I am lost for ever! lost, *Macrinus!*
The Anchor of the Wretched, Hope, forsakes me,
And with one Blast of Fortune all my Light
Of Happiness is put out.

Macrin. You're like to those
That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the Excess of Blessings,
Call their Abundance Want — What could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? Honour, Greatness,
Respect, Wealth, Favour, the whole World for a Dower;
And with a Princess, whose excelling Form
Exceeds her Fortune.

Anton. Yet Poison still is Poison,⁵
Though drunk in Gold; and all these flatt'ring Glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted Banquet,
And no essential Food: When I am scorched
With Fire, can Flames in any other quench me?
What is her Love to me, Greatness, or Empire,
That am Slave to another, who alone
Can give me Ease or Freedom?

Macrin. Sir, you point at
Your Dotage on the scornful *Dorothea*:
Is she, though fair, the same Day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia*?—In all their Courses,
Wise Men propose their Ends.—With sweet *Artemia*
There comes a long Pleasure, Security,
Usher'd by all that in this Life is precious:

⁵ *Yet Poison still is Poison,
Though drunk in Gold; &c.*

Mr. *Hughes*, in his *Siege of Damascus*, has given us a Passage that much resembles this:

“ What Happiness subsists in Loss of Freedom?
“ The Guest constrain'd but murmurs at the Banquet,
“ Nor thanks his Host, but starves amidst Abundance.”

With

With *Dorothea* (though her Birth be noble,
 The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
 By him left rich, yet with a private Wealth,
 And far inferior to yours) arrives
 The Emp'ror's Frown, which, like a mortal Plague,
 Speaks Death is near; the Princess' heavy Scorn,
 Under which you'll sink; your Father's Fury,
 Which to resist, e'en Piety forbids:
 And but remember that she stands suspected
 A Favourer of the Christian Sect, she brings
 Not Danger, but assured Destruction with her.
 This truly weigh'd, one Smile of great *Artemia*
 Is to be cherish'd, and prefer'd before
 All Joys in *Dorothea* — Therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou thinkst thou art most wise, thou
 art

Grossly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
 For any Man to match above his Rank,
 Is but to sell his Liberty: With *Artemia*
 I still must live a Servant; but, enjoying
 Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule;
 Rule as becomes a Husband. For the Danger,
 Or call it, if you will, assur'd Destruction,
 I slight it thus — If, then, thou art my Friend,
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
 A Governor's Place upon thee, be my Helper.

Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing;
 Put me unto the Test.

Anton. Go then, *Macrinus*,
 To *Dorothea*; tell her, I have worn,
 In all the Battles I have fought, her Figure,
 Her Figure in my Heart, which, like a Deity,
 Hath still protected me. Thou can't speak well,
 And of thy choicest Language spare a little,
 To make her understand how much I love her,
 And how I languish for her. Bear her these Jewels,
 Sent in the Way of Sacrifice, not Service,
 As to my Goddess. All Lets thrown behind me,
 Or Fears that may deter me, say, this Morning

I mean to visit her by the Name of Friendship—
— No Words to contradict this.

Macrin. I am yours :
And, if my Travel this Way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier Will by the Event.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Spungius and Hircius. †

Spung. **T**URN Christian? Would he, that first tempted me to have my Shoes walk upon Christian Soles, had turn'd me into a Capon: For I am sure now, the Stones of all my Pleasure, in this fleshly Life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping Desire to ride, here is a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a Horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish Jade, Fellow *Spungius!* Have not I as much Cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidel Punk of mine, would have let me come upon Trust for my curvetting: A Pox on your Christian Coccatrices, they cry like Poulterers Wives, no Money, no Coney.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brew'd Wine and Sugar, Grand Patron of Rob-Pots, upsy-freesy Tiplers, and Super-naculum-takers; this *Bacchus*, who is Head-

† Very few of our old *English* Plays are free from these Dialogues of low Wit and Buffoonery: 'Twas the Vice of the Age; nor is *Massinger* less free from it than his Cotemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this Use, that they mark the Taste, display the Manners, and shew us what was the chief Delight and Entertainment of our Forefathers.

Warden of Vintner's-Hall, Ale-Conner, Mayor of all Victualling-Houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to Bawdy-Houses. Lansepesade to Red Noses, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep-scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled Faces. ———

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian Stinker, did I make Legs to ———

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no Danger of losing a Man's Ears by making these Indures, he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worse than a *Calamoothe*. When I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drink a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me. I was in Hope to lead a sober Life, when I was converted; but, amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: They have whole Streets of nothing but Drinking-Rooms, and Drabbing-Chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first School-master that taught Butchers how to stick Pricks in Flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the only Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but, since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her Praying, and our Fasting, if now I come to a Wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Christian she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a Clove, and cleaves me with *Disdain*, as if I were a Calves Head.

Spun. I see no Remedy, Fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans, and half Christians; for we know very Fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: The Quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the Quarters of Christians; parboil one of these Rogues, and he is not Meat for a Dog: No, no, I am resolved to have an Infidel's Heart, though in Shew I carry a Christian's Face.

Hir. Thy Last shall serve my Foot—so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistrefs sent me with two great Baskets full of Beef, Mutton, Veal, and Goose, Fellow *Hircius* —

Hir. And Woodcock, Fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Afs-Fellow, on which I rid, to all the Alms-Women: What thinkest thou I have done with all this good Cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choak'd else.

Spun. Would my Afs, Basket and all, were in thy Maw, if I did: No, as I am a Demi-Pagan, I sold the Victuals, and coined the Money into Pottle Pots of Wine.

Hir. Therein thou shew'd'st thyself a perfect Demi-Christian too, to let the Poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the Pip. Our puling, snotty-nos'd Lady sent me out likewise with a Purse of Money, to relieve and release Prisoners — did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy Ribs were turned into Grates of Iron, then.

Her. As I am a total Pagan, I swore they should be hanged first; for, Sirrah *Spungius*, I lay at my old Ward of Lechery, and cried, a Pox on your Two-penny Wards! and so I took scurvy common Flesh for the Money.

Spun. And wisely done: For our Lady, sending it to Prisoners, had bestow'd it out upon lowfy Knaves; and thou, to save that Labour, cast it away upon rotten Whores.

Hir. All my Fear is of that pink-an-eye Jack-an-apes Boy, her Page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan from my Cod-piece downward, that white-fac'd Monkey frights me too: I stole but a dirty Pudding, last Day, out of an Alms-Basket, to give my Dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face Page hit me in the Teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty Pudding? So he did me once with a Cow-Turd, which, in Knavery, I would have crumm'd into one's Porridge, who was half a Pagan too: The smug Dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun.

Spun. Does he? Let him take Heed I prove not his Back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my Lady spoils the Boy; for he is ever at her Heels, and she is never well but in his Company.

Enter Angelo ² *with a Book and a Taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit Devotion.*

Ang. O! now your Hearts make Ladders of your Eyes, In Shew to climb to Heaven, when your Devotion Walks upon Crutches.—Where did you waste your Time, When the religious Man was on his Knees, Speaking the heavenly Language?

Spun. Why Fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in Pedlar's French, I hope.

Hir. We ha' not been idle, take it upon my Word.

Ang. Have you the Baskets emptied, which your Lady Sent from her charitable Hands to Women That dwell upon her Pity?

Spun. Emptied 'em? Yes; I'd be loth to have my Belly so empty; yet, I'm sure, I munched not one Bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your Money to the Prisoners?

Hir. Went? No; I carried it, and with these Fingers paid it away.

Ang. What Way? The Devil's Way, the Way of Sin, The Way of hot Damnation, Way of Lust: And you, to wash away the poor Man's Bread In Bowls of Drunkenness.

Spun. Drunkenness! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next Neighbour's Man, called *Christopher*, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the Flesh? My Cheeks speak my Doings.

Ang. Avant, ye Thieves, and hollow Hypocrites!

¹ *Shakespear* is in nothing confessedly more inimitable than his Fairies and magic. *Massinger* has here drawn an attendant Angel waiting on *Dorothea*, a Character untouched by him, and perhaps as original and excellent in its Kind as any that creative Imagination could suggest.

Your Hearts to me lie open like black Books,
And there I read your Doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my Heart?

Her. Or in mine? Come, amiable *Angelo!* beat the Flint of your Brain.

Spun. And let's see what Sparks of Wit fly out to kindle your *Carebrunt.*

Ang. Your Names even brand you; You are *Spungius* call'd,

And like a Sponge, you suck up liquorous Wines,
'Till your Soul reels to Hell.

Spun. To Hell! can any Drunkard's Legs carry him so far?

Ang. For Blood of Grapes you sold the Widows Food,
And starving them 'tis Murther: What this but Hell?

Hircius your Name, and Goatish is your Nature:

You snatch the Meat out of the Prisoners Mouth,
To fatten Harlots; Is not this Hell too?

No Angel, but the Devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his Throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a Witch;
but sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo,* true it is, that falling into the
Company of wicked He-christians, for my Part——

Hir. And She Ones for my Part,—we have 'em swim
in Sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the
Pot; and he of—t'other hollow Commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid lill on both of us; we cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common Thing; many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this Light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo,* play not the Tell-tale to my Lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these Mouse-holes of Sin any more, let Cats flea off our Skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd Tails of Rats into those Skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet Charity,

Who

Who fav'd you from the Tree of Death and Shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my Faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the Gallows; yet I hope she will not bar Yeomen Sprats to have their Swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware and mend.

Hir. Let's break his Neck, and bid him mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Have you my Messages (sent to the poor) Deliver'd with good Hands, not robbing them Of any Jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em, Lady? I hope neither my Fellow nor I am Thieves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good Hands, Madam; else let me never lick my Fingers more when I eat butter'd Fish.

Dor. Who cheat the Poor, and from them pluck their Alms,

Pilfer from Heav'n, and there are Thunder-bolts From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie; Were you both faithful, true Distributers?

Spun. Lie, Madam? What Grief is it to see you turn Swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally Servants the Lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched People Tell you they pine for Want of any Thing Whisper but to mine Ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper? Nay, Lady, for my Part, I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more Villains with so good a Lady;

3 Who cheat the Poor, &c.

In the Proverbs of *Solomon* we find several which the Passage here alludes to.

“ He that hath Pity upon the Poor lendeth unto the Lord.

“ Rob not the Poor, because he is poor: Neither oppress the Afflicted in the Gate.

“ For the Lord will plead their Cause, and spoil the Soul of those that spoiled them.”

For

For if you do—————

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Tak'st us for Botchers?

Hir. A Patch, a Patch. [Exit. *Spung.* and *Hir.*

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here, most holy Mistrefs.

Dor. Thy Voice sends forth fuch Mufic, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celeftial Sound.

Were every Servant in the World like thee,
So full of Goodnefs, Angels would come down
To dwell with us: Thy Name is *Angelo*,
And like that Name thou art; get thee to Rest,
Thy Youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear Lady! I could weary Stars,
And force the wakeful Moon to lofe her Eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your Prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Methinks I'm finging with fome Quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your Company:
Therefore, my moft lov'd Mistrefs, do not bid
Your Boy, fo serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his Heart.

Dor. Be nigh me ftill, then;
In Golden Letters down I'll fet that Day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet fuch Worlds of Comfort in thyfelf,
This little, pretty Body, when I, coming
Forth of the Temple, heard my Beggar boy,
My sweet-fac'd, godly Beggar-boy, crave an Alms,
Which with glad Hand I gave, with lucky Hand;
And when I took thee Home, my moft chafte Bofom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot, wanton Fire,
But with a holy Flame, mounting fince higher,
On Wings of Cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my Lady's modelt Eye
So likes fo poor a Servant.

Dor. I have offer'd

Handfuls of Gold, but to behold thy Parents.
 I would leave Kingdoms, were I Queen of some,
 To dwell with thy good Father; for, the Son
 Bewitching me so deeply with his Presence,
 He that begot him must do't ten Times more.
 I pray thee, my sweet Boy, shew me thy Parents;
 Be not asham'd.

Ang. I am not: I did never
 Know who my Mother was; but, by yon Palace,
 Fill'd with bright heav'nly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
 And pawn these Eyes upon it, and this Hand,
 My Father is in Heaven; and, pretty Mistrefs,
 If your illustrious Hour-glass spend his Sand
 No worse than yet it doth, upon my Life,
 You and I both shall meet my Father there,
 And he shall bid you welcom.

Dor. A blessed Day!
 We all long to be there, but lose the Way. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Macrinus, *Friend to Antoninus, enters, being met by*
Theophilus, and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun, God of the Day, guide thee, *Macrinus!*

Mac. And thee, *Theophilus!*

Theoph. Glad'st thou in such Scorn?

I call my Wish back.

Mac. I'm in Haste.

Theoph. One Word,

Take the least Hand of Time up:—stay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought: I pr'thee tell me, good *Macrinus*,
 How Health and our fair Princess lay together
 This Night, for you can tell; Courtiers have Flies
 That buz all News unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theoph. Double thy Curtsey; how does *Antoninus?*

Mac. Ill; well; straight; crooked;—I know not how.

Theoph. Once more;

—Thy

—Thy Head is full of Windmills:—when doth the
Princes

Fill a Bed full of Beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus*, on the wedding Night?

Mac. I know not.

Theoph. No? Thou art the Manuscript,
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his Secrets.
Honest *Macrinus*, tell me.

Mac. Fare you well, Sir!

[Exit.

Harp. Honesty is some Fiend, and frights him hence;
And many Courtiers love it not.

Theoph. What Piece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? The Man
Is from himself divided; O, thou, the Eye
By which I Wonders see, tell me, my *Harpax*,
What gad Fly tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That flinging up the Tail, he breaks thus from me.

Harp. Oh, Sir! his Brain-pan is a Bed of Snakes,
Whose Stings shoot through his Eye-balls, whose pois'-
nous Spawn

Ingenders such a Fry of speckled Villainies
That unless Charms, more strong than Adamant,
Be us'd, the *Roman* Angel's Wings shall melt,
And *Cæsar's* Diadem be from his Head
Spurn'd by base Feet; the Laurel which he wears,
(Returning Victor) be inforc'd to kiss
That which it hates (the Fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus*-Engine, being made ready
To so much Mischief, keep a steady Motion?
His Eyes and Feet you see give strange Assaults.

Theoph. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy Language,
Which printed is in such crabbed Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: What i'th' name
Of *Pluto*, now is hatching?

Harp. This, *Macrinus*,
The Time is, upon which Love-errands run
'Twixt *Antoninus* and that Ghost of Women,
The bloodless *Dorothea*, who in Prayer

And

And Meditation (mocking all your Gods)
Drinks up her ruby Colour: Yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endymion* to this pale-fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her Eyes.

Theoph. And what of this?

Harp. These are but creeping Billows,
Not got to Shore yet: But if *Dorothea*
Fall on his Bosom, and be fir'd with Love,
(Your coldest Women do so) had you Ink
Brew'd from th' infernal *Styx*, not all that blackness
Can make a Thing so foul, as the Dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffetings, and most base Affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, Star of Court,
Great *Cæsar's* Daughter.

Theoph. Now I construe thee.

Harp. Nay more; a Firmament of Clouds, being fill'd
With *Jove's* Artillery shot down at once.
To dash your Gods in Pieces, cannot give,
With all those Thunderbolts, so deep a Blow
To the Religion there, and *Pagan* Lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your Gods,
And, if she once blast *Antoninus's* Soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh! the Example——

Theoph. Eats through *Cæsar's* Heart like liquid Poi-
son.

Have I invented Tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel Hell's Torments
Have Leave to stand aloof here on Earth's Stage,
They would be mad, 'till they again descended,
Holding the Pains most horrid of such Souls,
May-games to those of mine. Hath this my Hand
Set down a Christian's Execution
In such dire Postures, that the very Hangman
Fell at my Foot dead, hearing but their Figures?
And shall *Macrinus* and his Fellow-Masquer
Strangle me in a Dance?

Harp. No;—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick Brains in this rich Plot
Of Tortures 'gainst these Christians: On; I hug thee!

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*

Fly

Fly thou and I in Thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdoms

Pil'd upon Kingdoms : There's a Villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the World
Hold Traffick with ; I do so hate his Sight,
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to confound :
None but this Head with Glories shall be crown'd.

Harp. Oh ! mine own as I would wish thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious Eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my Business,
I prythee watch those my still-negligent Servants,
That they perform my Will, in what's enjoin'd them
To th' Good of others ; else will you find them Flies
Not lying still, yet in them no Good lies :
Be careful, dear Boy !

Ang. Yes, my sweet Mistrefs.

[*Exit.*]

Dor. Now, Sir, you may go on.

Macrin. I then must study

A new Arithmetic, to sum up the Virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become.
There is in him so much Man, so much Goodness,
So much of Honour, and of all Things else,
Which makes our Being excellent, that from his Store,
He can enough lend others ; yet, much taken from him,
The Want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their Bounty, to fill up their Poorness
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir ; he is more indebted
To you for Praise, than you to him that owes it.

Macrin. If Queens, viewing his Presents paid to the
Whiteness

Of your chaste Hand alone should be ambitious
But to be Partners in their num'rous Shares,
This he counts nothing : could you see main Armies
Make Battles in the Quarrel of his Valour.
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing ;

The

The Greatness of his State, his Father's Voice
 And Arm, owing *Cæsarea*, he ne'er boasts of;
 The Sun-beams which the Emperor throws upon him,
 Shine there but as in Water, and gild him
 Not with one Spot of Pride: No, dearest Beauty!
 All these, heap'd up together in one Scale,
 Cannot weigh down the Love he bears to you,
 Being put into the other.

Dor. Could Gold buy you
 To speak thus for a Friend, you Sir, are worthy
 Of more than I will number; and this your Language
 Hath Power to win upon another Woman,
 'Top of whose Heart the Feathers of this World
 Are gayly stuck: but all which first you named,
 And now this last, his Love to me are nothing.

Macrin. You make me a sad Messenger;—but himself.

Enter Antoninus.

Being come in Person, shall, I hope, hear from you
 Music more pleasing.

Anton. Has your Ear, *Macrinus*,
 Heard none, then?

Macrin. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
 In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
 Beauty and Chastity in their full Perfections,
 A rocky Heart, killing with Cruelty
 A Life that's prostrated beneath your Feet?

Dor. I'm guilty of a Shame I yet ne'er knew;
 Thus to hold Parley with you,—pray, Sir, pardon.

Anton. Good Sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
 Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
 With such a mortal Weapon as Farewel,
 To let me murmur to your Virgin Ear,
 What I was loth to lay on any Tongue,
 But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest Accent
 Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Anton. My true Love dares not do it.

Macrin. *Hermes* inspire thee!

They

They whispering below, enter above Saprilius, Father to Antoninus, and Governor of Cæsarea; with him Artemia the Princess, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hircius.

Spun. So, now, do you see our Work is done; the Fish you angle for is nibbling at the Hook, and therefore untrufs the Cod-piece-point of our Reward, no Matter if the Breeches of Conscience fall about our Heels.

Theoph. The Gold you earn is here; dam up your Mouths, and no Words of it.

Hir. No; nor no Words from you of too much damning neither. I know Women sell themselves daily, and are hackney'd out for Silver; why may not we, then, betray a scurvy Mistress for Gold?

Spun. She sav'd us from the Gallows, and, only to keep one Proverb from breaking his Neck, we'll hang her?

Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, y'are my fine white Boys.

Spun. If your red Boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured Faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those Fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away!

Hir. I to my sweet Placket.

Spun. And I to my full Pot.

[*Exeunt*]

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—Glaze not thus your Eyes

With self-love of a vow'd Virginity,
Make every Man your Glass: You see our Sex
Do never murder Propagation;
We all desire your sweet Society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my Blood are guilty.

Artem. O base Villain!

Sap. Bridle your Rage, sweet Princess!

Anton. Could not my Fortunes

(Rear'd higher far than yours) be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear Affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your Fortunes, were they Mines of Gold,
He

He that I love is richer ; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any Slave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian ?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my Knees before him,
Get, you but be his Servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a King.

Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorcerers !

Anton. Your Mocks are great ones ; none beneath the
Sun

Will I be Servant to.—On my Knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous Maid !

Sap. I curse thy Baseness !

Theoph. Listen to more.

Dor. O kneel not, Sir, to me !

Anton. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled Heart ;
That Heart which tortur'd is with your Disdain,
Justly for scorning others ; even this Heart,
To which for Pity such a Princess sues,
As in her Hand offers me all the World,
Great *Cæsar's* Daughter.

Artem. Slave ! thou liest.

Anton. Yet this

Is Adamant to her, that melts to you
In Drops of Blood.

Theoph. A very Dog !

Anton. Perhaps

'Tis my Religion makes you knit the Brow ;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own :
I ne'er will screw your Conscience from that Power
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer

Fret out my Life with weeping at thee, Villain :—Sirrah !
Would, when I got thee, the high Thunder's Hand
Had struck thee in the Womb.

Macrin. We are betrayed.

Artem. Is that your Idol, Traytor, which thou kneel'ft to,
Trampling upon my Beauty ?

D

Theoph.

Theoph. Sirrah! Bandog!
 Wilt thou in Pieces tear our *Jupiter*
 For her? Our *Mars* for her? Our *Sol* for her?
 A Whore? A Hell-hound? In this Globe of Brains,
 Where a whole World of Tortures, for such Furies
 Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,
 These Nails shall grubbing lie from Skull to Skull,
 To find one horrider than all, for you,
 You three.

Artem. Threaten not, but strike, quick Vengeance flies
 Into thy Bosom, Caitiff! here all Love dies. [*Exeunt.*]

Anton. O! I am thunder struck!
 We're both o'erwhelm'd.

Macrin. With one high-raging Billow.

Dor. You a Soldier,
 And sink beneath the Violence of a Woman!

Anton. A Woman? A wrong'd Princess! from such a
 Star

Blazing with Fires of Hate, what can be look'd for,
 But tragical Events? My Life is now
 The Subject of her Tyranny.

Dor. That Fear is base,
 Of Death, when that Death doth but Life displace
 Out of her House of Earth; you only dread
 The Stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
 There is the Fear, indeed: Come, let your Eyes
 Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their Tyrannies.

*Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, a Guard,
 Angelo comes, and is close by Dorothea.*

Artem. My Father's Nerves put Vigour in mine Arm,
 And I his Strength must use;—because I once
 Shed Beams of Favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
 Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my Heart,
 I'll not insult on a base, humbled Prey,
 By ling'ring out thy Terrors; but with one Frown
 Kill thee.—Hence with 'em to Execution.
 Seize him,—but let ev'n Death itself be weary
 In tort'ring her. I'll change those Smiles to Shrieks,
 Give the Fool, what she's proud of, Martyrdom:

In

In Pieces rack that Bawd too.

Sap. Albeit the Reverence

I owe our Gods, and you, are in my Bosom,
 Torrents so strong, that Pity quite lies drown'd
 From saving this young Man: Yet, when I see
 What Face Death gives him, and that a Thing within me
 Saith, 'tis my Son, I'm forc'd to be a Man,
 And grow fond of his Life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
 To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
 I shall more glory in my Sufferings gain,
 Than you in giving Judgment; since I offer
 My Blood up to your Anger: Nor do I kneel
 To keep a wretched Life of mine from Ruin:
 Preserve this Temple (build it fair as yours is)
 And *Cæsar* never went in greater Triumph,
 Than I shall to the Scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave, Sir?
 Set forward to his Triumph, and let those two
 Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
 (For my Part, I) that you lose ten Times more
 By tort'ring me, than I that dare your Tortures
 Through all the Army of my Sins, I've even
 Labour'd to break, and cope with Death to th' Face:
 The Visage of a Hangman frights not me;
 The Sight of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Axes, Fires,
 Are Scaffoldings by which my Soul climbs up
 To an eternal Habitation.

Theoph. *Cæsar's* imperial Daughter, hear me speak!
 Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her Pageantry
 Of proud deriding both our Gods and *Cæsar*,
 Build to herself a Kingdom in her Death,
 Go laughing from us; No; her bitterest Torment
 Shall be, to feel her Constancy beaten down,
 The Bravery of her Resolution lie
 Batter'd, by th' Argument, into such Pieces,
 That she again shall (on her Belly) creep

To kiss the Pavements of our *Panim* Gods.

Artem. How to be done ?

Theoph. I'll send my Daughters to her ;
And they shall turn her rocky Faith to Wax ;
Else spit at me, let me be made your Slave,
And meet no *Roman's*, but a Villain's Grave.

Artem. Thy Prisoner let her be, then ; and, *Sapritius* !
Your Son, and that be yours, Death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by Voice, or Letters,
To greet each other. Rife her Estate ;
Christians, to Beggary brought, grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the Bread of Poverty let me feed.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*]

Ang. O ! my admired Mistress ! quench not out
The holy Fires within you, though Temptations
Show'r down upon you : Clasp thine Armour on :
Fight well ; and thou shalt see, after these Wars,
Thy Head wear Sun-beams, and thy Feet touch Stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now, *Angelo* ! how is it ? What Thread
spins that Whore, Fortune, upon her Wheel now ?

Spun. *Comesta, Comesta*, poor Knave !

Hir. *Com a porte vou, com a porte vou*, me petit Gar-
son.

Spun. Me partha me Comrade, my half Inch of Man's
Flesh, how run the Dice of this cheating World, ha ?

Ang. Too well on your Sides ; you are hid in Gold
O'er Head and Ears.

Hir. We thank our Fates, the Sign of the Gingle-
Boys hangs at the Doors of our Pockets.

Spun. Who would think, that we coming forth of the
Arse, as it were, or fag End of the World, should yet
see the Golden Age, when so little Silver is stirring.

Hir. Nay, who can say any Citizen is an Ass, for
loading his own Back with Money, till his Soul cracks
again, only to leave his Son like a gilded Coxcomb be-
hind him ? Will not any Fool take me for a wise Man

now,

now, seeing me draw out of the Pit of my Treasury, this little God with his Belly full of Gold?

Spun. And this full of the same Meat out of my Ambrey.

Ang. That Gold will melt to Poison.

Spun. Poison! would it would; whole Pints for Healths shall down my Throat.

Hir. Gold Poison! there is never a She-Thrasher in *Cæsarea*, that lives on the Flail of Money, will call it so.

Ang. Like Slaves you sold your Souls for golden Dross, Bewitching her to Death, who stept between You and the Gallows.

Spun. It was an easy Matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

Hir. The Gallows and we fell out; so she did but part us.

Ang. The Misery of that Mistress is mine own; She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Nose drop in Sorrow, with wet Eyes for her.

Spun. The Petticoat of her Estate is unlaced I confess.

Hir. Yes, and the Smock of her Charity is now all to Pièces.

Ang. For Love you bear to her, for some good Turns Done you by me, give me one Piece of Silver.

Hir. How! a Piece of Silver! if thou wert an Angel of Gold, I would not put thee into white Money, unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a Rush.

Spun. A Piece of Silver! I never had but two Calves in my Life, and those my Mother left me; I will rather part from the Fat of them, than from a Mustard-Token's Worth of Argent.

Hir. And so, sweet Nit! we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, Demi-dandiprat, adieu!

Ang. Stay,—one Word yet; you now are full of Gold——

Hir. I would be sorry my Dog were so full of the Pox.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the Meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! y'are Beggars both; you are not worth that Leather on your Feet.

Hir. Away, away, Boy!

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set Patches on the Soles of your Jest.

Ang. I'm glad I try'd your Love, which (see!) I want not so long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this—so long as this.

Hir. *Spungius!* you are a Pickpocket.

Spun. *Hircius!* thou hast nimb'd—so long, as not so much Money is left, as will buy a Loufe.

Hir. Thou art a Thief, and thou liest in that Gut through which thy Wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the Bottom of mine enraged Pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No Blows, no bitter Language;—all your Gold gone?

Spun. Can the Devil creep into one's Breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his Horns once get into the Cod-piece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in Love
With that whose Loss kills you, that, (see) 'tis yours;
All yours: Divide the Heap in equal Share,
So you will go along with me to Prison,
And in our Mistress's Sorrows bear a Part;
Say, will you?

Both. Will we?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no Gallows should part us.

Hir. Lets both be turn'd into a Rope of Onions, if we do,

Ang. Follow me then: Repair your bad Deeds past;
Happy are Men when their best Deeds are last.

Spun. True, Master *Angelo!* pray, Sir, lead the Way.

[*Exit. Ang.*

Hir. Let him lead that Way, but follow thou me this Way.

Spun. I live in a Goal?

Hir. Away and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for Prisoners are more hungry after Mutton, than Catch-poles after Prisoners.

Spun.

Sun. Let her starve then, if a whole Goal will not fill her Belly. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste, Christeta.

Sap. SICK to the Death, I fear.

The. I meet your Sorrow,
With my true Feeling of it.

Sap. She's a Witch,
A Sorceress, *Theophilus!* my Son
Is charm'd by her enchanting Eyes, and like
An Image made of Wax, her Beams of Beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my Hopes in him,
And all his gotten Honours, find their Grave
In his strange Dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the Earth had open'd,
And swallow'd both alive!

Theoph. There's Hope left, yet.

Sap. Not any: Though the Princess were pleas'd,
All Title in her Love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her Religion, that unless my Son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same Potion,
And be of her Belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful Wife.

Priest. But, once remov'd
From her Opinion, as I rest assur'd
The Reasons of these holy Maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any Thing
For your Content, or his.

Theoph. If she refuse it,

' The *Stygian Damps*, breeding infectious *Airs*,
 The *Mandrake's shrieks*, or *Basilisk's killing Eye*,
 The dreadful *Lightning*, that does crush the *Bones*
 And never singe the *Skin*, shall not appear
 Less fatal to her, than my *Zeal* made hot
 With *Love* unto my *Gods*. I have deferr'd it,
 In *Hopes* to draw back this *Apostata*,
 Which will be greater *Honour*, than her *Death*,
 Unto her *Father's Faith*; and to that *End*
 Have brought my *Daughters* hither.

Caliste. And we doubt not
 To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
 —Prosper in your good *Work*; and, were I not
 T' attend the *Princess*, I would see and hear
 How you succeed.

Theoph. I am commanded too;
 I'll bear you *Company*.

Sap. Give them your *Ring*,
 To lead her as in *Triumph*, if they win her,
 Before her *Highness*, [Exit *Sapr*.

Theoph. Spare no *Promises*,
Persuasions, or *Threats*, I do conjure you:
 If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious *Work*
 You ever undertook.

‡ *The Stygian Damps, breeding infectious Airs*
The Mandrake's shrieks, &c.

Shakespeare makes *Lear* (speaking of his *Daughter's Ingratitude*) say,

All the stor'd *Vengeances* of *Heaven* fall
 On her *ingrateful Top*! strike her young *Bones*
 You taking *Airs*, with *Lameness*——
 You nimble *Lightnings*, dart your *blinding Flames*
 Into her *scornful Eyes*! infect her *Beauty*
 You *Fen-sucked Fogs*, drawn by the *powerful Sun*——

But this is much superior to *Massinger*.

Enter

² *Enter Dorothea, and Angelo.*

Priest. She comes

Theoph. We leave you ;
Be constant, and be careful

[*Exeunt Theoph. and Priest.*

Cal. We are sorry
To meet you under Guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at Liberty ; so well I love you,
That I could wish, for such a Cause as mine,
You were my Fellow-Prisoners : Pr'thee, *Angelo*,
Reach us some Chairs. 'Please you sit ?

Cal. We thank you :
Our Visit is for Love ; Love to your Safety.

Christ. Our Conference must be private ; pray you,
therefore,
Command your Boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any Secrets that concerns my Life ;
Falshood and he are Strangers : Had you, Ladies,
Been bless'd with such a Servant, you had never
Forfook that Way (your Journey even half ended)
That leads to Joys eternal. In the Place
Of loose lascivious Mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy Meditations ; and so far
He is from Flattery, that he would have told you,
Your Pride being at the Height, how miserable
And wretched Things you were, that, for an Hour
Of Pleasure here, have made a desperate Sale
Of all your Right in Happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me ; without him I fall ;
In this Life he is my Servant ; in the other,
A wish'd Companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the Devil,

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

² The ensuing Scene is most finely wrote and excellent in its Kind, it makes us ample Recompence for the unmeaning Ribaldry and Non-sence between *Hircius* and *Spungius*.

Nor

Nor all his wicked Arts, to shake such Goodness. [*Aside.*

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady——

Cal. As a Friend,
And Lover of your Safety ; and I pray you
So to receive it ; and, if you remember
How near in Love our Parents were, that we
Ev'n from the Cradle, were brought up together,
Our Amity encreasing with our Years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the Purpose.

Cal. We come, then, as good Angels, *Dorothea*,
To make you happy ; and the Means so easy,
That, be not you an Enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your Persuasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady?
Leaving those Blessings which our Gods give freely,
And show'd upon us with a prodigal Hand ;
As to be noble born, Youth, Beauty, Wealth,
And the free Use of these without controul,
Check, curb, or stop, (such is our Law's Indulgence !)
All Happiness forfook us ; Bonds and Fetters
For am'rous Twines ; the Rack, and Hangman's Whips
In Place of choice Delights ; our Parents Curses
Instead of Blessings ; Scorn, Neglect, Contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair Retreat ; and reconcil'd
To our forsaken Gods, we live again
In all Prosperity.

Cal. By our Example,
Bequeathing Misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian Yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty Neck ; it was fram'd rather
To be the Shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar,
More precious than Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupid's* Image. Our Religion, Lady,

Is but a varied Pleasure ; your's a Toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven Feet ? Are you not Devils ?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious Anger ?
Now, to put on a Virgin Modesty,
Or maiden Silence, when his Power is question'd
That is Omnipotent, were a greater Crime
Than in a bad Cause to be impudent.
Your Gods, your Temples, Brothel-houses rather,
Or wicked Actions of the worst of Men
Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious Rites,
Oh ! call them rather juggling Mysteries,
The Baits and Nets of Hell : Your Souls the Prey
For which the Devil angles ; your false Pleasures
A steep Descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal Torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful Gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful Gods ?
Your Gold, your Silver, Bras, or Wooden ones,
That cannot do me Hurt, nor protect you ?
Most pitied Women ! will you sacrifice
To such, or call them Gods or Goddeses,
Your Parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves ? O blinded Ignorance !
Tell me *Caliste* ! by the Truth, I charge you,
Or any Thing you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deifi'd to Posterity,
Desire your Father an Adulterer,
A Ravisher, almost a Parricide,
A vile, incestuous Wretch ?

Cal. That Piety
And Duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, *Cbristeta* !
To be hereafter register'd a Goddes,
Give your chaste Body up to the Embraces
Of Goatish Lust ? Have it writ on your Forehead,
This is the common Whore, the Prostitute,

The Mistres, in the Art of Wantonness;
Knows every Trick and Labyrinth of Desires
That are immodest?

Christ. You judge better of me,
Or my Affection is ill plac'd on you;
Shall I turn Strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not;
Yet *Venus*, whom you worship, was a Whore;
Flora the Foundress of the public Stews,
And hath for that her Sacrifice: Your great God,
Your *Jupiter*, a loose Adulterer,
Incestuous with his Sister: Read but those
That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste Language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human Weakness, and had ample Share
In Men's most base Affections? Subject to
Unchaste Loves, Anger, Bondage, Wounds, as Men are
Here. *Jupiter*, to serve his Lust, turn'd Bull,
The Shape indeed in which he stole *Europa*;
Neptune, for Gain, builds up the Walls of *Troy*
As a Day-labourer; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus Sheep for Bread; the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge for Hire; *Prometheus* here,
With his still-growing Liver, feeds the Vulture;
Saturn bound fast in Hell with Adamant Chains;
And thousands more, on whom abused Error
Bestows a Deity: will you then, dear Sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
To Things of less Power than yourselves?

Caliste. We worship
Their good Deeds in their Images.

Dor. By whom fashioned?
By sinful Men. I'll tell you a short Tale,
Nor can you but confess it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt*, being to erect
The Image of *Osiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons Necks the richest Jewels,
And purest Gold, as the Materials

To finish up his Work ; which perfected,
 With all Solemnity he fet it up,
 To be ador'd, and serv'd, himself, his Idol,
 Desiring it to give him Victory
 Against his Enemies: But, being overthrown,
 Inrag'd against his God (these are fine Gods,
 Subject to human Fury!) he took down
 The senseless Thing, and melting it again,
 He made a Bason, in which Eunuchs wash'd
 His Concubines Feet; and for this sordid Use
 Some Months it serv'd: his Mistress proving false,
 As most indeed do so, and Grace concluded
 Between them and the Priests, of the same Bason
 He made his God again:—Think think of this,
 And then consider, if all worldly Honours,
 Or Pleasures that do leave sharp Stings behind them,
 Have Pow'r to win such as have reasonable Souls,
 To put their Trust in Dross.

Cal. Oh, that I had been born
 Without a Father!

Christ. Piety to him
 Hath ruined us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
 You may repair all yet; the Attribute
 That speaks his Godhead most, is, merciful.
 Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
 Yet cannot strike without his Leave.—You weep,—
 Oh! 'tis a heav'nly Show'r; celestial Balm
 To cure your wounded Conscience! let it fall,
 Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
 I'll help it with another of my Tears;
 And may your true Repentance prove the Child
 Of my true Sorrow; never Mother had
 A Birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught ourselves,
 That came to take you; and, assur'd of Conquest,
 We are your Captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
 Your Victory had been eternal Loss;

And

And this your Loss immortal Gain fix here,
 And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
 'Gainst Tortures, Death and Hell:—But, take Heed,
 Sisters!

That, or through Weakness, Threats, or mild Persua-
 sions,

Though of a Father, you fall not into
 A second and a worse Apostacy.

Cal. Never, oh! never; steel'd by your Example,
 We dare the worst of Tyranny.

Christ. Here's our Warrant;
 You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirm'd, then,
 And rest assur'd, the more you suffer here,
 The more your Glory, you to Heav'n more dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Artem. *Sapritius*, though your Son deserve no Pity,
 We grieve his Sickness: His Contempt of us
 We cast behind us, and look back upon
 His Service done to *Cæsar*; that weighs down
 Our just Displeasure. If his Malady
 Have Growth from his Restraint, or that you think
 His Liberty can cure him, let him have it:
 Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your Grace binds us
 Ever your humblest Vassals.

Artem. Use all Means
 For his Recovery; though yet I love him,
 I will not force Affection. If the Christian,
 Whose Beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
 To be of our Belief, let him enjoy her,
 That all may know, when the Cause wills, I can
 Command my own Desires.

Theoph. Be happy, then.
 My Lord *Sapritius*—I am confident,

Such

Such Eloquence and sweet Persuasion dwells
Upon my Daughters Tongues, that they will work her
To any Thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may :

Yet 'tis no easy Task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate Woman. [*A Shout within.*

Artem. What means this Shout ! [*Loud Music.*

Sap. 'Tis seconded with Music,
Triumphant Music,—Ha ! [*Enter Sempronius.*

Semp. My Lord, your Daughters,
The Pillars of our Faith, having converted,
(For so Report gives out) the Christian Lady,
The Image of great *Jupiter* borne before them,
Sue for Access.

Theoph. My Soul divin'd as much.

Blest be the Time when first they saw this Light !
Their Mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble Age, fill'd not my longing Heart
With so much Joy, as they in this good Work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Incense and Censers, followed by Caliste and Christeta, leading Dorothea.

Welcome, oh ! thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my Body and my Mind !
Let me embrace in you my Blifs, my Comfort ;
And, *Dorothea*, now more welcome too,
Than if you ne'er had fall'n off ! I'm ravish'd
With the Excess of Joy—speak, happy Daughters
The blest Event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any Undertaking.

Theoph. O my dear Girl !
Our Gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever Time
On my Part better spent.

Christ. We are all now
Of one Opinion.

Theoph.

Theoph. My best *Christeta* !
Madam, if ever you did Grace to Worth,
Vouchsafe your princely Hands.

Artem. Most willingly——
Do you refuse it ?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

Theoph. My own Child still : Here set our God, prepare
The Incense quickly : Come, fair *Dorothea*,
I will my self support you ;—now kneel down,
And pay your Vows to *Jupiter*,

Dor. I shall do it
Better by their Example.

Theoph. They shall guide you ;
They are familiar with the Sacrifice.
Forward, my Twins of Comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint Offering.

Christ. Thus—— [They both spit at the Image,
Cal. And thus—— throw it down and spurn it.

Har. Prophane,
And impious !—Stand you now like a Statue ?
Are you the Champion of the Gods ? Where is
Your holy Zeal ? Your Anger ?

Theoph. I am blasted ;
And, as my Feet were rooted here, I find
I have no Motion ;—I would I had no Sight too ;
Or, if my Eyes can serve to any other Use,
Give me, (thou injur'd Power !) a Sea of Tears,
To expiate this Madness in my Daughters ;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a Deed in any other——
For my Sake, hold a while thy dreadful Thunder
And give me Patience to demand a Reason
For this accursed Act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

Theoph. Peace, damn'd Enchantress, Peace ! I should
look on you
With Eyes made red with Fury, and my Hand,
That shakes with Rage, should much out-strip my
Tongue,

And

And seal my Vengeance on your Hearts;—but Nature
To you that have fall'n once, bids me again
To be a Father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The Anger of great *Jove*?

Dor. A lack, poor *Jove*!

He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
He'll take a Kick, or any Thing,—

Sap. Stop her Mouth.

Dor. It is the antient'st Godling: Do not fear him,
He would not hurt the Thief that stole away
Two of his golden Locks; indeed he could not;
And still it is the same quiet Thing.

Theoph. Blasphemer!

Ingenious Cruelty shall punish this;
Thou art past Hope: But for you, dear Daughters,
Again bewitch'd, the Dew of mild Forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true Contrition: Be yourselves again;
Sue to th' offended Deity.

Chr. Not to be

The Mistress of the Earth.

Cal. I will not offer

A Grain of Incense to it, much less kneel;
Nor look on it, but with Contempt and Scorn,
To have a thousand Years conferr'd upon me,
Of worldly Blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like *Dorothea*, Christians.
And owe her for that Happiness.

Theoph. My Ears

Receive, in hearing this, all deadly Charms,
Powerful to make Man wretched.

Art. Are these they

You bragg'd could convert others?

Sap. That want Strength

To stand themselves?

Har. Your Honour is engag'd;

The Credit of our Cause depends upon it;
Something you must do suddenly

Theoph. And I will.

Harp. They merit Death; but, falling by your Hand
'Twill be recorded for a just Revenge,
And holy Fury in you.

Theoph. Do not blow
The Furnace of a Wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my Breast, Wildfire burns here,
Which only Blood must quench—incens'd Power,
Which from my Infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable Beams upon
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which will I offer to thee; and be pleas'd,
(My fiery Zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that Justice, others may stile Murther.
Come you accursed! thus by the Hair I drag you
Before this holy Altar; thus look on you
Lefs pitiful than Tygers to their Prey:
And thus with mine own Hand, I take that Life
Which I gave to you. [kills them.]

Dor. O most cruel Butcher!

Theoph. My Anger ends not here: Hell's dreadful Porter,
Receive into thy ever-open Gates
Their damned Souls, and let the Furies Whips
On them alone be wast'd; and, when Death
Closes these Eyes, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their Shrieks and Howlings! Make me *Pluto*,
Thy Instrument to furnish thee with Souls
Of that accursed Sect; nor let me fall,
Till my fell Vengeance hath consum'd them all.
[Exit, with Harpax bugging him.]

Enter Artemia laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave Zeal.

Dor. Oh, call him back again!
Call back your Hangman! here's one Prisoner left
To be the Subject of his Knife.

Art. Not so;
We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy Way:
Be she your Charge, *Sapritius*, now; and suffer
None to come near her, 'till we have found out

Some

Some Torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistress!

These Martyrs but prepare your glorious Fate:

You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Spungius and Hircius, ragged, at several Doors.

Hir. *Spungius!*

Spun. My fine Rogue, how is it? How goes this totter'd World?

Hir. Hast any Money?

Spun. Money? No: The Tavern-Ivy clings about my Money and kills it. Hast thou any Money?

Hir. No: My Money is a mad Bull; and, finding any Gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see, then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-house have Faces much alike; the one hath red Grates next Door, the other hath Peeping-holes within Doors: The Tavern hath evermore a Bush, the Bawdy-house sometimes neither Hedge nor Bush. From a Tavern a Man comes reeling; from a Bawdy-house, not able to stand. In the Tavern, you are cozen'd with paultry Wine; in a Bawdy-house, by a painted Whore: Money may have Wine, and a Whore will have Money; but neither can you cry, Drawer, you Rogue, or keep Door-rotten Bawd, without a Silver Whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our Mistress.

Hir. Thou did'st; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me Turpentine Pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well! the Thread of my Life is drawn through the Needle of Necessity, whose Eye, looking upon my lousy Breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em; which so pricks the Linings of my Body (and those are, Hearts, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriff,) that I beg on my Knees, to have *Atropos*, the Taylor to the Destinies, to take her Shears, and cut my Thread in two, or to heat the Iron Goose of Mortality, and so press me to Death.

Hir. Sure thy Father was some Botcher, and thy hungry Tongue bit off these Shreds of Complaints, to patch up the Elbows of thy nitty Eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy Father?

Hir. A low-minded Cobler :—A Cobler, whose Zeal fet many a Woman upright, the Remembrance of whose Awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy Stitches into my Soul, that the Heel of my Happiness is gone awry.

Spun. 'Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy Shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowerly Wax of Comfort melting away, and Misery taking the Length of my Foot, it boots not me to sue for Life, when all my Hopes are Seamrent, and go Wetshod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Cobler's Son, by going through Stitch: O *Hercius!* would thou and I were so happy to be Coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our Lives, should then be sure of Shoemakers Ends.

Spun. I see the Beginning of my End, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famish'd.

Spun. All the Members in my Body are in a Rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a Cook, being a Constable, can appease them, presenting to my Nose, instead of his painted Staff, a Spit full of Roast-meat.

Spun. But in this Rebellion, what Uproars do they make! my Belly cries to my Mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my Mouth sets out a Throat to my Hand, why dost not thou lift up Meat, and cram my Chops with it?

Spun. Then my Hand hath a sling at mine Eyes, because they look not out, and shark for Victuals.

Hir. Which mine Eyes seeing, full of Tears, cry aloud, and curse my Feet, for not ambling up and down to feed *Colon*, sithence if good Meat be in any Place, 'tis known my Feet can smell.

Spun. But then my Feet, like lazy Rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any Thing.

Hir.

Hir. Why among so many Millions of People, should thou and I only be miserable Tatter-de-mallons, Ragamuffins, and lousy Desperadoes?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I-am-an-o*, *I-am-an-as*: Consider the whole World, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly, thou Whoreson *Afa fetida*?

Spun. Worse, all tottering, all out of Frame, thou *Foliamini*!

Hir. As how, *Arsenick*? Come, make the World smart.

Spun. Old Honour goes on Crutches; Beggary rides caroched; honest Men make Feasts; Knaves sit at Tables; Cowards are lap'd in Velvet; soldiers (as we) in Rags; Beauty turns Whore; Whore, Bawd; and both die of the Pox: Why then, when all the World stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter Angelo.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*! How does my little Man? well?

Ang. Yes; and would you did so: Where are your Cloaths?

Hir. Cloaths? You see every Woman almost go in her loose Gown, and why should not we have our Cloaths loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a Velvet Cloak, I warrant, at this Hour, keeps them Company; they are pawned to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawned? Where's all the Gold I left with you?

Hir. The Gold? we put that into a Scrivener's Hands, and he hath cousin'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I pray thee, *Angelo*, if thou hast another Purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to Devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of Lies? I know which Way Your gilt-wing'd Pieces flew; I will no more

Be mock'd by you : Be sorry for your Riots,
Tame your wild Flesh by Labour : Eat the Bread
Got with hard Hands : Let Sorrow be your Whip
To draw Drops of Repentance from your Heart.

When I read this Amendment in your Eyes,
You shall not want ; 'till then, my Pity dies. [Exit.

Spun. Is it not a Shame, that this scurvy *Puerilis*
should give us Lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long Time in the
Suburbs of the Conscience, and they are ever bawdy ;
but now my Heart shall take a House within the Walls
of Honesty.

Enter Harpax aloof.

Spun. O you Drawers of Wine ! draw me no more to
the Bar of Beggary ; the Sound of Scorea Pottle of
Sack, is worse than the Noise of a scolding Oyster-
Wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be—I do not like when Con-
science

Thaws ; keep her frozen still :—How now, my Masters ?
Dejected ? drooping, drown'd in Tears, Cloaths torn,
Lean, and ill colour'd, sighing ? Where's the Whirl-
wind

Which raiseth all these Mischiefs ? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O ! but a Spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Yourselfes into the Service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying ?
What Good got you by wearing out your Feet,
To run on scurvy Errands to the Poor,
And to bear Money to a Sort of Rogues,
And lousy Prisoners ?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan still, I could not have spit
white for want of Drink ; but come to any Vintner
now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian,
and he cries, Pho !

Harp. Y'are rightly serv'd ; before that peevish Lady
Had to do with you, Women, Wine and Money
Flow'd

Flow'd in Abundance with you, did it not ?

Hir. Oh! those Days! those Days!

Harp. Beat not your Breasts, tear not your Hair in
Madness,

Those Days shall come again, be rul'd by me ;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have seen you, Sir ! as I take it, an Attendant
on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Harp. Yes, yes ; in Shew his Servant : But hark—
hither ! Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse stirs.

Harp. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd ? how ? drunk ?

Harp. Yes, my fine Boy ! I'll drink too, and be drunk ;
I am a Prince, and any Man by me,
(Let him but keep my Rules) shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich ;
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from Pleasures
As other poor Knaves are ; no, take their Fill.

Spun. But that, Sir ! we're so ragged —

Harp. You'll say you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any Master under the *Zodiac*.

Harp. For Cloaths no Matter ; I've a Mind to both.
And one Thing I like in you ; now that you see
The Bonfire of your Lady's State burnt out,
You give it over, do you not ?

Hir. Let her be hang'd !

Spun. And pox'd !

Harp. Why now ye're mine !
Come, let my Bosom touch you.

Spun. We have Bugs, Sir !

Harp. There's Money ; fetch your Cloaths home —
There's for you.

Hir. Avoid, Vermin ! give over our Mistrefs ! a Man
cannot prosper worse, if he serve the Devil.

Harp. How ? the Devil ! I'll tell you what now of
the Devil :

He's no such horrid Creature ; cloven-footed,
Black, faucer-ey'd, his Nostrils breathing Fire,

As these lying Christians make him.

boib. No ?

Harp. He's more loving to Man, than Man to Man is.

Hir. Is he so ? Would we two might come acquainted with him.

Harp. You shall : He's a wond'rous good Fellow, loves a Cup of Wine, a Whore, any Thing, if you have Money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some Tavern or other to you.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best Room in the House for him.

Harp. Some People he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no such Cause.

Harp. He hates a civil Lawyer, as a Soldier does Peace.

Spun. How a Commoner ?

Harp. Loves him from the Teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one foolish Question : Doth the Devil eat any Mace in his Broth ?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning Fever takes him ; and then he hath the Knuckles of a Bailiff, boiled to his Breakfast.

Hir. Then, my Lord ! he loves a Catchpole, doth he not ?

Harp. As a Bear-ward doth a Dog. A Catchpole ! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serjeant his Heir, and a Yeoman his Overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great Man's Gate, will the Porter let him come in, Sir ?

Harp. Oh ! he loves Porters of Great Men's Gates, because they are ever so near the Wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their Cheeks, lead hellish Lives under him ?

Harp. No, no, no, no ; he will be damn'd before he hurts any Man : Do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any Thing, see if it doth not come.

Spun. Any Thing ?

Harp. Call for a delicate rare Whore, she is brought you.

Hir.

Hir. Oh! my Elbow itches: — Will the Devil keep the Door?

Harp. Be drunk as a Beggar, he helps you home?

Spun. O my fine Devil! some Watchman I warrant; I wonder who is his Constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he clasps you —

Hir. How? on the Chaps?

Harp. No, on the Shoulder; and cries, O, my brave Boys! Will any of you kill a Man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his Word? hang! hang! 'tis nothing — Or stab a Woman.

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst Word he gives you, a Pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inviegling Rascal! — I am ravish'd.

Harp. Go, get your Cloaths; turn up your Glafs of Youth,

And let the Sands run merrily; nor do I care From what a lavish Hand your Money flies, So you give none away, to feed Beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Harp. And to the scrubbing Poor.

Hir. I'll see 'em hang'd first.

Harp. One Service you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Harp. Your Mistress *Dorothea*, e'er she suffers, Is to be put to Tortures: Have you Hearts To tear her into Shrieks? to fetch her Soul Up in the Pangs of Death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppose this She, and that I had no Hands, here's my Teeth.

Spun. Suppose this She, and that I had no Teeth, here's my Nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, Sir?

Harp. No, not for Hills of Diamonds; the Grand Master

Who schools her in the Christian Discipline,

Abhors

Abhors my Company : Should I be there,
 You'd think all Hell broke loose, we should so quarrel,
 Ply you this Business ; he, who her Flesh spares,
 Is lost, and in my Love never more shares. [Exit.

Spun. Here's a Master, you Rogue !

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible Number of Servants. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physicians about him ; Sapritius and Macrinus.

Sap. **O** You, that are half Gods, lengthen that Life !
 Their Deities lend us, turn o'er all the Vo-
 Of your mysterious, *Æsculapian* Science [lumes
 T' encrease the Number of this young Man's Days ;
 And, for each Minute of his Time prolong'd,
 Your Fee shall be a Piece of *Roman* Gold.

¹ *O you, that are half Gods, lengthen that Life
 Their Deities lend us, &c.*

Massinger, in his *Duke of Milan*, has a Passage that bears a great Similitude to this, which I have here set down.

————— O you earthy Gods,
 You second Natures, that from your great Master
 (Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hyppolytus*,
 And drew upon himself the Thunderer's Envy)
 Are taught those hidden Secrets that restore
 To Life death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
 On whom t' expresse the Excellence of Art,
 Will bind e'en Heaven your Debtor, though it pleases
 To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
 The Saints will smile to look on, and good Angels
 Clap their celestial Wings to give it Plaudits.

ACT V. SCENE II.

With

With *Cæsar's* Stamp, such as he sends his Captains
When in the Wars they earn well : Do but save him,
And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

Doct. What Art can do, we promise : Physick's Hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If Heav'n make not the Med'cine: All this while
Our Skill hath Combat held with his Disease ;
But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep Melancholy,
To such in part with Death, we are in Fear
The Grave must mock our Labours.

Macrin. I have been
His Keeper in this Sicknefs, with such Eyes
As I have seen my Mother watch o'er me ;
And, from that Observation, sure I find,
It is a Midwife must deliver him.

Sap. A Midwife ! Is he with Child ?

Macrin. Yes, with Child ;
And will, I fear, lose Life, if by a Woman
He is not brought to Bed : Stand by his Pillow
Some little while, and in his broken Slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea* ;
And, when his Arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with Embracings of her airy Form :
—Physicians but torment him : His Disease
Laughs at their gibberish Language ; let him hear
The Voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the Name,
He starts up with high Colour in his Face.
She, or none, cures him — And how that can be
(The Princess' strict Command barring that Happiness)
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not ;
I'll be no Subject to the greatest *Cæsar*
Was ever crown'd with Laurel, rather than cease
To be a Father.

[*Exit.*

Macrin. Silence, Sir ! he wakes.

