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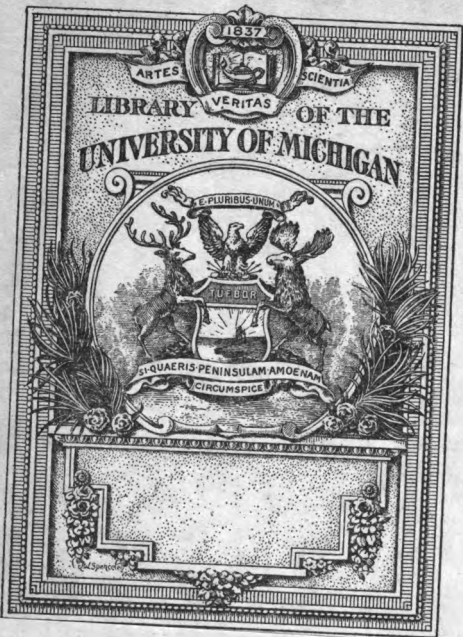
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THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES,
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
AND
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
THOMAS THORNTON, ESQ.

VOL. III.

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1813.

VENICE PRESERVED:

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVERED.

A TRAGEDY.

VOL. III.

B

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VENICE PRESERVED.

ALTHOUGH Otway, as a comic writer, is not destitute of vigour, the great strength and felicity of his powers lay evidently in tragedy. As nature was cultivated by him with more assiduity than books, he thence acquired so powerful a controul over our feelings in the latter species of composition; whilst, from the same cause, and, perhaps, an habitual neglect of decency, his comedies abound with images and sentiments which unfit them for being the vehicles of elegant amusement. So long as the nation shall not fortify itself, by the arts of affectation, against nature and passion, the representation of this tragedy and the "Orphan," will still be attended with applause, and the perusal with delight.

Much has been said concerning the familiar and domestic character of Otway's plots, and his rejection of that pomp of action, and magnificence of sentiment, which are the chief support of many pieces, and appear, indeed, to have occupied, by general consent, the throne of tragedy. But in "Venice Preserved" these two modes seem blended with art and delicacy. Those who, insensible to subordinate distresses, delight to contemplate events of extraordinary magnitude and importance, and to mingle with persons of elevated rank, will be concerned for the fate of a republic, splendid in name, and

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venerable for it's age and constitution, pushed to the
verge of ruin by men

Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest.—

Those, on the contrary, who more easily melt at the tale of domestic woe, where the agents are upon a level with themselves, and the accidents such as the bulk of mankind are more frequently assailed by, will be equally moved by the familiar parts of the scene, and compassionate the sorrows of Jaffier and Belvidera.

The subject is St. Real's "Conjuration des Espagnols contre la Venise, en 1618:" a narrative which, although it's merits have been somewhat exaggerated, possesses, nevertheless, much interest, and is written with skill and elegance. Otway has, however, departed in many instances from this work. The character of Belvidera is supplied by him; and, consequently, what embellishment the fable receives from her share in the transaction, we owe to the invention of the poet.

Most of the persons in the "Orphan" being of one family, less scope was afforded for variety and contrast of character, than in this play, where the principal agents are engaged in designs which naturally call forth the full energies of the soul. The poet, it must be confessed, had ample resources in the able exposition given by the French author of the characters of those who were concerned in the conspiracy. Don Alphonso de la Cueva, Marquis of Bedamar, the principal, appears (if St. Real's description be not overcharged) to have been

one of those singular personages of which history contains so few examples: cool, circumspect, and indefatigable, he possessed, besides, that distinguishing trait of an exalted mind, the faculty of discerning, and attaching to himself, those who were endowed with talents congenial with his own. Such an association of extraordinary characters, of different nations, all animated and inspired with the same enthusiasm, was perhaps never before witnessed, which the historian represents as deliberately plotting the overthrow of that state in whose bosom they were assembled*.

Pierre, Jaffier, and Renault, are the only conspirators prominent in the play. The first appears with the same native roughness as depicted by the French author; a dauntless spirit; a mind not broken or enfeebled by wrong, but invigorated and inflamed by an assiduous desire of revenge. Renault, who was excelled in talent and capacity only by Bedamar himself, holds a very different rank in the tragedy. Jaffier's connection with Belvidera, gives Otway's character of him a great superiority over that of St. Real. His union with the conspirators, and subsequent defection from them, are prompted by motives more natural and probable, and, consequently, detract less from his virtue and understanding, than those assigned by the historian. Belvidera, who, had she lived in the Roman ages, would

* " Intrépides, intelligents, uniques en mérite dans le talent où chacun d'eux excelle; c'est l'ouvrage de plusieurs siècles de joindre ensemble une seconde fois un aussi grand nombre d'hommes extraordinaires."

St. Real.

have had statues raised, and altars consecrated to her memory, exhibits, amidst the dreadful processes of destruction; an interesting spectacle of distressed virtue. This is another proof with what felicity Otway, though no wise free from the libertinism of the age, could portray a virtuous female character, adorned with qualities the most amiable and attractive; and endow her with sentiments excelled by none which modern, and by few which ancient, tragedy can produce.

It has been objected to the work, and particularly by Addison, that the characters are mostly vicious; and that what was observed of Catiline, namely, that "had he fallen for his country, his end had been glorious," may be applied to them. To this it may be urged, that the principal agents have virtue sufficient to deserve our compassion; and that, if their conduct be criminal, the poet has not dismissed them without punishment, at least commensurate with their offence.

What has been said respecting the laws of the drama, in the introductory observations to the "Orphan," is applicable here. The plot runs on in an even tenor: none of the transitions are violent or revolting. It may be observed, however, that by the omission of the comic parts, some of the scenes succeed each other too precipitately. Upon these comic passages have rested the principal objections to the play, and, in particular, those of the French critics*. It is certainly to be

* In a French critique upon this tragedy, there is an allusion to the tolling of the bell, in the fifth act: "this shocking extra-

regretted, that the author should have disgraced a poem of such superior excellence, by the introduction of low buffonery, more adapted to the manners of Shakespeare's age. Personal ridicule, which, if ever tolerated upon the stage, belongs properly to farce, ought never to find a place in tragedy: but the frenzy of politics has too often overpowered the judgment of the poet. These obnoxious passages were intended to expose the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury; the lewdness of whose latter years was a subject of general notoriety*. That he was the person pointed at, is apparent from the Prologue, in the concluding lines of which the author openly alludes to the prevailing report, that Shaftesbury was ambitious of being elected king of Poland. This circumstance, which, connected with another, drew upon him the title of *Count Tapsky*, is referred to by Dryden in the "Medal," and the epistle prefixed to that poem. The age (as well as name) of

vagance," says the writer, "which in Paris would excite only contempt and derision, strikes the English with awe."

Nov. Dict. Hist.

* Duke, the friend of Otway, mentions this with unsparing severity:—

Antonius early in rebellious race
 Swiftly set out, nor slack'ning in his pace,
 The same ambition that his youthful heat
 Urg'd to all ills the little daring brat,
 With unabated ardour does engage,
 The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age.
 Lewd as the stews, yet to the blinded eyes
 Of the dull crowd, as puritan precise.

Review.

Antonio, corresponds precisely with that of Shaftesbury; and it is probable, also, that the absurd speeches of the old senator were intended to ridicule the verbose eloquence of the same nobleman, which was full of quaint expressions, strained metaphors, and scriptural allusions. Besides the satire just noticed, Pierre's passionate description of the senate, their lofty pretensions to power, and arbitrary imprisonments, was probably applied to the irregular authority aspired to by the House of Commons some time before.

—To see our senators:

Cheat deluded people with a shew
 Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of;
 They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,
 Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
 Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow.

This tragedy, in defiance of Voltaire's opinion, has been translated more than once into French; and will remain a durable monument of the author's reputation. It was written in 1682, when the terrors of the popish plot had nearly subsided; and probably receives its second title from that extraordinary occurrence. The dedication is a curious specimen of gross and barefaced adulation.

TO
HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the world know how entirely your Grace's goodness has devoted a poor man to your service; were there words enough in speech to express the mighty sense I have of your great bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: but your Grace has given me so large a theme, and laid so very vast a foundation, that imagination wants stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it; and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it. Forgive me, then, madam, if (as a poor peasant once made a present of an apple to an emperor) I bring this small tribute, the humble growth of my little garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude; believe that so long as I have thought to remember how very much I owe your generous nature, I will ever have a heart that shall be grateful for it too: your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; that gave me life, but on a hard condition, till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogged with from me: I mean hard fortune. When I had enemies, that with malicious power kept back and shaded me from those royal beams, whose warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; your noble pity and compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my blessing, down in the rear of fortune; called me up, placed me in the shine, and I have felt it's comfort. You have in that restored me to my native right; for a steady faith, and loyalty to my prince, was all the inheritance my father left me; and however

hardly my ill fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I ne'er pawned it yet, and hope I ne'er shall part with it. Nature and fortune were certainly in league when you were born; and as the first took care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the world, so the other resolved, to do it's merit justice, that none but a monarch, fit to rule that world, should e'er possess it; and in it he had an empire. The young prince* you have given him, by his blooming virtues, early declares the mighty stock he came from; and as you have taken all the pious care of a dear mother, and a prudent guardian, to give him a noble and generous education, may it succeed according to his merits and your wishes: may he grow up to be a bulwark to his illustrious father, and a patron to his loyal subjects; with wisdom and learning to assist him, whenever called to his councils; to defend his right against the encroachments of republicans in his senates, to cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the royal cause; that good and fit servants to the crown may never be lost for want of a protector. May he have courage and conduct, fit to fight his battles abroad, and terrify his rebels at home; and that all these may be yet more sure, may he never, during the spring-time of his years, when those growing virtues ought with care to be cherished, in order to their ripening; may he never meet with vicious natures, or the tongues of faithless, sordid, insipid flatterers, to blast 'em: to conclude; may he be as great as the hand of fortune (with his honour) shall be able to make him: and may your Grace, who are so good a mistress, and so noble a patroness, never meet with a less grateful servant, than,

MADAM,

Your Grace's entirely
devoted Creature,

THO. OTWAY.

* Charles Lennox, born 29th July, 1672, created Duke of Richmond, 9th August, 1675.

PROLOGUE.

IN these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busy heads ;
When we have fear'd, three years, we know not what,
Till witnesses begin to die o' th' rot,
What made our poet meddle with a *plot* ?
Was't that he fancied, for the very sake
And name of *plot*, his trifling play might take ?
For there's not in't one inch-board evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to reason plain, and sense,
And that he thinks a plausible defence.
Were truth by sense and reason to be tried,
Sure all our swearers might be laid aside :
No, of such tools our author has no need,
To make his *plot*, or make his play succeed ;
He, of black bills, has no prodigious tales,
Or Spanish pilgrims cast ashore in Wales ;
Here's not one murder'd magistrate at least,
Kept rank, like ven'son for a city-feast ;
Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant limbs to ride in chair :
Yet here's an army rais'd, tho' under ground,
But no man seen, nor one commission found ;
Here is a traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold ;
Bloody, revengeful, and to crown his part,
Loves fumbling with a wench, with all his heart ;
Till after having many changes past,
In spite of age (thanks t' heaven) is hang'd at last.
Next is a senator that keeps a whore,
In Venice none a higher office bore ;
To lewdness ev'ry night the lecher ran,
Shew me, all London, such another man,
Match him at nother Creswold's if you can.
Oh Poland, Poland ! had it been thy lot,
T'have heard in time of this Venetian *plot*,
Thou surely chosen hadst one king from thence,
And honour'd them, as thou hast England since.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of VENICE.

PRIULI, Father to Belvidera, a Senator.

ANTONIO, a fine Speaker in the Senate.

BEDAMAR, the Spanish Ambassador.

JAFFIER,

PIERRE,

RENAULT,

SPINOSA,

THEODORE,

ELIOT,

REVILLIDO,

DURAND,

MEZZANA,

BRAINVILLE,

TERNON,

RETROSI,

BRIBE,

} *Conspirators.*

BELVIDERA.

AQUILINA.

Two Women, Attendants on Belvidera

Two Women, Servants to Aquilina.

The Council of Ten.

Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner and Rabble.

VENICE PRESERVED:

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVERED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Priu. No more! I'll hear no more; begone and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! by my suff'ring but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, tho' prond oppression will not hear me?

Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father!
Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me: in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember, (for I now will speak,
And urge it's baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes, as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Court'd, and sought to raise you to your merits:

My house, my table, nay my fortune too,
 My very self was your's; you might have us'd me
 To your best service; like an open friend,
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When in requital of my best endeavours,
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
 Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
 My only child, and stole her from my bosom:
 Oh Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
 Childless you had been else, and in the grave,
 Your name extinct, nor more Priuli heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past,
 Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our duke*,
 And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
 Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
 You made for safety; enter'd first yourself;
 Th' affrighted Belvidera following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
 And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
 That throug'd and press'd to rob me of my prize:
 I brought her, gave her t' your despairing arms:
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
 Till for her life she paid me with herself.

* This ceremony (first instituted by pope Alexander III.) took place every Ascension-day. The doge of Venice, attended by his nobles and the senate, went in a vessel called the Bucentaur, to the Adriatic sea, which he married by casting a gold ring into it, using at the same time these words: "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of a true and lasting dominion," &c. *Selden, Mar. Claus. lib. 1.* This circumstance is frequently alluded to in the course of the play.

Priu. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,

At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain:
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Priu. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Priu. 'Twould, by heav'n.

A. Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life, was not so precious*:
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my grave!

Priu. And she too with thee;
For, living here, you're but my curst remembrancers
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera: you perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety,

* Once she was dear indeed, &c.

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Shak. Julius Cæs. act 2.

Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
 But I might send her back to you with contumely,
 And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Priu. You dare not do't.—

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart that awes me, is too much my master :
 Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
 During which time the world must bear me witness,
 I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
 The daughter of a senator of Venice :
 Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
 Due to her birth, she always has commanded ;
 Out of my little fortune I have done this ;
 Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your nature)
 The world might see, I lov'd her for herself,
 Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.—

Priu. No more !

Jaff. Yes ! all, and then adieu for ever.

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
 But's happier than me : for I have known
 The luscious sweets of plenty ; ev'ry night
 Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And never wak'd but to a joyful morning ;
 Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
 Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the rip'ning.

Priu. Home, and be humble, study to retrench ;
 Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
 Those pageants of thy folly ;
 Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds, fit for thy little state ;
 Then to some suburb-cottage both retire ;
 Drudge, to feed loathsome life ; get brats, and starve.—
 Home, home, I say.— [Exit Priuli.

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—

This proud, this swelling heart : home I would go,
 But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
 Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors,
 Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring ;

I have now not fifty ducats in the world,
 Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
 Oh Belvidera! oh! she is my wife—
 And we will bear our wayward fate together,
 But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My friend, good-morrow!
 How fares the honest partner of my heart?
 What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

Jaff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving
 quality
 Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.

Pier. Why, pow'ful villany first set it up,
 For it's own ease and safety: honest men
 Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
 Repose and fatten: were all mankind villains;
 They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice,
 Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother
 Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for murder:
 Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
 To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
 And lord it uncontroul'd above their betters.

Jaff. Then honesty's but a notion?

Pier. Nothing else:
 Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
 He that pretends to most ~~too~~ has least share in't;
 'Tis a ragged virtue: Honesty! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art honest?

Pier. So indeed men think me;
 But they're mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
 As well as they;
 A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me:
 'Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted;
 I steal from no man; would not cut a throat
 To gain admission to a great man's purse,
 Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend,

To get his place or fortune : I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above, or crush the wretch
Beneath me.—

Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I am a villain.

Jaff. A villain !

Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain !

To see the suff'rings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man : to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of ;
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds ;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow ;
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of pow'r,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction :
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

Jaff. Oh, Aquilina ! friend, to lose such beauty,
The dearest purchase of thy noble labours ;
She was thy right by conquest, as by love.

Pier. Oh Jaffier ! I'd so fix'd my heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a scheme of life
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I wish'd to sweeten future cares ;
I fancied pleasures, none but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them :
When in th' extremity of all these hopes,
In the most charming hour of expectation,
Then when our eager wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings sail'd in, and spoil'd my quarry.

Jaff. I know the wretch, and scorn him as thou
hat'st him.

Pier. Curse on the common good that's so protected,
Where ev'ry slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes a lord of right :

I, who believ'd no ill could e'er come near me,
 Found in th' embraces of my Aquilina,
 A wretched, old, but itching senator;
 A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title:
 A rogue, that uses beauty like a lamb-skin,
 Barely to keep him warm: that filthy cockatoo,
 Was in my absence crept into my nest,
 And spoiling all my brood of noble pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chase him thence?

Pier. I did; and drove

The rank, old, bearded Hirco stinking home:
 The matter was complain'd of in the senate,
 I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
 For violating something they call privilege—
 This was the recompense of all my service;
 Would I'd been rather beaten by a coward!
 A soldier's mistress, Jaffier, 's his religion,
 When that's profan'd, all other ties are broken:
 That ev'n dissolves all former bonds of service,
 And from that hour I think myself as free
 To be the foe as e'er the friend of Venice—
 Nay, dear revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
 And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
 In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
 Where all agree to spoil the public good,
 And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pier. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace,
 For the foundation's lost of common good;
 Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
 The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
 Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
 That ev'ry day starts up t'enslave us deeper:
 Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
 To do it right! oh, Jaffier! then might'st thou
 Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face:
 The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a son as thou art.
 I dare not speak! but my heart bleeds this moment!

Jaff. Curst be the cause, tho' I thy friend be part
on't:

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge—

Jaff. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruin'd!

Jaff. That I long since knew;

I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I past this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;

The sons of public rapine were destroying:

They told me, by the sentence of the law
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:

Nay, more; Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.

Here stood a ruffian, with a horrid face,

Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,

Tumbled into a heap for public sale:

There was another making villanous jests

At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession

Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,

Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold;

Thy very bed, which on thy wedding-night

Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,

The scene of all thy joys, was violated

By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon-villains,

And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaff. Now thank heav'n—

Pier. Thank heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of
Venice,

Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false;

Where there's no trust, no truth; where innocence

Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it:

Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
 Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
 That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' tears, like April-suns in showers,
 That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em,
 Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her:
 Ev'n the lewd rabble that were gather'd round
 To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
 Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity:
 I cou'd have hugg'd the greasy rogues: they pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul,
 Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
 Ah, Pierre! I have a heart, that could have borne
 The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me:
 But when I think what Belvidera feels,
 The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
 I own myself a coward: bear my weakness,
 If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
 I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
 Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows!

Pier. Burn!

First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
 What, starve like beggars' brats in frosty weather,
 Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
 Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
 Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee!
 Command my heart: thou'rt ev'ry way it's master.

Jaff. No; there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad;
 Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow:
 Revenge! the attribute of gods, they stamp'd it
 With their great image on our natures: die!
 Consider well the cause that calls upon thee:
 And if thou'rt base enough, die then: remember
 Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
 Die - damn first--What! be decently interr'd

In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in dirty winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o'th' soil.

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little—

Jaff. Swear!

By sea and air! by earth, by heav'n, and hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!

Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator!

Pier. A dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: where shall we meet at night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;

On the Rialto ev'ry night at twelve

I take my evening's walk of meditation:

There we will meet, and talk of precious mischief.

Jaff. Farewell.

Pier. At twelve.

Jaff. At any hour, my plagues

Will keep me waking.—

[*Ex. Pierre.*]

Tell me why, good heav'n,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?—Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor Belvidera!

Belv. Lead me, lead me, my virgins!

To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!

Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face:

My heavy heart will leave it's doleful beating

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul.

Jaff. As when our loves
Were in their spring! has then my fortune chang'd?
Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Belv. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong truth?
Beats not my heart, as 'twould alarm thine
To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaff. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false;
Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Belv. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich:
I have so much, my heart will surely break with't;
Vows can't express it: when I would declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
Oh lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have it's vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high heav'ns, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar,

Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee ;
 Want ! worldly want ! that hungry meagre fiend
 Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
 Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? Can these limbs,
 Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
 Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty ?
 When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
 (As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
 (In some far climate where our names are strangers)
 For charitable succour ; wilt thou then,
 When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads ;
 Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
 Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, ev'n in madness love
 thee :

Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
 Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
 Tho' the bare earth shall be our resting-place,
 It's roots our food, some clift'our habitation,
 I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head ;
 And as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
 Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
 Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you heav'ns, and wonder how you
 made her !

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
 Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine :
 Like gaudy ships, th'obsequious billows fall
 And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
 They wait but for a storm, and then devour you :
 I, in my private bark, already wreck'd,
 Like a poor merchant driv'n on unknown land,
 That had by chance pack'd up his choicest treasure
 In one dear casket, and sav'd only that

Since I must wander further on the shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

}
 [Exit.]

 ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PIERRE and AQUILINA.

Aquil. By all thy wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my arms
 Than all the wealth of Venice: prythee stay,
 And let us love to-night.

Pier. No: there's fool,
 There's fool about thee: when a woman sells
 Her flesh to fools, her beauty's lost to me;
 They leave a taint, a sully where they've pass'd,
 There's such a baneful quality about 'em,
 Ev'n spoils complexion with their nauseousness,
 They infect all they touch; I cannot think
 Of tasting any thing a fool has 'pass'd.

Aquil. I loath and scorn that fool thou mean'st, as much
 Or more than thou canst; but the beast has gold,
 That makes him necessary: power too,
 To qualify my character, and poise me
 Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds
 My liberty with envy: in their hearts
 They're loose as I am; but an ugly power
 Sits in their faces, and frights pleasures from 'em.

Pier. Much good may't do you, madam, with your
 senator.

Aquil. My senator! why, canst thou think that wretch
 E'er fill'd thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure?
 Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
 To foil himself at what he is unfit for;
 Because I force myself t'endure and suffer him,
 Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the joys
 Thou ever gav'st me, his presence is my penance:

The worst thing an old man can be, 's a lover,
 A mere *memento mori* to poor woman.
 I never lay by his decrepit side,
 But all that night I ponder'd on my grave.

Pier. Would he were well sent thither!

Aquil. That's my wish too:

For then, my Pierre, I might have cause, with pleasure,
 To play the hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep
 Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,
 In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time
 Was come to pay my sorrows at his funeral,
 (For he has already made me heir to treasures
 Would make me out-act a real widow's whining;)
 How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
 With wringing hands attend him to his grave;
 Fall swooning on his hearse; take mad possession
 Ev'n of the dismal vault where he lay buried;
 There, like th' Ephesian matron dwell, till thou,
 My lovely soldier, com'st to my deliv'rance:
 Then throwing up my veil, with open arms
 And laughing eyes, run to new dawning joy.

Pier. No more! I've friends to meet me here to-night,
 And must be private. As you prize my friendship,
 Keep up your coxcomb: let him not pry nor listen,
 Nor fisk about the house as I have seen him,
 Like a tame mumping squirrel with a bell on;
 Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aquil. What friends to meet? mayn't I be of your
 council?

Pier. How! a woman ask questions out of bed?—
 Go to your senator, ask him what passes
 Amongst his brethren; he'll hide nothing from you:
 But pump not me for politics. No more!
 Give order, that whoever in my name
 Comes here, receive admittance: so good night.

Aquil. Must we ne'er meet again? embrace no more?
 Is love so soon and utterly forgotten?

Pier. As you henceforward treat your fool, I'll think
 on't.

Aquil. Curst be all fools, and doubly curst myself,
The worst of fools—I die if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, heav'n or hell instruct me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. I'm here; and thus, the shades of night around
me,
I look as if all hell were in my heart*,
And I in hell. Nay, surely, 'tis so with me;—
For ev'ry step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard, how desp'rate wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of night
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk:
Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of heav'n forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell! hell! why sleep'st thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I've stay'd too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon: what's he that asks the question?

Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
On any that they love not: well met, friend:
Jaffier!

* *I look as if all hell were in my heart, &c.*

— horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly.—
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell, &c.

Parad. Lost, book 4.

Jaff. The same. Oh Pierre! thou'rt come in season,
I was just going to pray.

Pier. Ah, that's mechanic,
Priests make a trade on't, and yet starve by't too :
No praying, it spoils bus'ness, and time's precious.
Where's Belvidera ?

Jaff. For a day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, till I see farther
What fortune will do with me. Pr'ythee, friend,
If thou would'st have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera—

Pier. Speak not of her ?

Jaff. Oh, no !

Pier. Nor name her ? may be I wish her well.

Jaff. Whom well ?

Pier. Thy wife, thy lovely Belvidera ;
I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done !

Jaff. You're merry, Pierre !

Pier. I am so :
Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile ;
We'll all rejoice, here's something to buy pins,
[Gives him a Purse,
Marriage is chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wish'd
To see the devil, and he's here already.
Well!—

What must this buy, rebellion, murder, treason ?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we had no qualms like
these,

But entertain'd each other's thoughts like men
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting ? what new miracles
Have happen'd ? Has Priuli's heart relented ?
Can he be honest ?

Jaff. Kind heav'n ! let heavy curses
Gall his old age ; cramps, aches, rack his bones ;
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart :

Oh let him live till life become his burden !
 Let him groan under't long, linger an age
 In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
 And find it's ease, but late !

Pier. Nay, could'st thou not
 As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
 The senate round, as to one single villain ?

Jaff. But curses stick not : could I kill with cursing ;
 By heav'n I know not thirty heads in Venice
 Should not be blasted ; senators should rot
 Like dogs on dunghills ; but their wives and daughters
 Die of their own diseases. Oh for a curse
 To kill with !

Pier. Daggers, daggers are much better !

Jaff. Ha !

Pier. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they ?

Pier. Oh, a thousand
 May be dispos'd in honest hands in Venice.

Jaff. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pier. But yet a heart half wrong'd
 As thine has been, would find the meaning, *Jaffier.*

Jaff. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands :
 And have not I a friend will stick one here ?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd
 To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend.
 But thou hast better friends ; friends, whom thy wrongs
 Have made thy friends ; friends, worthy to be call'd so.
 I'll trust thee with a secret : there are spirits
 This hour at work. But as thou art a man
 Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the world,
 Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
 And when I've told thee that which only gods,
 And men like gods, are privy to, then swear
 No chance or change shall wrest it from thy bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of
 oaths ?

~~(Green-sickness girls lose maidenheads with such counters.)~~
 For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st see

It's bottom, sound it's strength and firmness to thee:
 Is coward, fool, or villain, in my face?
 If I seem none of these, I dare believe
 Thou would'st not use me in a little cause,
 For I am fit for honour's toughest task;
 Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;
 And for a villanous inglorious enterprize,
 I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
 Before thee; set it to what point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier:
 For it is founded on the noblest basis,
 Our liberties, our natural inheritance;
 There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't;
 We'll do the bus'ness, and ne'er fast and pray for't:
 Openly act a deed the world shall gaze
 With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For liberty?

Pier. For liberty, my friend!
 Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
 And thy sequester'd fortunes heal'd again.
 I shall be freed from those opprobrious wrongs
 That press me now, and bend my spirit downward:
 All Venice free, and ev'ry growing merit
 Succeed to it's just right: fools shall be pull'd
 From wisdom's seat; those baleful unclean birds,
 Those lazy owls, who perch'd near fortune's top
 Sit only watchful with their heavy wings,
 To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
 To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pier. Canst thou not kill a senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
 For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
 By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
 Were to be had, and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glitt'ring stars,
 And yon great ruling planet of the night!
 By all good pow'rs above, and ill below!

By love and friendship, dearer than my life !
No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching : there I'll lead thee !
But be a man, for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest—

Jaff. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning : yes, I will be a man,
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies
Out of my bosom : vengeance shall have room ;
Revenge !

Pier. And liberty !

Jaff. Revenge ! Revenge—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Changes to AQUILINA'S House, the
Greek Courtesan.*

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition, the worst ground
A wretch can build on ? 'tis indeed at distance
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view ;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heav'n,
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us !
Who's there ?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, good-morrow ! for by this time
I think the scale of night has turn'd the balance,
And weighs up morning : has the clock struck twelve ?

Ren. Yes; clocks will go as they are set: but man,
 Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain:
 I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
 In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the curse
 Of diligent virtue to be mix'd, like mine,
 With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us, it can frighten.

Ren. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
 Why are we not together?

Enter ELIOT.

O sir, welcome!
 You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind-
 hand.

In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
 Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
 Beef, and a sea-coal fire, he's your's for ever.

Eliot. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. How!

*Enter BEDAMAR the Ambassador, THEODORE,
 BRAINVILLE, DURAND, BRIBE, REVILLIDO,
 MEZZANA, TERNON, RETROSI, Conspirators.*

Bed. At difference? fy.—

Is this a time for quarrels? thieves and rogues
 Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
 Men separated by the choice of Providence,
 From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
 In this assembly, as in one great jewel,
 To adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smil'd on;
 Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Bed. Renault, thy hand!

Ren. I thought I'd giv'n my heart
 Long since to ev'ry man that mingles here;

But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age it's weakness.

Bed. Eliot, thou once hadst virtue; I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'tis thy nation's glory,
To hug the foe that offers brave alliance.
Once more embrace, my friends—we'll all embrace—
United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from it's basis!
Totters it not already?

Eliot. Would 'twere tumbling!

Bed. Nay, it shall down: this night we seal it's ruin.

Enter PIERRE.

Oh Pierre! thou art welcome!
Come to my breast, for by it's hopes thou look'st
Lovelyly dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars!
The poets that first feign'd a god of war,
Sure prophesied of thee.

Pier. Friends! was not Brutus,
(I mean that Brutus, who in open senate
Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world)
A gallant man?

Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;
Tho' story wrong his fame; for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.

Bed. And our's as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.

Pier. Then to what we aim at,
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth: fate seems
to have set
The bus'ness up, and giv'n it to our care:
I hope there's not a heart nor hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.

All. All!

We'll die with Bedamar.

Bed. Oh, men!

Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter,
The game is for a matchless prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Ren. What can lose it?

The public stock's a beggar; one Venetian
Trusts not another: look into their stores
Of gen'ral safety; empty magazines!
A tatter'd fleet, a murm'ring unpaid army,
Bankrupt nobility, a harass'd commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided senate,
Is all the strength of Venice: let's destroy it;
Let's fill their magazines with arms to awe them,
Man out their fleet, and make their trade maintain it;
Let loose the murm'ring army on their masters,
To pay themselves with plunder; lop their nobles
To the base roots, whence most of 'em first sprung;
Enslave the rout, whom smarting will make humble;
Turn out their drouing senate, and possess
That seat of empire which our souls were fram'd for.

Pier. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world;
This wretched state has starv'd them in it's service,
And by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
To servé your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their diff'rent quarters in this city,
Watch for th' alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease:
After this night, it is resolv'd we meet
No more, till Venice own us for her lords.

Pier. How lovely the Adriatic whore,
Dress'd in her flames, will shine! devouring flames!
Such as shall burn her to the wat'ry bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.

Bed. Now if any

'Mongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
 Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
 Let it be told; the gen'ral doom is seal'd;
 But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
 Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touch'd my
 weakness:

I have a friend; hear it, and such a friend!
 My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you:
 He knows the very bus'ness of this hour;
 But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it,
 We've 'chang'd a vow to live and die together,
 And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd?

Pier. No——I've dealt nobly with you;
 I've brought my all into the public stock;
 I had but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you!
 Receive and cherish him: or if, when seen
 And search'd, you find him worthless; as my tongue
 Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
 To ease your fears I wear a dagger here
 Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.—
 Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFIER with a Dagger.

Bed. His presence bears the shew of manly virtue.

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
 I dare approach this place of fatal counsels;
 But I'm amongst you, and by heav'n it glads me
 To see so many virtues thus united,
 To réstore justice, and dethrone oppression.
 Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
 Into this breast; but if you think it worthy
 To cut the throats of rev'rend rogues in robes,
 Send me into the curs'd assembled senate;
 It shrinks not, tho' I meet a father there.
 Would you behold this city flaming? here's

A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set it's gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaff. Nay—by heav'n I'll do this.

Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a villain, and indeed 'tis odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with counsels;
I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolv'd, like me,
To push on mischief: oh, did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre! I must embrace him.

My heart beats to this man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.

Jaff. Still I see

The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me,
As I were dangerous—but I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wouder next?

Jaff. Let me entreat you,

As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a-while, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.*

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Who,

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love:
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.

Belv. Oh! I have slept, and dreamt,
 And dreamt again: where hast thou been, thou loiterer;
 Tho' my eyes clos'd, my arms have still been open'd;
 Stretch'd ev'ry way betwixt my broken slumbers,
 To search if thou wert come to crown my rest;
 There's no repose without thee: oh the day
 Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow;
 Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares good-night.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! we must change the scene
 In which the past delights of life were tasted:
 The poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
 Our labours late, and early ev'ry morning.
 Midst winter frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
 Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I? whither is't you lead me?
 Methinks I read distraction in your face!
 Something less gentle than the fate you tell me:
 You shake and tremble too; your blood runs cold!
 Heav'n's guard my love, and bless his heart with patience!

Jaff. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness,
 Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I
 (Thou the divinest good man e'er possess'd,
 And I the wretched'st of the race of man),
 This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
 Will my love cast me off? have my misfortunes
 Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me?
 Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
 My dear! my life! my love!

Jaff. Oh, Friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,
 She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
 I charge thee take her, but with tend'rest care,
 Relieve her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.

Ren. Rise, madam! and command amongst your
 servants!

Jaff. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath
 her.

And with her this: when'er I prove unworthy——

[Gives a Dagger.

You know the rest—Then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he, who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and suff'rings.

Belv. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it cheaply;
Or send me to some distant clime your slave,
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, I've contriv'd thy honour:
Trust to my faith, and be but fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken!
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height
Shall gather all the gazing world about thee,
To wonder what strange virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more——

Belv. Oh, thou unkind one;
Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me; speak, thou dear deceiver,
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, pr'ythee don't in poverty forsake me:
But pity the sad heart that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recall me— [*Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.*

Jaff. Oh my eyes!
Look not that way, but turn yourselves a-while
Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.
My friend, where art thou?

Pier. Here, my honour's brother,

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone?

Pier. Renault has led her

Back to her own apartment: but, by heav'n!
Thou must not see her more till our work's over.

Jaff. No?

Pier. Not for your life.

Jaff. Oh Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,

Gaze on thee till my eye-strings crack'd with love,
 Till all my sinews, with it's fire extended,
 Fix'd me upon the rack of ardent longing:
 Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
 Come like a panting turtle to thy breast,
 On thy soft bosom hov'ring, bill, and play,
 Confess the cause why last I fled away;
 Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
 And never follow false ambition more. [*Exeunt Ambo.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter AQUILINA and her Maid.

Aquil. Tell him I am gone to bed: tell him I am not at home: tell him I've better company with me, or any thing: tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious fool: he's worse company than an ignorant physician—I'll not be disturbed at these unseasonable hours.

Maid. But, madam, he's here already, just entered the doors.

Aquil. Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brained ass! if he will not be gone, set the house a-fire, and burn us both: I had rather meet a toad in my dish, than that old hideous animal in my chamber to-night.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky—how dost do, Nacky? Hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky; past eleven o'clock, a late hour; time in all conscience to go to bed,

Nacky—Nacky did I say? Ay, Nacky; Aquilina, lina, lina, quiliua, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, queen Nacky—come, let's to bed—you fubbs, you pug you—you little puss—purree tuzzy—I am a senator.

Aquil. You are a fool, I am sure.

Ant. May be so too, sweet-heart. Never the worse senator for all that. Come Nacky, Nacky, let's have a game at romp, Nacky.

Aquil. You would do well, signior, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself, be sober, and go home, sir.

Ant. Home, Madona?

Aquil. Ay, home, sir. Who am I?

Ant. Madona, as I take it, you are my—you are—thou art my little Nicky Nacky—that's all!

Aquil. I find you are resolved to be troublesome; and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, solicitous coxcomb; crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, love to be meddling with every thing; and if you had not money, you are good for nothing.

Ant. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty-one years* old, and good for nothing! that's brave. [*To the Maid.*] Come, come, come, Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a season; go, turn out, I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments—out, out when you are bid too—[*Puts her out and locks the door.*] Good for nothing, you say.

Aquil. Why, what are you good for?

Ant. In the first place, madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, Madona, d'ye mark that? in the second place, take notice, if you please, that I am a senator, and when I think fit can make speeches,

* This was precisely the age of Lord Shaftesbury. He died 1683, aged sixty-two.

Madona. Hurry durry, I can make a speech in the senate-house now and then—would make your hair stand on end, Madona.

Aquil. What care I for your speeches in the senate-house? If you would be silent here, I should thank you.

Ant. Why, I can make speeches to thee too, my lovely Madona; for example—my cruel fair one, [*Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every pause shakes it*] since it is my fate, that you should with your servant angry prove; though late at night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my love—there's for thee, my little Nicky Nacky—take it; here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head—how now, rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my illustrious senator, I must confess your honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Ant. Very well: come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little—come sit, I say—sit down by me a little, my Nicky Nacky, hah—[*Sits down*] Hurry durry—good for nothing—

Aquil. No, sir; if you please, I can know my distance and stand.

Ant. Stand: how? Nacky up, and I down! Nay, then let me exclaim with the poet:—

Shew me a case more pitiful who can,
A standing woman, and a falling man.

Hurry durry—not sit down—see this ye gods—
You won't sit down?

Aquil. No, sir.

Ant. Then look you, now, suppose me a bull, a Basan-bull, the bull of bulls, or any bull. Thus up I get, and with my brows thus bent—I broo, I say, I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down, will you?—I broo—

[*Bellows like a Bull, and drives her about.*]

Aquil. Well, sir; I must endure this. [*She sits down.*]
Now your honour has been a bull, pray what beast will your worship please to be next?

Ant. Now I'll be a senator again, and thy lover, little Nicky Nacky! [*He sits by her.*] Ah, toad, toad, toad, toad! spit in my face a little, Nacky—spit in my face, pr'ythee spit in my face, never so little: spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit spit, when you are bid, I say; do, pr'ythee spit—now, now, now spit: what, you won't spit, will you? then I'll be a dog.

Aquil. A dog, my lord?

Ant. Ay, a dog—and I'll give thee this t'other purse to let me be a dog—and to use me like a dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis.— [*Gives the Purse.*

Aquil. Well; with all my heart. But let me beseech your dogship to play your tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turned out of doors, as you deserve.

Ant. Ay, ay—no matter for that— [*He gets under the Table*] that shan't move me—now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh— [*Barks like a Dog.*

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold, sir, I beseech you; what is't you do? If curs bite, they must be kicked, sir. Do you see, kicked thus.

Ant. Ay, with all my heart: do, kick, kick on; now I am under the table, kick again—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins—bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—odd, she kicks bravely.—

Aquil. Nay then, I'll go another way to work with you; and I think here's an instrument fit for the purpose. [*Fetches a Whip and a Bell.*] What, bite your mistress, sirrah? out, out of doors, you dog, to kennel and be hanged—bite your mistress by the legs, you rogue!— [*She whips him.*

Ant. Nay, pr'ythee Nacky, now thou art too loving: hurry durry, odd, I'll be a dog no longer.

Aquil. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning: but begone, or here's the discipline: what, bite your mistress by the legs, you mungril? Out of doors—hout, hout, to kennel, sirrah! go.

Ant. This is very barbarous usage, Nacky, very bar-

barous: look you, I will not go—I will not stir from the door, that I resolve—hurry durry, what shut me out?

[*She whips him out.*]

Aquil. Ay; and if you come here any more to-night, I'll have my footmen lug you, you cur; what, bite your poor mistress Nacky, sirrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heavens, madam! What's the matter?

[*He howls at the door like a Dog.*]

Aquil. Call my footmen hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

Maid. They are here already, madam; the house is all alarmed with a strange noise, that nobody knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome beast in the next room out of my house—if I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his admittance, you sneaking rogues—I'll have you poisoned all, poisoned, like rats; every corner of the house shall stink of one of you: go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my Pierre:

Thus when the godlike lover was displeas'd,
We sacrifice our fool, and he's appeas'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold! betray'd to shame!
Inevitable ruin has inclos'd me!

No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,
To weigh, and (weeping) ponder my condition,
But the old hoary wretch, to whose false care
My peace and honour was entrusted, came
(Like Tarquin) ghastly with infernal lust.

