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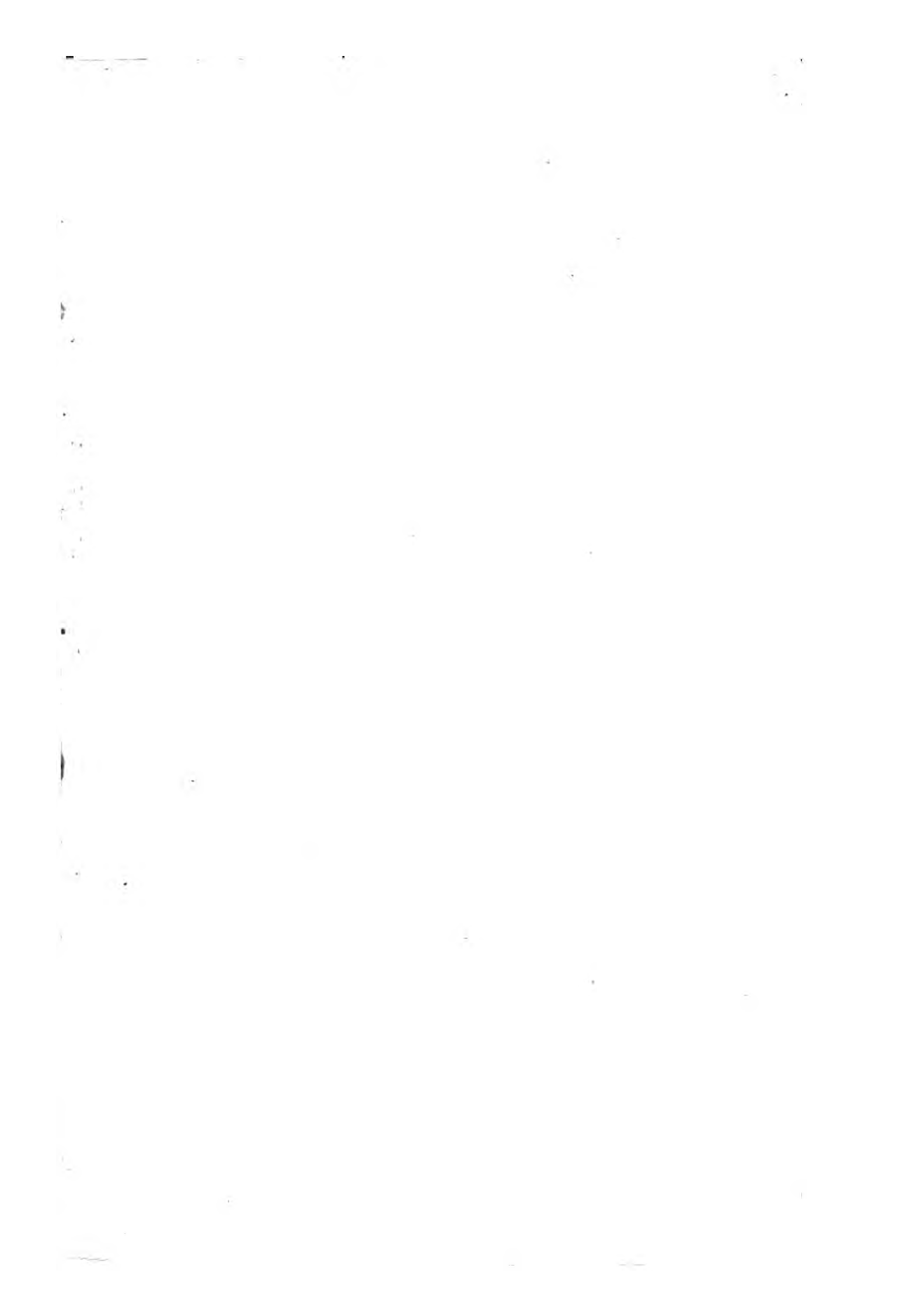
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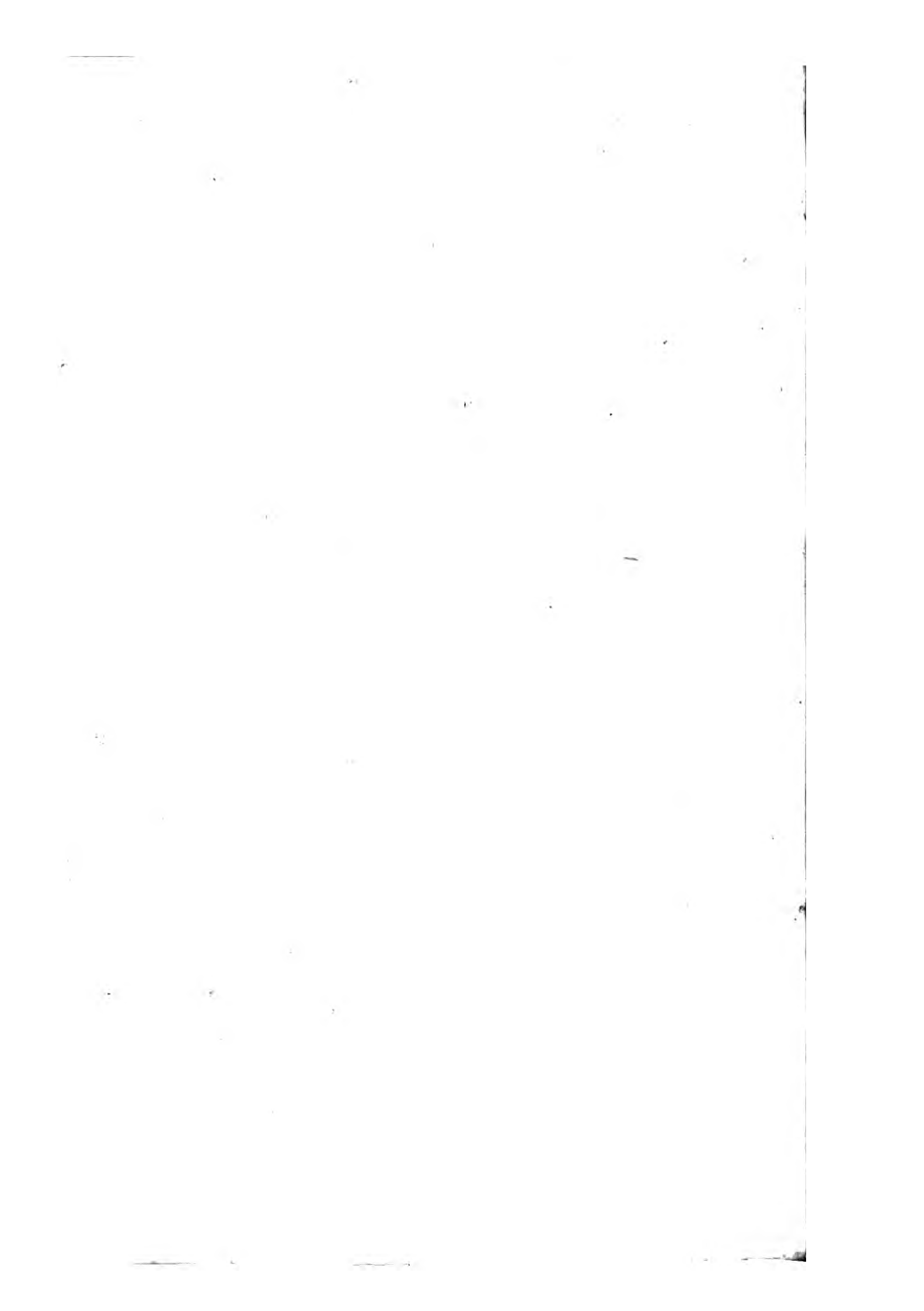
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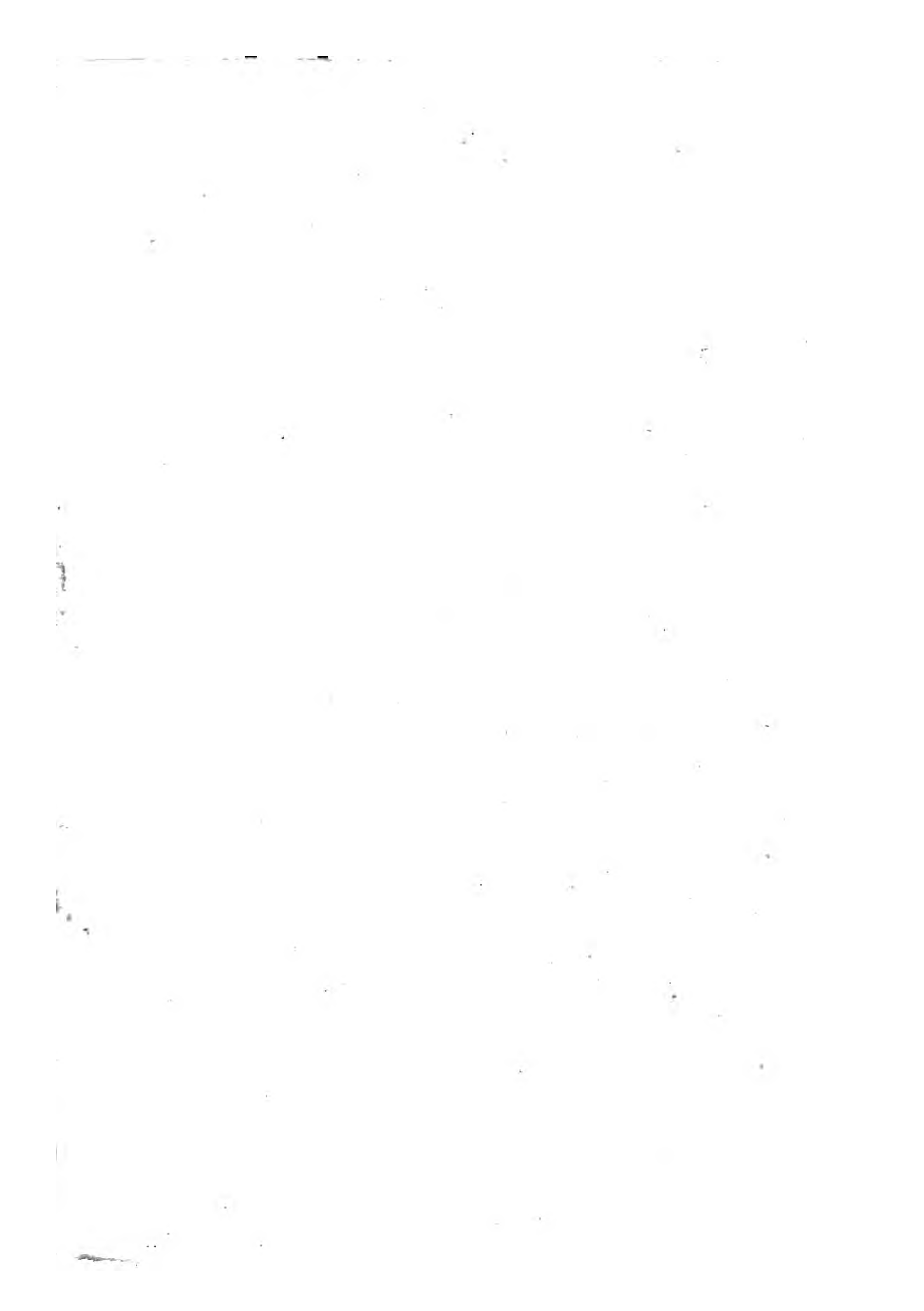


Ra. E414 -

FFP







DON CARLOS



King Look where she sits, as quiet and serene,
As if she never had a thought of sin;
In mourning for wrong'd innocence to see.

Act 5. Sc. 2.

J. Thaxter del.

C. Murray sc.

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES,
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THOMAS THORNTON, ESQ.

VOL. I.

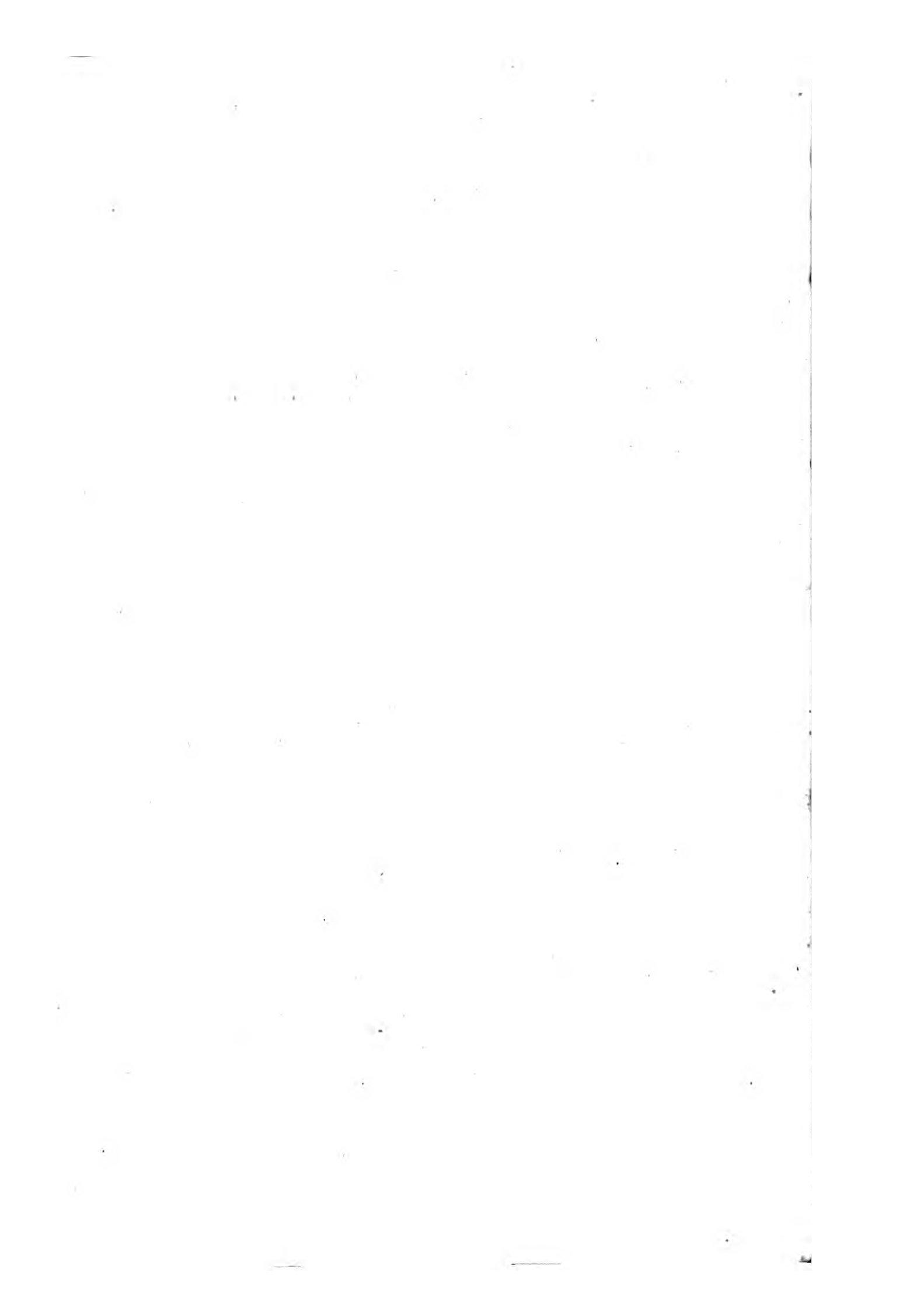
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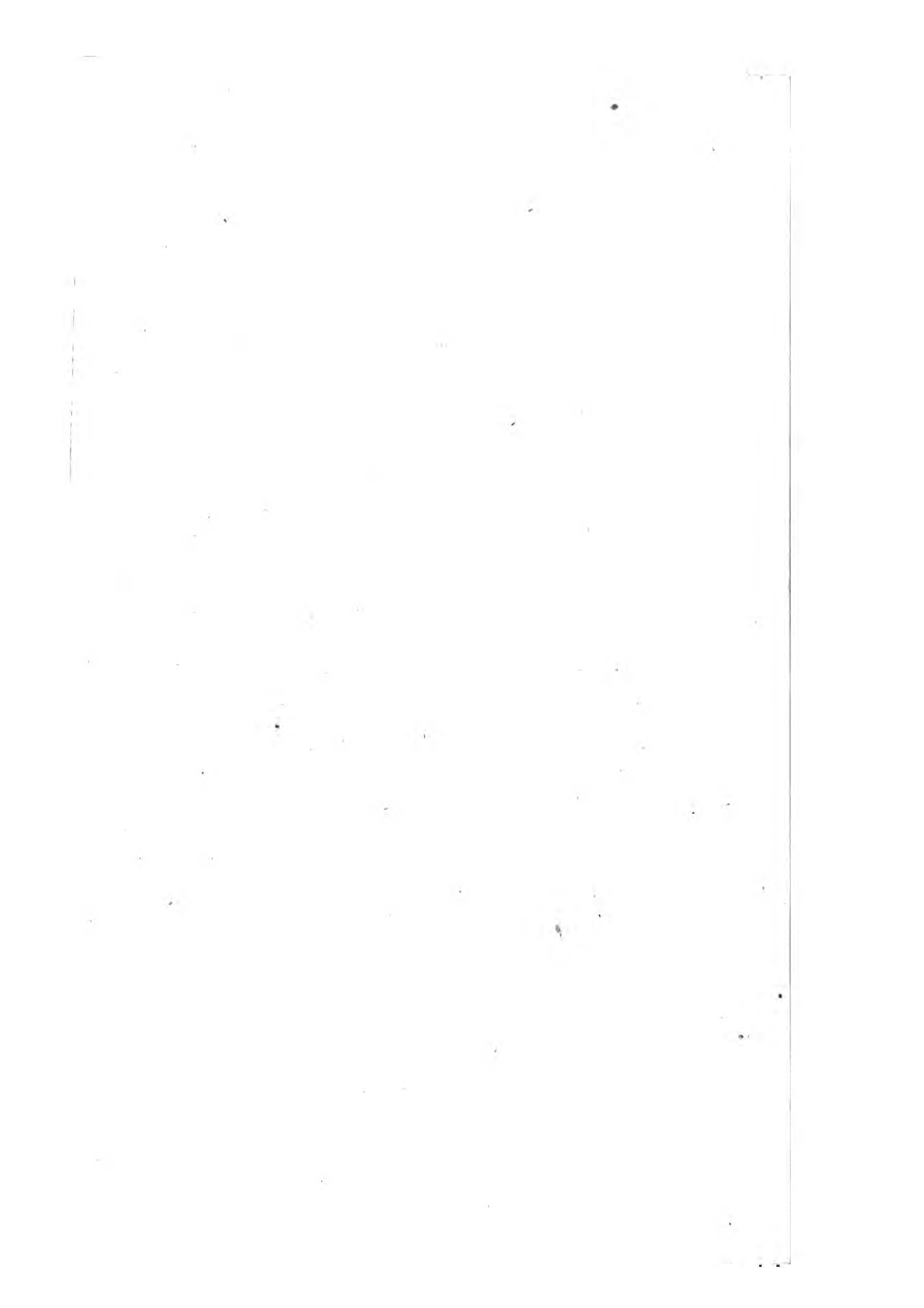


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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN dramatic amusements are pursued with so much avidity as at present, and the works of our chief benefactors to the stage are so extensively diffused, it is somewhat surprizing, that those of Otway, whose powers in tragedy are of such acknowledged excellence, should be less conspicuous. The most correct edition of Otway's Works is that of 1757, in 3 vols. 12mo. but in this several of his poems are omitted*, and it discovers, besides, many errors† which a proper attention to the early copies would have prevented. It

* Particularly the poem of " Windsor Castle."