Anton. Thou kill'st me — *Dorothea* ! Oh, *Dorothea* !

Macrin. She's here, I enjoy her.

Anton. Where ? — Why do you mock me ?

60 THE VIRGIN - MARTYR.

Age on my Head hath stuck no white Hairs yet ;
 Yet I'm an old Man, a fond doting Fool,
 Upon a Woman. I, to buy her Beauty,
 (Truth, I am bewitched) offer my Life,
 And she, for my Acquaintance, hazards her's ;
 Yet, for our equal Sufferings, none holds out
 A Hand of Pity.

Doct. Let him have some Musick.

Anton. Hell on your fiddling !

Doct. Take again your Bed, Sir ;
 Sleep is a sovereign Physick.

Anton. Take an Afs's Head, Sir :
 Confusion on your Fooleries ! your Charms !
 Thou stinking Glister-Pipe ; where's the God of Rest,
 Thy Pills, and base Apothecary-Drugs,
 Threaten'd to bring to me ? Out, you Impostors !
 Quackfalving, cheating Mountebanks ! Your Skill
 Is, to make sound Men sick, and sick Men kill.

Macrin. Oh, be yourself, dear Friend !

Anton. Myself, *Macrinus* ?
 How can I be myself, when I am mangled
 Into a thousand Pieces ? Here moves my Head,
 But where's my Heart ? Where-ever — that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the Hair ;
Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd Sorcerers ! Call up
 thy Spirits !

And, if they can, now let them from my Hand
 Untwine these witching Hairs.

Anton. I am that Spirit :
 Or, if I be not, (were you not my Father)
 One made of Iron should hew that Hand in Pieces
 That so defaces this sweet Monument
 Of my Love's Beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick ?

Anton. To Death.

Sap. Would'st thou recover ?

Anton. Would I live in Bliss ?

Sap.

Sap. And do thine Eyes shoot Daggers at that Man
That brings thee Health ?

Anton. It is not in the World.

Sap. Is't here ?

Anton. Oh Treasure, by Enchantment lock'd
In Caves as deep as Hell ! am I as near ?

Sap. Break that enchanted Cave ; enter, and rifle
The Spoils thy Lust hunts after : I descend
To a base Office, and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing. Make her thy
Whore ;

Thy Health lies here : If she deny to give it,
Force it : Imagine thou assault'ft a Town's
Weak Wall ; to 't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and unseen, be Witness to this Battery,
How the coy Strumpet yields.

Dor. Shall the Boy stay, Sir ?

Sap. No Matter for the Boy :—Pages are us'd
To these odd bawdy Shufflings ; and indeed
Are those little young Snakes in a Fury's Head,
Will sting worse than the great ones.

Let the Pimp stay.

[*Exeunt aside.*]

Dor. Oh ! Guard me, Angels !

What Tragedy must begin now ?

Anton. When a Tyger

Leaps into a tim'rous Herd, with rav'nous Jaws,
Being hunger-starv'd, what Tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death, I am happy so ; you hitherto
Have still had Goodness spar'd within your Eyes,
Let not that Orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not, Mistress :

If he dare offer Violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly Man.

Dor. What is your horrid Purpose, Sir ? your Eye
Bears Danger in it.

Anton. I must ——

Dor. What ?

Sap. Speak it out.

Anton. Climb that sweet, virgin Tree.

Sap.

Sap. Plague o' your Trees.

Anton. And pluck that Fruit which none, I think,
e'er tasted.

Sap. A Soldier, and stand fumbling so!

Dor. Oh, kill me!

Kneels.

And Heav'n will take it as a Sacrifice :

But, if you play the Ravisher, there is

A Hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee.

Anton. Rise — For the *Roman Empire*, *Dorothea*,
I would not wound thine Honour. Pleasure forc'd
Are unripe Apples, sour, not worth the plucking :
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my Father's Will,
That I should seize upon you, as my Prey ;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest Sin
The Villainy of Man did ever act.

Sapritius breaks in, and Macrinus.

Ang. Die happy for this Language.

Sap. Die a Slave,

A blockish Idiot.

Macrin. Dear Sir ! vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too ; both, I think, are Geld-
ings :

Cold, phlegmatic Bastard ! thou'rt no Brat of mine ;
One Spark of me, when I had Heat like thine,
By this had made a Bonfire. A tempting Whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust ev'n into thine Arms,
And stand'st thou puling ? Had a Taylor seen her
At this Advantage, he, with his cross Capers,
Had ruffled her by this :—But thou shalt curse
Thy Dalliance ; and here, before her Eyes,
Tear thy Flesh in Pieces, when a Slave
In hot Lust bathes himself, and gluts those Pleasures
Thy Niceness durst not touch.—Call out a Slave.
You, Captain of our Guard, fetch a Slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear Sir ?

Sap. Teach her a Trade, which many a one would
learn

In less than half an Hour,—to play the Whore.

Enter

Enter a Slave.

Macrin. A Slave is to me, what now ?

Sap. Thou hast Bones and Flesh
Enough to ply thy Labour. From what Country
Wert thou ta'en Prisoner, here to be our Slave ?

Slave. From *Britain*.

Sap. In the Western Ocean ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Island ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I'm fitted: Of all Nations

Our *Roman* Swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near
The *Briton* for true Whoring.—Sirrah ! Fellow !
What would'st thou do to gain thy Liberty ? ²

Slave. Do ? Liberty ? Fight naked with a Lion ;
Venture to pluck a Standard from the Heart
Of an arm'd Legion: Liberty ? I'd thus
Bestride a Rampire, and Defiance spit
I' th' Face of Death, then, when the Batt'ring Ram
Were fetching his Career backward, to pash
Me with his Horns to Pieces: To shake my Chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy Death,
Stood'st thou on this dry Shore, I on a Rock
Ten Pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,

² *What would'st thou do to gain thy Liberty ?*

Slave. Do ? Liberty ? Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck, &c.

Shakespeare, in his *Hamlet*, has a Passage which *Maffinger* here seems
to have copied.

———— Shew me what thou wilt do.

Wilt weep ? Wilt fight ? Wilt fast ? Wilt tear thyself ?

Wilt drink up Eisel ? Eat a Crocodile ?

I'll do't. —————

And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw

Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground,

Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,

Make *Ossa* like a Wart.

Or

Or die myself. What is for Man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a Slave.

Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no Slave; for I will fet thee
Upon a Piece of Work is fit for Man,
Brave for a *Briton*:—Drag that Thing aside,
And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her? Is this your manly Service?
A Devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a Beast,
A Villain, not a Man. I am, as yet,
But half a Slave; but, when that Work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly Slave,
The Slave of all base Slaves:—Do't thyself, *Roman!*
'Tis Drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a Bastinado give him,
Upon his naked Belly, two hundred Blows.

Slave. Thou art more Slave than I.

[*Exit. carried in.*]

Dor. That Power supernal, on whom waits my Soul,
Is Captain o'er my Chastity.

Anton. Good Sir, give o'er.

The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee! — Thus down I
throw

Thy Harlot, thus by th' Hair, nail her to Earth.
Call in ten Slaves, let every one discover
What Lust desires, and surfeit here his Fill.
Call in ten Slaves.

Ang. They're come, Sir, at your Call.

Sap. Oh, oh!

[*Falls down.*]

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. Where is the Governor?

Anton. There's my wretched Father.

Theoph. My Lord *Sapritius* — He's not dead? — My
Lord,

That Witch there ———

Anton. 'Tis no *Roman* Gods can strike
These fearful Terrors.—O, thou happy Maid!

Forgive

Forgive this wicked Purpose of my Father.

Dor. I do.

Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd.—'Tis thou
Hast done this Act infernal.

Dor. Heaven pardon you!

And if my Wrongs from thence pull Vengeance down,
I can no Miracles work, yet from my Soul
Pray to those Pow'rs I serve, he may recover.

Theoph. He stirs—Help! Raise him up.—My Lord!

Sap. Where am I?

Theoph. One Cheek is blasted.

Sap. Blasted? Where's the *Lamia*
That tears my Entrails? I'm bewitch'd—Seize on her.

Dor. I'm here; do what you please.

Theoph. Spurn her to the Bar.

Dor. Come, Boy! being there, more near to Heaven
we are.

Sap. Kick harder; go out, Witch. [Exeunt.

Anton. O bloody Hangman! thine own Gods give
thee Breath!

Each of thy Tortures is my several Death. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Harpax, Hircius, and Spungius.

Harp. Do you like my Service now? Say, am not I
A Master worth Attendance?

Spun. Attendance? I had rather lick clean the Soles of
your dirty Boots, than wear the richest Suit of any in-
fected Lord, whose rotten Life hangs between the two
Poles.

Hir. A Lord's Suit! I would not give up the cloak
of your Service, to meet the Splay-foot Estate of any
left-ey'd Knight above the *Antipodes*; because they are
unlucky to meet.

Harp. This Day I'll try your Loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the Agility of your Arms,

Spung. Or Legs, I am lusty at them,

Hir. Or any other Member that hath no Legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into some Hole,

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my Match; and that I cannot stand in their Hands, I must and will creep on my Knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little Team of Villains, hear me, I cannot teach you fencing with these Cudgels, Yet you must use them;—lay them on but soundly; That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, phoh!

Spun. But what Walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp. Your Mistress.

Hir. How! my Mistress? I begin to have a Christian's Heart made of sweet Butter;—I melt, I cannot strike a Woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; beat my Mistress?

Harp. Y'are Coxcombs, silly Animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust

Your Arms to catch Fortune; say you fall off,
It must be done: You are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every Slave
Will kick you, call you motly Christians,
And half-fac'd Christians

Spun. The Guts of my Conscience begin to be of Whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet Butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and every Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked Fingers thrust into your Eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every God the Gentiles bow to
Shall add a Fathom to your Line of Years.

Spun. A hundred Fathom; I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one Inch longer.

Harp. The Senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your Shoulders with this Hand,
And with this Hand give you Gold: When you are dead,
Happy that Man shall be, can get a Nail,
The paring →, nay, the Dirt under the Nail

Of any of you both, to say, this Dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want Dirt under my Nails, I
will keep them long of purpose, for now my Fingers
itch to be at her.

Hir. The first Thing I do, I'll take her over the Lips.

Spun. And I the Hips,—we may strike any where.

Harp. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I must
not,

To see this done; great Business calls me hence :

He's made can make her curse his Violence. [*Exit.*]

Spun. Fear it not, Sir! her Ribs shall be basted.

Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble,
and thwack-thwack thirley bouncing.

*Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a Guard attending; a
Hangman with Cords, in some ugly Shape, sets up a
Pillar in the Middle of the Stage, Sapritius and Theo-
philus sit, Angelo by her.*

Sap. According to our *Roman* customs, bind
That Christian to a pillar.

Theoph. Infernal Furies!

Could they into my Hand thrust all their Whips
To tear thy Flesh, thy Soul, 'tis not a Torture
Fit to the Vengeance I should heap on thee,
For Wrongs done me; me! for flagitious Facts
By thee done to our Gods: Yet (so it stand
To great *Cæsarea's* Governor's high Pleasure)
Bow but by thy Knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any slight Sacrifice; or do but swear
By *Cæsar's* Fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsar's* Fortune, were it chain'd
To more Worlds than are Kingdoms in the World,
And all those Worlds drawn after him:—I defy
Your Hangman; you now shew me whither to fly.

Sap. Are her Tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not, dear Mistress!

Spung. and *Hir.* My Lord, we are ready for the Business,

Dor. You two! whom I like foster'd Children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved Life with Bread:
You be my Hangmen? Whom, when up the Ladder
Death hal'd you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you? You two my Tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you!

Sap. Strike.

[*They strike at her: Angelo kneeling holds her fast.*]

Theoph. Beat out her Brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels!

Sap. Faster, Slaves!

Spun. Faster? I am out of Breath, I am sure: If I
were to beat a Buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O, mine Arms! I cannot lift 'em to my Head.

Dor. Joy above Joys! are my Tormentors weary
In tort'ring me? And in my Sufferings
I fainting in no Limb? Tyrants strike home,
And feast your Fury full.

Theoph. These Dogs are Curs, [*Comes from his Seat.*]
Which snarl, yet bite not.—See my Lord her Face
Hath more bewitching Beauty than before:
Proud Whore, she Smiles; cannot an Eye start out
With these?

Hir. No, Sir, nor the Bridge of her Nose fall; 'tis
full of Iron Work.

Sap. Let's view the Cudgels; are they not Counter-
feit?

Ang. There fix thine Eye still;—thy glorious Crown
must come
Not from soft Pleasure, but by Martyrdom.
There fix thine Eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not Thorns, but Roses shall bear up thy Feet:
There fix thine Eye still. [*Exit.*]

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

Theoph. We're mock'd; these Bats have Power to fell
down

down Giants, yet her Skin is not scar'd.

Sap. What Rogues are these?

Theoph. Cannot these force a Shriek? [*Beats them.*]

Spun. Oh! a Woman has one of my Ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?

[*Beats to'ther; he roars.*]

Sap. Who hir'd these Slaves? What are they?

Spun. We serv'd that noble Gentleman there: He entic'd us to this dry-beating: Oh! for one half Pot.

Harp. My Servants? Two base Rogues, and sometimes Servants

To her, and for that Cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

Theoph. Hang the two Hounds on the next Tree.

Hir. Hang us? Master *Harpax*, what a Devil, shall we be thus us'd?

Harp. What Bandogs but you two would worry a Woman?

Your Mistrefs! I but clapt you, you flew on.

Say I should get your Lives, each rascal Beggar

Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-Hounds!

Traitors!

Spit at you, fling Dirt at you, and no Woman

Ever endure your Sight: 'Tis your best Course

Now, had you secret Knives to stab yourselves;

But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your best Course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here?

To Gallows drag them by the Heels;—away.

Spun. By the Heels? No, Sir! we have Legs to do us that Service.

Hir. I, I, if no Woman can endure my Sight, away with me.

Harp. Dispatch them.

Spun. The Devil dispatch thee.

Sap. Death this Day rides in triumph, *Theophilus*,
See this Witch made away too.

Theoph. My Soul thirsts for it ;
 Come, I myself the Hangman's Part could play.
Der. O hasten me to my Coronation Day ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, Servants.

Anton. Is this the Place, where Virtue is to suffer ?
 And heavenly Beauty, leaving this base Earth,
 To make a glad Return from whence it came ?
 Is it *Macrinus* ? [*A scaffold thrust forth.*]

Macrin. By this Preparation
 You well may rest assur'd, that *Dorothea*
 This Hour is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies
 The Abstract of all Sweetness that's in Woman ;
 Set me down, Friend ! that ere the Iron Hand
 Of Death close up mine Eyes, they may at once
 Take my last Leave both of this Light, and her :
 For, she being gone, the glorious Sun himself
 To me's *Cimmerian* Darkness.

Macrin. Strange Affection !
Cupid once more hath chang'd his Shafts with Death,
 And kills instead of giving Life.

Anton. Nay, weep not ;
 Though Tears of Friendship be a sov'reign Balm,
 On me they're cast away : It is decreed
 That I must die with her ; our Clue of Life
 Was spun together.

Macrin. Yet, sir, 'tis my Wonder,
 That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
 Partake of all her Tortures, yet will be,
 To add to your Calamity, an Eye-witness
 Of her last tragic Scene, which must deeper pierce,
 And make the Wound more desperate.

Anton. Oh *Macrinus* !
 'Twould linger out my Torments else, not kill me ;
 Which is the End I aim at, being to die too :
 What Instrument more glorious can I wish for,

Than

Than what is made sharp by my constant Love
 And true Affection: It may be, the Duty
 And loyal Service, with which I pursu'd her,
 And seal'd it with my Death, will be remember'd
 Among her blest Actions; and what Honour
 Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a Guard bringing in Dorothea; a Headsman before
 her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.*

Anton. See! she comes;

How sweet her Innocence appears! more like
 To Heav'n itself, than any Sacrifice
 That can be offer'd to it. By my Hopes
 Of Joys hereafter, the Sight makes me doubtful
 In my Belief; nor can I think our Gods
 Are good, or to be serv'd, that take Delight
 In Off'rings of this Kind; that, to maintain
 Their Pow'r, deface the Master-piece of Nature
 Which they themselves come short off:—She ascends,
 And every Step raises her nearer Heaven.
 What God so e'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
 Receive in her a boundless Happiness!

Sap. You are to blame to let him come abroad.

Macrin. It was his Will;

And we were left to serve him, not command him:

Anton. Good Sir, be not offended; nor deny
 My last of Pleasures, in this happy Object,
 That I shall ere be blest with.

Theoph. Now, proud Contemner
 Of us, and of our Gods, tremble to think,
 It is not in the Pow'r thou serv'lt to save thee.
 Not all the Riches of the Sea, increas'd
 By violent Shipwrecks, nor th' unsearch'd Mines,
 Mammon's unknown Exchequer, shall redeem thee:
 And therefore, having first with Horror weigh'd³

F 4

What

³ — *With Horror weigh'd*
What 'tis to die, and to die young, &c,

We find many Passages in *Shakspear* like this, in *Measure for Measure* the following.

Ay,

What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
 All Pleasures, and Delights; lastly, to go
 Where all Antipathies to Comfort dwell;
 Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
 And, to add to Affliction, the Remembrance
 Of the *Elysian* Joys thou might'st have tasted,
 Had'st thou not turn'd Apostate to those Gods
 That so reward their Servants, let Despair
 Prevent the Hangman's Sword, and on this Scaffold
 Make thy first Entrance into Hell.

Anton. She smiles

Unmov'd, by *Mars*, as if she were assur'd
 Death, looking on her Constancy, would forget
 The Use of this inevitable Hand.

Theoph. Derided too? Dispatch I say.

Der. Thou Fool!

That gloriest in having Power to ravish
 A Trifle from me I am weary off:
 What is this Life to me? Not worth a Thought;
 Or, if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
 To win a better: Ev'n thy Malice serves
 To me but as a Ladder to mount up
 To such a Height of Happiness, where I shall

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm Motion to become
 A kneaded clod, &c.

And in *Hamlet*

— 'Tis a Consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd, to die—to sleep;—
 To sleep? Perchance to dream ay, there's the rub
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
 Must give us pause;—

Massinger in the second Act of this Play has another Thought which
 he seems to have copied from the above.

That Fear is base
 Of Death, when that Death doth but Life displace
 Out of her Place of Earth: You only dread
 The Stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the Fear indeed.

Look

Look down with Scorn on thee and on the World;
 Where, circl'd with true Pleasures, plac'd above
 The Reach of Death or Time, 'twill be my Glory
 To think at what an easy Price I bought it.
 There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual Youth. ⁴
 No joint-benumbing Cold, nor scorching Heat,
 Famine nor Age, having any Being there.
 Forget, for Shame, your *Tempe*; bury in
 Oblivion, your feign'd *Hesperian* Orchards:
 The Golden Fruit, kept by the watchful Dragon,
 Which did require a *Hercules* to guard it,
 Compar'd with what grows in all Plenty there,
 Deserves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I serve
 Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elysian Shades; for he hath made his Bow'rs
 Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

Anton. O, take me thither with you!

Dor. Trace my Steps,
 And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With my own Hands
 I'll rather stop that little Breath is left thee,
 And rob thy killing Fever.

Theoph. By no Means;
 Let him go with her: do, seduc'd young Man,
 And wait upon thy Saint in Death; do, do:
 And, when you come to that imagin'd Place;
 That Place of all Delights—pray you, observe me,
 And meet those curs'd Things I once call'd Daughters,
 Whom I have sent as Harbingers before you,
 If there be any Truth in your Religion,
 In Thankfulness to me, that with Care hasten
 Your Journey thither, pray send me some
 Small Pittance of that curious Fruit you boast of.

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou, in the last Minute, damn thyself?

Theoph. The Gates to Hell are open.

⁴ *There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual youth, &c.*

This short but fine Description of Elysium is equal, if not superior
 to any given by the ancient Poets.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant!
 Thou Agent for the Devil thy great Master!
 Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
 I can, and will.

Enter Angelo, in the Angel's Habit.

Harp. Oh! Mountains fall upon me,
 Or hide me in the Bottom of the Deep;
 Where Light may never find me!

Theoph. What's the Matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her Witchcraft.

Theoph. *Harpax*, my *Harpax*, speak!

Harp. I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
 Some Whirlwind snatch me from this cursed Place,
 To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
 Hell's Torments are sweet Slumbers! [*Exit. Harpax.*]

Sap. Follow him.

Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
 Thy Charms upon my Servant, cursed Witch,
 Give thee a short Reprieve.—Let her not die
 Till my Return. [*Exeunt. Sap. and Theoph.*]

Anton. She minds him not: What Object
 Is her Eye fix'd on?

Macrin. I see nothing

Anton. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious Minister of the Power I serve!
 (For thou art more than mortal) is't for me,
 Poor Sinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
 Thy heavenly Habitation, and vouchsaf'st
 (Though glorify'd) to take my Servants Habit?
 For, put off thy Divinity, so look'd
 My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know, I'm the same;
 And still the Servant to your Piety.
 Your zealous Prayers, and pious Deeds first won me
 (But 'twas by his Command to whom you sent them)
 To guide your Steps. I try'd your Charity,
 When in a Beggar's Shape you took me up,

And

And cloth'd my naked Limbs, and after fed
 (As you believ'd) my famish'd Mouth. Learn all,
 By your Example, to look on the Poor
 With gentle Eyes; for in such Habits, often,
 Angels desire an Alms. I never left you,
 Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
 Your pure and innocent Soul to Joys eternal,
 Your Martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
 Ask any Thing from me, and, rest assur'd,
 You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
 For all my Torments: since I find such Grace,
 Grant that the Love of this young Man to me,
 In which he languisheth to Death, may be
 Chang'd to the Love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
 And in that Instant when the Sword sets free
 Your happy Soul, his shall have Liberty.
 Is there aught else?

Dor. For Proof that I forgive
 My Persecutor, who in Scorn desir'd
 To taste of that most sacred Fruit I go to;
 After my Death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
 To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear Mistrefs!

Macrin. I am amaz'd.

Anton. I feel a holy Fire,
 That yields a comfortable Heat within me:
 I am quite alter'd from the Thing I was;
 See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
 To heav'nly *Dorothea*, touch her Hand
 With a religious Kiss.

Enter Sapritius, and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now;
 But will not be drawn back.

Theoph. It matters not;
 We can discharge this Work without his Help.
 But see your Son.

Sap.

Sap. Villain!

Anton. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our Ends, divorce us not.

Theoph. I'll quickly make a Separation of 'em :
Hast thou aught else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy Tardiness in sending me to rest ;
My Peace is made with Heaven, to which my Soul
Begins to take her Flight :—Strike, O ! strike quickly ;
And, though you are unmov'd to see my Death,
Hereafter, when my Story shall be read,
As they were present now, the Hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet Eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies. [*Her head struck off.*]

Anton. O, take my Soul along to wait on thine !

Macrin. Your Son sinks too. [*Antoninus sinks,*]

Sap. Already dead ?

Theoph. Die all

That are of, or favour this accursed Sect :
I triumph in their Ends, and will raise up
A Hill of their dead Carcasses to o're-look
The *Pyrenean Hills*, but I'll root out
These superstitious Fools, and leave the World
No Name of Christian.

[*Loud Music : Exit Angelo, having first laid his
Hand upon their Mouths.*]

Sap. Ha ! heavenly Music !

Macrin. 'Tis in the Air.

Theoph. Illusions of the Devil,
Wrought by some Witch of her Religion
That fain would make her Death a Miracle :
It frights not me.—Because he is your Son,
Let him have a Burial ; but let her Body
Be cast forth with Contempt in some High-way,
And be to Vultures, and to Dogs, a Prey. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theophilus in his Study. Books about him.

Theoph. I S't Holiday, O *Cæsar!* that thy Servant
(Thy Provost to see Execution done
On these base Christians in *Cæsarea*)
Should now want Work? Sleep these Idolaters,
That none are stirring? — As a curious Painter,

[*Rises.*

When he has made some honourable Piece,
Stands off, and with a fearching Eye examines
Each Colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare Workmanship.—So here. [*He sits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Landscapes
(Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With Shadows, now I want the Substances.

[*Takes a Book.*

My Muster-book of Hell-hounds: Were the Christians,
Whose Names stand here, alive and arm'd, not *Rome*
Could move upon her Hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of Hate
To poor tormented Wretches; no, I'm carry'd
With Violence of Zeal, and Streams of Service
I owe our *Roman* Gods.—*Great Britain*, what
A thousand Wives with Brats sucking their Breasts,
Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and thrown to Swine;
And then their fleshy Back-Parts, hew'd with Hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in Pies to feed starv'd Christians.
Ha! ha!

Agen, agen,—*East-Angles*,—Oh, *East-Angles*—
Bandogs (kept three Days hungry) worried
A thousand *British* Rascals, stied up fat,
Of Purpose stripped naked, and disarm'd.
I could outstare a Year of Suns and Moons,
To sit at these sweet Bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In Adoration to my *Jupiter*.—Twelve hundred
Eyes bor'd with Augres out.—Oh! Eleven thousand

Torn

73 THE VIRGIN - MARTYR.

Torn by wild Beasts : Two hundred ram'd i' th' Earth
To th' Armpits, and full Platters round about 'em,
But far enough from reaching : Eat, Dogs, ha ! ha ! ha !
[*He rises.*]

Tush, all these Tortures are but Fillipings,
Flea-bitings : I, before the Destinies [*Enter Angelo,*
with a Basket, filled with Fruit and Flowers.]

My Bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these : This Christian Slut was well,
A pretty one ; but let such Horror follow
The next I feed with Torments, that, when *Rome*
Shall hear it, her Foundation at the Sound
May feel an Earthquake. How now ? [*A Consort.*]

Ang. Are you amaz'd, Sir ?—So great a *Roman Spirit!*
And doth it tremble ?

Theoph. How cam'st thou in ? To whom thy Business ?

Ang. To you :

I had a Mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody Errand : You intreated
That, when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all Joy, she would send to you
Some of that Garden : Fruit and Flowers, which here,
To have her Promise sav'd, are brought by me.

Theoph. Cannot I see this Garden ?

Ang. Yes, if the Master

Will give you Entrance. [*Angelo vanisbeth.*]

Theoph. 'Tis a tempting Fruit,
And the most bright-cheek'd Child I ever view'd ;
Sweet-smelling, goodly Fruit : What Flowers are these ?
In *Dioclesian's* Gardens, the most beauteous,
Compar'd with these, are Weeds : Is it not *February* ?
The second Day she died : Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the Beard of Winter : Where's the Sun
That gilds this Summer ? Pretty, sweet Boy, say,
In what Country shall a Man find this Garden ?
My delicate Boy, gone ! vanished ; — Within there —
Julianus and Geta —

Enter

Enter two Servants.

Both. My Lord.

Theoph. Are my Gates shut?

1. And guarded.

Theoph. Saw you not a Boy?

2. Where?

Theoph. Here he entred, a young Lad; a thousand Blessings danc'd upon his Eyes; a smooth fac'd glorious Thing, that brought this Basket.

1. No, Sir!

[*Exeunt.*

Theoph. Away — but be in Reach, if my Voice calls you.

No! — vanish'd, and not seen! — Be thou a Spirit Sent from that Witch to mock me, I am sure This is essential, and, howe'er it grows, Will taste it.

[*Eats.*

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Harpax within.*

Theoph. So good! I'll have some more sure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great lickerish Fool!

Theoph. What art thou?

Harp. A Fisherman.

Theoph. What do'st thou catch?

Harp. Souls, Souls; a Fish call'd Souls.

Enter a Servant.

Theoph. Geta!

1. My Lord.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*within.*

Theoph. What insolent Slave is this dares laugh at me? Or what is it the Dog grins at?

1. I neither know, my Lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my Fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

Theoph. *Jupiter!* All within me is not well; And yet not sick.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*louder.*

Theoph. What's thy Name, Slave?

Harp. Go look.

[*At one End.*

1. 'Tis

1. 'Tis *Harpax* Voice.

Theoph. *Harpax*? Go, drag the Caitiff to my Foot,
That I may stamp upon him.

Harp. Fool, thou lyeft! [At the other End.

1. He's yonder, now, my Lord.

Theoph. Watch thou that End,
Whilst I make good this.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [At the Middle.

Theoph. He is at *Barli-break*, and the last Couple are
now in Hell:

Search for him -- All this Ground, methinks, is bloody,
And pav'd with thousands of those Christians Eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they stare upon me.

What was this Apparition? — Sure it had
A Shape Angelical: Mine Eyes (though dazzl'd
And daunted at first Sight) tell me, it wore
A Pair of glorious Wings; yes, they were Wings;
And hence he flew; —— 'Tis vanished. *Jupiter*,

For all my Sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me Smiles.—How can Stones smile?
Or wooden Image laugh? [*Musick.*] Ha! I remember
Such Musick gave a Welcome to mine Ear,
When the fair Youth came to me; — 'Tis in the Air
Or from some better, a Power divine,
Through my dark Ign'rance on my Soul does shine,
And makes me see a Conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd, for ever in Christian Gore.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha! [Within.

Theoph. Again? What dainty Relish on my Tongue
This Fruit hath left! Some Angel hath me fed;
If so toothsome, I will be banqueted. [Eats another.

*Enter Harpax in a fearful Shape, Fire flashing out of the
Study.*

Harp. Hold!

Theoph. Not for *Cæsar*.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theoph. Thou art no Twin to him that last was here.
Ye Powers! whom my Soul bids me reverence,
Guard me! — What art thou? *Harp.*

Harp. I'm thy Master.

Theoph. Mine?

Harp. And thou my everlasting Slave : That *Harpax*,
Who Hand in Hand hath led thee to thy Hell,
Am I.

Theoph. Avaunt !

Harp. I will not : Cast thou down
That Basket with the Things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a Drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theoph. My Fruit ;
Does this offend thee ? see !

Harp. Spit it to th' Earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll Piece-meal tear thee.

Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted ? See ! here's
more. [*Flowers.*]

Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang
In a contorted Chain of Icicles [thee
I th' frigid Zone : Down with them.

Theoph. At the Bottom
One Thing I found not yet. [*A Cross of Flowers.*

Harp. Oh ! I am tortur'd.

Theoph. Can this do't ? Hence ! thou Fiend infernal !
hence !

Harp. Clasp *Jupiter's* Image, and away with that.

Theoph. At thee I'll fling that *Jupiter* ; for, methinks,
I serve a better Master : He now checks me
For murd'ring my two Daughters, put on by thee :
By thy damn'd Rhet'rick did I hunt the Life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin-Martyr.
She is not angry with the Axe, nor me,
But sends these Presents to me ; and I'll travel
O'er Worlds to find her, and from her white Hand
Beg a Forgiveness.

Harp. No ; I'll bind thee here.

Theoph. I serve a Strength above thine : This small
Weapon,
Methinks, is Armour hard enough.—

Harp. Keep from me.

[*Sinks a little.*
Theoph.

Theoph. Art posting to thy Center? Down, Hell-hound! down;
 Me hast thou lost; that Arm, which hurls thee hence,
 Save me, and set me up the strong Defence
 In the fair Christians Quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy Foot there;
 Nor be thou shaken with a *Cæsar's* Voice,
 Though thousand Deaths were in it; and I then
 Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
 Thy bloody Hands clean, and more white than snow;
 And to that Garden where these blest Things grow;
 And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
 That heavenly Token to thee; spread this brave Wing,
 And serve, than *Cæsar*, a far greater King. *Exit.*

Theoph. It is, it is some Angel — Vanish'd again?
 Oh, come back, ravishing Boy! bright Messenger!
 Thou hast (by these mine Eyes fix'd on thy Beauty)
 Illumin'd all my Soul: Now look I back
 On my black Tyrannies, which, as they did
 Out-dare the bloodiest, thou, blest Spirit, that lead'st me,
 Teach me what I must do, and, to do well,
 That my last Act the best may parallel. *Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, the Kings of Epire, Pontus, and Macedon, meeting Artemia; Attendants.

Artem. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
 Triumphant *Cæsar*!

Diocle. Let thy Wish, fair Daughter,
 Be equally divided; and hereafter
 Learn thou to know and rev'rence *Maximinus*,
 Whose Power, with mine united, make one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held Flattery,
 The Bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
 As Love, and Empire, I should say, 'till now

I ne'er

I ne'er had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistrefs.

Artem. Sir, you shew yourself
Both Courtier and Soldier : But take heed,
Take Heed, my Lord ! tho' my dull-pointed Beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh Refusal in my Servant,
Cannot dart forth such Beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing Heat will thaw your Heart,
Though bound in Ribs of Ice. Love still is Love,
His Bow and Arrows are the same. Great *Julius*,
That to his Successors left the Name of *Cæsar*,
Whom War could never tame, that with dry Eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pbarsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carcases of Senators
And Citizens of *Rome*, when the World knew
No other Lord but him, struck deep in Years too,
(And Men grey-hair'd forget the Lusts of Youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A Suppliant to the Magick of her Eye,
E'en in his Pride of Conquest, took him Captive ;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the Gods you are most excellent)
Your Gravity and Discretion would o'ercome me ;
And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner
To your fair Virtues, than of all the Honours,
Wealth, Title, Empire, that my Sword hath purchas'd.

Diocle. This meets my Wishes : Welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out-stretch'd Arms, and study to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was ; thy Fate
Reserv'd thee for this better Choice, embrace it.

Epire. This happy Match brings new Nerves to give
Strength
To our continu'd League.

Diocle. *Hymen* himself
Will bless this Marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the Presence of these Kings.

Pontus. Who rest most happy,

To be Eye-witnesſes of a Match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

Diocle. We much thank your Loves :
But where's *Sapritius* our Governor,
And our moſt zealous Provost, good *Theophilus* ?
If ever Prince were bleſt in a true Servant,
Or could the Gods be Debtors to a Man,
Both they, and we, ſtand far engag'd to cheriſh
His Piety and Service.

Artem. Sir, the Governor
Brooks ſadly his Son's Loſs, although he turn'd
Apoſtate in Death ; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the ſame Cauſe, in my Prefence, ſeal'd
His holy Anger on his Daughters Hearts :
Having with Tortures firſt try'd to convert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Chriſtian to the Scaffold,
And ſaw her loſe her Head.

Diocle. He is all worthy.
And from his own Mouth I would gladly hear
The Manner how ſhe ſuffer'd.

Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
With ſuch Contempt and Scorn (I know his Nature)
That rather 'twill beget your Highneſs' Laughter,
Than the leaſt Pity.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Diocle. To that End I would hear it.

Artem. He comes.—With him the Governor.

Diocle. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your Tenderneſs ;
But yet, remembering that you are a Father,
I will forget it. Good *Theophilus*,
I will ſpeak with you anon.—Nearer your Ear.

[*To Sapritius.*

Theoph. By *Antoninus* Soul, I do conjure you,
And, though not for Religion, for his Friendſhip,
Without demanding what's the Cauſe that moves me,
Receive my Signet ;—by the Power of this,
Go to my Priſons, and releaſe all Chriſtians

That

That are in Fetters there by my Command.

Macrin. But what shall follow ?

Theoph. Haste then to the Port ;

You there shall find two tall Ships ready rigg'd,

In which embark the poor distressed Souls,

And bear them from the Reach of Tyranny.

Enquire not whither you are bound, the Deity

That they adore will give you prosp'rous Winds,

And make your Voyage such, and largely pay

Your Hazard, and your Travel.—Leave me here ;

There is a Scene that I must act alone.

Haste, good *Macrinus* ; and the great God guide you !

Macrin. I'll undertake't : There's something prompts
me to it ;

'Tis to save innocent Blood, a faint-like Act ;

And to be merciful, has never been

By mortal Men themselves esteem'd a Sin.

[*Exit Macrin.*]

Diocle. You know your Charge.

Sap. And will with Care observe it.

Diocle. For I profess, he is not *Cæsar's* Friend,

That sheds a Tear for any Torture that

A Christian suffers.—Welcome, my best Servant !

My careful zealous Provost ! thou hast toil'd

To satisfy my Will, though in Extremes :

I love thee for't ; thou art firm Rock, no Changeling.

Prythee deliver, and for my Sake do it,

Without Excess of Bitterness, or Scoffs,

Before my Brother and these Kings, how took

The Christian her Death ?

Theoph. And such a Presence,

Through every private Head in this large Room

Were circled round with an Imperial Crown,

Her Story will deserve, it is so full

Of Excellence and Wonder.

Diocle. Ha ! how's this ?

Theoph. O ! mark it, therefore, and with that Atten-

As you would hear an Embassy from Heaven [tion,

By a wing'd Legate ; for, the Truth deliver'd,

Both how, and what, this blessed Virgin suffer'd ;
 And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
 You will rise up with Rev'rence ; and no more,
 As Things unworthy of your Thoughts, remember
 What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
 Which lying *Greece* so boasts of. Your own *Matrons*,
 Your *Roman* Dames, whose Figures you yet keep
 As holy Reliques, in her History
 Will find a second Urn : *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in Death desir'd to follow
 Her Husband, *Seneca*, nor *Brutus*, *Portia*
 That swallow'd burning Coals to overtake him,
 Though all their several Worths were given to one,
 With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad ?

Diccle. Why, they did die, *Theophilus*, and boldly ;
 This did no more.

Theoph. They, out of Desperation,
 Or for vain Glory of an After-Name,
 Parted with Life : This had not mutinous Sons,
 As the rash *Graccki* were ; nor was this Saint
 A doting Mother, as *Cornelia* was :
 This lost no Husband, in whose Overthrow
 Her Wealth and Honour sunk ; no Fear of Want
 Did make her Being tedious ; but, aiming
 At an immortal Crown, and in his Cause
 Who only can bestow it, who sent down
 Legions of ministr'ring Angels to bear up
 Her spotless Soul to Heav'n ; who entertain'd it
 With choice, Celestial Musick, equal to
 The Motion of the Spheres, she uncompell'd
 Chang'd this Life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*,
 You at her Death were present ; did you e'er hear
 Such ravishing Sounds ?

Sap. Yet you said then 'twas Witchcraft,
 And devilish Illusions.

Theoph. I then heard it
 With sinful Ears, and belch'd out blasphemous Words
 Against

Against his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Diocle. Why, dost thou now? Or dar'st thou, in our
Hearing?

Theoph. Were my Voice
As loud as is his Thunder, to be heard
Through all the World, all Potentates on Earth
Ready to burst with Rage, should they but hear it;
Though Hell, to aid their Malice, lent her Furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
But Dreams of Fools and Madmen.

Max. Lay Hands on him.

Diocle. Thou twice a Child! (for doting Age so makes
thee)

Thou could'st not else, thy Pilgrimage of Life
Being almost past through, in this last Moment,
Destroy what e'er thou hast done good, or great;
Thy Youth did Promise much; and, grown a Man,
Thou mad'st it good, and with Increase of Years
Thy Actions still better'd: As the Sun
Thou didst rise gloriously, kep'st a constant Course
In all thy Journey; and now, in the Evening,
When thou shouldst pass with Honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap. Yet confess

That thou art mad, and that thy Tongue and Heart
Had no Agreement.

Max. Do; no Way is left, else,
To save thy Life, *Theophilus*.

Diocle. But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden
Shall fall upon thee, as if Hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.

Theoph. Hear me, yet;
Hear for my Service past.

Art. What will he say?

Theoph. As ever I deserv'd your Favour, hear me,
And grant one Boon; 'tis not for Life I sue;

Nor is it fit, that I, that ne'er knew Pity
 To any Christian, being one myself,
 Should look for any : no, I rather beg
 The utmost of your Cruelty ; I stand
 Accomptable for thousand Christians Deaths ;
 And, were it possible that I could die
 A Day for every one, then live again
 To be again tormented, 'twere to me
 An easy Penance, and I should pass through
 A gentle cleansing Fire ; but, that deny'd me,
 It being beyond the Strength of feeble Nature,
 My Suit is, you would have no Pity on me.
 In mine own House there are a thousand Engines
 Of studied Cruelty, which I did prepare
 For miserable Christians ; let me feel,
 As the *Sicilian* did his brazen Bull,
 The horrid'st you can find, and I will say,
 In Death, that you are merciful.

Diocle. Despair not ;

In this thou shalt prevail—go fetch 'em hither :

[*Some go for the Rack.*]

Death shall put on a thousand Shapes at once,
 And so appear before thee ; Racks, and Whips.
 Thy Flesh, with burning Pincers torn, shall feed
 The Fire that heats them ; and, what's wanting to
 The Torture of thy Body, I'll supply
 In punishing thy Mind.—Fetch all the Christians
 That are in Hold ; and here, before his Face,
 Cut 'em in Pieces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy Power—

It was the first good Deed I ever did ;
 They are remov'd out of thy Reach ; how ere
 I was determin'd for my Sins to die,
 I first took Order for their Liberty,
 And still I dare thy worst.

Diocle. Bind him, I say ;

Make every Artery and Sinew crack ;
 The Slave that makes him give the loudest Shriek,

Shall

Shall have ten thousand Drachmas: Wretch! I'll force thee
To curse the Power thou worshipp'ft.

Theoph. Never, never.

No Breath of mine shall e'er be spent on him,

[*They torture him.*]

But what shall speak his Majesty or Mercy :

I'm honour'd in my Sufferings—Weak Tormentors—

More Tortures, more—alas! you are unskilful—

For Heav'n's Sake more: My Breast is yet untorn:

Here purchase the Reward that was propounded.

The Irons cool,—here are Arms yet, and Thighs;

Spare no Part of me.

Max. He endures beyond

The Suff'rance of a Man.

Sap. No Sigh, nor Groan

To witness he hath Feeling.

Diocle. Harder, Villains!

Enter Harpax.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever:

If Torments ever could bring forth Despair,

Let these compel him to it: Oh me!

My ancient Enemies again?

[*Falls down.*]

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe,
a Crown upon her Head, lead in by the Angel, Antoninus,
Caliste, and Christeta following, all in white,
but less glorious; the Angel with a Crown for him.*

Theoph. Most glorious Vision!

Did ere so hard a Bed yield Man a Dream

So Heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,

Confirm'd, you blessed Spirits, and make haste

To take that Crown of Immortality

You offer to me;—Death, 'till this blessed Minute;

I never thought thee slow-pac'd; nor would I

Hasten thee now, for any Pain I suffer,

But that thou keep's me from a glorious Wreath,

Which, through this stormy Way, I would creep to,

And humbly kneeling with Humility wear it.

Oh! now I feel thee:—Blessed Spirits! I come,

And,

90 THE VIRGIN - MARTYR.

And, witness for me all these Wounds and Scars,
I die a Soldier in the Christian Wars. [dies]

Sap. I've seen thousands tortur'd, but ne'er yet
A Constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy Place appointed, cursed Fiend!
In Spite of Hell, this Soldier's not thy Prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hath lost, the Day.

[Exit. Angelo.]

Diocle. I think the Center of the Earth be crackt,
[The Devil sinks with Thunder and Lightning.]
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will go on;
The Persecution that is here begun,
Through all the World with Violence shall run.

[Flourish, Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

T H E



THE
DUKE of MILAN.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often acted by his MAJESTY'S
Servants, at the *Black-Friars*, in the Year 1623.

WRITTEN BY
PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.







T O

The Right Honourable and much esteemed for her
High Birth, but more admired for her Virtue,

The Lady KATHERINE STANHOPE,

Wife to PHILIP Lord STANHOPE,

Baron of SHELFORD.

MADAM,

I F I were not most assured that Works of this Na-
ture, have found both Patronage and Protection
amongst the greatest Princes of Italy, and are at
this Day cherished by Persons most eminent in our
Kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak, and
imperfect Labours, at the Altar of your Favour. Let the
Example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in
this Kind (if my Boldness offend) plead my Pardon, and the
rather since there is no other Means left me (my Misfortunes
having cast me on this Course) to publish to the World (if it
hold the least good Opinion of me) that I am ever your La-
dyship's Creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-
failing Clemency of your Noble Disposition, not to contemn
the tender of his Duty, who while he is, will ever be

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

LUDOVICO SFORZA, Duke of MILAN.

SIGNIOR FRANCISCO, his especial Favourite.

TIBERIO, }
STEPHANO, } Lords of his Council.

PESCARA, a Marquis and Friend to SFORZA.

GRACCHO, a Creature of MARIANA Sister to SFORZA.

CHARLES, the Emperor.

HERNANDO, }

MEDINA, } Captains to the Emperor.

ALPHONSO, }

MARCELIA, the Dutchess, Wife to SFORZA.

ISABELLA, Mother to SFORZA.

MARIANA, Wife to FRANCISCO, and Sister to SFORZA.

EUGENIA, Sister to FRANCISCO.

Two Posts, a Beadle, Waiters, Mutes.

T H E




T H E
D U K E of M I L A N.*

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

Scene a public Place in Pifa.

Graccho, Jovio, Giovanni, *with Flaggons.*

Grac.  A K E every Man his Flaggon: give
the Oath
To all you meet: I'm this Day, the
State-drunkard;

(I'm sure against my Will)—And if you find
A Man, at ten, that's sober, he's a Traitor,
And, in my Name, arrest him.

Jov. Very good, Sir:
But, say he be a Sexton?

Grac. If the Bells
Ring out of Tune, as if the Street were burning,

* This Tragedy, like most of our old Plays, is very free from being perfect either in Tale, Characters, or Decorum; but has many beautiful Starts of Genius and Knowledge intermingled with it.

I shall not give any further Account of the Tale in general, than that it greatly resembles the famous one of *Herod and Mariamne*. *Sforza* the Duke of *Milan* is drawn as rash, uxorious, and jealous, and *Marcellia* his Wife as beautiful, proud and resentful. *Sforza* dis-oblige the Emperor *Charles V.* as *Herod* had done *Octavius*, and was obliged to pay his Compliments in Person to make his Peace. During his Absence, he leaves the same Charge with *Franisco*, his Favourite, to cut off his Wife, that *Herod* did; and *Marcellia* discovers it, in the same Manner with *Mariamne*. Some other Circumstances are different, and the modern Play of that Name is more uniform and consistent than this, but in my Opinion, has not so many fine independent Passages.

And

And he cry, 'tis rare Music; bid him sleep:
 'Tis a Sign he has took his Liquor; and, if you meet
 An Officer preaching of Sobriety,
 Unless he read it in *Geneva* Print,
 Lay him by the Heels.

Jov. But think you 'tis a Fault
 To be found sober?

Grac. It is Capital Treason;
 Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
 Forty Crowns to the Poor: But give a Pension
 To all the Magistrates you find singing Catches,
 Or their Wives dancing; for the Courtiers reeling,
 And the Duke himself, (I dare not say distemper'd,
 But kind, and in his tot'ring Chair carousing)
 They do the Country Service. If you meet
 One that eats Bread, a Child of Ignorance,
 And bred up in the Darknes of no drinking,
 Against his Will, you may initiate him,
 In the true Posture; though he die in the taking
 His Drench it skills not: what's a private Man
 For th' public Honour? We've nought else to think on.
 And so, dear Friends, Copartners in my Travels,
 Drink hard; and let the Health run through the City,
 Until it reel again, and with me cry
 Long live the Dutches!

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Jov. Here are two Lords;—what think you?
 Shall we give the Oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
 You need not swear 'em; your Lord, by his Patent
 Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the Dutches!

[Exeunt Graccho and Jovio.]

Steph. The Cause of this? But Yesterday the Court
 Wore the sad Livery of Distrust and Fear;
 No Smile, not in a Buffoon, to be seen,
 Or common Jester: The Great Duke himself
 Had Sorrow in his Face; which, waited on
 By his Mother, Sister, and his fairest Dutches,

Dispersed

Dispersed a silent Mourning through all *Milan* ;
As if some great Blow had been given the State,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,

I know, as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of Secrets, of more Weight
Then now I shall deliver. If that *Sforza*,
The present Duke, (though his whole Life hath been
But one continu'd Pilgrimage, through Dangers,
Affrights, and Horrors ; which his Fortune, guided
By his strong Judgment, still hath overcome)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no Wonder :
All that his Youth hath labour'd for, the Harvest
Sown by his Industry, ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at Stake ; and all his Hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.—

Steph. I know no such Hazard :

His Guards are strong, and sure : His Coffers full ;
The People well affected ; and so wisely
His provident Care hath wrought ; that though War
rages
In most Parts of our Western World, there is
No Enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see

To threaten Ruin, are with Ease prevented ;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected ;
The Light'ning is far off ; yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible Effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your Knowledge,
And make his Cause of Fear familiar to you.
The War, so long continued between
The Emperor *Charles*, and *Francis* the French King
Have int'rested, in either's Cause, the most
Of the *Italian* Princes : Among which, *Sforza*,
As one of greatest Power, was fought by both ;
But with Assurance having one his Friend,
The other liv'd his Enemy.

Step. 'Tis true ;
And 'twas a doubtful Choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing,
 And having too, (it seems) the *Spanish* Pride,
 Lent his Assistance to the King of *France* :
 Which hath so far incens'd the Emperor,
 That all his Hopes, and Honours are embark'd
 With his great Patron's Fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
 For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But, should it change,
 The Duke's undone. They have drawn to the Field
 Two Royal Armies, full of fiery Youth ;
 Of equal Spirit to dare, and Power to do :
 So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all Hope
 Of Human Counsel, they can e'er be sever'd,
 Until it be determin'd by the Sword,
 Who hath the better Cause : For the Success
 Concludes the Victor innocent, and the Vanquish'd
 Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
 The Fortune of the War is, Children know ;
 And, it being in Suspense, on whose fair Tent
 Wing'd Victory will make her glorious Stand ;
 You cannot blame the Duke, though he appear
 Perplex'd and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
 In such a Time when every Knee should bend
 For the Success, and Safety of his Person,
 Are these loud Triumphs ?—In my weak Opinion,
 They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too ;
 But only in the Cause to be excus'd :
 It is the Dutchess's Birth-day, once a Year
 Solemniz'd, with all Pomp and Ceremony ;
 In which, the Duke is not his own, but hers.
 Nay, every Day, indeed, he is her Creature ;
 For never Man so doted : But to tell
 The tenth Part of his Fondness, to a Stranger,
 Would argue me of Fiction.

Steph. She's, indeed,
 A Lady of most exquisite Form.

Tib.

Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.

Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted,
In any Point of Honour.

Tib. On my Life,
She's constant to his Bed, and well deserves
His largest Favours. But, when Beauty is
Stamp'd on great Women (great in Birth and Fortune,
And blown by Flatterers greater than it is)
'Tis seldom unaccompany'd with Pride;
Nor is she that way free: Presuming on
The Duke's Affection, and her own Desert,
She bears herself with such a Majesty,
Looking with Scorn on all, as Things beneath her;
That *Sforza's* Mother, (that would lose no Part
Of what was once her own;) nor his fair Sister,
(A Lady too, acquainted with her Worth)
Will brook it well; and, howsoe'r their Hate
Is smother'd for a Time, 'tis more than fear'd,
It will at length break out.

Steph. He, in whose Pow'r 'tis,
Turn all to th' best!

Tib. Come, let us to the Court,
We there shall see all Bravery, and Cost,
That Art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you Company.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Mariana.

Mariana. I will not go; I scorn to be a Spot
In her proud Train.

Ijab. Shall I, that am his Mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me Duty?

Fran. 'Tis done to the Duke,
And not to her.—And, my sweet Wife, remember,

And, Madam, if you please, receive my Counsel,
 As *Sforza* is your Son, you may command him;
 And, as a Sister, you may challenge from him
 A Brother's Love and Favour: But, this granted,
 Consider he's the Prince, and you his Subjects;
 And not to question, or contend with her
 Whom he is pleas'd to honour. Private Men
 Prefer their Wives; and shall he, being a Prince,
 And blest with one that is the *Paradise*
 Of Sweetness, and of Beauty, to whose Charge
 The Stock of Women's Goodness is given up,
 Not use her like herself?

Ifab. You're ever forward,
 To sing her Praises.

Mariana. Others are as fair;
 I'm sure, as noble.

Fran. I detract from none,
 In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
 Yet, being the Dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;
 But, as she is, to admire her. Never Wife
 Met with a purer Heat her Husband's Fervour;
 A happy Pair, one in the other blest!
 She confident in herself, he's wholly hers,
 And cannot seek for change: and he secure
 That 'tis not in the Power of Man to tempt her.
 And therefore, to contest with her, that is
 The stronger, and the better Part of him,
 Is more than Folly. You know him of a Nature
 Not to be play'd with; and, should you forget
 To obey him as your Prince, he'll not remember
 The Duty that he owes you.

Ifab. 'Tis but Truth:
 Come, clear our Brows; and let us to the Banquet;
 —But not to serve his Idol.

Mariana. I shall do
 What may become the Sister of a Prince;
 But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise;
 Soar not too high to fall; but stoop, to rise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter three Gentlemen setting forth a Banquet.

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for Love's Sake! let the Court
put on

Her choicest Outside: Cost and Bravery
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the Eye, the Ear, Taste, Touch, or Smell,
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a Masque:
Have you heard what's the Invention?

1 *Gent.* No Matter:
It is intended for the Dutchess's Honour;
And if it give her glorious Attributes,
As the most fair, most vertuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the Duke.—They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in order.

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcelia,
Isabella, Mariana, Attendants.*

Sfor. You are the Mistrefs of the Feast—Sit here,
O my Soul's Comfort; and, when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to do you Honour, let none think
The meanest Service they can pay my Love,
But as a fair Addition to those Titles
They stand possess'd of. Let me glory in
My Happiness, and mighty Kings look pale
With Envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O Mother, look on her! Sister, admire her!
And, since this present Age yields not a Woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past: And let Imagination help
Of those canoniz'd Ladies *Sparta* boasts of,
And, in her Greatness, *Rome* was proud to owe
To Fashion: And yet still you must confess,
The *Phœnix* of Perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair *Marcelia*.

Fran. She's, indeed,
The Wonder of all Times.

Tib. Your Excellence,
(Though I confess you give her but her own)
Inforces her Modesty to the Defence
Of a sweet Blush.

Sfor. It need not, my *Marcellia*;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor Detrafter: For thou art indeed
So perfect both in Body, and in Mind,
That, but to speak the least Part to the Height,
Would ask an Angel's Tongue;—and yet then end
In silent Admiration!

Ifav. You still court her,
As if she were a Mistress, not your Wife.

Sfor. A Mistress, Mother? She is more to me,
And ev'ry Day deserves more to be su'd to.
Such as are cloy'd with those they have embrac'd,
May think their wooing done: No Night to me,
But is a bridal one, where *Hymen* lights
His Torches fresh, and new; and those Delights,
Which are not to be cloth'd in airy Sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget Desires as full of Heat,
And jovial Fervour, as when first I tasted
Her Virgin Fruit:—Blest Night! and be it number'd
Amongst those happy ones, in which a Blessing
Was, by the full Consent of all the Stars,
Confer'd upon Mankind.

Marcellia. My worthiest Lord! †
The only Object I behold with Pleasure!
My Pride, my Glory! in a Word, my all!
Bear Witness, Heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest Praise

† *My worthiest Lord!*

Milton seems to have copied this in his *Paradise Lost*, *Eve* says to
Adam,

“ O Sole in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
“ My Glory, my Perfection,

Book 5. V. 28.”

You

You can bestow, unless it be in this,
 That in my Heart I love, and honour you.
 And, but that it would smell of Arrogance,
 To speak my strong Desire and Zeal to serve you,
 I then could say, these Eyes yet never saw
 The rising Sun, but that my Vows, and Prayers
 Were sent to Heav'n, for the Prosperity
 And Safety of my Lord : Nor have I ever
 Had other Study, but how to appear
 Worthy your Favour ; and that my Embraces
 Might yield a fruitful Harvest of Content,
 For all your noble Travel, in the Purchase
 Of her that's still your Servant ; by these Lips,
 (Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss) —

Sfor. O Sweet, for ever swear !