Oh thou Roman Lucrece!
 Thou could'st find friends to vindicate thy wrong;
 I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
 He that should guard my virtue, has betray'd it;
 Left me! undone me! oh that I could hate him!
 Where shall I go? oh whither, whither wander?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
 When these poor arms are open to receive her?
 Oh, 'tis in vain to struggle with desires
 Strong as my love to thee; for ev'ry moment
 I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
 Moans like a tender infant in it's cradle,
 Whose nurse had left it: come, and with the songs
 Of gentle love, persuade it to it's peace.

Belv. I fear the stubborn wand'rer will not own me;
 'Tis grown a rebel to be rul'd no longer,
 Scorns the indulgent bosom that first lull'd it;
 And, like a disobedient child, disdains
 The soft authority of Belvidera.

Jaff. There was a time—

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time
 When Belvidera's tears, her cries, and sorrows,
 Were not despis'd! when if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or look but sad;—there was indeed a time
 When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
 Eas'd her declining head upon his breast,
 And never left her till he found the cause.
 But let her now weep seas,
 Cry till she rend the earth; sigh till she burst
 Her heart asunder; still he bears it all;
 Deaf as the wind, and as the rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that rock unmov'd,
 Against whose root tears beat, and sighs are sent
 In vain? have I beheld thy sorrows calmly?
 Witness against me, heav'ns, have I done this?
 Then bear me in a whirlwind back again,

And let that angry dear one ne'er forgive me !
 Oh thou too rashly censur'st* of my love !
 Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
 Dark and alone, no pillow to my head,
 Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
 Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not
 Talk to me thus ; but like a pitying angel
 Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
 And hatch warm comfort there, ere sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why then, poor mourner, in what baleful
 corner

Hast thou been talking with that witch the night ?
 On what cold stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
 Gath'ring the grumbling winds about thy head,
 To mix with their's the accents of thy woes ?
 Oh, now I find the cause my love forsakes me !
 I am no longer fit to bear a share
 In his concernments : my weak female virtue
 Must not be trusted ; 'tis too frail and tender.

Jaff. Oh Porcia ! Porcia ! What a soul was thine !

Belv. That Porcia was a woman ; and when Brutus,
 Big with the fate of Rome, (Heav'n guard thy safety !)
 Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind,
 She let him see her blood was great as his,
 Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart
 Fit to partake his troubles, as his love :
 Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower
 Thou gav'st last night in parting with me ; strike it
 Here to my heart ; and as the blood flows from it,
 Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,

* CENSUR'ST of my love.—

To *censure*, here means to think, judge, or estimate (*qu. from censure*); in which sense it is often used by Shakespeare.

“ If you do *censure* me by what you were,
 Not what you are.” *Hen. VI. Part I. act 5, sc. 5.*

“ ————— whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be *censured*.”
King John, act 2, sc. 2.

Unworthy so much virtue : teach me how
I may deserve such matchless love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee.

Belv. Do not despise me : that's the all I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee ! hear me—

Belv. Oh thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness ;
Knows, let it name but love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast ; till with clos'd eyes
I reel into thy arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do ?

Belv. Tell me ! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy cloud upon thy face ?
Why am I made a stranger ? why that sigh,
And I not know the cause ? why when the world
Is wrapp'd in rest, why chooses then my love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring arms ?
Why are these eyes blood-shot with tedious watching ?
Why starts he now ? and looks as if he wish'd
His fate were finish'd ? Tell me, ease my fear ;
Lest when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind*,
But talk as wildly then, as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera !

Belv. Why was I last night
Deliver'd to a villain ?

Jaff. Hah, a villain !

Belv. Yes ! to a villain ! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches
That look as hell had drawn 'em into league ?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful ceremonies ?—

* To search into the sickness of thy mind.—

You have some sick offence within your mind.

Jul. Cas. act 2, sc. 1.

Great part of this scene is probably imitated from that between Brutus and Portia.

*To you, sirs, and your honour I bequeath her,
And with her this: when'er I prove unworthy,
You know the rest, then strike it to her heart!*
Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?
For such I know I am; that's all my value!
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me!

Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue! this the blood
That boasts it's purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Belv. No;

For Brutus trusted her: wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am, a woman,
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature;
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learnt them,
Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee; and with thee share them.

Jaff. Oh, you divinest pow'rs! look down and hear
My pray'rs! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further:
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of,
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then if thou should'st betray me!

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No; do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast:—
I've bound myself by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human—

Belv. Speak!—

Jaff. To kill thy father—

Belv. My father!

Jaff. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera: he amongst us
That spares his father, brother, or his friend;
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
I and the glorious partners of my fortune
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
And when night comes, with praise and love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not, ev'n in thought!
For if thou dost—

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! tho' his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driv'n me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butcher'd in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd slaves, bravoës, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains! join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engag'd
With men of souls; fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them,
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashions.

Belv. What's he to whose curst hands last night thou
gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story

Would rouse thy lion-heart out of it's den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee!

Belv. Oh my love! if e'er

Thy Belvidera's peace deserv'd thy care,
Remove me from this place: Last night, last night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the truth.

Belv. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the pow'r of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I lain on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approach'd me; loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for violation: then my heart
Throbb'd with it's fears: oh how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me! thou, alas! wert gone!

Jaff. Patience! sweet heav'n, till I make vengeance
sure.

Belv. He drew the hideous dagger forth thou gav'st
him,

And with upbraiding smiles, he said, *Behold it;*
This is the pledge of a false husband's love:
And in my arms then press'd, and would have clasp'd me;
But with my cries I scar'd his coward-heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell.
These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all's stak'd, and all will go to ruin!

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close;
Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;
I'll heal it's failings, and deserve thy love.

Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.

Belv. When shall we meet again?

Jaff. Anon, at twelve:

I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms,
Come like a travell'd dove, and bring thee peace.

Belv. Indeed!

Jaff. By all our loves!

Belv. 'Tis hard to part:

But sure no falshood ever look'd so fairly.

Farewell—remember twelve.— [Exit Belvidera.

Jaff. Let heav'n forget me

When I remember not thy truth, thy love.

How curst is my condition! toss'd and justled

From ev'ry corner; fortune's common fool,

The jest of rogues, an instrumental ass

For villains to lay loads of shame upon,

And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffier!

Jaff. Who calls?

Pier. A friend, that could have wish'd

Thave found thee otherwise employ'd: what, hunt

A wife on the dull foil! sure a stanch husband

Of all hounds is the dullest? wilt thou never,

Never be wean'd from caudles and confections?

What feminine tale hast thou been list'ning to,

Of unair'd shirts; catarrhs and tooth-ach, got

By thin-sol'd shoes? | Damnation! that a fellow,

Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction

Of a whole people, should sneak thus in corners

To ease his fulsome lusts, and fool his mind!

Jaff. May not a man then trifle out an hour

With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pier. Not in a cause like our's.

Jaff. Then, friend, our cause

Is in a damn'd condition: for I'll tell thee,

That canker-worm, call'd lechery, has touch'd it;

'Tis tainted vilely: would'st thou think it, Renault

(That mortified, old, wither'd, winter-rogue),

Loves simple fornication like a priest;

I found him out for wat'ring at my wife:

He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:

Faith, she has some temptations, that's the truth on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his trust?

Jaff. 'Twas something late tho',
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.

Pier. Was she in bed?

Jaff. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom, Pierre, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him!

Pier. Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?

Jaff. No, no! out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck; brush'd her with his gray beard,
Struggled and towz'd, tickled her till she squeak'd a little,
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence—

Pier. Damn him!

Jaff. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no monster yet: tho' no man knows
What fate he's born to. Sure 'tis near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?

Pier. No: he has sent commission to that villain,
Renault, to give the executing charge;
I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I'm cool as patience:
Had he completed my dishonour, rather
Than hazard the success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying virtue.

Pier. He's yonder coming this way thro' the hall;
His thoughts seem full.

Jaff. Pr'ythee retire, and leave me
With him alone: I'll put him to some trial,
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pier. Be careful then.

[Exit Pierre.]

Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.—
What, be a devil! take a damning oath

For shedding native blood! can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh this villain!

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse! and peevish! what a slave is man!
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Despatch the tool her husband—that were well—
Who's there?

Jaff. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally!
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge
Is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaff. Oh, women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant as their wishes, always wav'ring,
And never fix'd; was it not boldly done,
Ev'n at first sight to trust the thing I lov'd
(A tempting treasure too!) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaff. Curst be him that doubts
Thy virtue; I have tried it, and declare,
Were I to choose a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping; for I know thee.

Ren. Know me?

Jaff. Ay, know thee: there's no falshood in thee,
Thou look'st just as thou art: let us embrace.
Now would'st thou cut my throat, or I cut thine?

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaff. You lie, sir.

Ren. How!

Jaff. No more.

'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, DURAND, BRAINVILLE, and the rest of the Conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome!

Spin. You are trembling, sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
Full of decay and natural infirmities: [*Pierre re-enters.*
We shall be warm, my friend, I hope, to-morrow.

Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou should'st have strok'd
him,
And not have gall'd him.

Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me: what a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature—hush, my heart.

Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assembled all?
Where's Theodore?

Theo. At hand.

Ren. Spinosa.

Spin. Here.

Ren. Brainville.

Brain. I'm ready.

Ren. Durand and Bribe.

Dur. Command us,
We are both prepar'd!

Ren. Mezzana, Revillido,
Ternon, Retrosi; oh, you're men, I find,
Fit to behold your fate, and meet her summons;
To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Deck'd in your honours! Are the soldiers ready?

Omnes. All, all.

*Ren.** You, Durand, with your thousand, must possess

* This scene, particularly the charge of Renault, is closely imitated from *St. Rezi*.

St. Mark's; you, captain, know your charge already;
 'Tis to secure the ducal palace: you,
 Bribe, with a hundred more, must gain the Secque.
 With the like number, Brainville to the Procurale.
 Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
 Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
 Then sheath your swords in ev'ry breast you meet.

Jaff. Oh rev'rend cruelty! Damn'd bloody villain!

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
 Must, in the midst, keep your battalia fast;
 And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
 That may command the streets; whilst Revillido,
 Mezzana, Ternon, and Retrosi, guard you.
 (This done) we'll give the general alarm,
 Apply petards, and force the ars'nal gates;
 Then fire the city round in sev'ral places,
 Or with our cannon (if it dare resist)
 Batter't to ruin. But above all, I charge you,
 Shed blood enough, spare neither sex nor age,
 Name nor condition; if there live a senator
 After to-morrow, tho' the dullest rogue
 That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends;
 If possible, let's kill the very name
 Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave!—Ay, blood enough!
 Shed blood enough, old Renault: how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell till fate
 Join us again, or sep'rate us for ever:
 First, let's embrace; heav'n knows who next shall thus
 Wing ye together: but let's all remember
 We wear no common cause upon our swords;
 Let each man think, that on his single virtue
 Depends the good and fame of all the rest;
 Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.
 Let us remember, thro' what dreadful hazards
 Propitious fortune hitherto has led us;
 How often on the brink of some discovery
 Have we stood tott'ring, yet still kept our ground
 So well, the busiest searchers ne'er could follow

Those subtle tracks which puzzled all suspicion.
You droop, sir.

Jaff. No: with most profound attention,
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Ren. Tho' there be yet few hours 'twixt them and ruin,
Are not the senate lull'd in full security,
Quiet and satisfied, as fools are always?

Never did so profound repose forerun
Calamity so great: nay, our good fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of mankind;
Strengthen'd the fearfull'st, charm'd the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
We live, my friends, and quickly shall our life
Prove fatal to these tyrants: let's consider
That we destroy oppression, avarice,
A people nurs'd up equally with vices
And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera, take me to thy arms,
And shew me where's my peace, for I have lost it.

[*Ex.* *Jaff.*]

Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's resolve
With fire and sword t'exterminate these tyrants;
And when we shall behold those curst tribunals
Stain'd by the tears and sufferings of the innocent,
Burning with flames, rather from heav'n than our's,
The raging, furious, and un pitying soldier
Pulling his reeking dagger from the bosoms
Of gasping wretches; death in ev'ry quarter,
With all that sad disorder can produce,
To make a spectacle of horror; then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the earth;
That the most valu'd things have most allays.
And that in change of all those vile enormities,
Under whose weight this wretched country labours,
The means are only in our hands to crown them.

Pier. And may those pow'rs above, that are propitious
To gallant minds, record this cause, and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my friends, be found amongst us one
False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance were enough for such a villain?

Eliot. Death here without repentance, hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if as here I stand,
Listed by fate amongst her darling sons,
Tho' I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; tho' one hour
Had giv'n us birth, one fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our minds: could I have such a friend
Join'd in this cause, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right-hand drop from
me,

If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you: who,
Who would do less? would'st not thou, Pierre, the same?

Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question,

As if 'twere started only for my sake!
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your swords! am I a traitor?

Ren. No; but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less: come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. He left the room just now in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I observ'd him,
During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention
'To a confusion which he could not smother.
His looks grew full of sadness and surprize,
All which betray'd a wav'ring spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctancy and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy execution: he remains
Yet in our power: I for my own part wear
A dagger.

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it—

Pier. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away! we're yet all friends;

No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood amongst us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house,

Pull him from the dark hole where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? Who's he'll shed the blood

That's dear to me? Is't you? or you? or you, sir?

What, not one speak? how you stand gaping all

On your grave oracle, your wooden god there;

Yet not a word: then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;—

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue! [To *Ren.*

Ren. A coward—— [Handles his Sword.

Pier. Put, put up thy sword, old man,

Thy hand shakes at it; come, let's heal this breach;

I am too hot; we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so.

Pier. Again: who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Rev. And I.

Eliot. And all.

Ren. Who're on my side?

Spin. Ev'ry honest sword;

Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by heav'n I'll to the senate,

And hang ye all like dogs, in clusters.

Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing!

Ren. Go to the senate and betray us; haste,

Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die

Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pier. That's rank falshood.

Fear'st not thou death? fy, there's a knavish itch
 In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
 Had Jaffier's wife prov'd kind; he had still been true.
 Fogh—how that stinks!

Thou die! thou kill my friend! or thou, or thou;
 Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched face!
 Away! disperse all to your sev'ral charges,
 And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you;
 I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
 And you shall see him venture for you fairly—
 Hence, hence, I say. [Ex. Renault *angrily*.

Spin. I fear we've been to blame,
 And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urg'd against the man you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our swords, and crush them with
 your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found

The way to melt and cast me as you will:
 I'll fetch this friend, and give him to your mercy:
 Nay he shall die if you will take him from me.
 For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;
 But would not have him torn away by villains,
 And spiteful villany.

Spin. No; may you both
 For ever live, and fill the world with fame!

Pier. Now you are too kind. Whence rose all this
 discord?

Oh what a dang'rous precipice have we 'scap'd!
 How near a fall was all we had long been building!
 What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
 If one, the bravest and the best of men,
 Had fall'n a sacrifice to rash suspicion!
 Butcher'd by those whose cause he came to cherish:
 Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
 How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
 You would not leave this place till you had seen him;
 Humbled yourselves before him, kiss'd his feet,
 And gain'd remission for the worst of follies.

Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
 And to your loves me better recommend,
 That I've preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my friend. }
 [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA.

Jaff. Where dost thou lead me; ev'ry step I move,
 Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
 Of a rack'd friend: oh my dear charming ruin!
 Where are we wand'ring?

Belv. To eternal honour;
 To do a deed shall chronicle thy name
 Among the glorious legends of those few
 That have sav'd sinking nations: thy renown
 Shall be the future song of all the virgins,
 Who by thy piety have been preserv'd
 From horrid violation: ev'ry street
 Shall be adorn'd with statues to thy honour,
 And at thy feet this great inscription written,
Remember him that prop'd the fall of Venice.

Jaff. Rather remember him, who, after all
 The sacred bonds of oaths and holier friendship,
 In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
 Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
 To sacrifice the bosom that reliev'd him.
 Why wilt thou damn me?

Belv. Oh, inconstant man!
 How will you promise! how will you deceive!
 Do, return back, replace me in my bondage;
 Tell all thy friends how dang'rously thou lov'st me;
 And let thy dagger do it's bloody office.
 Oh that kind dagger, Jaffier, how 'twill look

Stuck thro' my heart, drench'd in my blood to th' hilts!
 Whilst these poor dying eyes shall with their tears
 No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
 Or if thou think'st it nobler, let me live
 Till I'm a victim to the hateful lust
 Of that infernal devil, that old fiend
 That's damn'd himself, and would undo mankind.
 Last night, my love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.
 It shews a beastly image to my fancy,
 Will wake me into madness. Oh the villain!
 That durst approach such purity as thine
 On terms so vile: destruction, swift destruction
 Fall on my coward-head, and make my name
 The common scorn of fools, if I forgive him;
 If I forgive him! if I not revenge
 With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
 Thy suff'ring, thou dear darling of my life.

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the senate;
 And tell the dismall'st story ever utter'd,
 Tell 'em what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
 Have been prepar'd; how near's the fatal hour!
 Save thy poor country, save the rev'rend blood
 Of all it's nobles, which to-morrow's dawn
 Must else see shed: save the poor tender lives
 Of all those little infants, which the swords
 Of murderers are whetting for this moment;
 Think thou already hear'st their dying screams,
 Think that thou seest their sad distracted mothers
 Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity,
 With torn dishevell'd hair and streaming eyes,
 Their naked mangled breasts besmear'd with blood,
 And ev'n the milk, with which their fondled babes
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from them:
 Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Think too, if you lose this present minute,
 What miseries the next day brings upon thee.
 Imagine all the horrors of that night,

Murder and rapine, waste and desolation,
 Confus'dly ranging. Think what then may prove
 My lot! the ravisher may then come safe,
 And midst the terror of the public ruin,
 Do a damn'd deed; perhaps too lay a train
 May catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
 The dear revenge that's due to such a wrong?

Jaff. By all heav'n's pow'rs, prophetic truth dwells
 in thee,

For ev'ry word thou speak'st strikes thro' my heart
 Like a new light, and shews it how't has wander'd;
 Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,
 And lead me to the place where I'm to say
 This bitter lesson; where I must betray
 My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends:
 Must I betray my friend? Ah, take me quickly,
 Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belv. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera?

Jaff. No; thou'rt my soul itself, wealth, friendship,
 honour,

All present joys, and earnest of all future,
 Are summ'd in thee: methinks, when in thy arms
 Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
 Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
 Why was such happiness not giv'n me pure?
 Why dash'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?
 Come, lead me forward now, like a tame lamb
 To sacrifice: thus in his fatal garlands,
 Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the wanton skips and plays,
 Trots by th' enticing flatt'ring priestess' side,
 And much transported with his little pride,
 Forgets his dear companions of the plain;
 'Till by her bound, he's on the altar lain,
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the
 pain. }

Enter Officer and Six Guards.

Off. Stand; who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera! hide me from my friends.
By heav'n, I'd rather see the face of hell,
Than meet the man I love.

Offi. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the senate and the state of Venice.

Offi. My orders are, to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring 'em to the council,
Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
Hold, brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me.
Now the lot's cast, and fate do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt, guarded.*]

SCENE II.—*The Senate-House,*

*Where appear sitting, the DUKE of VENICE, PRIULI,
ANTONIO, and Eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or it's safety?

Priu. Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep; tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heaven.
Heav'n knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more!

All Senators. How!

Priu. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn ev'n this moment,
And the wild waste begun: from unknown hands
I had this warning: but if we are men,

Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the world in after-ages,
Our virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were.

[*A noise without*] Room, room, make room for some
prisoners—

2 *Senat.* Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

'*Priu.* Speak there, what disturbance?

Off. Two prisoners have the guard seiz'd in the
streets,

Who say they come t'inform this rev'rend senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance—

Well; who are you?

Jaff. A villain.

Ant. Short and pithy.

The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would ev'ry man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd that a plot has been contriv'd
Against this state; that you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I, to save my life, come hither;
I know it's value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates;
Give him the tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do;
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch

To hear a story which you dread the truth of:
 Truth, which the fear of smart, shall ne'er get from me.
 Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings; boys are whipt
 Into confessions: but a steady mind

(Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
 Again, by heav'n I'll shut these lips for ever;
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels
 Shall force a groan away—that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant;
 A damn'd bloody-minded fellow.

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For myself full pardon,
 Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,

[*Delivers a list.*

Whose names are here enroll'd: Nay, let their crimes
 Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
 And sacred promise of this rev'rend council,
 That in a full assembly of the senate
 The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
 And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes
 Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
 Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To graut me what I've ask'd;
 Ye swear?

All. We swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the oath,
 May you and your posterity be blest,
 Or curst for ever.

All. Else be curst for ever.

Jaff. Then here's the list, and with't the full disclose
 Of all that threatens you. Now fate thou'st caught me.

[*Delivers another Paper.*

Ant. Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cut-throats
 is here! I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but

has a face like a lion. I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke. Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public:
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtesan,
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.

Ant. What, my Nicky Nacky, hurry durry, Nicky
Nacky in the plot—I'll make a speech.—

Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehensions drive you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'Tis true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say't myself, as many more
Can say as well as I—

2 *Senat.* My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us;
We all well know your int'rest in that lady;
The world talks loud on't.

Ant. Verily I have done,
I say no more.

Duke. But since he has declar'd
Himself concern'd, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bed-chamber be search'd with decency.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning,
To be our prisoner.

Jaff. Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The hist'ry of my wickedness shall run
Down thro' the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
 Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falshood.
 Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee !

[*Exit, guarded.*]

[*Noise without*] More traitors ; room, room, make
 room there.

Duke. How's this, guards ?

Where are our guards ? shut up the gates, the treason's
 Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My lords, more traitors ;
 Seiz'd in the very act of consultation ;
 Furnish'd with arms and instruments of mischief.—
 Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT,
 REVILLIDO, and other Conspirators, in Fetters,
 guarded.*

Pier. You, my lords and fathers
 (As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice ;
 If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
 Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
 That have so often labour'd in your service ?
 Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
 On those that bring you conquests home, and honours ?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, sir.

Ant. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
 Your battles with confederated powers ;
 When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you ;
 And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours ?
 When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
 And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,
 Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than your's,
 Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honour, and the way to greatness ?
 Rais'd you from your capitulating fears,

To stipulate the terms of su'd-for peace?
 And this my recompense? If I'm a traitor,
 Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base
 enough

And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jaffier?

[*All the Conspirators murmur.*]

Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.

His justice, truth, his gen'ral worth and suff'rings
 From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pier. My friend too bound! nay then
 Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall;
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
 They're but one thing? these rev'rend tyrants, Jaffier,
 Call us all traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
 That e'er betray'd a gen'rous, trusting friend,
 And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
 All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crown'd,
 Has this curst tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then, all's over:
 Venice has lost her freedom; I my life;
 No more; farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make confession
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

Pier. Curst be your senate: curst your constitution:
 The curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
 And make the robes of government you wear,
 Hateful to you, as these base chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pier. Death, honourable death!

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conspir. No shameful bonds, but honourable
 death.

Duke. Break up the council: captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To do your senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment.

Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel—on—

[*Strikes Jaffier.*]

Jaff. By heav'n you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak:
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou caust not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,
But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence. I know thee not.
Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, hypocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre?

Pier. No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend,
Tho' now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffier! thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend?
By heav'ns thou liest; the man so call'd, my friend,
Was gen'rous, honest, faithful, just and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor ev'n in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not,

But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: oh look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad; sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as ev'n 'twould burst my bosom;
 Fond of it's goal, and lab'ring to be at thee!
 What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thyself

Jaffier, that once lov'd, valu'd friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these chains?

Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
 The council have propos'd: thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life? confess! record myself
 A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursed city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treach'rous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just—

Pier. Swear by some other pow'rs,
 For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
 Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconcil'd,
 However thy resentments deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee:
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty*:
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, tho' they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my suff'rings, you relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not—

Jaff. What?

Pier. A traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are
numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms like
thine?

Base as thou'rt false—

Jaff. No; 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy state
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,

◆ *Use me reproachfully, &c.—*

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you. *Mids. Night's Dream.*

Giv'n with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n :
 So I restore it back to thee again ;
 Swearing by all those pow'rs which thou hast violated,
 Never from this curst hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or int'rest with thee, tho' our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it
 Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre !

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee
 from me,

And curses, great as is thy falshood, catch thee.

[*Exeunt Pier. and Consp.*]

Jaff. Amen, he's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
 And here's the portion he has left me.

[*Holds the Dagger up.*]

This dagger, well remember'd; with this dagger
 I gave a solemn vow of dire importance ;
 Parted with this, and Belvidera together;—
 Have a care, mem'ry; drive that thought no farther* ;
 No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
 Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
 Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
 That when they meet, they start not from each other.
 So; now for thinking: a blow, call'd traitor, villain,
 Coward, dishonourable coward, fogh !
 Oh for a long sound sleep, and so forget it !
 † Down, busy devil—

* *Have a care, mem'ry; drive that thought no farther.—*

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that ;
 No more of that.

Lear, act 3, sc. 4.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Not daring to look up to that dear face
Which us'd to smile ev'n on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes to earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind heav'n has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen;
Creep with a remnant of that strength they've left,
Before the footstool of that heav'n they've injur'd.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawl'd on earth: now, if thou'st virtue, help me;
Take me
Into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises ev'ry sense to my confusion;
By heav'n, I'm tott'ring on the very brink
Of peace, and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
I know thou'st cause to mourn; to mourn, my Jaffier,
With endless cries, and never-ceasing wailings;
Thou'st lost—

Jaff. Oh, I have lost what can't be counted;
My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoic'd in,
Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story,
What shall I do? resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by heav'n I bear it;
He has us'd me, Belvidera—but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou'lt not loath me utterly,
Tho' vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction;
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm
doubted?

Speak, what's the cause I'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complainings?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they're many,
Oh my dear angel! in that friend I've lost
All my soul's peace; for ev'ry thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains;
Would'st thou believe it?—

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his suff'rings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness
In which we've liv'd so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dash'd a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera; by heav'n, he struck me,
Buffeted, call'd me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I villain? tell me:
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation; coward!

Belv. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier.
And if his suff'rings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv. To-morrow;

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart do then? Oh sure 'twill stream
Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow! broken limbs and bowels!
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain!
By all my fears I shall start out to madness,
With barely guessing, if the truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it;
They say, according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:
Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited;
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession:
Warrants are pass'd for public death to-morrow.

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard!
unpleaded!

Belv. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are prepar-
ing,

To force confessions from their dying pangs.
Oh, do not look so terribly upon me:
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
What means my love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—strong
temptations
Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what?

Jaff. No more; but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! by heav'n, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands; are they not cold upon thee?

Belv. No, everlasting comfort's in thy arms.

[Pulls the Dagger half out of his bosom,
and puts it back again.]

To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas, thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis fill'd
with:

Fly ere they gall thee: there's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrified?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Belv. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling
mischief?

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st have
fled

When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already! see they've fix'd him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd senate!
Murder—Oh!—hark thee, traitress, thou'st done this;
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love,

[Fumbling for his Dagger.]

How her eyes speak! Oh thou bewitching creature!
Madness can't hurt thee: come, thou little trembler,
Creep ev'n into my heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own citadel—hah—yet stand off,
Heav'n, must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath it's reaching mercy;
I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Belv. What means the lord

Of me, my life and love? what's in thy bosom,
Thou grap'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?

[Draws the Dagger, and offers to stab her.]

What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffier,
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd soul;
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

*Be. Belvidera.
Story of John's room.*

Jaff. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust
To be thy portion, if I e'er prov'd false.
On such condition was my truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[Offers to stab her again.]

Belv. Oh, mercy!

[Kneeling.]

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Belv. Now then kill me;

[Leaps upon his neck, and kisses him.]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a coward; witness't, heaven,
Witness it, earth, and ev'ry being, witness;
'Tis but one blow; yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[He throws away the Dagger, and embraces her.]

The seal of Providence is sure upon thee,
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders:
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the pow'r that's giv'n thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conqu'ring smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel father; save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever:
Fall at his feet, cling round his rev'rend knees;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him;
Crush him in thy arms, torture him with thy softness:
Nor, till thy pray'rs are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me.

[Ex. Ambo.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI.

Priu. Why, cruel heav'n, have my unhappy days
 Been lengthen'd to this sad one? oh! dishonour
 And deathless infamy is fall'n upon me.
 Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
 But then, my only child, my daughter, wedded;
 There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
 Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,
 To make it rot and stink to after ages.
 Curst be the fatal minute when I got her;
 Or would that I'd been any thing but man,
 And rais'd an issue which would ne'er have wrong'd me!
 The miserablest creatures (man excepted)
 Are not the less esteem'd, tho' their posterity
 Degen'rate from the virtues of their fathers;
 The vilest beasts are happy in their offsprings,
 While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains.
 Curst be the names, and some swift blow from fate
 Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA in a long mourning Veil.

Belv. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
 That, for three years, has left an only child
 Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
 And cruel ruin—Oh!—

Priu. What child of sorrow
 Art thou, that com'st thus wrapp'd in weeds of sadness,
 And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Belv. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness,
 Am fall'n into the lowest depths of misery,
 And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Priu. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your power,
The world, too, speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, sir.

Priu. For what?

Belv. Oh, well regard me; is this voice a strange one?
Consider too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content them.

Priu. What would'st thou beg for?

Belv. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her Veil.*]
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.

Priu. My daughter!

Belv. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms: by all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.

Priu. Thou art my daughter.

Belv. Yes—and you've oft told me
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Priu. Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues,
I'd been too blest.

Belv. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface th' impression.
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what sadness,
Fears and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing,
From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just breaking.

VENICE PRESERVED



Prin. *What wouldst thou buy for?*
Belv. *Pity and forgiveness.*

ACT III.

Priu. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.
I have a husband.

Priu. Damn him.

Belv. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.

Priu. Hah! what means my child?

Belv. Oh, there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate: yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part; just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a pray'r to heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I'm dead—

Priu. How my soul's catch'd!

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spar'd her.

Priu. By heav'n, my aching heart forebodes much
mischief.

Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Belv. No, I'm contented.

Priu. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Priu. Tell me.

By yon blest heav'n, my heart runs o'er with fondness.

Belv. Oh!—

Priu. Utter't.

Belv. Oh, my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.

Priu. Kill thee?

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth;
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it thro' this bosom.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.

Great Love prevail'd, and blest me with success;
 He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends
 For promis'd mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.
 Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
 If they are lost, he vows t'appease the gods
 With this poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.

Priu. Heav'ns!

Belv. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting;
 Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
 Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
 Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
 Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
 Fix'd on my throat, whilst the extended other
 Grasp'd a keen threat'ning dagger; oh 'twas thus
 We last embrac'd; when, trembling with revenge,
 He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom
 Presented horrid death; cried out, *my friends,*
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd,
 lov'd;

For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me
 To this last trial of a father's pity.
 I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
 That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office.
 If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
 Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
 Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Priu. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Belv. Will you not, my father?

Weep not, but answer me.

Priu. By heav'n, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
 (Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?)
 I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
 Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
 Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
 Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
 Peace to thy heart! Farewell.

Belv. Go, and remember,

'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for. [*Ex. severally.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Hum, hum, lah ;
Signior Priuli, my lord Priuli, my lord, my lord, my lord.
How we lords love to call one another by our titles! My
lord, my lord, my lord—Pox on him, I am a lord as well
as he ; and so let him fiddle —I'll warrant him he's gone
to the senate-house, and I'll be there too, soon enough
for somebody. Odd—here's a tickling speech about the
plot ; I'll prove there's a plot with a vengeance—would
I had it without book ; let me see—

Most reverend senators,

That there is a plot, surely by this time, no man that
hath eyes or understanding in his head will presume to
doubt ; 'tis as plain as the light in the cucumber—no—
hold there—cucumber does not come in yet—'tis as
plain as the light in the sun, or as the man in the moon,
even at noon-day: it is indeed a pumpkin-plot, which,
just as it was mellow, we have gathered, and now we
have gathered it, prepared and dressed it, shall we throw
it like a pickled cucumber out at the window? no: that
it is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable
and audacious plot ; but it is, as I may so say, a saucy
plot ; and we all know, most reverend fathers, that
what is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander : there-
fore, I say, as those blood-thirsty ganders of the con-
spiracy would have destroyed us geese of the senate, let
us make haste to destroy them ; so I humbly move for
hanging—Hah, hurry durry—I think this will do ; though
I was something out, at first, about the sun and the cu-
cumber.

Enter AQUILINA.

Aquil. Good-morrow, senator.

Ant. Nacky, my dear Nacky! 'morrow, Nacky, odd
I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial—ha
a a a—kiss me, Nacky ; how dost thou do, my little
tory rory strumpet? kiss me, I say, hussy, kiss me.

Aquil. Kiss me, Nacky! hang you, sir coxcomb, hang you, sir.

Ant. Hayty tayty, is it so indeed? with all my heart, faith—*Hey then up go we**, faith—*hey then up go we*, dum dum derum dump. [*Sings.*]

Aquil. Signior.

Ant. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your own bed?—

Ant. About threescore years hience, much may be done, my dear.

Aquil. You'll be hanged, signior.

Ant. Hanged, sweet-heart! pr'ythee be quiet; hanged quoth-a! that's a merry conceit, with all my heart; why thou jokest, Nacky; thou art given to joking, I'll swear; well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest, that I love joking dearly, mun. And I love thee for joking, and I'll kiss thee for joking, and towze thee for joking; and odd, I have a devilish mind to take thee aside about that business for joking too; odd I have, and, *Hey then up go we*, dum dum derum dump. [*Sings.*]

Aquil. See you this, sir? [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Ant. O laud, a dagger! Oh laud! it is naturally my aversion, I cannot endure the sight on't; hide it, for heaven's sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone—hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your heart I'll hide it.

Ant. My heart! what, hide a dagger in my heart's blood?

Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou pamper'd devil;

Thou'st help'd to spoil my peace, and I'll have vengeance On thy curst life, for all the bloody senate,

* This was the burden of many songs of that period, as in the following:

“ We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And parts whate'er they be,
We'll cry all parts and learning down,
And *beigh then up go we.*”

Collec. of Songs, 1731.

The perjur'd faithless senate: where's my lord,
 My happiness, my love, my god, my hero,
 Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst the rest,
 To a shameful rack? By all the rage that's in me,
 I'll be whole years in murd'ring thee.

Ant. Why, Nacky,

Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the
 matter, my dear Nacky? am not I thy love, thy happi-
 ness, thy lord, thy hero, thy senator, and every thing
 in the world, Nacky?

Aquil. Thou! think'st thou, thou art fit to meet my
 joys;

To bear the eager clasps of my embraces?
 Give me my Pierre, or—

Ant. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky;
 Truss'd up for treason, and so forth, child.

Aquil. Thou liest; stop down thy throat that hellish
 sentence,

Or 'tis thy last: swear that my love shall live,
 Or thou art dead.

Ant. Ah—

Aquil. Swear to recall his doom;

Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Ant. I do: now if she would but kick a little bit,
 one kick now; ah—

Aquil. Swear, or—

Ant. I do, by these dear fragrant foots,
 And little toes, sweet as, e e e my Nacky, Nacky,
 Nacky.

Aquil. How!

Ant. Nothing but untie thy shoe-string a little, faith
 and troth, that's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky,
 that's all.

Aquil. Nay, then—

Ant. Hold, hold; thy love, thy lord, thy hero
 Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this poniard
 Rust in thy heart.

Ant. With all my soul.

Aquil. Farewell— [Exit Aquilina.]

Ant. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded, inveterate, termagant strumpet have I been plagned with! Oh, yet more! nay then, I die, I die—I am dead already.
[Stretches himself out.]

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world:
Bend down, ye heav'ns, and shutting round this earth,
Crush the vile globe into it's first confusion;
Scorch it with elemental flames to one curst cinder,
And all us little creepers in't, call'd men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let Venice burn
Hotter than all the rest: here kindle hell
Ne'er to extinguish; and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine feels now.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. My life— [Meeting him.]

Jaff. My plague— [Turning from her.]

Belv. Nay, then I see my ruin,
If I must die!

Jaff. No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-tim'd mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours tho', and him too:
But all my poor, betray'd, unhappy friends
Have summons to prepare for fate's black hour;
And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my doom.
I see thou hast pass'd my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead against it;
But with the humblest, most obedient patience
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me.
Indeed I'm willing, but I beg thee do it
With some remorse; and when thou giv'st the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to thee?

Belv. Yes; and when thy hands,
Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast doue a thousand thousand dear times,
To this poor breast, when kinder rage has brought
thee,

When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting kisses seal'd our lips together,
When joys have left me gasping in thy arms,
So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Belv. I will when I've done weeping—

Jaff. Fy, no more on't—
How long is't since the miserable day
We wedded first?

Belv. Oh—

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Belv. Heav'n knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
These streams will follow—

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Belv. But, was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curst one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you
bless'd it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.

Belv. Then why am I not curst too?

Jaff. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Belv. Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,

Than I do now towards thee ; man ne'er was blest,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me ?

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three years we've liv'd together.

Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
'Till rev'rend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be ?

[*Sighing,*

Belv. I hope long ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) us'd thee with tend'rest love ?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee ?
Did I e'er frown when Belvidera smil'd,
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
Abating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee ?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'er wander'd
To any other woman ?

Belv. Never, never—

I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee.
I own I've been too happy, blest above
My sex's charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came
To bless thee ?

Belv. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous heaven ;
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing :
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her ;
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning :
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest
Harmless as her own thoughts, and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd ;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Belv. How, parting, parting!

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting;

I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.

Belv. Oh, call back

Your cruel blessing; stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No; 'tis resolv'd.

Belv. Then hear me too, just heav'n,
Pour down your curses on this wretched head,
With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,
Danger or infamy, nay all surround me,
Starve me with wantings; let my eyes ne'er see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace;
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him; if I must! I will not.—
Oh, turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender days we have liv'd together,
By all our charming nights, and joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. By these arms that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaff. Murder! unhold me:

By the immortal destiny that doom'd me

[*Draws his Dagger.*

To this curst minute, I'll not live one longer:

Resolve to let me go, or see me fall—

Belv. Hold, sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal bell [Passing-bell tolls.

Tolls out for death! I must attend it's call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre expects me;
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever.

Belv. Leave thy dagger with me.
 Bequeath me something——Not one kiss at parting?
 [Going out, looks back at her.]
 Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

Jaff. Yet stay,
 We have a child as yet a tender infant:
 Be a kind mother to him when I'm gone,
 Breed him in virtue and the paths of honour,
 But let him never know his father's story;
 I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my fate
 May do his future fortune, or his name.
 Now——nearer yet— [Approaching each other.]
 Oh that my arms were rivetted
 Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath.
 This, and no more. [Kisses her.]

Belv. Another, sure another,
 For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of;
 I'll giv't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heav'n knows for ever; all good angels guard
 thee! [Exit.]

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
 Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
 Which I must now mourn out in widow'd tears;
 Blasted be ev'ry herb, and fruit, and tree;
 Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
 And may the gen'ral curse reach man and beast;
 Oh give me daggers, fire or water;
 How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
 Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
 Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
 Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury;
 The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
 I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell! hell!
 Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
 If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI and Servants.

Who's there?

[They seize her.]

Priu. Run, seize and bring her safely home,
Guard her as you would life: Alas, poor creature!

Belv. What! to my husband? then conduct me
quickly:

Are all things ready? shall we die most gloriously?

Say not a word of this to my old father:

Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE opening, discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepared for the executing of PIERRE; then enter Officers, PIERRE, and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble.

Off. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for the prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Friar. Why are you so obstinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch
Can't die in peace?

But you like ravens will be croaking round him—

Friar. Yet, heav'n—

Pier. I tell thee heav'n and I are friends:
I ne'er broke peace with't yet, by cruel murders,
Rapine or perjury, or vile deceiving;
But liv'd in moral justice towards all men;
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.

Friar. But an all-seeing judge—

Pier. You say my conscience
Must be my accuser: I have search'd that conscience,
And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Friar. 'Tis strange you should want faith.

Pier. You want to lead
(My reason blindfold, like a hamper'd lion,

Check'd of it's nobler vigour; then when baited
 Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
 And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of faith:
 So silly souls are gull'd, and you get money.
 Away, no more: Captain, I'd have hereafter
 This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
 Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaff. Hold: eyes, be dry; heart, strengthen me to
 bear

This hideous sight, and humble me to take
 The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
 Betray'd by my vile falshood to his ruin.
 Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
 And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
 How shall I look up to thy injur'd face,
 That always us'd to smile with friendship on me?
 It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
 That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
 And stripes are fitter for me than embraces.