† Of these the following will serve as a specimen—" Titus and Berenice," act 2, sc. 1. Berenice addresses herself to Antiochus—

" Hence, *froward* prince, either the truth relate,
Forbear, or be assur'd for ever of my hate."

A reference to the quarto, and above all, a comparison with the original, [Rac. *Berenice*, act 3, sc. 3,] from which it is a

has also become extremely scarce. To remedy this inconvenience, and to present to the public an accurate and complete collection of the works of this eminent author, have been the objects for which this edition has been undertaken. The Editor has bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon the text, which has been collated with the quarto copies and earliest editions. He has followed the modern example, of prefixing a short critical introduction to each work; and where the lapse of time, political allusions, or the revolutions in manners and customs, have obscured the text, explanatory notes are introduced. In some places, resemblances between the author and other writers have been pointed out; not that the Editor considers every instance of this kind to be a plagiarism, but because it is interesting to observe the peculiar form which a thought assumes, when produced by

literal translation, plainly shews that the verse should thus appear:

“ Henceforward, prince, either the truth relate,
Or be assur'd for ever of my hate.”—

Rejecting the word *forbear*, as being evidently redundant.

the same train of reflection, or generated by the same object, in different minds. To the whole is appended an extract from a scarce novel, which is an object of no small curiosity, since it was the mine from whence Otway drew so rich a treasure as "The Orphan."

The Editor might expect to be censured for the publication of those passages, so offensive to readers of delicacy, with which the comedies abound, had he been permitted, as his judgment directed, to remove them. But as this discretion is not attached to the functions of an editor, but, on the contrary, a commendable vigilance is exercised to prevent either suppression, or interpolation, in an author's works, he consoles himself with reflecting, that the indecency of those scenes, which he has properly stigmatised, contains it's own antidote; for there, if ever, vice assumes it's native character of deformity. To acknowledge obligations to others, in a work where his own merits are so inconsiderable, will look like ostentation in the Editor; but it would be an act of injustice to refrain from confessing the assistance he has

derived, in several instances, from the copious notes with which Mr. Walter Scott has enriched his edition of Dryden: a work of much labour and research, and for which every scholar must feel particularly grateful to the elegant Editor.

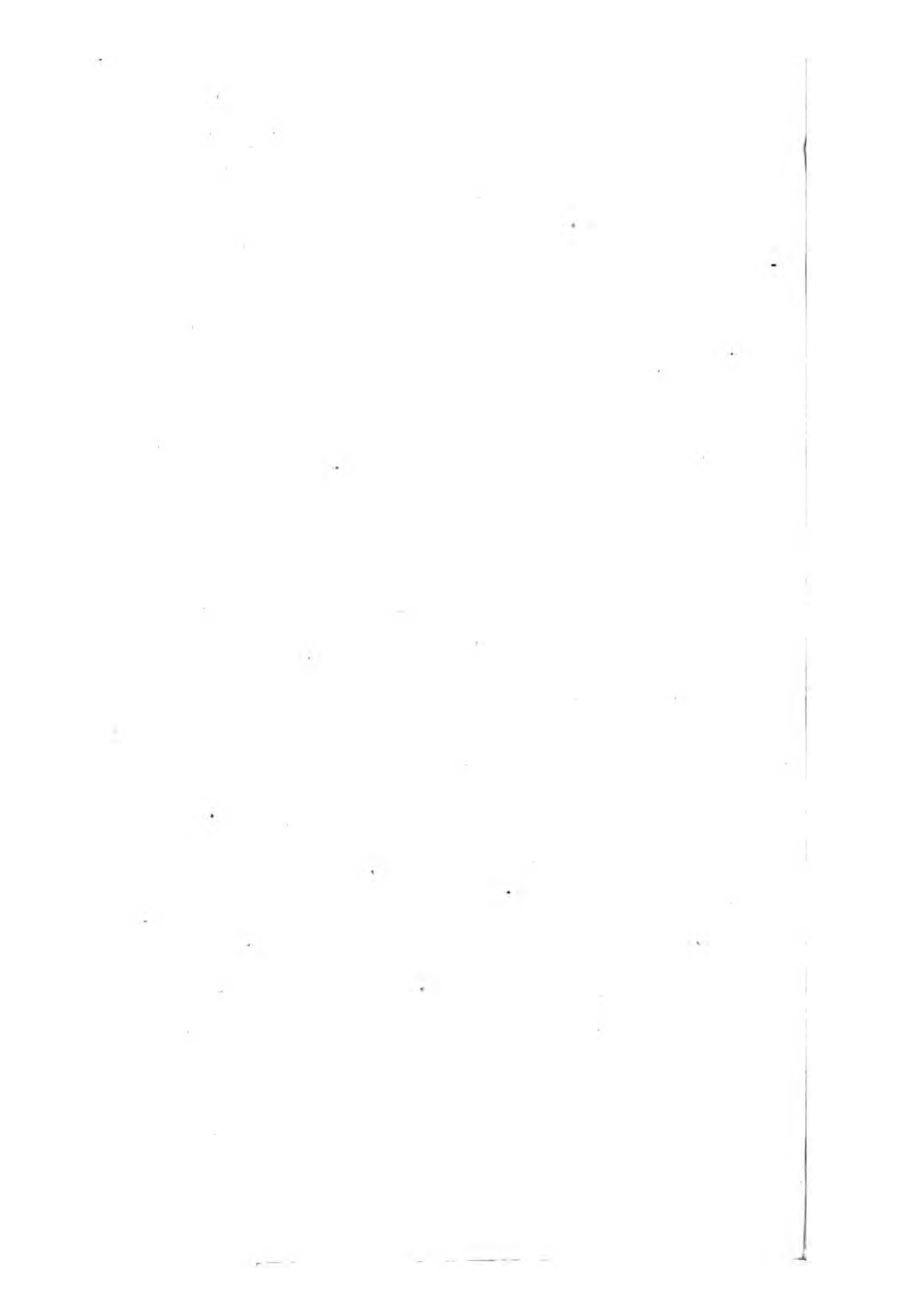
The only known work of Otway which is omitted in the present collection, is a translation from the French, published, 8vo. 1686, the year after his decease, with the following title: “ The History of Triumvirates: the first part of Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus; the second part of Augustus, Antony and Lepidus. Being a faithful collection from the best historians, and other authors, concerning that revolution of the Roman government, which happened under their authority.” A bare translation, which would occupy a large space, and enhance the price of the work, without adding to it’s interest, it was deemed better to exclude.

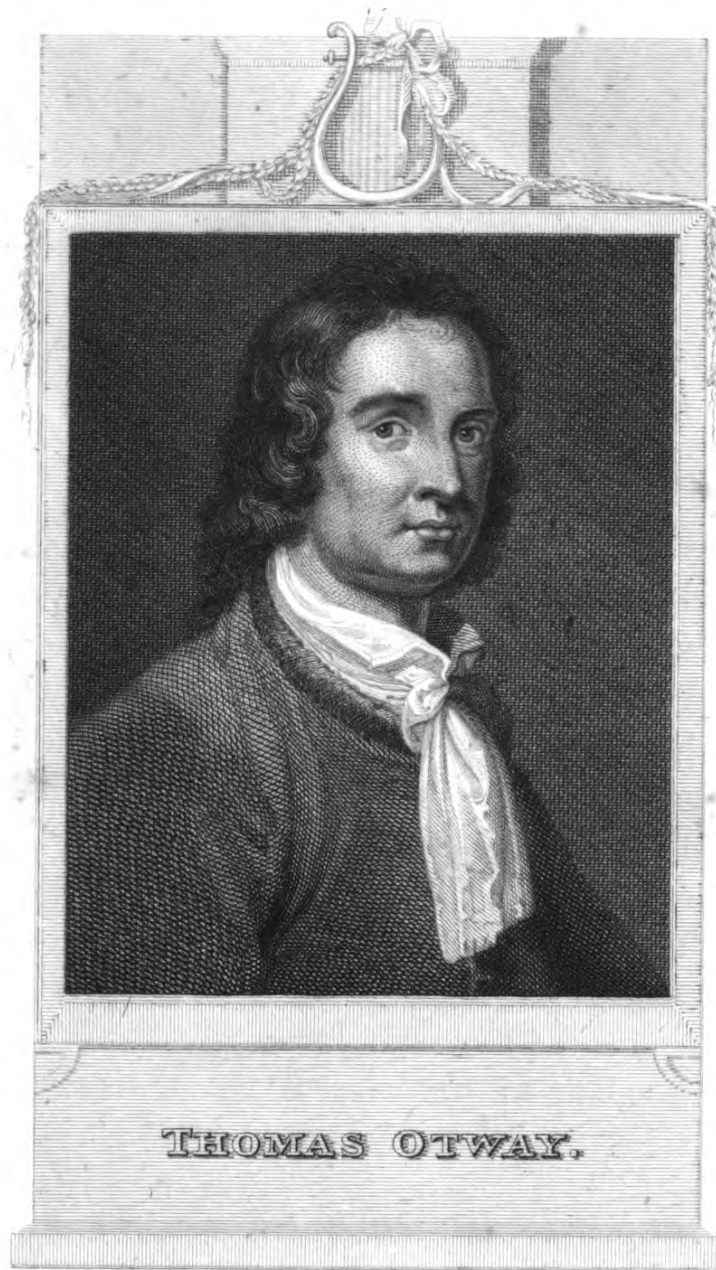
London, }
22d *October,* 1812. }

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.





Engraved by Rivers, from an Original Picture.

London, Pub. 10 October 1812, by T. Turner, 87, Strand.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

THE lives of literary men, who silently found their claims to distinction in privacy and retirement, seldom abound with those materials which make biography a study of so much interest and delight. The reason is obvious. It is not till their works are known and admired, that their characters become objects of solicitude to the world; and as a just appreciation of an author's labours commonly devolves upon posterity, curiosity is oftentimes excited, when the sources of information are neither copious nor authentic. Hence arises that paucity of interest which we frequently discern in lives devoted to the service of science and learning. But circumstances of a more melancholy nature have obscured the history of the eminent writer of whom we are pre-

sently to speak, whose intercourse with society was seldom restrained by the motives we have just alluded to, nor was he debarred from the sphere even of rank and fashion. In this narrative, whatever has been transmitted to us by various biographers, has been collected and embodied; yet such is the deficiency of data, that much must unavoidably be left to uncertainty and conjecture.

THOMAS OTWAY was born March 3rd, 1651, at Trotton, near Midhurst, Sussex, upon the borders of the river Arun*. He was the only son of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, rector of Wolbeding,

* To this circumstance Collins alludes, in his beautiful "Ode to Pity."

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream and mute!
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo midst *my native plains*
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute:
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own,

in the same county. The severity with which our author invariably stigmatises the clerical order, might almost induce a suspicion injurious to this clergyman, did not the poet, in one of his works*, confirm the account transmitted of his character; namely, that he was a loyal and worthy man. Otway received the early part of his education at Wickeham-school, Winchester; and, at the age of eighteen, was entered a Commoner of Christ-Church College, Oxford, early in 1669†. As he never had pretensions to much learning, his application to study was, probably, not very assiduous; but, if we can judge from the society he mixed with, his occupations, or amusements, were not of the meaner sort. He boasts, in one of his dedications, of a college-acquaintance with the young Lord Falkland; and there is reason to think that their friendship was not interrupted. Otway was intended for the clergy; but this design, as well as those gay scenes of delight which his juvenile fancy seems to have created, were interrupted by the death of his father; who (he tells us) left him no other patrimony than his

* "Poet's Complaint of his Muse." Vol. iii. p. 220.

† According to A. Wood (*Athenæ Oxon.* vol. ii.) But it is singular that the name of Otway does not appear in the matriculation-books of the college.

faith and loyalty*. This event, which devolved to him, at an early period, the regulation of his conduct, determined, and probably obliged him to leave the university before he was of standing sufficient to take a degree ; and in the year 1671, he proceeded to London, the general mart of abilities, without having resolved upon any project for his future support.

It has been represented by some writers, that, from Oxford, Otway went to St. John's College, Cambridge: but there is no proof upon the records of the college, that he studied there ; and Duke's epistle to our author, in which he regrets the departure of his friend, (whence the statement has been supposed to acquire confirmation) was plainly not written till at least ten years afterwards, from it's allusion to certain political occurrences†. Duke himself was not entered of Trinity, till 1675.

* Dedication of " Venice Preserved," to the Duchess of Portsmouth. Vol. iii. p. 9.

† " I have forgot whatever there I knew,
 Why men one stocking tie with ribbon blue:
 Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
 That at their breasts hang dangling by a string."

This refers to the *medals* worn by the partizans of Lord Shaftesbury, after his release from imprisonment, November

An old correspondent in a respectable periodical work*, has reported of Otway, whom he seems to have known, that "he ran away from Oxford with the players at an act, in the year 1674." But this date is manifestly erroneous; and the anecdote (suggested, perhaps, by the fact of his having appeared upon the stage,) may have been derived by the writer from those suspicious sources of information, the libels, and scurrilous productions of the day. A very short time must certainly have elapsed, upon his leaving the university, before he appeared in London.

The metropolis, where vice and profligacy, dressed in the most alluring garb, seemed the readiest path to preferment, was a most pernicious place to our author, who had no guide but the ardour of youthful inexperience to instruct him in the choice of life. Necessity conspiring with inclination, drew him to the theatre, the frequent

1681. A subsequent passage in the same epistle, clearly indicates, that the object of Otway's visit, whenever it did take place, was merely to see his friend.

* The Gentleman's Magazine for February 1745, vol. xv. This writer (under the signature of W. G.) has afforded many interesting particulars concerning the literary characters of Charles the Second's reign. He describes himself as being 87 years of age, in 1745; consequently he could know little of the early part of Otway's life, except from report or tradition.

resort of distressed genius ; and in the character of an actor, so far below his merit or expectations, he made the first important step in life.

Dramatic amusements, which, during the dominion of the puritans, had been totally suppressed, revived with royal authority ; and two theatrical patents were granted by Charles II. immediately after the Restoration : one to Mr. Thomas Killigrew, the celebrated wit, whose company, chiefly composed of the veteran actors before the civil wars, established themselves at Drury-Lane, and were denominated the King's Company ; the other to Sir William Davenant, who was the holder of a patent under Charles I. The latter (to whom we are indebted for the introduction of moveable scenery*, so powerful an auxiliary to the poet), collected a company of new performers, or such as had been initiated by Rhodes, a bookseller, who was suffered to exhibit plays in the Cock-pit, Drury-lane, the year before the Restoration. This was styled the Duke of York's company, (being sworn to serve

* The little Theatre, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, opened in the spring of 1662, with Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," *having new scenes and decorations*, which, Downes says, were the "first ever introduced in England." *Rosc. Anglic.* But Mr. Malone has found earlier instances of the use of scenery. See his *Hist. Account of the English Stage.*

His Royal Highness) and at first occupied a little theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; from whence they removed, in 1671, to Dorset-garden, Salisbury-court. It was at this theatre (where all Otway's plays, except the last, were exhibited,) that our author made his appearance, as the *King*, in Mrs. Behn's "Forced Marriage; or, the Jealous Bridegroom." This attempt was eminently unsuccessful; for, according to Downes*, the appearance of the house threw him into such an agony, that he instantly relinquished a profession for which nature had omitted to furnish him with the most essential requisites.