Marcelia. I ne'er will seek
 Delight, but in your Pleasure ; and desire,
 When you are fated with all earthly Glories,
 And Age and Honours make you fit for Heaven,
 That one Grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believ'd ;
 Believ'd, my blest One.

Mariana. How she winds herself
 Into his Soul !

[*Aside.*]

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
 On those gross Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
 Immortal Viands, ta'en in at his Eyes.
 I could live ever thus. Command the Eunuch
 To sing the Ditty that I last compos'd,

Enter Post.

In Praise of my *Marcelia*. — From whence ?

Post. From *Pavia*, my dread Lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost ?

Post. The Letter will inform you.

Fran. How his Hand shakes,
 As he receives it !

[*Aside.*]

Mariana. This is some Allay
 To his hot Passion.

[*Aside.*
Sfor.]

Sfor. Though it bring Death, I'll read it.

May it please your Excellence to understand, that the very Hour I wrote this, I heard a bold Defiance delivered by a Herald from the Emperor, which was cheerfully received by the King of France. The Battle being ready to join, and the Van-guard committed to my Charge, inforces me to end abruptly,

Your Highness's Servant,

Gaspero.

Ready to join? — By this, then, I am nothing;
Or my Estate secure.

Marcellia. My Lord!

Sfor. To doubt,

Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those Miseries
That must fall on us; all my Hopes depending
Upon this Battle's Fortune. — In my Soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious Power,
By supernatural, not usual Means,
T'inform me what I am. The Cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The *French* are bold and strong,
Their Numbers full, and in their Councils wise:
But then, the haughty *Spaniard* is all Fire,
Hot in his Executions; fortunate
In his Attempts; married to Victory:
Aye, there it is that shakes me.

Fran. Excellent Lady,

This Day was dedicated to your Honour:
One Gale of your sweet Breath will easily
Disperse these Clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.

Marcellia. I will run the Hazard.

My Lord!

Sfor. Ha! — Pardon me, *Marcellia*; I am troubled —
And stand uncertain, whether I am Master
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marcellia. I am yours, Sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,

There

There was no Loss could move you. This Day, Sir,
Is by your Gift made mine : Can you revoke
A Grant made to *Marcelia* ? Your *Marcelia* ?
For whose Love, nay, whose Honour, gentle Sir,
(All deep Designs, and State-Affairs deferr'd)
Be, as you purpos'd, merry.

Sfor. Out of my Sight,
And all Thoughts that may strangle Mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of Fate ;
Though the Foundation of the Earth should shrink,
The glorious Eye of Heaven lose his Splendor ;
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the Ruins,
And seek for new Life here.—Why are you sad ?
No other Sports ? By Heav'n he's not my Friend,
That wears one Furrow in his Face. I was told
There was a Masque.

Fran. They wait your Highness' Pleasure,
And when you please to have it.

Sfor. Bid 'em enter :
Come, make me happy once again. I am rap't,
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my Days, and Years, shall be employ'd
To do thee Honour.

Marcelia. And my Life, to serve you.— [*A Horn.*

Sfor. Another Post ?—Go hang him, hang him, I say ;
I will not interrupt my present Pleasures,
Although his Message should import my Head :
Hang him, I say.

Marcelia. Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd
To grant a little Intermision to you ;
Who knows but he brings News we wish to hear,
To heighten our Delights.

Sfor. As wise as fair.

Enter another Post.

From *Gaspero* ?

Post. That was, my Lord.

Sfor. How, dead ?

Post. With the Delivery of this, and Prayers,

To

To guard your Excellency from certain Dangers,
He ceas'd to be a Man.

Sfor. All that my Fears
Could fashion to me, or my Enemies wish,
Is fall'n upon me.—Silence that harsh Musick :
'Tis now unseasonable. A tolling Bell,
As a sad Harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd Lump of Flesh must feast the Worms :
'Tis fitter for me —— I am sick.

Marcelia. My Lord ?

Sfor. Sick to Death, *Marcelia.*—Remove
These Signs of Mirth; they were ominous, and but usher'd
Sorrow and Ruin.

Marcelia. Bless us, Heaven !

Isab. My Son !

Marcelia. What sudden Change is this ?

Sfor. All leave the Room ;²
I'll bear alone the Burden of my Grief,
And must admit no Partner.—I am yet
Your Prince, where's your Obedience ? Stay, *Marcelia* ;
I cannot be so greedy of a Sorrow
In which you must not share.

Marcelia. And chearfully
I will sustain my Part.—Why look you pale ?
Where is that wonted Constancy, and Courage,
That dar'd the worst of Fortune ? Where is *Sforza*,
To whom all Dangers that fright common Men,
Appear'd but pannick Terrors ?—Why do you eye me
With such fix'd Looks ? Love, Counsel, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not Danger.

Sfor. O *Marcelia* !

It is for thee I fear : For thee, thy *Sforza*
Shakes like a Coward ; for myself, unmov'd :
I could have heard my Troops were cut in Pieces,

² All leave the Room.

The Joy of *Sforza*, on the News of the Defeat of *Francis*, is here turned into Jealousy ; and this Scene between him and *Marcelia* is very pathetick, and far beyond any of the like Kind in *Fenton's* Tragedy of *Mariamne*.

My

My General slain ; and he, on whom my Hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their Dependance,
The King of *France*, my greatest Friend, made Prisoner
To so proud Enemies.—

Marcellia. Then you have just Cause
To shew you are a Man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assur'd,
For giving Aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperor incens'd, lays his Command
On his victorious Army, flesh'd with Spoil,
And bold of Conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my Estates : Suppose that done too,
The City tak'n, the Kennels running Blood,
The ranfack'd Temples falling on their Saints :
My Mother, in my Sight, to's'd on their Pikes,
And Sister ravish'd ; and myself bound fast
In Chains, to grace their Triumph ; or what else
An Enemy's Insolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* still. But, when I think
That my *Marcellia* (to whom, all these
Are but as Atoms to the greatest Hill)
Must suffer in my Cause ; and for me suffer
All earthly Torments : Nay, ev'n those the Damn'd
Howl for in Hell, are gentle Strokes, compar'd
To what I feel, *Marcellia*.

Marcellia. Good Sir, have Patience :
I can as well partake your adverse Fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample Share
In your Prosperity. 'Tis not in the Power
Of Fate to alter me : For, while I am,
In spite of't, I am yours.

Sfor. But were that Will,
To be so, forc'd, *Marcellia* ? and I live
To see those Eyes, I prize above mine own,
Dart Favours (though compell'd) upon another ?
Or those sweet Lips (yielding immortal Nectar)
Be gently touch'd by any but myself ?
Think, think, *Marcellia*, what a curs'd Thing
I were, beyond Expression.

Mar-

Marcellia. Do not feed
 Those jealous Thoughts; the only Blessing that
 Heav'n hath bestow'd on us, more than on Beasts,
 Is, that 'tis in our Pleasure when to die.
 Besides, were I now in another's Power,
 There are so many Ways to let out Life,
 I would not live, for one short Minute, his;
 I was born only your's and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the Goodness of this Woman:

Enter Francisco.

All I can pay is nothing. [*Aside.*] —Why uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of Weight, Sir, that makes me thus press
 Upon your Privacies. Your constant Friend,
 'The Marquis of *Pescara*, tired with Haste,
 Hath Business that concerns your Life and Fortunes,
 And with Speed, to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Ex. Francisco.*
 And, Dearest, to thy Closet: Let thy Prayers
 Assist my Councils.

Marcellia. To spare Imprecations
 Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Ex. Marcellia.*

Sfor. The Marquis of *Pescara*? a great Soldier;
 And, though he serv'd upon the adverse Party,
 Ever my constant Friend.

Enter Francisco, Pescara.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
 Full of sad Thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not, good *Francisco*,
 He hath much Cause to grieve.—Would I might end
 And not add this to fear. [*so,*

Sfor. My dear *Pescara*!
 A Miracle in these Times! a Friend, and happy,
 Cleaves to a falling Fortune.

Pesc. If it were
 As well in my weak Power, in Act to raise it,
 As 'tis to bear a Part of Sorrow with you;
 You then should have just Cause to say, *Pescara*
 Look'd not upon your State, but on your Virtues,
 When

When he made Suit to be writ in the List
 Of those you favour'd.—But my Hastē forbids
 All Compliment : Thus, then, Sir, to the Purpose..
 The Cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
 Was not to tell you of your Loss, or Danger ;
 (For Fame hath many Wings to bring ill Tidings,
 And I presume you've heard it) but to give you
 Such friendly Counsel, as, perhaps, may make
 Your sad Disaster less.

Sfor. You are all Goodness,
 And I give up myself to be dispos'd of,
 As in your Wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, Sir.
 To hope you can hold out against the Emperor,
 Were flatt'ring yourself, to your undoing :
 Therefore, the safest Course that you can take,
 Is, to give up yourself to his Discretion,
 Before you be compell'd ; for, rest assur'd,
 A voluntary Yielding may find Grace,
 And will admit Defence, at least Excuse :
 But, should you linger doubtful, till his Powers
 Have seiz'd your Person and Estates per Force,
 You must expect Extremes.

Sfor. I understand you ;
 And I will put your Counsel into Act,
 And speedily. I only will take order
 For some Domestical Affairs, that do
 Concern me nearly, and with the next Sun
 Ride with you.—In the mean time, my best Friend,
 Pray take your Rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I've travel'd hard,
 And will embrace your Counsel. [Ex. Pescara.

Sfor. With all Care,
 Attend my noble Friend. Stay you, *Francisco*.
 —You see how Things stand with me ?

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

Sfor.

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

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

Sfor. Thus, then, *Francisco* ;
 I now am to deliver to your Trust,
 A weighty Secret, ³ of so strange a Nature,
 And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
 That you will tremble in the Execution,
 As much as I am tortur'd to command it :
 For 'tis a Deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
 Would strike into a Ruffian flesh'd in Murthers,
 Or an obdurate Hangman, soft Compassion ;
 And yet, *Francisco* (of all Men the dearest,
 And from me most deserving) such my State
 And strange Condition is, that thou alone
 Must know the fatal Service, and perform it.

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

³ *I now am to deliver to your Trust
 A weighty Secret.*

The Manner of *Sforza* breaking his Mind to *Francisco*, in the ensuing Scene, with respect to *Marcellia*, is finely painted, and has a strange Mixture of Cruelty and Reflexion, Delicacy and Madness.

Sfor.

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

Fran. Minister

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

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
 What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
 It is so wicked : For which, Men will curse thee
 For being the Instrument ; and the blest Angels
 Forsake me at my Need, for being the Author :
 For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Francisco*,
 In which the Memory of all good Actions,
 We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :
 Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
 To fright Posterity by our Example,
 That have out-gone all Precedents of Villains
 That were before us ; and such as succeed,
 Though taught in Hell's black School, shall ne'er come
 near us.

—Art thou not shaken yet ?

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

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

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

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

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

Sfor. Add to her Goodness,
 Her Tenderneſs of me, her Care to please me ;
 Her unsuspected Chastity, ne'er equal'd ;
 Her Innocence, her Honour — O I am lost

In the Ocean of her Virtues, and her Graces,
When I think of them.

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

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

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

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

Express a ready Purpose to perform
 What I command ; or, by *Marcellia's* Soul,
 This is thy latest Minute.

Fran. 'Tis not Fear

Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
 But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
 What Warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
 I shall, though with Unwillingness and Horror,
 Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Francisco* :

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

Fran. 'Tis a Character

I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Court belonging to the Palace.*

Enter Tiberio, Stephano.

Steph. HOW ? left the Court ?

Tib. Without Guard, or Retinue
 Fitting a Prince.

Steph. No Enemy near, to force him ?
 To leave his own Strengths, yet deliver up
 Himself, as 'twere in Bonds, to the Discretion
 Of him that hates him ? 'Tis beyond Example,
 You never heard the Motives that induc'd him
 To this strange Course ?

I

Tib.

Tib. No, those are Cabinet Councils,
 And not to be communicated, but
 To such as are his own, and sure.—Alas!
 We fill up empty Places, and in publick
 Are taught to give our Suffrages to that
 Which was before determin'd; and are safe so.
 Signior *Francisco* (upon whom alone
 His absolute Power is with all Strength confer'd,
 During his Absence) can with Ease resolve you:
 To me, they're Riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be
 My *Oedipus*; I'll rather dwell in Darknefs.
 But, my good Lord *Tiberio*, this *Francisco*
 Is, on the sudden, strangely rais'd.

Tib. O Sir,
 He took the thriving Course: He had a Sister,
 A fair one too, with whom (as it is rumour'd)
 The Duke was too familiar; but she cast off,
 (What Promises soever past between them)
 Upon the Sight of this, forsook the Court,
 And since was never seen. To smother this,
 (As Honours never fail to purchase Silence)
Francisco first was grac'd, and Step by Step
 Is rais'd up to this Height.

Steph. But how is his Absence borne?

Tib. Sadly, it seems,
 By the Dutchess; for, since he left the Court,
 For the most Part she hath kept her private Chamber,
 No Visitants admitted. In the Church,
 She hath been seen to pay her pure Devotions,
 Season'd with Tears; and sure her Sorrow's true,
 Or deeply counterfeited. Pomp, and State,
 And Bravery's cast off; and she, that lately
 Rival'd *Poppæa* in her varied Shapes,
 Or the *Ægyptian* Queen, now, Widow-like,
 In Sable Colours (as her Husband's Dangers
 Strangled in her the Use of any Pleasure)
 Mourns for his Absence.

Steph.

Steph. It becomes her Virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
Tib. You take it right: but, on the other Side,
The Darling of his Mother, *Mariana*,
As there were an Antipathy between
Her and the Dutchess's Passions; and as
She'd no Dependance on her Brother's Fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of Mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter Graccho with Fiddlers.

But see her Favourite; and accompany'd,
To your Report.

Grac. You shall scrape, and I'll sing,
A scurvy Ditty, to a scurvy Tune,
Repine who dares.

Fidl. But, if we should offend,
The Dutchess having silenc'd us: And these Lords
Stand by to hear us.—

Grac. They, in Name, are Lords;
But I am one in Power: And, for the Dutchess,
But Yesterday we were merry for her Pleasure,
We now'll be for my Lady's.

Tib. Signior *Graccho*?

Grac. A poor Man, Sir, a Servant to the Princess:
But you, great Lords, and Counsellors of State,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come, we know
You are a Man in Grace.

Grac. Fye! no: I grant,
I bear my Fortunes patiently; serve the Princess,
And have Access at all Times to her Closet,
Such is my Impudence! when your grave Lordships
Are Masters of the Modesty, to attend
Three Hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next Morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tib. Pray you, what News is stirring? You know all.

Grac. Who, I? Alas! I've no Intelligence

At home, nor abroad: I only sometimes gueſs
The Change of the Times;—I ſhould aſk of your Lord-
ſhips

Who are to keep their Honours, who to loſe 'em;
Whom the Dutcheſs ſmil'd on laſt, or on whom frown'd,
You only can reſolve me. We poor Waiters
Deal (as you ſee) in Mirth, and fooliſh Fiddles:
It is our Element; and—could you tell me
What Point of State 'tis, that I am commanded
To muſter up this Muſic, on mine Honesty,
You ſhould much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah! you grow faucy.

Tib. And would be laid by th' Heels.

Grac. Not by your Lordſhips,
Without a ſpecial Warrant;—look to your own Stakes;
Were I committed, here come thoſe would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change Places too.

Enter Iſabella, Mariana.

Tib. The Princeſs—

We muſt be Patient.

Steph. There's no contending.

Tib. See, the informing Rogue!

Steph. That we ſhould ſtoop
To ſuch a Muſhrome!

Mariana. Thou doſt miſtake; they durſt not
Uſe the leaſt Word of Scorn, although provok'd,
To any Thing of mine. Go, get you home,
And to your Servants, Friends, and Flatterers, number
How many Deſcents you're noble:—Look to your Wives
too;

The ſmooth-chinn'd Courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No Way to be a Freeman? [*Ex.* *Tib.* and *Steph.*]

Grac. Your Excellence hath the beſt Gift, to diſpatch
Theſe Arras Pictures of Nobility,
I ever read of.

Mariana. I can ſpeak ſometimes.

Grac. And cover ſo your bitter Pills, with Sweetneſs
Of princely Language to forbid Reply,

They're

They're greedily swallow'd.

Ifab. But to the Purpose, Daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A Visit on this Woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The Absence, and the Dangers, of my Son,
Proclaims a general Sadness?

Mariana. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her Honour,
She shall have many of 'em? I'll make Use
Of my short Reign: My Lord now governs all;
And she shall know, that, her Idolater
My Brother being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.

Grac. Of a little Thing,
It is so full of Gall: A Devil of this Size,
Should they run for a Wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a Horse-head of her.

[*Aside.*

Mariana. On her Birth-day,
We were forc'd to be merry; and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on Pain of her Displeasure;
We will, we will. This is her private Chamber,
Where, like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent Mate, her Servants
Attending her like Mutes: But I'll speak to her,
And in a high Key too,—play any Thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare Sport.

[*Song.*

[*Marcelia above, in black.*

Ifab. She frowns, as if
Her Looks could fright us.

Mariana. May it please your Greatness,
We heard that your late Physic hath not work'd;
And that breeds Melancholy, as your Doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your Highness Vassals,

And are to play the Fools to do you Service,
Present you with a Fit of Mirth:—What think you
Of a new Antick?

Ifab. 'Twould show rare in Ladies.

Mariana. Being intended for so sweet a Creature,
Were she but pleas'd to grace it.

Ifab. Fye! she will,

Be it ne'er so mean: She's made of Courtesy.

Mariana. The Mistrefs of all Hearts;—One Smile, I
pray you,

On your poor Servants, or a Fidler's Fee:
Coming from those fair Hands, though but a Ducat,
We will insbribe it as a holy Relique.

Ifab. 'Tis Wormwood, and it works.

Marcellia. If I lay by

My Fears, and Griefs (in which you shall be Sharers);
If doting Age could let you but remember,
You have a Son; or frontless Impudence,
You are a Silter; and in making Answer,
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just Anger.

Ifab. A fet Speech, on my Life.

Mariana. Pen'd by her Chaplain.

Marcellia. Yes, I can speak, without Instruction speak;
And tell your Want of Manners, that y'are rude,
And saucily rude, too.

Grac. Now the Game begins.

[*Aside.*

Marcellia. You durst not, else, on any Hire or Hope,
(Remembring what I am, and whose I am)
Put on the desperate Boldness, to disturb
The least of my Retirements.

Mariana. Note her, now.

Marcellia. For both shall understand, though th' one
presume

Upon the Privilege due to a Mother,
The Duke stands now on his own Legs, and needs
No Nurse to lead him.

Ifab. How, a Nurse?

Marcellia. A dry one,

And useless too:—But I am merciful,
And Dotage signs your Pardon,

Ifab. I defy thee;

Thee,

Thee, and thy Pardons, proud one!

Marcelia. For you, Puppet——

Mariana. What, of me? Pine-tree.

Marcelia. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little Worth, but much less Wit;
You durst not, else, the Duke being wholly mine,
His Pow'r and Honour mine, and the Allegiance,
You owe him, as a Subject, due to me——

Mariana. To you?

Marcelia. To me: And therefore, as a Vassal,
From this Hour learn to serve me, or, you'll feel,
I must make Use of my Authority,
And, as a Princess; punish it.

Isab. A Princess?

Mariana. I had rather be a Slave unto a Moor
Than know thee for my Equal.

Isab. Scornful Thing!
Proud of a white Face!

Mariana. Let her but remember
The Issue in her Leg:

Isab. The Charge she puts
The State to, for Perfumes.

Mariana. And, howsoe'er
She seems, when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above Ground. Oh that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her Nails,
Would tear your painted Face, and scratch those Eyes out:
——Do but come down.

Marcelia. Were there no other Way,
But leaping on thy Neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbrav'd thus.——

Grac. Forty Ducats
Upon the little Hen: She's of the Kind,
And will not leave the Pit.

[*Aside.*]

Mariana. That it were lawful
To meet her with a Poignard, and a Pistol!
But these weak Hands shall shew my Spleen.

Enter Marcellia below.

Marcellia. Where are you? You Modicum! you Dwarf!

Mariana. Here, Giantess, here.

Enter Francisco, Tiberio, Stephano.

Fran. A Tumult in the Court? ⁴

Mariana. Let her come on.

Fran. What Wind hath rais'd this Tempest?
Sever 'em, I command you. What's the Cause?
Speak *Mariana.*

Mariana, I am out of Breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, Sir,
Or right me on this Monster (she's three Foot
Too high for a Woman) or ne'er look to have
A quiet Hour with me.

Isab. If my Son were here,
And would endure this, may a Mother's Curse
Pursue, and overtake him!

Fran. O forbear!
In me he's present, both in Pow'r, and Will;
And, Madam, I much grieve, that, in his Absence,

⁴ *A Tumult in the Court.*

Moffinger was undoubtedly a Man of Genius, as appears in almost every Play he wrote. He has often the Strength of *Shakespeare*, and the Softness of *Fletcher*, was very judicious in the Choice of his Subjects, and masterly in the finishing his Characters: But, notwithstanding all this, he is more or less led away by the Vice of the Age, and debases in all his Works their Value, by ridiculous Farce, and unmeaning Buffoonery. In the very Play before us, though the Tale is taken from high Life, and the Persons chiefly concerned no less than Princes and Statesmen, he cannot help this idle Affectation, and engages *Marcellia*, the Dutches, in a Fray with her Lord's Mother and Sister, in his Absence, to assert her Precedency, and make the Galleries Sport: The Incident itself answering no other End, but to give *Francisco*, the Duke's Favourite, an Opportunity of making his Court to *Marcellia*, at the Expence of their Liberty; though the last is his Wife, and introduce the Attempt he makes immediately after upon her Honour.

But the last Scene of this Act is so far above those preceding, conduces so remarkably to the carrying on the Plot, and is wrote so finely that no Remarks would explain its Beauty so fully as itself.

There

There should arise the least Distaste to move you ;
 It being his principal, nay, only Charge,
 To have you in his Absence serv'd, and honour'd,
 As when himself perform'd the willing Office.

Mariana. This is fine, i'Faith.

Grac. I would I were well off.

[*Aside.*

Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, Madam, frown
 not

(Till most unwittingly he hath deserv'd it)
 On your poor Servant ; to your Excellence,
 I ever was, and will be such, and lay,
 The Duke's Authority, trusted to me,
 With Willingness at your Feet.

Mariana. O base!

Isab. We're like

To have an equal Judge!

Fran. But, should I find

That you are touch'd in any Point of Honour,
 Or that the least Neglect is fall'n upon you,
 I then stand up a Prince.

Fidl. Without Reward,

Pray you dismiss us.

Grac. Would I were five Leagues hence!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Fran. I will be partial to none ; not to myself :

Be you but pleas'd to shew me my Offence ;
 Or, if you hold me in your good Opinion,
 Name those that have offended you.

Isab. I am one ;

And I will justify it.

Mariana. Thou art a base Fellow,

To take her Part.

Fran. Remember, she's the Dutchess.

Marcellia. But us'd with more Contempt, than if I were
 A Peasant's Daughter ; baited, and hooted at,
 Like to a common Strumpet ; with loud Noises,
 Forc'd from my Prayers ; and my private Chamber
 (Which, with all Willingness, I would make my Prision,
 During the Absence of my Lord) deny'd me.
 But if he e're return——

Fran.

Fran. Were you an Actor
In this lewd Comedy?

Mariana. I, marry, was I;
And will be one again.

Ifab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.

Fran. Think not, then, I speak
(For I stand bound to Honour, and to serve you;)
But that the Duke, that lives in this great Lady,
For the Contempt of him, in her, commands you
To be close Prisoners.

Ifab. *Mariana*, Prisoners?

Fran. Bear them hence:
This is your Charge, my Lord *Tiberio*,
And, *Stephano*, this is yours.

Marcelia. I am not cruel,
But pleas'd they may have Liberty.

Ifab. Pleas'd, with a Mischiefe!

Mariana. I'll rather live in any loathsome Dungeon,
Than in a Paradise, at her Intreaty:
And, for you, Upstart.—

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. What shall become of these?

Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.

Tib. Now, Signior *Graccho*,
What's become of your Greatness?

Grac. I preach Patience,
And must endure my Fortune.

Fidl. I was never yet
At such a huntf-up, nor was so rewarded.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelia.*

Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you
are
To be serv'd, and honour'd; which when they confess,
You may again receive them to your Favour:
And then it will shew nobly.

Marcelia. With my Thanks,
The Duke shall pay you his, if he return

To

To bless us with his Presence.

Fran. There is nothing

That can be added to your fair Acceptance:
That is the Prize, indeed: All else are Blanks,
And of no Value. As in virtuous Actions,
The Undertaker finds a full Reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful Men;
So, any Service done to so much Sweetness,
(However dangerous, and subject to
An ill Construction) in your Favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious End.

Marcelia. From you, I take this
As loyal Duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross Flattery.

Fran. Flattery, Madam?

You are so rare, and excellent in all Things;
And rais'd so high upon a Rock of Goodness,
That Vice can never reach you: who but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that Zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it.

Marcelia. Whither will this Fellow?

Fran. Pardon therefore, Madam,
If an Excess in me of humble Duty,
Teach me to hope (and though it be not in
The Pow'r of Man to merit such a Blessing)
My Piety for it is more than Love
May find Reward.

Marcelia. You have it in my Thanks;
And, on my Hand, I am pleas'd that you shall take
A full Possession of it. But, take Heed
That you fix here, and feed no Hope beyond this;
If you do, 'twill prove fatal.

Fran. Be it Death,

And Death with Torments Tyrants ne'er found out:
Yet I must say I love you.

Marcelia. As a Subject;
And 'twill become you.

Fran.

Fran. Farewell Circumstance! ⁵

And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,
But by a plain, and usual Form of Speech;
All superstitious Reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you.—Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no Monster, and you but a Woman:
A Woman made to yield, and by Example
Told it is lawful; Favours of this Nature
Are, in our Age, no Miracles in the greatest:
And, therefore, Lady——

Marcellia. Keep off.—O you Powers!——
Libidinous Beast! and, add to that unthankful!
(A Crime, which Creatures, wanting Reason, fly from)
Are all the princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,
Which, with some Prejudice to his own Wisdom,
Thy Lord, and Raifer hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three Days Absence buried? Hath he made thee
(A Thing obscure, almost without a Name)
The Envy of great Fortunes? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy Rank? And entertain'd thee, as
A Friend, and not a Servant? And is this,
This impudent Attempt to taint mine Honour,
The fair Return of both our ventur'd Favours?

Fran. Hear my Excuse.

Marcellia. The Devil may plead Mercy,
And with as much Assurance, as thou yeild one.
Burns Lust so hot in thee? Or is thy Pride
Grown up to such a Height, that, but a Princess,
No Woman can content thee? And, add to that,
His Wife, and Princess, to whom thou art ty'd

⁵ *Farewell Circumstance!*

This is one of *Shakespear's* Expressions; and in the Tragedy before us there are many as well as a great Number of similar Thoughts to his *Othello*. To say that *Massinger* directly copied them from *Shakespear*, would perhaps being doing him great Injustice. *Othello*, 'tis true, was published the preceeding Year before the Duke of *Milan*; but we are not from that Reason to infer *Massinger* imitated *Shakespear*. He perhaps had wrote this Tragedy long before it was printed, or before *Shakespear* might have thought of *Othello*.

In

In all the Bonds of Duty?—Read my Life,
 And find one Act of mine so loofely carried,
 That could invite a moft self-loving Fool,
 Set off with all that Fortune could throw on him,
 To the leaft Hope to find Way to my Favour;
 And (what's the worft mine Enemies could wifh me)
 I'll be thy Strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledg'd, Madam,
 That your whole Courfe of Life hath been a Pattern
 For chafte and virtuous Women. In your Beauty
 (Which I firft faw, and lov'd) as a fair Chryftal,
 I read your heavenly Mind, clear and untainted;
 And, while the Duke did prize you to your Value
 (Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
 I well might envy him, but durft not hope
 To ftop you in your full Career of Goodnefs:
 But, now I find that he's fall'n from his Fortune,
 And (howfoever he would appear doting)
 Grown cold in his Affection; I prefume,
 From his moft barbarous Neglect of you,
 To offer my true Service: Nor ftand I bound,
 To look back on the Courtefies of him
 That, of all living Men, is moft unthankful.

Marcellia. Unheard-of Impudence!

Fran. You'll fay I'm modeft,
 When I have told the Story. Can he tax me
 (That have receiv'd fome worldly Trifles from him)
 For being ungrateful? When he, that firft tafted,
 And hath fo long enjoy'd your fweet Embraces
 (In which, all Bleffings that our frail Condition
 Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
 As cloy'd with Happinefs, contemns the Giver
 Of his Felicity? And, as he reach'd not
 The Mafter-piece of Mifchief which he aims at,
 Unlefs he pay thofe Favours, he ftands bound to,
 With fell and deadly hate?—You think he loves you
 With unexampled Fervour; nay, dotes on you,
 As there were fomething in you more than Woman:
 When, on my Knowledge, he long fince hath wifh'd

You

You were among the Dead :—And I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your Preserver.

Marcelia. Bless me, good Angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a Purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human Tongue.
My Husband hate me? Give thyself the Lie,
False, and accurs'd! thy Soul (if thou hast any)
Can witness, never Lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd Affection of her Lord,
As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou would'st work
Upon my weak Credulity, tell me, rather,
That the Earth moves; the Sun and Stars stand still;
The Ocean keeps nor Floods, nor Ebbs; or that
There's Peace between the Lion, and the Lamb;
Or that the rav'nous Eagle, and the Dove,
Keep in one Ayery, and bring up their Young:
Or any Thing that is averse to Nature;
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My Lord can think of me, but as a Jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the World.

Fran. O Innocence abus'd! Simplicity couzen'd!
It were a Sin for which we have no Name,
To keep you longer in this wilful Error.
Read his Affection here; and then observe
How dear he holds you.—'Tis his Character,
Which cunning, yet, could never counterfeit.

Marcelia. 'Tis his Hand, I am resolv'd of't:
I'll try what the Inscription is.

Fran. Pray you, do so.

Marcelia. “ You know my Pleasure, and the Hour of
“ *Marcelia's* Death, which fail not to execute, as you
“ will answer the contrary, not with your Head alone,
“ but with the Ruin of your whole Family. And this,
“ written with mine own Hand, and signed with my
“ privy Signet, shall be your sufficient Warrant.

Lodovico Sforza.”

I do obey it, every Word's a Poignard;
And reaches to my Heart.

[*She swoons.*

Fran.

Fran. What have I done?—

Madam! for Heav'n's Sake, Madam!—O my Fate!—
I'll bend her Body:—This is, yet, some Pleasure;
I'll kiss her into a new Life. Dear Lady!—
She stirs: For the Duke's Sake; for *Sforza's* Sake.—

Marcellia. *Sforza's*? Stand off: Though dead, I will
be his,

And ev'n my Ashes shall abhor the Touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn Women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no Faith in Man: *Sforza* is false,
False to *Marcellia*.

Fran. But I am true,

And live to make you happy. All the Pomp,
State, and Observance you had, being his,
Compar'd to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembered. Lose his Memory,
And look with chearful Beams on your new Creature:
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate can alter. If the Emperor
Take not his Life, at his Return he dies,
And by my Hand: My Wife, that is his Heir,
Shall quickly follow.—Then we reign alone;
For with this Arm I'll swim through Seas of Blood,
Or make a Bridge, arch'd with the Bones of Men,
But I will grasp my Arms in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of Women.

Marcellia. Thou art a Villain:

All Attributes of Arch-Villains made into one
Cannot express thee. I prefer the Hate
Of *Sforza*, though it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy base Affection. I am yet
Pure, and unspotted, in my true Love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with Innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A Thing, that equal with the Devil himself
I do detest and scorn

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:

Thy

Hern. Hell put it in

The Enemy's Mind to be desp'rate, and hold out :
 Yieldings and Compositions will undo us ;
 And what is that Way given, for the most Part,
 Comes to the Emperor's Coffers, to defray
 The Charge of the great Action (as 'tis rumour'd) ;
 When, usually, some Thing in Grace (that ne'er heard
 The Cannon's roaring Tongue, but at a Triumph)
 Puts in, and for his Intercession shares
 All that we fought for ; the poor Soldier left
 To starve, or fill up Hospitals.

Alph. But, when

We enter Towns by Force, and carve ourselves,
 Pleasure with Pillage, and the richest Wines
 Open our shrunk-up Veins, and pour into 'em
 New Blood, and Fervour.

Med. I long to be at it ;

To see these Chuffs, that every Day may spend
 A Soldier's Entertainment for a Year,
 Yet make a third Meal of a Bunch of Raifons ;
 These Sponges, that suck up a Kingdom's Fat
 (Batt'ning like *Scarabes* in the Dung of Peace)
 To be squeez'd out by the rough Hand of War ;
 And all that their whole Lives have heap'd together,
 By Cous'nage, Perjury, or fordid Thrift,
 With one Gripe to be ravish'd.

Hern. I would be towing

Their fair *Madona's*, that in little Dogs,
 Monkeys, and Paraquetto's consume thousands ;
 Yet, for th' Advancement of a noble Action,
 Repine to part with a poor Piece of Eight :
 War's Plagues upon 'em : I have seen 'em stop
 Their scornful Noses first, then seem to swoon
 At Sight of a Buff-Jerkin, if it were not
 Perfum'd, and hid with Gold ; yet these nice Wantons
 (Spurr'd on by Lust, cover'd in some Disguise,
 To meet some rough Court-Stallion, and be leap'd)
 Durst enter into any common Brothel,

K

Though

Though all Varieties of Stink contend there ;
Yet praise the Entertainment.

Med. I may live
To see the tatter'd Rascals of my Troop,
Drag 'em out of their Closets, with a Vengeance ;
When neither threat'ning, flat'ring, kneeling, howling,
Can ransom one poor Jewel, or redeem
Themselves, from their blunt Wooing.

Hern. My main Hope is,
To begin the Sport at *Milan* : There's enough,
And of all Kinds of Pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every Day
We look for a Remove.

Med. For *Jodowick Sforza*,
The Duke of *Milan*, I, on mine own Knowledge,
Can say thus much : He is too much a Soldier,
Too confident of his own Worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the Emperor hates him,
To hope for Composition.

Alph. On my Life,
We need not fear his coming in.

Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it : I had rather that,
To shew his Valour, he'd put us to the Trouble
To fetch him in by th' Ears.

Med. The Emperor.

Enter Charles the Emperor, Pescara, &c. Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder — nay, it is no Council,
You may partake it, Gentlemen, who'd have thought
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd Amity,
When he was su'd to, should, e'er he be summon'd
(Whether perswaded to it by base Fear,
Or flatter'd by false Hope, which, 'tis uncertain)
First kneel for Mercy ?

Med. When your Majesty
Shall please t' instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Charl.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of *Milan*,
The Right Hand of the *French*: Of all that stand
In our Displeasure; whom Necessity
Compels to seek our Favour; I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so
In the List of those you pardon. Would his City
Had rather held us out a Siege, like *Troy*,
Than, by a feign'd Submission, he should cheat you
Of a just Revenge; or us, of those fair Glories
We have sweat Blood to purchase!

Med. With your Honour
You cannot hear him.

Alph. The Sack alone of *Milan*
Will pay the Army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That Money is the Sinew of the War:
And on what Terms soever he seek Peace,
'Tis in our Pow'r to grant it, or deny it.
Yet, for our Glory, and to shew him that
We've brought him on his Knees; it is resolv'd
To hear him as a Suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see th' Effects of our just Anger,
In the Guard that you make for him. [*Ex. Pescara.*]

Hern. I'm now
Familiar with the Issue (all Plagues on it!)
He will appear in some dejected Habit,
His Count'nance suitable: and, for his Order,
A Rope about his Neck: Then kneel, and tell
Old Stories, what a worthy Thing it is
T' have Pow'r, and not to use it; then add to that
A Tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,
Who said (forfooth, and wisely) "'Twas more Honour
" To make a King, than kill one:" Which, apply'd
To th' Emperor, and himself, a Pardon's granted
To him, an Enemy; and we, his Servants,
Condemn'd to Beggary. [*Aside.*]

Med. Yonder he comes :
But not as you expected.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Sforza.

Alph. He looks as if
He would out-face his Dangers.

[*Aside.*]

Hern. I am coufin'd :
A Suitor in the Devil's Name ?

[*Aside.*]

Med. Hear him speak.

[*Aside.*]

Sfor. I come not, Emperor, t' invade thy Mercy,⁶
By fawning on thy Fortune ; nor bring with me
Excuses, or Denials. I profess
(And with a good Man's Confidence, ev'n this Instant
That I am in thy Pow'r) I was thine Enemy ;
Thy deadly and vow'd Enemy ; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy Person and Estates ;
And with my utmost Pow'rs, and deepest Counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it :
Nor will I now, although my Neck were under
The Hangman's Axe, with one poor Syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the *French* King
More than thyself, and all Men.

Med. By Saint *Jaques*,
This is no Flattery.

[*Aside.*]

Hern. There is Fire and Spirit in't ;
But not long-liv'd, I hope.

[*Aside.*]

Sfor. Now, give me Leave
(My Hate against thyself, and Love to him

⁶ *I come not, Emperor, to invade thy Mercy.*

In the Beginning of this Act, the Scene changes to the Camp of the Emperor *Charles V.* a Fault which not only *Maffinger*, but all his Cotemporaries made no Scruple of committing : The Unities of Time, Place, and Action were then but little regarded ; and if the Author, by going out of the Road, could introduce any great or remarkable Events, he thought the Beauty abundantly attoned for the Fault. Of this Nature is the Circumstance of following the Duke of *Milan* to the Imperial Camp, and entertaining the Audience with this Interview between him and the Emperor. I must own he has not lost his Labour, and the Idea it gives us of the Duke's Courage and Address, contributes not a little to our Concern for his Misfortune.

Freely

Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the Reasons
 That made me so affected. In my Wants
 I ever found him faithful : had Supplies
 Of Men and Monies from him ; and my Hopes
 Quite sunk, were, by his Grace, buoy'd up again :
 He was, Indeed, to me, as my good Angel,
 To guard me from all Dangers. I dare speak
 (Nay must and will) his Praise now, in as high
 And loud a Key, as when he was thy Equal.
 The Benefits he sow'd in me, met not
 Unthankful Ground, but yielded him his own
 With fair Increase, and I still glory in it.
 And, though my Fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
 And *Milan*, weigh'd with *France*, appear as nothing)
 Are in thy Fury burnt ; let it be mention'd,
 They serv'd but as small Tapers to attend
 The solemn Flame at this great Funeral ;
 And with them I will gladly waste myself,
 Rather than undergo the Imputation
 Of being base or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken !

[*Aside.*

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
 Less than I did.

[*Aside.*

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
 For Courtesies receiv'd ; or not to leave
 A Friend in his Necessities, be a Crime
 Amongst you *Spaniards* (which other Nations
 That, like you, aim'd at Empire, lov'd, and cherish'd
 Where-e'er they found it) *Sforza* brings his Head
 To pay the Forfeit. Nor come I as a Slave,
 Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid Weed,
 Falling before thy Feet, kneeling and howling,
 For a forestall'd Remission : That were poor,
 And would but shame thy Victory ; for Conquest
 Over base Foes, is a Captivity,
 And not a Triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
 More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
 My Ends in being a Duke, I wore these Robes,
 This Crown upon my Head, and to my Side

This Sword was girt: And, witness Truth, that, now
 'Tis in another's Pow'r when I shall part
 With them and Life together. I'm the same:
 My Veins then did not swell with Pride; nor now
 They shrink for Fear.—Know, Sir, that *Sforza* stands
 Prepar'd for either Fortune.

Hern. As I live,

I do begin strangely to love this Fellow;
 And could part with three Quarters of my Share in
 The promis'd Spoil, to save him. [Aside.]

Sfor. But, if Example

Of my Fidelity to the *French* (whose Honours,
 Titles, and Glories, are now mix'd with yours;
 As Brooks, devour'd by Rivers, lose their Names)
 Has Pow'r to invite you to make him a Friend
 That hath given evident Proof, he knows to love,
 And to be thankful; this my Crown, now yours,
 You may restore me, and in me instruct
 These brave Commanders (should your Fortune change,
 Which now I wish not) what they may expect
 From noble Enemies for being faithful.
 The Charges of the War I will defray,
 And, what you may (not without Hazard) force,
 Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the Cries
 Of murder'd Infants, and of ravish'd Maids,
 Which, in a City sack'd, call on Heav'n's Justice,
 And stop the Course of glorious Victories.
 And, when I know the Captains and the Soldiers,
 That have in the late Battle done best Service,
 And are to be rewarded, I myself,
 According to their Quality and Merits,
 Will see them largely recompenc'd.—I've said,
 And now expect my Sentence.

Alph. By this Light,

'Tis a brave Gentleman! [Aside.]

Med. How like a Block

The Emperor sits! [Aside.]

Hern. He hath deliver'd Reasons,
 Especially in his Purpose to enrich

Such

Such as fought bravely (I myself am one,
I care not who knows it) I wonder he
Can be so stupid.—Now he begins to stir :
Mercy, an't be thy Will!—

[*Aside.*

Charl. Thou hast so far

Outgone my Expectation, noble *Sforza*
(For such I hold thee), and true Constancy,
Rais'd on a brave Foundation, bears such Palm
And Privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Though in an Enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future Hopes,
I'm glad, for thy Sake, that, in seeking Favour,
Thou did'st not borrow of Vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject Means; and for mine own,
That (since my Purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy Life and Fortunes) the World cannot
Tax me of Levity in my settled Councils ;
I being neither wrought by tempting Bribes,
Nor servile Flattery ; but forc'd unto it
By a fair War of Virtue.

Hern. This sounds well.

[*Aside.*

Charl. All former Passages of Hate be buried ;
For thus with open Arms I meet thy Love,
And as a Friend embrace it ; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least Honour,
That with my Hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy Crown once more upon thy Head ;
And do not only stile thee, Duke of *Milan*,
But vow to keep thee so : Yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself,
I will not hinder your Magnificence
To my Commanders, neither will I urge it ;
But in that, as in all Things else, I leave you
To be your own Disposer. [*Flourish.* *Ex.* Charles.

Sfor. May I live

To seal my Loyalty, though with Loss of Life
In some brave Service worthy *Cæsar's* Favour,
And I shall die most happy. Gentlemen,
Receive me to your Loves, and, if henceforth

There can arise a Difference between us,
 It shall be in a noble Emulation
 Who hath the fairest Sword, or dare go farthest,
 To fight for *Charles* the Emperor?

Hern. We embrace you,
 As one well read in all the Points of Honour;
 And there we are your Scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
 As far out-strip the Matter. We'll contend
 In Love hereafter, in the mean Time, pray you,
 Let me discharge my Debt, and, as in earnest
 Of what's to come, divide this Cab'net:
 In the small Body of it there are Jewels
 Will yield a hundred thousand Pistolets;
 Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And, when great *Charles* commands me to his
 Presence,

If you will please t' excuse my abrupt Departure,
 (Designs that most concern me, next this Mercy,
 Calling me home) I shall hereafter meet you,
 And gratify the Favour.

Her. In this, and all Things,
 We are your Servants.

Sfor. A Name I ever owe you. [*Ex. Med. Her. Alph.*]

Pesc. So, Sir; this Tempest is well overblown,
 And all Things fall out to our Wishes. But,
 In my Opinion, this quick Return,
 Before you've made a Party in the Court
 Among the great Ones (for these needy Captains
 Have little Power in Peace) may beget Danger;
 At least Suspicion.

Sfor. Where true Honour lives,
 Doubt hath no Being; I desire no Pawn
 Beyond an Emperor's Word for my Assurance:
 Besides, *Pescara*, to thyself of all Men
 I will confess my Weakness—though my State
 And Crown's restor'd me; though I am in Grace
 And that a little Stay might be a Step

To

To greater Honours, I must hence. Alas!
 I live not here; my Wife, my Wife, *Pescara*,
 Being absent, I am dead. Pr'thee, excuse,
 And do not chide, for Friendship Sake, my Fondness;
 But ride along with me; I'll give you Reasons,
 And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your own Pleasure;
 I'll bear you Company.

Sfor. Farewel, Grief! I am stor'd with
 Two Blessings most desir'd in human Life;
 A constant Friend, an unsuspected Wife.

Scene changes to Pisa.

Enter Graccho, Officer.

Offic. What I did, I had Warrant for. You've tasted
 My Office gently, and for those soft Strokes,
 Flea-bitings to the Jerks I could have lent you,
 There does belong a Feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
 For being tormented and dishonour'd?

Offic. Fye! no,
 Your Honours not impair'd in't. What's the letting out
 Of a little corrupted Blood, and the next Way too?
 There is no Chirurgeon like me to take off
 A Courtier's Itch that's rampant at great Ladies,
 Or turns Knave for Preferment, or grows proud
 Of their rich Cloaks, and Suits, though got by Brokage,
 And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good, Sir;
 But am I the first Man of Quality,
 That e'er came under your Fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand:
 And they have said I have a lucky Hand too;
 Both Men and Women of all Sorts have bow'd
 Under this Scepter. I have had a Fellow
 That could indite, forsooth, and make fine Meeters
 To tinkle in the Ears of ignorant Madams,
 That for defaming of great Men, was sent me

Thread:

Threadbare and lousy, and in three Days after
Discharged by another that set him on; I have seen him
Cap-a-pe Gallant, and his Stripes wash'd of
With Oil of Angels.

Grac. 'Twas a sovereign Cure,

Offic. There was a Secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to th' Orders of the Church,
Nor yield to any Argument of Reason,
But still rail at Authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his Tongue, and truss'd his
Haunches,

Grew a fine Pulpit-Man, and was benefic'd.
Had he not Cause to thank me?

Grac. There was Physic
Was to the Purpose.

Offic. Now, for Women,
For your more Consolation, I could tell you
'Tweny fine Stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.

Offic. There was lately
A fine She-waiter in the Court, that doted
Extremely of a Gentleman, that had
His main Dependance on a Signior's Favour
(I will not name;) but could not compass him
On any Terms. This Wanton, at dead Midnight,
Was found at the Exercise behind the Arras
With the 'foresaid Signior: He got clear off;
But she was seiz'd on, and, to save his Honour,
Endur'd the Lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at Push-pin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd? Prithee be brief.

Offic. Why this, Sir,—she delivered;
Had Store of Crowns assign'd her by her Patron,
Who forc'd the Gentleman, to save her Credit,
To marry her, and say he was the Party
Found in Lob's Pound. So she, that, before, gladly
Would

Would have been his Whore, reigns o'er him as his Wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but Truth, then,
Is not my Office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee; [Gives him Money.
But what will be my Fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft Correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you, Knave.

Offic. And then Knave, I will fit you. [*Ex. Officer.*

Grac. Whipt like a Rogue? No lighter Punishment
strive

To ballance with a little Mirth? 'Tis well;
My Credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit Company only for Pages and for Foot-boys,
That have perused the Porter's Lodge.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* See, *Julio*,
Yonder the proud Slave is; how he looks now
After his Castigation!

2 *Gent.* As he came
From a close Fight at Sea under the Hatches,
With a she *Dunkerke*, that was shot before
Between Wind and Weather,
And he hath sprung a Leak too, or I'm couzen'd.

1 *Gent.* Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd to an Owl?
The Wonder, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* I read, this Morning,
Strange Stories of the passive Fortitude
Of Men in former Ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But, now I look on you, my Wonder ceases.

Grac. The Reason, Sir?

2 *Gent.* Why, Sir, you have been whip'd;
Whip'd, Signior *Graccho*: And the Whip, I take it,
Is, to a Gentleman, the greatest Trial
That may be of his Patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you

To a strict Account for this.

2 Gent. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a Beadle for my Second;
And then I'll answer you.

1 Gent. Farewell, poor *Graccho!* [*Ex. Gentlemen.*

Grac. Better and better still.—If ever Wrongs
Could teach a Wretch to find the Way to Vengeance,

Enter Francisco and Servant.

Hell now inspire me. How, the Lord Protector!
My Judge, I thank him. Whither thus in private?
I will not see him.

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indispos'd, and will not hear
Or Suits, or Suitors.

Serv. But, Sir, if the Princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?

Fran. Say, I'm rode
Abroad to take the Air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in Court.

Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Ex. Servant.*

Fran. Within there, Ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good Lord, your Pleasure?

Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy Favour for Access
To th' Dutche's.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my Lord, I dare not;
She's very private.

Fran. Come there's Gold to buy thee
A new Gown, and a rich one.

Gentlew. This will tempt me. [*Aside.*] I once swore
If e'er I lost my Maiden-head, it should be
With a great Lord as you are; and, I know not how,
I feel a yielding Inclination in me,
If you have Appetite.

Fran. Pox on thy Maiden-head!
Where is thy Lady?

Gentlew. If you venture on her,

She's

She's walking in the Gallery.—Perhaps,
You will find her less tractable.

Fran. Bring me to her.

Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold Entertainment, when
You are at your Journey's End; and 'twere Discretion
To take a Snatch by the Way.

Fran. Prithee leave Fooling,
My Page waits in the Lobby: Give him Sweet-meats;
He is train'd up for his Master's Ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Ex. Francisco and Gentlew.*]

Grac. A brave Discovery, beyond my Hope!
A Plot e'en offer'd to my Hand to work on,
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The Scorn of Worms and Slaves, let me consider;
My Lady and her Mother first committed
In the Favour of the Dutchess, and I whip'd—
That with an Iron Pen is writ in Brass
On my tough Heart, now grown a harder Metal;
And all his brib'd Approaches to the Dutchess
To be conceal'd, good, good: This to my Lady,
Deliver'd as I'll order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but Courtship; let it be,
I care not, so it feed her Jealousy. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Marcellia, Francisco.

Marcellia. Believe thy Tears or Oaths? Can it be hop'd,
After a Practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?

Fran. Dear Lady,
Great in your Fortune, greater in your Goodness,
Make a superlative of Excellence,
In being greatest in your saving Mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my Fault,
To be beyond all Pity; my Attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A Saint-like Patience into Savage Fury:
But you that are all Innocence and Virtue,

No Spleen or Anger in you of a Woman,
 But when a holy Zeal to Piety fires you,
 May, if you please, impute the Fault to Love,
 Or call it beastly Lust, for 'tis no better ;
 A Sin, a monstrous Sin, yet with it many
 That did prove good Men after, have been tempted,
 And, though I am crooked now, 'tis in your Power
 To make me strait again.

Marcelia. Is't possible
 This can be Cunning?

[*Aside.*

Fran. But, if no Submission,
 Nor Prayers can appease you, that you may know
 'Tis not the Fear of Death that makes me sue thus,
 But a loath'd Detestation of my Madness,
 Which makes me wish to live to have your Pardon.
 I will not wait the Sentence of the Duke
 (Since his Return is doubtful) but I myself
 Will do a fearful Justice on myself,
 No Witness by but you, there being no more
 When I offended.—Yet, before I do it,
 For I perceive in you no Signs of Mercy,
 I will disclose a Secret, which, dying with me,
 May prove your Ruin.

Marcelia. Speak it: it will take from
 The Burthen of thy Conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, Madam,
 The Warrant by my Lord sign'd for your Death,
 Was but conditional; but you must swear
 By your unspotted Truth, not to reveal it,
 Or I end here abruptly.

Marcelia. By my Hopes
 Of Joys hereafter.—On.

Fran. Nor was it Hate
 That forc'd him to it, but Excess of Love;
 “ And if I ne'er return, (so said great *Sforza*)
 “ No living Man deserving to enjoy
 “ My best *Marcelia*. With the first News
 “ That I am dead, for no Man after me
 “ Might e'er enjoy her——fail not to kill her,

“ But

" But till certain Proof assure thee I am lost,
 " (These were his Words)
 " Observe and honour her as if the Seal
 " Of Woman's Goodness only dwelt in her."
 This Trust I have abus'd and basely wrong'd,
 And, if the excelling Pity of your Mind
 Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
 Rather then look on my offended Lord,
 I stand resolv'd to punish it.

Marcellia. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
 And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair Life
 Hereafter study to deserve this Bounty
 Which thy true Penitence (such I believe it)
 Against my Resolution hath forc'd from me.
 But that my Lord, my *Sforza*, should esteem
 My Life fit only as a Page, to wait on
 The various Course of his uncertain Fortunes;
 Or cherish in himself that sensual Hope
 In Death to know me as a Wife, afflicts me:
 Nor does his Envy less deserve mine Anger,
 Which though, such is my Love, I would not nourish,
 Will slack the Ardour that I had to see him
 Return in Safety.

Fran. But if your Entertainment
 Should give the least Ground to his Jealousy,
 To raise up an Opinion I am false,
 You then destroy your Mercy. Therefore, Madam,
 (Though I shall ever look on you as on
 My Life's Preserver, and the Miracle
 Of human Pity) would you but vouchsafe
 In Company to do me those fair Graces
 And Favours which your Innocence and Honour
 May safely warrant, it would to the Duke
 (I being to your best self alone known guilty)
 Make me appear most innocent.

Marcellia. Have your Wishes,
 And something I may do to try his Temper;
 At least, to make him know a constant Wife

Is not so slav'd to her Husband's dotting Humours,
But that she may deserve to live a Widow,
Her Fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough ;

Nay, all I could desire, and will make Way
To my Revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all. [*Aside.*] [*Shout, and flourish.*]

Marcelia. What Shout is that?

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

Tib. All Happiness to the Dutchess, that may flow
From the Duke's new and wish'd Return !

Marcelia. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it!

[*Aside.*]

Tib. Observe their Encounter.

[*Flourish.*]

*Enter Sforza, Pescara, Isabella, Mariana, Graccho, and
the rest.*

Mariana. What you have told me, *Graccho*, is believ'd,
And I'll find Time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see Cause ;
I will not do ill Offices.

Sfor. I've stood
Silent thus long, *Marcelia*, expecting
When, with more then a greedy Haste, thou would'st
Have flown into my Arms, and on my Lips
Have printed a deep Welcome. My Desire
To glais myself in these fair Eyes, have born me
With more then human Speed : Nor durst I stay
In any Temple, or to any Saint
To pay my Vows and Thanks for my Return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marcelia. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My Love and Duty in a modest Fashion,
Such as might suit with the Behaviour
Of one that knows herself a Wife, and how
To temper her Desires ; not like a Wanton

Fir'd

Fir'd with hot Appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How? Why, can there be
A Mean in your Affections to *Sforza*?
Or any Act, though ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten Appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely. Do not move me;
My Passions to you are in Extremes,
And know no Bounds—come kiss me.

Marcellia. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the Joys of Love, she does salute me
As if I were her Grandfather. What Witch,
With curst Spells, hath quench'd the amorous Heat
That liv'd upon these Lips? Tell me, *Marcellia*,
And truly tell me, is't a Fault of mine
That hath begot this Coldness; or Neglect
Of others, in my Absence?

Marcellia. Neither, Sir:

I stand indebted to your Substitute,
Noble and good *Francisco* for his Care,
And fair Observance of me: There was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.

Sfor. How?