Pier. Dear to my arms, tho' thou'st undone my fame,
 I can't forget to love thee: pr'ythee, Jaffier,
 Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
 I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
 And fain would have the charitable wishes
 Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaff. Good! I'm the vilest creature, worse than e'er
 Suffer'd the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.
 Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
 Call, call me villain, as I am; describe
 The foul complexion of my hateful deeds;
 Lead me to th' rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
 I've crimes enough to give it it's full load,
 And do it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use on't,
 And honest men hereafter bear it's figure
 About 'em, as a charm from treach'rous friendship.

Off. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffier; they've all died like men too, Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh, Jaffier!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthen'd soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a friend, a gen'rous friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heav'n knows I want a friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.

Jaff. Yes, I will live,
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by heav'n.

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee, Oh—yet—shall I trust thee?

Jaff. No: I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this weakness. [He weeps.]

Jaff. Tears! amazement! tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom
That must have vent: tho' I'm a villain, tell me.

Pier. Seest thou that engine?

[Pointing to the Wheel.]

Jaff. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest,
quest,

Be expos'd a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Yes, is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Offi. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste! Oh, Jaffier,
Tho' thou'st betray'd me, do me some way justice.

Jaff. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;
I have a wife, and she shall bleed; my child too
Yield up his little throat, and all t'appease thee—

[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*

Pier. No—this—no more! [He whispers Jaffier.]

Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Pier. Remember.

Offi. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[*He and Jaffier ascend the Scaffold.*

Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour,
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
Come! [*Takes off his gown. Executioner prepares to
bind him.*

Friar. Son!

Pier. Hence, tempter.

Offi. Stand off, priest.

Pier. I thank you, sir;
You'll think on't. [To Jaffier.]

Jaff. Twon't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going. Now;—

Jaff. Have at thee, [*Executioner having bound him.*
Thou honest heart, then—here— [Stabs him.]

And this is well too. [*Then stabs himself.*

Friar. Damnable deed!

Pier. Now thou'st indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—We have deceiv'd the senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha ha ha—oh oh—

[*Dies.*

Jaff. Now, ye curst rulers,
Thus of the blood you've shed I make libation,
And sprinkle't mingling: may it rest upon you,
And all your race: be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generations—Oh poor Belvidera!
Sir, I've a wife, bear this in safety to her:
A token, that with my dying breath I blest her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet—

[*Jaffier dies.*

Off. Bear this news to th' senate,
And guard their bodies till there's farther order:
Heav'n grant I die so well— [Scene shuts upon them.

Soft Music. Enter BELVIDERA distracted, led by two
of her Women, PRIULI and Servants.

Priu. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying
heav'n!

Belv. Come, come, come, come; nay, come to bed,
Pr'ythee, my love. The winds! hark how they whistle!
And the rain beats: oh how the weather shrinks me!
You're angry now; who cares? pish, no indeed.
Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!

[*Jaffier's Ghost rises.*

Are you return'd? See, father, here he's come again:
Am I to blame to love him? oh, thou dear one!

[*Ghost sinks.*

Why do you fly me? are you angry still then?
Jaffier! where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here some-
where.

Stand off, I say! what gone? remember't, tyrant!
I may revenge myself for this trick one day.

Enter Officer and others.

I'll do't—I'll do't. Renault's a nasty fellow :
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Priu. News, what news? [*Officer whispers Priuli.*

Offi. Most sad, sir.

Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabb'd Pierre, and next himself :
Both fell together.

Priu. Daughter.

[*The Ghosts of Jaffier and Pierre rise together,
both bloody.*

Belv. Hah, look there!

My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? speak to me, thou sad vision,

[*Ghosts sink.*

On these poor trembling knees I beg it; vanish'd!—
Here they went down: Oh I'll dig, dig the den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier,
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: oh now how I'll smuggle him!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They've hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.

Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [*She dies.*

Maid. She's dead.

Breathless and dead.

Priu. Then guard me from the sight on't :
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning;
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun
May never enter: hang it round with black;
Set up one taper that may last a day
As long as I've to live: and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate. [*Curtain falls.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THE text is done, and now for application,
And when that's ended, pass your approbation.
Tho' the conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there;
And there's a certain faction fain would sway, }
If they had strength enough, and damn this play. }
But this the author bid me boldly say;
If any take his plainness in ill part,
He's glad on't from the bottom of his heart;
Poets in honour of the truth should write,
With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
And tho' against him causeless hatreds rise, }
And daily where he goes of late, he spies }
The scowls of sullen and revengeful eyes:
'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
He fears no poison from an incens'd drab,
No ruffian's five-foot-sword, nor rascal's stab;
Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
Not a Rose-alley cudgel-ambuscade*;
From any private cause where malice reigns,
Or gen'ral pique all blockheads have to brains:
Nothing shall daunt his pen when truth does call;
No, not the picture-mangler at Guildhall.
The rebel tribe, of which that vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their course begun;
And while that prince's figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his name,
Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
They'd use his person as they've us'd his fame:

* A severe attack upon Dryden, in Rose-street, Covent-garden, December 1679; in consequence, it is supposed, of his being reputed the author of the *Essay on Satire*. The preceding verse probably contains an allusion to the stabbing of Mr. Scroop by sir Thomas Armstrong, in the pit of the Duke's Theatre; mentioned by Langbaine (*Dram. Poets*, p. 460.)

† The rascal that cut the duke of York's picture. O.—The same incident is referred to by other writers. The picture was cut from the legs downwards.

A face in which such lineaments they read
Of that great martyr's, whose rich blood they shed,
That their rebellious hate they still retain,
And in his son would murder him again.
With indignation, then, let each brave heart,
Rouse and unite to take his injur'd part;
Till royal love and goodness call him home*,
And songs of triumph meet him as he come;
Till heav'n his honour and our peace restore,
And villains never wrong his virtue more.

* The duke was then in a sort of exile in Scotland.

THE ATHEIST;
OR,
THE SECOND PART
OF
THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

——— *Hic noster auctores habet;
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porro, moneo, et desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.*

TERENT. PROLOG. AD AND.

THE ATHEIST.

THIS is intended as a sequel to the "Soldier's Fortune," (Vol. II.) and, like that comedy, is composed of a mass of adventures, without much order of succession, or coherence of plan. The principal aim, in both pieces, has obviously been to engage the imagination by bustle, novelty, and profusion of incidents, rather than, by just delineation of character, exactitude of plot, and propriety of sentiment, to win the slow approbation of the judgment. The dialogue has more freedom and vivacity than the other comedies, and abounds with that species of licentious wit which secured it's favourable reception with audiences whose minds were corrupted, by habit and example, to a perfect relish of grossness, and contempt of decency. Marriage, and all those decorums which embellish social life, and may be said to hold society most firmly together, are despised and ridiculed; and unbounded freedom, or rather licentiousness, extolled and set up in their stead. The play receives it's principal title from a character too frequent at that period: at least, if real Atheists were few, there were numerous pretenders to the title. The loose wits at the court of Charles II. affected, as a fashionable distinction, to discard all belief in religion, either natural or revealed; and even the king himself was sometimes believed not to be unfavourable to the same mode of thinking. The satire was, therefore, perhaps, properly directed. But, at present, when Atheism has

ceased to be a popular doctrine, a character compounded of lewdness and blasphemy, cannot fail to offend; although the intention be to stigmatize and expose those vices. It may here be urged, in mitigation of the censure which oppresses Otway's comedies, that their very grossness destroys, in a great measure, their pernicious influence; for it may truly be said, that vice, in many parts of them, "need only be seen to be hated."

The adventures of Beaugard and Porcia, which seem to constitute the whole of what may be termed the plot, are borrowed from "The Invisible Mistress," a novel of Scarron: an author who has supplied many of our dramatists with plots and incidents. There is no analogy (as has been supposed) between this comedy and Dryden's "Kind Keeper;" except that indecency, both as to moral and sentiments, which prevails in both pieces, although, perhaps, least in Otway's. The character of Sir Jolly Jumble, in the first part of the "Soldier's Fortune," bears some resemblance to that of Aldo, in Dryden's play.

This was the last dramatic performance of Otway, which we are in possession of; and from the allusion to the junction of the two theatres, in the prologue, and to some political occurrences in the play, appears to have been represented in 1683. It was printed 1684. Otway, in his own, laments the paucity of *good* prologues; and, unfortunately, like other critics, fails to instruct by example.

TO
THE LORD ELANDE,

**ELDEST SON TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF HALLIFAX.**

MY LORD,

IT was not without a great deal of debate with myself, that I could resolve to make this present to your lordship; for though epistles dedicatory be lately grown so epidemical that, either sooner or later, no man of quality (whom the least author has the least pretence to be troublesome to) can escape them; yet methought your lordship should be as much above the common perplexities that attend your quality, as you are above the common level of it, as well in the most exalted degrees of a noble generous spirit, as in a piercing apprehension, good understanding, and daily ripening judgment, all sweetened by an obliging affability and condescension; of which I have often, in the honour of your conversation, had particular cause to be proud; and for which, therefore, a more than ordinary reason, now, to be grateful.

And it is upon that pretence I here presume to shelter this trifle under your protection; for, indeed, it has great need of such protection: having at it's first coming into the world met with many enemies, and very industrious ones too; but this way I was sure it must live: would he but once vouchsafe to espouse it's defence, whose generosity will overthrow the ignoblest envy; whose good-nature cannot but confound the most inveterate malice; and whose wit must baffle the sauciest ignorance.

My lord, it would but argue me of the meanest impertinence and formality, to pretend here an harangue of those praises you deserve: for he who tells the world whose son you are, has said enough to those who do not know you; and the happy few, whom you have picked and chosen for your conversation, cannot but every hour you are pleased to bestow upon them, be sensible of more than I could tell them in a volume: your lordship being the best panegyric upon yourself; the son of that great father of his country, who, when all manner of confusion, ruin, and destruction, was breaking in upon us, like the guardian angel of these kingdoms, stood up; and with the tongue of an angel too, confounded the subtleties of that infernal serpent*, who would have debauched us from our obedience, and turned our Eden into a wilderness. Certainly his name must be for ever honourable, precious his memory, and happy his generation, who durst exert his loyalty, when it was grown almost a reproach to have any, and stem a torrent of faction, popular fury, and fermenting rebellion, to the preserving of the best of kings in his throne, and the happiest of people in their liberties.

May he live long to complete the reparations he has made in our defence; still by the strength of his judgment, to foresee those evils that may yet threaten us, and by the power of his wisdom to prevent them; to root out the footing and foundations of the king's open (nay, and bosom) enemies: as a watchful, bold, and sincere counsellor to his master; to be a driver of treacherous, grinning, self-ended knaves, insinuating spies, and useless unprofitable fools from his service: a patron and promoter of honesty, merit, and ability, which else too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind indulgent father

* The Earl of Shaftesbury. This extraordinary character, failed in his projects, had now retired to Holland; a state whose ruin he had formerly urged with violence. His death, soon after, excited no regret.

to your lordship, so much every way his son, and fit to inherit his honours, as, in the strong and shining virtues of your mind, the fixed and steady disposition of your loyalty, the goodness and obliging temper of your nature, is apparent; by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this opportunity of telling the world how much I desire to be thought

Your lordship's

Humble servant to be commanded,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

Tao' plays and prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good prologues harder to be found.
To me the cause seems eas'ly understood:
For there are poets prove not very good, -
Who, like base sign-post daubers, wanting skill,
Steal from great masters' hands, and copy ill.
Thus, if by chance, before a noble feast
Of gen'rous wit, to whet and fit your taste,
Some poignant satire in a prologue rise,
And growing vices handsomely chastise;
Each poetaster thence presumes on rules,
And ever after calls ye downright fools.

These marks describe him.—

Writing by rote; small wit, or none to spare;
Jangle and chime's his study, toil and care:
He always in one line upbraids the *age*;
And a good reason why; it rhymes to *stage*.
With *wit* and *pit* he keeps a hideous pother;
Sure to be damn'd by one, for want of t'other.
But if, by chance, he get the French word *railery*,
Lord, how he feagues the vizor-masks with *gallery*!

'Tis said, astrologers strange wonders find
To come, in two great planets lately join'd*.
From our two houses joining, most will hold,
Vast deluges of dulness were foretold.
Poor Holborn-ballads now being borne away
By tides of duller madrigals than they;
Jockeys and Jenneys set to northern airs,
While lousy Thèspis chaunts at country fairs
Politick ditties, full of sage debate,
And merry catches, how to rule the state.
Vicars neglect their flocks, to turn translators,
And barley-water whey-fac'd beaus write satires;
Tho' none can guess to which most praise belongs,
To the learn'd versions, scandals, or the songs.

* From this planetary conjunction, *strange wonders* were indeed prognosticated by Lilly, Whalley, and others; *viz.* the downfall of popery, a civil war, &c. The two theatres joined 1683.

For all things now by contraries succeed ;
 Of wit or virtue there's no longer need :
 Beauty submits to him who loudliest rails ;
 She fears the saucy fop, and he prevails.
 Who for his best preferment would devise,
 Let him renounce all honesty, and rise.
 Villains and parasites success will gain ;
 But in the court of wit, shall dulness reign ?
 No: let th' angry 'squire give his iambics o'er,
 Twirl cravat-strings, but write lampoons no more ;
 Rhymesters get wit, ere they pretend to show it,
 Nor think a game at crambo makes a poet.
 Else is our author hopeless of success,
 But then his study shall be next time less :
 He'll find out ways to your applause more easy ;
 That is, write worse and worse, till he can please ye.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Father to BEUGARD.

BEUGARD.

COURTINE.

DAREDEVIL.

THEODORET.

GRATIAN.

FOURBIN, *Servant to Beugard.*

ROSARD, *Gratian's Man.*

PLUNDER, *Beugard's Man.*

PORCIA.

LUCRETIA.

SYLVIA, *Courtine's Wife.*

Mrs. FURNISH, an Exchange-Woman.

PHILLIS, *Porcia's Woman.*

CHLODIS, *Lucretia's Woman.*

Six Ruffians, Footmen, a Dwarf, and Page.

THE ATHEIST;
OR,
THE SECOND PART
OF
THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE,

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD and his Father.

Beau. Sir, I say, and say again, no matrimony; I'll not be noosed. Why, I beseech you, sir, tell me plainly and fairly, what have I done, that I deserve to be married?

Fath. Why, sauce-box, I, your old father, was married before you were born.

Beau. Ay, sir; and, I thank you, the next thing you did was, you begot me; the consequence of which was as follows: as soon as I was born, you sent me to nurse, where I sucked two years at the dirty dugs of a foul-feeding witch, that lived in a thatched sty upon the neighbouring common; as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a place called a school, to be slashed and boxed by a thick-fisted blockhead, that could not read himself; where I

learned no letters, nor got no meat, but such as the old succubus his wife bought at a stinking price, so over-run with vermin, that it used to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young idle whoresons as you fat, fat, you rogue. I remember the young dog at twelve year old had a broad, shining, puffed, bacon-face, like a cherubim; and now he won't marry!

Beau. My next removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther; till after a twelvemonth's deliberation, out of abundance of fatherly affection and care of your posterity, you very civilly and fairly turned me out of your doors.

Fath. The impudent, termagant, unruly varlet rebelled with too much plenty, and took up arms against my concubine. Turned you out of my doors?

Beau. Yes, turned me out of doors, sir.

Fath. Had I not reason, master Hector?

Beau. As I had then, so I have now too, sir, more manners than to dispute the pleasure of a father.

Fath. Nay, the rogue has breeding, that's the truth on't; the dog would be a very pretty fellow, if I could but persuade him to marry.

Beau. Turned out of doors as I was, you may remember, sir, you gave me not a shilling; my industry and my virtue was all I had to trust to.

Fath. Bless us all! industry and virtue, quoth-a! Nay, I have a very virtuous son and heir of him, that's the truth on't.

Beau. Till at last a good uncle, who now, peace be with his soul! sleeps with his fathers, bestowed a portion of two hundred pounds upon me, with which I took shipping, and set sail for the coast of fortune.

Fath. That is to say, you went to the wars, to learn the liberal arts of murder, whoredom, burning, ravishing, and a few other necessary accomplishments for a young gentleman to set up a livelihood withal, in this civil government, where, heaven be praised, none of those virtues need grow rusty.

Beau. Sir, I hope I have brought you no dishonour home with me.

Fath. Nay, the Scanderbeg-monkey has not behaved himself unhandsomely, that's the truth of the business; but the varlet won't marry: the dog has got two thousand pound a year left him by an old curmudgeonly mouldy uncle, and I can't persuade him to marry.

Beau. Sir, that curmudgeonly mouldy uncle you speak of, was your elder brother, and never married in all his life: he dying, bequeaths me two thousand pound a year: you, sir, the younger brother, and my honoured father, have been married, and are not able, for aught I can perceive, to leave me a bent nine-pence. So, sir, I wish you a great deal of health, long life, and merry as it has been hitherto: but for marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my family already, that I am resolved to have nothing to do with it.

Fath. Here's a rogue! here's a villain! why, sirrah, you have lost all grace; you have no duty left; you are a rebel; I shall see you hanged, sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: what religion are you of?—hah?—

Beau. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me christened.

Fath. Oh Lord! christened! here's an atheistical rogue! thinks he has religion enough, if he can but call himself a christian!

Beau. Why, sir, would you have me disown my baptism?

Fath. No, sirrah: but I would have you own what sort of christian you are, though.

Beau. What sort, sir?

Fath. Ay, sir; what sort, sir?

Beau. Why, of the honestest sort.

Fath. As if there were not knaves of all sorts!

Beau. Why then, sir, if that will satisfy you, I am of your sort.

Fath. And that, for aught you know, may be of no sort at all.

Beau. But, sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the religion of my country, hate persecution and penance, love conformity, which is going to church once a month, well enough; resolve to make this transitory life as pleasant and delightful as I can; and for some sober reasons best known to myself, resolve never to marry.

Fath. Look me in the face; stand still, and look me in the face. So, you won't marry?—

Beau. No, sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beau. But I'll do something that shall be more for your good, and perhaps may please you as well. Knowing fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natured as she might have been, and that your revenues are something anticipated, be pleased, sir, to go home as well satisfied as you can, and my servant shall not fail to meet you at your lodgings, with a hundred smiling, smock-faced guineas, within this half hour: now who the devil would marry?

Fath. Nobody that has half an ounce of brains in his noddle. The ungodly, good-natured rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beau. So, here's your father for you now!

Fath. But look you Jack now, little Jack, two thousand pounds a year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich rogue now, if thou dost not marry; though I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, sprightly friends about thee, and so forth—hah! then for marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexatious, uneasy sort of life; it ruined me, Jack, utterly ruined thy poor old father, Jack. Thou wilt be sure to remember the hundred pound, Jacky boy, hah?

Beau. Most punctually, sir.

Fath. Thou shalt always, every now and then, that is, lend thy old father a hundred pound, or so, upon a good occasion, Jack, after this manner, in a friendly

way: you must make much of your old daddy, Jack: but if thou hast no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beau. Not marry, sir?

Fath. No.

Beau. No?

Fath. No. A hundred pound, Jack, is a pretty little round sum.

Beau. I'll not fail of sending it.

Fath. Then Jack, it will do as well to let thy marr come to me to Harry the Eighth's Head in the Backstreet, behind my lodgings: there's a cup of smart racy canary, Jack, will make an old fellow's heart as light as a feather. Ah, little Jacky-rogue, it glorifies through the glass, and the nits dance about in't like atoms in the sun-shine, you young dog.

Beau. Do you intend to dine there, sir?

Fath. Ay, man; I have two or three bonny old Tilbury roisterers, with delicate red faces and bald crowns, that have obliged me to meet 'em there; they helped me to spend my estate when I was young, and the rogues are grateful, and don't forsake me now I am grown poorish and old.—Almost twelve o'clock, Jack.

Beau. I'll be sure to remember, sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry?

Beau. Never, I hope sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse; though, I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young fellow again, but to keep him company for one week or a fortnight. A hundred guineas! e e e e! Db'uy Jack, you'll remember? See thee again to-morrow, Jack—Poor Jack! dainty canary—and a delicate black-eyed wench at the bar! Db'uy Jack.

Beau. Adieu, father.—Fourbin.

Enter FOURBIN.

Four: Did your honour call?

VOL. III.

I

Beau. Take a hundred guineas out of the cabinet, and carry 'em after the old gentleman to his place of rendezvous. This father of mine (heaven be thanked) is a very ungodly father: he was in his youth just such another wicked fellow as his son John here; but he had no estate, there I have the better of him: for out of mere opinion of my good husbandry, my uncle thought fit to disinherit the extravagant old gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was married, there I had the better of him again; yet he married a fortune of ten thousand pound, and before I was seven years old, had broke my mother's heart, and spent three parts of her portion: afterwards he was pleased to retain a certain familiar domestic, called a house-keeper, which I one day, to shew my breeding, called whore, and was fairly turned a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of contribution, but by taking up his fatherly authority, and offering to put the penal law called marriage in execution. I must e'en get him a governor, and send him with a pension into the country: ay, it must be so; for, wedlock, I deny thee; father, I'll supply thee; and, pleasure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir, the most fortunate tidings!

Beau. What's the matter?

Serv. Captain Courtine, your old acquaintance, friend, and comrade, is just arrived out of the country, and desires to see you, sir.

Beau. Courtine! Wait on him up, you dog, with reverence and honour.

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. Dear Beaugard!

Beau. Ah, friend!—from the very tenderest part of my heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou

look'st as like a married man already, with as grave a fatherly familiar countenance, as ever I saw.

Cour. Ay, Beaugard, I am married; that's my comfort: but you, I hear, have had worse luck of late; an old uncle dropped into the grave, and two thousand pound a year into your pocket; Beaugard.

Beau. A small conveniency, Ned, to make my happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest friends, and good-natured fellows, as thou art.

Cour. Sincere, honest friends! have a care there, Beaugard.—I am, since I saw thee, in a few words, grown an arrant rascal; and for good-nature, it is the very thing I have solemnly forsworn: no, I am married, Jack, in the devil's name, I am married.

Beau. Married! That is, thou call'st a woman thou likest by the name of wife; wife and t'other thing begins with a letter. Thou liest with her when thy appetite calls thee, keepest the children thou begettest of her body; allowest her meat, drink, and garments, fit for her quality, and thy fortune; and when she grows heavy upon thy hands, what a pox, 'tis but a separate maintenance, kiss and part, and there's an end of the business.

Cour. Alas, Beaugard, thou art utterly mistaken; heaven knows it is quite on the contrary: for I am forced to call a woman I do not like, by the name of wife; and lie with her, for the most part, with no appetite at all; must keep the children that, for aught I know, any body else may beget of her body; and for food and raiment, by her good will she would have them both fresh three times a day: then for kiss and part, I may kiss and kiss my heart out, but the devil a bit shall I ever get rid of her.

Beau. Alas, poor husband! but art thou really in this miserable condition?

Cour. Ten times worse, if possible; by the virtue of matrimony, and long cohabitation, we are grown so really one flesh, that I have no more inclination to her's,

than to eat a piece of my own. Then her ladyship is so jealous, that she does me the honour to make me stallion-general to the whole parish, from the parson's importance in paragon, to the cobbler's scolding wife, that drinks brandy, and smoaks loathsome tobacco. In short, Jack, she has so ordered the business, that I am half weary of the world, wish all mankind hanged, and have not laughed these six months.

Beau. Ha, ha, ha!

Cour. Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

Beau. Ay, Ned, I have two thousand pound per annum, Ned; old rents and well tenanted; have no wife, nor never will have any, Ned; resolve to make my days of mortality all joyful, and nights pleasurable, with some dear, lovesome, young, beautiful, kind, generous she, that every night shall bring me all the joys of a new bride, and none of the vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesome, jealous wife, wife, Ned.

Cour. But where lies this treasure? Where is there such a jewel to be found?

Beau. Ah, rogue! Do you despise your own manna indeed, and long after quails? Why, thou unconscionable hobnail, thou country coulstaff*, thou absolute piece of thy own dried dirt, would'st thou have the impudence, with that hideous beard, and grisly countenance, to make thy appearance before the footstool of a *bona roba* that I delight in? For shame, get off that Smithfield horse-courser's equipage; appear once more like Cour-tine the gay, the witty, and unbounded, with joy in thy face, and love in thy blood, money in thy pockets, and good clothes on thy back; and then I'll try to give thee a recipe that may purge away those foul humours matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the sins of thy youth again. Bless us! what a beard's there! it puts me in mind of the blazing star†.

* Perhaps more properly *cowl-staff*, a staff to support a *cowl*. See Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

† A comet which appeared in October 1682, and was much,

Cour. Beard, Beaugard! Why, I wear it on purpose, man; I have wished it a furze-bush a thousand times, when I have been kissing my—

Beau. Whom?

Cour. Wife.—Let me never live to bury her, if the word wife does not stick in my throat.

Beau. Then this peruke! Why, it makes thee shew like the sign of a head looking out at a barber's window.

Cour. No more, no more; all shall be rectified: for, to deal with thee as honestly as a fellow in my damned condition can do, ere I resolved absolutely to hang myself, I thought there might be some remedy left; and that was this dear town, and thy dear friendship; so that, in short, I am very fairly run away; pretended a short journey to visit a friend, but came to London; and if it be possible, will not see country, wife, nor children again these seven years. Therefore, prythee, for my better encouragement, tell me a little what sins are stirring in this noble metropolis, that I may know my business the better, and fall to it as fast as I can.

Beau. Why, faith, Ned, considering the plot*, the danger of the times, and some other obstructions of trade and commerce, iniquity in the general has not lost much ground. There's cheating and hypocrisy still in the city; riot and murder in the suburbs; grinning, lying, fawning, flattery, and false-promising at court; assignations at Covent-garden church; cuckolds, whores, pimps, panders, bawds, and their diseases, all over the town.

Cour. But what choice spirits, what extraordinary rascals may a man oblige his curiosity withal?

Beau. I'll tell thee: in the first place, we are over-

the theme of conversation. In the *astrological* writings of this period, are many accounts of *blazing stars*, and other prodigies which appeared between 1680 and 1683.

* The *Rye-house* plot.

run with a race of vermin they call wits, a generation of insects that are always making a noise, and buzzing about your ears, concerning poets, plays, lampoons, libels, songs, tunes, soft scenes, love, ladies, perukes, and cravat-strings, French conquests, duels, religion, snuff-boxes, points, garnitures, milled stockings, Foubert's academy, politics, parliament-speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the world think they did.

Cour. And are all these wits?

Beau. Yes, and be hanged to 'em, these are the wits.

Cour. I never knew one of these wits in my life, that did not deserve to be pilloried; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at learning, as familiarly as if they had been bred in the Vatican. One of 'em told me one day, he thought Plutarch, well done, would make the best English heroic poem in the world. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and what is worst of all, make jests; the dull rogues will jest, though they do it as awkwardly as a tarpauling would ride the great horse. I hate a pert, dull, jesting rogue from the bottom of my heart.

Beau. But above all, the most abominable is your witty squire, your young heir that is very witty; who having newly been discharged from the discretion of a governor, and come to keep his own money, gets into a cabal of coxcombs of the third form, who will be sure to cry him up for a fine person, that he may think all them so.

Cour. Oh, your asses know one another's nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again: but above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

Beau. By this good light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that kind, the most unimitable varlet, and the most insufferable stinkard living; one that has doubts enough to turn to all religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: in short, a cheat, that would have you of opinion that he believes neither

heaven nor hell, and yet never feels so much as an ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damned.

Cour. That must be a very noble champion, and certainly an original.

Beau. The villain has less sincerity than a bawd, less courage than a hector, less good-nature than a hangman, and less charity than a fanatic; talks of religion and church-worship as familiarly as a little courtier does of the maids of honour; and swears the king deserves to be chained out of the city, for suffering zealous fools to build Paul's again*, when it would make so proper a place for a citadel.

Cour. A very worthy member of a christian commonwealth, that is the truth on't.

Beau. I am intimately acquainted with him.

Cour. I honour you for't with all my heart, sir.

Beau. After all, the rogue has some other little tiny vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Cour. Very probable.

Beau. He makes a very good—odd man at *Ballum rancum*, or so; that is, when the rest of the company is coupled, will take care to see there's good attendance paid; and when we have a mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the honour to be put upon.

Cour. A very necessary instrument of damnation, truly.

Beau. Besides, to give the devil his due, he is seldom impertinent; but, barring his darling topic, blasphemy, a companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy service? I'll enter into bonds of five hundred pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that whip and a bell, called thy wife, as thy heart would wish for.

Cour. And that is no small temptation, I assure you.

* St. Paul's church was destroyed in the great fire 1666.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir!

Beau. My child!

Cour. A pinup, for a guinea, he speaks so gently to him.

Beau. Tell her she has undone me, she has chosen the only way to enslave me utterly; tell her, my soul, my life, my future happiness, and present fortune, are only what she'll make 'em.

Boy. At seven, sir.

Beau. Most infallibly.

Cour. Ay, ay, 'tis so: now what a damned country-itch have I, to dive into the secret! Beaugard! Beaugard! are all things in a readiness? the husband out of the way, the family disposed of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beau. You are married, Ned, you are married; that's all I have to say: you are married.

Cour. Let a man do a foolish thing once in his lifetime, and he shall always hear of it—Married, quoth-a! pr'ythee be patient: I was married about a twelve-month ago, but that's past and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a friend, communicate.

Beau. Not a tittle. I have conscience, Ned, conscience; though I must confess 'tis not altogether so gentleman-like a companion: but what a scandal would it be upon a man of my sober demeanour and character, to have the unmerciful tongue of thy legitimate spouse roaring against me, for debauching her natural husband!

Cour. It has been otherwise, sir.

Beau. Ay, ay, the time has been, Courtine, when thou wert in possession of thy natural freedom, and mightest be trusted with a secret of this dear nature; when I might have opened this billet, and shewed thee this bewitching name at the bottom: but woe and alas!

O matrimony, matrimony! what a blot art thou in an honest fellow's 'scutcheon!

Cour. No more to be said; I'll into the country again, like any discontented statesman; get drunk every night with an adjacent schoolmaster; beat my wife to a down-right housekeeper; get all my maid-servants every year with bastards, till I can command a seraglio five miles round my own palace; and be beholden to no man of two thousand pound a year for a whore, when I want one.

Beau. Good words, Ned, good words, let me advise you; none of your marriage-qualities of scolding and railing, now you are got out of the turbulent element. Come hither, come; but first let us capitulate: will you promise me upon your conjugal credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Cour. As any made spaniel, or hang me up for a cur.

Beau. Then this note, this very billet, Ned, comes from a woman, who, when I was strolling very pensively last Sunday to church, watched her opportunity, and poached me up for the service of satan.

Cour. Is she very handsome, Beaugard?

Beau. These country squires, when they get up to town, are as termagant after a wench, as a tied-up hungry cur, got loose from kennel, is after crusts. Very handsome said you? let me see: no, not very handsome neither; but she'll pass, Ned, she'll pass.

Cour. Young?

Beau. About eighteen.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau. Her complexion fair, with a glowing blush always ready in her cheeks, that looks as nature were watching every opportunity to seize and run away with her.

Cour. Oh the devil, the devil! this is intolerable.

Beau. Her eyes black, sparkling, sprightly, hot and piercing.

Cour. The very description of her shoots me through my liver.

Beau. Her hair of a delicate light amber-brown, curling in huge rings, and of a great quantity.

Cour. So.

Beau. Her forehead large, majestic, and generous.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. Her nose neat, and well-fashioned.

Cour. Good.

Beau. With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling mouth.

Cour. Oh!

Beau. Plump, red, blub lips.

Cour. Ah —————

Beau. Teeth whiter than so many little pearls; a bewitching neck, and tempting, rising, swelling breasts.

Cour. Ah —————

Beau. Then such a proportion, such a shape, such a waist—

Cour. Hold: go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

Beau. But by your leave, friend, I hope to go something lower, if she loves me.

Cour. But art thou certain, Beaugard, she is all this thou hast told me? so fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

Beau. No; for, you must know, I never saw her face in my life: but I love my own pleasure so well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be possible.

Cour. Where lives she?

Beau. That I know not neither; but my orders are to meet her fairly and squarely this evening by seven, at a certain civil person's shop in the upper walk, at the New Exchange, where she promises to be very good-natured, and let me know more of her mind.

Cour. I'll e'en go home, like a miserable blockhead as I am, to my lodging, and sleep.

Beau. No, Ned: thou knowest my good chances have always been lucky to thee: who can tell but this lady-errant that has seized upon my person, may have a stragging companion, or so, not unworthy my friend?

Cour. 'Tis impossible.

Beau. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in

this business, though I never saw her face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfied, she is a woman very witty, very well-bred, of a pleasant conversation, with a generous disposition, and, what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinformed, of noble quality, and damnably rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, under-sinners, Ned, that a man may fool away an hour or two withal very comfortably.

Cour. Why then I'll be a man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my memory; impotence attends the very thoughts of thee. At seven you say, this evening?

Beau. Precisely.

Cour. And shall I go along with thee, for a small venture in this love voyage?

Beau. With all my heart.

Cour. But how shall we dispose of the burdensome time, till the happy minute smiles upon us?

Beau. With love's best friend, and our own honest old acquaintance, edifying Champaign, Ned; and for good company, though it be a rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our blood and thoughts with generous glasses, and free-hearted converse, till we forget the world, and think of nothing but immortal beauties, and eternal loving.

Cour. Then here I strike the league with thee: and now
 Methinks we're both upon the wing together,
 Bound for new realms of joy, and lands of pleasure;
 Where men were never yet enslav'd by wiving,
 But all their cares are handsomely contriving
 To improve the noble arts of perfect living. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter COURTINE *and* BEAUGARD.

Cour. But was that thy father?

Beau. Yes, that civil, sober, old gentleman, Cour-

tine, is my father: and, to tell thee the truth, as wicked and as poor as ever his son was. I sent him a cordial of a hundred guineas this morning, which he will be sure to lose before to-morrow morning, and not have a shilling to help himself.

Cour. Methought, as I looked into the room, he rattled the box with a great deal of grace, and swore half a dozen rappers very youthfully.

Beau. Pr'ythee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent theme; and next to atheism, I hate making merry with the frailties of my father.

Cour. But then as to the lady, Beaugard.

Beau. 'Tis near the hour appointed, and that's the shop we meet at; the mistress of it, Courtine, is a hearty well-wisher to the mathematics; and her influence, I hope, may have no ill effect o'er my adventure.

Cour. Methinks this place looks as it were made for loving: the lights on each hand of the walk look stately; and then the rusling of silk petticoats, the din and the chatter of the pretty little party-coloured parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to t'other, puts every sense upon it's proper office, and sets the wheels of nature finely moving.

Beau. Would the lady of my motion would make haste, and be punctual; the wheels of my nature move so fast else, that the weight will be down before she comes.

Mrs. Fur. Gloves or ribbands, sir? very good gloves or ribbands; choice of fine essences. Captain Beaugard, shall I sell you nothing to day?

Beau. Truly, mistress Furnish, I am come to lay out a heart at your shop this evening, if my pretty merchant-adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Mrs. Fur. What, she that spoiled your devotion o' Sunday last, captain?

Beau. Dost thou know her, my little Furnish?

Mrs. Fur. There is a certain lady in the world, sir, that has done me the honour to let me see her at my poor shop sometimes.

Enter PORCIA masked, and stands behind BEAUGARD.

Beau. And is she very lovely?

Mrs. Fur. What think you, sir?

Beau. Faith, charitably enough.

Mrs. Fur. I'll swear she is obliged to you.

Beau. And I would very fain be obliged to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to-night?

Por. Yes, marry will she, captain.

Beau. Are you there indeed, my little picaroon? What, attack a man of war of my burden in the stern, pirate!

Por. Lord! how like a soldier you are pleased to express yourself now? I warrant you, to carry on the metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this occasion; as, plying your chase-guns, laying yourself athwart my hawser, boarding me upon the forecastle, clapping all under hatches, carrying off the prize to the next port of security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor captain!

Cour. Poor, madam! he has two thousand a year, and nothing but an old father to provide for.

Por. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded gentleman to be your steward, he understands your affairs so well already?

Beau. The truth on't is, madam, he does wait for an office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomely, come to preferment.

Cour. This I have got by my beard already. If she should but know me now!

Beau. Well, madam, are your commands ready? May I know the task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the happiness of seeing that handsome, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting, or frightful face, which you conceal so maliciously? for hang me, as I have deserved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary proceeding of your's.

Por. In the first place, captain, this face of mine,

be it what it will, if you behave yourself as you should do, shall never put you out of countenance.

Beau. In troth, and that's said kindly.

Por. For I am young, captain.

Beau. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Por. And, if the world speaks truth, not very ugly.

Beau. So much the better still.

Por. Next, I'm no hypocrite.

Beau. Ha!

Por. But love my pleasures, and will hold my liberty.

Beau. Noble.

Por. I am rich too.

Beau. Better and better.

Por. But what's worst of all——

Beau. Out with it.

Por. I doubt I am sillily in love.

Cour. With whom, dear miracle?

Por. Not with a married man, sweet monsieur Courtine.

Cour. Confound her, but she knows me—Why, good madam—

Beau. Nay, friend, no ruffling; keep your articles, and keep your distance.

Por. Have you then made your escape, sir, from your dear wife, the lady-tyrant of your enchanted castle in the country, to run a wandering after new adventures here? Oh all the windmills about London, beware!—

Cour. Ay, and the watermills too, madam.—In the devil's name, what will become of me?

Por. For the Quixote of the country is abroad; murder by his side, enterprises in his head, and horror in his face.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau. Do you know this friend of mine then, madam?

Por. I have heard of such a hero, that was very famous about two years since, for selling himself to a plantation, the country, for five thousand pound: was not that the price, sir?

Cour. Your ladyship is pleased to be very free, madam; that's all.

Por. So were you at that time, sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear liberty on such reasonable terms surely. Bless us! had you but looked about you a little, what a market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising person of your's! that—

Cour. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily!

Por. That face, which now, o'ergrown with rufel beard, looks as you had stole it from the retinue of a Russian embassy! Fogh! I fancy all fellows that are married, smell of train-oil and garlic.

Beau. And yet, twenty to one, that is a stinking condition you'll have a design to seduce some poor doating monster or another into, one day.

Por. Never, by that badge of slavery, his beard there!

Beau. How that dear protestation has charmed me!

Cour. O' my conscience I myself could be half reconciled to her again too.

Por. In short, to give you one infallible argument, that I never will marry, I have been married already; that is, sold: for being the daughter of a very rich merchant, who dying left me the only heiress of an immense fortune, it was my ill luck to fall into the hands of guardians, that, to speak properly, were rascals; for in a short time they conspired amongst themselves, and for base bribes betrayed, sold, and married me to a—husband; that's all.

Beau. In troth, and that's enough in conscience: but where is this husband?

Por. Heaven be thanked, dead and buried, captain.

Beau. Amen, with all my heart.

Cour. A widow, by my manhood, a downright hawdy widow!

Por. What would your cream-pot in the country give for that title, think you?

Cour. Not more than I would, that thy husband were alive again, to revenge my quarrel on thee.

Beau. And what's to be done, thou dear one?

Por. Look upon me as a lady in distress, captain; and by the honour of a soldier consider on some way for my deliverance.

Beau. From what? Where is the danger?

Por. Every way it threatens me: for into the very hands my ill-fortune threw me before, has it betrayed me again, friend.

Beau. Hah!

Por. The principal is an uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical and covetous.

Beau. Hell confound him for it.

Por. My fortune lying most in his hands, obliged me upon my widowhood to give up myself again there too, where he has secured and confined me with more tyranny, than if I had been a prisoner for murder; guards me day and night with ill-looking rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible swords, and stand centinel up and down the house with musketoons and blunderbusses.

Cour. So here's like to be some mischief going forward, that's one comfort.

Por. Murder and marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatened with: now guess what pity it is that ever either of those mischiefs should fall upon me.

Beau. By the gallant spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be gibbeted first.

Por. No need of that, captain, neither; for, to shew you I deserve your protection, I have had the courage to break gaol, run away, and make my escape hither, purely to keep my word with you. Deal like a man of honour by me; and when the storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beau. And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most religiously.

Cour. Why the devil did I marry? Madam, one word with you: have you never a married lady of your acquaintance, that's as good-natured as you, and would fain be a widow as you are, too?

Por. Why do you ask, sir?

Cour. Because, I would cut her husband's throat, and make her one for my own proper use.