After this disappointment, he appears to have cultivated, with assiduity, the acquaintance of men of rank and fashion, to whose society his gay and sprightly conversation gave him ready admittance. The easy and familiar manners which distinguished the monarch, were imitated by all who surrounded the throne; and men of inferior stations were, in those days, admitted,

* His curious account is as follows: "In this play, (*i.e.* "The Jealous Bridegroom") Mr. Otway, the poet, having an inclination to turn actor, Mrs. Behn gave him the King in the play, for a probation part; but he being not us'd to the stage, the full house put him to such a sweat, and tremendous agony, being dash't, spoilt him for an actor."—*Roscicus Anglicanus*, p. 34.

without difficulty, to the familiarity of the great, when recommended by any pretensions to wit and vivacity. This encouragement, however, was rather a bane, than a benefit, to men of genius. They were permitted to share in the convivial pleasures, the riots and excesses, of fashionable life; but here the friendship ceased: from these scenes they were dismissed, as a biographer observes, "to their own narrow circumstances, with the loss of their modesty and virtue; and were thus doomed to languish in poverty, without the support of innocence*." Among the number of his friends, Otway ranked Charles Fitz-Charles, the young Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of the king, by Mrs. Catherine Pegge; with whom, and, it is said, with Lord Rochester, he spent much of his time. By such companions, his jovial disposition, and propensity to dissipation, were flattered and encouraged. It is, therefore, natural to conclude, that where vice was recommended by double attractions, namely, his interest and inclination, he seldom restrained his appetite of intemperance; and that

* A sketch of the life of Otway, prefixed to an early edition of his works. Dr. Johnson, in quoting this passage, has altered the sense of it, by substituting *eminence* for *innocence*. See his *Lives of the Poets*.

every step he made to win the favour of his patrons, he receded from decency and virtue.

At length he extricated himself, in some degree, from these indolent and unprofitable habits, by attempting dramatic composition. Whether he was incited to this (as he seems to hint) by his noble associates; or, which is more probable, he discovered his talent, like Shakespeare and others, by the accident which first drew him to the stage; is uncertain.

The first subject upon which he employed his genius, was the tragedy of "Alcibiades," which appeared in 1675*; and the result was such as might be expected from a young writer, who had not much directed his mind or studies to this arduous mode of writing. There is little reason to conclude that he borrowed this tragedy from the French. Palaprat wrote no play of that name (of which Dr. Johnson seems not to have been aware); and the *Alcibiade* of Campistron was not brought upon the French stage till December 1685. Controversy, however, upon this point, is needless; for, even as an original, it confers little fame upon its author; who, indeed, speaks of it contemptuously in the preface to his next play.

* This was the year in which it was printed, but whether it was acted earlier, is not known.

The tragedy of "Don Carlos," performed the next year, had a singular influence upon the fortunes of Otway; and suddenly, by its extraordinary popularity, brought him into competition with authors of the first rank. To explain the circumstances which conspired to produce an event so advantageous to our author, will require a short digression from the path of our narrative.

The province of poetry, and particularly that of the drama, was then chiefly occupied by Dryden, whose character, both as a man, and as a writer, (allowing for some imperfections *quas humana parùm cavit natura*) deserves, in no ordinary measure, our esteem and admiration. Compelled, like other men of genius in that age of neglect, to toil for the day that was passing over him, the vicissitudes of fashion, both in politics and learning, brought him often in collision with those who condemned his flexibility of principle, opposed his literary dogmas, or envied his increasing popularity. Among the latter we may class the witty and profligate Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who saw the despotic authority at which he aimed in the concerns of wit and learning, endangered by the well-deserved reputation and growing talent of Dryden. Besides withdrawing, suddenly, his patronage from the laureat, he endeavoured to effect the ruin of his poetical fame, by the weak and despicable ar-

tifice of encouraging a spirit of rivalry among his fellow authors. With this motive, he patronized Elkanah Settle, whose "Empress of Morocco" obtained such amazing success, as to infuse the utmost alarm into the rhyming tribe. Dryden's apprehensions prompted him to associate with Shadwell and Crowne, in an attempt to pull down the greatness of this formidable rival. But Elkanah's popularity lost him the favour of Rochester; who soon after selected Crowne, Dryden's late coadjutor, a writer of too little talent to give him any serious uneasiness. But such was the influence of this dissolute nobleman, that Crowne's masque of "Calisto; or the Chaste Nymph," was the universal theme of admiration at court, where it was exhibited, and for thirty nights attracted throngs of spectators. This distinction was not enjoyed with due moderation by the author, whom it likewise elevated above the level assigned him by his patron. Rochester, therefore, soon deserted Crowne, and transferred his patronage to Otway, who had now tried the walk of tragedy, and promised to be a more formidable engine for his purpose.

Under these favourable circumstances appeared our author's second tragedy, entitled, "Don Carlos, Prince of Spain;" which, aided by the powerful influence of his patron, soon attracted the

royal approbation*, and was hyperbolically pronounced the *first heroic play of the age*†. The surprising success of this tragedy‡, which lasted long after temporary causes ceased to operate, somewhat intoxicated our author; who, upon it's publication, bestowed some sarcastic remarks, in a flippant style, upon Dryden, who appears to have spoken of it with little reverence. It was at this period began Dryden's animosity towards Otway; and it must be confessed, that some magnanimity was necessary to banish prejudice and resentment from his mind, when speaking of a performance, evidently extolled above it's merit, out of pure enmity to him. That he was not greatly deficient in candour, is apparent from the acknowledgment with which, even at this time, he is said to have qualified his mean opinion of our author's character.—“Otway,” he would say, “is a barren, illiterate man; but, I confess, he has a power which I do not possess;” and

* To this he refers, with a sort of self-complacency, in his motto to the play. *Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.*

† See the Preface.

‡ Downes says, that it was acted for ten successive days, and got more money than any preceding modern tragedy.—*Rosc. Anglic.*

being required to explain himself, said it was *moving the passions*. Such a compliment Otway hardly deserved before the appearance of "The Orphan." Another cause of offence was Otway's connection with Shadwell, between whom and Dryden had now commenced that fatal discord, which subsequently produced the famous satire of "Mac-Flecknoe;" wherein the unfortunate bard became a victim "sacred to eternal ridicule."

What was the nature or ground of the intimacy which subsisted between our author and Shadwell, it is not easy to ascertain. There was nothing congenial in their tastes, their tempers, or even their pleasures. The scenes of Otway's extravagance and debauchery, were occasionally enlivened by wit, or graced with elegance. Shadwell appears to have studiously rejected the artificial coverings of sensuality, and as he professed himself an imitator of Jonson in his dramatic compositions, he proposed him likewise as a model in his pleasures*. This friendship, however,

* Dryden, speaking of Shadwell, gives the following humorous description of his corpulent bulk, and gross pleasures:—"He has often called me an Atheist in print; I would believe more charitably of him, and that he only goes the *broad way*, because the other is too *narrow* for him. He may see, by this, that I do not delight to meddle with his

much to the credit of both authors, seems to have continued when they were in the ranks of opposite factions. A rare felicity, when the rage of party almost approved the sacrifice of every social engagement!

The success which attended his last effort, seems to have decided Otway, in despair of any other employment, upon following the profession of a writer for the stage. He announced, in his preface to "Don Carlos," that he was engaged upon a third tragedy; still animated with the hope of retaining the patronage of Lord Rochester. Accordingly, the next year, (1677) he produced "Titus and Berenice," a tragedy, and "The Cheats of Scapin," a farce: with a dedi-

course of life, and his immoralities, though I have a bead-roll of them. I have hitherto contented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough, in all conscience, to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the Old Devil, where he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones; and, for my part, I do not wonder how he came to fall, for I have always known him heavy; the miracle is, how he got up again. I have heard of a sea-captain as fat as he, who, to escape arrests, would lay himself flat upon the ground, and let the bailiffs carry him to prison if they could. If a messenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly advertisement how to escape them."—*Vindication of "The Duke of Guise."*

cation to that nobleman, whom he styles his "good and generous patron;" and who appears, from the warmth of the author's acknowledgment, to have carried his liberality beyond the mere support of his name and influence. These two pieces, which were performed together, (a practice then becoming common) were both translations from the French; the former from Racine, the farce from Moliere.

The encouragement which French literature received during the reign of Charles II., was not, probably, beneficial to our own, since it repressed the exertions of native genius, and imposed upon the nation, especially in dramatic composition, a taste not congenial with it's character*. English audiences were oftener indebted, for theatrical entertainment, to Racine, Corneille, or Moliere, than to Shakespeare, and our other early dramatists; and the stage was gradually filled with pieces which deviated more and more from the chasteness and simplicity of nature. Hence proceeded the romantic attachment to rhyming, or heroic plays, cherished and diffused by the writers of that period, with little regard to the legitimate end of tragedy: for how seldom can the heart be interested, where the language bears

* See Rymer's "Short View of Tragedy," chap. 5; and Addison's "Spectator," No. 39.

no resemblance to that of nature, and where the characters and sentiments are equally hypothetical!—

Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.

Prol. to "Aurengzebe."

With this declaration of the impotence of rhyme, Dryden (once it's strenuous advocate) abandoned the use of it in tragedy; and as his example was much regarded by his contemporaries, the ardour for heroic plays was superseded by a more just and rational taste.

We may probably assign to this period the quarrel between our author and Settle, which is recorded in a scurrilous party poem*, where abuse is distributed pretty equally on both parties. It does not appear what gave rise to the difference; but a challenge ensued, and Elkanah is reported to have misbehaved on the occasion. If we consider this affair as alluded to in the following verse, it seems to have arisen at the Duke's Theatre, to which both authors then contributed:

For here you'll censure, who disdain to write,
As some make quarrels here that scorn to fight.

Epil. to "Cheats of Scapin."

* "The Tory Poets," in which Dryden, and the other poets of that party, are lampooned, as well as Otway.

At length, by means of the Earl of Plymouth, Otway was relieved from precarious dependence upon the smiles of an audience for support. The state of public affairs requiring an addition to the military force of the country, he obtained, by the interest of his patron, a cornet's commission in a new regiment of horse; which, forming part of the army commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, he accompanied to Flanders. Before his departure, however, he had written a comedy, called "Friendship in Fashion;" which appeared in 1678. This was the first time he ventured to pay court to the comic muse.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the same powers which constitute a good writer of tragedy, are not sufficient of themselves to ensure success in the other department of the drama, which depends upon the exertion of talents essentially different. This will, therefore, diminish our surprise at the disproportion of Otway's powers in tragedy and comedy. But in judging of his efforts in the latter, we adopt a rule which he was compelled to disregard. A happy improvement in morals has purified the stage, and proscribed licentiousness; but in Otway's time, indecency, so far from being in disrepute, was an indispensable quality in a comedy: none, in short, succeeded without it. Writers must conform their taste to

that of their audience. If, therefore, the legislators of the drama applauded those scenes most, where grossness constituted the obvious feature, we may charitably suppose that authors often sacrificed, unwillingly, their judgment to their interest. The torrent of immorality, thus unchecked by those to whom it belonged to resist it's first encroachments, soon polluted the stage: mirth was excited by profanity, and ribaldry was esteemed as wit. No proof of the depravity of taste to which we allude, can be more convincing, than that, "Friendship in Fashion," certainly a most immoral play, is reckoned by Langbaine a very diverting one, and stated to have met with general applause.

Recurring to Otway, who had deserted poetry to acquire laurels in the fields of military renown: we find him returning, shortly, to his native country, in deplorable indigence and distress. So sudden a retreat has been interpreted by some (without any apparent ground), into a consciousness of an infirmity of courage, which withheld him from a resolute discharge of the duties required by his station. This, it is said, dictated the surrender of his commission, and the loss of Lord Plymouth's friendship soon followed. But as the troops on foreign service to which he belonged, were recalled and disbanded, partly in

July, and the remainder in August, 1678*, we may find the cause of his re-appearance without seeking to load, unnecessarily, the poet's character with disgrace. The affair is, besides, amply explained in the epilogue to "Caius Marius," his next play †; and it cannot be expected that if it involved any disgraceful circumstances, he should thus wantonly have contributed to blacken and asperse his own character. The sums appropriated to the payment of these troops, having been dissipated, or diverted to other purposes, they were paid by *debentures*, the credit of which was so low, that Otway was glad, long afterwards, to exchange his own at a heavy discount ‡. This accounts for his extreme poverty.

* 4th June, 1678, the Commons voted 200,000*l.* towards paying off the new levies, which were to be discharged by the end of the month; but this period was afterwards prolonged till 27th July. The remainder of the troops were disbanded after the peace of Nimeguen, 11th August.—*Rapin*, vol. ii.

† "But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's pawn for fifty pound?
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready money for's *debenture*?
Therefore, when he receiv'd that fatal doom,
This play came forth, in hopes his friends would come }
To help a poor *disbanded soldier* home."

‡ " 'Twas Fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; Fortune made the peace just when

But this was not the only hardship which Otway had now to endure. His distresses, instead of exciting the compassion, attracted the malicious wit of Lord Rochester; who, forgetting the ties of former intimacy, attacked the unfortunate poet, in the following verses of a lampoon, entitled, “A Session of the Poets;” or, “A Trial of the Poets for the Bays:”—

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
 And swears for heroics he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd*.
 But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage
 The scum of a playhouse, for the prop of an age. }

we were on the brink of a war; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay: Fortune gave us *debentures*, instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd dog that bought it, will never get a shilling for't.”—“*Soldier's Fortune*,” vol. ii. p. 304.

* This refers to a report, mentioned by Wood, that Otway returned from Flanders mangy, and covered with vermin.—*Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 781. “*Don Carlos*,” however, was represented in 1676, two years *before* our author's return from the continent; and this anachronism has induced some to suppose, that the lampoon was written on another occasion. But Wood expressly mentions, that it was designed to ridicule the miserable plight in which our author came back to his native country. No breach had taken place between the parties in 1677; at which time Otway dedicated a

The bitterness which we discern in these lines, was not caused by an offence of trifling moment; and we shall, perhaps, be correct in imputing it to the presumptuous rivalry of our poet in an affair of love and gallantry. The strong attachment which Otway discovered for Mrs. Barry, seems to have commenced at that early period, when both were unsuccessful candidates for histrionic fame. This actress, who subsequently gained so great a reputation, was the daughter of a Colonel Barry, whose property having been sacrificed during the civil wars, in the service of the King, he was unable to maintain his family in independence. His daughter was educated at the expense of Lady Davenant, with whom she constantly resided, and acquired that knowledge of polished life and manners from which she afterwards derived so important an advantage. By the advice and recommendation of this lady (when she could not have been more than sixteen), she tried the stage; but the disadvantages under

play to Rochester. The design of the latter, in alluding to "Don Carlos," was, perhaps, to mortify the poet, by reminding him how much he was indebted to his influence for its success. The lampoon was probably circulated in the coffee-houses (a common practice in those days); for it was not printed till it appeared among a collection of Lord Rochester's poems, published in 1680, the year in which he died.

which she laboured were very discouraging. At this period she was noticed by Lord Rochester, who was soon captivated by her sense and accomplishments; and had discernment to prognosticate her future excellence, and ability to remedy, by his judicious instructions, the defects in her pronounciation and delivery, which hindered the display of her powers. His affection he retained for her till his death; with more constancy than might have been expected from his character*. Our author's acquaintance with this lady commencing when her prospects contained little that could sooth her vanity, his addresses were, probably, not repelled; but they soon experienced neglect, upon the appearance of a rival so lavishly endowed with attractions as Rochester. Otway, however, not daunted by so unpropitious an event, still continued the pursuit; and endured, with as much calmness as his impatient temper would permit, the caprices of a woman who contemned him, and whose private life was not very amiable†. This disappointment of a

* He had a son by her (as appears by his letters), to whom he left an annuity of 40*l.* This is, probably, the child to which Otway alludes in his second letter.

† Tom Brown, of facetious memory, reports of Mrs. Barry, that she did not know the lover who gave her five guineas

passion which appears to have taken firm hold of his heart, caused him abundance of disquietude ; and gave a tender cast of melancholy to the love-scenes in his succeeding tragedies, especially where the subjects of neglect or scorn were introduced. What singularly tended to nourish the flame in his breast, was Mrs. Barry's frequent performance of *Monimia* and *Belvidera*. The force and feeling she gave to the pathetic sentiments in those characters, drew tears from the greater part of her audience* ; and must have had a romantic effect upon Otway, who heard his own sentiments delivered in the moving tones of one he so passionately admired. This unconquerable attachment produced those ardent and eloquent epistles, which are certainly the finest specimens of Otway's prose compositions†.

over-night, unless he brought the same sum in the morning.—*Brown's Works*, vol. iii.

* Honest Downes says, "These three parts (*viz.* *Monimia*, *Belvidera*, and *Isabella*, in Southern's "*Fatal Marriage*") gained her the name of famous Mrs. Barry, both at court and city, for whenever she acted any of those three parts, she forc'd tears from the eyes of her auditory, especially those who have any sense of pity for the distressed."—*Rosc. Anglic.*

† There are some passages in these letters (particularly the second), not inferior, in pathos and eloquence, to his tragedies.