Marcellia. The Pleasures,
That sacred *Hymen* warrants us, excepted;
Of which, in troth, you are too great a Doter,
And there is more of Beast in it than Man.
Let us love temperately; Things violent last not,
And too much Dotage rather argues Folly
Then true Affection.

Grac. Observe but this,
And how she prais'd my Lord's Care and Observance;
And then judge, Madam, if my Intelligence
Have any Ground of Truth.

Mariana. No more; I mark it.

Steph. How the Duke stands!

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no Motion.

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Pesc.

Pesc. My Lord, from whence
Grows this Amazement?

Sfor. It is more, dear my Friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a Being,
But certain that my Life's a Burthen to me.
Take me back, good *Pescara*; show me to *Cæsar*
In all his Rage and Fury; I disclaim
His Mercy; to live now, which is his Gift,
Is worse than Death, and with all studied Torments.

Marcellia is unkind, nay worse, grown cold
In her Affection; my Excess of Fervour,
Which yet was never equal'd, grown distasteful.
But have thy Wishes, Woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The Fetters of fond Dotage.—From my Sight,
Without Reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent. Oh! who would place
His Happiness in most accursed Woman,
* In whom Obsequiousness ingenders Pride;
And Harshness deadly. From this Hour
I'll labour to forget there are such Creatures;
True Friends be now my Mistresses. Clear your Brows,
And, though my Heart-strings crack for't, I will be,
To all, a free Example of Delight:
We will have Sports of all Kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new
Unsatisfy'd, though we surfeit in their Store,
And never think of curs'd *Marcellia* more. [Exeunt.

* In whom Obsequiousness ingenders Pride.

This Expression *Milton* seems to have had in View in his *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. Verse 809.

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

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Francisco, Graccho.*

Fran. **A**ND is it possible thou should'st forget
A Wrong of such a Nature, and then study
My Safety and Content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the Elements of Courtship
(Not the abstruse and hidden Arts to thrive there)
And you may please to grant me so much Knowledge,
That Injuries from one in Grace, like you,
Are noble Favours. Is it not grown common
In every Sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your Captain cast
If poor, though not thought daring, but approv'd so
To raise a Coward into Name, that's rich,
Suffers Disgraces publickly—but receives
Rewards for them in private.

Fran. Well observ'd,
Put on; we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this Argument. That Day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his Favour,
I found myself to be another Thing,
Not what I was before. I passed, then,
For a pretty Fellow, and of pretty Parts too,
And was perhaps receiv'd so: but, once rais'd,
The liberal Courtier made me Master of
Those Virtues, which I ne'er knew in myself.
If I pretended to a Jest, 'twas made one
By their Interpretation: If I offer'd
To reason of Philosophy, though absurdly,
They had Helps to save me, and without a Blush

Would swear, that I, by Nature, had more Knowledge,
Then others could acquire by any Labour.
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your Bounty.

Fran. True:

They gave me those good Parts I was not born to ;
And, by my Intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hop'd for.

Grac. All this is Oracle. And shall I, then,
For a foolish Whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the Wheel of Fortune ? No ; that favours
Too much of th' antient Freedom.—Since Great Men
Receive Disgraces, and give Thanks, poor Knaves
Must have nor Spleen, nor Anger. Though I love
My Limbs as well as any Man, if you had now
A Humour to kick me lame into an Office,
Where I might sit in State, and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the Foot that did it ?
Though it seem strange, there have been such Things
I' th' Memory of Man. [seen

Fran. But to the Purpose ;

And then, that Service done, make thine own Fortunes.
My Wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the Dutchess.

Grac. And incens'd

For her Commitment in her Brother's Absence ;
And by her Mother's Anger is spur'd on
To make Discov'ry of it. This her Purpose
Was trusted to my Charge, which I declin'd
As much as in me lay ; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my Faith to her may destroy
My Credit with your Lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my Peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy Care, and will deserve this Secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more Moment. Come into my Bosom,
And take it from me. Canst thou think, dull *Graccho*,
My

My Pow'r and Honours were conferr'd upon me,
 And, add to them, this Form, to have my Pleasures
 Confin'd and limited? I delight in Change
 And sweet Variety; that's my Heav'n on Earth,
 For which I love Life only. I confess,
 My Wife pleas'd me a Day; the Dutchess, two,
 (And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her)
 But now I care for neither. Therefore, *Graccho*,
 So far I am from stopping *Mariana*
 In making her Complaint, that I desire thee
 To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your Ruin,
 The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
 Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cousten'd;
 His Dorage, like an Ague, keeps his Course;
 And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose Time,
 And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
 Thou art to be my Instrument, and, in spite
 Of the old Saw, that says, "it is not safe
 "On any Terms to trust a Man that's wrong'd,"
 I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a Language,
 My Lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, Sirrah,
 To put a Trick on me for the Relation
 Of what I knew before, and, having won
 Some weighty Secret from me, in Revenge
 To play the Traitor.—Know, thou wretched Thing,
 By my Command thou wert whip'd, and ev'ry Day
 I'll have thee freshly tortur'd, if thou mis
 In the least Charge that I impose upon thee.
 Though what I speak, for the most Part, is true;
 Nay, grant thou had'st a thousand Witnesses
 To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
 With one Word (such is *Sforza's* Confidence
 Of my Fidelity, not to be shaken)
 To make all void, and ruin my Accusers.
 Therefore look to't, bring my Wife hotly on

150 THE DUKE OF MILAN.
T' accuse me to the Duke (I have an End in't)
Or think what 'tis makes Man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a Fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my Courtes,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy Slave, as thou did'st saucily divine.
For prying in my Councils, still live mine.

[Exit Francisco.

Grac. I'm caught on both Sides. This 'tis for a puny
In Policy's *Protean* School, to try Conclusions
With one that hath commenc'd and gone out Doctor.
If I discover what, but now, he brag'd of,
I shall not be believ'd. If I fall off
From him, his Threats and Actions go together.
And there's no Hope of Safety, 'till I get
A Plummet that may found his deepest Councils.
—I must obey and serve him. Want of Skill
Now makes me play the Rogue against my Will.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, *Gentlewoman.*

Marcelia. Command me from his Sight? and with
such Scorn.

As he would rate his Slave?

Tib. 'Twas in his Fury.

Steph. And he repents it, Madam.

Marcelia. Was I born

T' observe his Humours? or, because he doats,
Must I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling Knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty Language.

Steph. He hath paid the Forfeit
Of his Offence, I'm sure, with such a Sorrow,

As;

As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full Remission.

Marcelia. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his Absence,
Than he can be for mine?—So, pray you, tell him.
But, 'till I have digested some sad Thoughts,
And reconcil'd Passions that are at War
Within myself, I purpose to be private.
And have you Care, unless it be *Francisco*,
That no Man be admitted.

Tib. How, *Francisco*! [Aside.]

Steph. He, that at ev'ry Stage keeps Livery Mistresses,
The Stallion of the State! [Aside.]

Tib. They are Things above us.
And so no Way concern us. [Aside.]

Steph. If I were
The Duke (I freely must confess my Weakness)

Enter Francisco.

I should wear yellow Breeches.—Here he comes. [Aside.]

Tib. Nay, spare your Labour, Lady, we know our
Duty,
And quit the Room. [Exit.]

Steph. Is this her Privacy?
Though with the Hazard of a Check, perhaps,
This may go to the Duke. [Aside. Exit Steph.]

Marcelia. Your Face is full
Of Fears and Doubts.—The Reason?

Fran. O best Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor Convert,
That only wish to live in sad Repentance,
To mourn my desperate Attempt of you,
That have no Ends, nor Aims, but that your Goodness
Might be a Witness of my Penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your Mercy,
Am robb'd of that last Hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more than fear, hath found—that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted Honour, not from me ;
Nor have I with him chang'd one Syllable,
Since his Return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet, Malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not.
And Jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure Foundations.

Marcellia Jealousy ?

Fran. It takes.

[*Aside.*

Marcellia. Who dares but only think I can be tainted ?
But for him, though almost on certain Proof,
To give it Hearing, not Belief, deserves
My Hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste Favours shewn unto me ;
Or her Imprisonment, for her Contempt
To you, by my Command, my frantick Wife
Hath put it in his Head.—

Marcellia. Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted ? Are my Favours
The Themes of her Discourse ? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected Path,
Subject to base Construction ?—Be undaunted :
For now, as of a Creature that is mine,
I rise up your Protectress. All the Grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut Hand : It shall be, now, more free,
Open, and liberal.—But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the Life, teach you
To nourish sawcy Hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a Monster !

Marcellia. I will stand, then,
Between you and all Danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what Confidence builds,
And he that dares but doubt, when there's no Ground,
Is neither to himself, nor others, sound. [Exit,

Fran.

Fran. So let it work! ⁹ Her Goodness, that deny'd
 My Service, branded with the Name of Lust,
 Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
 When he's a Suitor, that brings Cunning arm'd
 With Power to be his Advocates, the Denial
 Is a Disease as killing as the Plague,
 And Chastity a Clew that leads to Death.
 Hold but thy Nature, Duke, and be but rash,
 And violent enough, and then at Leisure
 Repent. I care not.
 And let my Plots produce this long'd-for Birth,
 In my Revenge I have my Heav'n on Earth. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Sforza, Pescara, three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promis'd to be merry.

1 Gent. There are Pleasures,
 And of all Kinds, to entertain the Time.

2 Gent. Your Excellence vouchsafing to make Choice
 Of that which best affects you.

Sfor. Hold your prating!
 Learn Manners too; you are rude.

3 Gent. I have my Answer,
 Before I ask the Question.

Pesc. I must borrow
 The Privilege of a Friend, and will; or else
 I am, like these, a Servant, or, what's worse,
 A Parasite to the Sorrow *Sforza* worships
 In spite of Reason.

Sfor. Pray you Use your Freedom;
 And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
 To hear you only, not to be compell'd
 To take your Moral Potions. I am a Man,

⁹ So let it work, &c.

The Character of *Francisco*, as a Villain, greatly resembles that
 of *Iago* in *Othello*; and it will be very entertaining to the curious
 Reader to compare many Passages of this Play with *Othello*.

And,

And, though Philosophy your Mistress rage for't,
Now I have Cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.

Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier Subject.

Sfor. Take heed, Friend!
You rub a Sore, whose Pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the Shock
Of thousand Enemies, and out-fac'd the Anger
Of a great Emperor, that vow'd your Ruin,
Though by a desp'rate, a glorious Way,
That had no Precedent? Are you return'd with Honour,
Lov'd by your Subjects? Does your Fortune court you,
Or rather say, your Courage does command it?
Have you giv'n Proof, to this Hour of your Life,
Prosperity (that searches the best Temper)
Could never puff you up, nor adverse Fate
Deject your Valour? Shall, I say, these Virtues,
So many and so various Trials of
Your constant Mind, be buried in the Frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair Woman?
Yet I have seen her equals,

Sfor. Good *Pescara*,
This Language in another were prophane;
In you it is unmannerly — Her equal?
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly
(To all men else, my Sword should make reply)
Her Goodness does disdain Comparison,
And, but herself admits no parallel.
But you will say she's cross, tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, *Pescara*,
And knows how far she may dispose her Bounties,
Her Honour safe; or, if she were averse,
'Twas a Prevention of a greater Sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands, how much I love her,
And that her rare Parts do deserve all Honour,

Her

Her Excellence increasing with her Years too,
 I might have fall'n into Idolatry,
 And from the Admiration of her Worth,
 Been taught to think there is no Pow'r above her;
 And yet I do believe, had Angels Sexes,
 The most would be such Women, and assume
 No other Shape, when they were to appear
 In their full Glory.

Pesc. Well, Sir, I'll not cross you,
 Nor labour to diminish your Esteem
 Hereafter of her—since your Happiness
 (As you will have it) has alone Dependance
 Upon her Favour, from my Soul, I wish you
 A fair Attonement.

Sfor. Time, and my Submission

Enter Tiberio and Stephano.

May work her to it.—O! you are well return'd,
 Say, am I blest? Hath she vouchsaf'd to hear you?
 Is there Hope left that she may be pleas'd?
 Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
 To her Conditions.

Tib. She, Sir, yet is froward,
 And desires Respite, and some Privacy.

Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted,
 Implacable. [seem'd not

Sfor. There's Comfort yet: I'll ply her
 Each Hour with new Ambassadors, of more Honours,
 Titles, and Eminence. My second Self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.

Steph. That a wise Man,
 And, what is more, a Prince, that may command,
 Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his Wife,
 As she were a victorious Enemy,
 At whose proud Feet, himself, his State, and Country,
 Basely begg'd Mercy!

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
 I'll have thy Thoughts.

Steph. You shall: You are too fond,

And

And feed a Pride that's swol'n too big already,
And surfeits with Observance.

Sfor. O my Patience!

My Vassal speak thus?

Steph. Let my Head answer it,
If I offend. She that you think a Saint,
I fear, may play the Devil.

Pesc. Well said, old Fellow.

Steph. And he that hath so long ingross'd your Favours,
Though to be nam'd with Rev'rence, Lord *Francisco*,
Who, as you purpose, shall sollicit for you,
I think's too near her.

Pesc. Hold, Sir; this is Madness.

Steph. It may be they confer of winning Lordships;
I'm sure he's private with her.

Sfor. Let me go,

I scorn to touch him; he deserves my Pity,
And not my Anger. — Dotard! and to be one
Is thy Protection, else thou durst not think
That Love to my *Marcellia* hath left Room
In my full Heart for any jealous Thought:
That idle Passion dwell with thick-scul'd Tradesmen,
The undeserving Lord, or the unable.
Lock up thy own Wife, Fool, that must take Physick
From her young Doctor, and upon her Back,
Because thou hast the Palsey in that Part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched Things they are that dare be jealous.
Were I match'd to another *Messaline*,
While I found Merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own Torment: But, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me's a Dion,
I'm too secure.

Tib. This is a Confidence
Beyond Example.

Enter Graccho, Isabella, Mariana.

Grac. There he is — Now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

Sfor. If you come

To

To bring me Comfort, say, that you have made
My Peace with my *Marcellia*.

Ifab. I had rather
Wait on you to your Funeral.

Sfor. You are my Mother ;
Or, by her Life, you were dead, else.

Mariana. Would you were,
To your Dishonour ; and, since Dotage makes you
Willfully blind, borrow of me my Eyes,
Or some Part of my Spirit. Are you all Flesh ?
A Limb of Patience only ? no Fire in you ?
But do your Pleasure.—Here your Mother was
Committed by your Servant (for I scorn
To call him Husband, and myself your Sister,
(If that you dare remember such a Name)
Mew'd up to make the Way open and free
For the Adulterers, I am unwilling
To say a Part of *Sforza*.

Sfor. Take her Head off ;
She hath blasphem'd, and by our Law must die.

Ifab. Blasphem'd, for calling of a Whore, a Whore ?

Sfor. O Hell ! what do I suffer !

Mariana. Or is it Treason
For me, that am a Subject, to endeavour
To save the Honour of the Duke, and that
He should not be a Wittal on Record ?
For by Posterity 'twill be believ'd,
As certainly as now it can be prov'd,
Francisco, the great Minion that sways all,
To meet the chaste Embraces of the Dutchess,
Hath leap'd into her Bed.

Sfor. Some Proof, vile Creature !
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mariana. The publick Fame ;
Their hourly private Meetings ; and, e'en now,
When, under a Pretence of Grief or Anger,
You are deny'd the Joys due to a Husband,
And made a Stranger to her, at all Times
The Door stands open to him.—To a *Dutchman*
This were enough ; but to a right *Italian*,
A hundred thousand Witnesses.

Ifab.

Ifab. Would you have us
To be her Bawds ?

Sfor. O the Malice
And Envy of base Women, that with Horror,
Knowing their own Defects, and inward Guilt,
Dare lye, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast Aspersions upon one untainted !
Y'are in your Natures Devils, and your Ends,
Knowing your Reputations sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black Livery. Wretches ! you have rais'd
A monumental Trophy to her Pureness.
In this your study'd Purpose to deprave her ;
And all the Shot made by your foul Detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd Innocence,
Returns upon yourselves ; and, if my Love
Could suffer an Addition, I'm so far
From giving Credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her.—Y'are not worthy
To fall as Sacrifices to appease her ;
And therefore live till your own Envy burst you.

Ifab. All is in vain ; he is not to be mov'd.

Mariana. She has bewitch'd him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past Belief,
To me it shews a Fable.

Enter Francisco and a Servant.

Fran. On thy Life,
Provide my Horses, and without the Port
With Care attend me.

Serv. I shall, my Lord.

[*Ex. Servant.*

Grac. He's come.

What Gimcrack have we next ?

Fran. Great Sir.

Sfor. *Francisco,*

Though all the Joys in Women are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full Delight
That I can hope from Man.

Fran. I would impart,

'Please

'Pleafe you to lend your Ear, a weighty Secret,
I am in Labour to deliver you.

Sfor. All leave the Room.—Excufe me, good *Pescara*;
Ere long I will wait on you.

Pesc. You fpeak, Sir,
The Language I fhould ufe.

Sfor. Be within Call;
Perhaps we may have Ufe of you.

Tib. We fhall, Sir. [*Exit all but Sfor. and Fran.*]

Sfor. Say on, my Comfort.

Fran. Comfort? No, your Torment;
For fo my Fate appoints me—I could curfe
The Hour that gave me Being.

Sfor. What new Monsters
Of Mifery ftand ready to devour me?
Let them at once difpatch me.

Fran. Draw your Sword, then,
And, as you wifh your own Peace, quickly kill me.
—Confider not, but do it.

Sfor. Art thou mad?

Fran. Or, if to take my Life be too much Mercy,
(As Death, indeed, concludes all human Sorrows)
Cut off my Nofe and Ears; pull out an Eye,
The other only left to lend me Light
To fee my own Deformities.—Why was I born
Without fome Mulct impos'd on me by Nature?
Would from my Youth a loathfome Leprofy
Had run upon this Face, or that my Breath
Had been infectious, and fo made me fhun'd
Of all Societies! curs'd be he that taught me
Discourfe or Manners, or lent any Grace
That makes the Owner pleafing in the Eye
Of wanton Women, fince thofe Parts, which others
Value as Bleffings, are to me Afflictions;
—Such my Condition is.

Sfor. I am on the rack!
Diffolve this doubtful Riddle.

Fran. That I alone,
Of all Mankind, that ftand moft bound to love you,
And

And study your Content, should be appointed,
 Not by my Will, but forc'd by cruel Fate
 To be your greatest Enemy—not to hold you
 In this Amazement longer, in a Word,
 Your Dutcheſs loves me.

Sfor. Loves thee?

Fran. Is mad for me;
 Purſues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
 Her late Neglect of you.

Sfor. O Women! Women!

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by Perſuaſion;
 Then urg'd your much Love to her, and the Danger;
 Deny'd her, and with Scorn.

Sfor. 'Twas like thyſelf.

Fran. But when I ſaw her ſmile, then heard her ſay,
 Your Love and extreme Dotage as a Cloak
 Should cover our Embraces, and your Power
 Fright others from Suspicion, and all Favours
 That ſhould preſerve her in her Innocence,
 By Luſt inverted, to be us'd as Bawds;
 I could not but in Duty (though I know
 That the Relation kills in you all Hope
 Of Peace hereafter, and in me 'twill ſhew
 Both baſe and poor to riſe up her Accuſer)
 Freely diſcover it.

Sfor. Eternal Plagues
 Purſue and overtake her! for her Sake
 To all Poſterity may he prove a Cuckold,
 And, like to me, a Thing ſo miſerable
 As Words may not expreſs him, that gives Truſt
 To all deceiving Women! or, ſince it is
 The Will of Heaven, to preſerve Mankind,
 That we muſt know, and couple with theſe Serpents,
 No wiſe Man ever, taught by my Example,
 Hereafter uſe his Wife with more Reſpect
 Then he would do his Horſe that does him Service;
 Baſe Woman being in her Creation made

A Slave to Man. But, like a Village Nurse,
Stand I now cursing, and consid'ring, when
The tamest Fool would do?—Within there! *Stephano,*
Tiberio, and the rest,—I will be sudden;
And she shall know and feel Love in Extremes,
Abus'd, knows no Degree of Hate.

Enter Tiberius, Stephano, Guard.

Tib. My Lord.

Sfor. Go to the Chamber of that wicked Woman.

Steph. What wicked Woman, Sir?

Sfor. The Devil my Wife.

Force a rude Entry; and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the Hair,
And know no Pity; any gentle Usage
To her will call on Cruelty from me
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring? Go,
And put my Will in Act.

Steph. There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a Tempest, on the sudden rais'd,
Who durst have dream'd of? [*Ex. Tib. and Steph.*]

Sfor. Nay, since she dares Damnation,
I'll be a Fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great Sir,
Exceed not in your Fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her Intent.

Sfor. Intent, *Francisco*?
It does include all Fact, and I might sooner
Be won to pardon Treason to my Crown,
Or one that kill'd my Father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do—Yet, if you please
To prove her Temper to the Height, say only
That I am dead; and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your Call:—Now to the Upshot;
Howe'er I'll shift for one. [*Afide.*]

Exit.

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Marcelia, Guard.

Marcelia. Where is this Monster?

This walking Tree of Jealousy, this Dreamer,
This horned Beast that would be? Oh! are you here, Sir?
Is it by your Commandment, or Allowance,
I am thus basely us'd? Which of my Virtues,
My Labours, Services, and Cares to please you
(For, to a Man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a Blush, I may be mine own Trumpet)
Invites this barbarous Course?—Dare you look on me
Without a Seal of Shame?

Sfor. Impudence,

How ugly thou appear'st now! thy Intent
To be a Whore, leaves thee not Blood enough
To make an honest Blush: What had the Act done?

Marcelia. Return'd thee the Dishonour thou deservest,
Though willingly I had giv'n up myself
To ev'ry common Letcher.

Sfor. Your chief Minion,

Your chosen Favourite, your woo'd *Francisco*,
Has dearly paid fort; for, Wretch! know, he's dead;
And by my Hand.

Marcelia. The bloodier Villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy Love
Does know no other Object, thou hast kill'd, then,
A Man I do profess I lov'd; a Man
For whom a thousand Queens might well be Rivals,
But he (I speak it to thy Teeth) that dares be
A jealous Fool, dares be a Murtherer,
And knows no End in Mischief.

Sfor. I begin now

In this my Justice.

[*Stabs her.*]

Marcelia. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my Grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an Innocent,
You needs must suffer.

Sfor. An Innocent? Let one

Call

Call in *Francisco*, for he lives ¹⁰ (vile Creature!)

[*Ex.* *Steph.*]

To justify thy Falshood, and how often
With whorish Flatteries thou'ft tempted him;
I being only fit to live a Stale,
A Bawd and Property to your Wantonnefs.

Enter *Stephano*.

Steph. Signior *Francisco*, Sir, but even now
Took Horfe without the Ports.

Marcelia. We're both abus'd,
And both by him undone—stay, Death, a little,
Till I have clear'd myself unto my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O my *Sforza*,
Francisco was not tempted, but the Tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the Warrant
That you sign'd for my Death.

Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.

Marcelia. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his Knees with Tears he did beseech me
Not to reveal it. I soft-hearted Fool!
Judging his Penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed, th' Unkindness to be sentenc'd by you
Before that I was guilty in a Thought,
Made me put on a seeming Anger towards you,
And now—behold the Issue.—As I do,
May Heav'n forgive you.

[*Dies.*]

Tib. Her sweet Soul has left
Her beauteous Prison.

Steph. Look to the Duke; he stands
As if he wanted Motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The Organ of his Speech.

¹⁰ *Call in Francisco, &c.*

———— *Iago* knows
That she with *Cassio* had the Act of Shame
A thousand Times committed.

Steph. Take up this Body,
And call for his Physicians.

Sfor. O my Heart-strings!

[*Exeunt.*]



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

Out of the Dutchy of Milan.

Enter Francisco, Eugenia.

Fran. **W**H Y could'st thou think, *Eugenia*, that Re-
wards,

Graces, or Favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine Honour?
Or that I shamefully would sit down, before
I had dry'd these Eyes, still wet with Show'rs of Tears
By th' Fire of my Revenge? Look up, my dearest;
For that proud Fair, that, Thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promis'd Hopes, and robb'd thee of a Fortune
Almost in thy Possession, hath found,
With horrid Proof, his Love, she thought her Glory,
And an Assurance of all Happiness,
But hast'ned her said Ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A Grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous Duke to me prov'd false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the Eyes of Dotage,
And so to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant
The Stream of his Affection was, and ran
A constant Course, til I with cunning Malice
(And yet I wrong my Act, for it was Justice)
Made it turn backward, and hate in Extremes
Love banish'd from his Heart to fill the Room,
—In a Word, know fair *Marcellia's* dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran.

Fran. And by *Sforza's* Hand. Do's it not move you?
 How coldly you receive it! I expected
 The mere Relation of so great a Blessing,
 Born proudly on the Wings of sweet Revenge,
 Would have call'd on a Sacrifice of Thanks,
 And Joy not to be bounded, or conceal'd!
 You entertain it with a Look, as if
 You wish'd it were undone!

Eug. Indeed, I do;

For, if my Sorrows could receive Addition,
 Her sad Fate would encrease, not lessen 'em.
 She never injur'd me, but entertain'd
 A Fortune humbly offer'd to her Hand,
 Which a wise Lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
 Unless you would impute it as a Crime,
 She was more fair than I, and had Discretion
 Not to deliver up her Virgin Fort
 (Though strait besieg'd with Flatteries, Vows, and Tears)
 Until the Church had made it safe and lawful.
 And had I been the Mistress of her Judgment
 And constant Temper, skilful in the Knowledge
 Of Man's malicious Falshood, I had never,
 Upon his Hell-deep Oaths to marry me,
 Giv'n up my fair Name, and my maiden Honour
 To his foul Lust, nor liv'd now, being branded
 I' th' Forehead for his Whore, the Scorn and Shame
 Of all good Women.

Fran. Have you, then, no Gall,
 Anger, or Spleen familiar to your Sex?
 Or is it possible that you could see
 Another to possess what was your due,
 And not grow pale with Envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
 That did deceive me. There's no Passion, that
 A Maid so injur'd ever could partake of,
 But I have dearly suffer'd. These three Years
 In my Desire, and Labour of Revenge
 Truſted to you, I have indur'd the Throes
 Of teeming Women, and will hazard all

Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
 Thy Heart, false *Sforza*.—You have trifled with me,
 And not proceeded with that fiery Zeal
 I look'd for from a Brother of your Spirit.
 Sorrow forsake me, and all Signs of Grief
 Farewel for ever.—Vengeance, arm'd with Fury
 Possess me wholly, now!

Fran. The Reason, Sister,
 Of this strange Metamorphosis?

Eug. Ask thy Fears;
 Thy base unmanly Fears, thy poor Delays;
 Thy dull Forgetfulness equal with Death;
 My Wrong, else, and the Scandal which can never
 Be wash'd off from our House but in his Blood,
 Would have stirr'd up a Coward to a Deed
 In which, though he had fall'n, the brave Intent
 Had crown'd itself with a fair Monument
 Of noble Resolution. In this Shape
 I hope to get Access, and then, with Shame
 Hearing my sudden Execution, judge
 What Honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
 By a weak Woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer;
 And yet in this you but pour Oil on Fire,
 And offer your Assistance where it needs not:
 And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
 But had your Wrongs stamp'd deeply on my Heart
 By th' Iron Pen of Vengeance, I attempted
 By whoring her to cuckold him; that failing,
 I did begin his Tragedy in her Death,
 To which it serv'd as Prologue, and will make
 A memorable Story of your Fortunes
 In my assur'd Revenge.—Only, best Sister,
 Let us not lose ourselves in the Performance,
 By your rash Undertaking; we will be
 As sudden as you could wish

Eug. Upon those Terms
 I yield myself and cause to be dispos'd of
 As you think fit.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Fran. Thy Purpose?

Serv. There's one *Graccho*,
That follow'd you it seems, upon the Track,
Since you left *Milan*, that's importunate
To have Access, and will not be deny'd,
His Haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me, *[Ex. Servant.]*
Though he hath laid an Ambush for my Life,
Or Apprehension, yet I will prevent him
And work mine own Ends out.

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Now for my Whipping;
And if I now out-strip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange Way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are Worms in my Brains. *[Aside.]*

Fran. Now, my good *Graccho*?
We meet as 'twere by Miracle!

Grac. Love, and Duty,
And Vigilance in me for my Lord's Safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here;
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my Lord,
That you could wish conceal'd. The Dutchess' Wound,
In the Duke's Rage put home, yet gave her Leave
To acquaint him with your Practices, which your Flight
Did easily confirm.

Fran. This I expected;
But sure you come provided of good Counsel
To help in my Extremes.

Grac. I would not hurt you.

Fran. How? Hurt me? Such another Word's thy
Death,
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy Will,
T' outlive what I determine?

Grac. How he awes me! *[Aside.]*

Fran. Be brief, what brought thee hither?

Grac. Care to inform you

You are a condemn'd Man, pursu'd, and fought for,
And your Head rated at ten thousand Ducats
To him that brings it.

Fran. Very good.

Grac. All Passages

Are intercepted, and choice Troops of Horse
Scour o'er the neighbour Plains; your Picture sent
To every State confederate with *Milan*.

That, though I grieve to speak it, in my Judgment,
So thick your Dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious Search.

Eug. Why, let us then turn *Romans*,
And killing by our own Hands, mock their Threats,
And make our own Preparations.

F. a. I would show nobly;
But that the Honour of our full Revenge
Were lost in the rash Action. No, *Eugenia*,
Graccho is wise, my Friend too, not my Servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest Secret.
We would (and thou must help us to perform it)
First kill the Duke—then, fall what can upon us;
For Injuries are writ in Brass, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

[*Aside.*

Fran. What's that?

Grac. I labour with
A strong Desire t' assist you with my Service;
And now I am deliver'd of't.

Fran. I told you—— [To *Eugenia*,
Speak, my oraculous *Graccho*,

Grac. I have heard, Sir,
Of Men in Debt, that, lay'd for by their Creditors
(In all such Places where it could be thought
They would take Shelter) chose for Sanctuary,
Their Lodgings underneath their Creditor's Noses,
Or near that Prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended; confident that there

They

They never should be sought for.

Eug. 'Tis a strange one!

Fran. But what infer you from it?

Grac. This, my Lord;

That, since all Ways of your Escape are stopp'd,
In *Milan* only, or, what's more, i'th' Court
(Whether it is presum'd you dare not come)
Conceal'd in some Disguise, you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discover'd?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee? Alas! I know thee honest, *Graccho*,
And I will put thy Counsel into Act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travel to preserve me,
What bloody End soe'er my Stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good *Graccho*.—Who's within there?

Grac. In the Devil's Name, what means he? [*Aside.*]

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my Friend
Into your Custody, and bind him fast;
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good Lord.

Fran. Dispatch:

'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, *Graccho*,
I would not have ten thousand Ducats tempt you
(Being of a soft and Wax-like Disposition)
To play the Traitor; nor a foolish Itch
To be reveng'd for your late excellent Whipping
Give you the Opportunity to offer
My Head for Satisfaction. Why, thou Fool,
I can look through and through thee; thy Intents
Appear to me as written in thy Forehead
In plain and easy Characters. And but that
I scorn a Slave's base Blood should rust that Sword
That from a Prince expects a scarlet Dye,
Thou now wert Dead; but live only to pray
For good Success to crown my Undertakings,

And

And then, at my Return, perhaps, I'll free thee
 [Exit Servants with Graccho.
 To make me further Sport.—Away with him!
 I will not hear a Syllable. We must trust
 Ourselves, *Eugenia*, and though we make Use of
 The Counsel of our Servants, that Oil spent,
 Like Snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.
 But now to our last Scene, which we'll so carry,
 That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
 'Till all, with half an Eye, may see 'tis done. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

An inner Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Pescara, Tiberio, Stephano.

Pesc. The like was never read of.

Steph. In my Judgment,
 To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
 A most impossible Fable.

Tib. For *Francisco*,
 My Wonder is the less, because there are
 Too many Precedents of unthankful Men
 Rais'd up to Greatness, which have after studied
 The Ruin of their Makers.

Steph. But that melancholy,
 Though ending in Distraction, should work
 So far upon a Man as to compel him
 To court a Thing that has not Sense, nor Being,
 Is unto me a Miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
 And briefly as I can, by what Degrees
 He fell into this Madness. When by the Care
 Of his Physicians he was brought to Life,
 As he had only pass'd a fearful Dream,
 And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
 He call'd for fair *Marcellia*, and being told
 That she was dead, he broke forth in Extremes,
 (I would not say blasphem'd) and cry'd that Heaven

For

For all th' Offences that Mankind could do,
 Would never be so cruel as to rob it
 Of so much Sweetness, and of so much Goodness,
 That not alone was sacred in herself,
 But did preserve all others innocent
 That had but Converse with her. Then it came
 Into his Fancy that she was accus'd
 By his Mother and his Sister; thrice he curs'd 'em,
 And thrice his desperate Hand was on his Sword
 To've kill'd 'em both; but he restrain'd, and they
 Shunning his Fury 'spite of all Prevention
 He would have turn'd his Rage upon himself,
 When wisely his Physicians looking on
 The Dutchess' Wound, to stay his ready Hand,
 Cry'd out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd
 More than a Perpetuity of Pleasure
 In any Object else, flatter'd by Hope,
 Forgetting his own Greatness, he fell prostrate
 At the Doctor's Feet, implor'd their Aid, and swore,
 Provided they recover'd her, he would live
 A private Man, and they should share his Dukedom.
 They seem'd to promise fair, and ev'ry Hour
 Vary their Judgments, as they find his Fit
 To suffer Intermision, or Extremes.
 For his Behaviour since——

Sfor. (*Within.*) As you have Pity,
 Support her gently.

Pesc. Now, be your own Witnesses;
 I am prevented.

*Enter Szorza, Isabella, Mariana, the Body of Marcellia
 brought in, Doctor's Servants.*

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you;
 The gentlest Touch torments her, and then think
 What I shall suffer.—O you earthy Gods,
 You second Natures, that from your great Master
 (Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hippolitus*,

And

And drew upon himself the Thunderer's Envy)
 Are taught those hidden Secrets that restore
 To Life death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
 On whom t'express the Excellence of Art,
 Will bind ev'n Heav'n your Debtor, though it pleases
 To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
 The Saints will smile to look on, and good Angels
 Clap their celestial Wings to give it Plaudits.
 How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
 That I presume (dy'd o'er with bloody Guilt,
 Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
 To touch this snow-white Hand.—How cold it is!
 This once was *Cupid's* Fire-brand, and still
 'Tis so to me.—How slow her Pulses beat too!
 Yet, in this Temper, she is all Perfection,
 And Mistress of a Heat so full of Sweetness,
 The Blood of Virgins, in their Pride of Youth,
 Are Balls of Snow or Ice compar'd unto her.

Mariana. Is not this strange?

Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear Daughter;
 Our Conscience tells us we have been abus'd,
 Wrought to accuse the Innocent, and with him
 Are guilty of a Fact ———

Enter a Servant.

Mariana. 'Tis now past Help.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a strange Aspect;
 A Jew by Birth, and a Physician
 By his Profession, as he says, who, hearing
 Of the Duke's Phrensy, on the Forfeit of
 His Life, will undertake to render him
 Perfect in every Part.—Provided that
 Your Lordship's Favour gain him free Access,
 And your Pow'r with the Duke a safe Protection,
 'Till the great Work be ended.

Pesc. Bring me to him;
 As I find Cause, I'll do. [Ex. *Pescara and Servant.*

Sfor.

Sfor. How found she sleeps!

Heav'n keep her from a Lethargy!—How long
(But answer me with Comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure Judgment tell you that these Lids,
That cover richer Jewels than themselves,
Like envious Night, will bar these glorious Suns
From shining on me?

1 *Doct.* We have giv'n her, Sir,
A sleepy Potion that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the Torment
The searching of her Wound will put her to.

2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but, if we should wake
her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.

Sfor. I'm patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your Pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her Body's Organs are bound fast,
Her Fancy cannot slumber.

1 *Doct.* That, Sir, looks on
Your Sorrow for your late rash Act with Pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet, with free Confession of your Guilt,
With a glad Pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind,
And her Displeasure, though call'd on, short-liv'd
Upon the least Submission.—O you Powers
That can convey our Thoughts to one another
Without the Aid of Eyes, or Ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing Dream!
Thus, on my Knees before her (yet that Duty
In me is not sufficient) let her see me
Compel my Mother, from whom I took Life,
And this my Sister, Partner of my Being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my Acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a Degree as high are guilty,
As she is innocent.—Bite your Tongues, vile Creatures,
And

And let your inward Horror fright your Souls,
 For having bely'd that Pureness, to come near which
 All Women that Posterity can bring forth
 Must be, though striving to be good, poor Rivals.
 And for that Dog, *Francisco* (that seduc'd me,
 In wounding her, to raise a Temple built
 To Chastity and Sweetness) let her know
 I'll follow him to Hell, but I will find him,
 And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
 Then for this cursed Hand and Arm, that guided
 The wicked Steel, I'll have them Joint by Joint,
 With burning Irons fear'd off, which I will eat,
 I being a Vulture fit to taste such Carrion.
 Lastly ———

1 Doct. You are too loud, Sir; you disturb
 Her sweet Repose

Sfor. I'm hush'd. — Yet give us Leave,
 Thus prostrate at her Feet, our Eyes bent downward,
 Unworthy, and ashamed to look upon her,
 T' expect her gracious sentence.

2 Doct. He's past Hope.

1 Doct. The Body too will putrify, and then
 We can no longer cover the Imposture.

Tib. Which in her Death will quickly be discover'd.
 I can but weep his Fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
 You lose no Minute to preserve him; Time
 May lessen his Distraction.

Enter Pescara, Francisco, Eugenia.

Fran. I am no God, Sir,
 To give a new Life to her; yet I'll hazard
 My Head, I'll work the senseless Trunk t' appear
 To him, as it had got a second Being,
 Or that the Soul, that's fled from't, were call'd back
 To govern it again. I will preserve it
 In the first Sweetness, and by a strange Vapour,
 Which I'll infuse into her Mouth, create
 A seeming Breath: I'll make her Veins run high too,

As

As if they had true Motion.

Pesc. Do but this,

'Till we use Means to win upon his Passions
T' endure to hear she's dead with some small Patience,
And make thy own Reward.

Fran. The Art I use

Admits no Looker on: I only ask
The fourth Part of an Hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

Pesc. I will procure it.

2 Doct. What Stranger's this?

Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;

There is a main End in't.

Fran. Beware!

Eugenia. I'm warn'd.

Pesc. Look up, Sir, chearfully; Comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.

Sfor. From whence came that Sound?

Was it from my *Marcelia*? If it were,
I rise, and Joy will give me Wings to meet it.

Pesc. Nor shall your Expectation be deferr'd
But a few Minutes. Your Physicians are
Mere Voice, and no Performance; I have found
A Man that can do Wonders: Do not hinder
The Dutchefs' wish'd Recovery to enquire,
Or what he is, or to give Thanks, but leave him
To work this Miracle.

Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good Angel:

I do obey in all Things; be it Death
For any to disturb him, or come near
'Till he be pleas'd to call us.—O, be prosp'rous,
And make a Duke thy Bondman.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Eugenia.*]

Fran. 'Tis my Purpose;

If that to fall a long-wish'd Sacrifice
To my Revenge can be a Benefit,
I'll first make fast the Doors.—So.

Eugenia. You amaze me:

What follows now?

Fran.

Fran. A full Conclusion

Of all thy Wishes.—Look on this, *Eugenia*,
 Ev'n such a Thing, the proudest Fair on Earth
 (For whose Delight the Elements are ransack'd,
 And Art with Nature studies to preserve her)
 Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
 I' th' Court of Death. — But I lose Time.

Eugenia. What mean you ?

Fran. Disturb me not.—Your Ladyship looks pale ;
 But, I, your Doctor, have a Ceruse for you.

See, my *Eugenia*, how many Faces,

That are ador'd in Court, borrow these Helps,

[*Paints the Body.*]

And pass for Excellence, when the better Part
 Of them are like to this.—Your Mouth smells sour too ;
 But here is that shall take away the Scent,

A precious Antidote old Ladies use

When they would kiss, knowing their Gums are rotten :

—These Hands too, that disdain'd to take a Touch

From any Lip, whose Honour writ not Lord,

Are now but as the coarsest Earth ; but I

Am at the Charge, my Bill not to be paid too,

To give them seeming Beauty. — So, 'tis done.

How do you like my Workmanship ?

Eugenia. I tremble :

And thus to tyrannize upon the Dead

Is most inhuman.

Fran. Come we for Revenge,

And can we think on Pity ? Now to the Upshot,

And, as it proves, applaud it. My Lord, the Duke,

Enter with Joy, and see the sudden Change

Your Servant's Hand hath wrought.

Enter Sforza and the rest.

Sfor. I live again

In my full Confidence that *Marcellia* may

Pronounce my Pardon.—Can she speak yet ?

Fran. No :

You must not look for all your Joys at once ;

That

That will ask longer Time.

Pest. 'Tis wond'rous strange!

Sfor. By all the Dues of Love I have had from her;
This Hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it:
These Lips invite too:—I could ever feed
Upon these Roses; they still keep their Colour
And native Sweetness; only the Nectar's wanting,
That, like the Morning Dew in flow'ry *May*,
Preserv'd them in their Beauty.

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Treason, Treason!

Tib. Call up the Guard.

Fran. *Graccho!* then we are lost.

Grac. I am got off, Sir Jew.—A Bribe hath done it;
For all your serious Charge; there's no Disguise
Can keep you from my Knowledge.

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of Breath,
But this is ———

Fran. Spare thy Labour, Fool. *Francisco!*

All. Monster of Men!

Fran. Give me all Attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the Thing I was born.—I am *Francisco*;
Francisco, that was rais'd by you, and made
The Minion of the Time; the same *Francisco*,
That would have whor'd this Trunk when it had Life;
And, after, breath'd a Jealousy upon thee,¹¹
As killing as those Damps that belch out Plagues,
When the Foundation of the Earth is shaken;

¹¹ *A Jealousy upon thee*
As killing as those Damps, &c.

This is a beautiful Simile, and truly original; On the whole, the Beauties of this Tragedy, though inferior to those of *Shakespear's Othello*, are such peculiar Excellencies, that there are none of any Author, ancient or modern, that can be brought in Competition with them.

I made thee do a Deed Heav'n will not pardon,
Which was — to kill an Innocent.

Sfor. Call forth the Tortures
For all that Flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst ;
Only, to yield some Reason to the World
Why I pursu'd this Course, look on this Face,
Made old by thy base Falshood ; 'tis *Eugenia*.

Sfor. *Eugenia* !

Fran. Does it start you, Sir ? My Sister,
Seduc'd and fool'd by thee : But thou must pay
The Forfeit of thy Falshood.—Does it not work yet ?
Whate'er becomes of me (which I esteem not)
Thou art mark'd for the Grave. I've giv'n thee Poison
In this Cup, now observe me, which thy last
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd Faith to *Eugenia*.

Pesc. O damn'd Villain !

Isab. How do you, Sir ?

Sfor. Like one

That learns to know in Death what Punishment
Waits on the Breach of Faith.—Oh ! now I feel
An *Ætna* in my Entrails.—I have liv'd
A Prince, and my last Breath shall be Command.
—I burn, I burn ! yet, e'er Life be consum'd,
Let me pronounce upon this Wretch all Torture
That witty Cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him !

Tib. In all Things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, Sister !

Now I have kept my Word, Torments I scorn :
I leave the World with Glory.—They are Men,
And leave behind them Name and Memory,
That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

[*Exeunt Guard with Francisco.*]

Steph. A desperate Wretch !

Sfor. I come, Death ; I obey thee.
—Yet I will not die raging ; for alas !
My whole Life was a Phrensy.—Good *Eugenia*,

In Death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
 To some religious House, there let her spend
 The Remnant of her Life.—When I am Ashes,
 Perhaps, she'll be pleas'd, and spare a Prayer
 For my poor Soul.—Bury me with *Marcellia* —
 And let our Epitaph be —— [Dies.]

Tib. His Speech is stop'd.

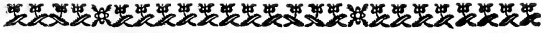
Steph. Already dead?

Pesc. It is in vain to labour
 To call him back. We'll give him Funeral,
 And then determine of the State Affairs:
 And learn, from this Example, "There's no Trust
 "In a Foundation that is built on Lust."

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

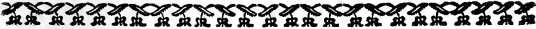




T H E
B O N D M A N.
A N
A N C I E N T S T O R Y.

As it hath been often acted with good Allowance,
at the COCK-PIT in *Drury-Lane*, by the
most Excellent Princess, the Lady ELIZABETH;
her Servants. 1638.

By PHILIP MASSINGER:





T O

The R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E, my Singular
Good Lord,

P H I L I P Earl of M O N T G O M E R Y,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
G A R T E R, &c.

Right Honourable,

H Owever I could never arrive at the Happiness to
be made known to your Lordship, yet a Desire,
born with me, to make a Tender of all Duties,
and Service, to the Noble Family of the Herberts,
descended to me as an Inheritance from my dead Father,
Arthur Massinger. Many Years he happily spent in the
Service of your Honourable House, and died a Servant to it;
leaving His, to be ever most glad, and ready, to be at the
Command of all such as derive themselves from his most ho-
noured Master, your Lordship's Father. The Consideration
of this encouraged me (having no other Means to present my
humble Service to your Honour) to shroud this Trifle under
the Wings of your Noble Protection; and I hope, out of the
Clemency of your Heroic Disposition, it will find, tho' per-
haps not a welcome Entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gra-
cious Pardon. When it was first acted, your Lordship's
liberal Suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it
having received the undoubted Stamp of your Lordship's Al-
lowance: And if in the Perusal of any vacant Hour, when
your Honour's more serious Occasions shall give you Leave
to read it, it answer in your Lordship's Judgment the Re-
port and Opinion it had upon the Stage, I shall esteem my
Labours not ill employ'd, and, while I live, continue

The humblest of those that
truly honour your Lordship,

PHILIP MASSINGER,

N 4

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMOLEON, the General of *Corinth*.

ARCHIDAMUS, the Prætor of *Syracusa*.

DIPHILUS, a Senator of *Syracusa*.

CLEON, a fat impotent Lord.

PISANDER (disguis'd) a Gentleman of *Thebes*.

POLIPHRON (disguis'd) Friend to PISANDER.

LEOSTHENES, a Gentleman of *Syracusa*, enamour'd of

CLEORA.

ASOTUS, a foolish Lover, and the Son of CLEON.

TIMAGORAS, the Son of ARCHIDAMUS.

CLEORA, Daughter of ARCHIDAMUS.

CORISCA, a proud wanton Lady, Wife to CLEON.

OLYMPIA, a rich Widow.

STATILIA, Sister to PISANDER, Slave to CLEORA.

ZANTHIA, Slave to CORISCA.

GRACCULO, } Bondmen.

CIMBRIO, }
A Jailor.

T H E



T H E
B O N D M A N . *

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

Enter Timagoras and Leosthenes.

Timagoras.

W H Y should you droop, *Leosthenes*, or despair
My Sister's Favour? What before you purchas'd
By Courtship, and fair Language, in these Wars

(For, from her Soul, you know, she loves a Soldier)
You may deserve by Action.

Leost. Good *Timagoras*,

When I have said my Friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you, believe
The dreadful Voice of War, that shakes the City,
The thund'ring Threats of *Carthage*, nor their Army,

* The Tale of this Play is one of the simplest and best of any among the Works of the old *English* Writers.—It consists of but one regular Vein, and has all its Parts, Pauses, and Incidents marked in so judicious a Manner, that nothing is either improbable, inconsistent, or unentertaining.—'Tis indeed clogg'd with some ridiculous comick Characters; but then they have no Share in the Business of the Play, and may be rejected at Pleasure.—Some State Affairs too are introduced, which, though they don't immediately relate to the Plot, yet are so assitant to the Incidents of it, as not to be spared on any Account. Beside which, they are in themselves entertaining, and serve to introduce his principal Woman in a Manner wholly grand, novel, and surprising. The Tale itself is calculated to shew the ill Effects of Jealousy in Love, and the Force of Address and Management.

Rais'd

Rais'd to make good those Threats, affright not me.
 If fair *Cleora* were confirm'd his Prize
 That has the strongest Arm, and sharpest Sword,
 I'd court *Bellona* in her horrid Trim,
 As if she were a Mistress, and bless Fortune
 That offers my young Valour to the Proof,
 How much I dare do for your Sister's Love.
 But, when that I consider how averse
 Your noble Father, great *Archidamus*,
 Is, and hath ever been, to my Desires,
 Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,
 What Seeds soever I sow, in these Wars,
 Of noble Courage, his determinate Will
 May blast, and give my Harvest to another
 That ne'er toil'd for it.

Timag. Prithee, do not nourish
 These jealous Thoughts; I'm thine, and (pardon me,
 Though I repeat it, my *Leosthenes*)
 That, for thy Sake, when the bold *Theban* su'd
 Far-fam'd *Pisander*, for my Sister's Love,
 Sent him disgrac'd, and discontented Home,
 I wrought my Father then; and I, that stop'd not
 In the Career of my Affection to thee,
 When that renowned Worthy, that brought with him
 High Birth, Wealth, Courage, as fee'd Advocates
 To mediate for him, never will consent,
 A Fool, that only has the Shape of Man,
Afotus, though he be rich *Cleon's* Heir,
 Shall bear her from thee.

Leost. In that Trust I love.

Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Enter Pisander.

Pisan. Sir, the General,
Timoleon, by his Trumpets hath giv'n Warning
 For a Remove.

Timag. 'Tis well; provide my Horse.

Pisan. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Pisander.*]

Leost. This Slave has a strange Aspect!

Timag.

Timag. Fit for his Fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd Knaves;
My Father bought him for my Sister's Litter.
O Pride of Women! Coaches are too common,
They surfeit in the Happiness of Peace,
And Ladies think they keep not State enough,
If, for their Pomp and Ease, they are not borne
In Triumph on Men's Shoulders.

Leost. Who commands
The *Carthaginian* Fleet?

Timag. *Gisco's* their Admiral,
And, 'tis our Happiness, a raw young Fellow,
One ne'er train'd in Arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with Ladies Lips, than crack a Lance,
Ravish a Feather from a Mistress' Fan,
And wear it as a Favour. A Steel Helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious Plume, will crack
His Woman's Neck.

Leost. No more of him.—The Motives
That *Corinth* give us Aid?

Timag. The common Danger:
For *Sicily* being on Fire, she is not safe;
It being apparent that ambitious *Carthage*,
(That to enlarge her Empire strives to rattle
An unjust Gripe on us, that live free Lords
Of *Syracusa*) will not end, till *Greece*
Acknowledge her their Sovereign.

Leost. I'm satisfy'd.
What think you of our General?

Timag. He is a Man
Of strange and reserv'd Parts; but a great Soldier.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

His Trumpets call us; I'll forbear his Character:
To-morrow, in the Senate-House, at large
He will express himself.

Leost. I'll follow you,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Cleon, Corisca, Graculo.

Corif. Nay, good Chuck.—

Cleon. I've said it: Stay at home;
I cannot brook your Gadding, you're a fair one,
Beauty invites Temptation, and short Heels
Are soon tripp'd up.

Corif. Deny me? By my Honour
You take no Pity on me. I shall swoon
As soon as you are absent;—ask my Man, else;
You know he dares not tell a Lie.

Grac. Indeed,
You are no sooner out of Sight, but she
Does feel strange Qualms; then sends for her young
Doctor,
Who ministers Physic to her, on her Back,
Her Ladyship lying as she were intranc'd.
(I've peep'd in at the Key-hole, and observ'd them)
And, sure his Potions never fail to work,
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.

Corif. And all's to make you merry
When you come Home.

Cleon. You flatter me; I'm old,
And Wisdom cries, beware.

Corif. Old, Duck? To me
You are a young *Adonis*.

Grac. Well said, *Venus!*
I am sure she *Vulcans* him.

[*Aside.*

Corif. I will not change thee
For twenty boist'rous young Things without Beards.
These Bristles give the gentlest Titulations,
And such a sweet Dew flows on them, it cures
My Lips without Pomatum:—Here's a round Belly,
'Tis a Down Pillow to my Back. I sleep
So quietly by it; and this tunable Nose
(Faith when you hear it not) affords such Music,

That

That I curse all Night-fidlers.

Grac. This is gross;

Not find she flouts him?

[*Aside.*

Coris. As I live, I am jealous.

Cleon. Jealous of me, Wife?

Coris. Yes; and I have a Reason,

Knowing how lusty and active a Man you are.

Cleon. Hum! Hum!

[*Struts.*

Grac. This is no cunning Quean! 'sight, she will
make him

To think, that, like the Stag, he has cast his Horns,
And is grown young again.

[*Aside.*

Coris. You have forgot

What you did in your sleep, and when you wak'd
Call'd for a Caudle.

Grac. It was in his sleep;

For, waking, I durst trust my Mother with him. [*Aside.*

Coris. I long to see the Man of War; *Cleora*,
Archidamus's Daughter, goes, and rich *Olympia*;
I will not miss the Show.

Cleon. There's no contending:

—For this Time I am pleas'd; but I'll no more on't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Senate House.

Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olympia, Corisca, Cleora,
Zanthia.

Archid. So careless we have been, my noble Lords,
In the disposing of our own Affairs,
And ignorant in the Art of Government,
That now we need a Stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy, that our Neighbour *Corinth*
(Pitying the unjust Gripe *Carthage* would lay
On *Syracusa*) hath vouchsaf'd to lend us
Her Man of Men, *Timoleon*, to defend
Our Country and our Liberties.

Diph.

Diph. 'Tis a Favour

We are unworthy of, and we may blush
Necessity compels us to receive it.

Archid. O Shame! that we, that are a populous Na-
tion,

Engag'd to liberal Nature, for all Blessings
An Island can bring forth; we, that have Limbs,
And able Bodies, Shipping, Arms, and Treasure,
The Sinews of the War, now we are call'd
To stand upon our Guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our General.

Cleon. I'm old and fat;
I could say something else.

Archid. We must obey
The Time, and our Occasions; ruinous Buildings,
Whose Bases and Foundations are infirm,
Must use Supporters: We are circled round
With Danger; o'er our Heads with Sail-stretch'd Wings
Destruction hovers, and a Cloud of Mischief
Ready to break upon us; no Hope left us,
That may divert it, but our sleeping Vertue
Rous'd up by brave *Timoleon*.

Cleon. When arrives he?

Diph. He is expected every Hour.

Archid. The Braveries
Of *Syracusa*, among whom my Son
Timagoras, *Leosthenes*, and *Asotus*
(Your hopeful Heir Lord *Cleon*) two Days since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The City; every Minute we expect
To be bless'd with his Presence.

Cleon. What Shout's this? [*Shout at a Distance.*]

Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud Music.

[*Trumpets flourish within.*]

Archid. Which confirms
His wish'd-for Entrance. Let us entertain him
With all Respect, Solemnity, and Pomp
A Man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From Slavery, and Oppression.

Cleon.

Cleon. I'll lock up
My Doors, and guard my Gold; these Lads of *Corinth*
Have nimble Fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our Walls, than those of *Carthage*;
They are far off.

Archid. And, Ladies, be it your Care
To welcome him and his Followers with all Duty:
For rest resolv'd, their Hands and Swords must keep you
In that full Height of Happiness you live:
A dreadful Change else follows.