Por. I'll ask your own lady, sir, that question, next time I see her, if you please.

Cour. Why, dost thou know her then?

Por. Yes.

Cour. Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty evening's work of this, heavens be praised.

Enter Two Men, disguised.

1 *Man.* Run away lewdly! Damnation!

2 *Man.* Look!

1 *Man.* By heaven, it must be she.

2 *Man.* The men are well armed.

1 *Man.* No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else.

2 *Man.* I'll not shrink from you.

1 *Man.* That's well said.—Sir, if you please, a word with you.

Beau. With me, sir?

1 *Man.* Yes.

Beau. Courtine, be civil a little.

1 *Man.* Sir, it is my misfortune to be concerned for the honour of a lady, that has not been altogether so careful of it herself as she ought to have been.

Beau. I am sorry for't, sir.

1 *Man.* You being a gentleman whose character I have had an advantageous account of, I would make it my petition to you, if she be of your acquaintance, not to engage yourself in any thing that may give me occasion to be your enemy.

Beau. Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave man's friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concerned in any thing that may hazard the loss of your's.

1 *Man.* That lady, sir, you talked withal's—

Beau. My mistress, sir.

1 *Man.* Mistress!

Beau. Yes, mistress, sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; she is under my protection too; and whenever there's occasion, as far as this sinful body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 *Man.* Do you know her?

Beau. Not so well as I would do, sir.

1 *Man.* What's her name?

Beau. A secret.

1 *Man.* She must along with me, sir.

Beau. No, that must not be, sir.

2 *Man.* This lady, sir—

Cour. You lie, sir—Hah!—Beaugard!

[*Draw and fight. Porcia runs away squeaking.*

Courtine disarms his Adversary, and comes up to Beaugard.]

Beau. Stand fast, Ned.

Cour. Hold thy dead-doing hand*, thou son of slaughter.

1 *Man.* Sir, there may come a time—

Beau. When you'll learn manners.

1 *Man.* And teach 'em you too.

Cour. We are well known.

1 *Man.* And shall not be forgotten. Come, friend.

[*Exeunt Two Men.*

Beau. Confound 'em! this must be a brother, a kinsman, or a rival, he plied me so warmly.

Cour. 'Tis a hard case, that a man cannot hold civil correspondence with a good-natured female, but presently some hot-headed fellow of the family or other runs horn-mad with jealousy, and fancies his blood smarts as often as the woman's itches.

Beau. This heroic person's sister, kinswoman, his mistress, or whate'er she be, is like to get much repu-

* "Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Triumph of Honour."

tation by his hectoring and quarrelling for her; and he as much honour by being beaten for her.

Cour. Nay, when cuckolds or brothers fight for the reputation of a back-sliding wife or sister, it is a very pretty undertaking, doubtless. As for example; I am a cuckold now—

Beau. All in good time, Ned; do not be too hasty.

Cour. And being much troubled in spirit, meeting with the spark that has done me the honour, with a great deal of respect I make my address—as thus—*Most noble sir, you have done me the favour to lie with my wife.*—

Beau. Very well.

Cour. *All I beg of you, is, that you would do your best endeavour to run me through the guts to-morrow morning, and it will be the greatest satisfaction in the world.*

Beau. Which the good-natured whoremaster does very decently: so down falls the cuckold at Barn-Elms, and rises again the next day at Holborn in a ballad. But all this while, what is become of the widow, Ned?

Cour. Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the ears, she very fairly ran for't.

Beau. A very noble account of our first evening's enterprise. But pox on't, take courage; and since we have lost this quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other game we can meet with.

Enter LUCRETIA, masked.

Luc. Sir, sir! captain!

Cour. With you again, Beaugard. Agare ho!

Beau. With me, my mistress!

Luc. Yes, with you, my master.

Cour. I wonder when, o' the devil's name, it will come to my turn.

Luc. Being a particular friend of your's, captain, I am come to tell you, the world begins to talk very scandalously of you, captain.

Beau. Look thee, sweet-heart, the world's an ass, and common fame a common strumpet: so long as such pretty good-natured creatures as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the world be hanged, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

Luc. I must let you know too, captain, that your love intrigues are not so closely managed, but that they will shortly grow the subject of all the satire and contempt in town: your holding conversation with a draggle-tailed mask, in the church-cloisters, on Sunday; your meeting with the very scandal here again, this evening; suffering yourself to be imposed upon, and jilted by her; and at last running the hazard of a damnable beating, by a couple of plausible hectors, that made you believe your mistress had honour enough to be concerned for.

Beau. Really, my little wolf in a sheep's fleece, this sounds like very good doctrine; but what use must I make of it, child?

Luc. Methinks, captain, that should not be so hard to find out; my setting upon you in a mask myself, and railing at the last woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain design of trying whose heart's hardest, your's or mine.

Cour. Then, my little mischief, you should not enter the lists upon unequal terms, with that black armour upon your face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the black knight in a romance.

Luc. Good captain, what's that sober gentleman's name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

Beau. His name in the flesh, my pretty one, is Courtine; a very honest fellow, good-natured, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all conscience.

Luc. Courtine! Bless us for ever! What, the man that's married?

Cour. The man that's married! yes, the man that's married. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not ashamed of my condition. Why the devil didst thou tell her my name? I shall never thrive with any woman

that knows me. The man that's married! Zounds, I am as scandalous as the man that's to be hanged.

Luc. But you'll ne'er be thought so handsome. To make few words with you, sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted wanderer as you, deserves.

Beau. Then why dost thou conceal thyself? Those whose designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their faces; therefore give me leave to tell thee, lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some jealousy in another woman, I am no instrument to be that way managed; no, I am constant, I—but if thou lov'st me—

Luc. Have you any more doubts that trouble you?

Beau. None, by this sweet body of thine.

Luc. Know then, sir, it has been my misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six months; being, to my eternal torment, jealous of that ravenous kite your widow, your widow, captain: nay, since I have confest my weakness, know from this hour I'll defeat all her ambushes, all the false baits she lays to ensnare your heart, till I obtain the victory of it myself, much more my due, in that I'm not beneath her in beauty, birth, or fortune, or indeed any thing but her years, captain; therefore if you have that merit the world reports of you, make the best use of this present advice; and so farewell, till you hear from me further. [Exit.]

Beau. Now may I do by my mistresses as the boys do by their farthings, hustle 'em in a hat together, and go to heads or tails for 'em—Hah! let me never see day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very rascal I told thee of this morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I shew thee as notable a spirit as ever past upon the ignorant world for a fine person, and a philosopher.

Enter DAREDEVIL.

What, Daredévil! a good evening to thee: why, where hast thou been, old blasphemy, these forty hours? I

shall never be converted from christianity, if thou dost not mind thy business better.

Dare. Been, quoth-a! I have been where I have half lost my honest senses, man: would any body that knows me believe it? Let me be buried alive, if the rogues of the parish I live in have not indicted me for a papist.

Beau. The devil! a papist!

Dare. Pox on 'em, a papist! when the impudent villains know, as well as I do, that I have no religion at all.

Cour. No religion, sir? are you of no religion?

Dare. Is he an honest fellow, Beaugard?

Beau. Oh, a very honest fellow; thou may'st trust him with thy damnation, I'll warrant thee: answer him, answer him.

Dare. I never go to church, sir.

Cour. But what religion are you of?

Dare. Of the religion of the Inner-Temple, the common law religion; I believe in the law, trust in the law, enjoy what I have by the law: for if such a religious gentleman as you are get fifty pounds into my debt, I may go to church and pray till my heart aches; but the law must make you pay me at last.

Cour. 'Tis certainly the fear of hell, and hopes of happiness, that makes people live in honesty, peace, and union, one towards another.

Dare. Fear of hell! Hark thee, Beaugard; this companion of thine, as I apprehend, is but a sort of a shallow monster. Fear of hell! No, sir, 'tis fear of hanging. Who would not steal, or do murder, every time his fingers itched at it, were it not for fear of the gallows? Do not you, with all your religion, swear almost as often as you speak? break and profane the Sabbath? lie with your neighbours' wives? and covet their estates, if they be better than your own? Yet those things are forbid by religion, as well as stealing and cutting of throats are. No; had every commandment but a gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had four king's

evidences to-day, swear impudently I was a papist, when I was never at mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other worship these twenty years.

Cour. Why then, sir, between man and man, you are really of no religion?

Dare. May be I am, sir; may be I am not, sir: when you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfied.

Cour. Does your honour think there may be a devil?

Dare. I never saw him, sir.

Cour. Have you a mind to see him?

Dare. I'd go fifty miles barefoot, to see but a fiend that belonged to his family.

Beau. That's a damned lie, to my knowledge: for I saw the rogue so scared, that his hair stood upright, but at the sight of a poor black water-spaniel, that met him in the dark once. [*Aside.*

Cour. What think you of conscience?

Dare. I do not think of it at all, sir; it never troubles me.

Cour. Did you ever do a murder?

Dare. I won't tell you.

Cour. Thou art the honestest fellow for it; I love a friendly rogue, that can keep such a secret, at my heart.

Dare. Do you?

Cour. Ay.

Beau. So that's well said! now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, Daredevil, this honest friend of mine is something troubled in spirit, and wants a little of thy ghostly advice in a point of difficulty.

Dare. Well, and what is't? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beau. In few words, he's married; plagued, troubled, and hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous familiar, called a wife.

Dare. A wife! that ever any fellow that has but two grains of brains in his scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a wife, so long as there is arsenic in the world!

Beau. Nay, it is a mere shame, a scandalous shame, when it is so cheap too.

Cour. Would you have me poison her?

Dare. Poison her! ay, what would you do with her else, if you are weary of her?

Cour. But if I should be called to a terrible account for such a thing hereafter?

Dare. Hereafter!—Cross my hand with a piece of silver—that is to say,—give me three pence—three pence, my dearest—

Cour. Well, and what then?

Dare. Why, for that inconsiderable sum I'll be security for thee, and bear thee harmless for hereafter; that's all.

Beau. Faith, and cheap enough of all conscience.

Cour. This is the honestest acquaintance I ever met withal, Beaupard.

Beau. Oh, a very honest fellow, very honest.

Cour. Pr'ythee then, Daredevil, if that be thy title, since we have so happily met this evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

Dare. Faith and troth, with all my heart: pox on me, boy, but I love drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfied in my out-of-the-way principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenness is a great quieter of the mind, a great soother of the spirit.

Beau. And shall we be very free, my little atheistical disbelieving dog? Wilt thou open thy heart, and speak very frankly of matters that shall be nameless?

Dare. Much may be done; I seldom hide my talent, I am no niggard of my parts that way.

Beau. To tell thee a secret then, Daredevil, we two are this night, for some weighty considerations, to give a treat to the people of the Duke's Theatre, after the play's done, upon their stage; we are to have the music too; and the ladies, 'tis hoped, will not deny us the favour of their fair company. Now, my dear iniquity, shall we not, thinkest thou, if we give our minds to it, pass an evening pleasantly enough?

Dare. Rot me, with all my heart: I love the project of treating upon the stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the poets there? Some of the poets are pretty fellows, very pretty fellows; they are most of 'em my disciples in their hearts, and now and then stand up for the truth manfully.

Beau. Much may happen: but in the next place, after supper, we have resolved to storm a certain enchanted castle; where I apprehend a fair lady, newly entered into league with an honest friend of thine, called myself, is kept a prisoner, by an old, ill-natured, snarling dog in a manger, her guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little Daredevil?

Dare. Dam'me, we'll burn the house.

Cour. Dam'me, sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing.

Dare. Words of course, child, mere words of course: we use an hundred of 'em in conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of expletives, and signify nothing; as *dam'me, sir; rot me, sir; confound me, sir;* which purport no more than *so, sir; and, sir;* or *then, sir,* at the worst: for my part, I always speak what I think; no man can help thinking what he does think: so if I speak not well, the fault's not mine.

Beau. Distinguish'd like a learned school divine.

Cour. When meet we at the play-house then?

Dare. Before the clock strike nine.

Beau. Where we'll have music, women, mirth.

Dare. And very much good wine. [Exeunt,

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD, COURTINE, and DAREDEVIL.

Beau. Is not this living now? Who that knew the sweets of liberty, the uncontrouled delights the freeman

tastes of, lord of his own hours, king of his own pleasures, just as nature meant him first; Courted each minute by all his appetites, Which he indulges, like a bounteous master, That's still supplied with various full enjoyments: And no intruding cares make one thought bitter.

Dare. Very well this; this is all but very well.

Cour. Nay, not one rub, to interrupt the course Of a long, rolling, gay, and wanton life. Methinks the image of't is like a lawn In a rich flow'ry vale, it's measure long, Beauteous it's prospect, and at the end A shady peaceful glade, where, when the pleasant race is over, We glide away, and are at rest for ever.

Beau. Who that knew this, would let himself be a slave

To the vile customs that the world's debauch'd in? Who'd interrupt his needful hours of rest, To rise and yawn in a shop upon Cornhill? Or what's as bad, make a sneaking figure in a great man's chamber, at his rising in a morning? Who would play the rogue, cheat, lie, flatter, bribe, or pimp, to raise an estate for a blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waste it as scandalously as his father got it? Or who, Courtine, would marry, to beget such a blockhead?

Cour. Nobody, but such a blockhead as myself, Beaugard, that's certain; but I will, if possible, atone for that sin of mine in the future course of my life, and grow as zealous a libertine as thou would'st wish thy friend to be.

Dare. These are rogues that pretend to be of a religion now! Well, all that I say is, honest Atheism for my money.

Beau. No, grant me while I live the easy being I am at present possess of; a kind, fair she, to cool my blood, and pamper my imagination withal; an honest friend or two like thee, Courtine, that I dare trust my thoughts

to; generous wine, health, liberty, and no dishonour; and when I ask more of fortune, let her e'en make a beggar of me. What say'st thou to this, Daredevil? Is not this coming as near thy doctrine as a young sinner can conveniently?

Dare. Nay, I have very great hopes of you, that's my comfort.

Cour. But why did we part with the women so soon?

Beau. Oh, Courtine, reputation, reputation! I am a young spark, and must stand upon my credit, friend; the rogues that cheat all the week, and go to church in clean bands o'Sunday, will advance no necessary sums upon my revenues else, when there may be an occasion: besides, I have a father in town; a grave, sober, serious, old gentleman, called a father.

Dare. One that will drink, rant, whore, and game, and is as full of religion as his worshipful son here.

Beau. Hah!

Enter Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly son! this is the care you are pleased to take of my family! sit up all night, drink, whore, spend your estate, and give your soul to the devil! a very fine—*hickup*—This *aquamirabilis* and the old hock does not agree with my stomach.

Beau. Daredevil, stick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am lost for ever.—Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any friend of your's, an injury.

Fath. Injury! no, sir, 'tis no injury for you to take your swill in plenty and voluptuousness—*hickup*—while your poor father, sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry sack, with dry-boned, old, battered rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd whores, you dog, to revel with, and be hanged to you, must you? Sirrah, you rogue, I ha' lost all my money.

Beau. I am sorry for it, sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, sir!—*hiccup*—Is that all?

Dare. If thou art very poor, old fellow, take a swinging dose of opium and sleep upon't; 'tis the best thing in the world for old gentlemen that have no money. Or wilt thou be good company? Wilt thou sit down and crack a bottle, old boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a bottle?

Dare. Ay, crack a bottle: what say'st thou to that comfortable proposition?

Cour. Come sir, here's your good health, and to your better fortune.

Fath. A very honest fellow, Jack: these are very honest fellows. What is your name, friend?

Dare. My name is Daredevil, friend; of the ancient family of the Daredevils in the north, that have not had a church in their parish, chaplain in their house, prayers public or private, or graces at meals, since the conquest.

Fath. Sir, I have heard much of your family; it is a very ancient honourable family: and I am glad to find my son has made choice of such noble acquaintance.—Sir, my service to you.—I protest, a cup of pretty claret, very pretty claret.

Cour. And he has topped it off as prettily, I'll say that for him.

Fath. Jack, I ha' lost all my money, Jack.

Beau. Have you been robbed, sir?

Fath. Robbed, sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been robbed, sir, but I ha' been nicked, sir, and that's as bad, sir. You are a worthy person, and I'll make you my judge.

Dare. Come along then.

Fath. The main was seven, and the chance four; I had just thirty pound upon it, and my last stake: the caster threw, nothing came of it; I changed his dice; he threw again, to as little purpose as before.

Dare. Very strange, truly.

Father. I changed his dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I changed; and I changed, and he

threw, for at least half an hour; till at last—Do you mark me?—the dice powdering out of the box—

Dare. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips against the foot of a candlestick, and up comes two deuces, two deuces, sir, do you hear? and so I lost my money. No, sir, I was not robbed, sir; but I lost it upon two deuces: and that was so hard fortune, that I'll hold you, or any man living, fifty pound to ten, that he does not throw two deuces before seven again.

Dare. Two deuces afore seven! two deuces are not to be thrown, sir, not to be thrown.

Beau. I am glad to hear you are so rich, sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth-a! prythee be quiet, I am not worth a shilling, man. But, sir, here you are a lord at large, enjoy your drink and your drabs, sit up all night in the fullness of iniquity, with worthy esquire Dare-devil of the north here, with a pox to you; whilst I must be kept without a shilling in my pocket—But, sir—

Beau. Sir, I sent you a hundred pounds yesterday morning.

Fath. Well, sirrah, and I have had ill luck, and lost it all: what then?

Beau. Sir, to avoid dispute, shall I make one proposition to you?

Fath. Heh! with all my heart. Look you, Jacky-boy, I am not against thy taking thy moderate diversions, so long as I see thou keepest good company, neither. But—sneak what ready-money thou hast into my hand, and send me the rest of t'other hundred to my lodging.

Beau. Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two deuces are thrown before seven, I must advance an hundred pounds to make the devil's bones rattle, sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a rebel; and I could find in my heart to cut your throat. Sir, have you e'er a father?

Dare. No, sir.

Fath. No, sir?

Dare. No, sir; I broke his heart long ago, before I came to be at years of discretion: I hate all fathers, and always did.

Fath. Oh Lord! hark you, sir, what's that fellow's profession?

Cour. Oh, an Atheist, sir; he believes neither God nor the devil.

Fath. 'Sbud, I'll brustle up to him. Are you an Atheist, fellow? Hoh!

Dare. Yes, sir, I am an Atheist.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? Hoh!

Dare. I shall be buried six foot under ground to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dare. If I chance to be hanged, being a lusty sinewy fellow, the corporation of barber-chirurgeons, may be, beg me for an anatomy, to set up in their hall. I don't take much care of myself while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be said; my son's in a very hopeful way to be damned, that's one comfort. Impudent rogue, you keep company with the devil's resident! You converse with foreign ministers, and deny your father a little dirty money! Fogh, poltroon!

Beau. This is very hard, sir: but if ten guineas will do you any service—

Fath. Ten guineas? let me see; ten guineas are a pretty little piddling sum, that's the truth on't; but what will it do, Jacky-boy? serve, may be, to play at tick-tack in an afternoon, three hits up for a piece, or so; but when will that recover my hundred again? Ten guineas! pox o'thy ten guineas.—Well, let me see the ten guineas though,—let me see 'em a little—Jacky-boy, Jacky, Jack—You ha' drunk damnable hard to-night, you rogue! you are a drunken dog, I believe—han't

you had a whore too, Jacky?—e e e—You'll get the pox, sirrah, and then—but if thou dost, I know a very able fellow, an old acquaintance of mine—ten guineas, Jacky!

Beau. There they are, sir, and long may they last you.

Fath. Make 'em twenty, Jacky-rogue;—you plump-checked, merry-eyed rogue, make 'em twenty—make 'em fifteen then—Jacky-boy, Jacky, Jack—do faith.

Beau. Upon my duty, you have stripped me, sir.

Fath. Then do you hear, friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your soul? let us see if you dare venture a little of your money now—come [*Draws out a box and Dice*] seven's the main: I'll hold you ten pounds to two, two deuces does not come before seven.

Beau. At him, Daredevil; beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him.

Dare. Done, sir, done; down with your money.

Fath. Here, you blasphemous dog—Dost thou love hazard?

Dare. Dearly, from the bottom of my heart, sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: come along—seven—

Dare. Right.

Fath. Seven.

[*Throws two Deuces.*]

Dare. Two deuces!—you have lost, sir.

Fath. Dam' me, sir, lay your hand upon my money!

Dare. Dam' me, sir, 'tis my money; I won it fairly.

Beau. Now, Courtine, now—

Cour. Now, look to't, Atheist!

Fath. Son of a whore, you lie. Thus to my hat I sweep the yellow scoundrels, and draw my sword in witness they're my own.

Dare. Nay then I'll—

Cour. Hold, sirs, no drawing swords, no quarrelling.

Dare. I am glad on't, with all my heart; for though I am not much afraid of the devil, I hate a drawn sword mortally.

Beau. Good sir—

Fath. Stand off—dogs, Atheists, win my money!—
Rascal—good-morrow. [Exit.]

Beau. Till next time two deuces come before seven; and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

Cour. How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant old father of thine, Beaugard?

Beau. I hope to find him run so far in debt within this fortnight, that to avoid the calamity, he shall be forced to compound with me for his freedom, and be contented with a comfortable annuity in the country; that's all my hopes of him.

Cour. Which he'll sell in one quarter of a year, and return to old London again, for t'other game at hazard.

Beau. No, like a wise guardian, I'll take care of the contrary; lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him. Why how now, Daredevil? What, in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old gentleman, but yet he has some religion in him, Daredevil.

Dare. Yes, pox on him, to cheat me of my money. 'Tis well he was your father, sir.

Cour. Why?

Dare. Had he been my own, by these hilts I would have sawed his old windpipe asunder upon the spot. Rob me of my right!

Cour. Does he love fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much cared for that impertinent exercise.

Dare. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honest fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one another's throats, to spoil good company: but when my honour's injured—

Beau. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a foolish trifling sum of money—

Dare. Trash, trash, dunghill, and filthiness! I give it away to my wenches and my servants; we part with it to every body, upon all occasions. He that values money deserves never to have the benefit of it.

Beau. A very noble fragment of philosophy. But,

Courtine, the morning is new risen again, and I have received intelligence this night, by a certain minister I keep for such offices, where my poor distressed widow is held in durance: if thou thinkest there may be any hopes for thee upon the coast I am bound for, let us embark together, and good luck attend us.

Cour. No, I have other projects o'foot: marriage has cracked my credit so, that no body that knows my condition cares to deal with me. Therefore I am resolved to set out for new discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my name's a stranger.

Beau. What, this morning?

Cour. This very morning: fortified with Bourdeaux, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all straggling wives, widows, and virgins, have a care of their cargoes.

Beau. Nobly resolved, and good fortune guide thee. Thou, Daredevil, wilt not part with me: thou art more a friend than to leave thy disciple, when there is good substantial sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dare. With all my heart; let us fire a house or two, poison a constable and all his watch, ravish six cinder-women, and kill a beadle.

Beau. Shall we do all this?

Dare. Do't! I'll do't myself.

Beau. Thou art the very spirit of iniquity.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, captain Beaugard.

Beau. With me, friend?

Foot. Sir, there is a masked lady, in a chair, at the corner of the street, desires a word with you instantly.

Beau. Tell her I'm her vassal, and will wait on her this moment. Courtine, good-morrow.

Cour. Gone already?

Beau. Trading comes in, friend, and I must mind my calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.* [*Exit.*

L

Dare. Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run through the lungs, or shot in the head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the lower world, how matters go there, and what entertainment they give us.

Cour. You shall find me a very civil correspondent, sir.

Dare. Farewell. [Exit.

Cour. The same good wish to you, sir. Now will I out into the middle of the street, play at blind-man's buff by myself, turn three times round, and catch who I can. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter BEAUGARD and DAREDEVIL.

Beau. This should be the place, and yet I see no chair.

Dare. Then let us fall to mischief.

Beau. Pr'ythee, a little patience, though it be a virtue, dear temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Foot. Sir, is your name captain Beaugard?

Beau. Yes, my dear Mercury, I am the happy man.

Foot. Then, sir, this letter is for you.

Beau. Stay till I read it, friend.

Foot. Sir, it requires no answer. [Exit.

Beau. What jilt's trick, now!—*Sir,*—to meet us with your swords in your hands this morning, behind the corner house of—By my stars, a challenge from the termagant sparks that fell upon us last night. Why, what a deal of love and honour have I upon my hands now! Daredevil, thou canst fight?

Dare. Why, is there any occasion?

Beau. Only a challenge, Daredevil, that's all. See, there's a breakfast for thee, if thou hast any stomach to't.—

Dare. Idle rogues, rascals, hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, these are some hungry varlets that want dinners: let us break the next windows, and never think on't.

Enter Six Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* These are our quarry; be sure we seize 'em both. Is the coach ready?

2 *Ruff.* At the next corner.

1 *Ruff.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our prisoner.

Beau. Villains! rogues! thieves! Murder! thieves! rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 *Ruff.* Nay, sir, no noise, no struggling, as you tender your safety.

Beau. Daredevil, dog, coward, draw thy sword and rescue me.

Dare. I am terrified, amazed; some judgment for my sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in bonds too! Have mercy on my soul, and don't slay me, gentlemen.

Beau. Damnation! blinded! rascals! villains! ruffians! Murder!

Dare. Oh Daredevil, Daredevil, what will become of thee! [*Excunt.*

Enter THEODORET and GRATIAN.

Theod. This generosity makes good thy character, That thou'rt the bravest man, and truest friend. How shall I deserve this from thee?

Grat. I should be unjust, both to myself, and the dear memory of thy noble brother, whose friendship was so dear to me, should my true sword be idle in thy cause. Besides, the love which I profess to Porcia, tells me a rival must not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy right: my dying brother, her soon-forgotten husband, but thy remember'd friend, with his last breath thus told me:

I have a friend, Gratian, the man my heart
 Has cherish'd most; we from our youth were rivals
 For my dear Porcia: tell him, if I die,
 I left her to him, as the dearest legacy
 I could bequeath: bid him be tender of her,
 For she'll deserve it from him.—Would she did!

Grat. Heaven knows, it is my curse, spite of her
 scorn, to love her even to madness; nor shall this man
 of war, this French-bred hero, win her with nothing but
 his cap and feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

Theod. I have heard the man is gallant; but in ho-
 nesty, as thou art my friend, I wish thou would'st hear
 good counsel.

Grat. Thine must be noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud
 woman.

Grat. I wish 'twere possible.

Theod. Their sex is one gross cheat; their only study
 How to deceive, betray, and ruin man:
 They have it by tradition from their mothers,
 Which they improve each day, and grow more exquisite.
 Their painting, patching, all their chamber-arts,
 And public affectations, are but tricks
 To draw fond men into that snare; their love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine!

Theod. When we're caught fast, 'tis then they shew
 their natures,
 Grow haughty, proud, to vex the wretch they've con-
 quer'd;

Tho' the same hour they glance abroad for new ones.
 But let a woman know you're once her slave,
 Give her once testimony that you love her,
 She'll always be thy torment, jilt, design,
 And practise ends upon thy honest nature;
 So strong is their antipathy to truth.

Grat. But let a fool—

Theod. Oh give them but a fool,
 A senseless, noisy, gay, bold, bristling blockhead,
 A rascal with a feather, and cravat-string,

No brains in's head; a vain, pert, empty rogue,
That can prune*, dance, lisp, or lie very much,
They're lost for ever: they'll give all they have
To fools, or for 'em.—

Grat. But, my friend, this granted,
Grant Porcia this, and more, as she's the relict
Of thy dear brother, and my valu'd friend,
The injury she brings upon thy honour
Must not be slighted; and that's my cause now.

Theod. There thou o'ercom'st me: still our men of
mettle
Delay their time; the day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon wall; may be they've miss'd the place:
Besides, I fancy company is coming this way, and we
may be prevented. Methinks I would not lose so fine
a morning, and do nothing.

Grat. Nor I.

Enter SYLVIA and LUCRETIA.

Sylv. Oh Lucrece, 'twas the pangs of jealousy,
curst jealousy, that brought me hither.

Luc. Where lodged you then last night?

Sylv. Here, in this house, my cousin Porcia's house:
I met her late last night, just as I alighted, harassed
with my journey, and the cause of it: had she not took
pity of me, heaven knows how my perplexities would
have disposed me!

Luc. What, in this house?

Sylv. Here, in this very house.

Luc. I'm glad I know it; I'll take such care it shall
not be long a secret. [*Aside.*

Sylv. The garden opening thus upon the fields, in-
vited me to take the morning-air here; for sleep's a
guest that stays but little with me. Why sighest thou,
Lucrece?

Luc. I'm thinking why my cousin Porcia should
choose this residence.

* This word is improperly altered in the edit. of 1757, to
prim. To *prune*, signifies to pink, or dress affectedly.

Sylv. 'Tis for a lover, Lucrece; Beaugard courts her, a friend and lewd companion of my false husband's.

Luc. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, dost thou love him?

Luc. So much that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace for the tormenting thoughts of him.

Sylv. By heavens I pity thee. Oh have a care of marriage, Lucrece, marriage; 'twill be thy bane, and ruin thee for ever. Marriage spoils faces; how I look with marriage!

Luc. I see no change.

Sylv. No change? I have not slept six nights in peace since the curst day I wedded.

Luc. Will then a husband spoil one's sleep so sadly?

Sylv. A husband's, Lucrece, like his wedding-clothes; Worn gay a week, but then he throws 'em off, And with 'em too the lover: then his days Grow gay abroad, and his nights dull at home: He lies whole months by thy poor longing side Heavy and useless, comes faint and loth to bed, Turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a husband.

Luc. Is Courtine such a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the life I lead with him. He's colder to me than adamant to fire; but let him loose amongst my kitchen-furniture, my maids, never was seen so termagant a towser: he loves a nasty, foul-fed, fulsome drab, and scorns the tender joys my arms invite him to. To be despised at that rate, so dishonoured, makes me even curse the chance that made me woman: would I had been any creature else.—See yonder, yonder he comes: thy mask, thy mask, dear Lucrece.

Luc. Farewell; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [Exit,

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. What, fly thy ground, faint soldier? How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done; two to one had been odds else: had it not, pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, sir?

Cour. E'en a wandering knight, that have forsaken my castle in the country, and am come up to town for preferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think so proper, lusty, a well-made fellow as you are should not be long out of employment.

Cour. Dost thou know me, my dearest?

Sylv. No.

Cour. Then I am sure thou canst have no exception against me.

Sylv. But suppose I had a mind to a little farther acquaintance with you; what then, sir?

Cour. Why, then thou may'st reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil use of thy good inclinations: faith there are very pretty gardens hereabouts; let us commit a trespass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a camomile walk together this morning.

Sylv. O Lord, sir!

Cour. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I should let you make advantage of my weakness now, you would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my heart.

Cour. Pretty fool! what innocent scruples she makes!

Sylv. Have you no other mistress already? Have you no engagements that will return hereafter upon your heart to my prejudice?

Cour. Shall I swear?

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Cour. If I have, may that blue mountain over our heads there, fall down and crush me like a pelted toad.

Sylv. To shew you then that I deserve your faith--

Cour. What wilt thou shew me?

Sylv. A face which I am not ashamed of, though you'll perhaps be scandalized when you see it.

Cour. The devil take me if I am though, so it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, sir; is it such a one as you looked for?

Cour. My own wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy wife.

Thou false, deceitful, perjurd, shameless wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

Cour. Pox confound her—

[Takes out a Book, and falls a reading.]

Sylv. Is this the recompense of all my love?

Did I bestow my fortune on thy wants,
Humble myself to be thy dove-like wife;
And is this all I'm worth?

Cour. *[Reads]* — Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat.—

For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?

Hudibras, part the second, canto the first.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my nature
To utmost sufferance, and most low contentment?
Set my poor heart to cares? Have I been blest
With children by thee, to be left with scorn,
Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard usage?—

Cour. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! What's umph?

Cour. Umph, that's I, child; umph is I, I, I, my
dear.

Sylv. Death! death and torments! Cut my wretched
throat,

Don't treat me thus: by heav'n I'll bear't no longer.

Cour. No more.

Sylv. I have done, sir.

Cour. What do you at London?

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of?

Cour. Can't I enjoy my pleasure, take my freedoms,
But you must come, and spoil the high-season'd dish,
With your insipid, whining, senseless jealousy?

Sylv. Pr'ythee forgive me—

Cour. Where did you lodge last night?

Sylv. Here with a kinswoman;

May be you know her not; her name is Porcia,

Cour. Death! Beaugard's widow! now I am finely fitted.

What at this house?

Sylv. This very house; that door
Opens into the garden, let us walk there;
Won't you go with me, Courtine?

Cour. No.

Sylv. Pr'ythee do, love.
Don't be thus cruel to me.

Cour. Then promise one thing;
And may be my good nature shall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing; speak, try my obedience.

Cour. Then promise me, that during your abode
In this sweet town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, steer what course I will,
Keep what late hours, and as I please employ 'em,
That you'll be still an humble, civil doxy,
And pry into no secret to disturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Cour. Oh then, I'll be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you first.

Cour. No—

Sylv. Oh, then you'll forsake me;
You seek but opportunity again to leave me.

Cour. Well, since I am trapt thus,
Like a poor beast that wanted better pasture,
There's no replevin, and I must to pound. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN, and LUCRETIA.

Theod. What, in this house?

Luc. Here, in this very house;
My cousin Sylvia, Courtine's jealous wife,
Coming to town, lodg'd with her here last night.

Theod. No more; I guess the cause we're disappointed.
Do thou go, Gratian, muster what friends 'tis possible;
I'll try my int'rest too; we'll storm your fortress,
Enchanted lady, tho' your giant guard it.

SCENE changes to the Inside of a very fair House, adorned with rich Furniture and Lights.

Enter Ruffians, with BEAUGARD and DAREDEVIL.

Beau. Dogs! rascals! villains! how do you intend to deal with us?

Ruff. Much better than your language has deserved, sir. [*They unbind 'em.*

Beau. Sirs, for this noble usage, had I a sword or pistol about me, I would reward ye most amply. [*They all bow and withdraw.*] A plague of your civility! where the devil are we?

Dare. Where are we, quoth-a! why, we are in a palace, man. Pr'ythee look about thee a little.

Beau. By heaven here's a paradise; hark, Daredevil! music too!

Dare. I'll be hanged if 'tis not a bawdy dancing-school; some better whores than ordinary, designing a private *Ballum Rancum*, have pitched upon our two proper persons for the business; we are like to have a swinging time on't, Beaugard.

Beau. A plague o' your cowardice! you were whining and praying just now, and be hanged to you.

Dare. I praying! Pr'ythee be quiet, man, I never prayed in my life, nor ever will pray: praying quoth-a! that's a merry jest with all my heart.

Beau. Impudent poltroon! He said two dozen of pater-nosters within this half hour, and every jolt the coach gave, was afraid the devil would have torn him to pieces. [*Aside.*

Dare. Odd, I like this contrivance very well: look, Beaugard, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two devils in petticoats, how my guts shrink together!

Enter Two Black Women.

Beau. Heyday! lady Blackamores! nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, maids of ho-

nour to the queen of Pomonkey? and is this one of her palaces? Not a word!—

Dare. How I long now to be familiar with one of those sooty-faced harlots! I would beget a chopping black son of a whore upon her, in defiance to the prince of darkness.

Enter a Dwarf.

Beau. What, another too of the same complexion? This must be her majesty's page.

Dare. A pimp, I'll warrant him; he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the rogue looks as if he could insinuate himself through a key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome, thou best-lov'd man of the fair world.

Beau. Well, sir, and what's the service you have in order to command me?

Dwarf. My orders are to lead you to repose
In a rich bed prepar'd for rest and love.

Dare. I said it was a pimp; what a smooth-tongued little rascal 'tis!

Beau. A very pretty sort of an amusement this: but pr'ythee, young Domine, why to bed? 'tis but now day, and the sun newly risen; for I have not been a-bed all night, my little monster; I know how the time goes, child.

Dwarf. Such are the orders of the pow'r I serve.
For you're come a long unmeasurable journey.

Dare. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd horses thro' the untrack'd air.

Beau. A pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-instructed rascal; but since it is the custom of the place, and my last night's fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the offer, and dispense with an hour or two of sleep, to fit me for better exercise when I wake again.

[*Sits down on a Chair to be undrest.*]

Dare. Drawn by winged horses through the air, said he! if this should be true now, what would be-

come of us! methought indeed the coach whewed it away a little faster than ordinary.

[*While Beaugard is undressing, the Two Black Women dance.*

Beau. A very notable entertainment truly, and your little black ladyships have tript it most feately*.—

[*The Women advance towards him.*

What, and must you take charge of me now?—With all my heart. Daredevil, farewell to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'd invite thee for a bedfellow.

[*Women lead in Beaugard.*

Dare. Bedfellow, quoth-a! would I were a-bed with any bedfellow that I was sure had but flesh and bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, sir, you are my charge.

Dare. I hope your little impship will be civil to me: pray, sir, what place is this?

Dwarf. A crystal castle,
Built by enchantment in a land unknown
To any but the fair one that commands it;
The spirits of the air keep guard about it,
And all obey her charms,

Dare. Oh, Lord! and what religion is the lady of?

Dwarf. That's a secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dare. Lead on then: now in the lower world, whence I come lately, were this but known,

How would the fate in ballad be lamented,

Of Daredevil the Atheist that's enchanted! [*Exeunt.*

* *Feately*—nimble, neatly.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter GRATIAN and THEODORET.

Grat. These are your men of honour now! I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your *faux* braves always put on a shew of more courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-gentlemen always wear tawdry finer cloaths than their fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But to lie concealed in private in the house with her!

Theod. Dam' her, she's a prostitute; has given herself already to his arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an excuse for that too, if it be so; as, alas! you know, woman is but a weak vessel.

Theod. A pox o'the weakness of her vessel! Dam' her! would my sword were in her throat! but will our friends be ready?

Grat. Most punctually. It was an odd old fellow that which we met with. Was he certainly Beaugard's father?

Theod. Nobody can swear that, for his mother was a woman; but that merry, conceited old gentleman has the honour of it: he has the title, but whose was the property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiss if it prove so. See here he comes too.

[Enter Father and FOURBINE.

Fath. You lie, you dog; you Scanderbeg-varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he sat up all night with a

consort of whoremasters and harlots; and have you the impudence to tell me he is not at home? Do not I know, you villain, that, after a debauch, he will out-snore a Fleet-street constable and all his watch, for six hours; and dare you tell me he is not at home, you caterpillar?

Four. Upon the word of a true valet-de-chambre, sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you.

Fath. No more to be said: but, sirrah, do you take notice in his behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear, you mongrel? Fob me off with ten stinking guineas, when I had lost a hundred! fiends and furies, I'll not bear it. Good-morrow, my little thunderbolts! What say you, my tiny brace of blunderbusses? can I be serviceable? shall we about the business while it is practicable? Hah?—

Theod. Have you considered of it thoroughly, sir?

Fath. Trouble thy head no farther; I'll do't, my darling.

Theod. Have you considered, sir, that she is your son's mistress?

Fath. So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stoutier, for alienating his affections from his natural father.

Grat. But suppose you should meet him too there in her defence, sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reason: for I would swinge him too with much fatherly discipline, and teach him the duty which a son, with a great deal of money, owes an honest old daddy that has none.

Theod. Very piously resolved, this; that's the truth on't. But sir, I would have you satisfied into the bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No boys' play, old Tilbury.

Fath. Boys' play, sir? Sir, I can fight, sir; though I am an old fellow, I have a fox by my side here, that will snarl upon occasion. Boys' play! I don't understand your boys' play, sir—

Theod. I would not have you take my plainness ill, sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of sincerity which I profess, sir; I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectify all mistakes, let us fairly have a breakfast, *hoc momento*. I have a sort of guawing courage, that when it is provoked, always gives me a stomach to a savoury bit, and a cheerful bottle. I hate to be run through the guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the wind out.

Grat. Very well proposed, I think; for we have more friends to meet us at a tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our enterprise well in a bonny bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath. Very well said, that: this is a pretty fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my rebel be run through the midriff in this business, I am the next heir at law, and the two thousand pounds a-year is my own, *declare*. Come along, my little spit-fires.

Nous allons,
Braves frippons,
Sans sçavoir où nous allons.

Six bumpers in a hand to him that drills the first whore-master through the small guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, sir.