To resume our narrative. Our author, thus thrown back upon his former employment for subsistence, produced, in 1680, "The History and Fall of Caius Marius;" a tragedy upon which he had been engaged while he resided in the camp. A great part of this play he has transferred from Shakespeare. This he acknowledges in the prologue, and in terms which, while they grace the character of that great bard, confer no small praise upon our author, who had judgment to appreciate, and boldness to declare, the merits of Shakespeare, when his province had so long been usurped by rant and affectation. There is likewise a political design in this play; for Otway had now immersed in politics; and ranging himself, along with Dryden, on the court, or tory side, opposed the violences of the opposite faction. During the dissensions which prevailed at this period, scarcely a play was written that did not bear some analogy to temporary occurrences: the authors not hesitating to admit absurdities, rather than exclude their favourite topics. Perhaps few subjects could be better chosen, than this of Otway, to expose, without apparent design, the dangers arising from intestine discord. The insidious Shaftesbury was now master of the affections of the populace; and as this influence, when improperly exerted,

is every where attended with similar consequences, the cruel triumph which Marius obtained, by means of plebeian clamour, over the liberties of his country, silently admonished the nation how they should distrust the measures of that designing politician. This secured the play a reception among the loyal part of the audience; but its success was chiefly owing to those ludicrous scenes with which it is diversified; and which, to the discredit of the age, were preferred to the most masterly touches of genuine passion*.

With a more avowed party motive, he likewise published this year, "The Poet's Complaint of his Muse;" in which his satire of the whig faction is now almost lost in the labyrinths of allegory. He promised a second part, but his early death frustrated the design.

A more important accession was made, this year, to his literary reputation, by the appearance of "The Orphan," a tragedy founded upon a popular novel †. The promise which he gave, in an

* Otway's "Caius Marius," occupied the place of "Romeo and Juliet" for near seventy years. The celebrity which Underhill and Noakes, the comic actors, acquired in this play, is spoken of in the epilogue.

† The tale, which is inserted in the Appendix, will shew,

early attempt, of skill in the pathetic, had now ripened into excellence; and even his enemies were compelled to join in the suffrage, almost universal, which ascribed to Otway an unrivalled felicity in that great province of the dramatic art. As the work has been considered in another place, we shall only observe, that it was destined to provoke the censure of two writers, whose characters and motives were remarkably different. The strictures which M. Voltaire, without any deference to the opinion of other critics, has bestowed upon this play, are chiefly recommended by that talent for ridicule, which he knew so well how to exert, when passing his judgment upon works of whose fame and merit he was jealous. How his countrymen could form an estimate of "The Orphan," by a burlesque translation of some parts of the dialogue, frequently interpolated with vulgar images, it is difficult to conjecture. Such are the mean artifices which the French critic has substituted for candour*! The other writer to

that although Otway obtained the outline of his fable from this source, the sentiments and characters are entirely his own.

* Remarques sur l'Orpheline. "Melanges Literaires," tom. i. Of this writer's accuracy, the following remark upon the dedication will serve as a specimen: "Il dédie sa piece a la

whom we allude, is Jeremy Collier; who, prompted by the laudable motive of purging the stage from that licentiousness of morals which transformed it into a nursery of vice, attacked, with that ardour of enthusiasm which a good cause naturally inspires, and in a style peculiarly fitted for controversy, those writers who contributed most to disseminate, and those works which most abounded with, the virulent poison of lewdness and infidelity*. As death had set his seal upon Otway, before the appearance of this champion in the cause of modesty, his other pieces escape with little censure: although the comedies were fit objects of reprobation. Collier, with great propriety, confined his principal hostility to Dryden and Congreve, those living authors, who were yet able to extend the mischief. He charges one of the descriptions† in “The Orphan,” with indelicacy; and complains, more justly, of those harsh reflections upon the clergy, which despoil both the character and the office of that reverence to which they are entitled.

Duchesse de *Cleveland*, avec la même naïveté qu’il a écrit sa tragédie; il félicite cette dame d’avoir eu deux enfans de Charles II.”

* “A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.” 8vo. 1697.

† Vol. ii. p. 223.

In this year our author lost his early patron, Lord Plymouth; who died* the 17th of October, aged 22, at Tangier, a dependency which, after it had cost the nation a profuse expense, both of lives and treasure, was, in a few years, wholly abandoned.

But Otway could not now exult in the favour and patronage of the great. He derived his support from an unremitted exercise of his powers; or, to use his own words, his *daily business* must supply his *daily bread*. In 1681 succeeded "The Soldier's Fortune," a comedy, which shews that he was not scrupulous in borrowing his comic incidents from others, to forward his design of grasping at the profit. Under the character of the disbanded soldier, in this play, he often conveys allusions to his own fortunes; and in Beaugard we are presented with a pattern of the follies and dissipations to which men in fashionable life were addicted. This is, however, a favourable picture, to what we find in the works of other authors, whom we have, unfortunately, too little reason to accuse of exaggeration. This comedy, we are told by Downes, obtained extraordinary success,

* According to Rapin, [*Hist.* vol. ii.] he was killed at Tangier; but Wood says, [*Fasti Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 153] that he died there of a bloody-flux. He married, a short time before, one

and produced both profit and reputation to the Theatre. Otway, notwithstanding, appears now to have felt sufficiently the irksomeness of his profession. It is not difficult to conceive the pangs which he endured, with a spirit not yet inured to want, or subdued by adversity. Exposed by his situation, as an author, to the shafts of malice; alternately elevated with promises, and dejected by scorn and neglect; caressed for his wit, and despised for his poverty; we must not wonder that these complicated vexations and disgusts should engender those gloomy feelings which he describes in the epilogue:—

With the discharge of passions much opprest,
Disturb'd in brain, and pensive in his breast,
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,
And by imagination half grown mad,
The poet led abroad his mourning muse, &c.

The incessant occupations in which our author was now engaged, have rendered this period of his life almost wholly barren of events: we can, therefore, do little more than trace the order of his publications. Although busied in dramatic composition, Otway was one of those who complimented Creech upon the appearance of his

of the daughters of the Earl of Danby; but leaving no issue, the title was conferred upon Lord Windsor. From what cause he obtained the name of *Don Carlos*, it does not appear.

Lucretius, a translation of considerable merit, yet much below the extravagant encomiums it obtained. He likewise contributed a few pieces to Tonson's first Miscellany, chiefly consisting of poems by a class of writers who have been described as

The mob of gentlemen who write with ease.

It is justly observed by Langbaine, that Otway improved daily in his writing. We see an example of this in his next work, "Venice Preserved," which was brought upon the stage in 1682, two years after the appearance of "The Orphan." During this interval his powers had visibly expanded, and advanced rapidly towards that maturity of excellence, which seemed to promise a succession of similar productions, worthy of being classed among the noblest efforts of dramatic genius. The fable of this tragedy is taken from a narrative of the Spanish conspiracy against Venice, in 1618*; which, in Vol-

* It is worthy of remark, that St. Real (perhaps out of tenderness to his countrymen) entitles it the *Spanish* Conspiracy, although it seems to have passed under the name of the *French*. Sir Henry Wotton, who was then our ambassador at Venice, makes the following mention of it, in one of his letters to Lord Zouch, dated 25th May, 1618:—"The town is here at the present in horror and confusion, upon the

taire's opinion, far transcends in merit the work of our author. No stronger proof can be adduced of the astonishing influence exercised over the human heart by dramatic composition, than that this tragedy, unaided by the common artifices of pomp and grandeur, and by the mere skill of the poet, commands, in an extraordinary degree, our affections; notwithstanding, as Addison observes, there is almost a total defect of virtue in the characters. The play has, nevertheless, no immoral tendency. We cannot refuse our compassion; but it is a compassion mixed with detestation: while we deplore the fate of the victims, we abhor their crimes.

The propensity which existed at this period to convert the stage into an engine of faction, has already been noticed; and we have again to lament it's influence, which has disfigured, in many parts, this admirable play, by contemptible scenes of comedy, which even the rude audiences of Shakespeare would scarcely have tolerated. It was not unusual for other writers to indulge this frivolous

discovery of a foul and fearful conspiracy of the French against this state; whereof no less than thirty have already suffered very condign punishment, between men strangled in prison, drowned in the silence of the night, and hanged in public view; and yet the bottom is invisible."—*Reliq. Wotton.* p. 253.

desire, by burlesque personification of living characters; but in a work destined to survive the memory of those civil broils, it is much to be regretted, that Otway should thus have been seduced by example; and consented to compromise his taste and judgment for so unworthy an aim*. Even the second title of the piece, "A Plot Discovered," seems a poor contrivance to join in the ridicule which then began to flow plentifully upon that fruitful source of horrors, the *Popish Plot*.

* The old doating senator, was intended, as we have elsewhere observed, as a satire upon Lord Shaftesbury; the irregularities of whose private life were well known. According to Derrick, the satire was introduced at the express command of Charles II. *Dramatic Censor*, p. 2. The vehement applause which the audience bestowed upon Leigh and Mrs. Curren, who personated Antonio and Acquilina, betokened the delight which this absurd medley of tragedy and farce afforded them. The last time the play was performed entire, was at the special command of George II. but the audience possessing a better taste, the comic scenes were condemned in defiance of royal influence. There is another instance, in this play, of the extravagance to which this fondness for buffoonery carried the audience. In Pierre's spirited defiance of the conspirators, (end of act 3), he thus addresses them—

“Thou die! thou kill my friend! or thou, or thou;
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched face!”

Upon this, an actor, selected for the purpose, of a most

Otway seems to have possessed small talents for satire. His attempts in this mode of writing frequently degenerated into coarse invective. But even this was beneficial to his party: for vulgar abuse was a weapon greatly employed by the whig writers; who, with the *true-blue protestant* poets, Settle and Shadwell, at their head, now mustered a formidable phalanx. It is no small praise to our author, that he seems to have attached himself to the Court from principle; and that his devotedness to the Duke of York was less prompted by interest, than the result of sincere affection to his person. But however honourable might be the motive, his engaging furiously in the service of a faction, was extremely prejudicial to one so needy of patronage as Otway. A writer who enlists himself under the banners of a party, cannot transgress it's limits to seek a patron.

It may, perhaps, excite surprize, that the many dramatic works which our author now composed, in such quick succession, most of which were successful, should not have rescued him from his

unfortunate figure, and meagre visage, presented himself to the audience, with a half-drawn sword, and converted this fine passage into burlesque. Tony Aston, the itinerant comedian, was the last actor of this ridiculous part.—Davies' *Dram. Miscel.*

habitual poverty. But this is founded upon an erroneous conception of the profits which accrued to an author from these productions. Theatrical amusements were not, at that time, the general resort of the people; for religious prejudices still withheld many, and others were restrained, by motives of delicacy, from giving countenance to that shameless depravity of manners which then disgraced the stage. Thus the theatre was frequented only by particular classes; and as these were attracted more by novelty than excellence, no piece, however popular, could long maintain its influence. Variety constituted the Drama's chief fare. The profits, therefore, of a play were trifling, when compared with what it would produce at the present day; and, consequently, the amount of an author's share was never considerable. We find that an author, in Otway's time, had no more than *one* benefit from a new play, which was on the *third* night. Some years afterward, Southern was the first instance of an author obtaining likewise the *sixth*. It was not till the year 1720 that the profits of *three* representations became the right of the author*. Dryden estimates the gain of a play at 100*l.*; and Gildon states, that "The Orphan," and "Venice Pre-

* Malone's "Hist. Account of the English Stage."

served," produced Otway the same sum each*. The items were as follows:—The third night yielded commonly about 70*l.* The copy sold for 20*l.*; and the dedication procured from five to ten guineas, according to the liberality of the patron. But even this estimate appears somewhat exaggerated in what regards Otway; for it is a singular fact, not noticed by Mr. Malone, that old Jacob Tonson purchased the original copy-right of "Venice Preserved," the noblest offspring of our author's genius, for *fifteen pounds!*

These trifling supplies afforded Otway only temporary relief; and such was the exhausted state of his finances, that these, we have reason to think, were often anticipated before they arrived. In the epilogue to "Caius Marius," he talks of offering *to pawn his third day for fifty pounds.* With poverty came all those attendant ills which a generous spirit feels more acutely than actual privation: neglect; wrongs real and imaginary; the altered eye of friends: but above all, he secretly pined under that hopeless passion, whose stubbornness refused to yield to the most provoking scorn. Besides these evils, the obscure allusions contained in the epilogue to "Venice Preserved," indicate how many enemies his writings had pro-

* "Laws of Dram. Poetry explained."

duced, and his apprehensions of their resorting to some dastardly method of revenge.

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.

Perhaps the accumulated disgusts arising from these different sources, renewed in Otway an attachment to his early habits of inebriety; and if we do not arm our minds with stoical apathy, compassion for the frailty of human nature will incline us to regard this constitutional infirmity of our author, as entitled to some excuse, from his severe sufferings. When nature seems to sink beneath the pressure of distress, and not a ray of hope can penetrate the gloom of futurity, mankind are often driven by despair to seek a refuge

* The attack upon Dryden. See note, vol. iii. p. 95. Dryden and our author were now, probably, reconciled.

from intolerable thought in the smiles of the bottle. Thus it fared with poor Otway ; he saw himself banished, in appearance for ever, from the mild delights of life, and snatched eagerly at the transient joys which intemperance afforded. It is a precipice, the paths to which, though often trod, are still imperceptible.

His last dramatic production was a comedy, called "The Atheist;" in which are continued the adventures of Beaugard and Courtine, the two principal characters in his "Soldier's Fortune." In this play he has carried looseness of dialogue to a greater excess than before. It is melancholy to witness the degradations of genius ; to see the powers of Otway at one time employed upon works which discover the chastest inspiration of the tragic muse, and the next moment labouring to provoke a laugh by disgusting obscenity. It was represented* in 1683, or early in 1684 ; with what success, we are not informed. We may, however, infer that it had not been expelled the stage in 1699, from Collier's *Defence*,

* The early copies of this comedy say it was "acted at the *Duke's Theatre*;" but as the two companies united in 1682, and as Betterton, Smith, and Mrs. Barry, whose names appear to the principal characters, removed then to Drury-Lane, this piece must have been represented at the *Theatre-Royal*, by the united companies.

where it is stigmatised as a work which, by its representation, was still offensive to religion and morality.

An event which happened in the early part of the ensuing year, opened very auspicious prospects to Otway, as well as to the other poets of the same party. Charles II. after a short illness, died in February 1684.5; and as his successor was generally reputed to be firm and sincere in his private friendships, and desirous to reward those who had exerted themselves in his behalf, during the period of his persecutions, the exultation of the court writers appeared in their poems of affected condolence, great part of which was consecrated to flattery of the new monarch. In the poem which our author produced upon this occasion, he is profuse of his encomiums upon the deceased king. There was probably little more than the usual sincerity in these praises, for it does not appear that Charles distinguished Otway, by his liberality, from the other writers in his reign, who were only rewarded by the empty "pension of a prince's praise." Perhaps no part of Charles's conduct, not even the arbitrary measures of his government, throws a deeper stain upon his memory, than his neglect of literary merit. It was in this age, falsely compared with the Augustan, that Butler was starved, and

Cowley saw his services rewarded with neglect. Otway was the son of a loyalist, a genius devoted in his attachment to the Court, and was, besides, possessed of the more winning qualities of wit and gaiety. Yet with all these recommendations, joined to his adulation, sometimes prostituted, of rank and greatness, he was never warmed by the beams of royal bounty* ; and it was in the obscure recesses of penury that he terminated his unhappy career—

—— Like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom, 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the rip'ning.

This period was now fast approaching. The thoughts of the new king were otherwise employed, than upon relieving an unfortunate genius who languished in want and obscurity. Deeply involved in pecuniary engagements, Otway had, for some time past, withdrawn from the importunate clamours of his creditors, to an obscure public-house†, the sign of the Bull, on Tower-Hill. It was at this place, remote from the knowledge of those who could assist him, that

* The patronage and assistance which Otway deserved from the King, it is said, he sometimes obtained from two of the royal mistresses: the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Nell Gwyn.

† This gave rise to the ill-natured remark of Dennis, that "Otway died in an ale-house."

he expired, at the premature age of 34, on the 14th April, 1685. From thence his body was conveyed to the church of St. Clement Danes, and there deposited in a vault.

The cloud of misery which overhung the closing scene of our author's life, has given birth to a tradition of its being attended with most melancholy circumstances. The credit of this, however, is established upon no certain authority; and we may impute it's currency to the facility it offered, of exaggerating the proverbial neglect which the votaries of poetry experience. We allude to an anecdote related in a biographical sketch of Otway, prefixed to an early edition of his works. It is there stated, that having been long destitute of food, he sallied out almost naked, and, in the rage of hunger, entered a coffee-house: he met a gentleman there, from whom he begged a shilling; the gentleman, surprised and touched to see the author of "Venice Preserved" in so calamitous a condition, gave him a guinea. Otway immediately purchased a roll of bread; but being incapable of deglutition, from long fasting, was choked with the first mouthful. Such is the mournful account of the fate of Otway, which has been perpetuated by those who have employed it

To point a moral, and adorn a tale.