[*Exeunt Arch. Cleon, Diph.*

Olymp. We are instructed.

Coris. I'll kiss him, for the Honour of my Country,
With any She in *Corinth*.

Olymp. Were he a Courtier,
I've Sweetmeat in my Closet should content him,
Be his Pallat ne'er so curious.

Coris. And, if Need be,
I have a Couch, and a Banqueting-house in my Orchard,
Where many a Man of Honour has not scorn'd
To spend an Afternoon.

Olymp. These Men of War,
As I have heard, know not to court a Lady.
They cannot praise our Dressings, kiss our Hands,
Usher us to our Litters, tell Love-stories,
Commend our Feet, and Legs, and so search upwards.
A sweet becoming Boldness! They are rough,
Boist'rous and saucy, and at the first Sight
Ruffle, and touze us, and, as they find their Stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.

Coris. 'Troth, I like 'em the better:
I can't indure to have a perfum'd Sir
Stand cringing in the Hams, licking his Lips
Like a Spaniel over a Furmety-pot, and yet
Has not the Boldness to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend
A Gentleman's Modesty, Manners, and fine Language,
His Singing, Dancing, riding of great Horses,

The

The Wearing of his Cloaths, his fair Complexion;
 Take Presents from him, and extol his Bounty;
 Yet, though he observe, and waste his 'State upon us,
 If he be staunch, and bid not for the Stock,
 That we were born to traffic with;—the Truth is,
 We care not for his Company.

Corif. Musing, *Cleora*?

Olymp. She's studying how to entertain these Strangers,
 And to engross them to herself.

Cleora. No, surely;

I will not cheapen any of their Wares,
 'Till you have made your Market; you will buy,
 I know, at any Rate.

Corif. She has given it you.

Olymp. No more; they come.

The first Kiss for this Jewel. [Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter Timagoras, Leosthenes, Asotus, Timoleon in black, lead in by Archidamus, Diphilus, Cleon; followed by Pisander, Gracculo, Cimbrio, and other Slaves.

Archid. It is your Seat.

Which with a general Suffrage,
 As to the supreme Magistrates, *Sicily* tenders,
 And prays *Timoleon* to accept.

Timol. Such Honours

To one ambitious of Rule or Titles,¹
 Whose Heaven on Earth is plac'd in his Command,
 And absolute Power on others, would with Joy,

¹ ——— Such Honours

To one ambitious of Rule, &c.

Mossinger has here finely drawn the Character of *Timoleon*, and been very true to History, I shall take the Liberty to transcribe such Parts as may be not only entertaining, but likewise throw a Lustre on several Parts of the Play before us: *Timoleon* was descended from one of the noblest Families in *Corinth*, loved his Country passionately, and discovered upon all Occasions a singular Humanity of Temper, except against Tyrants, and bad Men. He was an excellent Captain, and as in his Youth he had all the Maturity of Age; in Age he had all the Fire and Courage of the most ardent Youth.

And

And Veins swoln high with Pride, be entertain'd.
 They take not me; for I have ever lov'd
 An equal Freedom, and proclaim'd all such
 As would usurp another's Liberties,
 Rebels to Nature, to whose bounteous Blessings
 All Men lay Claim, as true legitimate Sons.
 But such as have made forfeit of themselves
 By vicious Courses, and their Birth-right lost,
 'Tis not Injustice they are mark'd for Slaves,
 To serve the Virtuous. For myself, I know
 Honours and great Employments are great Burthens,
 And must require an *Atlas* to support them.
 He, that would govern others, first should be
 The Master of himself, richly indu'd
 With Depth of Understanding, Height of Courage,
 And those remarkable Graces which I dare not
 Ascribe unto myself.

Archid. Sir, empty Men
 Are Trumpets of their own Deserts; but you,
 That are not in Opinion, but in Proof,
 Really good, and full of glorious Parts,
 Leave the Report of what you are to Fame;
 Which, from the ready Tongues of all good Men,
 Aloud proclaims you.

Diph. Besides, you stand bound,
 Having so large a Field to exercise
 Your active Virtues offer'd you, to impart
 Your Strength to such as need it.

Timol. 'Tis confessed:
 And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
 For you, and for the Liberty of *Greece*,
 I am most ready to lay down my Life:
 But yet consider, Men of *Syracusa*,
 Before that you deliver up the Power,
 Which yet is yours, to me, to whom 'tis given,
 To an impartial Man, with whom nor Threats,
 Nor Prayers shall e'er prevail; for I must steer
 An even Course.

Archid. Which is desir'd of all.

O

Timol.

Timol. *Timophanes*, my Brother, for whose Death²
I'm tainted in the World, and foully tainted,
In whose Remembrance I have ever worn,
In Peace and War, this Livery of Sorrow,
Can witness for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous Usurpation; with Grief
I must remember it: For, when no Persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad Practice,
To change the Aristocracy of *Corinth*
Into an absolute Monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient Son
To my Country, my best Mother, than to lend
Assistance to *Timophanes*, though my Brother,
That, like a Tyrant, strove to set his Foot
Upon the City's Freedom.

Timag. 'Twas a Deed
Deserving rather Trophies, than Reproof.

Leost. And will be still remembered to your Honour,
If you forsake us not.

Diph. If you free *Sicily*,
From barbarous *Carthage*'s Yoke, it will be said
In him you slew a Tyrant.

Archid. But, giving Way
To her Invasion, not vouchsafing us
(That fly to your Protection) Aid, and Comfort,
'Twill be believ'd, that for your private Ends
You kill'd a Brother.

² *Timophanes*, my Brother, for whose Death
I'm tainted in the World, &c.

Timoleon had an elder Brother, called *Timophanes*, whom he tenderly loved; as he had demonstrated in a Battle, in which he covered him with his Body, and saved his Life at the great Danger of his own; but his Country was still dearer to him. That Brother having made himself Tyrant of it, so black a Crime gave him the sharpest Affliction. He made Use of all possible Means to bring him back to his Duty: Kindness, Friendship, Affection, Remonstrances, and even Menaces. But finding all his Endeavours ineffectual, and that nothing could prevail upon an Heart abandoned to Ambition, he caused his Brother to be assassinated in his Presence by two of his Friends and Intimates, and thought, that upon such an Occasion, the Laws of Nature ought to give Place to those of his Country.

Timol.

Timol. As I then proceed,
 To all Posterity may that Act be crown'd
 With a deserv'd Applause, or branded with
 The Mark of Infamy—Stay yet; e'er I take
 This Seat of Justice, or engage myself
 To fight for you abroad, or to reform
 Your State at home; swear all upon my Sword,
 And call the Gods of *Sicily* to witness
 The Oath you take; that whatsoe'er I shall
 Propound for Safety of your Commonwealth,
 Not circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you
 Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Diphilus, Cleon. So may we prosper;
 As we obey in all Things!

Timag. Leosthenes, Afotus. And observe
 All your Commands as Oracles!

Timol. Do not repent it. [Takes the State;

Olymp. He ask'd not our Consent.

Coris. He's a Clown, I warrant him.

Olymp. I offer'd myself twice, and yet the Churl
 Would not salute me.

Coris. Let him kiss his Drum!
 I'll save my Lips, I rest on it.

Olymp. He thinks Women
 No Part of the Republic.

Coris. He shall find
 We are a Commonwealth.

Cleora. The less your Honour.

Timol. First then, a Word or two, but without Bit-
 terness,

(And yet mistake me not, I am no Flatterer)
 Concerning your ill Government of the State.
 In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich
 Stand, in the first File, guilty.

Cleon. Ha! how's this?

Timol. You have not, as good Patriots should do,
 studied

The public Good, but your particular Ends:
 Factious among yourselves, preferring such

To Offices and Honours, as ne'er read
 The Elements of saving Policy ;
 But deeply skill'd in all the Principles
 That usher to Destruction.

Leost. Sharp.

Timag. The better.

Timol. Your Senate-House, which us'd not to admit
 A Man, however popular, to stand
 At the Helm of Government, whose Youth was not
 Made glorious by Action, whose Experience
 Crown'd with grey Hairs, gave Warrant to her Counsels
 Hear'd, and receiv'd with Reverence, is now fill'd
 With green Heads that determine of the State
 Over their Cups, or when their fated Lusts
 Afford them Leisure ; or supply'd by those
 Who, rising from base Arts, and sordid Thrift
 Are eminent for Wealth, not for their Wisdom :
 Which is the Reason, that to hold a Place
 In Council, which was once esteem'd an Honour,
 And a Reward for Virtue, hath quite lost
 Lustre, and Reputation, and is made
 A mercenary Purchase.

Timag. He speaks home.

Leost. And to the Purpose.

Timol. From whence it proceeds
 That the Treasure of the City is engross'd
 By a few private Men, the public Coffers
 Hollow with Want ; and they, that will not spare
 One Talent for the common Good, to feed
 The Pride and Bravery of their Wives, consume
 In Plate, in Jewels, and superfluous Slaves,
 What would maintain an Army.

Coris. Have at us.

Olymp. We thought we were forgot.

Cleora. But it appears
 You will be treated of.

Timol. Yet in this Plenty,
 And Fat of Peace, your young Men ne'er were train'd
 In martial Discipline, and your Ships unrigg'd

Rot in the Harbour : No Defence prepar'd,
 But thought unuseful ; as if that the Gods,
 Indulgent to your Sloth, had granted you
 A Perpetuity of Pride and Pleasure,
 Nor Change fear'd, or expected. Now you find
 That *Carthage*, looking on your stupid Sleeps,
 And dull Security, was invited to
 Invade your Territories.

Archid. You've made us see, Sir,
 To our Shame, the Country's Sicknefs: Now from you,
 As from a careful and a wise Phyfician,
 We do expect the Cure.

Timol. Old fester'd Sores
 Must be lanc'd to the quick and cauteriz'd ;
 Which borne with Patience, after I'll apply
 Soft Unguents: For the Maintenance of the War,
 It is decreed all Monies, in the Hand
 Of private Men, shall instantly be brought
 To th' public Treasury.

Timag. This bites fore.

Cleon. The Cure

Is worfe than the Disease ; I'll never yield to't:
 What could the Enemy, though victorious,
 Infiict more on us? All that my Youth hath toil'd for,
 Purchas'd with Induftry, and preserv'd with Care,
 Forc'd from me in a Moment.

Diph. This rough Courfe
 Will never be allow'd of.

Timol. O blind Men!
 If you refuse the first Means, that is offer'd
 To give you Health, no Hopes left to recover
 Your desp'rate Sicknefs. Do you prize your Muck
 Above your Liberties: And rather choofe
 To be made Bondmen, than to part with that
 To which already you are Slaves? Or can it
 Be probable in your flattering Apprehensions,
 You can capitulate with the Conqueror,
 And keep that yours, which they come to possess,
 And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?

—But take your own Ways ; brood upon your Gold,
 Sacrifice to your Idol, and preserve
 The Prey intire, and merit the Report
 Of careful Stewards: Yield a just Account
 To your proud Masters, who with Whips of Iron
 Will force you to give up what you conceal,
 Or tear it from your Throats ; adorn your Walls
 With *Persian* Hangings wrought of Gold and Pearl ;
 Cover the Floors on which they are to tread
 With costly *Median* Silks ; perfume the Rooms
 With Cassia and Amber, where they are
 To feast and revel ; while, like servile Grooms
 You wait upon their Trenchers ; seed their Eyes
 With massy Plate until your Cupboards crack
 With the Weight that they sustain ; set forth your Wives
 And Daughters in as many vary'd Shapes
 As there are Nations, to provoke their Lusts,
 And let them be embrac'd before your Eyes,
 The Object may content you ; and, to perfect
 Their Entertainment, offer up your Sons,
 And able Men for Slaves ; while you, that are
 Unfit for Labour, are spurn'd out to starve,
 Unpity'd, in some Desert, no Friend by,
 Whose Sorrow may spare one compassionate Tear
 In the Remembrance of what once you were.

Leest. The Blood turns.

Timag. Observe how old *Cleon* shakes,
 As if in Picture he had shown him what
 He was to suffer.

Corif. I am sick ; the Man
 Speaks Poignards, and Diseases.

Olymp. Oh ! my Doctor !
 I never shall recover.

Cleora. If a Virgin,
 Whose Speech was ever yet usher'd with Fear ;
 One knowing Modesty and humble Silence
 To be the choicest Ornaments of our Sex,
 I' th' Presence of so many Reverend Men,
 Struck dumb with Terror and Astonishment,

Prefume

Prefume to cloath her Thought in vocal Sounds,
 Let her find Pardon. First, to you, great Sir!
 A bashful Maid's Thanks, and her zealous Prayers
 Wing'd with pure Innocence, bearing them to Heaven
 For all Prosperity that the Gods can give
 To one, whose Piety must exact their Care;
 Thus low I offer.

Timol. 'Tis a happy Omen.

Rise, blest one, and speak boldly: On my Virtue
 I am thy Warrant, from so clear a Spring
 Sweet Rivers ever flow.

Cleora. Then thus to you,
 My noble Father, and these Lords, to whom
 I next owe Duty; no Respect forgotten
 To you, my Brother, and these bold young Men
 (Such I would have them) that are, or should be,
 The City's Sword and Target of Defence.
 To all of you I speak; and, if a Blush
 Steal on my Cheeks, it is shown to reprove
 Your Paleness (willingly I would not say
 Your Cowardice, or Fear :) Think you all Treasure
 Hid in the Bowels of the Earth, or shipwreck'd
 In *Neptune's* watry Kingdom, can hold Weight,
 When Liberty and Honour fill one Scale,
 Triumphant Justice sitting on the Beam?
 Or dare you but imagine that your Gold is
 Too dear a Salary for such as hazard
 Their Blood, and Lives in your Defence? For me,
 An ignorant Girl, bear Witness, Heaven! so far,
 I prize a Soldier, that, to give him Pay,
 With such Devotion as our *Flamens* offer
 Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,
 I do lay down these Jewels, will make sale
 Of my superfluous Wardrobe, to supply
 The meanest of their Wants.

Timol. Brave, Masculine Spirit!

Diph. We are shown, to our Shame, what we in Honour
 Should have taught others.

Archid. Such a fair Example
Must needs be follow'd.

Timag. Ever my dear Sister ;
But now our Family's Glory.

Leost. Were she deform'd,
The Virtues of her Mind would force a Stoick
To sue to be her Servant.

Cleon. I must yield ;
And, though my Heart-blood part with it, I will
Deliver in my Wealth.

Ajot. I would say something ;
But, the Truth is, I know not what.

Timol. We have Money,
And Men must now be thought on.

Archid. We can press
Of Labourers in the Country (Men inur'd
To Cold and Heat) ten Thousand.

Diph. Or, if Need be,
Inrol of Slaves, lusty and able Varlets,
And fit for Service.

Cleon. They shall go for me ;
I will not pay and fight too.

Cleora. How! your Slaves ?
O Stain of Honour!—Once more, Sir, your Pardon ;
And to their Shames let me deliver, what
I know in Justice you may speak.

Timol. Most gladly :
I could not wish my Thoughts a better Organ
Than your Tongue to express them.

Cleora. Are you Men ?
(For Age may qualify, though not excuse,
The Backwardness of these) able young Men ?
Yet, now your Country's Liberty's at the Stake,
Honour, and glorious Triumph made the Garland
For such as dare deserve them ; a rich Feast
Prepar'd by Victory of immortal Viands,
Not for base Men, but such as with their Swords
Dare force Admittance, and will be her Guests ;
And can you coldly suffer such Rewards

To be propos'd to Labourers and Slaves?
 While you, that are born Noble (to whom these,
 Valued at their best Rate, are next to Horses,
 Or other Beasts of Carriage) cry, Ay me!
 Like idle Lookers-on, till their proud Worth
 Make them become your Masters?

Timol. By my Hopes,
 There's Fire and Spirit enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.

Cleora. No; far, far be it from you:
 Let those of meaner Quality contend,
 Who can endure most Labour; plow the Earth,
 And think they are rewarded, when their Sweat
 Brings home a fruitful Harvest to their Lords;
 Let them prove good Artificers, and serve you
 For Use and Ornament; but not presume
 To touch at what is Noble, if you think them
 Unworthy to taste of those Cates you feed on,
 Or wear such costly Garments. Will you grant them
 The Privilege and Prerogative of great Minds,
 Which you were born to? Honour won in War,
 And to be stil'd Preservers of their Country,
 Are Titles fit for free and generous Spirits,
 And not for Bondmen. Had I been born a Man,
 And such ne'er dying Glories made the Prize
 To bold heroic Courage, by *Diana*
 I would not, to my Brother, nay, my Father,
 Be brib'd to part with the least Piece of Honour
 I should gain in this Action.

Timol. She's inspir'd,
 Or in her speaks the Genius of your Country,
 To fire your Blood in her Defence: I am rap'd
 With the Imagination.—Noble Maid,
Timoleon is your Soldier, and will sweat
 Drops of his best Blood, but he will bring home
 Triumphant Conquest to you. Let me wear
 Your Colours, Lady; and, though youthful Heats,
 That look no farther than your outward Form,
 Are long since buried in me, while I live,

I am a constant Lover of your Mind,
That does transcend all Precedents.

Cleora. 'Tis an Honour, [Gives her a Scarf.]
And so I do receive it.

Coris. Plague upon it!
She has got the Start of us: I could ev'n burft
With Envy at her Fortune.

Olymp. A raw young thing!
We've too much Tongue sometimes, our Husbands say;
And she out-strip us.

Leost. I am for the Journey.

Timag. May all Diseases, Sloth and Letchery bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home,

Archid. Though old,
I will be there in Person.

Diph. So will I.
Methinks I am not what I was: Her Words
Have made me younger, by a score of Years,
Than I was when I came hither.

Cleon. I am still
Old *Cleon*, fat and unweildy; I shall never
Make a good Soldier, and therefore desire
To be excus'd at Home.

Afet. 'Tis my Suit too:
I am a Gristle, and these Spider-Fingers
Will never hold a Sword.—Let us alone
To rule the Slaves at Home, I can so yerke 'em;
But in my Conscience I shall never prove
Good Justice in the War.

Timol. Have your Desires;
You would be Burthens to us, no Way Aids.
Lead, Fairest, to the Temple; first we'll pay
A Sacrifice to the Gods for good Success:
For, all great Actions the wish'd Course do run,
That are, with their Allowance, well begun.

[Exeunt all but the Slaves.]

Pisan. Stay, *Cimbrio* and *Gracculo*.

Cimb. The Business?

Pisan. Meet me Tomorrow Night near to the Grove
Neigh-

Neighbouring the East Part of the City.

Grac. Well.

Pisan. And bring the rest of our Condition with you:
I've something to impart may break our Fetters,
If you dare second me.

Cimb. We'll not fail.

Grac. A Cart-Rope
Shall not bind me at home.

Pisan. Think on't, and prosper.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

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

Enter Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, with Gorgets, Pisander.

Archid. SO, so, 'tis well: How do I look?

Pisan. Most sprightly.

Archid. I shrink not in the Shoulders; tho' I'm old,
I'm tough; Steel to the Back: I have not wasted
My Stock of Strength in Feather-Beds.—Here's an Arm
too;

There's Stuff in't, and I hope will use a Sword
As well as any beardless Boy of you all.

Timag. I'm glad to see you, Sir, so well prepar'd
To endure the Travail of the War.

Archid. Go to, Sirrah!

I shall endure, when some of you keep your Cabins,
For all your flaunting Feathers.—Nay, *Leosthenes*,
You're welcome too, all Friends and Fellows now.

Leost. Your Servant, Sir.

Archid. Pish! leave these Compliments,
They stink in a Soldier's Mouth; I could be merry,
(For, now my Gown's off, farewell Gravity,)
And must be bold to put a Question to you,
Without Offence, I hope.

Leost.

Leof. Sir, what you please.

Archid. And you will answer truly?

Timag. On our Words, Sir.

Archid. Go to, then! I presume you will confess,
That you are two notorious Whore-masters.
Nay, spare your Blushing, I've been wild myself;
A Smack, or so, for Physick, does no Harm;
Nay, it is Physick, if us'd moderately:
But to lie at Rack and Manger ———

Leof. Say we grant this,
(For if we should deny't, you'll not believe us)
What will you infer upon it?

Archid. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the Test. Old Stories tell us,
There's a Month call'd *October*, which brings in
Cold Weather; there are Trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to stand all Night to th' Knees in Water,
In Gallants' breeds the Tooth-ach; there's a Sport too,
Nam'd lying *perdue* (do you mark me?) 'tis a Game
Which you must learn to play at, now in these Seasons,
And choice Variety of Exercises,
(Nay, I come to you) and fast, not for Devotion,
Your rambling Hunt-smock feels strange Alterations,
And in a frosty Morning looks as if
He could with Ease creep in a Pottle-pot
Instead of his Mistress' Placket.—Then he curses
The Time he spent in Midnight Visitations,
And finds, what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good, and well-breath'd,
But if retriev'd into his Back again,
Would keep him warmer than a Scarlet Waistcoat,

Enter Diphilus and Cleora.

Or an Armour lin'd with Furr. O welcome, welcome!
You've cut off my Discourse, but I will perfect
My Lecture in the Camp.

Diph. Come, we are stay'd for;
The General's a-fire for a Remove,
And longs to be in Action.

Archid.

Archid. 'Tis my Wish too.

We must part.—Nay, no Tears, my best *Cleora*;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of Blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy Charge; and, Sirrah, look
You with that Care and Rev'rence observe her,
As you would pay to me.—A Kiss, farewell, Girl!

Diph. Peace wait upon you, Fair One!

[*Ex.* *Archid.* *Diph.* *Pisander.*

Timag. 'Twere Impertinence

To wish you to be careful of your Honour,
That ever keep in Pay a Guard about you
Of faithful Virtues.—Farewel, Friend! I leave you
To wipe our Kisses off; I know that Lovers
Part with more Circumstance and Ceremony;
Which I give Way to.

[*Exit.* *Timag.*

Leost. 'Tis a noble Favour,

For which, I ever owe you.—We're alone:³
But how I should begin, or in what Language
Speak the unwilling Word of parting from you,
I'm yet to learn.

Cleora. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.

Leost. Yet it must be spoken,

Or you will chide my Slackness: You have fir'd me
With th' Heat of noble Action to deserve you;
And the least Spark of Honour, that took Life
From your sweet Breath, still fann'd by it, and cherish'd,
Must mount up in a glorious Flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleora. May it yet burn here,
And, as a Sea-mark, serve to guide true Lovers

³ ————— *We're alone,*
But how I should begin, &c.

This Interview between *Leosthenes* and *Cleora* has something in it very tender and uncommon, and has a strong Influence on the rest of the Tale.

(To be said)

(Toss'd on the Ocean of luxurious Wishes)
 Safe from the Rocks of Lust into the Harbour
 Of pure Affection? rising up an Example,
 Which After-Times shall witness to our Glory,
 First took from us Beginning.

Leost. 'Tis a Happiness,
 My Duty to my Country, and mine Honour
 Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
 It was your Pleasure, fortify'd by Persuasion,
 And Strength of Reason, for the general Good,
 That I should go.

Cleora. Alas! I then was witty
 To plead against myself, and mine Eye, fix'd
 Upon the Hill of Honour, ne'er descended
 To look into the Vale of certain Dangers,
 Through which you were to cut your Passage to it:

Leost. I'll stay at Home, then.

Cleora. No, that must not be;
 For so, to serve my own Ends, and to gain
 A petty Wreath myself, I rob you of
 A certain Triumph, which must fall upon you.
 Or Virtue's turn'd a Hand-maid to blind Fortune:
 How is my Soul divided! to confirm you,
 In the Opinion of the World, most worthy
 To be belov'd (with me you're at the Height,
 And can advance no farther) I must send you
 To court the Goddess of stern War, who, if
 She see you with my Eyes, will ne'er return you,
 But grow enamour'd of you.

Leost. Sweet, take Comfort!
 And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
 Or I am wretched: All the Dangers, that
 I can encounter in the War, are Trifles;
 My Enemies abroad to be contemn'd;
 The dreadful Foes, that have the Pow'r to hurt me,
 I leave at home with you.

Cleora. With me?

Leost. Nay, in you,
 In every Part about you, they are arm'd
 To fight against me.

Cleora.

Cleora. Where?

Leost. There's no Perfection
That you are Mistress of, but musters up
A Legion against me, and all sworn
To my Destruction.

Cleora. This is strange!

Leost. But true, Sweet:
Excess of Love can work such Miracles.
Upon this Ivory Forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand Rivals, and these Suns command
Supplies from all the World, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable Beams; these Ruby Lips,
A rich Exchequer to assure their Pay;
This Hand, *Sibylla's* golden Bough to guard them
Through Hell, and Horror, to the *Elyzian* Springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the Virtues of your Mind invite,
Their Numbers would be infinite.

Cleora. Can you think
I may be tempted?

Leost. You were never prov'd.
For me, I have convers'd with you no farther
Than would become a Brother. I ne'er tun'd
Loose Notes to your chaste Ears; or brought rich Pre-
For my Artillery, to batter down [sents
The Fortrefs of your Honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your Blood run high at solemn Feasts
With Viands, that provoke (the speeding Philtres):
I work'd no Bawds to tempt you; never practis'd
The cunning and corrupting Arts they study,
That wander in the wild Maze of Desire;
Honest Simplicity and Truth were all
The Agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that Reverence
As I beheld the Altars of the Gods;
And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his Arrows, and his Torch behind,
Quench'd in my Fear to give Offence.

Cleora. And 'twas

That

That Modesty that took me, and preserves me,
Like a fresh Rose, in mine own natural Sweetness ;
Which, sully'd with the Touch of impure Hands,
Lose both Scent and Beauty.

Leof. But, *Cleora*,

When I am absent, as I must go from you,
(Such is the Cruelty of my Fate) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent Assaults
Of loose Temptations ; when the Memory
Of my so many Years of Love, and Service,
Is lost in other Objects ; when you are courted
By such as keep a Catalogue of their Conquests
Won upon credulous Virgins ; when nor Father
Is here to awe you, Brother to advise you,
Nor your poor Servant by, to keep such off,
By Lust instructed how to undermine,
And blow your Chastity up ; when your weak Senses,
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the Traitors to your Soul, your Virtue ;
How can you stand ? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The Judge, before whom you then stood accus'd,
I should acquit you.

Cleora. Will you then confirm
That Love and Jealousy, tho' of different Natures,
Must of Necessity be Twins ; the Younger
Created only to defeat the Elder,
And spoil him of his Birth-right ? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not ;
Nor with one Syllable, or Tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the Arrows
Of your Distrust : But, when that you shall hear,
At your Return, how I have borne myself,
And what an austere Penance I take on me,
'To satisfy your Doubts : When like a Vestal
I shew you, to your Shame, the Fire still burning,
Committed to my Charge by true Affection,
The People joining with you in the Wonder :
When, by the glorious Splendor of my Suff'rings,
The prying Eyes of Jealousy are struck blind,

The Monster too that feeds on Fears, ev'n starv'd
 For Want of seeming Matter to accuse me,
 Expect, *Leosthenes*, a sharp Reproof
 From my just Anger.

Leost. What will you do ?

Cleora. Obey me,
 Or from this Minute you're a Stranger to me ;
 And do't without Reply.—All-seeing Sun,
 Thou Witness of my Innocence, thus I close
 Mine Eyes against thy comfortable Light,
 'Till the Return of this distrustful Man.

[*He binds her Eyes.*

Now bind them sure ;—nay, do't : If uncompell'd
 I loose this Knot, untill the Hands that made it
 Be pleas'd t' untie it, may consuming Plagues
 Fall heavy on me : Pray you, guide me to your Lips.
 This Kiss, when you come back, shall be a Virgin
 To bid you welcome.—Nay, I have not done yet :
 I will continue dumb ; and, you once gone,
 No Accent shall come from me : Now to my Chamber,
 My Tomb, if you miscarry : There I'll spend
 My Hours in silent Mourning, and thus much
 Shall be reported of me to my Glory,
 And you confess it, whether I live or die,
 My Chastity triumphs o'er your Jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Afotus driving in Graculo.

Afot. You Slave ! you Dog ! down, Curr.

Grac. Hold, good young Master,
 For Pity's Sake !

Afot. Now am I in my Kingdom.
 Who says I am not valiant ?—I begin
 To frown again : Quake, Villain.

Grac. So I do, Sir ;
 Your Looks are Agues to me.

Afot. Are they so, Sir ?
 'Slight, if I had them at this Bay, that flout me,

P

And

And say I look like a Sheep, and an Afs, I'd make 'em
Feel, that I am a Lion.

Grac. Do not roar, Sir,
As you're a valiant Beast — But do you know
Why you use me thus ?

Afot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a Reason.—O ! I have it :
One brake a Jest on me, and then I swore,
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home
That I would break thy Head.

Grac. Pox on his Mirth ;
I'm sure I mourn for't. [*Aside.*]

Afot. Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my Horfe good Manners ; for this Morning
As I rode to take the Air, th' untutor'd Jade
Threw me, and kick'd me.

Grac. I thank him for't. [*Aside.*]

Afot. What's that ?

Grac. I say, Sir, I'll teach him to hold his Heels,
If you will hold your Fingers.

Afot. I'll think upon't.

Grac. I am bruis'd to Jelly.—Better be a Dog,
Than Slave to a Fool or Coward. [*Aside.*]

Afot. Here's my Mother.

Enter Corisca and Zanthia.

She is chastising too.—How brave we live,
That have our Slaves to beat, to keep us in Breath,
When we want Exercise !

Corif. Careless Harlotry, [*Striking her.*]
Look to't, if a Curl fall, or Wind or Sun
Take my Complexion off, I will not leave
One Hair upon thine Head.

Grac. Here's a second Show
Of the Family of Pride.

Corif. Fie on these Wars !
I'm starv'd for want of Action, not a Gamester left
To keep a Woman play : If this World last
A little longer with us, Ladies must study

Some

Some new-found Mystery to cool one another,
 We shall burn to Cinders else. I have heard there have
 been

Such Arts in a long Vacation; would they were
 Reveal'd to me! They've made my Doctor too
 Physician to the Army, he was us'd
 To serve the Turn at a Pinch; but I am now
 Quite unprovided.

Afot. My Mother-in-Law is sure
 At her Devotion.

[*Aside.*]

Coris. There are none but our Slaves left;
 Nor are they to be trusted.—Some great Women,
 Which I could name, in a Dearth of Visitants,
 Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
 At small Game; but I am so squeasy-stomach'd,
 And from my Youth have been so us'd to Dainties,
 I cannot taste such gross Meat. Some that are hungry
 Draw on their Shoemakers, and take a Fall
 From such as mend Mats in their Galleries;
 Or when a Taylor settles a Petticoat on,
 Take Measure of his Bodkin.—Fie upon't,
 'Tis base; for my Part, I could rather lie with
 A Gallant's Breeches, and conceive upon 'em,
 Than stoop so low,

Afot. Fair Madam, and my Mother —

Coris. Leave the last out, it smells rank of the Coun-
 try, [not

And shews coarse Breeding; your true Courtier knows
 His Niece, or Sister, from another Woman,
 If she be apt and cunning.—I could tempt now
 This Fool; but he will be so long a working:
 Then he's my Husband's Son.—The fitter to
 Supply his Wants, I have the Way already.
 I'll try if it will take.—When were you with
 Your Mistrefs, fair *Cleora*?

Afot. Two Days sithence,
 But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can
 Speak a pen'd Speech I've bought and study'd for her,
 Her Women calls her away.

Corif. Here's a dull Thing!

But better taught, I hope.—Send off your Man.

Afot. Sirrah, be gone.

Grac. This is the first good Turn

She ever did me. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Gracculo.*]

Corif. We'll have a Scene of Mirth;

I must not have you sham'd for want of Practice.

I stand here for *Cleora*; and, do you hear, Minion?

(That you may tell her what her Woman should do)

Repeat the Lesson over that I taught you

When my young Lord came to visit me; if you miss

In a Syllable or Posture ———

Zant. I am perfect.

Afot. Would I were so: I fear I shall be out.

Corif. If you are, I'll help you in.—Thus I walk
musing:

You are to enter, and, as you pass by,

Salute my Woman:—Be but bold enough,

You'll speed, I warrant you: Begin.

Afot. Have at it ———

'Save thee, Sweetheart.—A Kifs.

Zant. *Venus* forbid, Sir,

I should presume to taste your Honour's Lips

Before my Lady.

Corif. This is well on both Parts.

Afot. How does thy Lady?

Zant. Happy in your Lordship,

As often as she thinks on you.

Corif. Very good;

This Wench will learn in Time.

Afot. Does she think of me?

Zant. O, Sir! and speaks the best of you; admires
Your Wit, your Cloaths, Discourse; and swears, but that

You are not forward enough for a Lord, you were

The most compleat and absolute Man.—I'll shew

Your Lordship a Secret.

Afot. Not of thine own?

Zant. O! no, Sir;

'Tis of my Lady:—But, upon your Honour,

You

You must conceal it.

Afot. By all Means.

Zant. Sometimes

I lie with my Lady, as the last Night I did ;
She could not say her Pray'rs, for thinking of you :
Nay, she talk'd of you in her Sleep, and sigh'd out
O sweet *Afotus* ! sure thou art so backward
That I must ravish thee ; and in that Fervour
She took me in her Arms, threw me upon her,
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd, and then wak'd, and wept
——Because 'twas but a Dream.

Coris. This will bring him on,
Or he's a Block.—A good Girl !

Afot. I am mad,
'Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, Sir,
With, Away, I dare not ; Fie, you are immodest ;
My Brother's up ; my Father will hear.—Shoot home,
You cannot miss the Mark. [Sir,

Afot. There's for thy Counsel. [Gives her Money.
This is the fairest Interlude ; if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a Player.

Coris. Now my Turn comes.—
I am exceeding sick, pray you send my Page
For young *Afotus* ; I cannot live without him ;
Pray him to visit me ; yet, when he's present,
I must be strange to him.

Afot. Not so ; you're caught :
Lo, whom you wish, behold *Afotus* here !

Coris. You wait well, Minion ; shortly I shall not
speak

My Thoughts in my private Chamber, but they must
Lie open to Discovery.

Afot. 'Slid, she's angry.

Zant. No, no ; Sir, she but seems so.—To her again.

Afot. Lady, I would descend to kiss your Hand,
But that 'tis glov'd, and Civit makes me sick ;
And to presume to taste your Lips not safe,
Your Woman by.

Corif. I hope she's no Observer
Of whom I grace. [Zant. looks on a Book.

Afot. She's at her Book, O rare! [Kisses her.

Corif. A Kifs for Entertainment is fufficient:
Too much of one Dish cloy's me.

Afot. I would ferve in
The fecond Courfe; but ftill I fear your Woman.

Corif. You're very cauteous. [Zant. feems to fleep.

Afot. 'Slight ſhe's afleep!

'Tis Pity theſe Inſtructions are not printed;
They would fell well to Chamber-Maids.—'Tis no Time
now

To play with my good Fortune, and your Favour,
Yet to be taken, as they ſay — a Scout,
To give the Signal when the Enemy comes,

[Exit Zanthia.

Were now worth Gold.—She's gone to watch.—
A Waiter fo train'd up were worth a Million
To a wanton City-Madam.

Corif. You're grown conceited.

Afot. You teach me.—Lady, now — your Cabinet.

Corif. You ſpeak as it were yours.

Afot. When we are there,
I'll ſhew you my beſt Evidence.

Corif. Hold! you forget;
I only play *Cleora's* Part.

Afot. No Matter;
Now we've begun, let's end the Act.

Corif. Forbear, Sir!
Your Father's Wife?

Afot. Why, being Heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no Satisfaction to you,
To ſee his Debts paid.

Enter Zanthia running.

Zant. Madam, my Lord.—

Corif. Fall off;

I muſt trifle with the Time too! Hell confound it!

Afot.

Afot. Plague on his toothless Chaps! he cannot do't
Himself, yet hinders such as have good Stomachs.

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Where are you, Wife? I fain would go Abroad;
But cannot find my Slaves, that bear my Litter.
I'm tir'd:—Your Shoulder, Son;—nay, Sweet, thy
Hand too;
A Turn or two in the Garden, and then to Supper,
And so to Bed.

Afot. Never to rise, I hope, more. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Pifander, Poliphron, bringing forth a Table.

Pifan. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

Polip. You may do your Pleasure:
But, in my Judgment, better to make Use of
The present Opportunity.

Pifan. No more.

Polip. I'm silenc'd.

Pifan. More Wine; pry'thee drink hard, Friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter Cimbrio, Graculo, and other Slaves.

Second with Vehemency.—Men of your Words, all
welcome!

Slaves use no Ceremony; sit down, here's a Health.

Polip. Let it run round, fill every Man his Glafs.

Grac. We look for no Waiters; this is Wine.

Pifan. The better,

Strong, lusty Wine: Drink deep, this Juice will make us
As free as our Lords, [*Drinks.*

Grac. But, if they find we taste it,
We are all damn'd to the Quarry, during Life,
Without Hope of Redemption.

Pifan. Pish! for that

We'll talk anon: Another Rouze, we lose Time; [*Drinks.*
When our low Blood's wound up a little higher,

I'll offer my Design;—nay, we are cold yet,
These Glasses contain nothing;—do me right

[Takes the Bottle.

As e'er you hope for Liberty. 'Tis done bravely;
How do you feel yourselves now?

Cimb. I begin

To have strange Conundrums in my Head.

Grac. And I,

To loath base Water: I would be hang'd in Peace now,
For one Month of such Holidays.

Pisan. An Age, Boys,
And yet defy the Whip, if you are Men,
Or dare believe, you've Souls.

Cimb. We are no Brokers:

Grac. Nor Whores, whose Marks are out of their
Mouths:

They hardly can get Salt enough to keep 'em
From stinking above Ground.

Pisan. Our Lords are no Gods?

Grac. They are Devils to us, I am sure.

Pisan. But subject to
Cold, Hunger, and Diseases.

Grac. In Abundance:

Your Lord, that feels no Ach in his Chine at Twenty,
Forfeits his Privilege; how should their Chirurgion build
else,

Or ride on their Foot-cloaths?

Pisan. Equal Nature fashion'd us

All in one Mold: The Bear serves not the Bear,
Nor the Wolf the Wolf; 'twas odds of Strength in
Tyrants,

That pluck'd the first Link from the golden Chain
With which that Thing of Things bound in the World.
Why then, since we are taught, by their Examples,
To love our Liberty, if not command,
Should the Strong serve the Weak, the fair deform'd
ones?

Or such as know the Cause of Things, pay Tribute
To ignorant Fools? All's but the outward Gloss
And politic Form, that does distinguish us.

Cymbrio,

Cymbrio, thou art a strong Man; if, in Place
Of carrying Burthens, thou hadst been train'd up
In martial Discipline, thou might'st have prov'd
A General, fit to lead and fight for *Sicily*,
As fortunate as *Timoleon*.

Cymbrio. A little fighting
Will serve a General's Turn.

Pisan. Thou, *Graculo*,
Hast Fluency of Language, quick Conceit;
And I think, cover'd with a Senator's Robe,
Formally fet on the Bench, thou wouldst appear
As brave a Senator——

Grac. Would I had Lands,
Or Money to buy a Place; and if I did not
Sleep on the Bench, with the drowsiest of 'em,
Play with my Chain.
Look on my Watch, when my Guts chim'd Twelve, and
wear

A State Beard, with my Barber's Help; rank with 'em
In their most choice peculiar Gifts; degrade me
And put me to drink Water again, which (now
I've tasted Wine) were Poison.

Pisan. 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a Gown-man:—None of these, I think too,
But would prove good Burghers.

Grac. Hum! the Fools are modest:
I know their Infides.—Here's an ill-fac'd Fellow
(But that will not be seen in a dark Shop,)
If he did not, in a Month, learn to out-fwear,
In the selling of his Wares, the cunningest Tradesman
In *Syracusa*, I've no Skill.—Here's another,
Observe but what a cous'ning Look he has,
(Hold up thy Head Man) if for drawing Gallants
Into Mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heirs
With your new counterfeit Gold Thread, and gumm'd
Velvets

He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his Patent. Pass the rest; they'll all make
Sufficient *Becos*, and with their Brow-antlers

Bear

Bear up the Cap of Maintenance.

Pisan. Is't not pity, then,

Men of such eminent Virtues should be Slaves ?

Cimb. Our Fortune !

Pisan. 'Tis your Folly : Daring Men

Command, and make their Fates.—Say, at this Instant,
I mark'd you out a Way to Liberty ;

Possess'd you of those Blessings our proud Lords

So long have forfeited in ; and, what is sweetest,

Arm you with Pow'r, by strong Hand to avenge

Your Stripes, your unregarded Toil, the Pride,

The Insolence of such as tread upon

Your Patient Sufferings ; fill your famish'd Mouths,

With the Fat and Plenty of the Land ; redeem you

From the dark Vale of Servitude, and seat you

Upon a Hill of Happiness : What would you do

To purchase this, and more ?

Grac. Do any Thing :

To burn a Church or two, and dance by the Light on't
Were but a May-game.

Poliph. I have a Father living ;

But, if the cutting of his Throat could work this,

He should excuse me.

Cimb. I would cut mine own,

Rather than miss it, so I might but have

A Taste on't e'er I die.

Pisan. Be resolute Men,

You shall run no such Hazard ; nor groan under

The Burthen of such crying Sins.

Cimb. The Means ?

Grac. I feel a Woman's Longing.

Polip. Don't torment us

With Expectation.

Pis. Thus then : Our proud Masters,

And all the able Freemen of the City

Are gone unto the Wars—

Poliph. Observe but that.

Pisan. Old Men, and such as can make no Resistance,
Are only left at Home.

Grac.

Grac. And the proud young Fool
My Master—If this take, I'll hamper him.

Pisan. Their Arsenal, their Treasure's in our Power,
If we have Hearts to seize 'em. If our Lords fall
In the present Action, the whole Country's ours.
Say they return victorious, we have Means
To keep the Town against them; at the worst
To make our own Conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their Daughters and their Wives, break up
Their Iron Chests, banquet on their rich Beds,
And carve yourselves of all Delights and Pleasures
You have been barr'd from, with one Voice cry with me,
Liberty, Liberty!

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Pisan. Go then, and take Possession: Use all Freedom;
But shed no Blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended till't be done.

[*Exeunt all, crying Liberty.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Pifander, Timandra.

Pisan. **W**HYY, think you that I plot against myself?
Fear nothing; you are safe: These thick-
skin'd Slaves,

I use as Instruments to serve my Ends,
Pierce not my deep Designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an Arm against you.

Timand. With your Will:
But turbulent Spirits, rais'd beyond themselves
With Ease are not so soon laid: They oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Pisan. 'Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since

I have consider'd seriously their Natures,
 Proceeded with mature Advice, and know
 I hold their Will and Faculties in more Awe
 Than I can do my own. Now, for their Licence,
 And Riot in the City, I can make
 A just Defence, and Use: It may appear too
 A politic Prevention of such Ills
 As might with greater Violence and Danger
 Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for't
 It matters not:—However, I'm resolv'd;
 And sleep you with Security. Holds *Cleora*
 Constant to her rash Vow?

Timand. Beyond Belief;
 To me, that see her hourly, it seems a Fable.
 By Signs I guess at her Commands, and serve 'em
 With Silence; such her Pleasure is made known
 By holding her fair Hand thus. She eats little,
 Sleeps less, as I imagine: Once a Day
 I lead her to this Gallery, where she walks
 Some half a dozen Turns, and, having offer'd
 To her absent Saint a Sacrifice of Sighs,
 She points back to her Prison.

Pisan. Guide her hither,
 And make her understand the Slaves Revolt;
 And with your utmost Eloquence enlarge
 Their Insolence, and Rapes done in the City.
 Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her
 You strongly think my extreme Dotage on her,
 As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this sudden Uproar,
 To make Way to enjoy her.

Timand. Punctually
 I will discharge my Part. [Exit *Timandra*.

Enter Poliphron.

Poliph. O, Sir, I fought you:
 You've mis'd the Sport. Hell, I think's broke loose,
 There's such Variety of all Disorders,
 As Leaping, Shouting, Drinking, Dancing, Whoring,
 Among the Slaves; answer'd with Crying, Howling,
 By

By the Citizens and their Wives; such a Confusion,
 (In a Word, not to tire you) as I think
 The like was never read of.

Pisan. I share in
 The Pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some
 Revenge for my Dilgrace.

Poliph. But, Sir, I fear,
 If your Authority restrain them not,
 They'll fire the City, or kill one another,
 They are so apt to Outrage; neither know I
 Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
 Acquaint you with so much.

Pisan. I will among 'em;
 But must not long be absent.

Poliph. At your Pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Cleora, Timandra, a Chair, a Shout within.

Timand. They're at our Gates, my Heart! affrights
 and Horrors

Increase each Minute: No Way left to save us,
 No flattering Hope to comfort us, or Means
 By Miracle to redeem us from base Lust,
 And lawless Rapine? Are these Gods, yet suffer
 Such innocent Sweetness to be made the Spoil
 Of brutish Appetite? Or, since they decree
 To ruin Nature's Master-piece (of which
 They have not left one Pattern) must they choose,
 To set their Tyranny off, Slaves to pollute
 The Spring of Chastity, and Poison it
 With their most loath'd Embraces? And of those
 He that should offer up his Life to guard it?
Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own Bondman,
 Purchas'd to serve you, and fed by your Favours.

[*Cleora starts.*]

Nay, start not: It is he; he, the grand Captain
 Of these libidinous Beasts, that have not left
 One cruel Act undone, that barbarous Conquest

Yet

Yet ever practis'd in a captive City.

He, doting on your Beauty, and to have Fellows
In his foul Sin, hath rais'd these mutinous Slaves,
Who have begun the Game by violent Rapes,
Upon the Wives and Daughters of their Lords :
And he, to quench the Fire of his base Lust,
By Force comes to enjoy you :—Do not wring

[Cleora wrings her Hands.

Your innocent Hands, 'tis bootless ; use the Means
That may preserve you. 'Tis no Crime to break
A Vow when you are forc'd to it ; shew your Face,
And with the Majesty of commanding Beauty
Strike dead his loose Affections : If that fail,
Give Liberty to your Tongue, and use Entreaties ;
There cannot be a Breast of Flesh and Blood,
Or Heart so made of Flint, but must receive
Impression from your Words ; or Eyes so stern,
But from the clear Reflection of your Tears
Must melt, and bear them Company ; will you not
Do these good Offices to yourself ? Poor I, then,
Can only weep your Fortune :—Here he comes.

Enter Pisander speaking at the Door.

Pisand. He that advances

A Foot beyond this, comes upon my Sword.
You have had your Ways, disturb not mine.

Timand. Speak gently,
Her Fears may kill her, else.

Pisand. Now, Love inspire me !
Still shall this Canopy of envious Night
Obscure my Suns of Comfort ? And those Dainties
Of purest White and Red, which I take in at
My greedy Eyes, deny'd my famish'd Senses ?
The Organs of your Hearing are yet open.
And you infringe no Vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them Warrant to convey unto
Your understanding Parts, the Story of
A tortur'd and despairing Lover, whom
Not Fortune but Affection marks your Slave :

[Cleora shakes.
Shake

Shake not, best Lady! for believ't, you are
 As far from Danger as I am from force.
 All Violence I'll offer, tends no farther
 Than to relate my Sufferings, which I dare not
 Presume to do, till by some gracious Sign
 You shew you're pleas'd to hear me.

Timand. If you are,
 Hold forth your Right-hand.

[*Cleora holds forth her Right-hand.*]

Pisan. So, 'tis done; and I
 With my glad Lips seal humbly on your Foot,
 My Soul's Thanks for the Favour: I forbear
 To tell you who I am, what Wealth, what Honours
 I made Exchange of to become your Servant:
 And, though I knew worthy *Leosthenes*
 (For sure he must be worthy, for whose Love
 You have endur'd so much) to be my Rival;
 When Rage and Jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,
 (Which then I could have done with much more Ease,
 Than now, in Fear to grieve you, I dare speak it)
 Love, seconded with Duty boldly told me,
 The Man I hated, fair *Cleora* favour'd:
 And that was his Protection.

[*Cleora bows.*]

Timand. See, she bows
 Her Head in Sign of Thankfulness.

Pisan. He remov'd,
 By th' Occasion of the War (my Fires increasing
 By being clos'd and stopp'd up) frantic Affection
 Prompted me to do something in his Absence
 That might deliver you into my Power,
 Which you see is effected; and even now,
 When my rebellious Passions chide my Dulness,
 And tell me how much I abuse my Fortunes;
 Now 'tis in my Power to bear you hence, [*Cleora starts.*
 Or take my Wishes here, (nay, fear not, Madam,
 True Love's a Servant, brutish Lust a Tyrant)
 I dare not touch those Viands, that ne'er taste well,
 But when they're freely offer'd: Only thus much,
 Be pleas'd I may speak in my own dear Cause,

And

And think it worthy your Consideration,
 I have lov'd truly, (cannot say deserv'd;
 Since Duty must not take the Name of Merit)
 That I so far prize your Content, before
 All Blessings that my Hope can fashion to me,
 That willingly I entertain Despair,
 And for your Sake embrace it. For I know,
 This Opportunity lost, by no Endeavour
 The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
 Forget not, that I lose myself, to save you.
 For what can I expect, but Death and Torture,
 The War being ended? And, what is a Task
 Would trouble *Hercules* to undertake,
 I do deny you to myself, to give you
 A pure unspotted Present to my Rival.
 I've said: If it distaste not, best of Virgins,
 Reward my Temperance with some lawful Favour,
 Though you condemn my Person.

[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her Glove, and offers
 her Hand to Pisander.*

Timand. See, she kneels,
 And seems to call upon the Gods to pay
 The Debt she owes your Vertue: To perform which,
 As a sure Pledge of Friendship, she vouchsafes you
 Her Right-hand.

Pisan. I am paid for all my Sufferings.
 Now, when you please, pass to your private Chamber
 My Love, and Duty, faithful Guards, shall keep you
 [*Makes a low Courtesey, as she goes off.*
 From all Disturbance; and when you are fated
 With thinking of *Leosthenes*, as a Fee
 Due to my Service, spare one Sigh for me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter Graculo leading Afotus in an Ape's Habit, with a Chain about his Neck. Zanthia in Corisca's Cloaths, she bearing up her Train.

Grac. Come on, Sir.

Afot. Oh!

Grac. Do you grumble? You were ever
A brainless Afs; but, if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do Tricks like an Ape.
Your Morning's Lesson! if you miss—

Afot. O no, Sir! [Afotus makes Mouths.

Grac. What for the *Carthaginians*?—A good Beast.
What for ourself, your Lord?—Exceeding well. [*Dances.*
There's your Reward. Not kifs your Paw? So, so, so.

Zant. Was ever Lady the first Day of her Honour
So waited on by a wrinkled Crone? She looks now,
Without her Painting, Curling, and Perfumes,
Like the last Day of *January*; and stinks worse
Than a hot Brach in the Dog Days. Farther off!
So—stand there like an Image;—if you stir,
'Till with a quarter of a Look I call you,
You know what follows.

Corif. Oh, what am I fall'n to!
But 'tis a Punishment for my Lust and Pride,
Justly return'd upon me.

Grac. How do'st thou like
Thy Ladyship, Zanthia?

Zant. Very well; and bear it
With as much State as your Lordship.

Grac. Give me thy Hand:
Let us like conq'ring *Romans* walk in Triumph,
Our Captives following: Then mount our Tribunals,
And make the Slaves our Footstools.

Zant. Fine, by *Jove*!—
Are your Hands clean, Minion?

Corif. Yes, forsooth.

Zant. Fall off then—

Q

So,

So, now come on; and, having made your three Duties,
—Down, I say, (are you stiff in the Hams?) now kneel,
And tie our Shoe. Now kiss it, and be happy.

Grac. This is State, indeed.

Zant. It is such as she taught me;
A tickling Itch of Greatness, your proud Ladies
Expect from their poor Waiters: We have chang'd Parts;
She does what she forc'd me to do in her Reign,
And I must practise it in mine.

Grac. 'Tis Justice:
O! here come more.

Enter Cimbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, Olympia.

Cimb. Discover to a Drachma,
Or I will famish thee.

Cleon. O! I'm pin'd already.

Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the Brawns
From thy Arms and Thighs, then broil them on the Coals
For Carbonadoes.

Poliph. Spare the old Jade, he's foundred.

Grac. Cut his Throat, then,
And hang him out for a Scare-crow.

Poliph. You have all your Wishes
In your Revenge, and I have mine. You see
I use no Tyranny: When I was her Slave,
She kept me as a Sinner to lie at her Back
In frosty Nights, and fed me high with Dainties
Which still she had in her Belly again e're Morning;
And in Requital of those Courtesies,
Having made one another free, we are married,
And, if you wish us Joy, join with us in
A Dance at our Wedding.

Grac. Agreed; for I have thought of
A most triumphant one, which shall express,
We are Lords, and these our Slaves.

Poliph. But we shall want
A Woman.

Grac. No, here's *Jane of Apes* shall serve;—
Carry your Body swimming: Where's the Music?

Poliph.

Poliph. I have plac'd it in yon Window.

[*The Dance at the End.*

Grac. Begin then sprightly.

Enter Pisander unseen.

Poliph. Well done on all Sides. I have prepar'd a
Banquet;

Let's drink and cool us.

Grac. A good Motion.

Cimb. Wait here:—

You have been tired with Feasting, learn to fast now.

Grac. I'll have an Apple for *Jack*, and may be some
Scraps

May fall to your Share.

[*Exeunt Graculo, Zanthia, Cimbrio, Poliphron,*
Olympia.

Corif. Whom can we accuse

But ourselves for what we suffer? Thou art just,

Thou all-creating Power! * and Misery

Instructs me now, that Yesterday acknowledg'd

No Deity beyond my Lust and Pride.

There is a Heaven above us, that looks down

With Eyes of Justice, upon such as number

Those Blessings freely given, in the Accompt

Of their poor Merits: Else it could not be.

Now, miserable I, to please whose Pallat

The Elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd

Of Nature, as not liberal enough

* ———— *Thou art just*

Thou all-creating Power, &c.

This and the following Reflections are very beautiful and just:
Shakespeare in *King Lear* has one on the Justice of Providence which I
shall here set down.

That I am wretched,

Makes thee the happier: Heavens deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust dieted Man,

That slaves your Ordinance, that will not see

Because he does not feel, feel your Power quickly;

So Distribution should undo Excess,

And each Man have enough.

Act 4. Scene 1:

In

In her Provision of Rarities
To sooth my Taste, and pamper my proud Flesh:
Now with in vain for Bread.

Cleon. Yes, I do wish too
For what I fed my Dogs with.

Corif. I, that forgot
I was made of Flesh and Blood, and thought the Silks
Spun by the diligent Worm, out of their Intrails,
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest Down
Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look
On Virtue being in Rags: that stopp'd my Nose
At those that did not use adulterate Arts
To better Nature; that from those, that serv'd me,
Expected Adoration, am made justly
The Scorn of my own Bondwoman.

Afot. I am punish'd,
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural Father.
Had I been gelded then, or us'd myself
Like a Man, I had not been transform'd, and forc'd
To play an o'er-grown Ape.

Cleon. I know I cannot
Last long, that's all my Comfort: Come, I forgive both
It is in vain to be angry; let us, therefore,
Lament together like Friends.