Fath. You are both my honest boys, my best children: march along then bravely and boldly.—I must borrow money of these fellows before I part with 'em.

Nous allons, braves frippons.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. Oh the unconscionable importunity of an un-savoury, phlegmatic, cold, insipid wife! By this good day, she has kissed me till I am downright sick; I have had so much of her, that I shall have no stomach to the sex again this fortnight.

Enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. My dearest, pray my dearest, don't thus leave me: by this kind kiss I beg it.

Cour. Oh, the devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me; speak to me—

Cour. Plague intolerable!—

Sylv. Indeed, my dear, I love you with such fondness! Pray speak.

Cour. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Cour. Oh, there's a sudden faintness comes o'er my spirits! Oh, I'm very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand off and give me air; I die else. Oh!—

Sylv. I'll kiss thee then to life again.

Cour. Stand off, I say; I'll not be stifled! Murder! help! murder! help!

Sylv. Ill-natured tyrant!

Cour. Good-natured devil! Kiss, i' th' devil's name!—

Sylv. Come near me, husband.

Cour. Come not near me, wife. How am I tortured!—

Sylv. You must be kind; indeed, my dear, you must.

Cour. Indeed, my dear, by your good leave, I sha'not—Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again.

Cour. That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a rascal [*Aside.*]—Oh! oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, deeree?

Cour. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the chair there: oh! my heart beats, and my head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear you're very sick indeed! if my poor lovee should die, what would become of me!

Cour. A plague o' your whining! Would I were well out of the house once! [*Aside.*

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some cordial, my dearest love, my joy? Speak to me; shall I?—

Cour. Ay, if thou wilt, my jewel. [*Exit Sylvia.*]—
Jewel quoth-a!—what a plague's this: hush, is she gone?
—Now for a convenient balcony to venture the break-
ing of a neck at.—

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir, sir, a word with you.

Cour. With me, sweet-heart? thy business?

Page. A lady, sir, that dogged you hither this morn-
ing—

Cour. A lady!—

Page. Yes, a lady, sir.

Cour. Hist: get you in, you little monkey; skip,
skulk, or you'll spoil all else. [*Exit Page.*]—Here's the
blessed comfort of a wife again, now.—Oh! oh!

Enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. How is't, my blessing? Here, take this: hea-
ven guard thee!

Cour. From thy confounded troublesome company, if
it be possible. [*Aside.*] [*Drinks.*]

Sylv. How is't, my deeree?

Cour. If I had a little more on't, deeree.

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my joy.

Cour. Do, pr'ythee do, my joy then. Joy in the de-
vil's name! [*Aside.*]—[*Exit Sylvia.*]—Hist, sirrah page,
come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your lady gone, sir?

Cour. Yes; but what news of the other lady, my
trusty Mercury?

Page. She's now below, sir; and desires to see you.

Cour. Is she young? handsome?

Page. I can't tell that, sir; but she's rare and fine.

Cour. Are her cloaths rich?

Page. Oh, sir, all gold and silver; with a deep point

thingum thangum over her shoulders; and then she smells as sweet as my lady's dressing-box.

Cour. Fly, little sprite, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a moment: tell her—

Page. But, sir—

Cour. Begone, begone, you knave, or you'll be caught else. Oh! [Exit Page.]

Re-enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my heart.

Cour. I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable.

[Drinks] Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my life?

Cour. Oh, I have a horrid tremor upon my heart! 'tis the old palpitation I used to be troubled with, returned again. Oh, if I were but—

Sylv. Where, love?

Cour. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able fellow of my acquaintance, that always used to relieve me in this extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a coach myself, and go to him.

Cour. The devil take me if I know. [Aside.] Oh! 'tis a vast way off—Oh! now it kills me again.

Sylv. I shall not think it so, when it is my duty.

Cour. That's but too kind, my sweetest; though, if I had but one bottle of his elixir.—

Sylv. How is it called?

Cour. *Specimen vitæ.*

Sylv. *Specimen vitæ?*

Cour. Ay, *specimen vitæ*: 'tis a damned hard name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Pr'ythee let me go thither.

Cour. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! besides, it would trouble me now, in this condition, to be so long without thee.

Sylv. Pr'ythee let me go.

Cour. Why, 'tis as far as Grub-street, child, as Grub-street.

Sylv. I'll be back again instantly.

Cour. I had rather, indeed, thou should'st go thyself, than send a messenger, because the business will be done more carefully.

Sylv. How's the direction then?

Cour. In Grub-street, child, at the sign of the Sun and Phoenix, I think it is, there lives a chymist; ask for him, and in my name desire a bottle of his *specimen vitæ*. Oh!

Sylv. Specimen vitæ!

Cour. Ay, *specimen vitæ*.—I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the room, and divert the terror of my fits.

Sylv. Heavens bless my dearest dearee!

Cour. Thank you, my only joy.—Would in the devil's name she were gone once, and had her guts full of that quack's *specimen vitæ*. [*Aside.*]

Sylv. You'll be careful of yourself, child?

Cour. As careful as I can, child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'ye, Courtee.

Cour. B'w'ye my Sylvee—Oh, oh! [*Exit Sylvia.*]

Enter Page.

Is she gone?

Page. Yes, sir.

Cour. Where's the lady?

Page. Here; just entering up the back-stairs.

Lady appears at the Door.

Cour. Madam, this honour done your worthless servant—

Re-enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. Oh, my dear heart, I had forgot my wages. Pray, Courtee, kiss me before I go.

Cour. Confound her, come again! [*Aside.*] Oh, my love! I have made hard shift to crawl to the door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Cour. Nothing but a page, come to know if I wanted any thing. A plague of her hawk's eyes!—

[*Aside.*]

Sylv. Gud b'w'ye, my dearest love.

Cour. Gud b'w'ye, my joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w' ye, Courtee.

Cour. B'w'ye, Sylvee—So, is she gone again?—The devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more.

[*Locks the door after her.*]

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your lady, sir?

Cour. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty one, for keeping a wife company now and then, for want of better.

Lady. Can you be so kind, sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, captain?

Cour. Remember thee, child! Is it possible for that face to be ever blotted out of my memory?—Though, the devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my knowledge.

[*Aside.*]

Lady. Where is your lady gone, sir?

Cour. To Grub-street, jewel, for some *specimen vitæ*.

Lady. *Specimen vitæ*, sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Cour. Oh, come but quietly into the next room, and I will shew thee what *specimen vitæ* is presently.

Lady. You may, perhaps, think strange of this freedom I take with you, sir.

Cour. Not in the least, child; it shews thy generosity.—I love her now, for understanding her business, and coming close to the matter quickly.

[*Aside.*]

Lady. But, sir, presuming on your *quondam* favours to me, I am come to beg your advice in a matter of law, which I am at present involved in: and if you please—

Cour. To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou could'st not have picked out such another man for thy purpose;

I am, may be, the best lawyer in the world for chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the merits of thy cause as soon as—

Lady. Really, you are so good natured—

Cour. Grub-street, and specimen vitæ, quoth-a! he that has the palpitation of the heart, and an armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a dunghill, and be buried in a ditch, I say.—This is the rarest adventure!
[*Exeunt Courtine and the Lady.*]

The SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber.

BEAUGARD, *as dressing himself, and Dwarf.*

Beau. Heigho! heigho! Boy, imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: your pleasure? What's your pleasure, sir?

Beau. What is't o'clock, boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your world, by computation, I guess it may be afternoon.

Beau. A very pretty little rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the devil a wink of sound rest came near my senses all the while; but broken slumbers, dreams, starts, and sprawling from one side to the other, in hopes the fair unknown that keeps this castle might have been so good-natured to have given a stranger a visit. This can be no less than some romantic design of the little fairy, that threatened she would cheat the widow of me: now will I, for once, if she does attempt me, put on that monstrous virtue, called self-denial, and be damnably constant.—What, music again! This is a merry region, I'll say that for it, wherever it be. Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, sir?

Beau. My clothes, monster; my vestments: I hate a dishabille mortally: I long to be rigged, that I may be fit for action, if occasion should present itself.

[*Dwarf dresses him.*]

A SONG.

I.

Welcome mortal to this place,
 Where smiling fate did send thee:
 Snatch thy happy minutes as they pass:
 Who knows how few attend thee!

II.

Floods of joy about thee roll,
 And flow in endless measure.
 Dip thy wishes deep, and fill thy soul
 With draughts of ev'ry pleasure.

III.

Feast thy heart with love's desire,
 Thy eyes with beauty's charms:
 With imaginations fan the fire,
 Then stifle it in thy arms.

IV.

For, since life's a slipp'ry guest,
 Whose flight can't be prevented;
 Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
 And then 'twill go contented.

V.

Come you that attend on our goddess's will,
 And sprinkle the ground
 With perfumes around;
 Shew him your duty, and shew us your skill.

*Enter Four Black Women, that dance to the same
 Measure of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets.*

Circle him with charms,
 And raise in his heart
 Such alarms,
 As Cupid ne'er wrought by the pow'r of his dart.

They dance round him.

Fill all his veins with a tender desire,
 And then shew a beauty to set 'em a-fire:
 'Till kind panting breasts to his wound she apply,
 Then on those white pillows of love let him die.

[The Dance ends.]

Beau. Faith, and with all my heart; for I am weary of the lingering disease, and long to taste my mortality most mightily. Hah! a banquet too, ushered in by a couple of Cupids! [*Two Cupids run in a table furnished.*] Pretty innocent contrivance! well, here's no fear of starving, that's one comfort. Now, my dear musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the beauty you have so prepared me for!—But then, my widow! my dear, generous, noble-hearted widow! She that loves liberty as I do: she that defies matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn recreant, and be false to her? Ah Daredevil, Daredevil! How I want thee to help me out in this case of conscience a little!

Enter DAREDEVIL.

Dare. Beaugard, where art thou?

Beau. Ah, dear damnation! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

Dare. Such news! such tidings! such a discovery!

Beau. Hah! what's the matter, man?—

Dare. Only six and fifty virgins a-piece for us, that's all; pretty little blushing opening buds, you rogue, that never had so much as a blast of masculine breath upon them yet.—What's here? a banquet ready? Nay then I am satisfied. Never were heroes so enchanted as we are.

Beau. But where are the virgins, Daredevil? the virgins!

Dare. There's only one of 'em, child; only one!—but such a one, my soldier—

Beau. Is there but one then?

Dare. That's no matter, man; I'll be contented till thou hast done with her: I hate a new conveniency that was never practised upon; 'tis like a new shoe, that was never worn, wrings and hurts one's foot basely and scurvily. I love my ease, I—

Beau. But is she very lovely?

Dare. Such a swinger, you dog! she'll make thy

heart bound like a tennis-ball at the sight of her; with a majestic stately shape and motion.

Beau. Well.

Dare. A lovely, angelical, commanding face.

Beau. By heavens!

Dare. With two triumphant, rolling, murdering eyes, that swear at you every time you look upon her.

Beau. Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this minute. But then again, my widow!—

Enter a Lady masked.

Hah!—Masked too! When the devil shall I see a woman with her own natural face again? Madam—

Lady. Be pleased, sir, to repose yourself a little; there is a small account, sir, to be adjusted betwixt you and I. Where are my servants? Who is it waits there?

[Several men vizarded, and armed, appear at the Doors.]

Beau. What the devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this ceremony and preparation.

Dare. Murdered, in the devil's name! Here is great fear of being murdered, truly.

Lady. Come, sir, sit down, sir.

Beau. Madam, I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, sir, but since your coming hither,

You're much surpris'd, and wonder at your treatment.

Dare. So now the fardle's opened, we shall see what is in it.

Beau. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous—

Lady. That you're prepar'd with compliments to pay me for't.

But, sir, such coin's adulterate and base:
I must have honest dealing from your heart.

Dare. Swear to her, swear to her a little, man; pour

out a bushel of oaths upon her instantly : swear, swear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

Lady. I know my rival.

Beau. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought; my poor widow will run a damnable hazard of losing this sweet person of mine, if I do not take abundance of care in the business. Here are rogues on each hand, with blunderbusses too : I shall be ravished. [*Aside.*

Lady. She, by her arts,
And the good fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's possess'd already of your heart.
But know too, I'm a woman loath refusal,
Scornful refusal—

Dare. Swear to her, I tell thee: that ever a fellow should lose all this time for an insignificant oath or two!

Lady. Or, if my fortune,
Which is not despicable, prove too weak
An argument to tell you I deserve you;
Yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd myself;
Either for shame or ends; but rather chose
To run the risk of being denied your love,
Than win it by base artifice and practices.
What think you, sir?—

Beau. Hah!

That, madam, I'm most miserable, unless—

Lady. Your widow Porcia, sir, your widow—

Beau. Madam, I must confess—

Lady. Well.

Beau. That I love her and will for ever.—

Lady. Death! Do you confess it too?
See you not here yourself within my power,
And dare you still confess you love that creature?
Thus far I've kept my word, I've cross'd her stratagems;
You're here my pris'ner, and by what is past,
You ought to think me capable of more.

Dare. If this fellow would but swear a little, all this might be rectified. Madam, to my own knowledge—

Beau. Fool, stand off.

I'm sensible that you're the loveliest creature
My eyes e'er gaz'd on; but—

Lady. But what?—

Beau. I'm sure

You'd yourself scorn, nor think me worth your heart,
Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant.

Pity me, fair one; yet methinks this hand—

Lady. Should send a dagger to thy ungrateful heart.
By heav'n, I'll never bear it—

Beau. Madam!

Dare. Madam,

Could you but throw some favour on your servant.

Lady. By all the fury in a woman's heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, slaves,
To do your office—

Dare. Madam—

Beau. Look you, madam, your ladyship may do
your pleasure; you may command half a dozen of bul-
lets through my pericranium, if you have a mind to
have your beauty spoke well of by the critics of
Holborn, that once a month swarm at their windows to
spy handsome faces: upon that consideration you may
murder a poor constant monster if you please, madam.

Lady. Still am I scorn'd then?

Beau. Would you kill me barb'rously?

Sure those sweet eyes could not see such a sight.

Lady. No, take your life, and with't this satisfaction;

Porcia scorns you, as much as you do me:

And, till thou suest upon thy humble knees

To me for pity, Porcia shall despise thee.

Beau. Madam, I swear—

Lady. No more.

Beau. By all those beauties—

Lady. Begone, for ever fly this— ah! [*Squeaks.*]

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. Death! damnation! devils! how came I
hither? Beaugard!

Beau. Friend Courtine! speak, man: what's the matter?

Cour. Damnation! jilted, choused, betrayed—

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A midwife; run for a midwife, run for some good woman.—Oh, madam, an accident.

Beau. A midwife!

Lady. Heavens! a midwife! [*Exit.*

Cour. Yes, friend, a midwife. I am sweetly managed, I—I thought I had been in private here, in this house, with a civil person of good reputation, and it proves a damned trepanning strumpet. Just in the middle of all our good understanding together, she fetches a great shriek, and roars out for a midwife: the drab is full gone with bastard, and swears I am the father of it.

Beau. A very great happiness, take my word for't, friend: children bring a great honour with them, Courtine. It may grow up to be a comfort to thee in thy old age, man.

Dare. Oh, your olive-branches are unspeakable blessings, the gift of heaven. I love to see posterity go forward, and families encrease, with all my heart.

Cour. Let me be hanged and quartered, gentlemen, if ever I set eyes on the harlot in my life before. My sweet wife, with a pox to her, brought me hither,

Beau. Why, is thy wife in London?

Cour. Yes, hell confound her! she has hunted me full cry up to town: seized upon me this morning, and brought me hitler, where it seems she lay all the last night.

Dare. Why then, for aught I know, we may be still enchanted.

Beau. I am glad to hear that, with all my heart. Is she in the house?

Cour. No; I was forced to counterfeit sickness, till I was e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence

of going to my physician, in the devil's name; that this confounded bulker, with her guts full of bastard, and I, might console together for half an hour! and I am sweetly fitted with a concubine, that's the truth on't.

Beau. This comes of your whoring, Courtine; if you had kept me company, and lived virtuously, none of this had happened to you now. But you must be wandering: no reasonable iniquity will serve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear, captain Courtine, you are the happiest gentleman! Yonder's the finest chopping boy for you—why, it will be able to carry a musket in your company within this fortnight. And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the lady to lie-in at my house, that if your wife will do me the honour, I'll take it for a favour to stand for godmother with her.

Cour. And, madam, to return your compliment, I wish, with all my heart, you were pregnant with a litter of nine such chopping boys, upon condition that I were bound to be godfather to the whole kennel.—Confound your being witty, with a plague to you! [*Aside.*]

Beau. That's something coarse though, friend, to a lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *Maid.* See, Jenny, yon's the man; that, that's the father.

2 *Maid.* I'll swear it is a proper person.

3 *Maid.* Oh, sir, heavens bless you, you're the happiest man! Here is my young master, as like you as if you had bore it yourself.

1 *Maid.* What a pretty little nose it has!

2 *Maid.* And just it's father's eyes for all the world.

1 *Maid.* It would never grieve a body to have a child by such a handsome gentleman,

Cour. Ye whores! ye drabs! ye fulsome, stinking whores! Clusters of poxes on ye, and no hospitals pity ye!—Confound ye, leave me.

Beau. Fy upon it, Courtine; fy for shame; give something to the nurse, man: that's but civil.

Enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. A bastard! Death, a bastard! under my nose too! Where's the vile hateful monster?

Beau. Have patience, lady.—

Sylv. False, loathsome traitor!

Cour. Now my joy's completed.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go—

Cour. Hold her fast, friend, if thou lovest me.

Sylv. Thou devil!—Thou treacherous, faithless, perjured wretch! Thou husband! Look in my face.

Cour. Well—

Sylv. Did I e'er deserve this?

Degenerate brute! thou, only in falshood, man!

Thou rampant goat abroad, and drone at home.

Cour. *Like a dog with a bottle, &c.** [*Sings.*

Sylv. Thou perfect yoke-fellow! thou heavy ox, That want'st a goad to make thee know thy strength! Death, fiends, and torments! I could dig those eyes out. I'll bear't no longer. Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!

[*Courtine sings, and dances a Jig.*

* This song was written by Thomas Flatman, and is remarkable for an anecdote related by Wood concerning it. "This person (whose father, a clerk in the chancery, was then living in the eightieth year of his age, or more) was, in his younger days, much against marriage, to the dislike of his said father, and made a song describing the cumbrances of it, beginning thus:

'Like a dog with a bottle ty'd close to his tail,
Like a tory in a bog, or a thief in a jayle,' &c.

But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin, and more with her fortune, did espouse her, 26th Nov. 1672; whereupon his ingenious comrades did serenade him that night. while he was in the embraces of his mistress, with the said song."

Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii. col. 826.

No more! I'll stay no more to be his triumph:
 Be warn'd by me, ye virgins that are blest
 With your first native freedom; let no oaths
 Of perjurd mankind woo ye to your ruin.
 But when a creeping, fawning, weeping crocodile
 Moans at your feet, remember then my fall:
 And when for pity most his tears implore,
 Like me, your virtue to your hearts recall;
 Resolve to scorn, and never see him more. [Exit.]

Cour. With all my heart, thou dear, dear wife and plague.

Beau. Methinks a very pitiful case this, madam.

Lady. If your widow were but here, sir, now, she might fairly see what she is like to trust to.

[Here the sham Scene.]

Enter a Woman and DAREDEVIL.

Wom. Oh, madam! madam! what will become of us all?

Lady. Become of us, woman! Pr'ythee, what's the matter? are we in any danger?

Dare. Only your brother-in-law, madam, and his friend, with about a dozen armed men more, madam; that's all the matter, madam.

Lady. My brother-in-law?

Dare. Yes, your brother-in-law, lady, if your name be Porcia: such a one they ask for.

Beau. Porcia!

Cour. Yes, Porcia: I could have told you she was Porcia before.

Por. 'Tis but too true, sir; my unhappy name is Porcia.

Beau. Porcia, my widow! my dear lovely widow! What an ill-natur'd trick was this concealment!

Por. Tho', sir, you never saw my face before, If now you think it worth your least regard, Protect me; for I dread my brother's fury, Ev'n worse than matrimony. Here, sir, I yield myself Up your's for ever.

Beau. And shall I claim thee?

Por. From this hour, for ever.

Beau. And, by this happy hour, I'll keep thee mine then.

Secure thyself in the next private closet:

Peace to thy heart, poor widow. [*Exit Porcia.*]

Give us but arms!—

Dare. Those I've provided for you.

I found our swords in a certain private corner that shall be nameless, where I was proposing some civil familiarities to the lady governess of the family, just as the blusterers entered.

Beau. Are they in the house, then?

Dare. Yes, and have bound the servants too; the hungry rogues were all surprized at dinner; you'll hear more of them presently, I'll warrant you.

Cour. Stand to your arms, Beaugard; the enemy's upon us.

Dare. We have had a succession of very pretty adventures here; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to sleep, then we are fiddled up again; then here's a discovery of a very fair lady, followed by another, of a bouncing brown bastard; and when we might have thought all fortune's tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at last of having our throats cut. But I'll secure one life, that shall be my care— [*Is stealing off.*]

Beau. Dog, stay and fight, or, by heaven, I'll rip your heart out.

Dare. Well then, if I must fight, I must: What a pox, I have two good seconds o' my side; and that has saved many a coward's credit before now. [*Noise within.*]

Theod. [*within*] Break open the door there, force the passage; down with it.

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN and Father.

Beau. Well, gentlemen, what farther? What means this violence here?

Theod. I hope, sir, that's no secret, when you see who we are.

Fath. We come, sir, to demand a lady, sir; one Porcia.

Beau. How's that, my father!

Fath. Father me no fathers: I am none of thy father, fellow; but I am these gentlemen's friend here.—Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

Dare. Oh lawd!

Fath. Jack, Jack, Jack! come hither Jack! a word with thee, Jack: give me a hundred pieces now, and I'll be o' thy side, Jack; and help thee to beat off these impudent fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my son.—

Beau. Sir, were you nicked to your shirt, I would not part with a single shilling, sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my son ten thousand times, in such a cause as your's, I'd draw my sword against him.

[*Draws.*

Beau. You may remember, gentlemen, a challenge—

Grat. Which you forgot, sir.

Cour. Hah! a challenge, Beaugard?

Beau. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I ha' not forgot it, the lady you thus persecute is now under my protection, and with my sword I'll keep her so.

[*Draws.*

Cour. If we don't, may my wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, sir.

Beau. For the lady.

Grat. For my honour.

Cour. And for my friend, sir.

Dare. Old Brinestone-beard, have at thee.

[*Fight. The rest of Theodoret's Party falls in.*

Cour. Base traitors! odds!

Beau. Confound 'em, thrust.

[*Beaugard and Courtine driven off.*

Dare. Oh, I am slain! my maw runs out: what will become of me! Oh! [*Gratian and Daredevil fall.*

Enter THEODORET.

Theod. Secure that passage now :—How fares my friend ?

Grat. I'm wounded : send for a chirurgeon quickly, for I bleed much.

Theod. Look to your master, sirrah ; and you, fellow, be careful of this beast here.

Dare. Oh, a parson ! a parson ! dear sir, a parson ! some pious good divine, if you have any charity.

Enter Father *with* PORCIA.

Fath. Here, here she is ; I ha' got her for you ; let me alone for ferretting a female's quarters out.

Theod. I'd have you, sir, take care for your security : there's mischief done, sir.

Fath. The more mischief the better ; thou shalt find me no flincher, boy : here, here ; make sure of her.

Por. Inhuman tyrant ! why am I abused thus ? Help ! murder ! help !

Theod. None of your tricks ; no cries, no shrieks for succour.

By hell, here's that shall silence you for ever.

Thou woman ! thou young, itching, wanton devil !

Fly to base cells of lust ! give up thy virtue,

Disgrace thy name, and triumph ev'n in infamy !

On what a tott'ring point his honour stands,

That trusts the treasure in such lavish hands ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCRETIA *in Man's Cloaths,* and CHLORIS.

Luc. From this gay minute farewell love and doating: I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing folly out of my blood, and now my wandering heart is at home again. Let me see; I have a hundred and a hundred times wished myself a man; and now, in outward appearance, I am a very fellow; nay, a very pretty fellow: for methinks foppery, impertinence, self-conceit, and other masculine qualities grow upon me strangely.— Oh, mischief, mischief, mischief! thou art a very sweet employment:—But opportunity! bewitching, lovely, omnipotent opportunity! How shall I come at thee?—Chloris!

Chlo. Madam.

Luc. Give me my sword.

Chlo. Here, madam: bless us! what will your ladyship do with yourself in this equipage?

Luc. Ladyship, hussy! Take notice, from this important moment I am no more your mistress; but that imperial creature, your master: and therefore know too, I will have my feminine habiliments burnt instantly, and an operator sent for to make me a beard grow. I will learn to ride, fence, vault, and make fortifications in dirt-pies: nay, if the humour hold, I'll go volunteer into Germany against the Turk.

Chlo. But what will be the end of all this, madam?

Luc. Why, if I go into the war, I shall have the privilege, when I return home, to talk of marches, battles and sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the fools I tell my story to. If I stay at home, with the privilege of good cloaths, pertness, and much simplicity, will I set up for a spark, grow familiar at Whitehall, and impudent with some

great man there or another; run in debt with a high hand, be terrible in eating-houses, and noisy all over the town.

Chlo. A very hopeful resolution.

Luc. As thus: when I and another spark meet; dam' me, Jack, says I, what times are there stirring? What ready to be had? What caravans have you met with, or what loose lately managed? You rogue, you look very high upon the huckle.

Chlo. Well, madam; but what will all this gibberish signify?

Luc. Signify, you fool! why what it signifies already; wit, courage, martial discipline, interest at court, preference to preferment, free quarters in my lodgings, and free booty in every cuckold's shop, who shall trust me against his palpable knowledge, that I am not worth a groat; and never have the impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlo. And must your honour have a mistress too?

Luc. Yes, hussy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the matter: I'll have a doxy this very night; I have singled her out already; Courtine's wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable help-meet of the captain's, shall be my *Dulcinea del Toboso*. She's in love with me already, that's my comfort: as I passed through the hall just now, she coming into the house to pay a visit to the widow Porcia (who, by the way, is as wicked as myself, and my great counsellor in this noble project), we met: I, you must know, bowed very respectfully; she, taking me for a stranger, curtsied as low; and viewing me strictly, leered at me, as if that minute she took aim at my heart, and designed me for her quarry.

Chlo. But, madam, she knows, and must discover you.

Luc. Thou art a fool: she never saw me till yesterday in her life-time, then too disguised: so that if I do not practise on her frailty, and by that means find a way to revenge myself on that vizard-monger Beaugard, may I be condemned to wear breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present use I make of them.

Chlo. Hist, madam, she's returning.

Enter SYLVIA.

Luc. Hush then: now my cause is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the gardens; I come to pay a visit to madam Porcia, and am informed she's gone there for the air.—A very handsome youth— *[Aside.*

Chlo. Madam, this young gentleman here is come hither on the same kind errand with your ladyship, and waits till her return.

Luc. But, madam, the good fortune of seeing you, is a happiness would recompense the being disappointed of all the conversation of your sex besides.

Sylv. Indeed, sir!

Luc. Yes, indeed, madam.

Sylv. Are you a relation to this family, sir?

Luc. Madam, the greatest advantage I hope from the family is, henceforth to have oftener the honour of kissing your fair hands here: it is an opportunity I should make no ungentlemanly use of.

Sylv. Opportunity, sir!

Luc. Yes, opportunity, madam: I am not ashamed to mention so honest a friend as opportunity, to one that, by her years and beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal foe to opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, sir?

Luc. Why, madam; do I treat you like a stranger? Know you! By this good hour, there has not been a day or night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dreamt of any thing else. Are not you the wife of a certain swaggering squire about this town, who calls himself captain Courtine?

Sylv. Yes, sir; such a friend in a corner I have, sir; and what have you to say to him, sir?—I'll swear, a very handsome youth still— *[Aside.*

Luc. What, madam! what I have to say to you, rather than lose you, I would say to him; which is, that I like you, love you, languish for you; and would with all my heart, blood, spirit, and flesh, I——

Sylv. I'll swear, sir, I am mightily obliged to you, and so is Mr. Courtine. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. Mr. Courtine! Take notice, madam, I receive that expression as kindly as if you had called him what I wish him: for, pretty one, if my intelligence be true, he lives with your ladyship as much like Mr. Courtine, as much like a gentleman—

Sylv. Sir!

Luc. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud! he's very handsome. [Aside.

Luc. Shall we walk in these gardens anon, for I have the privilege of a key that opens into the fields? The moon shines too.

Sylv. Between ten and eleven does the moon shine?

Luc. As bright as any thing but yourself.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young gentleman.

Luc. Only you how I love you.

Sylv. Eleven's a late hour.

Luc. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Luc. Take this, and my word for it. [Kisses her.

Sylv. Fy, how you use me, when you mean to forget me!

Luc. Hush, no more; company's coming. Eleven?

Sylv. Ten, if you are kind enough.

Luc. Well said, my chaste sex. [Aside.

Enter PORCIA.

Por. Oh, cousin, art thou come? Thou art the welcomest creature on the earth; I have expected thee almost to despair for these three hours. Oh, sir, your servant.

Luc. I am here, madam, in order to your commands.

Sylv. Her commands!

Por. Oh, cousin, the prettiest best-natured youth! He is something related to us a great way off; and by that means has the privilege of visiting, without offence to my jealous brother-in-law, and tyrannical guardian. Have you contrived that business?

Luc. Madam, it is done.

Sylv. Business! What business, cousin?

Por. Lord, cousin, you seem concerned at it. I'll tell thee: seeing myself here confined to the rules and limits of a very prison, I have resolved to put as good a face upon the matter as it will bear, and make my misfortune as easy as I can. Wherefore, for a little present diversion, I have contrived a letter in an unknown name, by this young agent here, and conveyed it to thy Jewd husband, with another in my own to Beaugard; and sent for thee, my dear, to share in the pleasure of the consequence.

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this consequence, cousin?

Por. Twenty to one but it occasions some new alarm, and divertisement to my jailors; who are so very capricious, they would fancy a rat behind the hangings for a concealed lover. It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky opportunity once more to make my escape out of their merciless power. Nay, they are already half disposed to run away themselves; for by my woman's interest in the surgeon, who has care of the swearing atheistical fellow, yesterday hurt in the scuffle, and afterwards conveyed hither, he gives it out that he fears his wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my lover Gratian sighs, and turns up his eyes like a godly brother at exercise. My brother Theodoret puffs, swells, grinds his teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against the next wall; while poor Beaugard's ne'er-be-good Father has, with pure fear, lost a red nose that has been his fast friend for these forty years; and every time he sees his face in a glass, fancies every wrinkle there has the shape of a gibbet.

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Oh, my dear, dear lady, what will become of us! the most unhappy accident!

Per. Hah!

Phil. Indeed, madam, I could not possibly help it; I ha' lost it.

Per. Lost it, lost what? What hast thou lost? Would thou hadst lost thyself; lost a leg or an arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this fright. Speak, what is the matter?

Phil. Oh, madam, the billet; madam, the billet.

Luc. & Sylv. How's this?

Per. What, the note I sent to Beaugard?

Phil. As I hope to see you happy, madam, I put it as fast here between these two poor naked breasts here, as ever it could stick, so I did; when, just as I was going forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring gentleman, that lies hid here for fear of hanging; would he had been well hanged a twelvemonth since; and there he fell a towzing and a mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never so afraid of being ravished in my life, gad he knows: so, in the struggle, I guess the note was lost, truly; though, in my heart, I wish I had been ravished six times over, rather than such a misfortune had happened. Nevertheless, I ha' done your business for you, so I have.

Per. Business! what business? Ugliness and ill reputation light on thee! Thou hast undone and ruined me for ever.

Phil. Why, I have met with the captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the letter himself. He's but too kind a man to you, and I too faithful a servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you for all this.

Per. What then did he say? fool, beast, and block-head! tell me.

Phil. Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did; and that he will not eat, drink, or sleep, till he has set you at liberty, so he wo' not; and that he will be in the garden before ten.

Luc. What's in this case to be done, madam?

Por. O dearest cousin, retire if you love me; for, should the lords of my liberty get any notice of this billet, and find a man here, notwithstanding your relation, who knows what ill usage it may aggravate!—To thy chamber, dear Lucrece, ere the storm comes upon us.

[*Aside.*

Luc. I am all obedience. Sweet creature, you'll remember!

[*To Sylvia.*

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Luc. Blessings on you for this goodness.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter THEODORET in a rage.

Theod. Double bar up all the doors and windows: load all the arms in the house, and be ready for execution instantly, all of ye. By those devils that dance in your goggling eyes, madam, I'll try if you have given yourself over to hell so far, that you can out at a key-hole.

Por. What means the great he-brute?

Theod. To cut off your intelligence, lady, and make thee, ere I have done, to curse thy father and mother that let thee learn to write. Seest thou this, thou irreclaimable profligate wretch? Fogh! send you the draggle-tailed minister of thy lewd affairs a-hunting, full cry about the town, upon the rank scent of a brawny-backed hector? By heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the house, and fancy it stinks of the foul sins thou hast imagined in it.

Por. Thou barbarous, ill-mannered, worse than beast! Why am I abused thus? why made a prisoner too, at your saucy will? fettered up, and barred all liberty and converse?

Theod. For the same reason other too hot-blooded females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good breed spoiled.

Por. What a load of dirt is thy thick scull crammed withal, if the tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulsome-filthy! What, be a Doll Common, follow the camp! How lovelily would your fair ladyship look, mounted upon a baggage-cart, presiding over the rest of the captain's dirty equipage!

Sylv. If any thing in the world would make me follow a camp, it would be a very strong fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, sir.

Theod. Your ladyship has reason to defend the soldier's cause; you have married one, as I take it, madam. Ha, ha, ha!

Por. He in a camp! he has not courage enough to animate half a tailor, nor good nature enough to make a spaniel of, nor sense enough, if he were that animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no locks, lady.

Por. But there are instruments to be had, that will break open locks, sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your chamber?

Por. No, I'll not stir, sir.

Theod. Nay, by heaven, but you shall, madam.

Sylv. Nay, by heaven, but she shall not, sir.

[Father at the Door.]

Theod. How!

Fath. By Jove, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little, and see what's the matter.

Theod. Do not drive me to use violence.

Fath. How! violence to a fair lady! that's not so well neither.

Por. Hark you, sir, my jailor or my hangman; for which of the two your office will end in, by your proceedings I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the least force to compel me to a closer confinement; by this injured heart, I'll fire the house about your ass's ears: I'll sooner burn with you, to be revenged, than endure such insolence and torment any longer.

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I'gad, a brave girl, a delicate wench! how my fingers itch to take her part now! I have a month's

mind to espouse her quarrel, and make friends with poor Jacky again. Honest Jacky! 'tis the best-natured boy in the world, though I was such a beast to fall out with him. [Aside.

Por. Inhuman, eruel Theodoret! why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the tears from my poor eyes, and rack a tender heart that never wronged you?

[Weeps.

Theod. For your soul's health, lady; and the welfare of your wasting reputation. A pox o' your whining! come, to your chamber, to your prayer-book and repentance: fasting and humiliation will be good for you. To your chamber.

Por. To my grave first.

Theod. Nay then—Wha, hoa!

[Offers to lay hold of her.

Por. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, rheums, and palsies, wither thy unmanly hands.

Theod. By heaven!—

Por. You dare not do't.

Theod. Hah!

Sylv. No, sir, you dare not do't; you dare not.

Theod. *Avaunt pass!* Confound me, but I shall be scratched here presently for my patience.

Sylv. What an ill-bred camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more, you shall not do't; you shall not, sir. Hoh! Is this the issue of your honourable pretensions?

Theod. *Et tu Brute*?*

Fath. Brute, brute! Brute me no brutes, friend: ounds, I am a man, fellow; battoons and bilboes! brute! a gentleman!

Theod. Your pardon, sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, sir.

* The exclamation which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cæsar, at the approach of Brutus, apparently without warrant from history. It often occurs in other plays; as Beaumont and Fletcher's "Little French Lawyer;" Dryden's "Duke of Guise."

Enter GRATIAN, leaning on a Staff.

Grat. Oh, friend!

Theod. Poor Gratian.

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our safety, let us now prepare and look about us: I have made hard shift to hobble hither, my wound's grown very troublesome.—We are all lost.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my friend's so near me.

Sylv. Now cousin, rebel, and force your freedom nobly,

Fath. Jacky, I hope; Jacky at the head of myrmidons, and declaring for his property. Look you, gentlemen; I must confess I have remorse of conscience, and am sensible I have been a rebel: wherefore if my liege son and heir have recruited his power, and be once more up in arms, loyalty and natural affection, friends, will work; I must pronounce for prince Jacky; and here I resolve to defend his territories. [*Draws a broad sword.*]

Grat. If prince Jacky have interest enough to get your pardon for murder, sir, it will be your best way to close with him; for, in short, the Atheist Daredevil, your antagonist, is dead, sir.

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Grat. Yes, dead, sir.

Sylv. So much the better. Porcia, let us run up to the leads, and cry out murder to the streets this moment.

Fath. Then I find, that I am but a short-lived sinner: farewell for ever old hock, sherry, nutmeg and sugar, seven and eleven, sink-tray, and the doublets! never comes better of rebelling against one's natural-born children. I shall be hanged one of these sun-shiny mornings, and a ballad come out in the afternoon to a lamentable eighty-eight tune*, of the careful son, and prodigal father. Dead, said you, sir?

* *The story of eighty-eight* was a lamentable ditty, recounting the defeat and destruction of the redoubtable Spanish Armada, in the year 1588.

Grat. Or, at least, cannot survive half an hour; therefore it is my opinion, that we instantly quit the house, and provide all for our safety.

Theod. Confusion, devils!

Por. Nay, sir, stand fast! dare but to open a door, sir; by heaven, that moment I'll alarm the town: you shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor man's blood, shed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Por. No sir, no fooling: but now, sir, do you to your chamber, sir, to your chamber; to your prayer-book and repentance: fasting and humiliation will be good for you: to your chamber, sir; as you tender your neck, sir.

Theod. Damnation! unhand me!

Por. I'll die ere I'll unhold you. Think you so barbarously to leave me here in the house with a dead wretch, and have the punishment of his horrid murder light on my innocent head?

Theod. What do you resolve to do, sir?

Fath. Do, sir! What can I resolve to do, sir? I have no means to hope to escape, sir: for, in the first place, I have no money: and a man that kills another, without money in his pocket, is in a very hopeful condition. In the next place for a disguise, I have no cloaths but these you see on my back; with this tripe-buff belt here, which there is not a constable in the whole city but knows, and has had in his custody, sword and all. Look you, gentlemen, I have civilly killed a man for your service; if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like friends together, so: if not, I mutiny; and the word is, *Discover the Plot*; the old boy must impeach.

Enter ROSARD.

Ros. Oh, sir, where are you?

Grat. Well, Rosard, what's the news now?

Ros. The gentleman, heaven be thanked, is revived again, sir: though the doctors say, such another fit will

certainly carry him off. The poor creature is very weak, but very penitent.

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill symptom; therefore my opinion is still—I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old rust; you say you have no money, wherefore, during the present interval, in the first place, because I will have no mutiny upon this occasion, in order to your escape, there's money for you: in the next place, as you want change of raiment, here is the key of a small wardrobe, at the lower end of the gallery above, you'll find the door to it: equip yourself, and provide for your security, as your best discretion shall direct you.

Fath. Look you, friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at Tyburn-cross; with a whining, snivelling account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill company. Wherefore, not being good at making speeches, I will leave the opportunity to you, of shewing your politer rhetoric, and save a member of the common-wealth.—There's no great harm in murder, when it brings a man money. [*Aside, and Exit.*]

Por. And now, my tyrant-brother, I hope we stand on even terms.

Theod. No lady, not yet: there's life returned, and therefore hopes still; though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your apprehensions, within the limits of the house and gardens you are at your liberty, but no farther this night: and for your ampler satisfaction, if I have any midnight alarms from your correspondent abroad, there's entertainment ready for him which he may not be very fond of; so good night, it is almost ten. Who waits? What ho, be ready there. Come, Gratian, I'll see you to your repose, and then to my post of guard.

[*Exeunt Theod. and Grat.*]

Por. Ten! that was the hour, Phillis, Beaugard mentioned; was it not?

Phil. It was, madam.