The writers who have treated most copiously of Otway's life, furnish no confirmation of the circumstance just mentioned; and Wood, who is, in general, sufficiently circumstantial, is not only silent upon this subject, but expressly states, that *in his sickness* (which indicates that his decay was gradual) he employed himself in composing a congratulatory poem on the inauguration of King James II.* But we have, fortunately, the means of opposing certain evidence to the solitary, unsupported testimony of an anonymous biographer. Dr. Warton, in publishing the remains of Mr. Spence, has supplied the following particulars relative to the immediate cause of Otway's death. Our author had an intimate friend who was murdered in the street. To revenge the deed, he pursued the assassin, who fled to France. Otway followed him, on foot, as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigues he had undergone, which soon carried him to his grave in London†. How

* *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 781, 782. No part of this poem has appeared, unless the writer can be supposed to mean "Windsor Castle," or the "Pastoral."

† "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," vol. ii.—Spence derived the anecdote from Dennis, the critic. The name of Otway's friend was Blakiston. At his return to London, he drank water, which occasioned his death.

must every mind of sensibility exult that this record has been rescued from oblivion! Such a sacrifice to affection is highly creditable to the moral character of our author, and shews that the ardour of private friendship, which glows with so much enthusiasm in "The Orphan," and "Venice Preserved," was not a fiction of the poet; but entered, in a very remarkable degree, into the character of the man.

Our regret for the fate of an author, thus immaturely snatched from the world, is aggravated by the knowledge that, at the time of his death, he was intent upon another tragedy, four acts of which he had completed; and it was reported, that the copy had already been purchased by Bentley*, his publisher. Concerning this fragment, the following advertisement appeared in L'Estrange's "Observator," a political paper, of the 27th November, 1686; and was repeated on the 4th December following:

"Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway, some time before his death, made four acts of a play; whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy

* Richard Bentley, bookseller and printer, residing in Russell-street, Covent-garden; to whom he dedicated his "Soldier's Fortune," vol. ii. p. 293.

“ lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton, or to
“ Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal,
“ shall be well rewarded for his pains*.”

Dr. Goldsmith, in noticing this circumstance, exclaims, “ What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in†!” And, certainly, if we judge from the progressive, and almost daily improvement his powers seemed to undergo, the loss which the drama has sustained is irreparable.

The person of Otway is thus described by the writer to whom we have alluded in an early part of this narrative : “ His person was of the middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful, speaking eye, and that was all‡.” This account, as far as the portraits of him will enable us to judge, appears to be correct.

* An attempt was made in 1719, to pass off a contemptible tragedy, called “ Heroic Friendship,” as the long-sought production of Otway. The MS. was not in his hand-writing; but the internal evidence of the play was, alone, sufficient to induce the public to reject it as an impudent imposture. It was printed, but never performed.

† “ The Bee,” No. VII.

‡ Gent. Mag. for 1745. The writer adds, “ He gave himself up to early drinking ; and, like the unhappy wits of that

Of the private character of Otway, we have too little upon record to enable us to speak with certainty. It would be unjust to gather our conception of his morals, from what we find in his comedies. Necessity, as we have before urged, was his only plea for his gross deviations from propriety. Nor should we determine, that because his life was sullied by scenes of profligacy, his principles must necessarily be debauched. Let us remember, that as virtue, in that age, was deemed rather a reproach than an ornament, he who was needy of preferment, would desire to shew as little of it as possible in his outward actions. Those who saw Otway, judged him to be as vicious as his companions; but it would be difficult to shew that his heart was depraved, or that the sources of action were polluted. That he often indulged his appetites beyond what even the desire to promote his interest required, is probable: for no man who throws up the reins of passion can speedily, or at will, regain them. The fairest view of Otway's character we obtain from his tragedies; for such was the peculiarity

age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence; carousing one week with Lord Pl——th, and then starving a month, in low company, at an ale-house on Tower-hill."

of his genius, that he transferred his own feelings, motives, and sentiments, into the page before him : or, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, " he consulted nature in his own breast." His characters are, therefore, faithful transcripts of himself. Carlos, Castalio, Jaffier, and Otway in his letters, appear all members of the same family. With this impression upon our minds, we cannot but regret, that neglect and desertion should have blasted a character so eminently fitted for social life. The steadiness of his political attachments, the warmth and sincerity of his private affections, evinced in his uninterrupted friendship with Lee, Shadwell, and Duke*, and to which he finally fell a sacrifice, concur to exalt our opinion of the virtues of his heart. His flattery of the great has been objected to him as a crime, but in this, as

* It is impossible to determine, with accuracy, at what time our author commenced his acquaintance with Duke ; but from the ardent and affectionate terms employed by both writers, the friendship seems to have been remarkably strong. Duke, in particular, speaks of it with uncommon fervour. The poems of this author are neglected, rather unjustly ; for they contain many excellent passages, and are by no means so libertine as might be inferred from Dr. Johnson's censure of them. He entered into orders some time before the death of Otway ; and Dr. Felton has very highly commended the sermons which he afterwards composed.

in other cases, he was borne away by custom. As a companion, his cheerful qualities greatly endeared him to his associates, from whom he received the familiar, yet affectionate designation of *Tom Otway*. It is reported, that he was remarkably fond of *punch*; and that the last thing he composed before his death, was a song in praise of that liquor*.

We have now to consider Otway as an author. To speak of him favourably as a writer of comedy, is impossible. That species of composition, which, while it presents a decent picture of life and manners, is a source of rational delight, reflects in Otway the distorted image of vice and deformity. His sentiments are loose, his language coarse, and his wit without delicacy. Such were, indeed, the fashionable ingredients of conversation in that dissolute age†.

———“ in all Charles’s days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.”

POPE.

* Gildon’s *Dram. Poets*, p. 107.

† The morals of the actors in that age, it may be supposed, were exceedingly corrupt; and among other expedients subsequently employed to purify the stage, a fine was imposed upon every performer who should utter an indecent expression. Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were among the first subjected to the penalty.

As a comic writer, Otway ranks below many of his contemporaries ; Shadwell and Crowne not excepted. This inferiority has exposed him, somewhat justly, to the satire of Rochester, although the judgment formed by that writer was rather hasty, considering that Otway had at that time produced but one comedy.—

Tho' ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blund'ring Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain.

“ Allusion to Horace, Sat. 10, lib. 1.”

In tragedy, his two admirable works, “ The Orphan,” and “ Venice Preserved,” deservedly place him “ among the first names in the English drama.” As the merits of Otway have been ably discussed by some of our most elegant writers, it will not be uninteresting to detail their respective opinions, which will also assist us in the formation of our own.

Dryden, after the death of our author, gave the following very honourable testimony of his excellencies: “ To express the passions which are seated in the heart, by outward signs, is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform. In poetry, the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed ; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excel-

lency of that art. This, says my author, is the gift of Jupiter ; and to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it ; for the motions which are studied, are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his “ Venice Preserved ;” but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression ; but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty*.” Addison, speaking of tragedy in general, passes to “ Venice Preserved ;” and observes, “ Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poets, he has little pomp, but great force in the expressions ; for which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting parts of his tragedies, he

* “ Preface to Du Fresnoy’s ‘ Art of Painting ;’ containing a parallel between Painting and Poetry.” 1695.

sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression*." Dr. Goldsmith, enumerating the writers who flourished in the "Augustan age of England," makes the following mention of our author:—"The English language owes very little to Otway, though next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, &c.†"—In Dr. Warton's dedication to Dr. Young, of his learned "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," the English poets are arranged into three classes: the first consists of Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser; and, with proper intervals, Otway and Lee:

* "Spectator," vol. i. No. 39.—The maxim of Aristotle he quotes in the following words: "The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like, in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions."

† "Account of the Augustan age of England;" in "The Bee," No. VII.

In the second class, Dryden, &c.—The natural energy of poetical genius, is the quality for which those two writers were advanced to so high a distinction. But this pre-eminence they obtained only in the first edition of the work, for it is curious to observe; that in the subsequent editions, the names of Otway and Lee are omitted*.—Such are the testimonies of our own writers; nor has the meed of applause been withheld by those of other nations. Giovanni Andres, in his *Stato attuale della Litteratura*, more just and liberal than Voltaire, makes Otway dispute with Racine, the palm of the pathetic †.

We find that the chief objections to Otway's tragedies are, that they do not conform strictly to the rules of the Drama; that the language wants elevation—the *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* of Horace,—and that some of the scenes are debased by unseasonable mirth. The instances of the first are unimportant; and he has already been resigned, for the latter offence, to the severity of criticism. But with regard to the language, he

* An elaborate piece of Criticism upon Dr. Warton's Essay, appeared in the "Monthly Review" for 1756 (vol xiv.); in which the arrangement before alluded to, particularly the elevation of Otway and Lee, is severely censured; and to this we may probably ascribe their *degradation* in the following editions.

† Tomo ii. p. 346.

was confined, by his subjects, to a familiarity of style; for the pathetic sentiments of distress would be very unsuitably clothed in an ornamented diction.—

Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. HOR.

Some parts, however, of the dialogue of “ Venice Preserved,” are highly poetical; but Otway’s skill was almost wholly displayed in the pathetic; in the plaintive language of distress, and the soothing tones of affection.

The only writers who approach him in this respect, are Southern, and Rowe. “ The Fatal Marriage” of the former, exhibits distresses almost too strong for the feelings; but the sentiments want that peculiar tenderness, which, in Otway, produces a sorrow combined with the most exalted pleasure. The uniform harmony of numbers, for which Rowe is so much admired, somewhat enervates his sentiments, and produces an effect not altogether consonant with genuine sympathy. Rowe acquired, by art and industry, an excellence which Otway derived immediately from nature. In the works of the latter, we must not seek those charms which are supplied by study and application; but it may be doubted, whether by a larger acquaintance with critical knowledge, they would not have lost in energy what they might have gained by regularity and accuracy: as the vigour

of a plant is sometimes destroyed by an over-solicitude to restrain it's luxuriance.

The acquisitions of our author were certainly not extensive; but to affirm without limitation, that he possessed "no learning," is rather inconsistent with the fact of his having received a regular education. He has acknowledged his ignorance of the Tuscan language; but he was fully conversant with French literature, at that time the most fashionable study. His classical knowledge was principally confined to the Latin authors; and of these, Ovid, Petronius, and Catullus, seem to have been his favourites. With the Greek language he was not probably very familiar. Dr. Warton asserts, "it is remarkable that there is not a single line in Otway from the Greek tragedies." But with deference to the opinion of so great a critic, there appears sufficient resemblance, in the two following instances, to render the question at least doubtful.—"The Orphan" concludes with this sentiment:

'Tis thus that heav'n it's empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but man must not complain.

Œdipus, in Euripides, employs one exactly similar.—

Ἄλλὰ γὰρ τί τᾶυτα θρηνῶ καὶ μάτην ὀδύρομαι;
Τὰς γὰρ ἐκ θεῶν ἀνάγκας θνητὸν ὄντα δεῖ φέρειν·

Phanissa, v. 1749-50.

The other is in the same play: Acasto addresses Chamont—

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use 'em when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.

Ἄπλῆς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφυ,
Κὲ ποικίλων δ᾽ εἰ τὰ ἴδιχ' ἑρμηνευμάτων,
Ἐχει γὰρ αὐτὰ καυρόν· ὁ δ' ἀδίκος λόγος,
Νοσῶν ἐν αὐτῷ, φαρμάκων δέεται σοφῶν·

Phanissa, v. 472-475.

The occurrence of two resemblances so strong as the preceding in one piece, may justify a suspicion that the Greek tragedies were not wholly unexplored by Otway.

Of the family of our author, (who was never married) there is scarcely any account. From Duke's Epistle we learn, that he had a cousin then in orders; and Gildon states, that a near relation of Otway was, in 1698, a captain in the army. A translation of Count Turpin's "Essay on the Art of War," was published in 1761, by Captain Joseph Otway; who was probably a descendant of some part of the family.

Such is the history of a writer to whom we are indebted for the most elegant species of gratification; whose eccentricities and follies were too

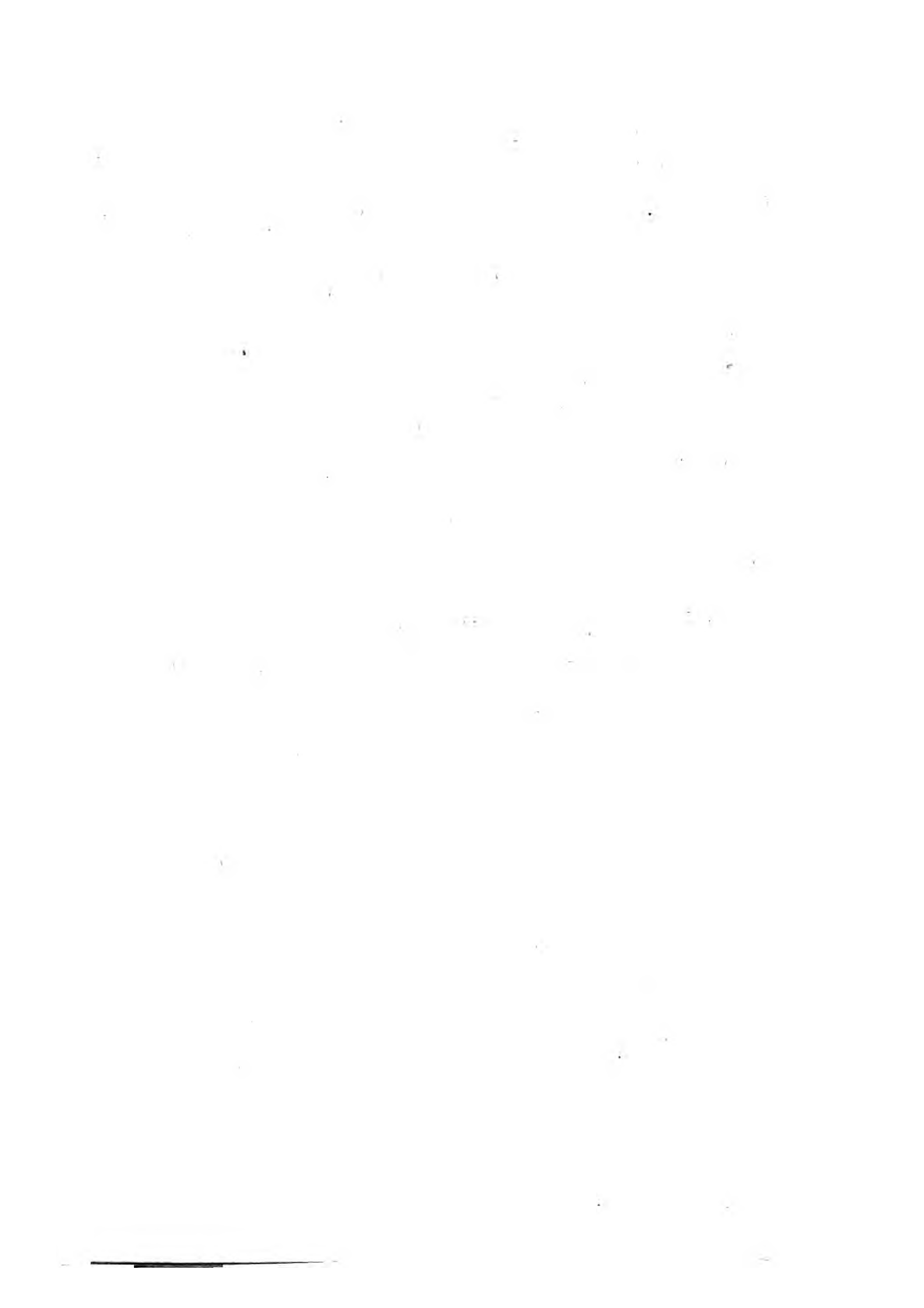
severely punished by neglect and misery. Great part of these evils (as it happens in most cases) we must, indeed, ascribe to Otway himself; who wanted fortitude to resist, or prudence to elude, the blandishments of dissipation; as well as skill to adapt himself to the various turns and vicissitudes of fortune. Those who live under the influence of an ardent imagination, are mostly prone to this infirmity; and, even in prosperity, forget that the greatest step towards ensuring a continuance of it's smiles, is a just and temperate use of the gifts it bestows.

ALCIBIADES:

A TRAGEDY.

—*Laudetur ab his, culpetur ab illis.*

HOR. LIB. 1. SAT. 2.



ALCIBIADES.

THIS tragedy is certainly inferior to the rest of Otway's dramatic productions. Much, indeed, of the rigour of criticism must be abated in examining the first effort of an author, before he has been taught by experience the art of shaping, and adorning to the best advantage, the rude offspring of his genius. The infancy of Otway's powers gave no extraordinary promise. The sentiments in this play are, with few exceptions, common; and the language not remarkable for beauty or elegance. It's faults, however, may be admitted to proceed in a great measure from it's being written in rhyme: an absurd and unnatural custom, which, in young writers, cramps and fetters the mind, deceives the judgment, and leads them into tedious and puerile declamation.

The story of Alcibiades is so well known, that little need be said respecting the plot of the tragedy. Otway has, however, rendered his hero a much more perfect, and probably on that account, a less interesting character than he appears in history. There is little to be admired in king Agis, who is rather injudiciously made to discover a passion for Timandra, and thereby lessen our abhorrence of the crimes of his queen, a woman of a furious temper, strong passions, and masculine re-

solution. The most amiable personage is Timandra, who is characterized by invincible fidelity and attachment to her lover, and that heroic courage which was not uncommon among the females of antiquity. Tissaphernes (really a Persian viceroy, and according to Plutarch, one of the dupes of Alcibiades) is the villain of the piece. The rest have few traits to discriminate them from the usual subordinates of the drama.