Pisan. What a true Mirrour
Were this sad Spectacle for secure Greatness!
Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The Glass of servile Flattery, might behold
The weak Foundation upon which they build
That trust in human Frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing in their Births, they are subject to
Uncertain Change, are still prepar'd, and arm'd
For either Fortune! a rare Principle,
And with much Labour, learn'd in Wisdom's School!
For as these Bondmen by their Actions shew,
That their Prosperity like too large a Sail
For their small Bark of Judgment, sinks them with
Afore-right Gale of Liberty, e're they reach
The Port they long to touch at: So these Wretches,

Swoln

Sworn with the false Opinion of their Worth,
 And proud of Blessings left them, not acquir'd;
 That did believe they could with Giant Arms
 Fathom the Earth, and were above their Fates,
 Those borrow'd Helps that did support them vanish'd,
 Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suff'ring,
 Betray their proper Weakness and make known
 Their boasted Greatness was lent, not their own.

Cleon. O for some Meat: They sit long.

Coris. We forgot,
 When we drew out intemperate Feasts till Midnight:
 Their Hunger was not thought on, nor their Watchings;
 Nor did we hold ourselves serv'd to the Height,
 But when we did exact, and force their Duties
 Beyond their Strength and Power.

Asot. We pay for't now:
 I now could be content to have my Head
 Broke with a Rib of Beef, or, for a Coffin,
 Be bury'd in the Dripping-pan.

Enter Poliphron, Cimbrio, Graculo, Zanthia, Olympia, drunk and quarrelling.

Cimb. Do not hold me:
 Not kiss the Bride?

Poliph. No, Sir.

Cimb. She's common Good,
 And so we'll use her.

Grac. We'll have nothing private.

Olymp. Hold:—

Zant. Here, *Marullo*.—

Olymp. He's your Chief.

Cimb. We are Equals,
 I will know no Obedience.

Grac. Nor Superior.—

Nay, if you are Lion-drunk, I will make one;
 For lightly ever he that parts the Fray,
 Goes away with the Blows.

Pisan. Art thou mad too?
 No more, as you respect me.

Q 3

Poliph.

Poliph. I obey, Sir,

Pifan. Quarrel among yourselves ?

Cimb. Yes, in our Wine, Sir,

And for our Wenches.

Grac. How could we be Lords, else ?

Pifan. Take heed ; I've News will cool this Heat, and
make you

Remember what you were,

Cimb. How ?

Pifan. Send off these,

And then I'll tell you. [Zanthia beating Corisca.

Olymp. This is Tyranny,
Now she offends not.

Zant. 'Tis for Exercise,
And to help Digestion : What is she good for, else ?
To me it was her Language.

Pifan. Lead her off ;

And take heed, Madam Minx, the Wheel may turn.
Go to your Meat, and Rest, and from this Hour
Remember, He that is a Lord to Day,
May be a Slave To-morrow.

Cleon. Good Morality !

[*Exeunt* Cleon, Afotus, Zanthia, Olympia, Corisca.

Cimb. But what would you impart ?

Pifan. What must invite you

To stand upon your Guard, and leave your Feasting ;
Or but imagine, what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assur'd you are so.
Our Masters are victorious.

All. How !

Pifan. Within

A Day's March of the City, flesh'd with Spoil,
And proud of Conquest ; the *Armado* sunk ;
The *Carthaginian* Admiral, Hand to Hand,
Slain by *Leosthenes*.

Cimb. I feel the Whip
Upon my Back already.

Grac. Every Man

Seek a convenient Tree, and hang himself.

Poliph.

Poliph. Better die once, than live an Age, to suffer
New Tortures every Hour.

Cimb. Say, we submit,
And yield us to their Mercy.

Pisan. Can you flatter
Yourselfes with such false Hopes? Or dare you think
That your imperious Lords, that never fail'd
To punish with Severity petty Slips
In your Neglect of Labour, may be won
To pardon those licentious Outrages,
Which noble Enemies forbear to practise
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just Revenge with Horror
And studied Cruelty? We have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our Courage,
And During, lies our Safety; if you are not
Slaves in your abject Minds, as in your Fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked Breasts to their keen Swords, and sell
Our Lives with the most Advantage, then to trust
In a forestall'd Remission, or yield up
Our Bodies to the Furnace of their Fury,
Thrice heated with Revenge.

Grac. You led us on.

Cimb. And 'tis but Justice, you should bring us off.

Grac. And we expect it.

Pisan. Hear then, and obey me;
And I will either save you, or fall with you.
Man the Walls strongly, and make good the Ports;
Boldly deny their Entrance, and rip up
Your Grievances, and what compell'd you to
This desperate Course: If they disdain to hear
Of Composition, we have in our Powers
Their aged Fathers, Children, and their Wives,
Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly
Make Intercession for us. 'Tis not Time now
To talk, but do. A glorious End, or Freedom,
Is now propos'd us; stand resolv'd for either,
And like good Fellows, live, or die together.

[*Ex.*

Q 4

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Leosthenes, Timagoras.

Timag. I am so far from Envy, I am proud
You have outstripp'd me in the Race of Honour,
Oh! 'twas a glorious Day, and bravely won!
Your bold Performance gave such Lustre to
Timoleon's wife Directions, as the Army
Reits doubtful, to whom they stand most engag'd
For their so great Success.

Leost. The Gods first honour'd,
The Glory be the General's; 'tis far from me
To be his Rival.

Timag. You abuse your Fortune,
To entertain her Choice, and gracious Favours,
With a contracted Brow; plum'd Victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful Look,
Equally distant from proud Insolence,
And base Dejection.

Leost. O *Timagoras!*
You only are acquainted with the Cause,
That loads my sad Heart with a Hill of Lead;
Whose pond'rous Weight, neither my new-got Honour,
Assisted by the general Applause
The Soldiers crown it with, nor all War's glories
Can lessen or remove: And, would you please,
With fit Consideration, to remember,
How much I wrong'd *Cleora's* Innocence
With my rash Doubts; and what a grievous Penance
She did impose upon her tender Sweetness,
To pluck away the Vulture Jealousy
That fed upon my Liver, you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit Justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a Stranger to
The Thought of Mirth or Pleasure.

Timag. You have redeem'd
The Forfeit of your Fault, with such a Ransom
Of honourable Action, as my Sister

Must

Must of Necessity confess her Sufferings
Weigh'd down by your fair Merits; and, when she views
you,

Like a triumphant Conqueror, carried through
The Streets of *Syracusa*, the glad People
Pressing to meet you, and the Senators
Contending who shall heap most Honours on you;
The Oxen crown'd with Garlands led before you
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars
Smoaking with thankful Incense to the Gods:
The Soldiers chaunting loud Hymns to your Praise;
The Windows fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,
Throwing upon your Head, as you pass by,
The choicest Flowers, and silently invoking
The Queen of Love, with their particular Vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can *Cleora*,
(Though, in the Glass of Self-love, she behold
Her best Deserts) but with all Joy acknowledge,
What she endur'd was but a noble Trial
You made of her Affection? And her Anger,
Rising from your too am'rous Ears, soon drench'd
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

Leost. If those Glories

You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me:
But I can lay no Claim to the least Honour,
Which you with foul Injustice ravish from her.
Her Beauty in me wrought a Miracle,
Taught me to aim at Things beyond my Power,
Which her Perfections purchas'd, and gave to me
From her free Bounties; she inspir'd me with
That Valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair Reflexion of her Mind,
My Soul receiv'd the sparkling Beams of Courage.
She, from the Magazine of her proper Goodness,
Stock'd me with virtuous Purposes; sent me forth
To trade for Honour; and, she being the Owner
Of the Bark of my Adventures, I must yield her
A just Accompt of all, as 'fits a Factor:
And, howsoever others think me happy,

And

And cry aloud, I've made a prosp'rous Voyage,
 One Frown of her Dislike, at my Return,
 (Which, as a Punishment for my Fault, I look for)
 Strikes dead all Comfort.

Timag. Tush! these Fears are needless,
 She cannot, must not, shall not be so cruel.
 A free Confession of a Fault wins Pardon,
 But, being seconded by Desert, commands it.
 The General is your own, and sure, my Father
 Repents his Harshness: For myself, I am
 Ever your Creature;—one Day shall be happy
 In your triumph and your Marriage.

Leost. May it prove so,
 With her Consent and Pardon.

Timag. Ever touching
 On that harsh String? She is your own, and you
 Without Disturbance seize on what's your due. [Ex.]

The End of the Third Act.



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

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisan. SHE has her Health, then?

Timand. YES, Sir, and as often
 As I speak of you, lends attentive Ear
 To all that I deliver; nor seems tir'd,
 Though I dwell long on the Relation of
 Your Suff'rings for her, heaping Praise on Praise
 On your unequal'd Temperance, and Command,
 You hold o'er your Affections.

Pisan. To my Wish:
 Have you acquainted her with the Defeat
 Of the *Carthaginians*, and with what Honours
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with?

Timand. With all Care.

Pisan.

Pisan. And how does she receive it?

Timand. As I guefs,
 With a seeming kind of Joy; but yet appears not
 Transported, or proud of his happy Fortune.
 But when I tell her of the certain Ruin
 You must encounter with at their Arrival
 In *Syracusa*, and that Death with Torments
 Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
 Esteeming it a glorious Martyrdom,
 And a Reward of pure, unspotted Love,
 Preserv'd in the white Robe of Innocence:
 Though she were in your Pow'r; and, still spur'd on
 By insolent Lust, you rather chose to suffer
 The Fruit untasted, for whose glad Possession
 You have call'd on the Fury of your Lord,
 Than that she should be griev'd, or tainted in
 Her Reputation.

Pisan. Doth it work Compunction?
 Pity's she my Misfortune?

Timand. She express'd
 All Signs of Sorrow, which, her Vow observ'd,
 Could witness a griev'd Heart. At the first Hearing
 She fell upon her Face, rent her fair Hair,
 Her Hands held up to Heav'n and vented Sighs,
 In which she silently seem'd to complain
 Of Heav'n's Injustice.

Pisan. 'Tis enough. Wait carefully,
 And, upon all watch'd Occasions, continue
 Speech, and Discourse of me: 'Tis Time must work her.

Timand. I'll not be wanting; but still strive to serve
 you. [Exit *Timand.*

Enter Poliphron.

Pisan. Now, *Poliphron*, the News?

Poliph. The conquering Army
 Is within Ken.

Pisan. How brook the Slaves the Object?

Poliph. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no Labour,
 And seem to scoff at Danger: 'Tis your Presence

That

That must confirm them ; with a full Consent
 You're chosen to relate the Tyranny
 Of our proud Masters ; and what you subscribe to,
 They gladly will allow of, or hold out
 To the last Man.

Pisan. I'll instantly among them :
 If we prove constant to ourselves, good Fortune
 Will not, I hope, forsake us.

Poliph. 'Tis our best Refuge. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenes,
 Timagoras, *and others.*

Timol. Thus far we are return'd victorious ; crown'd
 With Wreaths triumphant (Famine, Blood and Dearth,
 Banish'd your peaceful Confines) and bring home
 Security and Peace. 'Tis, therefore, fit
 That such as boldly stood the Shock of War,
 And with the dear Expence of Sweat and Blood
 Have purchas'd Honour, should with Pleasure reap
 The Harvest of their Toil ; and we stand bound
 Out of the first File of the best Deservers,
 (Though all must be consider'd to their Merits)
 To think of you, *Leosthenes*, that stand,
 And worthily, most dear in our Esteem,
 For your heroic Valour.

Archid. When I look on
 (The Labour of so many Men, and Ages)
 This well-built City, not long since design'd
 To Spoil and Rapine, by the Favour of
 The Gods, and you their Ministers, preserv'd,
 I cannot, in my Height of Joy, but offer
 These Tears for a glad Sacrifice.

Diph. Sleep the Citizens ?
 Or are they overwhelm'd with the Excess
 Of Comfort that flows to them ?

Leost. We receive
 A silent Entertainment.

Timag.

Timag. I long since
Expected that the Virgins and the Matrons,
The old Men striving with their Age, the Priests,
Carrying the Images of their Gods before 'em,
Should have met us with Proceffion.—Ha! the Gates
Are shut againſt us!

Archid. And upon the Walls
Arm'd Men ſeem to defy us!

Enter above Piſander, Poliph. Cimbrio, Gracculo, &c.

Diph. I ſhould know
Theſe Faces.—They are our Slaves.

Timag. The Myſtery, Rascals!
Open the Ports, and play not with an Anger
That will conſume you.

Timol. This is above Wonder!

Archid. Our Bondmen ſtand againſt us?

Grac. Some ſuch Things

We were in Man's Remembrance.—The Slaves are
turn'd

Lords of the Town, or ſo.—Nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, on good Terms, giving Security,
You will be quiet Men; we may allow you
Some Lodgings in our Garrets, or Out-houſes:
Your great Looks cannot carry it.

Cimb. The Truth is,

We've been bold with your Wives, toy'd with your
Daughters——

Leoft. O my prophetic Soul!

Grac. Rifled your Cheſts.

Been buſy with your Wardrobes.

Timag. Can we endure this?

Leoft. O! my *Cleora!*

Grac. A Caudle for the Gentleman,

He'll die o' th' Pip elſe.

Timag. Scorn'd too? Are you turn'd Stone?

Hold Parley with our Bondmen? Force our Entrance,
Then, Villains, expect——

Timol.

Timol. Hold! you wear Men's Shapes,
And if, like Men, you've Reason, shew a Cause
That leads you to this desperate Course, which must end
In your Destruction.

Grac. That, as please the Fates ;
But we vouchsafe.—Speak, Captain.

Timag. Hell and Furies !

Archid. Bay'd by our own Curs ?

Cimb. Take heed you be not worry'd.

Poliph. We are sharp set.

Cimb. And sudden.

Pisand. Briefly thus then,
Since I must speak for all.—Your Tyranny
Drew us from our Obedience. Happy those Times
When Lords were styl'd Fathers of Families,
And not imperious Masters! when they number'd
Their Servants almost equal with their Sons,
Or one Degree beneath them ; when their Labours
Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a Period
Set to their Sufferings ; when they did not press
Their Duties, or their Wills, beyond the Power
And Strength of their Performance ; all Things order
With such Decorum as wise Law-makers,
From each well-govern'd private House deriv'd
The perfect Model of a Common-wealth.
Humanity then lodg'd i' th Hearts of Men,
And thankful Masters carefully provided
For Creatures wanting Reason. The noble Horse,
That in his fiery Youth from his wide Nostrils
Neigh'd Courage to his Rider, and broke through
Groves of oppos'd Pikes, bearing his Lord
Safe to triumphant Victory, old or wounded,
Was set at Liberty, and freed from Service.
The *Athenian* Mules, that from the Quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the Gods,
The great Work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the publick Cost ; nay, faithful Dogs have found
Their

Their Sepulchres ; but Man, to Man more cruel,^s
 Appoints no End to th' Suff'rings of his Slave ;
 Since Pride step'd in and Riot, and o'erturn'd
 This goodly Frame of Concord, teaching Masters
 To glory in the Abuse of such as are
 Brought under their Command ; who, grown unuseful,
 Are less esteem'd than Beasts.—This you have practis'd,
 Practis'd on us with Rigour ; this hath forc'd us
 To shake our heavy Yokes off ; and, if Redress
 Of these just Grievances be not granted us,
 We'll right ourselves, and by strong Hand defend
 What we are now possess'd of.

Grac. And not leave
 One House unfix'd.

Cimb. Or Throat uncut, of those
 We have in our Power.

Poliph. Nor will we fall alone ;
 You shall buy us dearly.

Timag. O the Gods !
 Unheard of Insolence !

Timol. What are your Demands ?

Pisan. A general Pardon, first, for all Offences
 Committed in your Absence : Liberty
 To all such as desire to make Return
 Into their Countries ; and to those that stay
 A Competence of Land freely allotted
 To each Man's proper Use ; no Lord acknowledged.
 Lastly, with your Consent, to choose them Wives
 Out of your Families.

Timag. Let the City sink first.

Leost. And Ruin seize on all, e'er we subscribe
 To such Conditions.

Archid. Cartbage, though victorious,
 Could not have forc'd more from us.

^s ——— *But Man, to Man more cruel,
 Appoints no End, &c.*

Man, who is born for Liberty, can never reconcile himself to Servitude : The most gentle Slavery exasperates, and provokes him to rebel.

Leost.

Leoff. Scale the Wall!
Capitulate after.

Timol. He that wins the Top first,
Shall wear a Mural Wreath.

[*Exeunt.*

Pifan. Each to his Place. [Flourish and Arms.
Or Death or Victory.—Charge them home, and fear not.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, and Senators.

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punish'd,
To deal with Bondmen, as if we encounter'd
An equal Enemy.

Archid. They fight like Devils;
And run upon our Swords, as if their Breasts
Were Proof beyond their Armour.

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.

Timag. Make a firm Stand.—
The Slaves not satisfy'd, they've beat us off;
Prepare to sally forth.

Timol. They are wild Beasts,
And to be tam'd by Policy.—Each Man take
A tough Whip in his Hand, such as you us'd
To punish them with as Masters: In your Looks
Carry Severity and Awe; 'twill fright them
More than your Weapons: Salvage Lions fly from
The Sight of Fire; and these that have forgot
That Duty you ne'er taught them with your Swords,
When, unexpected, they behold those Terrors
Advanc'd aloft, that they were made to shake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And stoop to due Obedience.

Enter Cimbrio, Graculo, and other Slaves.

Archid. Here they come.

Cimb. Leave not a Man alive: A Wound is but a
Flea-biting,
To what we suffer'd being Slaves.

Grac. O, my Heart!

Cimbrio,

Cimbrio, what do we see? The Whip! our Masters!⁶

Timag. Dare you rebel, Slaves?

[*Senators shake their Whips, and they throw away their Weapons, and run off.*]

Cimb. Mercy! Mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their Fury?

Grac. Fly! they follow.

Oh! we shall be tormented.

Timol. Enter with them;

But yet forbear to kill 'em. Still remember
They are Part of your Wealth; and, being disarm'd;
There is no Danger.

Archid. Let us first deliver

Such as they have in Fetters, and at Leisure
Determine of their Punishment.

Leost. Friend, to you

I leave the Disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your Sister.
She's only worth my Thought; and, 'till I see
What she has suffer'd, I am on the Rack,
And Furies my Tormentors.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Pisander, Timandra.

Pisan. I know I am pursu'd; nor would I fly,
Although the Ports were open, and a Convoy
Ready to bring me off.—The Baseness of
These Villains, from the Pride of all my Hopes,
Have thrown me to the bottomless Abyss
Of Horror and Despair. Had they stood firm,
I could have bought *Cleora's* free Consent
With the Safety of her Father's Life, and Brother's;
And forc'd *Leosthenes* to quit his Claim,
And kneel a Suitor to me.

⁶ ——— *The Whip! Our Masters!*

This reducing the Slaves by the Sight of the Whip, is taken from the Story of the *Scythian Slaves*.

R

Timand.

Timand. You must not think
What might have been, but what must now be practis'd,
And suddenly resolve.

Pifand. All my poor Fortunes
Are at the Stake, and I must run the Hazard.
Unseen, convey me to *Cleora's* Chamber;
For, in her Sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended.—Do not enquire
The Reason why, but help me.

Timand. Make haste.—One knocks. [*Exit Pifander.*]

Enter Lesthenes.

Jove turn all to the best,—You are welcome, Sir.

Lest. Thou giv'st it in a heavy Tone.

Timand. Alas! Sir,
We have so long fed on the Bread of Sorrow,
Drinking the bitter Water of Afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued Fears,
Comfort's a Stranger to us.

Lest. Fears? Your Suff'rings,
For which I am so overgone with Grief,
I dare not ask without compassionate Tears,
The Villain's Name that robb'd thee of thy Honour,
For being train'd up in Chastity's cold School,
And taught by such a Mistress as *Cleora*,
'Twere impious in me, to think *Timandra*
Fell with her own Consent.

Timand. How mean you? Fell, Sir?
I understand you not.

Lest. I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy Face,
In blushing Characters, the Story of
Libidinous Rape.—Confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a Sin, against whose Strength
Your o'rematch'd Innocence could make no Resistance:
Under which Odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,
Heav'n's Help in vain invoc'd;—the amazed Sun
Hiding his Face behind a Mask of Clouds,
Not daring to look on it.—In her Sufferings

All Sorrow's comprehended.—What *Timandra*,
Or the City has endur'd; her Loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be nam'd.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring, Sir,
In the Chimeras of your jealous Fears,
New Monsters to affright us.

Leof. O *Timandra*,
That I had Faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a Joy beyond
Assurance of *Elysian* Shades hereafter,
Or all the Blessings in this Life a Mother
Could wish her Children crown'd with.—But I must not
Credit Impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that, whose Knowledge is a Curse,
And Ignorance a Blessing.—Come, discover
What Kind of Look he had, that forc'd thy Lady,
(Thy Ravisher I will enquire at Leisure)
That when hereafter I behold a Stranger
But near him in Aspect, I may conclude
(Tho' Men and Angels should proclaim him honest)
He is a hell-bred Villain.

Timand. You're unworthy
To know she is preserv'd, preserv'd untainted.
Sorrow (but ill bestow'd) hath only made
A Rape upon her Comforts in your Absence.

[*Exit, and returns with Cleora.* *]

Come forth, dear Madam.

Leof. Ha!

[*Kneels.*

Timand. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your Heart, that, to content you,
Has kept a Vow, the Breach of which a Vestal
(Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living Funeral) must of Force have shrunk at.
No Danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel Penance; though hot Lust came arm'd

* A Gentleman, distinguished not more for his Learning than his fine Genius, observed, that this Scene between *Leofhenes* and *Cleora* was one of the best that he ever read.

To seize upon her ; when one Look, or Accent,
Might have redeem'd her.

Leof. Might ? O do not shew me
A Beam of Comfort, and straight take it from me.
—The Means by which was freed ?—Speak, O ! speak
quickly !

Each Minute of Delay's an Age of Torment :

O ! speak, *Timandra* !

Timand. Free her from her Oath,
Herself can best deliver it. [Takes off the Scarf.]

Leof. O blest Office !
Never did Galley-Slave shake off his Chains,
Or look'd on his Redemption from the Oar,
With such true Feeling of Delight, as now
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold
True Light indeed : For, since these fairest Stars
(Cover'd with Clouds of your determinate Will)
Deny'd their Influence to my Optick Sense,
The Splendor of the Sun appear'd to me
But as some little Glimpse of his bright Beams
Convey'd into a Dungeon, to remember
The dark Inhabitants there, how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut Lips, and strike mine Ears
With Musick more harmonious than the Spheres
Yield in their heav'nly Motions : And, if ever
A true Submission for a Crime acknowledg'd
May find a gracious Hearing, teach your Tongue
In the first sweet articulate Sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for Pardon.

Cleora. I forgive you.

Leof. How greedily I receive this ! Stay, best Lady,
And let me by Degrees ascend the Height
Of human Happiness ! All at once deliver'd,
The Torrent of my Joys will overwhelm me ; —
So, now a little more ; and pray excuse me,
If like a wanton Epicure I desire
The pleasant Taste these Cates of Comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not
(By your unspotted Truth, I do conjure you

To answer truly) suffer'd in your Honour
 (By Force, I mean, for in your Will I free you)
 Since I left *Syracusa*?

Cleora. I restore

This Kiss, (so help me Goodness!) which I borrow'd,
 When I last saw you.

Leost. Miracle of Virtue!

One Pause more, I beseech you:—I am like
 A Man whose vital Spirits consum'd, and wasted
 With a long and tedious Fever, unto whom
 Too much of a strong Cordial at once taken,
 Brings Death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
 Fix here; but must enquire the Man, to whom
 I stand indebted for a Benefit,
 Which to requite at full, though in this Hand
 I grasp'd all Scepters the World's Empire bows to,
 Would leave me a poor Bankrupt—Name him, Lady,
 If of a mean Estate, I'll gladly part with
 My utmost Fortunes to him—but, if Noble,
 In thankful Duty study how to serve him:
 Or, if of higher Rank, erect him Altars,
 And as a God adore him.

Cleora. If that Goodness,

And noble Temperance, the Queen of Virtues,
 Bridling rebellious Passions (to whose Sway,
 Such as have conquer'd Nations have liv'd Slaves)
 Did ever wing great Minds to fly to Heaven;
 He that preserv'd mine Honour, may hope boldly
 To fill a Seat among the Gods, and shake off
 Our frail Corruption.

Leost. Forward.

Cleora. Or if ever

The Powers above did mask in human Shapes,
 To teach Mortality, not by cold Precepts
 Forgot as soon as told, but by Examples
 To imitate their Pureness, and draw near
 To their celestial Natures—I believe
 He's more than Man.

Leost. You do describe a Wonder.

Cleora. Which will increase, when you shall understand

He was a Lover.

Leost. Not yours, Lady?

Cleora. Yes;

Lov'd me, *Leosthenes*; nay more, so doted,
(If e'er Affections scorning gross Desires
May without Wrong be styl'd so) that he durst not
With an immodest Syllable, or Look,
In Fear it might take from me, whom he made
The Object of his better Part, discover
I was the Saint he su'd too.

Leost. A rare Tempter!

Cleora. I cannot speak it to the Worth: All Praise
I can bestow upon it, will appear
Envious Detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the Miracle full; though, of all Men,
He hated you, *Leosthenes*, as his Rival;
So high yet prized he my Content, that, knowing
You were a Man I favour'd, he disdain'd not
Against himself to serve you.

Leost. You conceal still

The Owner of these Excellencies.

Cleora. 'Tis *Marullo*,

My Father's Bondman.

Leost. Ha, ha, ha!

Cleora. Why do you laugh?

Leost. To hear the lab'ring Mountain of your Praise
Deliver'd of a Mouse.

Cleora. The Man deserves not
This Scorn, I can assure you.

Leost. Do you call,

What was his Duty, Merit?

Cleora. Yes, and place it

As high in my Esteem, as all the Honours
Descended from your Ancestors, or the Glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this Action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly,
And I could add as I desir'd;—but that

I fear, 'twould make you proud.

Leofst. Why, Lady, can you
Be won to give Allowance, that your Slave
Should dare to love you?

Cleora. The immortal Gods⁷
Accept the meanest Altars, that are rais'd
By pure Devotions; and sometimes prefer
An Ounce of Frankincense, Honey, or Milk,
Before whole *Hecatombs*, or *Sabaean* Gums
Offer'd in Ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old Disease? I'll fit you.

[*Aside.*

Leofst. You seem mov'd.

Cleora. Zealous, I grant, in the Defence of Virtue.
Why, good *Leofsthenes*, though I endur'd,
A Penance for your Sake, above Example,
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your Devotion, but I may
Cherish Desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That, which is only yours in Expectation,
That now prescribe such hard Conditions to me?

Leofst. One Kiss, and I am silenc'd.

Cleora. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you, 'tis a Favour, that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: No; when the City
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes and Lust.
And when I was, of Men and Gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his Power, he did not press me
To grace him with one Look or Syllable,
Or urg'd the Dispensation of an Oath
Made for your Satisfaction—The poor Wretch
Having related only his own Suff'rings,

⁷ *The immortal Gods*

Accept the meanest Altars, &c.

Milton's Invocation on the opening of *Paradise Lost* is not unlike
this.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure.

R 4

And

And kiss'd my Hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my Favours.

Leost. Pray you, end;
The Story does not please me.

Cleora. Well, take heed
Of Doubts, and Fears;—for know, *Leosthenes*,
A greater Injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent Chastity, than unjust Suspicion.
I love *Marullo's* fair Mind, not his Person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any Power in you, to stand
Between him and all Punishment, and oppose
His Temperance to his Folly; if you fail—
No more; I will not threaten.

[*Exit.*

Leost. What a Bridge
Of Glass I walk upon, over a River
Of certain Ruin! Mine own weighty Fears
Cracking what should support me:—And those Helps,
Which Confidence yields to others, are from me
Ravish'd by Doubts, and wilful Jealousy.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Timagoras, Cleon, Afotus, Corisca, Olympia.

Cleon. But are you sure we're safe?

Timag. You need not fear:
They are all under Guard; their Fangs par'd off:
The Wounds, their Insolence gave you, to be cur'd
With the Balm of your Revenge.

Afot. And shall I be
The Thing I was born, my Lord?

Timag. The same wise Thing—
'Slight, what a Beast they have made thee! *Africk* never
Produc'd the like.

Afot. I think so.—Nor the Land
Where Apes, and Monkeys, grow, like Crabs and Wal-
nuts.

On the same Tree. Not all the Catalogue

OF

Of Conjurers, or wise Women, bound together
 Could have so soon transform'd me, as my Rascal
 Did with his Whip; Not in Outside only,
 But in my own Belief, I thought myself
 As perfect a Baboon——

Timag. An Afs thou wert ever.

Afot. And would have given one Leg, with all my
 Heart,

For good Security to have been a Man
 After three Lives, or one and twenty Years,
 Though I had dy'd on Crutches.

Cleon. Never Varlets

So triumph'd o'er an old fat Man—I was famish'd.

Timag. Indeed you are fall'n away.

Afot. Three Years of Feeding

On Cullises and Jelly, though his Cooks
 Lard all he eats with Marrow, or his Doctors
 Pour in his Mouth Restoratives as he sleeps,
 Will not recover him.

Timag. But your Ladyship looks
 Sad on the Matter, as if she had mis'd
 Your ten-crown Amber-Poffets, good to smooth
 The *Cutis*,* as you call it, and prepare you
 Active, and high for an Afternoon's Encounter
 With a rough Gamester, on your Couch. Fie on't,
 You are grown thrifty; smell like other Women,
 The College of Physicians have not fate,
 As they were us'd, in Council how to fill
 The Crannies in your Cheeks or raise a Rampire
 With Mummy, Ceruses, or Infants Fat,
 To keep off Age, and Time.

Coris. Pray you, forbear;

I am an alter'd Woman.

Timag. So it seems;—

A Part of your Honour's Ruff stands out of Rank too.

Coris. No matter; I have other Thoughts.

Timag. O strange!

Not ten Days since it would have vex'd you more,
 Then th' Loss of your good Name; Pity, this Cure

For

* Relating to the Skin.

For your proud Itch came no sooner!—Marry, *Olympia* Seems to bear up still.

Olymp. I complain not, Sir!
I have borne my Fortune patiently.

Timag. Thou wer't ever
An excellent Bearer; so is all your Tribe,
If you may choose your Carriage:—How now, Friend,
Looks our *Cleora* lovely?

Enter Leosthenes, and Diphilus, with a Guard.

Leost. In my Thoughts, Sir.

Timag. But why this Guard?

Diph. It is *Timoleon's* Pleasure;
The Slaves have been examin'd, and confess,
Their Riot took Beginning from your House:
And the first Mover of them to Rebellion,
Your Slave *Marullo*.

Leost. Ha! I more than fear——

Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter Timandra.

Timand. You are unmanner'd Grooms
To pry into my Lady's private Lodgings;
There's no *Marullo's* there.

Enter Diphilus with Pisander.

Timag. Now I suspect too;——
Where found you him?

Diph. Close hid in your Sister's Chamber.

Timag. Is that the Villain's Sanctuary?

Leost. This confirms
All she deliver'd, false.

Timag. But that I scorn
To rust my Sword in thy slavish Blood,
Thou now wert dead.

Pisan. He's more a Slave, than Fortune,
Or Misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweapon'd Innocence.

Timag. Prate you, Dog?

Pisan.

Pifan. Curs snap at Lions in the Toil, whose Looks
Frighted them, being free.

Timag. As a wild Beast,
Drive him before you.

Pifan. O divine *Cleora*!

Leost. Dar'st thou presume to name her?

Pifan. Yes, and love her:
And may say, have deserv'd her.

Timag. Stop his Mouth:
Load him with Irons too. [Exit Guard with Pifan.]

Cleon. I am deadly sick
To look on him,

Afot. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper, like an Ape again—I feel
The Whip already.

Timand. This goes to my Lady. [Aside.]

Timag. Come, cheer you, Sir; we'll urge his Punishment
To the full Satisfaction of your Anger.

Leost. He is not worth my Thoughts.—No Corner left,
In all the spacious Rooms of my vex'd Heart,
But is fill'd with *Cleora*: And the Rape
She has done upon her Honour, with my Wrong,
The heavy Burthen of my Sorrow's Song. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Archidamus, Cleora.

Archid. **T**HOU art thine own Disposer.—Were his
Honours
And Glories centupled, (as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy) yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force Affection.

Cleora. It needs not, Sir; I prize him to his Worth,
Nay,

Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slav'd
To his jealous Humours: Since, by the Hopes of Hea-
ven,

As I am free from Violence, in a Thought
I am not guilty.

Archid. 'Tis believ'd, *Cleora*;

And much the rather, (our great Gods be prais'd for't)
In that I find, beyond my Hopes, no Sign
Of Riot in my House, but all Things order'd,
As if I had been present,

Cleora. May that move you
To pity poor *Marullo*.

Archid. 'Tis my Purpose

To do him all the Good I can, *Cleora*:
But this Offence being against the State,
Must have a public Trial.—In the mean Time
Be careful of your self, and stand engag'd
No further to *Leosthenes*, then you may
Come off with honour: For, being once his Wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve, and suffer his Commands,
And not dispute 'em—E're it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the Senate. [*Exit Archid.*]

Cleora. I'm much distracted; in *Leosthenes*
I can find nothing justly to accuse,
But this Excess of Love, which I have studied
To cure with more than common Means; yet still
It grows upon him. And if I may call
My Suff'rings Merit, I stand bound to think on
Marullo's Dangers—though I save his Life,
His Love is unrewarded,—I confess,
Both have deserv'd me; yet of Force I must be
Unjust to one—Such is my Destiny.

Enter Timandra.

How now? Whence flow these Tears?

Timand. I have met, Madam,
An Object of such Cruelty, as would force
A Savage to Compassion.

Cleora.

Cleora. Speak—What is it?

Timand. Men pity Beasts of Rapine, if o'er-match'd
Though baited for their Pleasure:—But these Monsters,
Upon a Man that can make no Resistance,
Are senseless in their Tyranny.—Let it be granted,
Marullo is a Slave; he's still a Man;—
A Capital Offender; yet in Justice
Not to be tortur'd, till the Judge pronounce
His Punishment.

Cleora. Where is he?

Timand. Drag'd to Prison
With more than barb'rous Violence, spurn'd and spit on
By the insulting Officers, his Hands
Pinion'd behind his Back; loaden with Fetters;
Yet, with a Saint-like Patience, he still offers
His Face to their rude Buffets.

Cleora. O my griev'd Soul!
By whose Command?

Timand. It seems, my Lord your Brother,
For he's a Looker on:—And it takes from
Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,
For his Respect to you, whose Name, in vain,
The griev'd Wretch loudly calls on.

Cleora. By *Diana*,
'Tis base in both, and to their Teeth I'll tell 'em
That I am wrong'd in't. [As going forth.

Timand. What will you do?

Cleora. In Person
Visit, and comfort him.

Timand. That will bring Fuel
To the jealous Fires, which burn too hot already
In Lord *Leosthenes*.

Cleora. Let them consume him;—
I am Mistress of myself.—Where Cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor Love, nor Honour. [Exit *Cleora*.

Timand. So, it works.
Though hitherto I've run a desp'rate Course
To serve my Brother's Purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.

I study mine own Ends. They come.—Assist me
In these my Undertakings, Love's great Patron,
As my Intents are honest.

Leost. 'Tis my Fault.

Distrust of others Springs, *Timagoras*,
From Diffidence in ourselves. But I will strive,
With the Assurance of my Worth and Merits,
To kill this Monster, Jealousy.

Timag. 'Tis a Guest

In Wisdom never to be entertain'd
On trivial Probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant Proofs, not fashion'd
By idle Doubts and Fears, to be receiv'd,
They make their own Horns, that are too secure,
As well as such as give them Growth, and Being
From meer Imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's Honour equal with mine own;
And know what large Additions of Power
This Match brings to our Family, I prefer
Our Friendship, and your Peace of Mind so far
Above my own Respects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true Value in the Test,
'Tis far from my Ambition for her Cure,
That you should wound yourself.

Timand. This argues for me.

[*Aside.*

Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a Bondman,
Falls not in Compass of my Understanding,
But for some nearer Interest; or he raise
This Mutiny, if he lov'd her (as, you say,
She does confess, he did) but to enjoy,
By fair or foul Play, what he ventur'd for,
To me's a Riddle.

Leost. 'Pray you, no more; already
I have answer'd that Objection in my strong
Assurance of her Virtue.

Timag. 'Tis unfit, then,
That I should press it farther.

Timand.

Timand. Now I must

[*Timandra steps out distractedly.*]

Make in, or all is lost.

Timag. What would *Timandra*?

Leof. How wild she looks!—How is it with thy Lady?

Timag. Collect thyself, and speak.

Timand. As you are noble,
Have Pity, or love Pity. Oh!—

Leof. Take Breath.

Timag. Out with it boldly.

Timan. Oh! the best of Ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.

Leof. Who, *Cleora*?—

Timag. Deliver, how.—'Sdeath, be a Man, Sir! speak.

Timand. Take it then, in as many Sighs as Words:
My Lady—

Timag. What of her?

Timand. No sooner heard
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell
Into a deadly Swoon.

Timag. But she recover'd?

Say so, or he will sink too: Hold, Sir! fie,
This is unmanly.

Timand. Brought again to Life,
But with much Labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that Interim vented Sighs, as if
They labour'd from the Prison of her Flesh,
To give her griev'd Soul Freedom. On the sudden
Transported on the Wings of Rage and Sorrow,
She flew out of the House, and, unattended,
Enter'd the common Prison.

Leof. This confirms
What but before I fear'd.

Timand. There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a Sister—

Timag. Damn her!

Timand. Or you respect her Safety, as a Lover
Procure *Marullo's* Liberty.

Timag.

Timag. Impudence
Beyond Expression!

Leost. Shall I be a Bawd
To her Lust, and my Dishonour?

Timand. She'll run mad, else,
Or do some violent Act upon herself.
My Lord, her Father, sensible of her Suff'rings,
Labours to gain his Freedom:

Leost. O, the Devil!
Has she bewitch'd him too?

Timag. I'll hear no more:
Come, Sir, we'll follow her; and, if no Persuasion
Can make her take again her natural Form,
Which by Lust's powerful Spell she has cast off,
This Sword shall disinhant her,

Leost. O my Heart Strings!

[*Exeunt Leosthenes and Timagoras.*]

Timand. I knew, 'twould take. Pardon me, fair *Cleora*,
Though I appear a Traytress; which thou wilt do
In pity of my Woes, when I make known
My lawful Claim, and only seek mine own. [Exit.]

SCENE II. A Prison.

Enter Cleora, Faylor, and Pisander.

Cleora. There's for your Privacy.—Stay, unbind his
Hands.

Faylor. I dare not, Madam.

Cleora. I will buy thy Danger,
Take more Gold.—Do not trouble me with Thanks;
I do suppose it done. [Exit *Faylor*.]

Pisan. My better Angel
Assumes this Shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since from the Choice of all celestial Figures,
He could not take a visible Form so full
Of glorious Sweetness. [Kneets.]

Cleora. Rise—I am Flesh and Blood,
And do partake thy Tortures.

Pisan. Can it be?

That

That Charity should persuade you to descend
 So far from your own Height, as to vouchsafe
 To look upon my Suff'rings? How I bless
 My Fetters now, and stand engag'd to Fortune
 For my Captivity—no, my Freedom rather!
 For who dares think that Place a Prison, which
 You sanctify with your Presence? Or believe,
 Sorrow has Power to use her Sting on him,
 That is in your Compassion arm'd, and made
 Impregnable? Though Tyranny raise at once
 All Engines to assault him.

Cleora. Indeed Virtue,
 With which you have made evident Proofs, that you
 Are strongly fortified, can't fall, though shaken
 With the Shock of fierce Temptations; but still triumphs
 In Spight of Opposition. For myself,
 I may endeavour to confirm your Goodness,
 (A sure Retreat, which never will deceive you)
 And with unfeigned Tears express my Sorrow
 For what I cannot help——

[Weeps.

Pisan. Do you weep for me?
 O! save that precious Balm for noble uses!
 I am unworthy of the smallest Drop,
 Which, in your Prodigality of Pity,
 You throw away on me. Ten of these Pearls
 Were a large Ransom to redeem a Kingdom
 From a consuming Plague, or stop Heav'n's Vengeance,
 Call'd down by crying Sins, though at that Instant
 In dreadful Flashes falling on the Roofs
 Of bold Blasphemers. I am justly punish'd
 For my Intent of Violence to such Pureness;
 And all the Torments Flesh is sensible of
 A soft and gentle Penance.

Cleora. Which is ended
 In this your free Confession.

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras unseen.

Leost. What an Object
 Have I encounter'd?

S

Timag.

Timag. I am blasted too!
Yet hear a little further.

Pisan. Could I expire now,
These white and innocent Hands closing my Eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heav'nly Dream
To be transported, without the Help of *Cbaron*,
To the *Elyzian* Shades.—You make me bold;
And, but to wish such Happiness, I fear,
May give Offence.

Cleora. No, for, believ't, *Marullo*,
You've won so much upon me, that I know not
That Happiness in my Gift, but you may challenge.

Leofst. Are you yet satisfied?

Cleora. Nor can you wish
But what my Vows will second, though it were
Your Freedom first, and then in me full Power
To make a second Tender of myself,
And you receive the Present. By this Kiss
(From me a Virgin Bounty) I will practise
All Arts for your Deliverance; and that purchas'd
In what concerns your farther Aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope.

Timag. To have the Hangman,
When he is married to the Cross, in Scorn
To say, Gods give you Joy.

Leofst. But look on me, [To Cleora.]
And be not too indulgent to your Folly;
And then (but that Grief stops my Speech) imagine,
What Language I should use.

Cleora. Against thyself.—
Thy Malice cannot reach me.

Timag. How?

Cleora. No, Brother!
Though you join in the Dialogue t' accuse me,
What I have done, I'll justify; and these Favours,
Which you presume will taint me in my Honour:
Though Jealousy use all her Eyes to spy out
One Stain in my Behaviour, or Envy
As many Tongues to wound it, shall appear

My best Perfections. For, to the World,
I can in my Defence alledge such Reasons,
As my Accusers shall stand dumb to hear 'em;
When in his Fetters this Man's Worth and Virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted Glories,
Which Fortune claims a Share in.

Timag. The base Villain
Shall never live to bear it.

[*Offers to stab Pisander, Cleora interposes.*]

Cleora. Murder! help!
Through me you shall pass to him.

Enter Archidamus, Diphilus, and Officers.

Archid. What's the Matter?
On whom is your Sword drawn? Are you a Judge?
Or else ambitious of the Hangman's Office
Before it be design'd you? You are bold too!
Unhand my Daughter.

Leost. She's my Valour's Prize.

Archid. With her Consent, not otherwise. You may
urge
Your Title in the Court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely: Guard him safely off too.

Timag. You'll hear me, Sir?

Archid. If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just Judge of *Timoleon*.

Diphil. You must
Of Force now use your Patience.

[*Exeunt Archidamus, Diphilus, and Guards.*]

Timag. Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of Rage possess me! you are wrong'd
Beyond a Stoicks Suffrance; yet you stand,
As you were rooted.

Leost. I feel something here,
That boldly tells me, all the Love and Service,
I pay *Cleora*, is another's Due,
And therefore cannot prosper.

Timag. Melancholy!
Which now you must not yield to.

Leost. 'Tis apparent.
In Fact your Sister's innocent, however
Chang'd by her violent Will.

Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the Chace still; and in open Court
Plead your own Interest: We shall find the Judge
Our Friend, I fear not.

Leost. Something I shall say,
But what ———

Timag. Collect yourself, as we walk thither.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *

The Court of Justice.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleora, Officers.

Timol. 'Tis wond'rous strange! nor can it fall within
The Reach of my Belief, a Slave should be
The Owner of a Temperance which this Age
Can hardly parallel in free-born Lords,
Or Kings, proud of their Purple.

Archid. 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a Fable,
All Circumstances meet to give it Credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a Suiter, not to be deny'd,
He may have equal Hearing.

Cleora. Sir, you grac'd me
With the Title of your Mistress; but my Fortune
Is so far distant from Command, that I
Lay by the Power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the Preserver of my Fame and Honour.
And pray you, Sir, in Charity believe,
That, since I had Ability of Speech,
My Tongue hath so much been inur'd to Truth,
I know not how to lye.

* This last Scene is one of the best concerted, and the most surprizing Catastrophe, that ever I met with in any Play whatever.

Timol.

Timol. I'll rather doubt
The Oracles of the Gods, than question what
Your Innocence delivers; and, as far
As Justice with mine Honour can give Way,
He shall have Favour. Bring him in, unbound:

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

And 'though *Leosthenes* may challenge from me,
For his late worthy Service, Credit to
All Things he can allege in his own Cause,
Marullo (so, I think, you call his Name)
Shall find I do reserve one Ear for him,

Enter Cleon, Afotus, Diphilus, Olympia, Corisca.

To let in Mercy: Sit, and take your Places:
The Right of this fair Virgin first determin'd,
Your Bondmen shall be censur'd.

Cleon. With all Rigour
We do expect.—

Coris. Temper'd, I say, with Mercy.

Enter at one Door Leosthenes and Timagoras; *at the other, Officers with* Pisander and Timandra.

Timol. Your Hand, *Leosthenes*: I cannot doubt
You that have been victorious in the War,
Should in a Combat, fought with Words, come off
But with assured Triumph.

Leost. My Deferts, Sir,
(If without Arrogance I may stile them such)
Arm me from Doubt and Fear.

Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken!
Nor be thou daunted (howfo'er thy Fortune
Has mark'd thee out a Slave) to speak thy Merits:
For Virtue, though in Rags, may challenge more
Than Vice set off with all the Trim of Greatness,

Pisan. I'd rather fall under so just a Judge,
Than be acquitted by a Man corrupt
And partial in his Censure.

Archid. Note his Language!
It relishes of better Breeding than

His present State dares promise.

Timol. I observe it.—

Place the fair Lady in the Midst, that both,
Looking with covetous Eyes upon the Prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair Object,
Teach *Hermes* Eloquence,

Leost. Am I fall'n so low?

My Birth, my Honour, and, what's dearest to me,
My Love, and Witness of my Love, my Service,
So under-valu'd, that I must contend
With one, where my Excess of Glory must
Make his O'erthrow a Conquest? Shall my Fulness
Supply Defects in such a Thing, that never
Knew any thing but Want and Emptiness?
Give him a Name, and keep it such from this
Unequal Competition. If my Pride,
Or any bold Assurance of my Worth,
Has pluck'd this Mountain of Disgrace upon me,
I'm justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
More injur'd in the Tribute of the Praise,
Which no Desert of mine priz'd by Self-Love
Ever exacted; may this Cause, and Minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine Anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful Fair One; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserv'd.

Cleora. Neglect, and Scorn
From me, for this proud Vaunt.

Leost. You nourish, Lady,
Your own Dishonour in this harsh Reply,
And almost prove what some hold of your Sex,
You're all made up of Passion: For, if Reason
Or Judgment could find Entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the Objects
You look on in a true Glass; not seduc'd
By the false Light of your too violent Will,
I should not need to plead for that, which you

With

With Joy should offer.—Is my high Birth a Blemish?
 Or does my Wealth, which all the vain Expence
 Of Women cannot waste, breed Loathing in you?
 The Honours I can call mine own, thought Scandals?
 Am I deform'd, or for my Father's Sins
 Mulcted by Nature? If you interpret these
 As Crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
 Most miserably guilty: But, perhaps,
 (Which yet I would not credit) you have seen
 This Gallant pitch the Bar, or bear a Burthen
 Would crack the Shoulders of a weaker Bondman;
 Or any other boist'rous Exercise,
 Assuring a strong Back to satisfy
 Your loose Desires, insatiate as the Grave.

Cleora. You are foul-mouth'd.

Archid. Ill-manner'd too.

Leost. I speak

In the way of Supposition, and intreat you,
 With all the Fervour of a constant Lover,
 That you would free yourself from these Aspersions,
 Or any Imputation black-tongu'd Slander
 Could throw on your unspotted Virgin Whiteness;
 To which there is no easier Way, than by
 Vouchsafing him your Favour; him, to whom
 Next to the General, and to the Gods,
 The Country owes her Safety.

Timag. Are you stupid?

°Sight, leap into his Arms, and there ask Pardon—
 Oh! you expect your Slave's Reply; no Doubt
 We shall have a fine Oration; I will teach
 My Spaniel to howl in sweeter Language,
 And keep a better Method.

Archid. You forget

The Dignity of the Place.

Diph. Silence!

Timol. Speak boldly.

Pisan. 'Tis your Authority gives me a Tongue,
 I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
 I cannot clothe my Thoughts, and just Defence

In such an abject Phrase, but 'twill appear
 Equal, if not above my low Condition,
 I need no bombast Language, stoln from such
 As make Nobility from prodigious Terms
 The Hearers understand not; I bring with me
 No Wealth to boast of, neither can I number
 Uncertain Fortune's Favours with my Merits;
 I dare not force Affection, or presume
 To censure her Discretion, that looks on me
 As a weak Man, and not her Fancy's Idol.
 How I have lov'd, and how much I have suffer'd,
 And with what Pleasure undergone the Burthen
 Of my ambitious Hopes (in aiming at
 The glad Possession of a Happiness,
 The Abstract of all Goodness in Mankind
 Can at no Part deserve) with my Confession
 Of mine own Wants, is all that can plead for me.
 But if that pure Desires, not blended with
 Foul Thoughts, that like a River keeps his Course,
 Retaining still the Clearness of the Spring
 From whence it took Beginning, may be thought
 Worthy Acceptance; then I dare rise up
 And tell this gay Man to his Teeth, I never
 Durst doubt her Constancy, that like a Rock
 Beats off Temptations, as that mocks the Fury
 Of the proud Waves; nor from my jealous Fears
 Question that Goodness, to which, as an Altar
 Of all Perfection, he that truly loves
 Should rather bring a Sacrifice of Service,
 Than raze it with the Engines of Suspicion;
 Of which, when he can wash an *Æthiope* white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
 But, till then, never.

Timag. Bold, presumptuous Villain!

Pisan. I will go farther, and make good upon him
 I' th' Pride of all his Honours, Birth, and Fortunes,
 He's more unworthy than myself,

Leost. Thou lyest.

Timag.

Timag. Confute him with a Whip, and, the Doubt
Punish him with a Halter. [decided,

Pisan. O the Gods!

My Ribs, though made of Brass, cannot contain
My Heart, swoln big with Rage—The Lye! A Whip!
[Plucks off his Disguise.

Let Fury, then, disperse these Clouds, in which
I long have mask'd, disguis'd; that, when they know
Whom they have injur'd, they may faint with Horror
Of my Revenge, which, wretched Men! expect,
As sure as Fate, to suffer!

Leost. Ha! *Pisander*?

Timag. 'Tis the bold *Theban*!

Afot. There's no Hope for me, then!

I thought I should have put in for a Share,
And borne *Cleora* from them both:—But now
This Stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.

Pisan. Now, as myself,

Thy Equal, at thy best, *Leosthenes*.—

For you, *Timagoras*, praise Heav'n, you were born
Cleora's Brother, 'tis your safest Armour.—

But I lose Time.—The base Lie cast upon me,

I thus return. Thou art a perjur'd Man,

False and perfidious, and hast made a Tender

Of Love and Service to this Lady, when

Thy Soul (if thou hast any) can bear Witness,

That thou wert not thine own.—For Proof of this

Look better on this Virgin, and consider,

This *Persian* Shape laid by, and she appearing

In a *Greekish* Dress, such as when first you saw her,

If she resemble not *Pisander*'s Sister,

One, call'd *Statilia*?

Leost. 'Tis the same! my Guilt

So chokes my Spirits, I cannot deny

My Falshood, nor excuse it.

Pisan. This is she,

To whom thou wert contracted: This the Lady,

That when thou wert my Prisoner fairly taken

In the *Spartan* War, that beg'd thy Liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

Timand. No more, Sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True Sorrow in his Looks, and a Consent
To make me Reparation in mine Honour;
And then I am most happy.

Pisan. The Wrong done her
Drew me from *Thebes* with a full Intent to kill thee:
But this fair Object, met me in my Fury
And quite disarm'd me—Being deny'd to have her
By you, my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able
To live far from her, Love (the Mistress of
All quaint Devices, prompted me to treat
With a Friend of mine, who as a Pirate sold me
For a Slave to you, my Lord, and gave my Sister
As a Present to *Cleora*.

Timol. Strange *Meanders*!

Pisan. There how I bare myself needs no Relation.
But, if so far descending from the Height
Of my then flourishing Fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a Man, to have Means only
To feed my Eye with the Sight of what I honour'd;
The Dangers too I underwent; the Suff'ring;
The Clearness of my Interest may deserve
A noble Recompence in your lawful Favour—
Now 'tis apparent that *Leosthenes*
Can claim no Interest in you, you may please
To think upon my Service.

Cleora. Sir, my Want
Of Power to satisfy so great a Debt,
Makes me accuse my Fortune; but if that
Out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think,
A free Surrender of myself full Payment,
I gladly tender it.

Archid. With my Consent too,
All Injuries forgotten.

Timag. I will study
In my future Service to deserve your Favour
And good Opinion.

Leost. Thus I gladly see
This Advocate to plead for me. [Kissing Statilia.

Pisan. You will find me
An easy Judge when I have yielded Reasons
Of your Bondmens falling off from their Obedience,
Then after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their Natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel Usage; and made Trial
How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To look with more Prevention, and Care
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like Occasions—The Hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever Cure,
But with some Pain, effected. I confess,
In Hope to force a Grant of fair *Cleora*
I urg'd them to defend the Town against you;
Nor had the Terror of your Whips, but that
I was preparing for Defence elsewhere,
So soon got Entrance;—In this I am guilty:
Now, as you please, your censure.

Timol. Bring them in;
And, though you've given me Power, I do intreat
Such as have undergone their Insolence,
It may not be offensive, though I study
Pity more than Revenge.

Coris. 'T will best become you.

Cleon. I must consent.

Afot. For me, I'll find a Time
To be reveng'd hereafter.

*Enter Graculo, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Zanthia, and the
other Slaves, with Halters about their Necks.*

Grac. Give me Leave;
I'll speak for all.

Timol. What can'st thou say, to hinder
The Course of Justice?

Grac. Nothing.—You may see
We are prepar'd for hanging, and confess
We have deserv'd it. Our most humble Suit is

We

We may not twice be executed.

Timol. 'Twice? How mean'st thou?

Grac. At the Gallows first, and after in a Ballad
Sung to some villainous Tune. There are Ten-groat
Rhimers

About the Town grown fat on these Occasions.—

Let but a Chapel fall, or a Street be fir'd,

A foolish Lover hang himself for pure Love,

Or any such like Accident, and before

They are cold in their Graves, some damn'd Ditty's made

Which makes their Ghosts walk.—Let the State take

Order

For the Redress of this Abuse, recording

'Twas done by my Advice, and for my Part

I'll cut as clean a Caper from the Ladder,

As ever merry *Greek* did.

Timol. Yet I think

You would shew more Activity to delight

Your Master for a Pardon.

Grac. O! I would dance

[*Capers.*

As I were all Air, and Fire.

Timol. And ever be

Obedient and humble?

Grac. As his Spaniel,

Though he kick'd me for Exercise;—and the like

I promise for all the rest.

Timol. Rise then, you have it.