Per. Be ready then, all ye propitious powers that smile on faithful love; wait, like kind angels, on him; establish conquest in his able hand, and kindness in his heart. Oh, Sylvia!

Sylv. You are transported, cousin!

Per. With hopes of liberty I am indeed: it is an Englishwoman's natural right. Do not our fathers, brothers and kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for rebellion against their sovereign? and why ought not we, by their example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying doctrine this is, truly.

[*A whistle without.*

Per. The sign! Hark, the sign! Phillis, heard you nothing? [*Whistle again.*] 'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. Sylvia, let us retire ourselves; you know your old apartment, for precious mischief will be soon on foot; and action worthy love's great cause. Thy husband too may chance to have his share in the business; and, as I have ordered matters, meet something in the adventure, to mortify his roving humour, and reconcile him to his duty and allegiance.—Hark! [*Whistle again.*] There, 'tis once more a summons to the citadel to surrender. This shall, in after-story, be called, Captain Beaugard's besieging of the widow. Which, as 'tis laid sure, with success must end,
 Since justice does his enterprise attend
 Without, and pow'rful love within's his friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Fields on the Back-side of a Garden.

Enter BEAUGARD, with a Party.

Beau. Hold, stand fast; I have just now received intelligence over the garden-wall, that our design has taken air, and there will be no easy entrance.

1 Man. Ah, captain; the time has been, when, under your command, we should have had no need of a council of war for the attacking such a fortification as this is.

Beau. Peace, Plunder, peace, you rogue; no marauding now: we'll burn, rob, demolish, and murder, another time together: this is a business must be done with decency—Hark.

2 *Man.* Some company coming, sir, from the Backstreet-ward.

Beau. Hold then, Plunder: do you, with your flying party, hover at a distance about the fields; while I, with the rest of the body, post myself as advantageously as I can, to watch the enemy's motions. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THEODORET and his Party.

Theod. This way the noise was: be sure keep safe the garden-gate, and follow me carefully. [*Exit Theod.*]

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. So here I am; and now for my instructions. Let me see. [*Reuds the Billet.*] *Pray come disguised, that if the design should miscarry, your retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing servant.*—Humph! *blushing servant!* Passingly modest, I'll warrant you! *Pray come disguised!* So I am, or the devil's in't; for I look more like a cut-throat than any thing else. Let me see; upon this very spot, the last time I was here, did I meet my damned wife: avert the omen, sweet heaven, I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my friend Beaugard be at present too? With a whore. There's that question answered. Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing servant appear, or give me a kind sign; would but my little partridge call, methinks I could so chuckle, and run, and bill, and clap my wings about her. Hah!

[*Turns about.*]

Enter THEODORET.

Theod. Stand: who goes there?

Cour. What's the matter now?

Serv. Stand, sir: what are you, sir?

Cour. What am I, sir? a man, sir.

Theod. A man, sir, we see you are: but what man are you, friend?

Cour. A gentleman, friend; and you had best use me so.—By heaven, Theodoret! and if I am but discovered!

Theod. Hands off, unloose him! You are not him we look for, sir—

Cour. I am glad of that with all my heart. [*Aside.*

Theod. And therefore I ask your pardon. But, if you are a gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured. I have reason to believe my house is now beset by villains, who have base designs upon the honour of my family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your sword to do a good cause justice.

Cour. Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you shall command it.—Ay, 'tis so! Beaugard upon new exploits for the recovery of his widow. Nothing but knight-errantry stirring this moon!

Theod. Please you then, sir, to stay here with my servants, while I walk to the corner of yon wall, and try what I can discover. [*Exit Theod.*

Cour. You may trust me, sir.—Now will I shew myself a true renegado; take entertainment in christian service, to betray 'em to my brother Turk, upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing unknown, you may e'en stay your stomach with your sheets for this night.

Re-enter THEODORET.

Theod. They are here, stand fast; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Now, for a convenient opportunity to do a mischief. Beaugard, I find, is come, and my kind mistress punctual to appointment in the garden. Now could I but order the affair so, as to slur Beaugard upon her, instead of myself; and her upon him, instead of Porcia; my conscience would be satisfied: and he, Mr. Courtine, my rival widow, and the wife, served all in their kind.

Theod. Hold, sir; what are you?

[*To Beaugard at the Entrance.*]

Cour. Ay; now, now.

Beau. No matter, sir; this is not a time of night to answer questions.

Theod. Nay, then—

Beau. Nay, now sir; and when else you think fitting, sir; I am the man you look for; and you are him I wished to meet here.

Cour. Now how the devil I shall do to tilt booty; hang me like a dog if I can imagine.

Beau. Come on there.

Theod. You pass upon your death.

Beau. I've learnt to scorn death more since first you threaten'd it;

I see your numbers too, and come prepar'd;

Porcia's my claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due; and die like a midnight thief. Fall on.

[*Beaugard and Theodoret engage, and their Parties. Beaugard and Theodoret quit each other. Beaugard falls upon Courtine, and Theodoret upon Beaugard's Party; who retire from him, as Courtine does from Beaugard, off from the Stage.*]

Theod. He runs, he runs; the half-bred hector runs. False cards and dice, and quart-pot brothel brawls, were fitter for his management than honourable diffe-

rence. Hark, clashing of swords still! by heaven I miss our friend the honourable stranger, that so generously took our party; if it be him, let's out, and give him succour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BEAUGARD *driving in* COURTIME, *who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.*

Beau. Base rascal! Coward, fly!

Cour. No, sir; I stand stock still, and won't stir an inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more: so there's my sword, and here's your humble servant.

Beau. Courtine!

Cour. The same.

Beau. And thou my enemy too?

Cour. No, sir, your friend, had you been wise enough to have found it. I came hither disguised, for a reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the hands of the enemy, was forced to take party against you, for fear of being beaten for you: yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave. But you, when you should have kept at the head of your friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

Beau. Then farewell for ever, poor widow.—But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so—let me see—lend me thy disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my imagination's warm.

Cour. Ay, with all my heart, and glad to be rid of it so— [*Disguises* Beaugard.]

Beau. Take this, and rally my scattered forces. [*Gives him his Whistle.*] They know the sign; and cannot be far off, under the conduct of Plunder, that was my serjeant abroad, thou know'st him; make what haste is possible. I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new disaster should happen.

Cour. Well, with all my heart for once: here is a new design in embryo now; though I fancy when we

have got her, we shall never make of this widow what she has cost us.

Beau. No more; I hear company; vanish—
[*Exit Courtine.*]

Enter THEODORET.

Theod. This way I think I heard it: look, is not that he? Oh my dear generous friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

Beau. Very well, sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the man I had to deal withal is fallen, for I left him staggering. Security were best for us all, sir.

Theod. My house shall be your sanctuary, and I'll die with you but I'll protect you.

Beau. I'gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand between us, and if he knew all. [Aside.]

Theod. Open the garden-gate there: you shall rest yourself in an arbour, while I dispose of the gross of my family, and prepare an apartment for your privacy.

Beau. If I had died in your quarrel, sir, a generosity like this had over-rewarded it.

[*Courtine at the Entrance.*]

Cour. Stand still, ye beaten, scattered scoundrels; I think that's he, follow me, but at a distance.

Theod. Open the gate, I say, there; come, sir—

[*They enter the Garden.*]

Cour. The stratagem succeeds, and Troy at last is taken.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. O dear sir, are not you captain Beaugard?

Cour. The same, my dear child, the same; hast thou any good tidings for me?

Luc. The private door of the garden on the other side is opened, and you may enter, sir. My poor lady is dying almost with despair, that she shall never see

you more. Could you now tell me news of captain Courtine?

Cour. Hah! does then my blushing unknown belong to these territories? It must be so.—Captain Courtine is just gone in before, sweet-heart; therefore if thou art a true friend to love, quickly conduct me.

Luc. I'll shew you, sir, into the door, where you may conceal yourself in one of the arbours, till I go through the house, and bring you farther intelligence.

Cour. And if my adventure happen really to be at the end of this business, my friend and I shall not, I fancy, pass our time very uncomfortably. Rogues, follow me; follow me, rogues. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Garden.*

BEAUGARD *looking out of an Arbour.*

Beau. So, so, thus far I am undiscovered; it is as dark as if the devil himself were abroad a solacing amongst a company of northern witches to-night: if Courtine be but entered with my myrmidons, the widow's infallibly all my own. Hist! Who comes here?

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Sir, sir, where are you?

Beau. Here, here, my friend, I wait you.

Luc. Friend! is not your name—

Beau. My name, what! what can this mean? [*Aside.*]

Luc. Beaugard? Come, come, I know you: you need not disturb yourself; my design is to do you service; your Porcia knows you are here, and expects you with her arms open; follow me.

Beau. Be thou my good or bad angel, at the charm of that name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to perdition.

Luc. Softly, no noise, this way, give me your hand. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. Hold, let me see: ay, there I think is an arbour where I will creep in, and lie as close as a coward in the hold at a sea-fight.

Enter THEODORET.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark: Friend! friend! Where are you?

Cour. Hah! that's another sort of voice than the youngster's I depend on. By heaven, Theodoret!

Theod. Friend, friend, I say, where are you? *[Aside.*

Cour. Ay, but the devil a word you get out of me.

Theod. Why, sir friend, do not you hear me? *[Aside.*

Cour. No. *[Aside.*

Theod. I am sure this must be the arbour; I'll run and call a flambeau.

Cour. That may not be so well neither, my affairs will not agree with the light, as I take it. *[Aside.*

Theod. May be he's fallen asleep; let me see. *[Gropes into the Arbour and feels him.]* 'Tis even so: what ho, sir!—*[Courtine snores.]* Friend, friend, awake, your chamber's ready, and I stay for you.

Cour. Who's there? What are you?

[Aloud, as if frightened suddenly.]

Theod. Hush, make no noise; but come away.

Cour. Is it you, sir?—He mistakes me for Beaugard, I hope. *[Aside.]*

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

Cour. If he discover me, all again is ruined; but darkness, I hope, and impudence, will befriend a good cause. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE—DAREDEVIL'S Chamber, with only one small Lamp burning, and DAREDEVIL on the Bed.

Dare. Oh! oh! oh! my wounds and my sins! Conscience, conscience, conscience, how shall I quiet thee?
[Beaugard's Father at the Door.]

Fath. This cowardly chicken-hearted rascal will die, and be damned at last. How do you do, sir? How do you find yourself?

Dare. Oh very ill, heaven knows! within few hours of a grave, and, without great mercy, of a deeper place: whoever you are, if you have any charity, procure me some conscientious godly divine to unburden myself of my iniquity to.

Fath. This puling, whining, repining rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: ought I to be hanged now for such a varlet? Shall I send you a divine, said you, sir?

Dare. It would be a great favour, and a comfort to me, sir.

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous; a pox o' your queasy conscience. There is no safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the house being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: for looking out at the wardrobe window as I was dressing myself, I observed six or seven armed rogues, with hangmanly faces, sneaking and sculking about the garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hasten and finish my disguise, and if there come an alarm, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it; and that for me will be the best thing.
[Exit Father.]

Enter COURTINE.

Cour. To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to-night! Here have I been put into a room

with a bed in it, with *pray, sir, will you be pleased to take your rest*, in the devil's name; when my design has not been to take my rest, but my recreation. I fancy I heard a kind, small, complaining voice this way too, and must at present confess myself in a very good-natured humour, very much inclined to succour any distressed damsel that wants a companion to pass away a tedious night withal.

Dare. Oh! oh! Would but this dear man come now!

Cour. Hah! hark! That must certainly be me she means: nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

Dare. Oh!—

Cour. Where art thou, thou poor creature? I am come to comfort thee.

Dare. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

Cour. Alas, kind soul, she's sick with passionate expectation: this must be my blushing, unknown servant, at the least.

Dare. Whereabouts are you? Give me your hand hither, will you?

Cour. Here, here it is, and my heart too, thou hast 'em both: I'll swear she has a well-grown palm; by the rule of proportion, I'll warrant her a swinger:—but no matter, 'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*]

Dare. Heart, said you, sir; alas! my poor heart's breaking.

Cour. Breaking, dear soul! no, no, never fear it; I'll give thee a recipe to keep it whole, I warrant thee. This is the most romantic adventure.

[*Falls to undressing himself.*]

PORCIA and PHILLIS at the Door.

Por. Has then Beaugard gotten entrance, art thou sure?

Cour. Hah!

Phil. Madam, so sure, that his valet Fourbin is here in the house, and told me so himself.

Cour. What's that?

Por. Then now my part begins. Was there ever such inhuman cruelty committed, a wretch barbarously murdered and exposed, without comfort or succour?

Cour. Murder, said they! What manslaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but man-making. I'gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and till a better conveniency offer itself, here's my burrow. Murder in the devil's name! what do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*]

Por. No, no, my conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the world: what, ho! there, murder, murder, murder!

Cour. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable condition that I am got into!

Por. But does the chirurgeon say there is certainly no danger?

Phil. Only a thin skin-wound on the outside of his belly; but that the force of fear in the cowardly-hearted fellow, will let him think of nothing but a grave and damnation.

Por. The present advantage of it then must be improved: wherefore, I say, the stinging of my conscience will not let me rest; I dare not conceal this murder. Murder, murder, murder! cry murder, you witch, and alarm the house.

Phil. Here is somebody coming already, madam.

Por. Stand still, and observe then.

Enter BEAUGARD.

Beau. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign lord paramount of this castle now. The angry jealous brother is gone to bed, and all his warlike family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide, one might steal the widow out of his mouth if she were there: now could I but find the way to her ladyship's chamber, while Plunder is, according to orders, with his crew, binding the drowsy rogues of the

family in their beds! what an opportunity would that be! for there is but one way of making a slippery widow sure to you.

Por. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a crying sin, it is an abomination, 'tis a—Ah?

[Seeing Beaugard disguised, is frightened, and runs out.]

Beau. Hah! What do ghosts walk here at this time o'night, and in petticoats too? Nay, then have at you, ye airy forms.

[Going out, is met by his Father, disguised like a Fanatic Preacher.]

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an abomination, a burning shame, and a lewd abomination.

Beau. Hell and the devil! My spirit in petticoats that squeaked abomination in Ela, converted to the fleshly similitude of a holy brother, that cants it in gamut—Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A minister of peace to wounded consciences. I come here by appointment with an olive-branch in my mouth, to visit a mortal ark tossed and floating in floods of it's own tears, for it's own frailties.

Beau. And are you, really, sir, a man? Really the godly implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul consciences?

Dare. Ha, ha, ha! Godly implement! it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh!—

Fath. I am, friend, I tell thee, an instructor of the chosen: thou savour'st of the old man; stand off; and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a sinner to the truth; it was I that converted — as some say nobody; and expounded the groans of the protestant board. How fareth our brother?

Dare. Alas, sir, very weak; upon the point of dissolution, and tormented with the stings of a terrified conscience.

Fath. Lay then one hand upon thy heart.

Dare. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth

thy sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beau. A very material point that is truly.

Fath. Thou hast lived in wickedness long.

Dare. From sixteen to eight and forty, without the least repentance, or a thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dare. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious sin, and of the devil's own institution; for it sets our souls o'fire: nay, it sets our noses o'fire, and sets houses o'fire. Drunkenness!—Did you ever burn any houses?

Dare. Never but three, and they houses of pollution too: bawdy-houses, sir.

Fath. So much the worse: for if bawdy-houses be burnt, what civil family in this city sleeps safe? I never burnt a bawdy-house in my life, that's my comfort.
Item.

Dare. Whoredom, adultery!

Fath. For adultery, I mean a corrupting of other men's wives, let me tell you it is a crying sin, and a very load one too; but do you repent?

Dare. From the bottom of my heart.

Beau. So, heaven be thanked, there's no harm in plain whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then: be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: but with whom was this wickedness committed last?

Dare. With my bosom friend's wife, and one that deserved much better of me.

Beau. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent rogue! But was she very young?

Beau. Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial questions are starting.

Dare. About eighteen; and not yet wedded a full year.

Fath. Voluptuous dog! But handsome too? Was she very handsome?

Dare. Too beautiful, to have had so little virtue.

Fath. Her name, her name! Tell me her name. Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her name.

Beau. Well said, well said there, old Fornication!

Dare. That I have promised shall for ever be a secret, sir.

Fath. Then thou art damned, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young harlot. [*Aside.*] Once more I say her name!

Dare. But I have sworn, sir; you'd not have me be forsorn?

Fath. A mortal sin in itself; swearing is another sin. Farewell, I'll have no more to do with thee: thy sins are of too deep a dye, and Satan be upon thee—A damned rogue not to tell her name! [*Aside.*]

Dare. Oh! oh! dear sir, come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad condition. [*Exit* Father.]

Beau. If he has any mercy in this case but upon his own conditions, he's no father of mine I'm sure on't.

[*Aside.*]

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Oh, sir, I am glad I have met with you; a word with you in private; turn, turn this way into the next room quickly; Porcia, Porcia, your widow Porcia, sir.

Beau. Hah! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling Mercury?

Luc. I am to bring her to you this moment: no more words, but in sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Cour. Porcia, Porcia, said he? Then I am sure it must be Beaugard; a pretty pimp, that I'll warrant him,

[*Aside.*]

Beau. And shall I trust thee?

Luc. Why should I deceive you?

Beau. Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare of this soft tender outside; adieu for a minute. [*Exit.*]

Luc. That minute gives her to your possession, sir—Hist, madam, hist! The coast is now clear.

Enter SYLVIA.

Sylv. Where are you, Ill-nature?

Luc. Here, tortured with my longings: where are you? Come, come.

Sylv. Why do you make me do this?

Luc. Is that a question now? Turn, turn into the dark chamber: I'll but secure this door, and then the night's our own.

Sylv. Don't stay too long.

Cour. How afraid she is, lest he should come again too soon!

[*Aside.*

Luc. Be satisfied, I'll fly—that is, from you, as fast as I can: for I hope I have fitted you. [*Exit Sylvia.*

Cour. Nay, faith, if this be the custom of the house, I'll lurk here no longer: the devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded; I will know the adulteress's name, that I may admonish her: for it has been of ancient practice, in these our pious offices, to make our converts confess not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dave. Not, sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be confessed. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve thee; thou art in the state of perdition still: tell me her name; or for thy drunkenness, and burning of houses; thy whoredoms and adulteries; blasphemy, and profaneness; thy swearing, and forswearing; thy rubbing out milkscores, and lamb-blackening of signs in Covent-garden; thy breaking of windows, killing constables and watchmen, beadles, tailors, hackney-coachmen and link-boys; for all these—

[*Noises of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia.*

Hark there, the screaming fiends are at thy door already.
Hark!

[Scream again.]

Cour. Nay, madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the house, if I do not behave myself like a true friend to love, I am mistaken, and so here I am posted, and thus will maintain the pass.

[Goes to the Door where Beaugard and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.]

Luc. [at the Door.] Well said, my civil, dear and friendly cuckold.

Enter THEODORET and PORCIA crying.

Theod. Come forth, thou strumpet.

Por. Nay, cruel Theodoret, do not, do not kill me: here on my knees—

Cour. How's this? Porcia taken there, and my friend here in private with Porcia too!

Theod. By heaven, thou diest this moment!

Cour. By hell though, but she shall not, sir.

Enter SYLVIA, and BEAUGARD pursuing her.

Beau. Nay, madam, then! How's this? my widow split in twain! my Porcia there, and Porcia here too? Confound me, Courtine's wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll justify this usage?

Cour. You see, sir, I am responsible.

[Shows him Beaugard.]

Beau. By heaven unhand her, or—nay, look, sir, well, you'll know me.

[Throws off his Disguise.]

Por. My faithful soldier!

Beau. My victorious widow. [She runs into his arms.]

Theod. Call up my servants there, raise all the household.

Beau. I'll do't, sir—[Gives the sign, Plunder and his Party appear.] See, here are those that are ready to wait on you, if you have any service to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em service that shall warm 'em.

[Exit.]

Cour. Now, I fancy, by this lady's concealing herself, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see here my friend is inconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this widow here— Sylvia! my wife! my rigid virtuous wife! my damned, confounded, jealous wife!

Beau. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Cour. It was very courteous done of me, Beaugard, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own wife, sir?

Beau. Nay, let us not quarrel, Ned; I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to-morrow between ourselves; in the mean time be satisfied, I have not wronged thee.

Por. Will you never leave this foraging into other folks' quarters, captain?

Beau. I am afraid, widow of mine, you had a finger in the plot, though—

Sylv. Indeed, my dearest—

Cour. Your humble servant, my dearest! I am only glad of this fair opportunity to be rid of you, my dearest: henceforth, my dearest, I shall drink my drink, my dearest, I shall whore, my dearest; and so long as I can pimp so handsomely for you, my dearest, I hope if ever we return into the country, you'll wink at a small fault now and then with the dairy-wench, or chambermaid, my dearest.

Sylv. I always was a burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eased on't. [Exit.

Cour. With all my heart! Heaven grant it would last for ever.

Enter THEODORET.

Theod. My doors locked up! my servants gagged and bound! I am betrayed, undone, and I'll not live to bear it!

Beau. Nay, hold, sir, none of that neither: this design was not laid for a tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beau. Like a gentleman, sir, though you hardly deserve it of me: in short, this lady is in my charge now, and you in my power; and by her authority, this being her own house, I have made thus bold with it; and will take care to dispose her hereafter out of the reach of your merciless tyranny; nay, if this reverend person will do us the friendly office, though I have often renounced it, am ready to do it one way ~~this~~ moment. Daredevil, wilt thou lend me thy chaplain?

Dare. Heh!

Por. Rise, sir! Won't you rise? If your old friend and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at the wedding.

Dare. Dance, madam! I am dying.

Phil. That's false, to my knowledge, madam: for the surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dare. Yes, by the same token when he had done with me, he began with you, forsooth; and said he would shew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his box of instruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Dare. Why, gentlemen, ladies, friends, acquaintance, am not I dying? am not I wounded? Is not there a hole in my belly that you may turn a coach and six in?

Beau. No, no: pr'ythee leave raving, and get up for shame, man. Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a pin-hole! Courtine, lend us thy hand to raise up our old friend here: well, how is't now?

[Sets him on his Legs.

Dare. Ha! faith and troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find myself pretty hearty; I can stand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How dost thou do, old Orthodox?

[Strikes him on the Shoulder, which shakes the Disguise from his Face.

Cour. Ah! but you repented, Daredevil; thou didst repent, friend: I am sorry to hear of it with all my heart, it will be a foul blot in thy escutcheon: but thou didst repent.

Fath. A pox on the blockhead, now I shall be known.

[*Fumbling to fix his Disguise again.*]

Dare. Repent! pr'ythee be quiet, man; repent quoth-a! why, dost thou think I did not know my old customer for two deuces here, old Anti-Abraham, the father of unbelievers?

Fath. My Jacky! my little rogue! my dainty boy! thou son of thy nown father, I can hold no longer; and I must kiss thee, and I will kiss thee, e e e, you dog, you dog, you dog, you little, dear, damned dog. [*Sings Old Simon.*] Huzza, the widow's our own! There lie divinity.

Beau. A very Cutter, as I live, had he but a Tabitha, a perfect Cutter.

Fath. Now, Jacky-boy; Jacky, you rogue, shall not I have a little spill out of this portion now, hah? The jolly worms that have fattened so long in this malmsey nose of mine, with the fumes of sack, will die, and drop out of their sockets else. Could'st thou have the heart to see this illuminated nose of mine look like an empty honeycomb? could'st thou be so hard-hearted?

Por. Faith, captain, be mollified; the old gentleman, methinks, proposes very moderately.

Fath. It shall be so; she shall be my daughter-in-law, though I invert the order of duty, and ask her blessing.

Beau. Look you, sir: though you have been a very ungracious father, upon condition that you'll promise to leave off gaming, and stick to your whoring and drinking, I will treat with you.

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been to blame, Jack; but thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my terms: which are these.—

Beau. Come on, then.

Fath. Three bottles of sack, Jack, *per diem*, without

deduction, or false measure; two pound of tobacco per month; and that of the best too.

Cour. Truly this is but reasonable.

Fath. Buttock-beef and March-beer at dinner, you rogue: a young wench of my own choosing, to wait on nobody but me: always money in my pocket: an old pacing horse, and an elbow chair.

Beau. Agreed. You see, sir, already I am beginning to settle my family; and all this comes by the dominion chance has over us. By chance you took the charge of an old father off from my hands, and made a chaplain of him. By the same sort of chance I have taken this lady off from your hands, and intend to make her another sort of domestic. What say you, sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beau. Then you are not so wise a man as I took you for. In the mean time, for your liberty, you must dispense with the want of it, till I have this night secured the safety of my widow. Your friend Gratian, because of his wounds, is only locked in his chamber, and may take his rest as otherwise. For the other part of the family, I care not to make excuses.

Thus still, with pow'r in hand, we treat of peace;
 But when 'tis ratified, suspicions cease:
 The conquer'd to recruiting labours move;
 Like me, the victor crowns his ease with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ÉPILOGUE.

BY MR. DUKE, OF CAMBRIDGE*.

It is not long, since in the noisy pit
Turbulent faction sat the judge of wit;
There knaves applauded what their blockheads writ.

At a whig-brother's play, the bawling crowd
Burst out in shouts, as zealous, and as loud,
As when some member's stout election-beer
Gains the mad voice of a whole drunken shire.

And yet ev'n then, our poet's truth was tried,
Tho' 'twas a devilish pull to stem the tide:
And tho' he ne'er did line of treason write,
Nor made one rocket on queen Bess's night†,
Such was his fortune, or so good his cause,
Ev'n then he fail'd not wholly of applause.
He that could then escape, now bolder grows:
Since the whig-tide runs out, the loyal flows.
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your brethren at Guildhall;
The spirit of rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your poet's acts are all repeal'd:
Impartial justice has resum'd again
Her awful seat, nor bears the sword in vain.
The stage shall lash the follies of the times,
And the law's vengeance overtake the crimes.
The perjur'd wretch shall no protection gain
From his dishonour'd robe and golden chain;
But stand expos'd to all th' insulting town,
While rotten eggs bedaub the scarlet gown‡.
Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the land, and damn yourselves, by swearing.
Shou'd the wise city now, to ease your fears,
Erect an office to insure your ears,

* This epilogue does not appear among the poems of Duke.

† The ceremony of pope-burning took place on the anniversary of queen Elizabeth's coronation.

‡ These passages relate to the triumph obtained by the court-party in the city about this time, and the punishment of sheriff

Thither such num'rous shoals of witnesses,
 And juries, conscious of their guilt, wou'd press,
 That to the chamber hence might more be gain'd
 Than ever Mother Creswell from it drain'd;
 And perjury to th' orphans' bank restore
 Whatever whoredom robb'd it of before*.

Pilkington, and air Patience Ward, the late mayor: the former of whom, for some severe remarks upon the duke of York, was cast in damages to the amount of 100,000*l*.! and the latter, having appeared as evidence for the sheriff, was indicted for perjury, and stood in the pillory.

* Lord Shaftesbury, when a member of the cabal, was generally reputed the contriver of the project of closing the exchequer. Allusion is again made here to his gallantries. Mrs. Creswell, the same person mentioned in the prologue to "Venice Preserved," was a noted procuress, supposed to be patronized by the noble lord.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT

OF

HIS MUSE:

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam.

OID. MET. LIB. 15.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

COMPOSITIONS designed to be the vehicles of political satire, are seldom read with much pleasure, when the scenes have passed away which gave force to the applications, and pungency to the wit. As fresh events efface the recollection of the old, works of this kind sink quietly into oblivion with the subjects whence they derive their birth, unless inherent excellence, or the reputation of the writer, give them an existence beyond that of the transactions to which they allude. This poem, which owes its preservation more to the name of the author, than its merit, has now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, lost the interest it probably yielded when the allusions it contains were obvious and striking. The cumbrous allegory of Spenser, which the poet has chosen to convey the satire, involves his meaning in greater obscurity; and the barbarous measure of the verse, written in imitation of the lawless Pindaric odes (as they were improperly called) of that age, disgusts every admirer of elegant and polished versification. It is not sufficiently clear what was the precise design of the author in this satire. Under the term *Libel*, he probably comprehends faction and sedition; as well as all the store of abuse vented in multitudes of ballads, and other similar productions, with which the press, at that period, incessantly teemed. The allegory, however, wants connection and uniformity. The monster Libel, the offspring of Re-

bellion, nursed among all the horrid and fantastic shapes which the imagination of a *tory* poet could conceive, is a type of the Shaftesbury faction: and, like the dragon in the romance, when no virtue remained elsewhere to satiate its fury, is represented as preparing to assail the throne, and demanding the sacrifice of a royal victim. The allegory here breaks off abruptly; and the five succeeding stanzas contain an eulogy on the Duke of York, of whom Otway was always a warm and strenuous advocate, without reaping much advantage from his assiduous devotion. It must be noticed, that, at this time, the poet was smarting under the lash of Lord Rochester, who, in his "Session of the Poets," lavishes such vulgar abuse upon him, notwithstanding his recent patronage of the author of "Don Carlos." Such was the caprice or fickleness of his character! Otway here repays the obligation in a very unceremonious manner.

This ode was printed 4to. in 1680; a year in which party dissensions rose to an uncommon pitch of violence. The laconic character given of it by Dr. Johnson, is less exceptionable than in other instances, where (to use his own phrase) truth is sometimes sacrificed to brevity; "Part of it," says he, "I do not understand; and in that which is less obscure I find little to commend." Such notes as appear necessary to illustrate the author's meaning (without much labour of research) the editor has subjoined to the poem. A lengthened commentary would be ill bestowed upon a work of so little comparative merit.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY*,
BARON OF MOOR-PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST
NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now); yet truth and honour are things which your lordship needs must be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice,

* This amiable nobleman was the eldest son of James duke of Ormond. The dedication must only a short time have preceded his death, which happened on the 30th July 1680. He had been appointed governor of Tangier, and was attacked by a fever while preparing for his departure.

that have, in his calamities, stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

MY LORD,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE.

AN ODE.

I.

To a high hill, where never yet stood tree,
Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
A wand'ring bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down. }
'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it first was made,
Ere God had said,
Let grass and herbs and ev'ry green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind; and it was so.
The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heav'ns he cast,
Where we are told peace only's found at last:
And as he did it's hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cried, *How far is peace from me!*

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
The distance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo
Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe?

Down his afflicted face
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace,
 As left a path worn by their briny race. }
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell.
 While the poor trunk (unable to sustain
 Itself) lay rack'd, and shaking with it's pain;
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
 What the sad cause could be
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so high,
 On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend. }
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
 My much-lov'd friend: so down I sate,
 And begg'd that I might share his fate:
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale.

III.

I am a wretch of honest race* ;
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were ;
 They left me heir to no disgrace.
 My father was (a thing now rare)
 Loyal and brave ; my mother chaste and fair.
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy :
 They gave me gen'rous education ; high
 They strove to raise my mind ; and with it grew their joy.
 The sages that instructed me in arts
 And knowledge, oft would praise my parts, }
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
 When I was call'd to a dispute,
 My fellow pupils oft stood mute :

* The succeeding narrative seems to contain some of the occurrences of the poet's own life.

Yet never envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
 Thus my first years in happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did taste:
 But oh! a deadly potion came at last.
 As I lay loosely on my bed,
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
 And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
 A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
 Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
 Pierc'd thro' my ears; *Arise, thy good Senander's dead.*
 It shook my brain, and from their feast my frighted
 senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
 And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding years.
 The world was wide, but whither should I go?
 I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
 Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
 To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
 Where fortune's gen'ral game is play'd;
 Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
 But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
 My forward spirit prompted me to find
 A converse equal to my mind:
 But by raw judgment easily misled,
 (As giddy callow boys
 Are very foud of toys)
 I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead,
 On ev'ry sort of vanity I fed.
 Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
 Bullies of o'ergrown bulks, and little souls,
 Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts, (such as think
 Mischievous midnight frolics bred by drink
 Are gallantry and wit,
 Because to their lewd understandings fit)
 Were those wherewith two years, at least, I spent.
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent:

Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
Tensnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
Or, when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancied, or I dream'd (as poets always do),
No beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air, }
Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown she bore
Of laurel, which she told me should be mine: }
And round her ivory neck she wore
A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine }
With jewels and with gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, *These riches all, my darling, shall be thine,*
Riches which never poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endless fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the arts of this most sly
Deluder, was I caught;
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal constancy we swore,
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie, }
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high;
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond,
When first his pusilage he lost;
Or could of half my pleasure boast.

We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, closets, fields and groves,
 Bore witness of our daily loves ;
 And on the bark of ev'ry tree

You might the marks of our endearments see:
 Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits
 Of satire, (written when a poet meets
 His Muse in caterwauling fits)

You might on ev'ry rind behold, and swear
 I and my Clio had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too I was blest,
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best*.

But in this most transporting height,
 Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at fate,
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ;
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone :
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone !
 I tried if I a verse could frame:

Oft I in vain invoc'd my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull scull, and rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force m'untoward thought, and at the last
 prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
 Of some deform'd baboon or ape,
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
 And swore I'd never write again ;
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;
 I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake

* In this he probably alludes to his successful plays.

I did myself undo,
 Had, robb'd me of my dearest store,
 My precious time, my friends and reputation too ;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthralld,
 I straight to council call'd ;
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring fair.
 To me with readiness he did repair ;
 Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my mind ;
 And loyally did to me show,
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flatt'ring, false, destructive, treach'rous
 Muse.

I ask'd the causes why ? He said,
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
 When Fortune fled ; for Fortune is a bawd
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,
 Where those so fam'd, delightful fountains swell
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow ;
 And where Wit's lusty, shining god
 Keeps his choice seraglio.
 So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and fame's our bus'ness, and desire.
 Then too, if we find
 A promptness in the mind,
 The Muse is always ready, always kind.
 But if th' old harlot Fortune once denies
 Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies ;
 And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse too from
 us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due ;
 And as right search into myself I made,
 I found all he had said
 Was very honest, very true.

Oh, how I hugg'd my welcome friend!
 And much my Muse I could not discommend;
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.
 Then to confirm me more,
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
 See here, my son (said he), the valu'd prize;
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
 I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
 With a more horrid train
 Than ever yet to satire lent a sale,
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
 In which he wrote his Sodom farce*;
 A wretch whom all diseases did so bite,
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
 To ruin and disgrace it quite.
 Philosophers of old did so express
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.
 Next him appear'd that blund'ring sot†,
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
 By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
 The other birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,
 And only in the dark he strays;
 Still wretch enough to live; with worse fools spends
 his days;
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.
 Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
 Lord Lampoon, and Monsieur Song,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't
 To make her famous at the court.
 The City-Poet ‡ too was there,
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the honour
 To beget a pageant on her,
 For the city's next lord mayor.

* Note I.

† Lord Rochester.

‡ Note II.

Her favours she to none denied :
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the last up in the rear there came
 The poet's scandal, and the muse's shame ;
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name. }
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he
 now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale,
 Down in an obscure vale,
 Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours rise,
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desart wood,
 Which no man own'd, but all wild beasts were bred,
 And kept their horrid dens, by prey far-forag'd fed,
 An ill-pil'd cottage stood,
 Built of men's bones, slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magic art brought thither from afar.
 There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had worn* ;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischiefs studied, discords did devise.
 She appear'd humble, but it was her pride :
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctified.
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;
 And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the name of godliness. }
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of peace.
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine :
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part ;

* Note III.

Backward repeat it all, as witches prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure*.
 Tho' not to paint, she had arts to change the face,
 And alter it in heav'nly fashion.
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:
 She a sworn foe to King, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) The Good
 Old Cause.

X.

A time there was, (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe,
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down†,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conqu'ring
 hand.
 Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass
 Grew of great stalk, it's colour gross,
 And melancholic pois'nous green;
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,
 Where some murrain-murther'd hog,
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,
 In rottenness had long unburied laid,
 And the cold soil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bad us for graves prepare;
 And as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire commission ended, down there came
 Another angel with a sword of flame:
 Desolation soon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.

* Note IV.

† Note V.

Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old disguise,
 This witch, with all her mischief-making train,
 Began to shew herself again.
 The sons of old rebellion straight she summon'd all;
 Straight they were ready at her call:
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
 That and her love they long'd to taste;
 And to her lust she drew them all at last. }
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,
 Affected truth, much modesty, and grace,
 And (like a worn-out suburb-trull) past there for a new
 face.
 Thither all her lovers flock'd,
 And there for her support she found
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does sound*,
 With all ingredients for his bus'ness stock'd:
 Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
 Of all her bus'ness he took care, }
 And ev'ry fool or knave that to her did repair,
 Had by him admittance there.
 By his contrivance, to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,
 Lay nearest to her heart, and oft'nest in her arms.
 Int'rest in ev'ry faction, ev'ry sect she sought:
 And to her lure, flatt'ring their hopes, she brought

* Note VI.

All those who use religion for a fashion,
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains
 To make their godliness their gains*,
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her chains.
 Thro' her the atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,
 The rebel pow'r, the beggar'd spendthrift lands,
 Out of the king's or bishops' hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude :
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances :
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning
 pasteboard popes †.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew,
 And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
 This monstrous, most detested birth †.
 Of children born with teeth we've heard,
 And some, like comets, with a beard,
 Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change ;
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
 A form like this so hideous and so strange,
 To help whose mother in her pains, there came
 Many a well-known dame.
 The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
 And madam Impudence the fair :
 Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
 That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
 And raise commotions in a jealous state,
 Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,
 With all their train of Frauds and Forgeries.

* Note VII.

† Note VIII.

‡ Libel.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
 That's always talking, always loud,
 Was she that first took up the babe,
 And of the office most was proud.
 Behold it's head of horrid form appears:
 To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
 When straight the bawd cried out, 'twas surely kin
 To the blest family of Pryn*.
 But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
 Or oath, the father was a lord †.
 The nose was ugly, long and big,
 Broad, and snouty like a pig;
 Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig;
 Love to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
 And a hopeful youth to make him.
 To nurse he straight was sent
 To a sister-witch, tho' of another sort,
 One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:
 All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept.
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
 A little smoky mansion of her own,
 Where her familiars to her did resort,
 A cell she kept ‡:
 Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;
 And many an ugly loathsome toad
 Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
 Under her roof, all dismal, black and smok'd,
 Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
 Sprawling nests of little cats:
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
 To make her spells succeed and good;

* Note IX.

† A sarcasm on lord Rochester.

‡ Note X.

Still at her rivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er mankind
 she curs'd*,
 And with these foster-brethren was our monster nurs'd.
 In little time the hell-bred brat
 Grew plump and fat;
 Without his leading-strings could walk,
 And (as the sorceress taught him) talk.
 At seven years old he went to school,
 Where first he grew a foe to rule.
 Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.
 Not that he wanted parts
 T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
 But as negligent as sly,
 Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
 (By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
 And was obstinately dull:
 Till spite of nature, thro' great pains, the sot
 (And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
 At last in part began to understand.
 Some insight in the Latin tongue he got;
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
 For which his guardians all thought fit,
 In compliment to his most hopeful wit,
 He should be sent to learn the laws,
 And out of the good old, to raise a damn'd new cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
 As by nature he was bent
 To search in hidden paths, and things long buried find,
 A wretch's converse much he did frequent:
 One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
 And in an unfrequented corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful, found,
 He led his hated life.
 Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare.
 No servant had he, children, friend, or wife;

* Note XL.

But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd
 no god)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
 With which of beggars' scraps he bought. }
 Then from a neighb'ring fountain water got,
 Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
 He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
 The cell in which he (tho' but seldom) slept, }
 Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept :
 And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ; }
 Old worn-out statutes, and records
 Of commons' privileges, and the rights of lords.
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid
 All the acts, resolves, and orders made
 By the old long Rump-parliament,
 Thro' all the changes of it's government :
 From which with readiness he could debate }
 Concerning matters of the state,
 All down from godly forty-one, to horrid forty-eight*.

XV.

His friendship much our monster sought
 By instinct, and by inclination too:
 So without much ado
 They were together brought.
 To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he taught;
 He learnt of him all goodness to detest;
 To be asham'd of no disgrace:
 In all things, but obedience, to be beast;
 To hide a coward's heart, and show a hardy face.
 He taught him to call government a clog,
 But to bear beatings like a dog:
 T'have no religion, honesty, or sense,
 But to profess them all for a pretence.
 Fraught with these morals, he began
 To complete him more for man:
 Distinguish'd to him in an hour
 Twixt Legislative and Judicial Power;

* Note XII.