Dr. Johnson conjectures, in his Life of Otway, that this piece was taken from the *Alcibiade* of John Palaprat, a French writer. But the latter published no dramatic work till after the production of Otway's *Alcibiades*.

It was represented in 1675, and report says, with some success.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,

I AM sufficiently sensible of my own arrogance, in that being almost a stranger to every thing of you but your fame, I durst obtrude so abject a trifle as this, under the patronage of so eminent a person. But that generous candour, wherewith you oblige all the world, gave me courage to hope you might at least pardon this first offence in me: and though, perhaps, the best presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wishes, if the sincerity of my zeal may atone for the meanness of the offering: that is the farthest prospect I take, which, whilst I have in view, I dare not (though, perhaps, as justly as some others have done, I might) complain of the censures of the world; for since I have heard that your lordship proved indulgent, I were unworthy the favours you bestowed, should I be concerned at the malice or petulance of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be critical; but, in the mean while, forget it is as genteel to be civil. No, my lord, it is under your umbrage only I would court protection, to whom heaven has given a soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as itself abhors it; and which are as impossible to be described, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest pilgrims, when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel; so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness

only made worthy to be preserved: in whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be, ready to testify how much I am,

MY LORD,

The most earnest of your

Servants and admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

NEVER did rhymer greater hazard run
'Mongst us by your severity undone:
Tho' we, alas! t'oblige you have done most, }
And bought ye pleasures at your own sad cost; }
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost. }
So oft a statesman, lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason understood;
Whilst some false, flatt'ring minion of the court,
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't*.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit, }
Our author swears he gladly will submit: }
But there's a sort of things infest the pit, }
That will be witty, spite of nature too, }
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you. }
Hither sometimes these would-be wits repair }
In quest of you; where if you not appear, }
Cries one;—"Pugh! damn me, what do we do here?" }
Straight up he starts;—his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To th' coffee-house, where he about him looks;
Spies friend; cries "*Jack!* I've been to-night at th' *Duke's*:
"The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
"I'gad! not one of sense that I saw there."
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been of late,
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both houses too, too long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus, tho' this trifler never wrote before,
Yet, faith! he ventur'd on the common score:
Since nonsense is so gen'rally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the crowd.

* This remarkable expression probably pointed to the *Duke of Buckingham*; or to the notorious *Captain Blood*, whose villanies, though of the worst kind, recommended him the more at Court.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGIS, *King of Sparta.*

ALCIBIADES, *General of Athens, but fled thence in discontent, and made General of Sparta, betrothed to Timandra.*

TISSAPHERNES, *the old General of Sparta.*

PATROCLUS, *his Son, friend to Alcibiades.*

THERAMNES, *the now Athenian General, in love with Timandra.*

POLYNDUS, *a Young Noble of Athens, his Friend.*

DEÏDAMIA, *Queen of Sparta, in love with Alcibiades.*

TIMANDRA, *a Noble Athenian Lady, betrothed to Alcibiades.*

DRAXILLA, *Sister to Alcibiades, and her Friend.*

ARDELLA, *Lady of Honour to the Queen of Sparta.*

Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, Spirits, Guards, Messengers, &c.

ALCIBIADES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace.*

Enter TIMANDRA and DRAXILLA.

[*Shouts without, THERAMNES! THERAMNES! THERAMNES!*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Timand. What mean these shouts?

Serv. Oh! all your hopes are crost,
The gallant Alcibiades is lost.

Tim. Hah!

Serv. When last night the youth of Athens late,
Rose up the orgia to celebrate,
The Bacchanals, all hot and drunk with wine,
He led to the almighty thund'rer's shrine;
And there his image seated on a throne,
They violently took and tumbled down*:
This opportunity Theramnes got
To supplant him, and his own ends promote:
For by the senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his rival should in all succeed.
But he, the threat'ning danger to evade,
Is to the Spartan camp for refuge fled;
And now, by order of the senate, all
With shouts proclaim Theramnes general.

* The statues of Hermes at Athens, having, during the night, been mutilated and defaced, Alcibiades, whose frolics were notorious, was accused of being the author of this outrage, and also of profaning the sacred mysteries of Eleusinian Ceres. This obliged him, afterwards, to take refuge in Lacedemon.

Tim. But is he fled? Has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted faith, is this thy truth!
Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant youth!

[*Exit* Servant.]

Drax. Madam, believe not but my brother's just:
You wrong his honour by this mean distrust.
Think you that distance can his love rebate*?

Tim. Thy young experience never felt the weight
Of lovers' fears: if just, he'll easily
Excuse that love that breeds this jealousy.

Drax. But, madam, for these doubts no grounds you
have.

Tim. Alas! go ask of madmen why they rave.
What more could fate do to augment my woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my eyes
But love and glory growing to delight;
Like chymists waiting for their labour's prize,
My hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas! we but with weak intelligence
Read heaven's decrees; they're writ in mystic sense.
For were they open laid to mortal eyes,
Men would be gods, or they no deities.
Perhaps the wiser pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happiness allay;
Lest, should it in its high perfection come,
Your soul for the reception might want room.

Tim. Thy reasons, kind Draxilla, weakly move:
What woman e'er complain'd of too much love?
No, had I naked to the world been left,
Of honour and its gaudy plumes bereft,
Yet all these I with gladness could resign,
So Alcibiades had still been mine.
But, he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the casket when the jewel's gone?

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler lustre, and return again.

* *Rebate*—blunt, obtund.

Think you his great soul could with patience see
 His rifled honours heap'd on's enemy;
 And not his rage have grown to that excess,
 As must have ruin'd all your happiness?
 But he withdrew:

And like a zealous hermit did forego
 Those little toys, to gain a heav'n in you.

Tim. That zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
 That lets the votary forsake his saint:
 No, he is happy in some other flame,
 And from his breast has blotted out my name:
 So that there nothing more remains for me
 But a kind death, or a long misery.
 But death alone's th' unhappy lover's ease,
 That seals up to us an eternal peace:
 By that our souls to endless pleasures move,
 And we enjoy an everlasting love,
 Yet e'er I die, as die I feel I must,
 To Alcibiades I would be just;
 Fain would I let him know how I resign
 All in him that his past vows had made mine:
 Then to it's seat in peace my soul should fly,
 And calmly at my lover's feet I'd die.
 Draxilla, for thy friend what couldst thou do?

Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you:
 I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
 Except that cruel thing, to see you die.

Tim. Some safe disguises for us then provide,
 From watchful eyes our sudden flight to hide:
 Hence to the Spartan camp I'll forthwith move,
 Borne on the wings of jealousy and love:
 For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of fate;
 I would be blest; can be unfortunate;
 Since 'tis the only thing of heav'n I crave,
 To meet a faithful lover, or a grave.

Enter THERAMNES.

Ther. (*Entering.*) Stay, kind Polyndus, here,
 Whilst I go pay my just devotion there.

(*To Tim.*) See, fairest queen of love and beauty, here
 Your faithfullest and humblest worshipper,
 Who comes to offer up a sacrifice
 To those eternal glories of your eyes:
 It is a heart, as spotless and sincere
 As the chaste vows of holy vestals are.
 Accept, divine one, and pronounce my doom.

Tim. Are you, my lord, to mock my sorrows come?

Ther. No; guided by my love, I humbly came
 To pay my duty, and present my flame.

Tim. What flame or duty can you owe to me?

Ther. Next what the holy to the deity,
 When they for blessings at the altars move:
 'Tis adoration, madam, join'd with love.

Tim. Love! I thought that had been ere this o'er-
 blown;

I'm sure it had small hopes to live upon.

Ther. That love which only tedious hopes sustain,
 Is a dull, easy, and ignoble pain.

Mine's an enliv'ning and transporting fire,
 Whose flames increase, and still are piercing higher.

Tim. Yes, as from piles some wilder flames essay
 To mount, but baffled part in fumes away;
 So all that love you now so strongly boast,
 Sever'd from hope, in a weak vapour's lost.
 But you too urgent in your suit appear.

Ther. Oh what's too urgent for a joy so dear!

Tim. Since then you constancy so firmly vow,
 Worthy Theramnes, here I do so too. [*Gives her hand.*]

Ther. Thus when the storms of love are overpast,
 We gain the wish'd-for port of bliss at last.

I ne'er could doubt— [*Kisses her hand.*]

Tim. Then know I ne'er can cease
 From my vow'd love to Alcibiades.

Ther. I'm lost, and all those joys I saw so near,
 Vanish, and leave me wand'ring in despair.

Thus, madam, barb'rous cruelty you've shown,
 Raising me up, only to throw me down.

Tim. Not to deceive you, I (Theramnes) know
 How much I am obliged t' your love and you:

Since you such ample kindness did express
 In favour of my Alcibiades.
 How poorly did you envy the esteem
 I for his matchless virtues had, and him !
 When, finding him abandon'd by the state,
 You, to advance your int'rest, did create
 New feuds;—

As if my love were balanc'd by his fate.
 No, he had nobler charms my breast to move,
 Unblemish'd honour, and a spotless love ;
 Which tho' perhaps now know another flame,
 Yet I have love and passion for their name.

Ther. Am I then of all hopes of bliss debarr'd?
 Oh too soft charms sway'd by a heart too hard !

Tim. You're something discompos'd, sir, I perceive,
 And 'tis but modesty to take my leave.

Ther. Oh stay, and pity a poor lover's fate!

Tim. If pity, sir, is all you ask, take that.

Ther. Heav'ns, can she at those chains she gave me,
 scoff!

Tim. You at your pleasure, sir, may shake them off.
 [*Exeunt Tim. and Drax.*]

Enter POLYNDUS.

Pol. How fares my noblest friend ?

Ther. As those who are
 Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire despair:
 Help and retrieve me with thy assisting hand ;
 Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

Pol. Then, sir, turn back, and face your driving foe.

Ther. Alas! what can a fetter'd captive do?
 The more I strive, the faster I am bound ;
 As ign'rant swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

Pol. Timandra surely can't in honour less,
 Than crown your love with prosperous success ;
 When she believes (as certainly she must)
 That Alcibiades has prov'd unjust.

Ther. Alas, she loves him with much greater flame,
 And pays devotion to his very name ;

Distance adds to their loves a violence,
 And their souls hold from far intelligence.
 Thus my mistaking policy out-runs
 My fate; and I'm by my own plots undone*.

Pol. Why do you let your soul be so opprest?
 'Tis patience best befits a gallant breast.

Ther. Patience! what's that? the mistress of tame
 fools,

That can in nothing else employ their souls.
 No; since, Timandra, thou canst disapprove
 My just flame for an absent rival's love,
 I'll find that rival out, and snatch his breath,
 Tho' ev'ry step I tread I encounter death.

Pol. Now, sir, you're brave—
 Already you've disarm'd Timandra's charms;
 Methinks I see you rev'ling in her arms!
 Let's then o' th' wings of love and honour fly
 To th' field, and meet th' insulting enemy;
 Where thro' the paths of death and blood we'll go
 To meet your rival, and his country's foe:
 There the remembrance of Timandra's charms
 Shall add fresh courage to your conqu'ring arms.
 But if fate the success so order shall,
 That by your rival's sword you chance to fall;
 I then (as honour justly will command)

Inspir'd by friendship and Timandra's name,
 Will bravely stem him, and with this bold hand
 Revenge, or fall a victim to your flame.

Ther. Oh noble, gen'rous youth! whose tender years
 Such gallant courage and such honour wear!
 How can my aims but in my wishes end,

[*Embraces him.*

That have so worthy and so brave a friend?
 Come, my Polyndus—

Pol. On my friend I'll wait
 Thro' all the labyrinths of love and fate. [Exit.]

* A false rhyme, of which there are many instances in this play.

SCENE II.—*The Tent of a Pavilion Royal; the King and Queen of Sparta, ALCIBIADES, TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, Guards, Ladies, &c.*

King. Now must proud Athens lay her triumphs down,
And pay her glory's tribute to my crown;
No more shall stupid Greece her fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous peace for fear;
But she herself must in subjection come,
And humbly at my feet expect her doom.

Tiss. Yes, sir; all glories must, when yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their beauty and their worth;
And like false angels vanish and be gone,
Dreading those shapes they durst before put on*.

Pat. Athens, the world's great mistress, will not be
Courtèd with low and vulgar gallantry:
Her glory aims at higher characters
Than heavy gown-men clad in formal furs.
Who wins her, deeds 'bove common fate must do; }
And so she's only mistress fit for you. }

King. Yes! and I only will enjoy her too. }
But, noble, gen'rous youth, thou hast alone
[To Alcibiades.

Things worthy the Athenian honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring eagle soar'd'st above
That lower orb in which they faintly move;
A flight too high for their dull souls to use,
Which prompted them that honour to abuse;
Thinking their baseness they might palliate
With the dark cloud of policy and state.
But let them that black mystery pursue:
By worth and honour empires greatest grow;

* Otway appears, from this distich, and other coincidences of thought and expression, to have been acquainted with Milton's sublime *Paradise Lost*, notwithstanding the little notice it received at that time.

Which, when abus'd, their glory does suppress,
As révers'd prospects make the objects less.

Alcib. Your's, sir, like heaven's great soul, is general;
Dispensing it's kind influence on all.

This makes success and victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper sphere;
As fragrant dews leave the corrupter earth,
Exhal'd by th' sun, from whom they had their birth.

King. The truth of that we by your laurels know;
Conquest your arms, triumph still waits your brow:
By your success th' Athenian greatness rose,
Your courage scatter'd their insulting foes;
And from that height to which by you they're grown,
'Tis your success alone must throw them down.
Thus have we made you gen'ral of our force;—
And all those honours you were robb'd of there,
We'll make our study to redouble here.

Tiss. And I (if that my malice tell me true)
As diligently shall his plagues pursue. [*Aside.*

Alcib. Of all my courage or my sword shall do,
I the success must to your virtue owe;
The honour and the justice of your cause
So glorious are, fate must from them take laws:
So you o'er Athens this advantage have,
You fortune rule, to whom she's but a slave.

King. Enjoy, my Tissaphernes, now thy ease,
And plant fresh laurels in the shades of peace.
The glories thou hast won so num'rous are,
They seem as many as thy age can bear.
But if thy spacious soul thou canst confine
Within this narrow mansion of mine;
Be this the utmost of thy wishes' bound,
Possess his grateful heart, whose head thou'st crown'd.

Tiss. Heav'n knows my age does feel no sharper
sting,
Than to want pow'r to serve so good a king.
But since time tells me that my glass is run,
Setting me backward where I first begun;

Since no way else they can their duty show,
 I'll only employ my hands to heav'n for you;
 And what my sword can't, may devotion do. }

King. How truly he a glorious monarch is,
 That's crown'd with blessings so sublime as these!
 How can I but in all things happy be,
 Propt by such courage and such piety?
 To me, with gods, similitude is giv'n;
 'Tis power and virtue that supports their heav'n.
 Our royal standard to the city bear,
 T' alarm it to obedience, or to war.
 To-morrow must decide th' Athenian fate,
 This day to joy and ease we'll consecrate.

[*Exeunt omn. præc. Tiss.*]

Tiss. Ungrateful king! thy shallow aims pursue;
 But, my brisk, upstart fav'rite, have at you.
 Was it for this my active youth I spent
 In war; and knew no dwelling but a tent?
 Have I for this thro' invious mountains past?
 Demolish'd cities, and laid kingdoms waste?
 Still in his cause unwearied courage shown,
 And almost hid his head in crowns I won?
 Upon my breast receiv'd so many scars,
 They seem a war describ'd in characters?
 And must the harvest of my toil and blood,
 Upon a fawning rebel be bestow'd?
 Who, having false to his own country been,
 Comes here to play his treasons o'er again?
 Must he at last tumble my trophies down,
 And revel in the glories I have won?
 Whilst from my honours they me disengage,
 With a dull compliment to feeble age.
 What ails this hardy hand, that yet it shou'd
 Tremble at death, or start at reeking blood?
 Methinks this dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a dagger.*]
 And with a strength as resolute and bold,
 As he who kindly would its point impart,
 A present to an envied fav'rite's heart.

And I, fond youth, will try to work thy fall,
 Tho' with my own I crown thy funeral.
 Envy and malice from your mansions flee,
 Resign your horror and your snakes to me:
 For I'll act mischiefs yet to you unknown;
 Nay, you shall all be saints when I come down. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove adjoining to the Spartan Camp.*

Enter TIMANDRA and DRAXILLA.

Tim. What uncouth roads afflicted lovers pass!
 How strange, prepost'rous steps their sorrows trace!
 Oh, Alcibiades, if thou art just,
 Forgive th' excess of love that bred distrust.
 Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
 Yet here, and ev'ry where, my grief's the same.
 But kind Draxilla's friendship can dispel
 The thickest clouds that on sad bosoms dwell:
 That does alleviate my griefs, and give
 My wearied soul a soft and kind reprieve;
 Which, ever to forget, would be as hard,
 And as impossible, as to reward.

Drax. The serving you my happiness secures,
 I'm only something by my being your's;
 Since, equally with your's, my hopes were crost,
 When in your lover I a brother lost:
 Then, like an orphan, destitute and bare
 Of all, but misery and sad despair,
 Your kindness gave my yielding spirits rest,
 And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breast:
 Then ought I not in all my soul resign,
 To ease her griefs that kindly pitied mine?