All Slaves. *Timoleon! Timoleon!*

Timol. Cease these Clamours.—

And now, the War being ended to our Wishes,

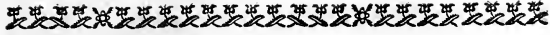
And such as went the Pilgrimage of Love,

Happy in full Fruition of their Hopes,

'Tis lawful, Thanks paid to the Powers divine,

To drown our Cares in honest Mirth, and Wine.

[*Exeunt.*

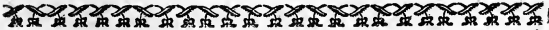


THE
ROMAN ACTOR.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath divers Times been, with good Allow-
ance Acted, at the private Play-house in the
Black Friers, by the King's Majesty's Servants,
1629.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.





T O

My much Honoured, and most True Friends,
Sir PHILIP KNYVET, Knt. and Bart.

A N D T O

Sir THOMAS JEA Y, Knight.

A N D

THOMAS BELLINGHAM, of *Newtimber*
in *Suffex*, Esquire.

*H*OW much I acknowledge myself bound for your
so many, and extraordinary Favours conferr'd
upon me, as far as it is in my Power Posterity
shall take Notice, I were most unworthy of such
noble Friends, if I should not with all Thankfulness, pro-
fess, and own them. In the Composition of this Tragedy
you were my only Supporters, and it being now by your
principal Encouragement to be turned into the World, it
cannot walk safer, than under your Protection. It hath
been happy in the Suffrage of some learned and judicious
Gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find Cause,
I hope, in the Perusal, to repent them of their good Opi-
nion of it. If the Gravity and Height of the Subject dis-
taste such as are only affected with Jiggs and Ribaldry,
(as I presume it will) their Condemnation of me and my
Poem, can no way offend me: My Reason teaching me, such
malicious, and ignorant Detractors deserve rather Contempt
than Satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect Birth of
my Minerva; and therefore in Justice offer it to those that
have best deserved of me, who, I hope, in their courteous
Acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever,
in their gentle Construction of my Imperfections, believe they
may at their Pleasure dispose of him, who is wholly, and
sincerely

Devoted to their Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Original Actors.

<i>Domitianus Cæsar.</i>	JOHN LOWIN.
<i>Paris, the Tragedian.</i>	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
<i>Parthenius, a Free-man of Cæsar's.</i>	RICHARD SHARPE.
<i>Ælius Lamia, and Stephanos.</i>	THOMAS POLLARD.
<i>Junius Rusticus.</i>	ROBERT BENFIELD.
<i>Arctinus Clemens, Cæsar's Spy.</i>	EYLLARDT SWANSTONE.
<i>Æsopus, a Player.</i>	RICHARD ROBINSON.
<i>Philargus, a rich Miser.</i>	ANTHONY SMITH.
<i>Palphurius Sura, a Senator.</i>	WILLIAM PATTRICKE.
<i>Fulcinus, a Senator.</i>	
<i>Latinus, a Player.</i>	CURTISE GREVILL.
Three Tribunes.	
Two Licitors.	GEORGE VERNON.
	JAMES HORNE.
<i>Domitia, the Wife of Ælius Lamia.</i>	JOHN TOMPSON.
<i>Domitilla, Cousin-german to Cæsar.</i>	JOHN HUNNIEMAN.
<i>Julia, Titus's Daughter.</i>	WILLIAM TRIGGE.
<i>Cænis, Vespasian's Concubine.</i>	ALEXANDER GOUGH.



T H E

R O M A N A C T O R. *

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

S C E N E, *The Roman Theatre.*

Enter Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.

Æsopus.

W H A T do we act to-day ?
W *Latinus.* *Agave's Phrensy,*
With *Pentheus' bloody End.*
W *Paris.* It skills not What ;
The Times are dull, and all that we receive

* The Plot of this Tragedy is taken from the Life of *Domitianus*, Emperor of *Rome* : *Massinger* seems to have copied it from *Suetonius*, and to have been very strict to History : The Tale itself is of too great a Length to transcribe ; therefore I shall refer the curious Reader to the Original.

Most of the old *English* Plays, both Tragedies and Comedies, are historical ; not confined to any Unity of Time, Place, or Action : But a Series of Adventures told dramatically, and filled with every Incident that was contained in the Story.—Most of them are almost a Transcript of the History or Novel which first gave the Hint to the Poet, begins with the same Circumstances, are composed of the same Characters, abounds with as great a Number of Episodes, and have as many different Catastrophes to conclude the Whole :—Hence it happens, that they are more fruitful of extraordinary Events, and are enriched with a greater Variety of common-place Reflections than perhaps our more regular Plays will allow of, though they are not so simple in Design, or so agreeable to the Laws of Poetry.—Of this Kind is the *Roman Actor*, *The Bondman*, and most of *Massinger's*.

T

Will

Will hardly satisfy the Day's Expence.

The *Greeks* (to whom we owe the first Invention
Both of the buskin'd Scene and humble Sock)
That reign in ev'ry Noble Family
Decaim against us: And our Amphitheatre,
Great *Pompey's* Work, that hath giv'n full Delight
Both to the Eye, and Ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one Day, as if it were
Some unknown Defart, or great *Rome* unpeopl'd,
Is quite forsaken.

Latin. Pleasures of worse Natures
Are gladly entertain'd, and they that shun us,
Practise, in private Sports the *Stews* would blush at.
A Litter born by eight *Liburnian* Slaves,
To buy Diseases from a glorious Strumpet,
The most censorious of our *Roman* Gentry,
Nay, of the guarded Robe the Senators,
Esteem an easy Purchase.

Paris. Yet grudge us
(That with Delight join Profit, and endeavour
To build their Minds up fair, and on the Stage
Decipher to the Life what Honours wait
On good and glorious Actions, and the Shame
That treads upon the Heels of Vice) the Salary
Of six *Sestertii*.

Æsop. For the Profit, *Paris*,
And mercenary Gain, they're Things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your Grace, and Power with *Cæ-*
far,

We, from your Bounty, find a large Supply,
Nor can one Thought of Want ever approach us.

Paris. Our Aim is Glory, and to leave our Names
To After Time.

Latin. And, would they give us Leave,
There ends all our Ambition.

Æsop. We've Enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The Consul *Aretinus* (*Cæsar's* Spy)
Said at his Table, e'er a Month expir'd

(For

(For being gall'd in our last Comedy)
He'd silence us for ever.

Paris. I expect

No Favour from him; my strong Aventine is
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft have chear'd
In his most fullen Moods will once return,
Who can repair, with Ease, the Consul's Ruins.

Latin. 'Tis frequent in the City, he hath subdued,
The *Catti* and the *Daci*, and, e're long,
The second Time will enter *Rome* in triumph.

Enter two Libertors.

Paris. *Jove* hasten it, with us. I now believe
The Consul's Threats, *Æsopus*:

1. *Lib.* You're summon'd
T'appear to Day in Senate.

2. *Lib.* And there to answer
What shall be urg'd against you.

Paris. We obey you.

Nay, droop not, Fellows; Innocence should be bold.
We that have personated in the Scene

The ancient Heroes, and the Falls of Princes
With loud Applause, being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted Confidence.

What e'er our Sentence be, think 'tis in Sport.
And, though condemn'd, lets hear it without Sorrow,
As if we were to live again Tomorrow.

1. *Lib.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter Ælius, Lamia, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius, Sura.

Lamia. Whither goes *Paris*?

1. *Lib.* He's cited to the Senate.

Latin. I am glad the State is
So free from Matters of more Weight and Trouble
That it has vacant Time to look on us.

Paris. That reverend Place, in which th' Affairs of
Kings,

And Provinces were determin'd, to descend
To th' Censure of a bitter Word, or Jest,

Drop'd from a Poet's Pen! Peace to your Lordships,
We are glad that you are safe.

[*Excunt Liētors, Paris, Latinus, Æſopus.*

Lamia. What Times are these?

To what is *Rome* fall'n! may we, being alone,
Speak our Thoughts freely of the Prince, and State,
And not fear the Informer.

Rust. Noble *Lamia*,

So dangerous the Age is, and such bad Acts
Are practis'd ev'ry where, we hardly sleep
Nay, cannot dream, with Safety. All our Actions
Are call'd in Question; to be nobly born
Is now a Crime; and to deserve too well
Held capital Treason. Sons accuse their Fathers,
Fathers their Sons; and, but to win a Smile
From one in Grace at Court: our chafteſt Matrons
Make ſhipwreck of their Honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only ſafe
That know to ſooth the Prince's Appetite,
And ſerve his Luſts.

Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my Wonder
That two Sons of ſo different a Nature,
Should ſpring from good *Vespasian*. We had a *Titus*,
Styl'd juſtly the Delight of all Mankind,
Who did eſteem that Day loſt in his Life
In which ſome one or other taſted not
Of his magnificent Bounties: One that had
A ready Tear when he was forc'd to ſign
The Death of an Offender: And ſo far
From Pride, that he diſdain'd not the Converſe
Ev'n of the pooreſt *Roman*.

Lamia. Yet his Brother

Domitian, that now ſways the Power of Things,
Is ſo inclin'd to Blood, that no Day paſſes
In which ſome are not faſten'd to the Hook,
Or thrown from the *Tarpeian* Rock. His Freeman
Scorn the Nobility, and he himſelf,
As if he were not made of Fleſh and Blood,
Forgets he is a Man.

Rust.

Rust. In his young Years
 He shew'd what he would be when grown to Ripeness:
 His greatest Pleasure was, being a Child,
 With a sharp-pointed Bodkin to kill Flies,
 Whose Rooms now Men supply. For his Escape
 In the *Vitellian* War he rais'd a Temple
 To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his Figure
 In the Bosom of the God. And in his Edicts
 He does not blush, or start, to stile himself
 (As if the Name of Emperor were base)
 Great Lord, and God *Domitian*.

Sura. I have Letters
 He's on his Way to *Rome*, and purposes
 To enter with all Glory. The flatt'ring Senate
 Decrees him Divine Honours, and to cross it
 Were Death with studied Torments:—For my Part,
 I will obey the Time, it is in vain
 To strive against the Torrent.

Rust. Let's to the *Curia*,
 And, though unwillingly, give our Suffrages
 Before we are compell'd.

Lamia. And, since we cannot
 With Safety use the active, lets make Use of
 The passive Fortitude, with this Assurance
 That the State, sick in him, the Gods to Friend,
 Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [Ex.

S C E N E II.

A Chamber.

Enter Domitia and Parthenius.

Domitia. To me this Reverence?

Parthen. I pay it, Lady,
 As a Debt due to her that's *Cæsar's* Mistress:
 For, understand with Joy, he that commands
 All that the Sun gives Warmth to, is your Servant.
 Be not amaz'd, but fit you to your Fortunes.
 Think upon State, and Greatness, and the Honours

That wait upon *Augusta*, for that Name
 E're long comes to you.—Still you doubt your Vassal ;
 But, when you've read this Letter, writ and sign'd
 With his Imperial Hand, you will be freed
 From Fear and Jealousy ; and, I beseech you,
 When all the Beauties of the Earth bow to you,
 And Senators shall take it for an Honour,
 As I do now, to kiss these happy Feet ;
 When ev'ry Smile you give is a Preferment,
 And you dispose of Provinces to your Creatures,
 —Think on *Partbenius*.

Domitia. Rise.—I am transported,
 And hardly dare believe what is assur'd here.
 The Means, my good *Partbenius*, that wrought *Cæsar*
 (Our God on Earth) to cast an Eye of Favour
 Upon his humble Handmaid ?

Partben. What, but your Beauty ?
 When Nature fram'd you for her Master-piece,
 As the pure Abstract of all rare in Woman,
 She had no other Ends but to design you
 To the most eminent Place. I will not say
 (For it would smell of Arrogance to insinuate
 The Service I have done you) with what Zeal
 I oft have made Relation of your Virtues,
 Or how I've sung your Goodness, or how *Cæsar*
 Was fir'd with the Relation of your Story :
 I am rewarded in the Act, and happy
 In that my Project prosper'd.

Domitia. You are modest.
 And, were it in my Power, I would be thankful.
 If that, when I was Mistress of myself,
 And in my Way of Youth, pure, and untainted,
 The Emperor had vouchsaf'd to seek my Favours,
 I had with Joy given up my Virgin Fort,
 At the first Summons, to his soft Embraces :
 But I am now another's, not mine own.
 You know I have a Husband ; for my Honour
 I would not be his Strumpet—and how Law

Can be dispens'd with to become his Wife,
To me's a Riddle.

Parthen. I can soon resolve it:
When Power puts in his Plea, the Laws are silenc'd.
The World confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cæsar*,
And, as his Rule is infinite, his Pleasures
Are unconfinc'd; this Syllable, his *Will*,
Stands for a thousand Reasons.

Domitia. But with Safety,
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it?
My Husband is a Senator, of a Temper
Not to be jested with.

Enter Lamia.

Parthen. As if he durst
Be *Cæsar's* Rival.—Here he comes; with Ease
I will remove this Scruple,

Lamia. How! so private?
My own House made a Brothel? Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your Power in Court, and Great-
ness,
Hold Conference with my Wife?—As for you, Minion,
I shall hereafter treat.

Parthen. You're rude and saucy.
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lamia. This is fine, i'faith!
Is she not my Wife?

Parthen. Your Wife? But touch her, that Respect
forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest *Cæsar* favours,
And think what 'tis to die.—Not to lose Time,
She's *Cæsar's* Choice: It is sufficient Honour
You were his Taster in this heay'ny Nectar;
But now must quit the Office.

Lamia. This is rare!
Cannot a Man be Master of his Wife
Because she's young, and fair, without a Patent?
I in my own House am an Emperor,
And will defend what's mine,—where are my Knaves?

If such an Insolence escape unpunish'd—

Parthen. In yourself *Lamia*, *Cæsar* hath forgot
To use his Power, and I his Instrument,
In whom, though absent, his Authority speaks,
Have lost my Faculties. [Stamps.

Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lamia. The Guard! why, am I
Design'd for Death?

Domitia. As you desire my Favour,
Take not so rough a Course.

Parthen. All your Desires
Are absolute Commands. Yet, give me Leave
To put the Will of *Cæsar* into Act.
Here's a Bill of Divorce between your Lordship
And this great Lady: If you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to't by Reasons that concern yourself,
Her Honour too untainted; here are Clerks,
Shall in your best Blood write it new, till Torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lamia. Is this legal?
New Works that dare not do unlawful Things,
Yet bare them out are Constables, not Kings.

Parthen. Will you dispute?

Lamia. I know not what to urge
Against myself, but too much Dotage on her
Love and Observance.

Parthen. Set it under your Hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The Duties of a Husband; or, that you are mad
(Rather than want just Cause, we'll make you so).
Dispatch, you know the Danger else; and deliver it;
Nay, on your Knee. Madam, you now are free,
And Mistress of yourself.

Lamia. Can you, *Domitia*,
Consent to this?

Domitia. 'Twould argue a base Mind
To live a Servant, when I may command.

I now am *Cæsar's*,—and yet, in Respect
 I once was yours, when you come to the Palace,
 (Provided you deserve it in your Service)
 You shall find me your good Mistrefs. Wait me, *Par-*
thenius,

And now farewell, poor *Lamia*. [*Exeunt all but Lamia.*
Lamia. To the Gods

I bend my Knees, (for Tyranny hath banish'd
 Justice from Men) and as they would deserve
 Their Altars, and our Vows, humbly invoke 'em
 That this my ravish'd Wife may prove as fatal
 To proud *Domitian*, and her Embraces
 Afford him in the End as little Joy,
 As wanton *Helen* brought to him of *Troy*. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The Senate.

*Enter Licitors, Aretinus, Fulcinus, Rusticus, Sura,
 Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.*

Aret. Fathers Conscript! may this our Meeting be
 Happy to *Cæsar* and the Common Wealth.

Licitor. Silence!

Aret. The Purpose of this frequent Senate
 Is, first, to give Thanks to the Gods of *Rome*,
 That, for the Propagation of the Empire,
 Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves,
 In Height of Courage, Depth of Understanding,
 And all those Virtues, and remarkable Graces,
 Which make a Prince most eminent; our *Domitian*
 Transcends the ancient *Romans*. I can never
 Bring his Praise to a Period. What good Man
 That is a Friend to Truth, dares make it doubtful,
 That he hath *Fabius'* Staidness, and the Courage
 Of bold *Marcellus*, to whom *Hanibal* gave
 The Stile of *Target* and the *Sword of Rome*.
 But he has more, and every Touch more *Roman*;
 As *Pompey's* Dignity, *Augustus'* State,

Antony's

Antony's Bounty, and great *Julius's* Fortune,
 With *Cato's* Resolution.—I am lost
 In th' Ocean of his Virtues. In a Word,
 All Excellencies of good Men meet in him,
 But no Part of their Vices.

Rust. This is no Flattery!

[*Afide.*

Sur. Take heed, you'll be observ'd.

[*Afide.*

Aret. 'Tis then most fit

That we (as to the Father of our Country,
 Like thankful Sons, stand bound to pay true Service
 For all those Blessings that he show's upon us)
 Should not connive, and see his Government,
 Deprav'd and scandaliz'd by meaner Men,
 That to his Favour and Indulgence owe
 Themselves and Being.

Paris. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite *Paris* the Tragedian.

Paris. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the Chief of thy Profession,
 I do accuse the Quality of Treason,
 As Libellers against the State and *Cæsar*.

Paris. Meer Accusations are not Proofs, my Lord;
 In what are we Delinquents?

Aret. You are they

That search into the Secrets of the Time,
 And, under feign'd Names, on the Stage, present
 Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
 Persons of Rank and Quality of both Sexes,
 And with satyrical and bitter Jest
 Make ev'n the Senators ridiculous
 To the Plebeians.

Paris. If I free not myself,
 (And, in myself, the rest of my Profession)
 From these false Imputations, and prove
 That they make that a Libel which the Poet
 Writ for a Comedy, so acted too,
 It is but Justice that we undergo
 The heaviest Censure.

Aret.

Aret. Are you on the Stage,
You talk so boldly?

Paris. The whole World being one,¹
This Place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the Justice of our Cause,
That I could wish *Cæsar*, in whose great Name
All Kings are comprehended, sit as Judge,
To hear our Plea, and then determine of us.
If, to express a Man sold to his Lusts,
Wasting the Treasure of his Time and Fortunes
In wanton Dalliance, and to what sad End
A Wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
Deterring careless Youth, by his Example,
From such licentious Courses; laying open
The Snares of Bawds, and the consuming Arts
Of prodigal Strumpets, can deserve Reproof,
Why are not all your golden Principles,
Writ down by grave Philosophers to instruct us
To chuse fair Virtue for our Guide, not Pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the Fire?

Sura. There's Spirit in this!

Paris. Or if desire of Honour was the Base
On which the Building of the *Roman* Empire
Was rais'd up to this Height; if, to inflame
The Noble Youth with an ambitious Heat
T' indure the Frosts of Danger, nay of Death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal Wreath
By glorious Undertakings, may deserve
Reward, or Favour, from the Common-wealth,
Actors may put in for as large a Share
As all the Sects of the Philosophers;
They which could Precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable Thing
The active Virtue is. But does that Fire

¹ *The whole World being one
This Place is not exempted, &c.*

This and the succeeding Speeches of *Paris* are a fine Piece of Oration, an excellent Defence for the Stage, and wrote with great Spirit and Energy,

The

The Blood, or swell the Veins with Emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our Theatres?

Let a good Actor in a lofty Scene
Shew great *Alcides* honour'd in the Sweat
Of his twelve Labours; or a bold *Camillus*
Forbidding *Rome* to be redeem'd with Gold
From the insulting *Gaul's*; or *Scipio*
After his Victories imposing Tribute
On conquer'd *Carthage*. If done to the Life,
As if they saw their Dangers, and their Glories,
And did partake with them in their Rewards,
All that have any Spark of Roman in them
The slothful Arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put
The Consuls to their Whisper.

Paris. But 'tis urg'd
That we corrupt Youth, and traduce Superiors:
When do we bring a Vice upon the Stage,
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
By the Success of wicked Undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden Steps?
We shew no Arts of *Lydian* Pandarism,
Corinthian Poisons, *Persian* Flatteries,
But mulcted so in the Conclusion, that
Ev'n those Spectators, that were so inclin'd,
Go home chang'd Men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the World
Their secret Crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An Heir, that does not conspire against the Life
Of his dear Parent, numb'ring every Hour
He lives, as tedious to him, if there be
Among the Auditors one whose Conscience tells him,
He is of the same Mould—we cannot help it.
Or, bringing on the Stage a loose Adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous Expence
Of him that feeds her greedy Lust, yet suffers

The lawful Pledges of a former Bed
 To starve the while for Hunger; if a Matron,
 However great in Fortune, Birth, or Titles,
 Guilty of such a foul unnatural Sin,
 Cry out, 'tis writ for me—we cannot help it:
 Or, when a covetous Man's express'd, whose Wealth
 Arithmetick cannot number, and whose Lordships
 A Falcon in one Day cannot fly over;
 Yet he so sordid in his Mind, so griping,
 As not to afford himself the Necessaries
 To maintain Life; if a Patrician,
 (Though honour'd with a Consulship) find himself
 Touch'd to the quick in this—we cannot help it:
 Or, when we show a Judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his Sentence, as he favours
 The Person, not the Cause, saving the Guilty,
 If of his Faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent out of particular Spleen;
 If any in this reverend Assembly,
 Nay, ev'n yourself, my Lord, that are the Image
 Of absent *Cæsar*, feel something in your Bosom
 That puts you in Remembrance of Things past,
 Or Things intended—'tis not in us to help it.
 —I've said, my Lord; and now, as you find Cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with Applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my Life; I never saw him
 Act an Orator's Part before.

Æsop. We might have given
 Ten double Fees to *Regulus*, and yet
 Our Cause deliver'd worse.

[*A Shout within.*]

Enter Parthenius.

Aret. What Shout is that?

Parthen. *Cæsar*, our Lord, married to Conquest, is
 Return'd in Triumph.

Fulcin. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the Court; we will reserve to him
 The Censure of this Cause.

All. Long Life to *Cæsar*!

[*Exeunt omnes.*
 S C E N E

SCENE IV.

*The Capitol.**Enter Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, Domitia.**Cænis.* Stand back—the Place is mine.*Julia?* Yours? Am I notGreat *Titus'* Daughter, and *Domitian's* Niece
Dares any claim Precedence?*Cænis.* I was more,
The Mistress of your Father, and in his Right
Claim Duty from you.*Julia.* I confess you were useful
To please his Appetite.*Domitia.* To end the Controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the Way myself.*Domitilla.* You, Minion!*Domitia.* Yes,
And all, ere long shall kneel to catch my Favours.*Julia.* Whence springs this Flood of Greatness?*Domitia.* You shall know
Too soon for your Vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with Envy, when
You see whom *Cæsar* favours.*Julia.* Observe the Sequel.*Enter at one Door Captains with Laurels, Domitian, in
his Triumphant Chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Latinus,
Æsopus, met by Aretinus, Sura, Lamia, Rusticus,
Fulcinus, and Prisoners led by him.**Cæs.* As we now touch the height of human Glory,
Riding in Triumph to the Capitol,
Let these whom this victorious Arm hath made
The Scorn of Fortune, and the Slaves of *Rome*,
Taste the Extremes of Misery. Bear them off
To the common Prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our Axes are.*Rust.*

Rust. A bloody Entrance!

[*Aside.*]

Cæs. To tell you, you are happy in your Prince
Were to distrust your Love, or my Desert;
And either were distasteful. Or to boast
How much, not by my Deputies, but myself,
I have enlarg'd the Empire; or what Horrors
The Soldier in our Conduct hath broke through,
Would better suit the Mouth of *Plautus' Braggart*,
Than the adored Monarch of the World.

Sura. This is no Boast.

[*Aside.*]

Cæs. When I but name the *Daci*,
And grey-ey'd *Germans*, whom I have subdu'd,
The Ghost of *Julius* will look pale with Envy,
And great *Vespasian's*, and *Titus' Triumph*,
(Truth must take Place of Father and of Brother :)
Will be no more remember'd. I'm above
All Honours you can give me; and the Stile
Of Lord, and God, which thankful Subjects give me
(Not my Ambition) is deserv'd,

Aret. At all Parts
Celestial Sacrifice is fit for *Cæsar*,
In our Acknowledgments.

Cæs. Thanks *Aretinus*;
Still hold our Favour. Now, the God of War,
And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona's Pages*,
Banish'd from *Rome* to *Thrace* in our good Fortune,
With Justice he may taste the Fruits of Peace,
Whose Sword hath plough'd the Ground, and reap'd
the Harvest

Of your Prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an Enemy, to thriving Virtue,
That can esteem the Jewel he holds dearest
Too good for *Cæsar's Use*.

Sura. All we possess.—

Lamia. Our Liberties.—

Fulcin. Our Children.—

Parthen. Wealth.—

Aret. And Throats
Fall willingly beneath his Feet.

Rust.

Rust. Base Flattery!

What *Roman* could endure this?

[*Aside.*

Cæs. This calls on

My Love to all, which spreads itself among you,

The Beauties of the Time. Receive the Honour

To kiss the Hand which, rear'd up thus, holds Thunder;

To you 'tis an Assurance of a Calm.

Julia my Niece, and *Cænis* the Delight

Of old *Vespasian*! *Domitilla* too

A Princess of our Blood!

Rust. 'Tis strange his Pride

Affords no greater Courtesy to Ladies

Of such high Birth and Rank.

Sura. Your Wife's forgotten.

Lamia. No, she will be remember'd, fear it not;
She will be grac'd and greas'd.

Cæs. But, when I look on

Divine *Domitia*, methinks we should meet

(The lesser Gods applauding the Encounter)

As *Jupiter*, the Giants lying dead

On the *Phlegræan* Plain, embrac'd his *Juno*.

Lamia, 'tis your Honour that she's mine.

Lamia. You are too great to be gainsaid.

Cæs. Let all

That fear our Frown, or do affect our Favour,

Without examining the Reason why,

Salute her (by this Kiss I make it good)

With the Title of *Augusta*.

Domitia. Still your Servant.

All. Long live *Augusta*, great *Domitian's* Empress!

Cæs. *Paris*, my Hand.

Paris. The Gods still honour *Cæsar*.

Cæs. The Wars are ended, and, our Arms laid by,

We are for soft Delights. Command the Poets

To use their choicest and most rare Invention,

To entertain the Time, and be you careful

To give it Action; we'll provide the People

Pleasures of all Kinds. My *Domitia* think not

I flatter, though thus fond. On to the Capitol,
 'Tis Death to him that wears a fullen Brow.
 This 'tis to be a Monarch, when alone
 He can command all, but is aw'd by none. [Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

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

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Philargus, Parthenius.

Philargus. MY Son to tutor me!—Know your Obedience,
 And question not my Will.

Parthenius. Sir, were I one,
 Whom Want compell'd to wish a full Possession
 Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd
 Your Years, or thought you liv'd too long, with Reason
 You then might nourish ill Opinions of me:
 Or did the Suit that I prefer to you
 Concern myself, and aim'd not at your Good,
 You might deny, and I sit down with Patience,
 And after never press you.

Philargus. I' th' Name of *Pluto*
 What would'st thou have me do?

Parthenius. Right to yourself;
 Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
 This nasty Hat, this tatter'd Cloak, rent Shoe,
 This sordid Linnen can become the Master
 Of your fair Fortunes? Whose superfluous Means
 (Though I were burthenfome) could cloth you in
 The costliest *Persian* Silks, studded with Jewels,
 The Spoils of Provinces, and every Day
 Fresh Change of *Tyrian* Purple.

U

Philargus.

Philar. Out upon thee!
My Moneys in my Coffers melt to hear thee,
Purple! hence Prodigal! shall I make my Mercer
Or Taylor my Heir, or see my Jeweller purchase?
No, I hate Pride.

Parthen. Yet Decency would do well.
Though for your Outside you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your Belly Nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted when 'tis cram'd
With mouldy Barley-bread, Onions, and Leeks,
And, the Drink of Bondmen, Water.

Philar. Would'st thou have me
Be an *Apicius*, or a *Lucullus*,
And riot out my 'State in curious Sauces?
Wise Nature with a little is contented;²
And, following her, my Guide, I cannot err.

Parthen. But you destroy her in your want of Care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect Health and Vigour, when you suffer
(Frighted with the Charge of Physick) Rheums, Catarrhs,
The Scurf, Ach in your Bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your Fate with too much sparing;
When a cheap Purge, a Vomit and good Diet
May lengthen it, give me but Leave to send
The Emperor's Doctor to you.

Philar. I'll be borne first
Half rotten to the Fire that must consume me,
His Pills, his Cordials, his Electuaries,
His Syrups, Julips, Bezoar Stone, nor his
Imagin'd Unicorn's Horn comes in my Belly;
My Mouth shall be a Draught first, 'tis resolv'd.

² *Wise Nature with a little is contented.*

There are many Sentiments in several of the Poets similar to this;
Shakespeare in his *King Lear* has the following.

O, reason not the Need: Our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest Things superfluous;
Allow not Nature more than Nature needs,
Man's Life is cheap as Beasts.

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden Heap,
 Which, every Hour increasing does renew
 My Youth, and Vigour; but, if lessen'd, then—
 Then my poor Heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
 And brood o'er't while I live, it being my Life,
 My Soul, my All. But when I turn to Dust,
 And part from what is more esteem'd by me
 Than all the Gods *Rome's* thousand Altars smoke to,
 Inherit thou my Adoration of it,
 And, like me, serve my Idol. [Exit Philargus.

Parthen. What a strange Torture
 Is Avarice to itself! what Man that looks on
 Such a penurious Spectacle but must
 Know what the Fable meant of *Tantalus*,
 Or th' Afs whose Back is crack'd with curious Viands
 Yet feeds on Thistles. Some Course I must take,
 To make my Father know what Cruelty
 He uses on himself.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
 I make bold to enquire the Emp'ror's Pleasure,
 For, being by him commanded to attend,
 Your Favour may instruct us what's his Will
 Shall be this Night presented?

Parthen. My lov'd *Paris*,
 Without my Intercession you well know
 You may make your own Approaches, since his Ear
 To you is ever open.

Paris. I acknowledge
 His Clemency to my Weakness, and, if ever
 I do abuse it, Lightning strike me dead.
 The Grace he pleases to confer upon me
 (Without Boast I may say so much) was never
 Employ'd to wrong the Innocent, or to incense
 His Fury.

Parthen. 'Tis confess'd, many Men owe you
 For Provinces they ne'er hop'd for; and their Lives

Forfeited to his Anger—you being absent,
I could say more.

Paris. You still are my good Patron ;
And, lay it in my Fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your Clients
To his best Abilities thankful.

Parthen. I believe so.
Met you my Father ?

Paris. Yes, Sir ; with much Grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself ?

Parthen. O *Paris*, 'tis a Weight
Sits heavy here, and could this Right-hand's Loss
Remove it, it should off ; but he is deaf
To all Persuasion.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
I'll offer my Advice : I once observ'd³
In a Tragedy of ours, in which a Murder
Was acted to the Life, a guilty Hearer,
Forc'd by the Terror of a wounded Conscience,
To make Discovery of that, which Torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an Impossibility, but that
Your Father, looking on a covetous Man
Presented on the Stage, as in a Mirror,
May see his own Deformity, and loath it.
Now, could you but persuade the Emperor
To see a Comedy we have, that's stil'd
The Cure of Avarice, and to command

³ ——— I once observ'd
In a Tragedy of ours, &c.

In *Hamlet* there is a Passage like his, which *Maffinger* seems to have copied.

I've heard, that guilty Creatures, at a Play
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it have no Tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ.

ACT II. the last Scene.
Your

Your Father to be a Spectator of it,
 He shall be so anatomiz'd in the Scene,
 And see himself so personated; the Baseness
 Of a self-torturing miserable Wretch
 Truly describ'd, that I much hope the Object
 Will work Compunction in him.

Parthen. There's your Fee,
 I ne'er bought better Counsel. Be you in readiness
 I will effect the rest.

Paris. Sir, when you please,
 We'll be prepar'd to enter.—Sir, the Emperour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cæsar, Aretinus, Guard.

Cæs. Repine at us?

Aret. 'Tis more, or my Informers,
 That keep strict Watch upon him, are deceiv'd
 In their Intelligence; there is a List
 Of Malecontents, as *Junius Rusticus*,
Palphurius Sura, and this *Ælius Lamia*,
 That murmur at your Triumphs as meer Pageants;
 And at their Midnight Meetings tax your Justice
 (For so I style what they call Tyranny)
 For *Pætus Thrasea's* Death, as if in him
 Virtue herself were murther'd; nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his Service done
 In the reducing *Britany* to Obedience,
 They dare affirm to be remov'd with Poison;
 And he compell'd to write you a Coheir
 With his Daughter, that his Testament might stand,
 Which else you had made void. Then your much Love
 To *Julia* your Niece, censur'd as Incest,
 And done in Scorn of *Titus* your dead Brother:
 But the Divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to sign
 To her, you honour with *Augusta's* Title,
 Being only nam'd, they do conclude there was
 A *Lucrece* once, a *Collatine*, and a *Brutus*;
 But nothing *Roman* left now, but, in you,
 The Lust of *Tarquin*.

Cæs. Yes, his Fire, and Scorn
 Of such as think that our unlimited Power
 Can be confin'd. Dares *Lamia* pretend
 An Interest to that which I call mine?
 Or but remember, she was ever his
 That's now in our Possession?—Fetch him hither.

[*The Guards go off.*]

I'll give him Cause to wish he rather had
 Forgot his own Name, than e'er mention'd hers.
 Shall we be circumscrib'd? Let such as cannot
 By Force make good their Actions, though wicked,
 Conceal, excuse, or qualify their Crimes:
 What our Desires grant Leave, and Privilege to,
 Though contradicting all Divine Decrees,
 Or Laws confirm'd by *Romulus*, and *Numa*,
 Shall be held sacred.

Arct. You should, else, take from
 The Dignity of *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Am I Master
 Of two and thirty Legions, that awe
 All Nations of the triumphed World,
 Yet tremble at our Frown, yield an Account
 Of what's our Pleasure to a private Man?
Rome perish first, and *Atlas'* Shoulders shrink;
 Heav'n's Fabrick fall; the Sun, the Moon, the Stars
 Losing their Light, and comfortable Heat,
 Ere I confess, that any Fault of mine
 May be disputed.

Arct. So you preserve your Power,
 As you should equal, and omnipotent here,
 With *Jupiter's* above.

Enter Parthenius.

[*He kneels and whispers to Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Thy Suit is granted
 Whate'er it be, *Parthenius*, for thy Service
 Done to *Augusta*. Only so? A Trifle:
 Command him hither. If the Comedy fail
 To cure him, I will minister something to him

That

That shall instruct him to forget his Gold,
And think upon himself.

Parthen. May it succeed well,
Since my Intent's are pious. [Exit. Parthenius.

Cæs. We are resolv'd
What Course to take; and therefore, *Aretinus*,
Inquire no further. Go you to my Empress,
And say, I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all Men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The Musick of her Voice, at yonder Window,
When I advance my Hand, thus. I will blend
[Exit Aretinus.

My Cruelty with some Scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater Violence, and Hate clothed in Smiles,
Strikes, and with Horror, dead the Wretch that comes
not
Prepar'd to meet it.

Enter Lamia with the Guard.

Our good *Lamia*, welcome.
So much we owe you for a Benefit
With Willingness on your Part confer'd upon us,
That 'tis our Study, we that would not live
Engag'd to any for a Courtesy,
How to return it.

Lamia. 'Tis beneath your Fate
To be oblig'd, that in your own Hand grasp
The Means to be magnificent.

Cæs. Well put off;
But yet it must not do: The Empire, *Lamia*,
Divided equally can hold no Weight,
If ballanc'd with your Gift in fair *Domitia*.
You that could part with all Delights at once,
The Magazine of rich Pleasures being contain'd
In her Perfections, uncompell'd deliver'd,
As a Present fit for *Cæsar*. In your Eyes
With Tears of Joy, not Sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
You glory in your Act.

Lamia. Dericided too!

Sir, this is more.—

Cæs. More than I can requite ;
It is acknowledg'd, *Lamia.* There's no Drop⁴
Of melting Nectar I taste from her Lip,
But yields a Touch of Immortality
To th' blest Receiver ; every Grace and Feature,
Priz'd to the Worth bought at an easy Rate,
If purchas'd for a Consulship. Her Discourse
So ravishing, and her Action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other Senses
Provided I might ever see, and hear her.
The Pleasures of her Bed I dare not trust
The Winds or Air with ; for that would draw down,
In Envy of my Happiness, a War
From all the Gods upon me.

Lamia. Your Compassion
To me in your forbearing to insult
On my Calamity, which you make your Sport,
Would more appease those Gods you have provok'd
Than all the blasphemous Comparisons,
You sing unto her Praise.

Cæs. I sing her Praise ?
'Tis far from my Ambition to hope it.
It being a Debt she only can lay down,
And no Tongue else discharge.

[*Musick above, and a Song.*]

Hark, I think, prompted
With my Consent that you once more should heard her,
She does begin.—An universal Silence
Dwell on this Place : 'Tis Death with lingring Torments

⁴ ———— *There's no Drop
Of melting Nectar, &c.*

Shakespear makes *Anthony*, speaking of *Cleopatra*, say,
Age cannot wither her, nor Custom stale
Her infinite Variety : Other Women cloy,
The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

But *Massinger* here much exceeds *Shakespear*.

To all that dare disturb her. Who can hear this
 And falls not down and worship? In my fancy
Apollo being Judge on *Latinos* Hill,
 Fair hair'd *Calliope* on her Ivory Lute
 (But something short of this) sung *Ceres'* Praises
 And grievously *Pluto's* Rape on *Proserpine*.
 The Motion of the Spheres are out of Time
 Her musical Notes but heard. Say, *Lamia*, say,—
 Is not her Voice angelical?

Lamia. To your Ear:

But I, alas! am silent.

Cæs. Be so ever,

That without Admiration can't hear her.
 Malice to my Felicity strikes thee dumb,
 And, in thy Hope, or Wish, to repossess
 What I love more than Empire, I pronounce thee
 Guilty of Treason.—Off with this Head. Do you stare?
 By her that is my Patroness, *Minerva*,
 (Whose Statue I adore, of all the Gods)
 If he but live to make Reply, thy Life
 Shall answer it.

[*The Guards lead off Lamia, stopping his Mouth.*

My Fears of him are freed now;
 And he that liv'd, to upbraid me with my Wrong
 For an Offence he never could imagine,
 In Wantonness remov'd. Descend, my dearest.
 Plurality of Husbands shall no more
 Breed Doubts or Jealousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd,
 And with as little Trouble here, as if
 I had kill'd a Fly.

*Enter Domitia, usher'd in by Aretinus, her Train with all
 State born up by Julia, Cænis, and Domitilla.*

Now you appear, and in
 That Glory you deserve, and these, that stop
 To do you Service, in the Act much honour'd.
Julia forget that *Titus* was thy Father;
Cænis and *Domitilla* ne'er remember
Sabinus, or *Vespatian*. To be Slaves

To

To her, is more true Liberty then to live
Partbian or *Asian* Queens. As lesser Stars,
 That wait on *Phabe* in her full of Brightness,
 Compar'd to her you are. Thus I feat you
 By *Cæsar's* Side, commanding these, that once
 Were the adored Glories of the Time,
 To witness to the World they are your Vassals
 At your Feet to attend you.

Domitia. 'Tis your Pleasure,
 And not my Pride: And yet, when I consider
 That I am yours, all Duties they can pay
 I do receive as Circumstances due
 To her you please to honour.

Enter Parthenius with Philargus.

Parthen. *Cæsar's* Will
 Commands you hither, nor must you gain-say it.

Philarg. Lose Time to see an Interlude? Must I pay
 too

For my Vexation?

Parthen. Not in the Court,
 It is the Emperor's Charge.

Philarg. I shall endure
 My Torment, then, the better.

Cæf. Can it be
 This sordid Thing, *Parthenius*, is thy Father?
 No Actor can express him. I had held
 The Fiction for impossible in the Scene,
 Had I not seen the Substance. Sirrah, sit still,
 And give Attention; if you but nod,
 You sleep for ever. Let them spare the Prologue,
 And all the Ceremonies proper to ourself
 And come to the last Act—there, where the Cure
 By the Doctor is made perfect. The swift Minutes
 Seem Years to me, *Domitia*, that divorce thee
 From my Embraces. My Desires encreasing
 As they are satisfied, all Pleasures else
 Are tedious as dull Sorrows. Kifs me, again:
 If I now wanted Heat of Youth, these Fires

In *Priam's* Veins would thaw his frozen Blood,
 Enabling him to get a second *Hector*
 For the Defence of *Troy*.

Domitia. You are wanton!—

Pray you forbear. Let me see the Play.

Cæs. Begin there.

*Enter Paris like a Doctor of Physick, Æsopus, Latinus
 brought forth asleep in a Chair, a Key in his Mouth.*

Æsop. O Master Doctor, he is past Recovery;
 A Lethargy hath seiz'd him: And, however
 His Sleep resemble Death, his watchful Care
 To guard that Treasure he dares make no Use of,
 Works strongly in his Soul.

Paris. What's that he holds
 So fast between his Teeth?

Æsop. The Key that opens
 His Iron Chests cram'd with accursed Gold,
 Rusty with long Imprisonment. There's no Duty
 In me his Son, nor Confidence in Friends,
 That can persuade him to deliver up
 That to the Trust of any.

Philar. He is the wiser:
 We were fashion'd in one Mould.

Æsop. He eats with it;
 And, when Devotion calls him to the Temple
 Of *Mammon*, whom of all the Gods he kneels to,
 That held thus still, his Orisons are paid;
 Nor will he, though the Wealth of *Rome* were pawn'd
 For the restoring of it, for one short Hour
 Be won to part with it.

Philar. Still, still myself:
 And if, like me, he lov'd his Gold, no Pawn
 Is good Security.

Paris. I'll try if I can force it.—
 It will not be. His avaritious Mind
 (Like Men in Rivers drown'd) makes him gripe fast,
 To his last Gasp, what he in Life held dearest,
 And, if that it were possible in Nature,

Would

Would carry it with him to the other World.

Philar. As I would do, to Hell rather than leave it.

Æsop. Is he not dead?

Paris. Long since, to all good Actions,
Or to himself, or others, for which wise Men
Desire to live. You may with Safety pinch him,
Or under his Nails stick Needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious Fear to lose what his Soul dotes on,
Renders his Flesh insensible. We must use
Some Means to rouse the sleeping Faculties
Of his Mind, there lies the Lethargy. Take a Trumpet
And blow it into his Ears, 'tis to no Purpose;
The roaring Noise of Thunder cannot wake him:
—And yet despair not; I have one Trick left.

Æsop. What is it?

Paris. I will cause a fearful Dream
To steal into his Fancy, and disturb it
With th' Horror it brings with it, and so free
His Body's Organs.

Domitia. 'Tis a cunning Fellow;
If he were a Doctor as the Play says,
He should be sworn my Servant, govern my Slumbers,
And minister to me waking.

Paris. If this fail, [A Chest brought in.
I'll give him o'er. So with all Violence
Rend ope this Iron Chest; for here his Life lies
Bound up in Fetters, and in the Defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return
And fill each Vein and Artery—Louder yet.
'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir, mark with what Trouble.

[Latinus stretches himself.

Philar. As you are *Cæsar*,
Defend this honest thrifty Man;—they're Thieves,
And come to rob him.

Parthen. Peace! the Emperor frowns.

Paris. So, now pour out the Bags upon the Table,
Remove his Jewels, and his Bonds again,
Ring a second golden Peal, his Eyes are open:

He

He stares as he had seen *Medusa's* Head,
And were turn'd Marble.—Once more.

Lat. Murther, Murther,—
They come to murther me. My Son in the Plot?
Thou worse than Paricide! if it be Death
To strike thy Father's Body, can all Tortures,
The Furies in Hell practife, be sufficient
For thee that dost affassinate my Soul?
My Gold! my Bonds! my Jewels! dost thou envy
My glad Possession of them for a Day?
Extinguishing the Taper of my Life
Consum'd unto the Snuff?

Paris. Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, deny'd myself
The Joys of human Being? Scrap'd and hoarded
A Mass of Treasure, which had *Solon* seen
The *Lydian Cræsus* had appear'd to him
Poor as the Beggar *Irus*: And yet I,
Sollicitous to encrease it, when my Intrails
Were clam'd with keeping a perpetual Fast,
Was deaf to their loud windy Cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one Penny to their Use,
My Heir might curse me: And, to save Expence
In outward Ornaments, I did expose
My naked Body to the Winter's Cold,
And Summer's scorching Heat. Nay, when Diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little Cost
Had purchas'd my Recovery, I chose rather
To have my Ashes clos'd up in my Urn,
By hastning on my Fate, than to diminish
The Gold my Prodigal Son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.

Æsop. Would you dispatch and die once,
Your Ghost should feel in Hell, that is my Slave
Which was your Master.

Philar. Out upon thee, Varlet!

Paris. And what then follows all your carke, and
caring,
And Self-affliction, when your starv'd Trunk is

Turn'd

urn'd to forgotten Dust? This hopeful Youth
 Uines upon your Monument, ne'er remembering
 How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells
 To the Companions of his Lusts, and Riots,
 The Hell you did endure on Earth, to leave him
 Large Means to be an *Epicure*, and to feast
 His Senses all at once, a Happiness
 You never granted to yourself, your Gold then
 (Got with Vexation, and preserv'd with Trouble)
 Maintains the public Stews, Panders, and Ruffians,
 That quaff Damnation to your Memory,
 For living so long here.

Lat. It will be so, I see it.

O! that I could redeem the Time that's past,
 I would live, and die like myself; and make true Use
 Of what my Industry purchas'd.

Paris. Covetous Men,
 Having one Foot in the Grave lament so ever:
 But, grant that I by Art could yet recover
 Your desperate Sicknes, lengthen out your Life
 A dozen of Years, as I restore your Body
 To perfect Health, will you with Care endeavour
 To rectify your Mind?

Lat. I should so live then,
 As neither my Heir should have just Cause to think
 I liv'd too long, for being close-handed to him,
 Or cruel to myself.

Paris. Have your Desires;
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
 The ruin'd Building of your Health: And think not
 You have a Son that hates you; the Truth is,
 This Means with his Consent I practis'd on you
 To this good End, it being a Device,
 In you to shew the *Cure of Avarice*.

[*Exeunt Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.*]

Philar. An old Fool, to be gull'd thus! had he died,
 As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,
 It had gone off twanging.

Cæs. How approve you Sweetest,
Of the Matter, and the Actors?

Domitia. For the Subject,
I like it not; it was filch'd out of *Horace*.
—Nay, I have read the Poets: But the Fellow,
That play'd the Doctor, did it well, by *Venus*;
He had a tunable Tongue and neat Delivery;
And yet, in my Opinion, he would perform
A Lover's Part much better. Pr'thee, *Cæsar*,
For I grow weary, let us see To-morrow
Iphis and *Anaxarete*.

Cæs. Any Thing
For thy Delight, *Domitia*. To your rest
Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her.
There is a Business that I must dispatch,
And I will straight be with you.

[*Exeunt* Aretinus, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla.

Parthen. Now, my Dread Sir,
Endeavour to prevail.

Cæs. One Way or other,
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, *Philargus*,
Thou wretched Thing, hast thou seen thy fordid Base-
ness?

And but observ'd what a contemptible Creature
A covetous Miser is? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true Compunction with a Resolution
To be a new Man?

Philar. This craz'd Body's *Cæsar's*;
But for my Mind——

Cæs. Trifle not with my Anger.
Canst thou make good Use of what was now presented;
And imitate, in thy sudden Change of Life,
The miserable rich Man, that express'd
What thou art to the Life?

Philar. Pray you give me Leave
To die as I have liv'd. I must not part with
My Gold; it is my Life.—I am past Cure.

Cæs. No; by *Minerva* thou shalt never more
Feel the least Touch of Avarice—Take him hence

And

And hang him instantly. If there be Gold in Hell
Enjoy it—thine here and thy Life together
Is forfeited.

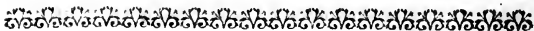
Philas. Was I sent for to this Purpose?

Parthen. Mercy for all my Service! *Cæsar*, Mercy!

Cæf. Should *Jove* plead for him, 'tis resolv'd he dies,
And he that speaks one Syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not—It is but Justice:
Since such, as wilfully, will hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my Cruelty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Second Act.



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

A Garden of the Palace.

Enter Julia, Domitilla, Stephanos.

Julia. **N**O, *Domitilla*; if you but compare
What I have suffer'd with your Injuries,
(Though great ones, I confess) they will appear
Like Molehills to *Olympus*.

Domitilla. You are tender
Of your own Wounds, which makes you lose the Feel-
ing

And Sense of mine. The Incest he committed
With you, and publickly profess'd, in Scorn
Of what the World durst censure, may admit
Some weak Defence, as being born headlong to it,
But in a manly Way, to enjoy your Beauties.
Besides, won by his Perjuries that he would
Salute you with the Title of *Augusta*,
Your faint Denial shov'd a full Consent,
And grant to his Temptations: But, poor I,
That would not yield, but was with Violence forc'd

To

To serve his Lufts, and in a kind *Tiberius*
At *Caprae* never practis'd, have not here
One confcious Touch to rife up my Accufer,
I in my Will being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me,
Great Princeffes, though I presume to tell you,
Wasting your Time in childish Lamentations,
You do degenerate from the Blood you fpring from:
For there is something more in *Rome* expected
From *Titus'* Daughter, and his Uncle's Heir,
Than Womanifh Complaints, after fuch Wrongs
Which Mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll fay,
Your Hands are weak, and, fhould you but attempt
A juft Revenge on this inhuman Monster,
This Prodigy of Mankind, bloody *Domitian*
Hath ready Words at his Command, as well
As Iflands to confine you, to remove
His Doubts, and Fears, did he but entertain
The leaft Suspicion you contriv'd or plotted
Againft his Perfon.

Julia. 'Tis true, *Stephanos*;
The Legions that fack'd *Jerufalem*
Under my Father *Titus*, are fworn his,
And I no more remember'd.

Domitilla. And to lofe
Ourfelves by building on impoffible Hopes,
Were desperate Madnefs.

Steph. You conclude too faft——
One fingle Arm, whofe Master does contemn
His own Life, holds a full Command o'er his,
'Spite of his Guards. I was your Bondman, Lady,
And you my gracious Patronefs; my Wealth,
And Liberty your Gift; and, though no Soldier,
To whom or Cufdom, or Example, makes
Grim Death appear lefs terrible, I dare die
To do you Service in a fair Revenge:
And it will better fuit your Births and Honours
To fall at once, then to live ever Slaves
To his proud Emprefs, that infults upon

Your patient Sufferings. Say but you Go on,
And I will reach his Heart, or perish in
The noble Undertaking.

Domitilla. Your free Offer
Confirms your Thankfulness, which I acknowledge
A Satisfaction for a greater Debt
Than what you stand engag'd for : but I must not
Upon uncertain Grounds hazard so grateful,
And good a Servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a Prince, though sold to impious Acts,
And seem to slumber 'till his roaring Crimes
Awake their Justice : But then, looking down,
And with impartial Eyes, on his Contempt
Of all Religion, and moral Goodness,
They in their secret Judgments do determine
To leave him to his Wickedness, which sinks him
When he is most secure.

Julia. His Cruelty
Increasing daily, of Necessity
Must render him as odious to his Soldiers,
Familiar Friends, and Freemen, as it hath done
Already to the Senate : Then forsaken
Of his Supporters, and grown terrible
Ev'n to himself, and her he now so dotes on,
We may put into Act, what now, with Safety,
We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepar'd
To execute, when you please to command me :
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates his Country from a Tyrant,
Than he that saves a Citizen.

Julia. O, here's *Cænis*.

[*Enter Cænis.*

Domitilla. Whence come you ?

Cænis. From the Empress, who seems mov'd
In that you wait no better. Her Pride's grown
To such a Height, that she disdains the Service
Of her own Women ; and esteems herself
Neglected, when the Princesses of the Blood,
On every coarse Employment, are not ready
To stoop to her Commands.

Domi-

Domitilla. Where is her Greatness ?

Cænis. Where you would little think she could descend
To grace the Room or Persons.

Julia. Speak, where is she ?

Cænis. Among the Players, where, all State laid by,
She does enquire who acts This Part, who That,
And in what Habits ? Blames the Tire-women
For want of curious Dressings ; and so taken
She is with *Paris* the Tragedian's Shape,
That is to act a Lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitilla. In the mean Time
How spends she the Emperor his Hours ?

Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore ; in being cruel
To innocent Men, whose Virtues he calls Crimes.
And, but this Morning, if't be possible,
He hath out-gone himself, having condemn'd
At *Aretinus* his Informer's Suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good *Junius Rusticus*,
Men of the best Repute in *Rome* for their
Integrity of Life ; no Fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel Sentence
On *Pætus Thracea* the Philosopher,
Their Patron and Instructor.

Steph. Can *Jove* see this
And hold his Thunder !

Domitilla. *Nero* and *Caligula*
Commanded only Mischiefs ; but our *Cæsar*
Delights to see 'em.

Julia. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with Silence.

Cænis. We are call'd for
By our proud Mistresses.

Domitilla. We a-while must suffer.

Steph. It is true Fortitude to stand firm against
All Shocks of Fate, when Cowards faint and die
In Fear to suffer more Calamity,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.**Enter Cæsar, Parthenius.**Cæf.* They are then in Fetters?*Parthen.* Yes, Sir. But——*Cæf.* But? What?

I'll have thy Thoughts; deliver them.

Parthen. I shall, Sir:But still submitting to your God-like Pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed?*Cæf.* To the Point.*Parthen.* Nor let your sacred Majesty believe
Your Vassal, that with dry Eyes look'd upon
His Father drag'd to Death by your Command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.*Cæf.* Well: Forward.*Parthen.* 'Tis my ZealStill to preserve your Clemency admir'd
Temper'd with Justice, that emboldens me
To offer my Advice. Alas! I know, Sir,
These Bookmen, *Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*,
Deserve all Tortures. Yet in my Opinion,
They being popular Senators, and cried up
With loud Applauses of the Multitude,
For foolish Honesty, and beggarly Virtue,
'Twould relish more of Policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite Torments
You please, it skills not, than to have them drawn
To the Decrees in publick; for 'tis doubted
That the sad Object may beget Compassion
In the giddy Rout, and cause some sudden Uproar
That may disturb you.*Cæf.* Hence, pale-spirited Coward!
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As, or to court the People's Love, or fear
Their worst of Hate? Can they, that are as Dust
Before the Whirlwind of our Will and Power,

Add

Add any Moment to us? Or thou think,
 If there are Gods above, or Goddeffes,
 (But wife *Minerva*, that's mine own, and sure)
 That they have vacant Hours to take into
 Their serious Protection, or Care,
 This many-headed Monster? Mankind lives
 In few, as potent Monarchs and their Peers;
 And all those glorious Constellations
 That do adorn the Firmament, appointed,
 Like Grooms, with their bright Influence to attend
 The Actions of Kings, and Emperors,
 They being the greater Wheels that move the less.
 Bring forth those condemn'd Wretches; let me see
 One Man so lost, as but to pity 'em,
 And though there lay a Million of Souls
 Imprison'd in his Flesh, my Hangmens Hooks
 Should rend it off and give 'em Liberty.

—*Cæsar* hath said it.