How to frame a Commonwealth,
 And Democracy by stealth;
 To palliate it at first, and cry
 'Twas but a well-mixt Monarchy.
 And Treason *Salus Populi*;
 Into rebellion to divide the nation,
 By fair Committees of Association;
 How by a lawful means to bring
 In arms against himself the King,
 With a distinguishing old trick,
 Twixt persons Natural, and Politic*;
 How to make faithful servants traitors,
 Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
 And at last troopers adjutators.
 Thus well-inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
 Of such like wordy canting stuff,
 Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
 A leader in a factious crew.
 Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
 And swell'd with ey'ry work he spoke:
 By which becoming saucy grace,
 He gain'd authority and place:
 By many for preferments was thought fit,
 For talking treason without fear or wit:
 For opening failings in the state:
 For loving noisy and unsound debate,
 And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat†.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
 He very dreadful grew;
 But, like that Hercules when love crept in,
 And th' hero to his distaff drew,
 His foes that found him saw he was but man:
 So when my faithless Clio by her snare
 Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him there,
 At once to hate and scorn him I began;

* Note XIII.

† Note XIV.

To see how foolishly she had drest,
 And for diversion trick'd the beast.
 He was poetry all o'er,
 On ev'ry side, behind, before :
 About him nothing could I see,
 But party-colour'd poetry.
 Painter's advices, letanies,
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess
 Of ills that malice could devise,
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
 Hung round about him like a spell :
 And in his own hand too was writ
 That worthy piece of modern wit,
 The Country's late Appeal*.
 But from such ills when will our wretched state
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?
 'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
 Of a huge dragon, sent by fate
 To lay a sinful kingdom waste :
 So thro' it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast † :
 Till wretched matrons curs'd their wombs,
 So hardly was their loss endur'd :
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
 Till, like our monster too, and with the same
 Curs'd ends, to the metropolis he came.
 His cruelties renew'd again,
 And ev'ry day a maid was slain.
 The curse thro' ev'ry family had past ;
 When to the sacrifice at last
 Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a Royal Brother
 now.

* Note XV.

† Note XVI.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
 On him has cast
 His sordid venom, and profan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame;
 Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
 Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
 Heaven took such care
 To make him ev'ry thing that's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes?
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his foes?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
 Why thro' the world is he distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast,
 A most just master, and a faithful friend?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of him what orphan can complain?
 Of him what widow make her moan?
 But such as wish him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he's gone.
 If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true,
 Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem,
 Not one man's foe? and why then are not all men friends
 with him*?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did he ever shun?
 Or what wonders has not done?

* Note XVII.

Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.

Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay*.

Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,

Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threat'ning comet shin'd,
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind:
 But constant as the stars that never move;
 Or as women would have love.

The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his head,

To see our daring banners spread.

Whilst in their harbours they

Like batten'd monsters welt'ring lay:

The winds, when our's they'd kiss'd, scorn'd with their
 flags to play. }

But drooping like their captains' hearts,
 Each pendant, ev'ry streamer hung;

The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts:

Their ships at anchors now, of which we had heard them
 boast,

With ill-furl'd sails, and rattlings loose, by ev'ry billow
 tost,

Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;

Till at the last, provok'd with shame,

Forth from their dens the baited foxes came:

Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;

Seldom true, and now not brave.

They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
 And run away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought, }
 With spoils of victory, and glory fraught.

* Note XVIII.

To him then ev'ry heart was open, down
 From the great man to the clown;
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd:
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cried, *Fill full my glass!*
 And shew'd the fullness of his mind.
 No discontented vermin of ill times
 Durst then affront him but in show;
 Nor libel dash him with his dirty rhymes:
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose heart would not wish so too,
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous misled foes
 Against him rose,
 With what heroic grace
 He chose the weight of wrong to undergo?
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within.
 But when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving Brother, kindest King*,
 If in his heart regret did rise,
 It never 'scap'd his tongue or eyes;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqu'ror, he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the bus'ness, sullen too,
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay*.
 The court, where pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe.
 Desolate was ev'ry room,
 Where a men for news and bus'ness use to come.

* Note XIX.

Haud inemptus loquor, might the poet say.

With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent
 In leaving blessings on his children dear.
 To them with eager haste and love he went:
 The eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night.
 What tend'rest hearts could say, betwixt them past;
 Till grief too close upon them crept:
 So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play and pretty charms.
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 Th' appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid him haste
 To seek a foreign home.
 The summons he resolv'd t'obey;
 Disdaining of his suff'ring to complain,
 Tho' ev'ry step seem'd trod with pain:
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting throng,
 That blest him, and about him hung:
 A weight his gen'rous heart could hardly bear;
 But for the comfort that was near,
 His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
 That fed his soul with love;
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
 To which all worldly blessings else are toys.

I saw them ready for departure stand,
 Just when approach'd the monarch of our land,
 And took the charming mourner by the hand. }
 T' express all noblest offices he strove,
 Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.

Then down to the shore-side,

Where, to convey them, did two royal barges ride,
 With solemn pace they past :

And there so tenderly embrac'd,

All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
 And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart*.

Then hand in hand the pitied pair

Turn'd round, to face their fate :

She, ev'n amidst afflictions, fair ;

He, tho' opprest, still great.

Into th' expecting boat with haste they went ;

Where, as the troubled fair one to the shore some wishes
 sent,

For that dear pledge she had left behind,

And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,

She of some tears her eyes beguil'd ;

Which, as upon her cheek they lay,

The happy hero kiss'd away ;

And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.

Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln Thames :

The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.

All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood,

Till they were got into the wider flood ;

Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more :

Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

* Note XX.

NOTES.

Note I.

*The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
In which he wrote his Sodom farce.*

Stan. 8, p. 225.

This infamous piece, which is destitute even of wit to palliate it's gross and abominable indecency, was written by — Fishbourne, belonging to one of the inns of court. It was printed in 1680; and bore the initials E. R. the publisher being desirous it should pass for a work of lord Rochester. This was so highly resented by the noble lord, that he wrote a satire upon the author, which, in point of grossness, cannot fall far beneath the play he disclaims.

Note II.

*The City-Poet too was there,
In a black satin cap and his own hair, &c.*

Stan. 8, p. 225.

This was Elkanah Settle, an author whose works, though now almost forgotten, obtained, at one time, popularity sufficient to raise the spleen of Dryden. He became *laureat* to the city, and in that capacity composed *pageants*, or dramatic exhibitions for the lord mayor; an account of which may be seen in the "Biographia Dramatica." His various changes of party, more than his defect of poetical talent, exposed him to the contempt and ridicule of his contemporaries. He distinguished himself greatly at a pope-burning, which will be mentioned in a following note, and was afterwards reduced to be assistant at a puppet-show in Bartholomew-fair; where, having a turn for ingenious mechanism, he contrived a green case, in which he acted the part of a dragon. He died in the Charter-house in 1724. His black satin cap, which concealed a portion of his dark hair, is likewise alluded to by the correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine: "Master Elkanah Settle, the city-poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and satin cap." *Gent. Mag.* for 1745.

Note III.

*There liv'd a widow'd witch,
That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
Like one whom wants and care had worn, &c.*

Stan. 9, p. 226.

This description is much in Spenser's manner:

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage built of stickes and reedes,
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weedes
And wilful want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

Füery Queene, b. 3, c. 7.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That never thocht one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

B. 4, c. 1.

Note IV.

*Idolatry with her was held impure,
Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure.*

Stan. 9, p. 227.

This, as well as the rest of the description, applies to the presbyterian sect, which constituted the chief strength of the party opposed to Charles I. The verse quoted calls to mind the expression of Oliver Cromwell respecting the presbyterians: "I am the only man," he was often heard to say, "who has known how to subdue that insolent sect, which can suffer none but itself."

The presbyterians had the reputation of being the most

bitter enemies, and strenuous opposers of the kingly name and office. In a tract, printed in 1681, they are described as the first criers out against arbitrary government. "Who was it that animated the people to take up arms, for defence of liberty and property, against the king? The very same (the presbyterians). Who maintained, continued, and finished the war, and the tragedy of the king's murder? The same men, though now they had gotten new frocks and vizards on, and called themselves independents, or congregational churchmen; a name that comprehended all sects and opinions."—*The complaint of liberty and property against arbitrary government. Somers' Tracts.*

Note V.

*A destroying angel was sent down
To scourge the pride of this rebellious town, &c.*

Stan. 10, p. 227.

*That dire commission ended, down there came
Another angel with a sword of flame. P. 227.*

The first distich refers to the plague which visited London in 1665: its dreadful effects are described in the succeeding verses. It is stated, that about 100,000 persons were destroyed by this calamity. The parliament was held at Oxford, and the city was deserted by all who were able to leave it: so that grass actually grew in some of the streets. The latter verse alludes to the great fire which broke out on the 2d September in the following year; and, as the poet proceeds to mention, gave rise to new dissensions, and awakened the popular prejudice against the catholics, who were loaded with the infamy of originating it. Otway seems to adopt the tory doctrine, that it was a visitation from heaven, on account of the sins of the nation, especially the Londoners, and the crimes committed during the civil war and commonwealth.

Note VI.

*And there for her support she found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does sound, &c.*

Stan. 11, p. 228.

Who was designed in this description, is not clear from the text. It might probably be sir William Waller, son of the famous parliamentary general. He was a justice of the

peace, and rendered himself notorious for his zeal against popery, destroying popish chapels, and discovering of plots. His continual searchings after priests, obtained him the title of the *priest-catcher*.

Note VII.

*All those who use religion for a fashion,
All such as practise forms, and take great pains
To make their godliness their gains.*

Stan. 11, p. 229.

The outward semblance of religion was, at the period referred to, successfully employed to cloke the most criminal and dangerous purposes. This passage applies to the whig party, and especially to their leader, lord Shaftesbury, whose hypocrisy Dryden exposes in the "Medal:"

He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while *godliness was gain*,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train:

Note VIII.

*Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning paste-
board popes.*

Stan. 11, p. 229.

During the rage and acrimony which characterized the politics of the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, every expedient was anxiously sought by the leaders of the whig faction, to support their influence over the populace, and inflame the nation against popery. Besides commemorating the discovery of the gunpowder-plot, by bonfires, fireworks, and other tokens of rejoicing, the ceremony of pope-burning, which took place with all possible solemnity on the 17th November, being the anniversary of queen Elizabeth's coronation, became a powerful engine in favour of the whigs. Vast sums of money were sometimes expended on these occasions, particularly in 1679, the year after the popish plot, when the effigy of sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, and all the paraphernalia of bloody massacre, as described in the wild tales of Titus Oates and his associates, formed part of

the procession. [See an engraved representation of this procession in Walter Scott's *Dryden*, vol. 6.] It was on this occasion that Elkanah Settle, of whom mention has been made in a preceding note, distinguished himself, under the auspices of his new patron, the earl of Shaftesbury.

Note IX.

*To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
When straight the bawd cried out, 'twas surely kin
To the blest family of Pryn.*

Stan. 12, p. 230.

William Prynne, a most voluminous writer, of whom Wood says, "I verily believe, if rightly computed, he wrote a sheet for every day of his life, reckoning from the time when he came to the age of reason and the state of man." He was the author of the *Histriomastix*; in which, among other censures of dramatic amusements, he calls "women actors, notorious whores." It happened, unfortunately, that Henrietta-Maria, Queen of Charles I. had, a very short time before, supported a character in a pastoral at Somerset House. Prynne was, for this insult, prosecuted in the court of Star-chamber, and sentenced "to be fined 5000*l*. to the king, expelled the university of Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, degraded, and disabled from his profession in the laws, to stand in the pillory, first in the Palace-yard in Westminster, and three days after in Cheapside, in each place to lose an ear, (though this part of the censure was much moderated in the execution) to have his book called *Histriomastix* publicly burnt before his face by the hand of the hangman, and remain prisoner during life." This severity did not restrain him from a similar offence. He was again convicted in the same court, and sentenced to lose the remainder of his ears in the pillory, and be branded with the letters S. L. (schismatical libeller) &c. He died 24th October, 1669. The following verses are part of what were designed for his epitaph:

Here lies the body of William Prynne,
A bencher late of Lincoln's Inn,
Who restless ran thro' thick and thin.

His brains career were never stopping,
But pen with rheume of gall still dropping
Till hand-o'er head brought ears to cropping, &c.

Athen. Ox. vol. ii. col. 434.

Note X.

*Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town
A little smoky mansion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did resort,
A cell she kept, &c.*

Stan. 13, p. 230.

The allegory is here so dark as to be unintelligible. By the sister-witch, may be meant the covenanters of Scotland, who in 1679, on the anniversary of the restoration, rose at Rutherglen, a small town near Glasgow, and after committing several outrages, possessed themselves of that city. They were afterwards routed at Bothwell-bridge, by the duke of Monmouth.

Note XI.

*All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
To make her spells succeed and good:
Still at her rivell'd breasts they hung, when'er mankind she
cur'd.*

Stan. 13, p. 231.

“ And as she lay upon the dartie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred;
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dug; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.”
Fairy Queene, b. 1, c. 1.

Note XII.

All down from godly forty-one, to horrid forty-eight.

Stan. 14, p. 232.

In 1641, the dissensions between the king and the parliament grew to their acme; and in 1648, the civil war was terminated by the dethronement and death of the monarch. Allusion was continually made to these events by the tories,

who charged their antagonists with similar designs. In 1680 (the year when this poem appeared) these bye-words were most frequently employed; the factions of *eighty* being compared with those of *forty-one*, and the people warned of an approaching *forty-eight*. Dryden alludes to this custom in one of his occasional prologues:

“ The style of *forty-one* our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like *forty-eight*.”

Note XIII.

*How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons Natural, and Politic, &c.*

Stan. 15, p. 233.

When time discovered the dangerous designs of those seceders, who conspired to overthrow the constitution, and to establish, in its stead, a wild government of their own; their despicable cant, and affected phraseology, became the common topic of ridicule. It was this which chiefly contributed to the popularity of “*Hudibras*,” a timely satire, productive of incalculable benefit to the royal cause. It is obvious that, in this part of the poem, Otway has imitated Butler both in style and subject. [*Hudibras*, part i. canto ii.] The parliament, however, derived great advantage from their hypocritical jargon, and those subtle distinctions by which they separated the king's *natural* from his *political* character. By these expedients they blinded the people; and while they furiously levied war against the person of the king, they affected to treat him, in his political capacity, as joined with the parliament, with respect.

Note XIV.

*For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.*

Stan. 15, p. 233.

When the nation is divided into factions, party distinctions are seldom wanting to perpetuate them. The *green ribbon* was the emblem of Shaftesbury's party, as the *red* was of the tories. North gives the following account of the green-ribbon

Club: "This was the club originally called the King's Head Club. The gentlemen of that worthy society held their evening sessions continually at the King's Head tavern, over against the Inner-Temple gate. But upon occasion of the signal of a green ribbon agreed to be worn in their hats, in the days of street-engagements, like the coats of arms of valiant knights of old, whereby all the warriors of that society might be distinguished, and not mistake friends for enemies; they were called also the Green Ribbon Club. Their seat was in a sort of car-four at Chancery-lane-end; a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may be yet seen, for the clubsters to issue forth in *fresco*, with hats and no per-
 riques; pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats, for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions."—*Examen*.

Note XV.

*And in his own hand too was writ
 That worthy piece of modern wit,
 The Country's late Appeal.*

Stan. 16, p. 234.

"The Appeal from the Country to the City," was a pamphlet of the most violent kind, written by Robert Ferguson, the celebrated plotter, and one of lord Shaftesbury's coadjutors. The object of the work, was to prejudice the nation against the duke of York, by all the common-place invectives against popery, and arbitrary government; and to urge the justice and policy of placing the duke of Monmouth next in succession to the throne.

Note XVI.

*'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
 Of a huge dragon, sent by fate
 To lay a sinful kingdom waste:
 So thro' it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast.*

Stan. 16, p. 234.

The dragon slain by St. George, and the rescue of *Sabra*, the princess of Egypt, related in the well-known his-

tory of the "Seven Champions of England," are here referred to by the poet.

NOTE XVII.

*Why lives he in the world's esteem,
Not one man's foe? and why then are not all men friends with
him?*

Stan. 17, p. 235.

Otway, in this delineation of the duke of York's character, has chosen the topics of praise with due regard to truth; which he, like other writers who are anxious to gain or secure a patron, often disregards in his dedications. The bravery which the duke displayed in the early part of his life, the steadiness and sincerity of his friendships, and the amiable-ness of his domestic character, all which are allowed even by his enemies, are properly made the principal features in the portrait. In his subsequent life, steadiness and resolution deserted him, when he had most need of them.

NOTE XVIII.

*Then did the English lion roar,
While the Belgian couchant lay, &c.*

Stan. 18, p. 236.

In 1664, war was declared against the United Provinces, and the duke proceeded to the coast of Holland, with 114 ships of war, besides fire-ships. He encountered the Dutch fleet, commanded by Obdam, and fought the bloody battle, mentioned in the succeeding stanza, on the 3d of June, 1665. Obdam's ship blew up, and nineteen others were sunk or taken. The victors returned to port with the loss of only one ship, and Admiral Lawson, who died shortly after of his wounds.

NOTE XIX.

*But when the messengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most loving Brother, kindest King.*

Stan. 19, p. 237.

The commotion which the popish plot excited in England, and the danger to which the king saw himself exposed from

it's astonishing influence upon men's minds, aroused all his energies to meet a crisis so pregnant with difficulty. As a preparatory measure, he desired his brother to withdraw from the country; that it might not be supposed his measures were influenced by one whose character and religion were so unpopular. The duke, fearful that so sudden a retreat would imply a consciousness of guilt, requested an order, signed by the king; which was complied with. The king expressing his sorrow that it should be necessary for the duke's good, and his own service; and declaring that no absence, nor any thing else, should alter his favourable sentiments. The duke retired first to Holland, thence to Brussels.

Note XX.

*And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart.*

Stan. 21, p. 239.

Otway appears, from a preceding verse, to have been present at the parting of the two brothers, and therefore, probably describes the scene with accuracy; although it differs from the report of other authors*. In the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," the same scene is still more pathetically painted:

Thus he, who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land.
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now, embracing on th' extremest shore,
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before.

* Burnet says, "the duke was sent away upon very short warning, not without many tears shed by him at parting, though the king shed none."

Hist. of his Own Times, vol. ii.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN

KING CHARLES II.

OF EVER BLESSED MEMOBY.

*Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt,
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.*

VIRGIL, ECL. IV. & V.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE unexpected death of Charles II. at a crisis of extreme delicacy, caused a deep sensation throughout the empire. It was generally believed that he was then intent upon introducing a change into the system of his government, from which the moderate advocates of constitutional freedom augured the most happy results. The sudden disappointment of these flattering expectations, more than regard for his memory and virtues, excited in the nation a sympathy in those tributes of sorrow effused upon that event, mingled as they were with lavish encomiums upon the character of the deceased monarch, which rigid justice could not approve. Otway, among a multitude of other writers*, contributed the following poem upon this occasion, in which he encountered the formidable rivalry of the laureat: for although the "*Threnodia Augustalis*" does not rank among the happiest efforts of Dryden's amazing powers, it must repel to a considerable distance the work of a competitor, who, in his lesser productions, boasts so little embellishment as Otway. The latter, however, has chosen with most art, the mode by which he conveys his eulogy. A poem, barren of topics, but those of grief for a deceased, and gratulation to a

* Duke, Otway's friend, was among the number.

living monarch, must owe its chief attractions to the excellence of the verse. In "Windsor Castle," the description of this celebrated regal abode; its antiquity; the splendid scenes which passed within its walls, when chivalry was employed for other purposes than to bestow an empty distinction; concur with the design of the poet, and admit without impropriety the praises of Charles, who had repaired and greatly adorned this noble structure. Much cannot be said in praise of the execution of this poem. Otway was no master of versification. His lines are careless, and weakened by expletives. Sir John Denham has, evidently, not been unnoticed by our poet; for, besides the affinity between the two subjects, there appears a peculiarity in the opening lines of this work, which remarkably characterizes the poetry of "Cooper's Hill."

Although the true character of a prince is not expected to be found in works of this kind, some regard to truth should still be maintained. The panegyrics on Charles are not less extravagant than the more excusable flattery of the reigning monarch. Of the former he says—

But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
That his own passions knew him and obey'd.

Such a sentiment applied to one notoriously the *slave* of his passions, is pushing even flattery a little too far.

When it is recollected that this piece was composed by Otway a very short time previous to his premature death, our feelings are inevitably moved by the allusion

to his distressful circumstances in his address to the muse:

Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care
And ease of ev'ry bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my soul repining.—

The death of Charles II. took place on the 6th of February, 1684-5, and Otway died on the 14th of April following.

TO THE
IMMORTAL FAME OF OUR LATE DREAD SOVEREIGN,
KING CHARLES II.
OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY;
AND TO THE
SACRED MAJESTY OF THE MOST AUGUST AND MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES II.
NOW, BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
KING OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND
IRELAND,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.
THIS FOLLOWING POEM
IS IN ALL HUMILITY
DEDICATED,
BY HIS EVER DEVOTED,
AND OBEDIENT SUBJECT AND SERVANT,
THO. OTWAY.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Tho' poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live;
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name*:
But that I, wanting fame, am sure of thine
To eternize this humble song of mine?
At least the mem'ry of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Tho' now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and stiff-necked land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
Would never give it's nursing father rest;

* The fortress of Windsor was originally built by William the Conqueror, (though Denham refers it's origin to the fabulous ages of Brute and king Arthur); and was improved by his son Henry I. John resided there, and was besieged in it by the Barons. Windsor being the birth-place of Edward III., the Castle is indebted to him for it's grandeur and extent. Succeeding Monarchs made various additions and improvements. In the civil wars, it became the prison of Charles I. and was despoiled of the ornaments he had bestowed upon it. After his restoration, Charles II. repaired and embellished the whole structure, decorated the apartments with a variety of paintings, established a magazine of arms, and continued the terrace round the east and south sides of the upper court. *E.* [This letter will distinguish the notes in this poem supplied by the present Editor.]

But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
 By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
 But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
 In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd;
 Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
 Griev'd at our follies with a father's love;
 Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make:
 Yet when upon it's brink we seem'd to stand,
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand;
 Tho' now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
 For gods have pow'r to keep the balance even:
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
 Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
 It's warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
 And round the throne themselves in tumults spread,
 To heave the crown from a long sufferer's head.
 By example this that godlike king once knew,
 And after, by experience, found too true.
 Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd;
 When he, our great deliverer, return'd;
 But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
 The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
 And when this land in blood he might have laid,
 Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.
 Tho' now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Then matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
 And triumph echo'd thro' th' enfranchis'd throng:
 On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
 Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne:
 The first* for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
 As fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;

* The duke of York, who now filled the throne.—*B.*

Of nature gen'rous, and of stedfast mind,
 To flatt'ry deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
 Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold,
 Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
 True to his friends, and watchful o'er his foes,
 And a just value upon each bestows:
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
 The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend:
 Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
 In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:
 Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet,
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second*, for debates in council fit,
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit;
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
 Both men and books with curious search had read;
 Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,
 Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state,
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
 But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,
 And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd:
 For oh! what pity, people blest as we
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
 Should so much of our old disease retain,
 To make us surfeit into slaves again!
 Slaves to those tyrant-lords whose yoke we bore,
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before.
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste:
 Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse,
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murm'ring choose.
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
 Tho' much the lion in his bosom prest:

* The duke of Gloucester, a prince of very promising talents; uniting the best qualities of both his brothers. He died of the small-pox in the 20th year of his age.—E.

But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
 That his own passions knew him and obey'd :
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand :
 Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet :
 So finely mixt, had Nature dar'd t' afford
 One least perfection more, each had been ador'd.
 Merciful, just, good-natur'd, lib'ral, brave,
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave ;
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod ;
 Of mortal mould, but in his mind a god.
 Tho' now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise,
 In this great mind long he his cares resolv'd,
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd :
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd ;
 Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
 But oh !——

Thro' all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
 The elements due order here maintain,
 And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain :
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.
 But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
 Of so much happiness (if known) possess*,
 Mistaking ev'ry noblest use of life,
 Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
 For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife. }
 The man in pow'r, by wild ambition led,
 Envied all honours on another's head ;
 And, to supplant some rival, by his pride
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
 The priests, who humble temp'rance should possess
 Sought silken robes, and fat voluptuous ease ;
 So, with small labours in the vineyard shown,
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.

* " Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint." *Virg.—E.*

That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) Law,
 Instead of doing right, and giving awe,
 Kept open lists, and at thé noisy bar,
 Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war;
 Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
 Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
 Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
 From false religions and corrupted laws;
 Till so at last rebellion's base was laid,
 And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel, whose surmounting power
 Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
 Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
 Nor faster could design than that foresee,
 Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
 From all it's blackest arts, was with him now:
 Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
 For he was born to give it all mankind.
 By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
 In his own realms to calm intestine broils;
 Thence ev'ry root of discord to remove,
 And plant us new with unity and love,
 Then stretch his healing hands to neighb'ring shores,
 Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars;
 To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
 Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
 Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
 Like us the people, and like him their kings.
 But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
 Then in his mind the beauteous model laid,
 Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
 A-while forgot, he might for ease repair:
 A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
 Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
 He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
 On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
 Who sang his praises thro' the fertile plains,

Once in a happy hour was thither led,
 Curious to see what fame so far had spread.
 There tell, my muse, what wonders thou didst find,
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.

'Twas at that joyful, hallow'd day's return,
 On which that man of miracles was born,
 At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star*,
 Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
 Did strange escapes from dreadful fate declare,
 Nor shld, but for one greater king before.
 Tho' now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
 The voice of triumph on the hills was heard;
 Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echoes round,
 And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.
 But, above all, within those lofty towers,
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
 Joy wore a solemn, tho' a smiling face;
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic as the place.
 Tell then, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
 Has out-worn Time, and the records of Fame,
 A rev'rend dome † there stands, where twice each day
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
 In pray'rs and hymns to heav'n's eternal king,
 The cornet, flute, and shawm ‡, assisting as they sing.
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount,
 From the first tables of the holy mount,
 To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
 Here speak, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.

* Among other celestial prodigies of that period, a star was seen on the 29th May 1630, the birth-day of Charles; the anniversary of which was afterwards likewise that of his restoration.—*E.*

† St. George's church.

‡ *Shawm*—a kind of wind-instrument.—*E.*

Within this dome a shining chapel's* rais'd,
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace,
 Order and ceremony in his face ;
 A threat'ning rod did his dread right-hand poize,
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys :
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
 Ready to open all, to all that pay.
 'This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: " Those banners† rais'd on high,
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry ;
 " Which here their heroes with religion make,
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."
 Then in due method made me understand
 What honour fam'd St. George had done our land :
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove ;
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love,
 Hang here their trophies, while their gen'rous arms
 Keep wrong supprest, and innocence from harms.
 At this my amazement yet did greater grow,
 For I had been told all virtue was but show ;
 That oft bold villany had best success,
 As if it's use were more, nor merit less.
 But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd,
 Tell on, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song, and Charles's mighty mind.

I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo! a cell ‡,
 Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,
 The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard :
 Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
 Where dark Oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey.

* St. George's chapel.

† Of the knights of the garter.

‡ An old isle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried when another succeeds him.

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
 Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
 The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
 Which equally on all mankind does wait.
 The hero, levell'd in his humble grave,
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
 While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
 To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
 Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
 Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet;
 Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
 But what his recompense? A short applause,
 Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
 Ere yet his virtue be become his pride;
 Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his crime,
 Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.

But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
 The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;
 Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
 Who a true estimate of life does make,
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that prospect still his thoughts do bend;
 Who, tho' his right a stronger pow'r invade,
 Tho' fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave:
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave?

But if immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice, my muse, and strive that end to gain.
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
 And ease of ev'ry bitter weight I bear,
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind.

Beyond the dome, a lofty tower* appears,
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years,
 Old as his noble stem who there bears sway,
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
 The mother-pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful watch seems piously to keep,
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep:
 And they may rest, since Norfolk † there commands,
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the beauteous seat ‡ of peace,
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease;
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight:
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth
 Shrank when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
 Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd,
 And in his pow'ful numbers should be prais'd:
 Such strength without does ev'ry where abound,
 Within such glory and such splendour's found,
 As man's united skill had there combin'd
 T' express what one great genius had design'd.

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came,
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
 Tho' when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
 No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest:
 Tho' now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Here, as all nature's wealth to court him prest,
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.

* The castle.

† The duke of Norfolk, constable of Windsor Castle.

‡ The house,

Thro' all the lofty roofs* describ'd we find
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind :
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
 And only fit for his† who did perform.
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old,
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas ;
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
 Kept neighb'ring nations waking with alarms :
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there,
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd in faster here ;
 With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest,
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
 Waste and confusion thro' the wretched world,
 To after-times leave a great hated name,
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame :
 His country's father, thro' whose tender care,
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear ;
 Who, when she offended, oft would hide his eyes,
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize ;
 But if submission brought her to his feet,
 With what true joy the penitent he'd meet !
 How would his love still with his justice strive !
 How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive !
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise,
 Since after all those toils thro' which he strove
 By ev'ry art of most endearing love,
 For his reward he had his Britain found,
 The awe and envy of the nations round.
 Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind :
 Tell now what emulation may inspire,
 And warm each British heart with warlike fire ;

* The paintings done by † The Sieur Verrin, his majesty's chief painter.

Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill ;
 Describe that lofty monumental hall*,
 Where England's triumphs grace the shining wall,
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
 Here when the sons of Fame their leader † meet,
 And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
 And high-raiſ'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
 Here as a lesson may their eyes behold
 What their victorious fathers did of old ;
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old Edward † sat,
 And did his glorious son's ‡ arrival wait,
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head !
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace,
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
 In our own climes our vig'rous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curs'd :
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for soft'ning into hotter air.
 Nor did they, as now, from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd,
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
 All means to such a noble end denied,
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord.

* Where St. George's feast is kept.

† Edward III.

‡ The Black Prince.

But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due;
The temple* by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
We think we see the heav'n to which we pray;
So well the artist's hand has there delin'd†.
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright ascension of the Son of God,
When back thro' yielding skies to heav'n he rode,
With lightning round his head, and thunder where he
trode. }

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven;
A house like this he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
With riches too, and honours, was he crown'd,
Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly reign.
"Happy were they who could before him stand,
"And saw the wisdom of his dread command."
For heav'n resolv'd, that much above the rest
Of other nations, Britain should be blest;
Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
Tried his great soul, and in it took delight;
Then to his throne in triumph him did bring,
Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the muse,
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.

* The chapel at the end of the hall.

† *Delin'd*—i. e. delineated: (*delinio*, Lat.)—*A.*

Two kindred arts they are, so near allied,
 They oft have by each other been supplied.
 Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts incline
 The works of Fame, let this be the design:
 As thou could'st best great Charles's glory show,
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe*,
 The meeting of a numerous senate draw!
 Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And thro' the air let grinning furies fly,
 Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate.
 From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
 The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
 Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall;
 There into murm'ring bosoms let them go,
 Till their infection to confusion grow;
 Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
 As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the threaten'd
 skies.

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
 His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
 To send abroad his word, or, with a frown,
 Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
 Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
 Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away;
 Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
 And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
 An hour like this, and mingled in the throng;
 Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
 T' have watch'd, her only time to give the blow:
 When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
 Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
 With them t' have pointed her destroying dart,
 And thro' the brain found passage to the heart.

* The poet here adopts the same hacknied expedient employed by other writers in their *advices* and *instructions to painters*; from which, probably, the *sister-art* derived little advantage.—E.

Deep-wounding plagues avenging heav'n bestow
 On those curst heads to whom this loss we owe !
 On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
 And sent him to the sorrows of the grave !

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
 The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw ;
 How on his royal bed, that woeful day,
 The much-lamented mighty monarch lay ;
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Thro' many steady and well-manag'd years,
 He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears
 Which common mortals want the pow'r to hide,
 When their mean souls and valu'd clay divide.
 He'd studied well the worth of life, and knew
 It's troubles many, and it's blessings few :
 Therefore unmov'd did death's approaches see,
 And grew familiar with his destiny ;
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate,
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
 Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
 While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh could'st thou express the yearnings of his mind
 To his poor mourning people left behind !
 But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive :
 None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.
 For tho' a stubborn race, deserving ill,
 Yet would he shew himself a father still.
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,
 His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir,
 Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
 And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed ;
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
 And keep the foxes and the wolves away.

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
 And shew the wonders of fraternal love ;
 How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
 The dying grasping the surviving hand ;
 How round each other's necks their arms they cast,
 Moan'd with endearing murm'ings, and embrac'd ;

And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live,
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the pow'r to speak,
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious pencil next display,
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
 With their great father's blessing to be crow'd,
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd.

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by;
 Th' unwearied rev'rend father's pious care,
 Off'ring (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer*.
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train,
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
 With diff'rent lines of woe in ev'ry face;
 With downcast heads, swoln breasts, and streaming eyes,
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.
 At distance let the mourning queen appear,
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear);
 Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
 Pleading with pray'r the tender cause of love:
 Shew troops of angels hov'ring from the sky,
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh);
 Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness, like her own,
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (tho' she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of fate is done,
 So any farther sad description shun.

* The whole of this scene is described in a very different manner by bishop Burnet. The *reverend father*, was the bishop of Bath and Wells, whose officiousness was somewhat censured. See *Burnet's Hist.* book 3.—E.

Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow.
Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time display;
The forms of many smiling years to come,
Just ripe for birth, and lab'ring from their womb;
Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there:
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the diff'rent corners of the earth,
Describe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.
Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.
But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep,
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
There, jolly hinds spread thro' the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorplings of the sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun;
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts,
Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.

Draw ev'ry thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame,
Known for the man who, from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whose conqu'ring arm far-envied wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;
When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:
But heav'n such injur'd merit did regard:
(As heav'n in time true virtue will reward);
So to a throne by Providence he rose,
And all whoe'er were his, were Providence's foes.

**EPISTLES, TRANSLATIONS,
PROLOGUES,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

EPISTLES, &c.

THE minor poems of Otway are not entitled, by their individual merit, to distinct analysis. Whether it be, that an habitual application of thought to one mode of writing, restrains the fancy in other casual excursions; or that the mind, by long familiarity with subjects of superior rank, forgets how to descend with ease and grace to those of a subordinate nature; it is remarkable, that the genius of our chief dramatic authors is seldom exerted with felicity or splendour in their occasional productions. Dryden is an illustrious exception to the remark; whose versatility of talent prompted him to essay almost every species of composition, and to excel in each. Of the following pieces, the "Epistle to Mr. Duke," affords the best specimen of Otway's poetical powers. It discovers some liveliness of fancy; but a bright thought is sometimes concealed or obscured, as in the other poems, by lame and unskilful numbers. The pastoral, which was probably interrupted by his death, (for it does not appear to have been published by him, or on his account,) is a very indifferent attempt in a kind of poetry debased by being the perpetual vehicle of puerile and insipid sentiments. All the smaller poems of Otway are here, for the first time, collected together: no edition of his works having hitherto contained the whole of them.

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE*.

My much-lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light despise!
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
For tho' it bring small ease, it hides at least;
Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee.
Last night methought (heav'n make the next as kind)
Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
As our first parents in their Eden were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together waunder'd thro' a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above, }
Mild as our friendship, springing as our love;
Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd ev'ry tree,
And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
While thro' the gladsome choir well-pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our present valu'd state thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this sweet retreat!
Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments at a court would wait,
Where ev'ry gudgeon's nibbling at the bait †?

* This epistle first appeared in Tonson's "Miscellany Poems; containing a new translation of Virgil's Eclogues, Ovid's Elegies, Odes of Horace, &c." 8vo. 1684. It was entitled "An Epistle to R. D." There is an answer to it among Duke's poems.

† *Who for preferments, &c.*—This and the three following verses have been translated by Mr. Duke into Latin verse; which it may be worth while to insert.—

Præmia quis meritis ingrata expectet ab aulâ,
Omnis ubi exiguam captat simul aulicus escam
Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa vadosa
Fulminis angusti coloret loca, pisciculorum
Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,

What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;
 When the wide river he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease?
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While underneath these shady, peaceful bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day:
 Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly;
 Just as the sun decliing, with his beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding streams;
 Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
 And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep:
 There we two lie, between us may be's spread
 Some book few understand, tho' many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd:
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;

Qui dum quisque micat medicatam ut glutiat offam,
 Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur et impelluntur;
 Nec potius, latum græmio quâ flumen aperto
 Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
 Et requiem et muscos viridos, pulchramque vocatus
 Ad libertatem pronò delabitur alveo?

We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd ;
 A gen'rous bottle and a lovesome she,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee :
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two we'd wish for there,
 Dear B—ly, kind as parting lovers' tears,
 Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilson, professing friendship, yet a friend,
 Or—Short*, beyond what numbers can commend.
 Finch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his blood,
 Watchful to do to modest merit good ;
 Who have forsook the wild tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down :
 With eager arms how closely then we embrace,
 What joy's in ev'ry heart, and ev'ry face !

* This was Dr. Thomas Short, one of the physicians to Charles the Second, and who attended him during his last illness. An opinion he expressed of poison having been administered to the king, produced a great deal of noise and controversy at the time; especially as the Doctor did not long survive him. Burnet thus relates the affair: " Short, another physician, who was a papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing: and he had talked more freely of it, than any of the protestants durst do at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wormwood wine which he had drunk in the house of a popish patient, that lived near the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died. And, as he said to Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for his having spoken so freely of the king's death." *Hist. of his own Times*, book 3.—Short was the mutual friend of Otway and Duke: the latter has inscribed to him a translation of one of the idyls of Theocritus.

The mod'rate table's quickly cover'd o'er
 With choicest meats at least, tho' not with store:
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain.
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound and shining like it's drinker's lass.
 Then down we sit, while ev'ry genius tries
 T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice.
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But ev'ry sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
 Till in full joy dissolv'd each falls asleep,
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep,
 At dawn of morning to renew delight;
 So quiet craving love till the next night:
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
 While the poor under-faculties resort,
 And to her sickly majesty make court;
 The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no ent'rance to be had.
 Next comes the Will, that bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when
 Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
 And into court with res'lute Virtue goes:
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway:
 Then how the flatt'ring follies sneak away!
 This image when it came, too fiercely shook
 My brain, which it's soft quiet straight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;

No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
No friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
Were seiz'd ; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r.
Gods ! life's your gift, then season 't with such fate,
That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world :
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what's needful, and at night soft ease ;
The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man ;
To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey :
But make life what I ask, or take't away.

TO

MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS*.

SIR,

WHEN your book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd ;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
 Lucretius English'd ! 'twas a work might shake
 The pow'r of English verse to undertake.
 This all men thought ; but you are born, we find,
 T'out-do the expectations of mankind ;
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
 Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd :
 For when the rich original we peruse,
 And by it try the metal you produce ;
 Tho' there indeed the purest ore we find,
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd :
 Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
 And lashes to her speed his fiery muse ;
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race ;
 But when in rugged way we find him rein
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain ;
 There the advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught temper, and to choose his ground.
 Next, his philosophy you've so exprest
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,
 Those murd'ers that now mangle it all day
 In schools, may learn from you the easy way
 To let us know what they would mean and say :

* Creech's translation of Lucretius has this epistle prefixed to it.

If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
 To wave for once their statute in that case.
 Go on then, sir, and since you could aspire,
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher :
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
 In Holborn rhyme, and lest the book should fail,
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale* :
 So tapsters set out signs for muddy ale.
 You're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome :
 For sure when Julius first this isle subdu'd,
 Your ancestors then mix'd with Roman blood ;
 Some near allied to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of fame ;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their poetry so much in you.
 Go on, in pity to this wretched isle,
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse ;
 Instead of comedy, with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence e'er have been so lewd,
 T' have drest Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd ?
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
 By some false friend, or slipp'ry chambermaid ;
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoan his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call ?
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,
 When nonsense loads the press, and chokes the stage ;
 When blockheads will claim wit in Nature's spite,
 And ev'ry dunce that starves, presumes to write ;
 Exert yourself, defend the muses' cause,
 Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws

* John Ogilby's translation of Virgil, (to which this refers) is mentioned by Winstanley as being "done to the life, with excellent sculptures." These cuts were highly esteemed; and served for a Latin edition of the same author. Dryden's translation (which superseded Ogilby's) bore some of the same engravings.

Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue ;
That so each chatt'ring daw who aims at song,
In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head,
To make him equal to the mighty dead :
For of all nature's works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a poet born :
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.
Such things, sir, here abound ; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the muses, true ;
May our defects be by your pow'rs supplied,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride :
Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
The majesty of poetry return.

London, Jan. 10, 82.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID*.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so, together with her sister Phædra, they went on board, and sailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra; who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
 Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:
 Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
 Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
 Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;
 By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
 Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it tried,
 Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive died;
 Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
 But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
 'Tis dang'rous to resist the pow'r of Love,
 The gods obey him, and he's king above;
 He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound.
 Oh! may he come, and in that breast of thine
 Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!

* This appeared in a collection of Ovid's Epistles, translated by Dryden and others, 8vo. 1680.

Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
 Search back thro' all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
 But love, long breeding, to worst pain does turn:
 Outward unharm'd—within, within I burn!
 As the young bull, or courser yet untam'd,
 When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and maim'd;
 So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
 No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
 When young, love's pangs by arts we may remove,
 But in our riper years with rage we love.
 To thee I yield, then, all my dear renown,
 And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
 Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
 But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
 Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
 'Tis not a sin but when 'tis coarsely done.
 And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
 I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
 Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
 Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
 To thy delights and Delia I incline,
 Make her my goddess too, because she's thine.
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
 And o'er the mountains' tops my hounds to cheer,
 Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lie
 Stretch'd on the grass: and would'st not thou be by?
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide;
 Now, like a Bacchanal, more wild I stray,
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they,
 When under Ida's hills they off'rings pay:
 Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
 And water, fauns and dryads do affright;
 But still each little interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
 Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
 And Venus will have tribute of us all.

Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
 The faithless Theseus, by my sister's aid,
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
 Now, in that family, my right to save,
 I am at last on the same terms a slave:
 'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
 Let monuments of triumph then be shown
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
 When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein:
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
 To see thee poize the javelin moves delight,
 And all thou dost is lovely in my sight:
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain;

Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
 Under the spreading shades her am'rous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
 At'lanta's love too Meleager sought,
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught*.
 Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair;
 Where love's a stranger, woods but desarts are.
 With thee, thro' dang'rous ways unknown before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise,
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
 More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Thessaly, where always let him stay
 With his Perithoüs, whom well I see
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus exprest his hate;
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my sister falsely ran away,
 And left expos'd to ev'ry beast a prey:
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor, tho' she gave him thee, could make him kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spite,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
 I wish at first I'd died of mothers' pains.
 How canst thou rev'rence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?

* " — Sume meï spoliū, Nonacria, juris,
 Dixit; et in partem veniat mihi gloria tecum."

Metam. lib. 8.

The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
 Mother and son are notions, very names
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd:
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
 A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 To unlock the gates, and cry, *My love, this way!*
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray. }
 But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
 In public, kisses take; in public, give:
 Tho' in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
 So may my tyrant, Love, to thee be kind.
 For this I am an humble suppliant grown;
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees:
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,
 And then some pity on my suff'rings take.
 What tho' midst seas my father's empire lies?
 Tho' my great grandsire thunder from the skies?
 What tho' my father's sire, in beams drest gay,
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day?
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
 Then, tho' thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dow'r I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king:

For Venus' sake then hear and grant my pray'r,
So may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
And ev'ry wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the mountain gods, and satyrs, all
Be kind; so may the boar before thee fall;
So may the water-nymphs in heat of day,
Tho' thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
Millions of tears to these my pray'rs I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine, }
Think that thou seest the streams that flow from mine. }

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE*.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet (friend) the soldier fights,
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and pow'r too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind ;
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait.
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possess :
 No base desires corrupt his head,
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend ?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun ?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd :
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels fate's sudden blow,
 Another's ling'ring death comes slow ;

* Published in "Miscellany Poems, &c." the same work in which the epistle to Mr. Duke made its first appearance. See p. 281.

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

How vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
 You care as little what the poets teach
 As you regard at church what parsons preach.
 But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to church, to gloat and ogle there,
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y'improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so; some dæmon has possess
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y'have seen it all, and heard of it's renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on it's frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
 But heav'n have mercy on us when it swore!
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
 Tho' still the cunning devil sav'd his own:
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle pug most dext'rously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment varied to defy us;
 From silken doctor, homespun Annanias:

Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by it's old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politics. }
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
 To part with zealous guinea, for—no feast*.
 Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings ?
 Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er ;
 But whoe'er paid for a sham treat before ?
 Had you not better sent your off'rings all
 Hither to us, than Sequestrator's Hall ?
 I being your steward, justice had been done ye ;
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

* This and the following verses refer to an occurrence much talked of, especially among the tories, who were the laughs upon this occasion. The duke of York having been invited to dine with the Artillery Company at Merchant-Tailors' Hall, on the 21st April, 1682; an opposition dinner was projected by the Shaftesbury party at Haberdashers' Hall, and tickets were presently issued at *one guinea* each; for the purpose, as it was declared, of commemorating the providential escape of the nation from the *bellish* designs of the papists, &c. The king, however, issued an order forbidding the meeting, as an illegal one: and this incident supplied the tories with new channels of ridicule and abuse against their antagonists, who were somewhat depressed by their disappointment.

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT*.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
 Poets were made ? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heav'n's word ;
 That when it's spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good,
 The creature Poet was not understood.
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays ?
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,
 But came by mere equiv'cal generation ?
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred ;
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known.
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting whoremasters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
 T' adopt some base-born song that's not their own.
 Spite of his state, my lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit ;
 And tho' he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The poet and the whore alike complains
 Of trading quality, that spoils their gains ;
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains !

* Represented at the Theatre Royal, 1684. Dryden wrote an epilogue for the same piece.

Therefore, all you who have male issue born
 Under the starving sign of capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell 'em how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd* ;
 And if such warning they refuse to take,
 This last experiment, O parents, make !
 With hands behind them see th' offender tied,
 The parish whip and beadle by his side ;
 Then lead him to some stall that does expose
 The authors he loves most ; there rub his nose ;
 Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
 He by the due correction understand,
 To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land ;
 Till he against his nature learn to strive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

* Succeeding writers have added Otway's name to the melancholy catalogue.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK COMING
TO THE THEATRE, FRIDAY APRIL 21, 1682*.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury and ease,
Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
When noisome blains did it's best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our great physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd for three kingdoms' quiet, sir, on you:
He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and applied you there †:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd rebellion durst rear up it's head,
Answer me all: who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that thirst for more.

* This was probably the duke's first public appearance after his return from Scotland. The dinner at Merchant-Tailors' Hall, referred to in the prologue to Mrs. Behn's "City Heiress," (p. 297) took place on the same day. Our author's "Venice Preserved" was the play acted upon this occasion, and Dryden furnished an occasional prologue.

† He alludes to Scotland, where the duke had become extremely popular.

His foes are your's, then of their wiles beware:
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
 He wears a sword will justify your love.
 With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
 His duteous loyalty before you lay,
 And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.
 Think what he has borne, your quiet to restore;
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more.

No more let *boutefeus* hope to lead petitions,
 Scriv'ners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
 Nor ev'ry fool, whose wife has tript at court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like our's,
 What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
 They're mal-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
 And when the horned herd's together got,
 Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
 Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood:
 Renounce your priests of Baal, with amen faces,
 Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows' post,
 In recompense th' original was lost*:
 At these, illustrious repentance pay,
 In his kind hands your humble off'rings lay:
 Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
 Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
 He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
 A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.

* The earl of Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower on the 2nd July 1681; and the 24th November following, a bill was preferred against him for high treason, and rejected by the grand jury. This occasioned much joy to the whigs; and a medal was struck, bearing the likeness of the earl, and on the reverse, a representation of the City, with a sun rising over the Tower and dispelling a cloud; the motto LETAMUR. This medal, attached to a ribbon, was worn at the left breast by his partizans.

An infant prince, yet lab'ring in the womb,
 Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
 He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home*:
 Send all your wishes with him, let the air
 With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
 The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
 Let the illustrious mother touch our land
 Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
 While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
 With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
 And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
 So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand,
 Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

* The Duke was about to return to Scotland to bring home his family. The return of the Duchess to England is celebrated in the ensuing address.

SPOKEN TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND*, IN THE YEAR
1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And ev'ry loyal muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast 'em there.
Thus falling on your knees, with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more†
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see ;
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon !
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd :
From whom our present peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care ! bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy :
And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be strong ;
Bless him with days of strength, and make 'em long ;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
Three kingdoms' banners waiting his command,
His father's conqu'ring sword within his hand :
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music in the dance,
Carry a *Quo Warranto*† into France.

* The duchess of York returned with her husband from Scotland, in May 1682. This address was spoken as a prologue to "Venice Preserved," on occasion of her appearing at the Duke's Theatre, May 31st.

† Rather a clumsy adaptation of the means by which the city was deprived of its charter, and reduced to dependance upon the court, to that of humbling the French nation.

THE BEGINNING OF
A PASTORAL
ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY*.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
 And thus disturbs the shepherd's peaceful reign?
 A dismal sound breaks thro' the yielding air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
 The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray, }
 The early larks forsake their wand'ring way,
 And cease to welcome in the new-born day. }
 Each nymph, possess'd with a distracted fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd hair. }
 Diseases with her strong convulsions reign;
 And deities, not known before to pain,
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain. }
 Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
 Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay:
 O'er all the universe let it be spread,
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
 The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep, }
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal }
 sleep!

Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
 Aloft, where the safe milky way does lie;
 Mopsus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
 Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes thro' all th' Arcadian plain,
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep, }
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal }
 sleep!

* Printed among a collection of Mrs. Behn's poems, 8vo. 1685.

THE COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold;
 But surely I a heav'n adore
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hov'ring dove,
 I for my bliss contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend!
 Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you strive
 To act a healer's part;
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart!

When on my lonely, pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,

Her cruelty all ease denies :
With some sad dream I start ;
All drown'd with tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then, rising, thro' the path I rove
That leads me where she dwells,
Where, to the senseless waves, my love
It's mournful story tells :
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
Till morning bids depart ;
Then vent ten thousand sighs, and more :
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told ;
For ev'ry lovely, gen'rous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

THE ENJOYMENT.

I.

CLASPT in the arms of her I love,
 In vain, alas! for life I strove;
 My flutt'ring spirits, wrapt in fire,
 By love's mysterious art,
 Borne on the wings of fierce desire,
 Flew from my flaming heart.

II.

Thus lying in a trance for dead,
 Her swelling breasts bore up my head;
 When waking from a pleasing dream,
 I saw her killing eyes,
 Which did in fiery glances seem
 To say, Now Coelia dies!

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her arms,
 And trembling lay, dissolv'd in charms;
 When, with a shiv'ring voice, she cried,
 Must I alone, then, die?
 No, no, I languishing replied,
 I'll bear thee company.

IV.

Melting our souls thus into one,
 Swift joys our wishes did out-run:
 Then launch'd in rolling seas of bliss,
 We bid the world adieu;
 Swearing, by ev'ry charming kiss,
 To be for ever true.

THE ENCHANTMENT.**I.**

I DID but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half hour ;
Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease :
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice ;
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of your's the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

THESE singular productions were first published among a collection of "Familiar Letters by Lord Rochester and others, &c." 8vo. 1697; and were afterwards subjoined to an edition of Otway's Works in 1727, under the title of "Love Letters." They have no superscription, but were written to Mrs. Barry, the actress; for whom, as we have before noticed, the poet cherished a passion which greatly embittered the latter period of his short unhappy life. It is probable that these Letters will be read by different persons with opposite sentiments. Those who have struggled with similar emotions, will find most interest in them; and may, perhaps, recognize the sentiments of Carlos, Castalio and Jaffier, expressed in the poet's own character, with the vivacity and energy of natural affections.

TO MADAM ———

MY TYRANT!

I ENDURE too much torment to be silent, and have endured it too long not to make the severest complaint. I love you, I doat on you; desire makes me mad when I am near you; and despair when I am from you. Sure, of all miseries, love is to me the most intolerable: it haunts me in my sleep, perplexes me when waking; every melancholy thought makes my fears more powerful; and every delightful one makes my wishes more unruly. In all other uneasy chances of a man's life, there is an immediate recourse to some kind of succour or another: in wants we apply ourselves to our friends; in sickness to physicians: but love, the sum, the total of all misfortunes, must be endured with silence; no friend so dear to trust with such a secret, nor remedy in art so powerful to remove it's anguish. Since the first day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one hour of perfect quiet: I loved you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching face of your's, but I felt in my heart the very foundation of all my peace give way: but when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish pride enough to promise myself I would in time recover my liberty: in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upbraid you, each day it was my chance to see or to be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear, and brave your power: nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with wine or conversation, I diverted or appeased the daemon that possessed me; but when at night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then

I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed, and opened those sluices of tears, that were to run till morning. This has been for some years my best condition: nay, time itself, that decays all things else, has but encreased and added to my longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your neglect of me, persuades me that you are so) even at this time, though other arms have held you, and so long trespassed on those dear joys that only were my due; I love you with that tenderness of spirit, that purity of truth, and that sincerity of heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest friends or interests I have on earth, barely but to please you: if I had all the world, it should be your's; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourself for justice, if through the whole actions of my life, I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your authority was over me. Your commands have been always sacred to me; your smiles have always transported me, and your frowns awed me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse, that ever man was doomed to. I cannot so much as look on you without confusion; wishes and fears rise up in war within me, and work a cursed distraction through my soul, that must, I am sure, in time, have wretched consequences: you only can, with that healing cordial, love, assuage and calm my torments; pity the man then that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you; and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out fortune from the balance) you never were beloved or courted by a creature that had a nobler or juster pretence to your heart, than the unfortunate, (and even at this time) weeping.

OTWAY.

TO MADAM ———

IN value of your quiet, though it would be the utter ruin of my own, I have endeavoured this day to persuade myself never more to trouble you with a passion that has tormented me sufficiently already; and is so much the more a torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than myself. I have laid all the reasons my distracted condition would let me have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my pride, whether, after a rival's possession, I ought to ruin all my peace for a woman that another has been more blest in, though no man ever loved as I did: but love, victorious love! o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his nature never to remember; he still looks forward from the present hour, expecting still new dawns, new rising happiness; never looks back, never regards what is past, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce pursuit of joy before him: I have consulted too my very self, and find how careless nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments that should make those qualities become me. I have consulted too my lot of fortune, and find how foolishly I wish possession of what is so precious, all the world's too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I doat on, and cheat myself, very content, because the folly pleases me. It is pleasure to think how fair you are, though, at the same time, worse than damnation to think how cruel. Why should you tell me you have shut your heart up for ever? It is an argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like reserve, and not so much sincerity, as sure I may claim even from a little of your friendship. Can your age, your face, your eyes, and your spirit bid defiance to that sweet power? No, you know better to what end heaven made you; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barred your

heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints, and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature: yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick, home-spun friendship, the common coin that passes betwixt worldly interests: must that be my lot? Take it, ill-natured, take it; give it to him who would waste his fortune for you; give it the man would fill your lap with gold, court you with offers of vast rich possessions; give it the fool that hath nothing but his money to plead for him: love will have a much nearer relation, or none. I ask for *glorious happiness*; you bid me welcome to your *friendship*: it is like seating me at your side-table, when I have the best pretence to your right-hand at the feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no measure; nothing but extremes can give me ease; the kindest love, or most provoking scorn: yet even your scorn would not perform the cure: it might indeed take off the edge of hope, but damned despair will gnaw my heart for ever. If then I am not odious to your eyes, if you have charity enough to value the well-being of a man that holds you dearer than you can the child your bowels are most fond of, by that sweet pledge of your first softest love, I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting pangs of mine; pity my unquiet days and restless nights; pity the frenzy that has half possess my brain already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: the wretch in Bedlam is more at peace than I am! And if I must never possess the heaven I wish for, my next desire is, (and sooner the better) a clean-swept cell, a merciful keeper, and your compassion when you find me there.

Think and be generous.

TO MADAM ———

SINCE you are going to quit the world, I think myself obliged, as a member of the world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill-natured an inclination: therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarred myself the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear; if it be possible for any arguments of mine to take place in a heart, I am afraid too much hardened against me: I must confess it may look a little extraordinary for one under my circumstances to endeavour the confirming your good opinion of the world, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never seen it; for nature disposed me from my creation to love, and my ill-fortune has condemned me to doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a passion, had nature disposed her from her creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I have so many thoughts of this nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take pen and ink in my hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know, you are the cause of the severest disquiets that ever touched the heart of

OTWAY.

TO MADAM ———

COULD I see you without passion, or be absent from you without pain, I need not beg your pardon for this renewing my vows, that I love you more than health, or any happiness here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new charm to me; and though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealously despairing; yet every minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would not I renounce, or enterprize for you! I must have you mine, or I am miserable, and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy hour, can make the rest of my life that are [is] to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind look, and after it a cruel denial. This minute my heart aches for you; and, if I cannot have a right in your's, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

TO MADAM ———

YOU cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrificed to this morning; for I am sure your own ill-nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass, that has the fortune to please you: in short, I have made it the business of my life to do you service, and please you, if possible, by any way to convince you of the unhappy love I have for seven years toiled under; and your whole business is to pick ill-natured conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation, to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleased to divert yourself at the expence of my quiet. Oh, thou tormentor! Could I think it were jealousy, how should I humble myself to be justified! But I cannot bear the thought of being made a property either of another man's good-fortune, or the vanity of a woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be means found, some time or other, to let you know your mistaking.

TO MADAM ———

YOU were pleased to send me word you would meet me in the Mall this evening, and give me further satisfaction in the matter you were so unkind to charge me with: I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish yourself to be eased of the highest torment it were possible for your nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time tomorrow, and send me word, by this bearer, where, and at what hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching sex; or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse womankind for ever.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE celebrity justly acquired by Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan," doubtless raises a curiosity to view the source from whence he drew a work whose effect upon the passions is so powerful. A copy of the novel from whence it was taken, which is extremely scarce, is in the possession of James Bindley, Esq. of Somerset-House: and by the favour of this gentleman, (whose polite and obliging disposition so enhances the service to literature of his rare and valuable collection) the Editor has been enabled to subjoin the entire story. The novel is called "English Adventures, by a Person of Honour*." Licensed May 12th, 1676."

To connect the following story with the rest of the novel, it is necessary to observe, that the *Adventures* occur to our Henry VIII. who, when young, is reported to have often mingled with the world in disguise. At one time he is represented as joining accidentally with a young nobleman of the name of Brandon (the founder of the noble family of Suffolk) in the rescue of a lady; who subsequently requests to know their names and fortunes. To gratify her curiosity, Brandon begins the following narrative.

* The author, I learn from a MS. note of Mr. Bindley, was Roger Boyle, earl of Orrery.

THE
HISTORY OF BRANDON.

THAT many Men run into high Crimes designedly, cannot be a greater Truth than it is, that others fall into them, both against their inclination and intention.

This latter is what I can experimentally aver; but whether it proceeds from the influence of the Stars at our Nativity, or from a Fatality to which all Men are subjected, or from some other occult cause, I dare not determine; but this I know, that the crime I fell into, was not so much my sin, as it is my punishment. But before I proceed to acquaint you with the particulars, which I more than hope will incline you to be of my belief, I must beg you, that what I am to tell you, purely to obey you, may be kept as great a secret, as otherwise I resolved it should eternally have been, and as you will easily perceive the nature of it requires.

Isabella, and our Monarch, having promis'd what he asked, he thus continued: My Father having spent much of his time and blood in our late sad and intestine Wars, abhorring the necessary cruelties in them, and loathing the vicissitudes of a Court-life, retired for ever to a Castle of his own in *Glocestershire*, where he determined to bury himself alive. But one day being drawn to a Kinsmans Wedding, by the importunity of a bosome friend, he saw at it, a Gentlewoman, so handsome, that what all the beauties of *England* (which doubtless is their highest sphere) could not perform on him in twenty years, she did in a moment; for, *Madam*, 'tis the fate of some Families, to fall in love at first sight.

My Father passionately inquired of his Friend if he knew her, and being assured he did, and that if she

were not his near Kinswoman, he would not scruple to affirm, he knew no person in the World, whose virtue and softness of humor, exceeded hers; but withall told him, the calamities of the Civil Wars had so ruin'd her Parents fortune, as they were unable to give her a Portion, in the least answerable to her birth and merit.

My Father, who knew that happiness has its solid Throne only in the mind, and that wealth is an excess, which may often be more dangerous than useful, courted this Lady, and having found the character his Friend had given him of her, exactly true, at last married her; from that Union, my elder Brother and I descended, whose Educations were such, that if we were no great Proficients in our Studies and Exercises, it was our own faults: possibly never any Friendship, was greater, than that, between my Brother and I; we seem'd to have but one Soul, which actuated both our Bodies; and we were dearer to each other, by the ties of Friendship, than by those of Blood.

We were never admitted to see a Court or an Army; and my Father who had taken a Surfet of both, gave our earlier years such ill impressions of them, that we joyfully dedicated the hours of our vacancy to no other pleasures, but those of Hunting and Hawking, and such harmless divertisements of a Countrey life.

In these innocent employments, my Brother attain'd to his twentieth, and I to my nineteenth year; but as if Fortune had envied us this little tranquility, a near Friend of my Mothers dyed, and left to her care her onely Daughter, which Legacy she sent her at the last gasp, with the little she had saved out of the general shipwrack, occasion'd by the bloody contentions of the two Roses.

My Mother manifested the esteem she had of the dead, by her care of the living: nor could that generosity be noblier employ'd, than on this young Gentlewoman, whose name was *Victoria*; for she was so charming and lovely, that the very first hour she came to live with my Mother, my Brother and I began to feel

a passion in our hearts, which till that moment, we had never been acquainted with.

Could I draw you, *Madam*, her Picture to the *Life*, you would excuse our being so soon vanquish'd: for I thought then, nothing could be so perfect; and should have still continued in that belief, had not my sight this day convinc'd me of my Error.

My Brother never told me of his passion, neither did I acquaint him with mine; which was the first and onely Secret we kept in reserve from one another.

I will not, *Madam*, so much misemploy your patience, as to tell you all the Services I paid the charming *Victoria*; nor all the arts and assiduities I used to make them acceptable to her; neither will I particularize my Brothers part, in the like design. 'Tis enough you know, that after above one years languishing, I had only this ill-natur'd consolation, that I judg'd my Brother was as unsuccessful as I; so that the reservedness, and severity of *Victoria's* carriage, made me often in despair and anger, resolve to abandon so hopeless a Love; nay, I was in my heart almost despising my Brother, for his not assuming the like resolution.

But alas! I soon found 'tis Love which gives Laws to us, and not we to Love; for I so strongly renew'd my Chains, as a Pennance, for having intended to break them, that I had merited *Victoria's* contempt, had she but known I lov'd her so much then, and had lov'd her no more formerly.

But as my passion increast, I thought her coldness did; and in all her deportment both to my Brother and me, she manifested such an indifferency, that I could not be more troubled at it, than I was pleas'd to observe my friend wore the same livery.

While things were in this posture, one morning he went out very early a Hunting, my Page, who was fond of that recreation, very officiously waked me, to give me notice of it; hoping I would be a sharer in it, and consequently he, who usually attended me.

This being the first time he had designed to separate

me from any of his recreations, as well as businesses (except that great one of his Love) I resolved to follow him, and learn the cause; but after having for some hours fruitlessly inquired after him, and neither hearing of him, nor the cry of the Hounds, I returned home melancholy, and weary; and the Servant which waited on me in my Chamber, being out of the way, I cast myself on a Bed with a Canopy which was in a Closet within the drawing Room, endeavoring by a little sleep to abate my being tired in body, and troubled in mind.

I had not slept half an hour, but I was awakened by the noise of one walking in the same Room. The curtains of the Canopy being not close shut, I saw through the opening, that it was the fair *Victoria*.

The curiosity of a young Lover made me continue conceal'd, to discover what brought her thither; I saw she was discompos'd, and while she was looking in her Glass, to adjust herself, my Brother came in, who running to her with open arms, embrac'd and kist her, at which she made no resistance, but blushed exceedingly.

My Amazement and Grief at so surprizing an Accident, is not to be exprest: But one of the Maid-servants coming into the outward Room to rub it, I heard *Victoria* say, *Alas! we shall be discover'd, unless you make haste away.* My Brother at this, prest her much to name the hour and the signal; to which, at last, trembling and blushing, she answer'd, *This night at midnight, and three soft strokes at the upper part of her Chamber door, should be the sign for admittance.* But she added, *Forget not, Sir, there is nothing but a painted Wainscot between your Mothers Beds-head and mine, and therefore if you speak one word, it may be over-heard, and I shall be ruin'd.*

My Brother promis't her hastily an exact obedience; then having again kist and embrac'd her, went into the outward Chamber, from whence he aloud order'd the Servant to call his Page to him; and as soon as the Coast was clear, *Victoria* also went hastily away.

Judge, *Madam*, I humbly beg you, (continued *Brandon*) what my condition was, at what I had heard and seen; for I confess I am not able to relate it: Amazement, Jealousie, and Anger, or rather Fury, did so torment me by turns, nay, sometimes all at once, that I knew as little what was fit to do, as what was fit not to be done.

Sometimes I resolved to make Friendship and nature yield to my resentments, and in a Duel Killing my Brother, convince *Victoria*, she had made an unjust choice; but soon that angry Resolve resign'd it self to the Sacred names of Brother and Friend.

Neither could I in calmer thoughts with any shadow of Justice condemn him for having done to me, but what I doubt I should have done to him, had my success been equal to his.

My Rage finding no fit object on my Brother to discharge it self, I determin'd to be revenged on her, and by immediately detecting her sin to my Mother, get her banisht with ignominy out of a Family, where her too much kindness to one of it, was an affront to all the rest.

But then my Love, or rather Pity, to ruine what I had so lately ador'd, shook that resolution, and in a few moments afterwards intirely conquer'd it. So that finding no single object on which to vent my Despair, I was so Criminal (for which, *Madam*, said *Brandon* to *Izabella*, I most humbly beg your pardon) as to Curse the whole Sex: for since she who I then believ'd the greatest ornament of it, and possessor of the strictest virtue in it, had so abandon'd herself, I rashly and criminally concluded all of them merited what at that time I too heartily wish'd might befall them.

In these Disorders, locking up the Chamber door, and walking many turns in it, I began to grow more moderate, and then my evil *Genius* did let me see, that what I had consider'd as my highest misfortune, was what I might more reasonably esteem the contrary; since if I prevented my Brother in the assignation agreed

on between *Victoria* and him, which was no difficult work to perform, I should both satisfy my Revenge, and my Love.

When this fatal Project was admitted, Alas ! with what Raptures was it entertain'd ; and all the dictates of Remorse, for betraying my Mistress, my Friend, and my Brother, how chearfully were they sacrific'd to the imagined felicities which were to attend the Action.

In brief, *Madam*, I so cautiously order'd the Design, that it succeeded to my wish. But while I was in my Brothers place, and in all the pleasures of triumphant Love, I did hear him many times give the appointed signal at the door ; but you will easily believe, I took care *Victoria* should not, in whose embraces I spent the happy and guilty Night ; and just as the Day began to dawn, having agreed with her the next Night to repeat my joyes, I retired a back way to my own Chamber, where having for some time celebrated my double victory, I drest myself, and with impatience enough waited to observe how my deluded Brother would resent so wounding a disappointment ; never till then having in the least consider'd, what might be the consequences of it, so much the delight of involving him in it had blinded me.

My Chamber was next to the great Square, in which the Stair-case was carried up, and from whence *Victoria* was to come down to the Chappel, which every morning and evening she failed not to do.

I had not been long on the attendance, when through a little opening of my door, which I had made on purpose, I saw my Brother come to the foot of the Stairs ; walking short turns, and every moment casting up his eyes, to observe when she would descend :

At last she appeared, but as soon as she saw him, her face was cover'd with blushes ; but his, at the sight of her, became pale as Death ; and such a shaking seized on all his limbs, as it too evidently discover'd the storm in his Soul.

Victoria, either ashamed to look on him, who she

believ'd that night had rifled her greatest treasure; or else minding her steps, looked not on him, till she was within seven or eight of the bottom; but then casting a look towards him as full of modesty as fire, and thinking none could hear her, she told him, *I hope, Sir, you are now satisfied*.—He, without giving her leave to finish what she had begun, reply'd, in a furious tone, *Yes, I am satisfied;—But 'tis, that you are the falsest of Women; and ere long, you shall be satisfied my Resentment shall be as great as my Affront*. Then without so much as staying for her answer, he flung away in such rage, that I who saw it, am not able to describe it.

The poor *Victoria*, at so amazing an usage, became white as Innocence, and gave no sign that she was alive, but by an universal trembling.

The fright I was in, lest she should fall down those steps, on which her astonishment had seized her, made me run out of my concealment, and so timely, that I catch'd her in my Arms just as her Senses had forsaken her; whereby I prevented that Death by her fall on the pavement, which her grief made her desire.

All the Servants in the Family, who were not then employ'd in the necessary functions of it, were gone to the Chappel, and so were my Father and Mother, whereby missing of all help, I carried *Victoria* into my Chamber, and there by bowing her body, rubbing her temples, and casting water on her face, I brought her at last out of her fainting, and then conjur'd her to tell me the cause of it.

She onely answer'd me with a deep sigh; at which I smil'd, and acquainted her I had heard all that had past between her and my Brother.

She knew I had too much concernment for her, not to be sensible of her then condition, and therefore having a-while reflected on my smiling, on a sudden she cast her eyes towards me, and fixing them stedfastly on me, she told me, *I conjure you, Brandon, to tell me, and truly too, where you lay last night*. I instantly

answer'd, *With the greatest Beauty of the World*; and then told her, how I came to over-hear her Assignation with my Brother, and had by my Art, repair'd the misery of her unkindness.

All the while I was making that short Narrative, I saw her colour come and go, her heart ready to force a passage through her breast, and in so many other Agonies, that had she actually made me as unfortunate as she once intended, the sight of her then suffering would have been too severe a revenge: But alas! when I came to the end of my information, she fetch'd a hideous skreem, and fell dead on the Bed, to which at first I had carried her.

I cannot tell you, *Madam*, which of my Griefs were greater; to see her in that condition, or to find her having made me happy against her will, had reduced her to it: however, I endeavour'd all I could to restore her to her Senses, which at length I effected; but she had no sooner open'd her eyes, and saw her self in my Arms, then she relaps'd, and so long, and so dangerously, that when I fear'd I could not recover her from Death, I resolved to accompany her in it.

But when I began to despair of her return, she came to herself again, and while I was on my knees celebrating my joyes for it, and renewing my passionate request, to know what was the occasion of that sorrow, which was so dangerous to her and me; she strove to go away, but not being strong enough to do it, she fell again upon the Bed, and told me, in an Accent too moving to be imitated, *Ah, Brandon, you have ruin'd your Brother, and me, and your self, if at least the friendship you have hitherto paid him, be not a fiction; for I am your Brother's Wife, and this morning—*

A crowd of sighs, and a torrent of tears, stop'd the passage of her words; but alas! what she had said, reduced me to a condition as worthy of pity as hers was; which as soon as she observ'd, it heightned her own afflictions, so that she employ'd a quarter of an hour, and with interrupted words, in telling me, *Thus*

my Brothers Hunting the day before, was but a pretence to go the earlier abroad, to meet her with a Priest, by appointment in a Grove, where they had been married.

At the end of this Relation, her Woman, who had mist her at the Chappel, and had in vain sought her over all the House, came to inquire of me, if I could tell her where she was; there finding her in a fainting condition, by her help, we brought *Victoria* to her own Chamber; and her Distemper every moment increasing, she took her Bed, and I retired.

My Father and Mother having miss'd her at their Devotions, concluded some indisposition was the cause of it; wherefore they came to visit her, and finding she was in a high Fever, they went hastily to their Closets, to write for two of the eminentest Physicians in the Countrey. I took that opportunity to steal into her Chamber, kneel'd by her Beds-side, and in more tears and sighs, than words, convinced her of the vastness of my grief, and then advised her to send immediately for my Brother, and to tell him, *She had locked him out of her Chamber one night, meerly to try his temper; but since she found he resented that seeming unkindness so highly, she beg'd his pardon for it, was really sorry she had committed that fault, and would endeavour to repair it by all the actions of her Life.*

This was the best counsel I could then present her; and asking her, *Whether she approved it, and if it were her pleasure I should send my Brother to wait on her?* She onely told me with a sigh, *Do what you will.* Then turning from me, she fell a weeping in such excess, that I thought she would be drown'd in her own tears.

As soon as I heard my Mother coming in at one door, I slip'd out at the other, and went to seek my Brother; for I was confident if he went not to visit her, it would both increase her danger, and possibly discover the cause of it.

At last I found him in a Grove of the Park, lying his full length, near a Brook, and in troubles almost

as great as mine. I told him *Victoria* was fallen into a burning Fever; and by the fierceness of the beginning, my Mother more than feared the End would be fatal, and therefore had sent two Expresses for the Doctors. That I came then from waiting on her, but I had found her so alter'd, as the change had amazed me; since I thought I saw the image of Death in that face, which till then, had been all life. I added, that in a whisper, she had desired me to send him speedily to her, and that I would so order it, as to entertain my Mother, while she herself was speaking alone to him; since she had something on her heart to say, that till she had told him, and received his answer on it, she should be in torments.

At first my Brother seem'd unmov'd at her danger, and request; but I, at length, prevail'd with him to go, where we found my Mother all in tears, the violence of *Victoria's* Fever, so greedily increasing on her.

The vastness of my Mothers affliction, was no ill preparative, to melt my Brothers heart; when he came to *Victoria's* Bed, she resign'd to him her place, and I, to allow them the freer liberty to discourse, drew her to a Window, under pretence of seeing from thence, if either of the Doctors were coming.

I never could learn what in particular past between them, but I saw him at last kneel down by her, (for my eyes were still turned that way) and laying his lips to her burning hand, seem'd thereby to seal her Pardon.

But my Mother, who apprehended such Visits might be hurtful to the fair Patient, ordered us both to retire.

I cannot better parallel his Grief, than by telling you, *Madam*, it was equal to his late Fury; and as we walked together into the Park, he discovered to me, how the day before he was secretly married to *Victoria*; for he knew he could never have obtain'd my Father's consent to do it, since her Beauty and Virtue was all her Portion. He further told me with groans,

that he trembled to think, 'twas his Brutishness, had reduc'd her to the deplorable state she was then in; and informed me afterwards of their Assignation, her failing, and his resentments at it, (a Relation which alas I knew better than himself;) That though he more than feared, 'twas his outrageous Passion, had flung her into the Fever; yet she could not be brought to acknowledge to him, it had done so: But she had beg'd his forgiveness for deluding him, in such moving Words, Actions and Tears, as those confest to him that Truth, which he could not extort from her Mouth; That he had beg'd her Pardon on his knees, for his Crime, which she had granted him with a tenderness so charming, that her forgiving him in such a manner, had wounded him as deeply, as his Barbarity had her.

This Account he gave me, in so much affliction and disorder, that it brought on accession to my griefs, which, till then, I believ'd were incapable of any.

The share which he thought I bore in his misery, heightned his friendship, and made him beg of me a thousand Pardons, that he had till then concealed his Marriage from me, which was the first, and should be the last offence he would be guilty of, but that now my lively sense of his grief had extorted from him, that Confession which else he would not have made: for he fear'd when ever his father knew it, if he should also learn I was acquainted with it, 'twould involve me in his disgrace, the apprehension of which only had hitherto sealed his lips; so that he never had been seemingly unkind to me, but to be really the contrary.

We then in many embraces renew'd our friendships.

Soon after, we saw one of the Doctors Gallop by us; we hastily followed him, to learn his judgment of *Victoria's* condition, upon which both our own depended.

In brief, *Madam*, the Physitian awhile felt her Pulse, and shook his Head; and having, apply'd all that his art and kindness could dictate, he told my mother the seventh day in great grief; That his Patient had more need of a Priest, than of him; And that his

still deluded him, if some distemper of the Mind had not reduc'd her Body to so dangerous a state.

But, *Madam*, (*Brandon* continued) I perceive your Generosity and Compassion, has made you too large a sharer in poor *Victoria's* suffering; I shall not therefore augment it, by particularizing all the fatal passages of this Story.

'Tis too much you know, all the Physitians Care and Art, all my Mothers Kindness and Assiduities, all my Brothers Pardons and Tears, and all my Groans and Submissions, could not in the least prevail with *Victoria* to live; her scrupulous Virtue, made her judge my Crime was her own; and having lay'n one night in my Arms, she concluded herself unworthy ever after to lie in my Brothers; and that she was only fit for those of death: To which she hastened with such earnestness and resolution, that those who knew not the cause, admir'd at the action; and I who knew it, deplored it with such excess, that the effect of my sin, was believed singly the product of my good Nature.

The Ninth day of her Sickness, was the last of her Life; and had like to have been of my Brothers and mine: For before she locked herself up with her Confessor, and after she had taken an eternal Farewell of my unconsolable Father and Mother, she gave one half hour of her hasty time to me, and one full hour to my poor Brother; but what she said to him to mitigate his sorrows, heighten'd them, since to lose for ever so much Beauty, Virtue, and Goodness, was above the power of Consolation; and from the hour of her death, he courted his own.

What she said to me, was consonant to her admirable Virtue; and made me more in love with her Mind, than I had ever been with her Person.

The nearer her illuminated Soul approached to the happiness she now enjoyes, the greater the lustre of it did shine; and though she spoke to me innumerable excellent things, yet I shall relate to you but this one.

She conjur'd me to flie from Sin; for when it is

committed, none can foresee how productive it is in Evil, nor the utmost consequences which attend it. You thought (she added) that I had been unchaste, and that gave you the opportunity to be so: But you did not imagine, that by satisfying one voluptuous desire, it should plunge you into Incest, the death of your Mistress; and alas! I fear, that of your Friend and Brother. All these were not your design, but by one Sin they became your guilt; and by your sorrow, I see they are your punishment: However (she continued, putting towards me her pale and trembling hand) I forgive you, and have in tears beg'd of God to do it. Ah! by this so pregnant a Sin, be for ever frightened from committing another: This is the last Request I shall make you; and if you grant it, 'twill be the greatest blessing you can bestow upon your self.

The excellency of her Admonitions, the Generosity with which she pardon'd me, the unexpressible sorrow for her death, and my own fatal guilt which had caused it, so powerfully operated on me, that retiring from her more dead than alive, I went trembling to my own Chamber, where having spent an hour in all the Agonies which those Reflections could cast a despairing Soul into, I resolved to forsake for ever my Fathers house, and immediately with some Jewels which my Father had given my Mother, and she had given me, (for I was her Favorite) I stole the back-way to the Stables, took one of my best Horses, and Rid towards *Dover*; but so overwhelm'd with grief and trouble, as I knew not what I did.

From *Dover* I past the Channel into *France*, and for two years last past, I served sometimes in the Armies of King *Francis* the Fifth*, and sometimes in those of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, where being careless of my life, or rather weary of it, and desirous to lose it, I

* This should, no doubt, be *Francis* the First. Still there is an anachronism: *Francis* did not succeed to the royal authority till six years after *Henry*, who at the commencement of the *Adventures* is stated to have just mounted the throne.

perform'd some such bold Actions, as I wanted not the offers of great Preferments from those famous Princes. But my unconsolable griefs, which made me do what they thought merited their Favors, made me also decline all those their Generosities offer'd me. And I had still liv'd that wretched and vagabond life, had not a young Gentleman of *Glocestershire*, who had been my Neighbor there, arrived three weeks since at the *French Army*, to learn the Art of War, by whom I was assured, That the day of my flight from my Fathers, the fair *Victoria* dyed; That my Brother having rather languished, than outlived her ten days, followed her; And that by his repeated desires, he was buried in the same Grave with her, for at his death, he had acknowledged she had been his Wife; That my Father and Mother, at the loss of her, him, and in appearance, if not in effect, of me also, so languished away, that they were likewise buried together in one Monument; so that by this Gentlemans importunities, and his telling me, that one afar off related to our Family, was suing for my Estate, and was like to carry it, I was persuaded to return, though without the least hope of relishing Life. But, *Madam*, continued *Brandon*, since I had the honour to see you, I begin to cast off that despair, and now that it has been in some small measure useful to your service, in hopes it may be more, I shall cherish it, and only on that Account.

THE END.

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