Tim. In that I did what honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And honour tells me gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax. Alas! that is the least that I could do
To our worst enemies our tears we owe.
Friendship to such a noble height should rise,
As their devotion does in sacrifice,
Who think they show a zeal remiss and small,
Except themselves as nobler victims fall.
With as great courage could I for you die,
And my triumphant soul to heav'n should fly;
There I again my friendship would renew,
And lay my chiefest joys in store for you.

Tim. What vast and boundless flights does friendship
take!
Beyond what search can see, or fancy track?
'Tis the improvement of the part divine,
When souls in their seraphic transports join;
In souls united, so we friendship see,
As many glories make a deity.

Enter ALCIBIADES from the back part of the Scene.

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint joys revive.

Tim. My Alcibiades!—how I begin
To think my misplac'd jealousy was sin!
Go meet him, seem all troubled and in tears,
And with the tale I taught thee, wound his ears:
Meanwhile I will withdraw myself this way,
Nor would my swelling passions let me stay.

[Goes to the door.]

Alcib. What airy visions o'er my eyes there move,
Like the good genius of an absent love!
Where'er I turn me, I methinks espy
Timandra's image softly gliding by.
Such fond ambition love his slaves can teach,
To make them fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh, divine one!—
How sickly joys, honour and greatness grant,
When thee, the glory of my soul, I want!

Drax. My lord!—

Alcib. Guard me, ye pow'rs! Draxilla here,
And weeping too! Oh my prophetic fear!
What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh, quickly, is my princess well?

Drax. Oh, sir! in that unhappy, fatal night,
When to the Spartan camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel senate you were drove
Both to forsake your country and your love;
Timandra, and myself, as we were sat
In her apartment grieving for your fate;
No sooner, with sad jealousies opprest,
Her wearied soul in sleep sought after rest,
But grief new scenes of misery brought in,
And play'd in dreams it's horrors o'er again:
Sometimes her tender arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty air would catch:
Wearied with grief, she then would milder be,
And, in a hollow sigh, send out, "Ah me!"
At last she rose, and 'bout the chamber walk'd:
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talk'd:
Anon repeat some short and pithy pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her precious hair:
Till having so wrought sorrow to that height,
That her soul grew too tender for the weight;
Ere I my courage could collect, to go
And give a hindrance to the fatal blow,
She with her dagger stabb'd herself, and said,
Thus died Timandra, that unhappy maid.

Alcib. Ye gods! Is't thus your justice you dispense;
To lay th' reward of guilt on innocence?
What tho' these sacrilegious hands have thrown
Your images, those pageant glories, down!
Must you revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so you'd pitied her.
But thus I'll send my soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well.

[*Offers to fall on his sword, but is
hinder'd by Draxilla.*]

Oh sister! do not hinder me my death;
Sighs are the only use I've left of breath:

One blow will put an end to grief and me.

Enter TIMANDRA.

Tim. That, sir, you must not do, nor must I see.

[*Alcibiades starts.*

Why fly you back? Nay, if you shun me now,
I shall grow apt to think my fears too true.

Alcib. Oh heav'n! does then my dear Timandra live? }
The joy's too mighty for me to receive: }
This was the greatest bliss heav'n had to give. }
How rashly did my impious rage profane
Your goodness! Oh, but wash away that stain,
Then I with victims will your altars load,
And have a sacrifice for ev'ry god:
Till by those holy fires this black offence
Be purg'd, and purified to innocence.
But, dearest, how could you so cruel be,
To let such bliss be dress'd in misery?
To tell me you were dead!—

How could you think but th' horror of that breath
Must damp my soul and chill me into death?

Tim. Alas! my fears could find out no relief,
But thus t' assault you in the garb of grief.
This trial of your faith my joy secures,
As thunder ushers in refreshing show'rs.

Alcib. Let us no longer then to doubts give way,
But haste to th' consummation of our joy:
So, with our bright united flames, dispel
Those anxious mists that on our bosoms dwell;
Being of no other jealousy possess,
But which shall kindest prove, and love the best.

Tim. And when our faithful, happy hearts shall be
Firmer united by that sacred tie,
How in an endless road of bliss we'll move,
Steering our motions by our perfect love!
There we with pleasure will recount each woe,
Which we have pass'd, and others undergo.
There we'll reflect o' th' various hopes and fears,
The mournful sighs, and the impatient tears,

Of distress lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence, }
 Thro' a strange mystical intelligence, }
 Give them redresses by our influence. }

Till so by ours—

Their full-grown joys receive a happy birth,
 As planets in their kind conjunctions bless the earth.

Alcib. Then, my Timandra, to our bliss let's fly,
 There's but one minute more to ecstasy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUEEN and ARDELLA.

Queen. Oh my Ardella, whither shall I turn?
 I'm all o'er flame, in ev'ry part I burn.

Ard. Your majesty—

Queen. Fool, majesty! what's that?
 Th' ill-natur'd pageant mockery of fate;
 When her ungrateful, sportive pow'r she'd show,
 Raising us high—
 To bar us of the benefits below.
 But I'll her servile policy despise,
 And make her stoop to love's great victories.
 Th' Almighty pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
 To taste the sweets of am'rous excellence:
 Why then should princes, that are gods below,
 Think that a sin which heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But, madam, is it not a cruel thing
 T' abuse a loving husband, and kind king?

Queen. Dull girl, thou know'st not what a husband is;
 Alas, they never reach the height of bliss,
 But ignorantly with love's magic play,
 Till they raise spirits they want pow'r to lay.
 In that brave Alcibiades there swarm
 So many graces, he's all over charm;
 Such killing airs in each part of him move,
 His brows dart majesty, and his eyes love.
 Oh my Ardella, I am lost in thought!

fain would have thee—yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your royal pleasure but relate,
 I'll be as faithful, and as firm as fate.

Queen. Art thou then skilful in love's subtle arts,
Cunningly to lay ambuscades for hearts?
Canst thou express a melting kind desire,
And give a feeling draught of love's soft fire?

Ard. Madam, so subtly I'll his heart betray,
As one, who by some great magician's pow'r,
Is hurried thro' the regions in an hour,
And for return again can find no way.

Queen. My better angel! fly then swift as time,
Or thought; thou gain'st a queen in gaining him.
But use such secrecy as stol'n loves should have;
Be dark as the hush'd silence of the grave.

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your love and honour due.

Queen. Honour! a very word; an empty name!
How dully wretched is the slave to fame!
Give me the soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the air, and boundless as the wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny conscience; }
Man's sacrifice was pleasure, his god, sense. }

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

Tiss. Madam, by th'king's commands I'm to you
sent,
Who attends your royal presence in his tent.

Queen. I go. [Exit Queen and Ard.]

Tiss. Now all is ripe, methinks I see }
Treason walk hand in hand with destiny, }
And both in a kind aspect smile on me. }
Now the whole court proceeds to solemnize
The nuptials of proud Alcibiades;
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
To give a happy end to my design.
It is the custom at a marriage feast,
The bridegroom
With a full bowl presents his chiefest guest.
The cups by my great secrecy and care,
With strongest potion all infected are:

Which when our Alcibiades shall bring,
 And offer as his duty to the king,
 The poison and his sudden death will seem
 Fully a traiterous design in him.
 Then must the crown descend on me, and so
 I feast my rage, and my ambition too.
 Let coward spirits start at cruelty;
 Remorse has still a stranger been to me.
 I can look on their pains with the same eyes,
 As priests behold the falling sacrifice.
 Whilst they yell out the horrors of their moans,
 My heart shall dance to th' music of their groans. [*Exit.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. Look that your care and diligence be great,
 See the guards doubled, and each cent'nel set. [*Exit.*]

The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it an Altar, behind which are seated the KING and QUEEN, attended by TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, and the rest of the Camp; about the Altar stand several Priests of Hymen.

King. Each day brings some surprize of pleasure,
 here
 Love vies his triumphs with the god of war.

Six Priests of Hymen dance.

The dance ended, enter Chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen, Priest leading TIMANDRA, and the Priestess ALCIBIADES.

Priest sings.

Distracting jealousies and fears,
 Heart-breaking sobs, and restless tears,
 Fly to the breasts that are
 Rack'd with despair:

Priestess. In this,
 Or this,

Chorus. No tears but those of joy, no pantings but of bliss.

Yes, yes, by love alone we see
On earth the glories of a deity:
For 'tis the greatest work above,
To be innocent, and lovè.

Those then that flame so nobly here,
What ravishing delights must they have there!

Chorus. Who on earth to their honour are just,
and their love,

Must reap the chief blessings above.

Priest. Let's then proceed, and Hymen's aid implore,
To join those hands, whose hearts were link'd before.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Chorus. Hymen, oh Hymen, come away,
Crown the wishes of this day.
See, see these pure refin'd desires
Wait at thy torch, wait at thy torch, t' improve
their fires*.

Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his torch, and joins their hands with a wreath of roses, which the Priestess strikes with her spear and breaks; then they offer both parts upon the Altar.

This ceremony ended, a dance is performed by four Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their hands short spears muffled with flowers and boughs of fruit: after which, a Bowl is brought in, and presented to ALCIBIADES, who, immediately upon the receipt, bows to the KING, who descends with the QUEEN, and receives the bowl of him, then speaks.

King. To show how strict a reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that loyal is and brave,

[Drawing near to TISS.

* This ceremony is probably an imitation of Catullus, Epithal. 59.

This signal honour, only due to me,
Thus, Tissaphernes, I confer on thee.

[Presents him the bowl.]

Tiss. Confusion! what means this?

King. Nay, do not start,
It is the off'ring of a grateful heart.
Come drink to such a depth as may express
Thy wishes for their joy, and Sparta's happiness.

Tiss. I must obey your majesty—

[Proffering to drink, lets fall the bowl, and
seems to swoon back.]

Pat. Alas,
My father!

King. How fares our worthy friend?
Hence, quickly, for our chief physicians send.
So much this aged hero I esteem,
I rather could part with my crown than him.

Tiss. My health, sir, needs no other help than this,
[Faintly.]

That you will pardon it's infirmities.
The wine was of so strong an excellence,
It's spirits prov'd too mighty for my sense.

Alarm without. Enter an Officer.

Off. Dread sir, your camp th' Athenian force alarms:
Without the city gates they appear in arms,
And with a numerous and warlike train,
Begin their march upon the neighb'ring plain.
Their bloody ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous combat with the air;
Loosely they fly, and with a wanton play,
Seem to salute the sun-beams in their way:
Whilst their shrill trumpets rattle in the sky,
As if with music they'd charm victory.
And this triumphant pride does higher grow,
That they may make a conquest fit for you.

King. 'Tis well; ev'ry battalion reinforce
With my late fresh supplies of Persian horse.

Their fate no longer will delay endure;
 Prepare to fight them in this very hour.
 I'd have this day hereafter famous be,
 For the renown of love and victory. [*Shouts from afar.*]

Enter another Officer.

2d Off. The en'my, sir, does on the plain appear,
 And with re-echo'd shoutings pierce the air.

King. So beasts decreed for slaughter, ere they fall,
 With their own bell'wings ring their funeral. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Camp.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

Tiss. Curse on my niggard stars; they were so poor,
 That my revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r:
 My fury had begot so vast a birth,
 Fate wanted strength enough to bring it forth.

[*Trumpets afar off sound a charge.*]

That sprightly sound darts fiercely thro' my soul.
 O that I might one minute fate controul!
 Could but command one happy, fatal dart,
 To send itself into the gen'ral's heart.

Enter KING and QUEEN, attended.

King. Thus must proud states submit, when monarchs claim:
 They govern in a rude disorder'd frame;
 As stars in a dim senate rule the night,
 But vanish at the sun's more potent light*.

* *As stars, &c.*

“ You meaner beauties of the night,
 “ That poorly satisfy our eyes,
 “ More by your number than your light;
 “ You common people of the skies,
 “ What are you when the sun shall rise?”

Verses by Sir H. Wootton.

Athens now feels the fury of my heat ;
 A pow'r like their's, divided, can't be great :
 It may tumultuous and num'rous show,
 But ne'er contract to give a steady blow.

Queen. In states, those monstrous, many-headed
 pow'rs,
 Their private int'rest public good devours.
 'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
 They know to use that power, not maintain.
 Like pirates in a fleet, awhile they may
 Seem dreadful ; but when by some juster force
 Oppos'd—
 Each his own safety seeks, and shrinks away.

Tiss. You, sir, have vanquish'd emp'rors, fetter'd kings.
 States are such mean and despicable things,
 Compar'd with other glories you've subdued,
 Their conquest seems but a soft interlude.

[*Trumpets from far sound a retreat.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. This minute, sir, your glories are complete,
 The routed en'my makes a fair retreat.
 Victory, blushing they no more could do,
 With a full wing directs her flight to you.

King. Thus, Deïdamia, are our wishes crown'd,
 Love and renown in the same sphere go round:
 Our lasting loves draw lasting victories,
 Whilst courage takes his flame from beauty's eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2d Mess. Thus, hourly, sir, fresh glories you receive,
 Athens no more's your enemy, but slave:
 Like the sad ruins of a hurricane,
 Their tatter'd troops are scatter'd o'er the plain,
 And in disorder'd parties make away.

King. Relate, how went the bus'ness of the day?

Mess. Brave Alcibiades has wonders done ;
 Ne'er greater courage was in Sparta shown.

Troops were not able to withstand his shock,
 Like thunder from a cloud his fury broke
 On all his enemies; and like that too,
 Death and amazement did attend each blow.
 Long doubtful fortune dally'd on her wheel,
 And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still;
 Till at the last the brave Polyndus fell. }
 His loss did so amaze the enemy,
 That in disorder they began to fly: }
 Yet brave Theramnes rally'd in their head; }
 Tho' so their fate was but a while delay'd, }
 For by our gen'ral he was captive made. }
 At which again they did their flight renew, }
 With numbers too so tatter'd and so few, }
 It had been barbarism to pursue. }
 Then fair Timandra, who from far had been
 An anxious looker on this tragic scene,
 With all the haste joy could, or love afford,
 Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring lord;
 Now both in solemn triumph this way move,
 To crown your glories as you crown'd their love.
[Trumpets.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, PATROCLUS, TIMANDRA, and
 THERAMNES prisoner.

[Alcibiades kneels to the King.]

King. Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
 So much above the power of reward;
 It were but just that I should homage do,
 And offer up acknowledgments to you.
 Rise, sir, and give this ceremony o'er,
 The posture ill becomes a conqueror. [Alcib. rises.]

Alcib. Conqu'rors that are triumphant in the field,
 Must at their monarch's feet their trophies yield;
 For all those glories which their conquests claim,
 They only have subordinate from them.
 Thus, tho' my sword this captive has o'ercome,
 It is from you he must expect his doom.

Ther. Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too,
 He cannot talk, sir, half so fast as you.

Curse;—tho' I am your prisoner, I hate
To hear your pride upbraid me with my fate,

Alcib. Why, sir, wasn't not my favour that you live?

Ther. No; for I hate that life your hand did give.

Know, had your fate been mine—

I should have urg'd kind destiny more home,

And there have revell'd, rival, in your room.

Alcib. Sir, for your love you show but weak pretence,
When all your arguments are insolence.

Whence does it spring?

Ther. From whence your bliss you draw,

Love, that ne'er clogg'd his proselytes with law.

I lov'd this fair one first, and you must know

I'll love her still; and what's all that to you?

Alcib. This rudeness, sir, my fury can't engage:

You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my rage.

Ther. But know, I'll follow still my hate to thee;

Nor shall my chains obstruct thy destiny.

Thou didst supplant me in Timandra's love,

For which I gave thy glories a remove;

And on thy ruins made myself more great.

But since my wishes fate would not complete,

My fury with my fortune sha'n't decrease:

I'll still pursue thy life and happiness;

By all despairs, dark arts, thy fall design,

Till in thy blood I write Timandra's mine.

Alcib. Rave on; know of your threats no sense I feel:

I'd laugh at them, were 't not to lose a smile.

King. But I'll take care that he shall better know,

What 'tis a captive for his life does owe.

How dare you offer here these injuries?

Know you how much this gallant man I prize?

Guards! to confinement the offender bear,

Be his bonds narrow, and restraint severe.

Since in your breast such a hot frenzy reigns,

We'll try how you can brave it in your chains.

Ther. So, king, as thou shalt envy what thou'st done:

I have a soul can smile when thou dost frown.

Whilst I Timandra's fair idea wear,

I can't want freedom, for I'll think of her.

[Exit, guarded.]

King. Thus, madam, to your eyes must conquest bow ;

Who are your slaves no other fetters know.

Tim. If any charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there :
No greater aims nor more ambition know,
Than how, sir, to oblige him that serves you.

Alcib. Your gen'rous pity to our faithful flames,
That power which it gave them justly claims.
Thus happy by your great indulgence made,

In joys so perfect, nothing can remove ;
Your spreading glories ne'er shall shrink or fade,
Till you forget t'aspire, and we to love.

But how dare I usurp the least pretence,
Who only borrow all my laurels hence !

[*Pointing to Patroclus.*

This is that noble youth, who, when I stood
Beset on ev'ry side with death and blood,
To my relief such gen'rous succour brought,
And things so much above ev'n wonder wrought.