[*Exit Parthenius.*]

Enter Parthenius, Aretinus, and the Guard; Executioners dragging in Junius Rusticus, and Palpharius Sura, bound Back to Back.

Aret. 'Tis great *Cæsar's* Pleasure,
 That with fix'd Eyes you carefully observe
 The Peoples Looks. Charge upon any Man
 That with a Sigh, or Murmur does express
 A seeming Sorrow for these Traytors Deaths.
 —You know his Will, perform it.

Cæf. A good Blood-hound,
 And fit for my Employments.

Sur. Give us Leave
 To die, fell Tyrant.

Rust. For, beyond our Bodies,
 Thou hast no Power.

Cæf. Yes; I'll afflict your Souls,
 And force them groaning to the *Stygian* Lake
 Prepar'd for such to howl in, that blasphemè
 The Power of Princes, that are Gods on Earth.

Tremble to think how terrible the Dream is
After this Sleep of Death.

Rust. To guilty Men ⁵

It may bring Terror ; not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his Example
For whom we suffer. In my Thought I see
The Substance of that pure untainted Soul,
Of *Thraceas*, our Master, made a Star,
That with melodious Harmony invites us
(Leaving this Dunghill *Rome*, made Hell by thee)
To trace his heav'nly Steps, and fill a Sphere
Above yon Chrystal Canopy.

Cæs. Do, invoke him

With all the Aids his Sanctity of Life
Have won on the Rewarders of his Virtue ;
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin ? torment
'em. [*The Hangmen torment 'em, they still*

So, take a Leaf of *Seneca* now, and prove *smiling*.
If it can render you insensible

Of that which but begins here. Now an Oil,
Drawn from the Stoick's frozen Principles,
Predominant o'er Fire, were useful for you.—

Again, again.—You trifle.—Not a Groan ?——

Is my Rage lost ? What cursed Charms defend 'em !
Search deeper, Villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel ?

Aret. Over-merciful.

'Tis all your Weakness, Sir.

Partb. I dare not shew

A Sign of Sorrow ; yet my Sinews shrink,
The Spectacle is so horrid.

[*Aside.*

⁵ ——— *To guilty Men*

It may bring Terror, &c.

There are many Passages in the Poets similar to this : Mr. *Dryden*,
in *Oedipus*, has the following :

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad :
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bugbear dress'd
To frighten Children ; pull but off his Mask,
And he'll appear a Friend,

Cæs.

Cæs. I was never
 O'ercome till now.—For my Sake, roar a little,
 And shew you are corporeal, and not turn'd
 Aërial Spirits.—Will it not do? By *Pallas*,
 It is unkindly done to mock his Fury
 Whom the World stiles Omnipotent. I'm tortur'd
 In their Want of feeling Torments. *Marius' Story*,
 That does report him to have sat unmov'd
 When cunning Chirurgions ripp'd his Arteries,
 And Veins, to cure his Goat, compar'd to this,
 Deserves not to be nam'd.—Are they not dead?
 If not, we wash an *Æthiope*.

Sur. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm Patience treading
 Upon the Neck of Tyranny. That securely,
 (As 'twere a gentle Slumber) we endure
 Thy Hangmens studied Tortures, is a Debt
 We owe to grave Philosophy, that instructs us,
 The Flesh is but the Cloathing of the Soul,
 Which growing out of Fashion, though it be
 Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
 Being itself Divine, in her best Lustre.
 But unto such as thou, that hast no Hopes
 Beyond the present, every little Scar;
 The Want of Rest; Excess of Heat or Cold
 That does inform them only they are mortal,
 Pierce through, and through them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and I give thee Warning of it:
 Though it is in thy Will to grind this Earth
 As small as Atoms, they thrown in the Sea too,
 They shall seem recollected to thy Sense;
 And, when the sandy Building of thy Greatness
 Shall with its own Weight totter, look to see me,
 As I was Yesterday, in my perfect Shape;
 For I'll appear in Horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
 I am the Guilty Man, and not the Judge.
 Drag from my Sight these cursed ominous Wizards,

That as they're now, like to double-fac'd *Janus*
Which Way foe'er I look, are Furies to me.
—Away with 'em. First shew them Death, then leave
No Memory of their Ashes. I'll mock Fate.

[*Exeunt Executioners with Rusticus and Sura,*
Stephanos following.

Shall Words fright him victorious Armies circle?
No, no, the Fever does begin to leave me.

Enter Domitia, Julia, Cænis.

Or, were it deadly, from this living Fountain
I could renew the Vigour of my Youth,
And be a second *Virbius*. O my Glory!
My Life! command my All!

Domitia. As you to me are. [Embracing and
kissing mutually,

I heard you were sad; I have prepar'd you Sport
Will banish Melancholy. Sirrah, *Cæsar*,
(I hug myself for't) I have been instructing
The Players how to act, and, to cut off
All tedious Impertinency, have contracted
The Tragedy into one continu'd Scene.
I have the Art of't, and am taken more
With my Ability that Way, than all Knowledge
I have, but of thy Love.

Cæf. Thou'rt still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest ———

Domitia. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good Opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and, to humble
The Pride of *Domitilla* that neglects me,
(Howe'er she is your Cousin) I have forc'd her
To play the Part of *Anaxarete*.
You're not offended with it?

Cæf. Any thing,
That does content thee, yields Delight to me:
My Faculties and Powers are thine.

Domitia. I thank you:

Prithee let's take our Places. Bid 'em enter
 [After a short Flourish, enter Paris as Iphis.
 Without more Circumstance. How do you like
 That Shape? Methinks it is most suitable
 To the Aspect of a despairing Lover.
 The seeming late-fal'n, counterfeited Tears
 That hang upon his Cheeks, was my Device.

Cæs. And all was excellent.

Domitia. Now hear him speak.

Paris. That she is fair (and that an Epithet
 Too foul to express her) or descended nobly,
 Or rich, or fortunate, are certain Truths
 In which poor *Iphis* glories. But that these
 Perfections, in no other Virgin found,
 Abus'd, should nourish Cruelty, and Pride,
 In the divinest *Anaxarete*,
 Is, to my love-sick languishing Soul, a Riddle,
 And with more Difficulty to be solv'd,
 Than that, the Monster *Sphinx* from the steepy Rock
 Offer'd to *Oedipus*. Imperious Love,
 As at thy ever-flaming Altars *Iphis*,
 Thy never-tired Votary, hath presented
 With scalding Tears whole Hecatombs of Sighs,
 Preferring thy Power, and thy *Paphian* Mother's,
 Before the Thunderer's, *Neptune's*, or *Pluto's*,
 (That after *Saturn* did divide the World,
 And had the Sway of Things) yet were compell'd
 By thy unavoidable Shafts to yield,
 And fight under thy Ensigns, be auspicious
 To this last Trial of my Sacrifice
 Of Love, and Service.

Domitia. Does he not act it rarely?
 Observe with what a Feeling he delivers
 His Orisons to *Cupid*; I am rap'd with't.

Paris. And from thy never emptied Quiver take
 A golden Arrow, to transfix her Heart,
 And force her love like me; or cure my Wound
 With a leaden one, that may beget in me
 Hate and Forgetfulness, of what's now my Idol.

But

But I call back my Prayer ; I have blasphem'd
 In my rash Wish. 'Tis I that am unworthy ;
 But she all Merit, and may in Justice challenge
 From the Assurance of her Excellencies,
 Not Love, but Adoration. Yet, bear Witness,
 All-knowing Powers ! I bring along with me,
 As faithful Advocates to make Intercession,
 A loyal Heart, with pure and holy Flames,
 With the foul Fires of Lust never polluted.
 And, as I touch her Threshold (which with Tears,
 My Limbs benumb'd with Cold, I oft have wash'd)
 With my glad Lips, I kiss this Earth, grown proud
 With frequent Favours from her delicate Feet.

Domitia. By *Cæsar's* Life he weeps.—And I forbear
 Hardly to keep him Company.

Paris. Blest Ground, thy Pardon,
 If I prophane it with forbidden Steps.
 I must presume to knock — and yet attempt it
 With such a trembling Reverence, as if
 My Hands held up for Expiation
 To the incens'd Gods to spare a Kingdom.
 —Within there, ho ! something Divine come forth
 To a distressed Mortal.

Enter Latinus as a Porter.

Latin. Ha ! Who knocks there ?

Domitia. What a churlish Look this Knave has !

Latin. Is't you, Sirrah ?

Are you come to pule and whine ?—Avaunt, and quickly ;
 Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.

Domitia. Churlish Devil !

But that I should disturb the Scene, as I live
 I would tear his Eyes out.

Cæs. 'Tis in Jest, *Domitia.*

Domitia. I do not like such Jestings : If he were not
 A flinty-hearted Slave, he could not use
 One of his Form so harshly. How the Toad swells
 At the other's sweet Humility !

Cæs. 'Tis his Part :—

Let 'em proceed.

Domitia.

Domitia. A Rogue's Part will ne'er leave him.

Paris. As you have, gentle Sir, the Happiness
(When you please) to behold the Figure of
The Master-piece of Nature, limn'd to the Life,
In more than humane *Anaxarete*,
Scorn not your Servant, that with suppliant Hands
Takes hold upon your Knees, conjuring you,
As you're a Man, and did not suck the Milk
Of Wolves, and Tygers, or a Mother of
A rougher Temper, use some Means these Eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your Lady.
Will you be gracious, Sir?

Latin. Though I lose my Place for't,
I can hold out no longer,

Domitia. Now he melts;
There is some little Hope he may die honest.

Enter Domitilla for Anaxarete.

Latin. Madam!

Domitilla. Who calls? What Object have we here?

Domitia. Your Cousin keeps her proud State still, I
I have fitted her for a Part. [think

Domitilla. Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this Thing more?

Paris. I am, indeed,
What Thing you please; a Worm that you may tread on:
Lower I cannot fall to shew my Duty,
Till your Disdain hath digg'd a Grave to cover
This Body with forgotten Dust; and, when
I know your Sentence (cruel'st of Women)
I'll, by a willing Death, remove the Object
That is an Eyefore to you.

Domitilla. Wretch, thou dar'st not;
That were the last, and greatest Service to me
Thy doting Love could boast of. What dull Fool
But thou, could nourish any flatt'ring Hope,
One of my Height, in Youth, in Birth and Fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy Lowness?
Much less consent to make my Lord of one

I'd not accept, though offer'd for my Slave:
My Thoughts stoop not so low.

Domitia. There's her true Nature;
No personated Scorn.

Domitilla. I wrong my Worth,
Or to exchange a Syllable, or Look,
With one so far beneath me.

Paris. Yet, take heed,
Take heed of Pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the Foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. *Niobe*,
Proud of her num'rous Issue, durst contemn
Latona's double Burthen.—But what follow'd?
She was left a childless Mother, and mourn'd to Marble.
The Beauty you o'er-prize so, Time, or Sicknes
Can change to loath'd Deformity; your Wealth
The Prey of Thieves; Queen *Hecuba Troy* fir'd
Ulysses' Bondwoman. But the Love I bring you
Nor Time, nor Sicknes, violent Thieves, nor Fate,
Can ravish from you.

Domitia. Could the Oracle
Give better Counsel!

Paris. Say, will you relent yet?
Revoking your Decree that I should die?
Or, shall I do what you command?—Resolve;
I am impatient of Delay.

Domitilla. Dispatch then:
I shall look on your Tragedy unmov'd;
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A Comedy to me.

Domitia. O Devil! Devil!

Paris. Then thus I take my last Leave. All the
Curfes
Of Lovers fall upon you! and, hereafter,
When any Man, like me contemn'd, shall study
In the Anguish of his Soul to give a Name
To a scornful cruel Mistress, let him only
Say this most bloody Woman is to me,
As *Anaxarete* was to wretched *Iphis*!

Now

Now feast your tyrannous Mind and glory in
The Ruins you have made: For *Hymen's* Bands
That should have made us one, this fatal Halter
For ever shall divorce us; at your Gate,
As a Trophy of your Pride, and my Affliction,
I'll presently hang myself.

Domitia. Not for the World.

—Refrain him as you love your Lives.

Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus, *Domitia*? 'Tis a Play;
Or, grant it serious, it at no Part merits -
This Passion in you.

Paris. I ne'er purpos'd, Madam,
To do the Deed in earnest;—though I bow
To your Care, and Tenderness of me.

Domitia. Let me, Sir,
Intreat your Pardon; what I saw presented
Carried me beyond myself.

Cæs. To your Place again
And see what follows.

Domitia. No, I am familiar
With the Conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indispos'd.

Cæs. To Bed then;
I'll be thy Doctor.

Aret. There is something more
In this than Passion,—which I must find out,
Or my Intelligence freezes.

[*Aside.*]

Domitia. Come to me, *Paris*,
To-morrow, for your Reward.

Steph. Patroness, hear me;
Will you not call for your Share? Sit down with this,
And the next Action, like a *Gaditane* Strumpet,
I shall look to see you tumble.

Domitilla. Pr'thee be Patient.
I, that have suffer'd greater Wrongs, bear this;
And that, till my Revenge, my Comfort is. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis.

Parthen. WHY, 'tis impossible—*Paris?*

Julia. You observ'd not
(As it appears) the Violence of her Passion,
When personating *Iphis*, he pretended
(For your Contempt, fair *Anaxarete*) [To Domitilla.
To hang himself.

Parthen. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange Intemperance of Affection,
As to dote on him.

Domitilla. By my Hopes I think not
That she respects though all here saw, and mark'd it,
Presuming she can mould the Emperor's Will
Into what Form she likes, though we, and all
Th' Informers of the World, conspir'd to cross it.

Cænis. Then with what Eagerness this Morning, urging
The Want of Health, and Rest, she did intreat
Cæsar to leave her.

Domitilla. Who no sooner absent
But she calls, *Dwarf* (so in her Scorn she stiles me)
Put on my Pantofles—fetch Pen, and Paper;
I am to write;—and with distracted Looks,
In her Smock, impatient of so short Delay
As but to have a Mantle thrown upon her,
She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas indors'd,
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Julia. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a Page receiv'd it; let him wait me
And carefully in the Walk, call'd our Retreat,

Where

Where *Cæsar*, in his Fear to give Offence,
Unsent for never enters.

Parthen. This being certain,
(For these are more then jealous Suppositions)
Why do not you, that are so near in Blood,
Discover it?

Domitilla. Alas! you know we dare not:
'Twill be receiv'd for a malicious Practice,
To free us from that Slavery, which her Pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the Ice, on Pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.

Parthen. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all Speed
To fetch in *Asclenario* the *Chaldæan*,
Who in his Absence is condemn'd of Treason
For calculating the Nativity
Of *Cæsar*, with all Confidence fore-telling
In every Circumstance, when he shall die
A violent Death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my Directions, I would have you speak
As much to *Aretinus* as you have
To me deliver'd. He in his own Nature
Being a Spy, on weaker Grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for Goodness-Sake
(With which he never yet held Correspondence)
But to endear his vigilant Observings
Of what concerns the Emperor, and a little
To triumph in the Ruins of this *Paris*,
That cross'd him in the Senate-house.

Enter Aretinus.

—Here he comes

His Nose held up; he hath something in the Wind,
Or I much err already. My Designs
Command me hence, great Ladies; but I leave
My Wishes with you. [Exit Parthenius.]

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
I' th' Trap, my proud *Augusta*?

Domitilla.

Domitilla. What is't raps him ?

Aret. And my fine *Roman Actor* ? Is't even so ?
No coarser Dish to take your wanton Palate
Save that which, but the Emperor, none durst taste of ?
—'Tis very well.—I needs must glory in
This rare Discovery ; but the Rewards
Of my Intelligence, bid me think even now ;
By an Ediſt from *Cæſar* I have Power,
To tread upon the Neck of ſlavish *Rome*,
Diſpoſing Offices and Provinces
To my Kinſmen, Friends and Clients.

Domitilla. This is more
Than uſual with him.

Julia. *Aretinus* !

Aret. How !
No more Reſpect and Reverence tender'd to me
But *Aretinus* ? 'Tis confeſs'd that Title,
When you were Princeſſes, and commanded all,
Had been a Favour ; but being, as you are,
Vaffals to a proud Woman, the worſt Bondage,
You ſtand oblig'd with as much Adoration
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with Strength
To break your Fetters, as tan'd Galley Slaves
Pay ſuch as do redeem them from the Oar :
I come not to intrap you, but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd ; and, to make
Your Liberty ſweeter, you ſhall ſee her fall,
(This Empreſs, this *Domitia*, what you will)
That triumph'd in your Miſeries.

Domitilla. Were you ſerious,
To prove your Accuſation I could lend
Some Help.

Cænis. And I.

Julia. And I.

Aret. No Atom to me.
My Eyes and Ears are every where, I know all ;
To the Line and Action in the Play that took her ;
Her quick Diſſimulation to excuſe
Her being transported, with her Morning Paſſion ;

I brib'd the Boy that did convey the Letter,
 And, having perus'd it, made it up again:
 Your Griefs, and Angers, are to me familiar;
 That *Paris* is brought to her, and how far
 He shall be tempted.

Domitilla. This is above Wonder.

Aret. My Gold can work much stranger Miracles
 Then to corrupt poor Waiters. Here join with me—
 'Tis a Complaint to *Cæsar*. This is that
 Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your Hands
 To th' Accusation?

Julia. And will justify
 What we've subscrib'd to.

Cænis. And with Vehemence.

Domitilla. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me, then.

Enter Cæsar, with his Guard.

Cæs. Let our Lieutenants bring us Victory,
 While we enjoy the Fruits of Peace at Home;
 And, being secur'd from our intestine Foes,
 Far worse than foreign Enemies, Doubts, and Fears,
 Though all the Sky were hung with blazing Meteors,
 Which fond Astrologers give out to be
 Assur'd Prefages of the Change of Empires,
 And Deaths of Monarchs, we undaunted yet,
 Guarded with our own Thunder, bid Defiance
 To them, and Fate, we being too strongly arm'd
 For them to wound us.

Aret. *Cæsar*—

Julia. As thou art
 More than a Man—

Cænis. Let not thy Passions be
 Rebellious to thy Reason— [*The Petition delivered.*]

Domitilla. But receive
 This Trial of your Constancy, as unmov'd
 As you go to, or from the Capitol,
 Thanks given to *Jove* for Triumphs.

Cæs. Ha!

Y

Domi-

Domitilla. Vouchsafe

A while to stay the Lightning of your Eyes
Poor Mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no Vein

Of yours, that rises high with Rage, but is
An Earthquake to us.

Domitilla. And, if not kept clos'd

With more than human Patience in a Moment
Will swallow us to the Center.

Cæsis. Not that we

Repine to serve her, are we her Accusers—

Julia. But that she's fall'n so low.—

Aret. Which on sure Proofs

We can make good.—

Domitilla. And show she is unworthy

Of the least Spark of that diviner Fire
You have confer'd upon her.

Cæf. I stand doubtful,

And unresolv'd what to determine of you.

In this malicious Violence you have offer'd

To the Altar of her Truth, and pureness to me,

You have but fruitlessly labour'd to fully

A white Robe of Perfection, black-mouth'd Envy

Could belch no Spot on—But I will put off

The Deity, you labour to take from me,

And argue out of Probabilities with you,

As if I were a Man. Can I believe

That she, that borrows all her Light from me,

And knows to use it, would betray her Darkness

To your Intelligence? And make that apparent,

Which by her Perturbations in a Play

Was Yesterday but doubted, and find none

But you, that are her Slaves, and therefore hate her,

Whose Aids she might employ to make Way for her?

Or *Aretinus*, whom long since she knew

To be the Cabinet Counsellor, nay, the Key

Of *Cæsar's* Secrets? Could her Beauty raise her

To this unequal'd Height to make her fall

The more remarkable? Or must my Desires

To her, and Wrongs to *Lamia*, be reveng'd
 By her, and on herself, that drew on both?
 Or she leave our Imperial Bed, to court
 A publick Actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
 These more than human Reasons, that have Power
 To clothe base Guilt, in the most glorious Shape
 Of Innocence?

Domitilla. Too well she knew the Strength
 And Eloquence of her Patron to defend her,
 And, thereupon presuming, fell securely,
 Not fearing an Accuser, nor the Truth
 Produc'd against her, which your Love and Favour
 Will ne'er discern from Falshood.

Cæs. I'll not hear
 A Syllable more that may invite a Change
 In my Opinion of her. You have rais'd
 A fiercer War within me by this Fable,
 (Though with your Lives you vow to make it Story)
 Than if, and at one Instant, all my Legions
 Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.
 Here in this Paper are the Swords predestin'd
 For my Destruction; here the fatal Stars,
 That threaten more than Ruin; this the Death's Head
 That does assure me, if she can prove false,
 That I am mortal, which a sadden Fever
 Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
 But now in my full Confidence what she suffers,
 In that, from any Witness but myself,
 I nourish a Suspicion she's untrue,
 My Toughness returns to me. Lead on, Monsters,
 And by the Forfeit of your Lives confirm
 She is all Excellence, as you all Baseness,
 Or let Mankind, for her Fall, boldly swear
 There are no chaste Wives now, nor ever were.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter, Domitia, Paris, Servants.

Domitia. Say we command, that none presume to dare

On forfeit of our Favour, that is Life,
Out of a faucy Curiousness to stand
Within the Distance of their Eyes, or Ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*
—And, Sirrah;

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant Opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Paris. With my humblest Service
I but obey your Summons, and should blush, else,
To be so near you.

Domitia. 'Twould become you rather
To fear, the Greatness of the Grace vouchsaf'd you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your Cups
You boast this Privacy.

Paris. That were, mightiest Empress
To play with Lightning.

Domitia. You conceive it right.
The Means to kill, or save, is not alone
In *Cæsar* circumscrib'd; for, if incens'd,
We have our Thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

Paris. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my Fortune
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your Will,
And then to serve it.

Domitia. And would not a Secret
(Suppose We should commit it to your Trust)
Seal'd you to keep it?

Paris. Though it rag'd within me
Till I turn'd Cinders, it should ne'er have Vent.

To be an Age a dying, and with Torture,
 Only to be thought worthy of your Council,
 Or actuate what you command to me,
 A wretched obscure Thing, not worth your Knowledge,
 Were a perpetual Happiness.

Domitia. We could wish
 That we could credit thee, and cannot find
 In Reason, but that thou, whom oft I've seen
 To personate a Gentleman, Noble, Wife,
 Faithful, and Gainfome, and what Vertues else
 The Poet pleases to adorn you with;
 But that (as Vessels still partake the Odour
 Of the sweet precious Liquors they contain'd)
 Thou must be really in some Degree
 The Thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
 We seriously believe it, and presume
 Our *Paris* is the Volume in which all
 Those excellent Gifts the Stage hath seen him grac'd with
 Are curiously bound up.

Paris. The Argument
 Is the same, great *Augusta*, that, I, acting
 A Fool, a Coward, a Traytor or cold Cinick
 Or any other weak and vicious Person,
 Of force I must be such. O gracious Madam,
 How glorious soever, or deform'd,
 I do appear i' th' Scene, my Part being ended,
 And all my borrow'd Ornaments put off,
 I am no more, nor less, than what I was
 Before I enter'd.

Domitia. Come, you would put on
 A wilful Ignorance, and not understand
 What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain Language,
 Against the decent Modesty of our Sex,
 Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee?
 Or that in our Desires thou art prefer'd,
 And *Cæsar* but thy second? Thou in Justice
 (If from the Height of Majesty we can
 Look down upon thy Lowness and embrace it)
 Art bound with Fervour to look up to me.

Paris. O, Madam! hear me with a patient Ear,
 And be but pleas'd to understand the Reasons
 That do deter me from a Happiness
 Kings would be Rivals for. Can I, that owe
 My Life, and all that's mine, to *Cæsar's* Bounties,
 Beyond my Hopes, or Merits, shower'd upon me,
 Make Payment for them with Ingratitude,
 Falshood, and Treason? Though you have a Shape
 Might tempt *Hypolitus*, and larger Power
 To help, or hurt, than wanton *Phædra* had,
 Let Loyalty, and Duty plead my Pardon
 Though I refuse to satisfy.

Demitia. You're coy,
 Expecting I should court you—let mean Ladies
 Use Prayers, and Intreaties to their Creatures
 To rise up Instruments to serve their Pleasures;
 But, for *Augusta* so to lose herself,
 That holds Command o'er *Cæsar*, and the World,
 Were Poverty of Spirit.—Thou must, thou shalt;
 The Violence of my Passion knows no Mean,
 And in my Punishments, and my Rewards,
 I'll use no Moderation: Take this only
 As a Caution from me, Thread-bare Chastity,⁶
 Is poor in the Advancement of her Servants,
 But Wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
 To have the Salary of Vice weigh down
 The Pay of Virtue. So, without more trifling,
 Thy sudden Answer.

Paris. Oh! what a Straight am I brought in!
 Alas! I know that the Denial's Death;
 Nor can my Grant, discover'd, threaten more.
 Yet to die innocent, and have the Glory
 For all Posterity to report, that I

⁶ ———— *Thread-bare Chastity*
Is poor in the Advancement, &c.

This is a fine Reflection and very just: I will not tire the Reader with similar Quotation, it being impossible either to add, or to detract from its Beauty.

Refus'd an Empress to preserve my Faith
 To my great Master, in true Judgment must
 Show fairer than to buy a guilty Life,
 With Wealth and Honours. 'Tis the Base I build on;
 I dare not, must not, will not.

Domitia. How? Contemn'd?

Since Hopes, nor Fears, in the Extremes, prevail not,
 I must use a Mean. Think who 'tis fues to thee:
 Deny not that, yet, which a Brother may
 Grant to his Sister:—As a Testimony

[*Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis above.*
 I am not scorn'd, kiss me.—Kiss me again.
 —Kiss closer. Thou art now my *Trojan Paris*,
 And I thy *Helen*.

Paris. Since it is your Will.—

Cæsar. And I am *Menelaus*.—But I shall be

[*Cæsar descends.*

Something I know not yet.

Domitia. Why lose we Time
 And Opportunity. These are but Sallads
 To sharpen Appetite. Let us to the Feast;

[*Courting Paris wantonly.*

Where I shall wish that thou wert *Jupiter*
 And I *Alcmena*, and that I had Power
 To lengthen out one short Night into three,
 And so beget an *Hercules*.

Cæsar. While *Amphitrio*
 Stands by, and draws the Curtains.

Paris. Oh?—

[*Falls on his Face.*

Domitia. Betray'd?

Cæsar. No; taken in a Net of *Vulcan's* filing,
 Wherein myself the *Theatre* of the Gods
 Are sad Spectators, not one of 'em daring
 To witness with a Smile he does desire
 To be so sham'd for all the Pleasure that
 You've sold your Being for:—What shall I name thee?
 Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
 Invectives, which in Bitterness of Spirit

Wrong'd Men have breath'd out against wicked Women,
 Cannot express thee. Have I rais'd thee from
 Thy low Condition to the Height of Greatness,
 Command, and Majesty, in one base Act
 To render me? That was before I hugg'd thee?
 An Adder in my Bosom more than Man
 A Thing beneath a Beast? Did I force these
 Of mine own Blood, as Handmaids to kneel to
 Thy Pomp, and Pride, having my self no Thought
 But how with Benefits to bind thee mine;
 And am I thus rewarded? Not a Knee?
 Nor Tear, nor Sign of Sorrow for thy Fault?
 Break stubborn Silence. What canst thou alledge
 To stay my Vengeance?

Domitia. This. Thy Lust compell'd me
 To be a Strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
 In my Intent and Will, though not in Act,
 To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O Impudence! take her hence,
 And let her make her Entrance into Hell,
 By leaving Life with all the Tortures that
 Flesh can be sensible of—Yet stay—What Power
 Her Beauty still holds o'er my Soul, that Wrongs
 Of this unpardonable Nature cannot teach me
 To right myself, and hate her!

[*Aside.*

—Kill her.—Hold.

O that my Dotage should increase from that
 Which should breed Detestation! By *Minerva*
 If I look on her longer I shall melt,
 And sue to her, my Injuries forgot,
 Again to be receiv'd into her Favour
 Could Honour yield to it.

[*Aside.*

—Carry her to her Chamber;

Be that her Prison, till in cooler Blood

I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with Domitia.*

Aret. Now I step in,
 While he's in this Calm Mood, for my Reward
 Sir, if my Service hath deserv'd—

Cæs.

Cæs. Yes, Yes :

And I'll reward thee—Thou hast rob'd me of
All Rest, and Peace, and been the principal Means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it
With the Loss of Empire : Strangle him, take these
hence too,

And lodge them in the Dungeon. Could your Reason,
Dull Wretches, flatter you with Hope to think
That this Discovery, that hath shower'd upon me
Perpetual Vexation, should not fall
Heavy on you?—Away with 'em,—stop their Mouths,
I will hear no Reply ;

[*Exeunt Guard, with Aretinus. Julia, Cænis,
Domitilla.*]

O Paris, Paris !

How shall I argue with thee ? How begin,
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
With what Grief and Unwillingness 'tis forc'd from me ?
Yet, in Respect I've favour'd thee, I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify, or excuse
Thy Readiness to serve this Woman's Lust,
And wish thou couldst give me such Satisfaction,
As I might bury the Remembrance of it.
Look up : We stand attentive.

Paris. O, dread *Cæsar* !

To hope for Life, or plead in the Defence
Of my Ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserv'd Death ; and my Suit is
That you would hasten it ; yet, that your Highness,
When I am dead (as sure I will not live)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my Frailty,
Her Will, and the Temptation of that Beauty
Which you could not resist. How could poor I then
Fly that which follow'd me, and *Cæsar* su'd for ?
This is all.—And now your Sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not

How to pronounce. O that thy Fault had been
But such as I might pardon ! if thou hadst

In Wantonneſs (like *Nero*) fir'd proud *Rome*
 Betray'd an Army, butcher'd the whole Senate;
 Committed Sacrilege, or any Crime
 The Juſtice of our *Roman* Laws calls Death,
 I had prevented any Interceſſion,
 And freely ſign'd thy Pardon.

Paris. But for this!

Alas! you cannot, nay, you muſt not, Sir;
 Nor let it to Poſterity be recorded,
 That *Cæſar*, unreveng'd, ſuffer'd a Wrong,
 Which, if a private Man ſhould ſit down with it,
 Cowards would baffle him.

Cæſ. With ſuch true Feeling
 Thou argueſt againſt thyſelf, that it
 Works more upon me, than if my *Minerva*
 (The grand Proteſtreſs of my Life, and Empire,)
 On forfeit of her Favour, cry'd aloud,
Cæſar, ſhow Mercy. And, I know not how,
 I am inclin'd to it. Riſe.—I'll promiſe nothing;
 Yet clear thy cloudy Fears, and cheriſh Hopes,
 What we muſt do, we ſhall do: We remember
 A Tragedy, we oft have ſeen with Pleaſure,
 Call'd the *False Servant*.

Paris. Such a one we have, Sir;
 In which a great Lord takes to his Protection
 A Man forlorn, giving him ample Power
 To order and diſpoſe of his Eſtate
 In his Abſence, he pretending then a Journey:
 But yet with this Reſtraint that, on no Terms
 (This Lord ſuſpecting his Wife's Conſtancy
 She having play'd falſe to a former Huſband)
 The Servant, though ſollicit'd, ſhould conſent,
 Though ſhe commanded him to quench her Flames.
 That was, indeed, the Argument.

Cæſ. And what
 Didſt thou play in it?

Paris. The *False Servant*, Sir.

Cæſ. Thou didſt, indeed. Do the Players wait with-
 out?

Paris.

Paris. They do, Sir, and prepar'd to act the Story
Your Majesty mention'd.

Cæs. Call 'em in. Who presents
The injur'd Lord?

Enter Æsopus, Latinus, a Boy dress'd for a Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my Part, Sir,

Cæs. Thou didst not

Do it to the Life: We can perform it better.
Off with my Robe, and Wreath; since *Nero* scorn'd not
The public Theatre, we in private may
Disport ourselves. This Cloak, and Hat, without
Wearing a Beard, or other Property,
Will fit the Person.

Æsop. Only, Sir, a Foil
The Point, and Edge rebutted, when you act,
To do the Murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own Sword.

Cæs. By no means.

In Jest nor Earnest this parts never from me.
We'll have but one short Scene—That, where the Lady
In an imperious Way commands the Servant
To be unthankful to his Patron:—When
My Cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
And do it spritely; though but a new Actor,
When I come to Execution, you shall find
No Cause to laugh at me.

Latin. In the Name of Wonder
What's *Cæsar's* Purpose?

Æsop. There is no contending

Cæs. Why, when?—

Paris. I am arm'd;

And, stand grim Death now within my View, and his
Unevitable Dart aim'd at my Breast,
His cold Embraces should not bring an Ague
To any of my Faculties, till his Pleasures
Were serv'd, and fatisfy'd; which done, *Nestor's* Years,
To me would be unwelcome.

Boy.

Boy. Must we intreat,
That were born to command? Or court a Servant
(That owes his Food and Cloathing to our Bounty)
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
Urge not, in thy Excuse, the Favours of
Thy absent Lord, or that thou stand'st engag'd
For thy Life to his Charity; nor thy Fears
Of what may follow, it being in my Power
To mould him any Way.

Paris. As you may me,
In what his Reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his Creature, in my Thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,
And loyal to his Bed, that hath advanc'd you
To th' Height of Happiness.

Boy. Can my Love-sick Heart
Be cur'd with Counsel? Or durst Reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded Plea
In the Court of *Venus*. My Desires admit not
The least Delay. And therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I shall trust to.
For, if I am refus'd, and not enjoy
Those ravishing Pleasures from thee I run mad for,
I'll swear unto my Lord at his Return,
(Making what I deliver good with Tears)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forc'd from me
What I make Suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die with these Words, Slave, and Traytor,
With burning Corrosives writ upon thy Forehead,
And live prepar'd for't.

Paris. This he will believe
Upon her Information, 'tis apparent;
And then I am nothing: And of two Extremes,
Wisdom says, chuse the less.

[*Aside.*

Rather then fall
Under your Indignation, I will yield.
—This Kiss, and this confirms it

Æsop. Now, Sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it.

Æsop.

Æſop. Yes, Sir; be but perfect.

Cæſ. O Villain! thankleſs Villain!—I ſhould talk now;
But I've forgot my Part—But I can do,
Thus, thus, and thus. [Kills Paris.

Paris. Oh! I am ſlain in earneſt.

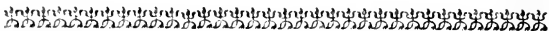
Cæſ. 'Tis true; and 'twas my Purpoſe, my good *Paris*:
And yet, before Life leave thee, let the Honour
I've done thee in thy Death bring Comfort to thee.
If it had been within the Power of *Cæſar*,
His Dignity preſerv'd, he had pardon'd thee.
But Cruelty of Honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I lov'd thee, 'twas my Study,
To make thy End more glorious, to diſtinguiſh
My *Paris* from all others, and in that
I've ſhown my Pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a Centurion's Sword, or have thy Limbs
Rent Piece-meal by the Hangman's Hook, however;
Thy Crime deſerv'd it: But, as thou did live
Rome's braveſt Actor, 'twas my Plot that thou
Shouldſt die in Action,⁷ and, to crown it, die
With an Applauſe enduring to all Times,
By our Imperial Hand. His Soul is freed
From the Priſon of his Fleſh, let it mount upward:
And for this Trunk when that the Funeral Pile
Hath made it Aſhes, we'll ſee it inclos'd
In a golden Urn. Poets adorn his Hearſe
With their moſt raviſhing Sorrows, and the Stage
For ever mourn him, and all ſuch as were
His glad Spectators weep his ſudden Death,
The Cauſe forgotten in his Epitaph.

[*Exeunt.* A ſad Muſic, the Players bearing off
Paris's Body, *Cæſar* and the reſt following.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

⁷ ——— 'Twas my Plot that thou
Shouldſt die in Action, &c.

The Emperor's Manner of killing *Paris* is a pretty Invention of the Poet's: As an innocent Perſon we are ſorry for his Death, yet conſidering the Nature of his Offence, and what an abſolute Tyrant he had to encounter with, we cannot but applaud the Action, though we lament his End.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, Guard.

Parthen. **K**EEP a strong Guard upon him, and admit not
 Access to any, to exchange a Word,
 Or Syllable with him, till the Emperor pleases
 To call him to his Presence. The Relation
 That you have made me, *Stephanos*, of these late
 Strange Passions in *Cæsar*, much amaze me.
 The Informer *Aretinus* put to Death
 For yielding him a true Discovery
 Of th' Emperess' Wantonness; poor *Paris* kill'd first,
 And now lamented; and the Princesses
 Confin'd to several Islands, yet *Augusta*,
 The Machine on which all this Mischief mov'd
 Receiv'd again to Grace?

Steph. Nay, courted to it:
 Such is the Impotence of his Affection!
 Yet, to conceal his Weakness, he gives out
 The People made Suit for her, whom they hate more
 Than civil War, or Famine. / But take heed,
 My Lord, that, nor in your Consent nor Wishes,
 You lent or Furtherance, or Favour, to
 The Plot contriv'd against her: Should she prove it,
 Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost Man,
 Her Power o'er doting *Cæsar* being now
 Greater than ever.

Parthen. 'Tis a Truth I shake at;
 And, when there's Opportunity.—

Steph. Say but do,
 I am yours, and sure.

Parthen. I'll stand one Trial more,
 And then you shall hear from me.

Steph.

Steph. Now observe
The Fondness of this Tyrant, and her Pride.

Enter Cæsar and Domitia.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Domitia. It may be, on your Part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, *Domitia.*—'Tis a Favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful Looks.
Can *Cæsar* pardon what you durst not hope for
That did the Injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose Guilt is wash'd off by his Mercy,
Only to entertain it?

Domitia. I ask'd none,
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission (for what I hold no Crime)
But by a bare Acknowledgment, than if
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dar'd thy utmost Fury. Though thy Flatterers
Persuade thee, that thy Murthers, Lusts, and Rapes,
Are Virtues in thee, and what pleases *Cæsar*,
Though never so unjust, is right, and lawful;
Or work in thee a false Belief that thou
Art more than mortal, yet I to thy Teeth
(When circl'd with thy Guards, thy Rods, thy Axes,
And all the Ensigns of thy boasted Power)
Will say, *Domitian*, nay, add to it, *Cæsar*
Is a weak feeble Man, a Bondman to
His violent Passions, and in that my Slave;
Nay, more my Slave, than my Affections made me
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear and not revenge it? Come, you know
The Strength that you hold on me, do not use it
With too much Cruelty; for, though 'tis granted
That *Lydian Omphale* had less Command
O'er *Hercules*, than you usurp o'er me,
Reason may teach me to shake off the Yoke
Of my fond Dotage.

Domitia.

Domitia. Never; do not hope it;
 It cannot be. Thou being my Beauty's Captive,
 And not to be redem'd, my Empire's larger
 Than thine, *Domitian*, which I'll exercise
 With Rigour on thee, for my *Paris*' Death.
 And, when I've forc'd those Eyes, now red with Fury,
 To drop down Tears, in vain spent to appease me,
 I know thy Fervour such to my Embraces
 (Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still deny'd
 thee)

That thou with Languishment shalt wish my Actor
 Did live again, so thou might'st be his second
 To feed upon those Delicates, when he were sated.

Cæs. O my *Minerva*!

Domitia. There she is, invoke her:
 She cannot arm thee with Ability
 To draw thy Sword on me, my Power being greater:
 Or only say to thy Centurions
 Dare none of you do what I shake to think on?
 And in this Woman's Death remove the Furies
 That ev'ry Hour afflict me? *Lamia*'s Wrongs
 When thy Lust forc'd me from him, are in me
 At the Height reveng'd; nor would I outlive *Paris*;
 But that thy Love increasing with my Hate
 May add unto thy Torments; so, with all
 Contempt I can, I leave thee. [Exit *Domitia*.

Cæsar. I am lost,
 Nor am I *Cæsar*: When I first betray'd
 The Freedom of my Faculties and Will
 To this imperious Siren, I laid down
 The Empire of the World, and of myself,
 At her proud Feet. Sleep all my ireful Powers?
 Or is the Magick of my Dotage such,
 That I must still make Suit to hear those Charms
 That do increase my Thralldom? Wake, my Anger,
 For Shame break through this Lethargy, and appear
 With usual Terror, and enable me
 (Since I wear not a Sword to pierce her Heart,
 Nor have a Tongue to say this, let her die)

Though

Though 'tis done with a Fever-shaken Hand,
 [Pulls out a Table Book.

To sign her Death: Assist me, great *Minerva*,
 And vindicate thy Votary. So, she's now
 Among the List of those I have prescrib'd,
 And are, to free me of my Doubts, and Fears,
 To die To-morrow. [Writes.

Steph. That same fatal Book
 Was never drawn yet, but some Men of Rank
 Were mark'd out for Destruction.

Parthen. I begin
 To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parthen. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. So.

These, that command arm'd Troops, quake at my
 Frowns,

And yet a Woman flights 'em. Where's the Wizard
 We charg'd you to fetch in?

Parthen. Ready to suffer

What Death you please t' appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.

Enter Ascleterio, Tribunes, Guard.

We'll question him ourself. Now you that hold
 Intelligence with the Stars, and dare prefix
 The Day and Hour in which we are to part
 With Life and Empire, punctually foretelling
 The Means, and Manner of our violent End,
 As you would purchase Credit to your Art
 Resolve me, since you are assur'd of us,
 What Fate attends yourself?

Ascleterio. I've had, long since,
 A certain Knowledge, and as sure, as thou
 Shall die To-morrow, being the fourteenth of
 The Kalends of *October*, the Hour five
 'Spite of Prevention, this Carcass shall be
 Torn and devour'd by Dogs, and let that stand
 For a firm Prediction.

Z

Cæs.

Cæs. May our Body, Wretch,
Find never nobler Sepulcher if this
Fall ever on thee. Are we the great Disposer
Of Life, and Death, yet cannot mock the Stars
In such a Trifle? Hence with the Impostor,
And having cut his Throat, erect a Pile
Guarded with Soldiers, 'till his cursed Trunk
Be turn'd to Ashes; upon forfeit of
Your Life, and theirs, perform it.

Asclet. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,
And do as I command you.

[*The Guard bear off Ascletario,*

I was never
Fuller of Confidence, for, having got
The Victory of my Passions, in my Freedom
From proud *Domitia* (who shall cease to live
Since she disdains to love) I rest unmov'd;
And, in Defiance of prodigious Meteors,
Chaldeans vain Predictions, jealous Fears
Of my near Friends, and Freeman, certain Hate
Of Kindred, and Alliance, or all Terrors
The Soldiers doubted Faith, or People's Rage
Can bring to shake my Constancy, I'm arm'd.
That scrupulous Thing stil'd Conscience is fear'd up,
And I insensible of all my Actions,
For which by moral and religious Fools
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been;
And, since I have subdu'd triumphant Love
I will not deify pale captive Fear,
Nor in a Thought receive it. For, till thou,
Wise *Minerva*, that from my first Youth
Hast been my sole Protectress, dost forsake me,
Not *Junius Rusticus*' threatned Apparition,
Nor what this Soothsayer but ev'n now foretold,
(Being Things impossible to human Reason)

Shall

Shall in a Dream disturb me. Bring my Couch there :
[Enter with Couch.]

A sudden but a secure Drowfiness
 Invites me to repose myself. Let Music
 With some choice Ditty second it. In the mean Time,
 Rest there dear Book, which open'd, when I wake,
*[Lays the Book under his Pillow. The Music and
 Song: Cæsar sleeps.]*
 Shall make some sleep for ever.

Enter Parthenius and Domitia.

Domitia. Write my Name
 In his bloody Scroll, *Parthenius* ? The Fear's idle
 —He durst not, could not.

Parthen. I can assure nothing ;
 But I observ'd, when you departed from him
 After some little Passion, but much Fury,
 He drew it out : Whose Death he sign'd, I know not ;
 But in his Looks appear'd a Resolution
 Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath
 Determin'd of is uncertain, but too soon
 Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
 His Pleasure known to the Tribunes, and Centurions,
 Who never use to enquire his Will but serve it.
 Now if, out of the Confidence of your Power,
 (The bloody Catalogue being still about him)
 As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
 You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
 Or how to cross it.

Domitia. I would not be caught
 With too much Confidence. By your Leave, Sir. Ha!
 No Motion! you lie uneasy, Sir,
 Let me mend your Pillow.

Parthen. Have you it ?

Domitia. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh!

Parthen. You have wak'd him : Softly, gracious Madam,
 While we are unknown, and then consult at Leisure.

[Exeunt Parthenius, and Domitia.]

A dreadful Music sounding, Enter Junius Rusticus, and Palphurius Sura, with bloody Swords, they wave them over his Head. Cæsar in his Sleep troubled, seems to pray to the Image; they scornfully take it away.

Cæs. Defend me, Goddess, or this horrid Dream⁸ Will force me to Distraction. Whether have These Furies borne thee? Let me rise, and follow! I am bath'd o'er with the cold Sweat of Death, And am depriv'd of Organs to pursue These sacrilegious Spirits. Am I at once Rob'd of my Hopes, and Being? No, I live—

[*Rises distractedly.*

Yes, live, and have Discourse, to know myself Of Gods, and Men forsaken. What Accuser Within me cries aloud, I have deserv'd it, In being just to neither? Who dares speak this? Am I not *Cæsar*?—How! again repeat it? Presumptuous Traytor! thou shalt die;—what Traytor? He that hath been a Traytor to himself And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit A competent Judge o'er *Cæsar*? *Cæsar*. Yes, *Cæsar* by *Cæsar*'s sentenc'd, and must suffer; *Minerva* cannot save him.—Ha! where is she? Where is my Goddess? Vanish'd! I am lost then. No; 'twas no Dream, but a most real Truth, That *Junius Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*, Although their Ashes were cast in the Sea, Whereby their Innocence made up again, And in corporeal Forms but now appear'd, Waving their bloody Swords above my Head, As at their Deaths they threatned. And, methought, *Minerva*, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she

⁸ *Defend me Goddess, or this horrid Dream Will force me to Distraction, &c.*

There is a great Likeness between this Speech of *Cæsar*'s and that of King *Richard* the III^d, after the Ghosts vanish: As it is pretty long I shall not set it down here, but refer the Reader to the fifth Act of that Play, Scene the 7th, where he will find it at large.

Was

Was for my Blasphemies difarm'd by *Jove*
 And could no more protect me, Yes 'twas so,
 His Thunder does confirm it, against which,
 [Thunder and Lightning.
 Howe'er it spare the Laurel, this proud Wreath
 Is no Assurance. Ha! come you resolv'd
 To be my Executioners?

Enter three Tribunes.

1 *Trib.* Allegiance

And Faith forbid that we should lift an Arm
 Against your sacred Head.

2 *Trib.* We rather sue

For Mercy.

3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in Justice
 Our Lives are forfeited, for not performing
 What *Cæsar* charged us.

1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it
 In our Want of Will, or Care; for, being but Men,
 It could not be in us to make Resistance,
 The Gods fighting against us.

Cæs. Speak, in what
 Did they express their Anger? We will hear it,
 But dare not say undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief thus, Sir!
 The Sentence, given by your imperial Tongue
 For the Astrologer *Ascletario's* Death,
 With Speed was put into Execution.

Cæs. Well.

1 *Trib.* For his Throat cut, his Legs bound, and his
 Arms
 Pinn'd behind his Back, the breathless Trunk,
 Was with all Scorn dragg'd to the Field of *Mars*
 And there, a Pile being rais'd of old dry Wood,
 Smeer'd o'er with Oil, and Brimstone, or what else
 Could help to feed, or to increase the Fire,
 The Carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
 The Stuff, that was most apt, began to flame;
 But suddenly, to the Amazement of

The fearless Soldier, a sudden Flash
Of Lightning, breaking through the scatter'd Clouds,
With such a horrid Violence forc'd its Passage;
And, as disdain'g all Heat but itself,
In a Moment quench'd the artificial Fire;
And, before we could kindle it again,
A Clap of Thunder follow'd with such Noise,
As if then *Jove*, incens'd against Mankind,
Had in his secret Purposes determin'd
An universal Ruin to the World.

This Horror past, not at *Deucalion's* Flood
Such a stormy Show'r of Rain (and yet that Word is
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen.

Imagine rather, Sir, that with less Fury
The Waves rush down the Cataracts of *Nile*;
Or that the Sea, spouted into the Air
By the angry *Orc*, endangering tall Ships
But sailing near it, so falls down again.

Yet here the Wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we labour'd to consume
The Wizard's Body, all the Dogs of *Rome*
Howling, and Yelling like to famish'd Wolves,
Brake in upon us; and, though Thousands were
Kill'd in th' Attempt, some did ascend the Pile,
And with their eager Fangs seiz'd on the Carcase.

Cæs. But have they torn it?

1. *Trib.* Torn it, and devour'd it.

Cæs. I, then, am a dead Man, since all Predictions
Assure me I am lost. O, my lov'd Soldiers,
Your Emperor must leave you: yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short Reprieve,
I freely pardon you.—The fatal Hour,
Steals fast upon me. I must die this Morning;
By five, my Soldiers, that's the latest Hour
You e'er must see me living.

1. *Trib.* *Jove* avert it!

In our Swords lies your Fate, and we will guard it.

Cæs. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no Strength here to be alter'd.

Let proud Mortality but look on *Cæsar*,
 Compass'd of late with Armies, in his Eyes
 Carrying both Life and Death, and in his Arms
 Fathoming the Earth; that would be stil'd a God.—
 And is, for that Presumption, cast beneath
 The low Condition of a common Man,
 Sinking with mine own Weight.

1. *Trib.* Do not forsake
 Yourself, we'll never leave you.

2. *Trib.* We'll draw up
 More Cohorts of your Guard, if you doubt Treason.

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended Gods,
 That now sit Judges on me, from their Envy
 Of my Power and Greatness here, conspire against me.

1. *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.

Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:

I'm past Hope of Remission.—Yet, could I
 Decline this dreadful Hour of Five, these Terrors,
 That drive me to Despair, would soon fly from me:
 And could you but till then assure me——

1. *Trib.* Yes, Sir,
 Or we'll fall with you, and make *Rome* the Urn
 In which we'll mix our Ashes.

Cæs. 'Tis said nobly,
 I'm something comforted.—Howe'er, to die
 Is the full Period of Calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla,
 Stephanos, Sijeius, Entellus.

Partben. You see we're all condemn'd; there's no
 Evasion;

We must do, or suffer.

Stepb. But it must be sudden;
 The least Delay is mortal.

Domitia. Would I were
 A Man to give it Action.

Domitilla. Could I make my Approaches, though
 my Stature
 Does promise little, I have a Spirit as daring
 As hers that can reach higher.

Steph. I will take
 That Burthen from you, Madam. All the Art is,
 To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him ;
 For, could you bring him but within my Sword's Reach,
 The World should owe her Freedom from a Tyrant
 To *Stephanos*.

Sijeius. You shall not share alone
 The Glory of a Deed that will endure
 To all Posterity.

Entel. I will put in
 For a Part myself.

Parthen. Be resolute, and stand close.
 I have conceiv'd a Way, and with the Hazard
 Of my Life I'll practise it to fetch him hither.
 —But then no trifling.

Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not :
 A dead Dog never bites.

Parthen. Thus then at all. [Parthenius goes
 off ; the rest stand aside.

Enter Cæsar and the Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-pac'd are these Minutes ! in Ex-
 tremes,⁹
 How miserable is the least Delay !
 Could I imp Feathers to the Wings of Time,
 Or with as little Ease command the Sun
 To scourge his Coursers up Heav'n's Eastern Hill,
 Making the Hour, I tremble at, past recalling,

⁹ *How slow-pac'd are these Minutes ! in Extremes,
 How miserable is the least Delay, &c.*

This most beautiful Passage breathes with the Soul of *Shakespeare*.
 On my first reading it, I concluded that *Massinger* had copied it
 from him : But, to my infinite Pleasure, I could not with all my
 Diligence find any Trace of a Similitude.

As I can move this Dial's Tongue to Six,
My Veins and Arteries emptied with Fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?

I. Trib. Think not of him;
There is no Danger: All these Prodigies
That do affright you, rise from Natural Causes;
And, though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happen'd.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave Soldier. Can it be
That I, that feel myself in Health and Strength,
Should still believe I am so near my End,
And have my Guards about me?—Perish all
Predictions; I grow constant they are false,
And built upon Uncertainties.

I. Trib. This is right,
Now *Cæsar's* hard like *Cæsar*.

Cæs. We will to
The Camp, and having there confirm'd the Soldier
With a large Donative, and Increase of Pay
Some shall—I say no more.

Enter Parthenius.

Parthen. All Happiness
Security, long Life, attend upon
The Monarch of the World.

Cæs. Thy Looks are chearful.

Parthen. And my Relation full of Joy and Wonder.
Why is the Care of your Imperial Body,
My Lord, neglected, the fear'd Hour being past
In which your Life was threaten'd?

Cæs. Is't past Five?

Parthen. Past Six, upon my Knowledge, and in Justice
Your Clock-master should die that hath defer'd
Your Peace so long. There is a Post new 'lighted
That brings assur'd Intelligence, that your Legions
In *Syria* have won a Glorious Day,
And much enlarg'd your Empire. I have kept him
Conceal'd

Conceal'd, that you might first partake the Pleasure
In private, and the Senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you, and to your Fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale Fear, then :

Lead me, *Parthenius*.

1. *Trib.* Shall we wait you ?

Cæs. No.

After Losses, Guards are useful.—Know your Distance.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Parthenius.*

2. *Trib.* How strangely Hopes delude Men ! as I live,
The Hour is not yet come.

1. *Trib.* Howe'er we are

To pay our Duties, and observe the Sequel.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Cæsar and Parthenius.

Domitia. I hear him coming.—Be constant.

Cæs. Where, *Parthenius*, is this glad Messenger ?

Steph. Make the Door fast. — Here, a Messenger of
Horror !

Cæs. How ! betray'd ?

Domitia. No, taken, Tyrant.

Cæs. My *Domitia* in the Conspiracy ?

Parthen. Behold this Book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost.—Yet, tho' I am unarm'd,
I'll not fall poorly. [O'erthrows *Stephanos*.

Steph. Help me !

Entel. Thus, and thus.

[*Stabs Cæsar.*

Sije. Are you so long a falling ?

Cæs. 'Tis done — 'tis done basely. [Falls, and dies.

Parthen. This for my Father's Death.

Domitia. This for my *Paris*.

Julia. This for thy Incest.

[*They severally*

Domitilla. This for thy Abuse of *Domitilla.* *stab him.*

Enter Tribunes.

1. *Trib.* Force the Doors.—O *Mars* !
What have you done ?

Parthen.

Partben. What *Rome* shall give us Thanks for.

Steph. Dispatch'd a Monster.

i. Trib. Yet he was our Prince,
 However wicked, and, in you, this Murther,
 Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
 Nor will we, that serv'd under his Command,
 Consent that such a Monster as thyself,
 (For in thy Wickedness, *Augusta's* Title
 Hath quite forsook thee) thou that wert the Ground
 Of all these Mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd.
 Lay Hands on her, and drag her to Sentence:
 We will refer the Hearing to the Senate,
 Who may at their best Leisure censure you.
 Take up his Body: He in Death hath paid
 For all his Cruelties. Here's the Difference:
 Good Kings are mourn'd for after Life; but ill,
 And such as govern'd only by their Will,
 And not their Reason, Unlamented fall:
 No Good-man's Tear shed at their Funeral.

Flourish.

Exeunt omnes.

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