Pat. You, sir, that taught me friendship, taught me too

How much is to that sacred title due.

No, sir, if your dear life at hazard lie,
Tho' thousand deaths should dare me, on I'll fly, }
And conquer all, or bravely with you die. }

Alcib. In gallantry you are so absolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the pursuit.
Yet that return accept in silence here,
Which is so great 'twill no expression bear.

[*Embraces him.*

Tiss. Hell ! Sure my blood is grown degenerate.

Can this my son embrace the man I hate ? [*Aside.*

King. How, Tissaphernes, is thy good age blest
In such a son, of such a friend possess !
Thus from thy rev'rend trunk fresh glories spread,
And with their pious laurels shade thy head.

Tiss. In this warm comfort patiently I'll sit,
Till fate shall come and claim her latest debt.

Sometimes my youth's past triumphs I'll review,
 And please myself they were approv'd by you :
 Alas! I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.*]
 Oh my dear boy! Sir, be my joy thus shown,
 Possess the father as you've gain'd the son.

[*Embraces both.*]

King. Monarchs, thus propt, the shocks of fate defy:
 No bonds so firm as those which friendship tie.

[*Exit King, attended.*]

Manent ALCIBIADES, TIMANDRA *and* DRAXILLA.

Alcib. Now, noblest sister, how shall be repaid
 Those large endearments which your love has made?
 Our happiness will but imperfect prove,
 If 'midst the growing pleasures of our love,
 We nothing else in gratitude can do,
 Than only wish a happiness to you.

Drax. What I have done, sir, never had regard
 To that sinister thing we call reward.
 Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
 They their own glory are and recompence.

Alcib. But, sister, if I might one question move?

Drax. Your pleasure, sir?—

Alcib. Could you not, madam—love
 The friend, in whom I'm happy since I came,
 In honours as renown'd as in his name?
 He, when I to him often would relate
 The sad adventures of my love and fate;
 So much your gallant friendship did admire,
 That with your character he grew on fire;
 And bears a flame so noble and sublime,
 As not to love again, would be a crime.

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;
 Love rarely conquers with a sudden force.
 Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
 Which was perhaps a compliment to you:
 If any thing in me he can approve,
 I may believe it gallantry, not love.

Alcib. I shall no more your modesty offend:
 Pardon a forward zeal to serve my friend.

But if aught add a blessing, 'twill to see
You made as happy as you have made me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TISSAPHERNES *and* PATROCLUS.

Tiss. D' you understand, Patroclus, what you've done?
Have you consider'd that you are my son?

Pat. Sir, 'tis a title I am proud of.—

Tiss. How can you then descend to things so base,
That blot my glory, and my name deface?
Whilst thus your blinded folly so adores
The only traitor that my soul abhors.

Pat. How, sir? I dote upon the man you hate!
No, I had never thoughts so impious yet.
By all my hopes, if any wretch there be
So unhappy to be held your enemy,
Rather than in my breast his image bear,
I'd raze it from my heart, or stab it there.

Tiss. Stay, lest you should pronounce too rash a
doom:
Believe it is a blow will wound you home.
But I will try
What gen'rous resolution you express:—
Know then you must hate Alcibiades.

Pat. Protect me, heav'n! Can you command that I
Should break that knot you did so lately tie?
Was't not your love that did our friendship join?
Did not your kind embraces second mine?

Tiss. Embraces! love! and kindness! what are these?
The outward varnish that our hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been,
The various turns of pow'r and greatness seen,
And hast thou not this mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's face we mean to wound?
Come, you must hate him, nay, and kill him too.

Pat. Oh let me rather beg my death from you.
Can you command me, sir, to wound a heart,
Whereof I do possess so great a part?
In that I shall prove a self-murderer:
Piercing his breast, I stab my own image there.

Tiss. Come, lay these idle boyish scruples down,
Do as becomes your virtue, and my son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to disgrace;
And can you of so little value prize
The honour of your blood, not to shed his?

Pat. Oh, sir, no farther urge this horrid theme,
'Twill blast your glories, and your wreaths defame.
Do but look on that life you would destroy;

See if it ben't as spotless and serene
As that which in their heav'n blest Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a thought of sin.
By all th' endearments of a filial love, [Kneels.
And if that charm cannot your pity move,
By my dear mother's ghost, whose dying pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief treasure to your care;
This unjust, cruel enmity lay down,
And do not in his friend destroy your son.
On the past brav'ry of your youth look back,
There the bright paths of all your triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be those glories to exchange
For a base, brutal, infamous revenge.
Oh, sir, recall, recall the dire decree,
'Tis such a deed as fate will shrink to see: }

Tiss. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me. }
Give this unmanly, childish pity o'er,
Or ne'er presume to call me father more.

Pat. Then see how I resign that int'rest here: [Rises.

Thus all the bonds of duty cancell'd are.
Whilst such black horrors in your soul I see,
You're not my father, but my enemy.
Now against me let all your vengeance come,
Thus, thus my breast for your revenge has room.
Brave Alcibiades——

No, since such barb'rous mischiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but scorn to live for you.
Why don't you strike, sir? Is your rage grown faint?

Tiss. I fear I've too much trifled with this boy;
Curse on his honour, 'twill my hopes destroy.

But I'll smooth all in time. Oh my dear son,
 Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
 None but a heart that's truly noble, cou'd
 Ever deserve a title to my blood.
 No, may ye both in your brave friendship be
 As truly happy as I am in thee.

That's curst—— [Aside.]

Pat. Is then my father kind? can he approve
 Our friendship? Does he once more crown our love?
 Oh, sir, let thus my acknowledgment be giv'n,
 As we for blessings offer thanks to heav'n. [Kneels.]

Tiss. Rise, rise, thou comfort of my age; I now
 Have understood all I could wish to know.
 Alas, in this disguise I did but try
 The strength and virtue of thy constancy.
 'Tis a refreshment to this hoary head,
 To prove that virtue which myself have bred.
 Thus blest in peace I'll to my grave descend,
 As the declining sun goes down at night,
 Pleas'd with the rising of an offspring light.

Pat. Such mystic ways fate does our loves confirm,
 As rooted trees stand faster by a storm.
 After this shock our friendship's more secure,
 As gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [Exit.]

Tiss. There's some foundation yet for my design:
 The captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
 Unwearied I will let my fury range,
 And leave no heart unsearch'd to find revenge. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A dark Tent.*

Theramnes in Chains.

Ther. How sweet a quietude's in fetters found!
 That it seems almost freedom to be bound*.
 Tho' thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
 Thro' all the regions of variety.

* "Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 "I think, to liberty."

Shak. Cymbeline.

Here in a trice I can the world run o'er,
 And finish whole years' labours in an hour.
 But oh my mistress! my Timandra lost!
 That is the only bitterness I taste.
 This outward fetter but my body chains,
 But that the freedom of my soul detains.
 Why by my rival's sword did I not fall?
 So bravely have embrac'd one death for all.
 Yet why should I court such an abject fate?
 Courage is the supporter of the great.
 Methinks I've something yet to do, might prove
 Becoming both my glory and my love.
 I'll—hah! this does my busy thoughts prevent.

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

Is that old fiend for a tormenter sent?
 Good sir, upon what message are you come?
 Am I then destin'd to some harder doom?

Tiss. No, I am come to give your sorrows ease.
 I know you hate, sir, Alcibiades:
 Nay, and I know you love Timandra too.

Ther. Well, sir, all this I know as well as you.

Tiss. Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this theme:
 Dare you, sir, ravish her, and murder him?

Ther. For what dark ends do you this question bring?
 Dare! 'sdeath, old sir, I dare do any thing.

Tiss. That word then all my former doubts secures;
 Be only res'lute, and Timandra's yours.
 My stratagems so subtly I will lay,
 That to your arms your mistress I'll betray.
 Thus then, as the first step to our design,
 Your guards I'll with adulterated wine
 Secure; so they charm'd in a lethargy,
 I'll from your bonds and prison set you free.
 Then, when some happy moment shall present
 Timandra left unguarded in her tent,
 Both of us thither in disguise will move,
 To end your rival, and complete your love.

For when your fill of bliss you have enjoy'd,
 And your full pleasures with themselves are cloy'd,
 I thither will alarm your enemy,
 Where, by both swords, he shall be sure to die.
 And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
 You may 'scape thro' the guards to liberty.

Ther. Revenge! my love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
 Then in the name of Pluto be it so.
 What stupid ignorance the world possest,
 That only fury plac'd i' th' youthful breast!
 No, 'tis in age alone great spirits are young:
 The soul's but infant when the body's strong.
 These hoary heads like grisly comets are,
 Which always threaten ruin, death, and war.

Tiss. Alas, such tame souls know but half a growth;
 I'll make my age a step to a new youth:
 Such murders and such cruelties maintain,
 I'll from the blood I shed grow young again.

Ther. Let's in the name of horror then go on;
 Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
 Something like conscience else may all defeat;
 You know, sir, I'm but a raw villain yet.

Tiss. Conscience! a trick of state, found out by those
 That wanted power to support their laws;
 A bug-bear name to startle fools: but we
 That know the weakness of the fallacy,
 Know better how to use what nature gave.
 That soul's no soul, which to itself's a slave.
 Who any thing for conscience' sake deny,
 Do nothing else but give themselves the lie. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Camp.*

Enter PATROCLUS and DRAXILLA.

Pat. Why, madam, do you fly a lover's pray'r?
 Is cruelty the privilege o' th' fair?

Drax. You cannot, sir, i' th' camp be beauty's slave,
 Where honour's th' only mistress of the brave.

Pat. But 'tis a rugged honour got in arms,
When not made soft by beauty's sweeter charms;
That melts our rage into a kind desire,
Whilst love refines it in his purer fire.

Drax. Lovers, whose flights so sublime pitches
choose,

Oft soar too high, and so their quarry lose.
But you, sir, know to moderate your height,
Missing your game, can eas'ly slack the flight.

Pat. Such faint essays may fit a common flame,
But my desires have a far nobler aim;
Religious honour, and a zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that deity to which I sue.

Drax. Those who to deities their off'rings pay,
Make their addresses in an humbler way:
Not in a confidence of what they give,
But modest hopes of what they shall receive.

Pat. I, in my off'rings, no assurance have,
Tho' an ambition to become your slave.

Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
You'll still be looking for some acts of grace.

Pat. Some little favours pity can't deny,
You are too noble to use cruelty.

Drax. See, sir, the queen! I beg you, sir, forbear.

Pat. Madam, this way ————— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUEEN and ARDELLA.

Queen. Did he then suffer no surprize? no show
Of alteration? let's the progress know.

Ard. In order, madam, t'your command, I went,
And met him coming from the royal tent;
Where, after th' usual ceremonies past,
Ere I would feast, I gave him first a taste;
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of glory mov'd,
Who in his arms had so successful been,
T' engage a monarch, and oblige a queen.
Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more,
Began to intimate love's mighty power.

He briskly took the hint, and readily
 Began to urge some pretty things to me.
 By which encourag'd, I to th' bus'ness drew,
 Told him in fine, it only was his due
 To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

Queen. And did not then his alter'd looks betray
 Some ecstasy? some marks of lively joy?

Ard. No, madam, he knew better policy,
 Talk'd of your honour and his loyalty;
 Fine smoothing terms to cloak a passion in.
 But if your majesty——

Queen. What?

Ard. Had but seen
 How much his carriage did his words deceive,
 When with a gentle sigh he took his leave,
 As if he languish'd till the minute came.

Queen. Dost thou then think he entertains my flame?
 Let's to my tent, and wait his coming there.
 Such swarms of love within my breast there are,
 The heat's too furious for my soul to bear.
 What would I give but for a taste of bliss!
 Oh, the choice sweets of a stol'n happiness! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ALCIBIADES *solus.*

Alcib. Under what fatal planet was I born!
 Sure at my birth the heav'ns themselves did mourn;
 Disjointed nature did her course forbear,
 And held within her womb a civil war.
 I who but now did fame and conquest bring,
 And added to the glories of a king,
 Must see my trophies all thrown down again,
 By the base passions of a lustful queen!
 Why was not I born to a common fate,
 Free from the glorious troubles of the great?

So in some humble cell my years have spent,
 Blest with a private peaceable content.
 The vulgar mortal feels not fortune's harms;
 The highest structures still are shook with storms.
 See too, she's here; what shall I do or speak?
 Fate has beset me, and I've no way to take.

Enter QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

Queen. My lord, you something discompos'd appear;
 Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alcib. Majesty, madam, is a thing divine.

Queen. If that disturb you, sir, I'll lay by mine.
 Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
 To view the man whose glories spread so wide.

Alcib. Madam, you on them set too high a price.

Queen. Perhaps I see not, sir, with common eyes;
 They best of honour judge that honour have.
 I find a secret in me says you're brave;
 You need not, sir, unfold it, you can guess.

Alcib. How craftily she would her lust express,
 And set her ills off with a winning dress!
 What's to be done, which way shall I conclude?
 I must abuse my king, or must be rude.
 I cannot speak——

[*Aside.*

Queen. My lord, let's sit a while:
 Won't you vouchsafe your visitant a smile?

Alcib. Smiles, madam, were too insolent a joy.

Queen. Fie! put these formal compliments away.
 Ardella, sing that song I heard to-day.

SONG.

I.

The brightest goddess of the sky,
 How did she panting, sighing lie,
 And languishing desire to die!
 For the triumphant God of War
 Amidst his trophies did appear,
 As charming rough as she was fair.

II.

Their loves were blest, they had a son,
 The little Cupid; who has shown
 More conquests than his sire e'er won.
 He grew the mightiest god above,
 By which we him a rebel prove
 To heav'n, that dares be so to love.

III.

How soft the delights, and how charming the joy,
 Where love and enjoyment each other support!
 Let the cynical fool call pleasure a toy,
 Who ne'er fame i'th' camp had, nor love in the court:
 O so kindly the combats each other succeed,
 Where 'tis triumph to die, and a pleasure to bleed.

Alcib. The air is charming——

Queen. Ardella, retire. [*Exit Ardella.*
 No lively symptoms of a growing fire!
 I'll urge him further—— [*Aside.*
 My lord, your hand; how beats your pulse? I fear
 You're ill; cold drops upon your brows appear;
 I'll wipe 'em off; come, sir, your fears remove,
 You need not blush to tell me that you love.
 I'll do it for you; nay, I more will do,
 Blush for myself too, when I blush for you.
 Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean?
 Is love so strange?

Alcib. Oh name not that again!
 Could you such wrong to royal Agis do?
 Think what's to heav'n, and to your virtue due.

Queen. Must I be hated then? and, sir, by you?
 Pish, why d'you talk of heav'n and virtue now? [*Angrily.*

Alcib. Not new-made mothers to their infants bear
 A firmer passion, or a tend'rer care.
 Shew me your's, or your honour's enemy,
 See with what vigour t' your revenge I'll fly.
 For you with life I willingly could part,
 But whilst that lasts, Timandra has my heart. [*Mildly.*

Queen. The heavy pleasures of the marriage-bed,
Dull repetition soon will render dead.
Taste fresher joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alcib. Could I expect to have such language heard,
Where beauty and such innocence appear'd?

Queen. Can you my little beauty then approve,
And is't so difficult a thing to love?

Alcib. Love, madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd;
I'll love you as the sister of my blood. }

Queen. A sister's love's a lean insipid bliss,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the transport, ecstasy, delight?
'Tis like thin meat to a sharp appetite.

Alcib. I know you're beauteous as the blushing morn:
Your beams the lustre of a king adorn;
That king whose piety me happy made;
And can I in return profane his bed?
Tho', madam, I've liv'd free, and never set
Limits to any thing we call delight;
Yet raise not new rebellions in my blood:
Beauty hath darts too keen to be withstood.

Queen. Yet all its power has no force o'er you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your honour be but ill applied,
That for your love a queen neglected died.

Alcib. What is't your majesty would have me do?

Queen. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alcib. Death! not to have some sense, were to unman
Myself; but I'll be conqu'ror if I can.
Should I be made a captive to her charms,
Ere I am warm in my Timandra's arms?
One stratagem I'll for my freedom try. [Aside.
Madam, no longer I'll your pow'r deny; [To the Queen.
For if these eyes had ne'er Timandra known,
You only might have call'd my heart your own.
But whilst with her I enjoy love, and life,
And you remain the mighty Agis' wife;

Know this is all I can in justice do,
I'm ready on your least commands to shew
I live for her, but yet could die for you.

Queen. Must I then only border upon bliss?
Rest on the confines of my happiness?
As souls that are excluded heav'n for sin,
See all it's glories, but can't enter in.

Alcib. No, madam; free from the dull clogs of sense,
We'll reap delights of nobler excellence.
Our éntwin'd souls each other shall enjoy,
Tread virtue's paths, and never lose their way.
But if one in his motion chance to err,
Straight regulate it by the other's sphere.

———"Till at the last,
When the short zodiac of this life we've past,
With new-imp'd zeal beyond the stars we'll fly,
There meet, and mingle to a deity.

Queen. Then to all hopes of happiness, adieu,
Since my chief bliss I've lost in losing you.
Oh the tyrannic cruelty of fate,
That lets us know our happiness too late!
Yet why should I to fears and sorrows bend,
If only on their fate my hopes depend?
A rival, and a king, I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit Queen.*

Alcib. She's gone. —————
Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
The wise man's fetter, and the range of fools!
Who is't would court thee if he knew thy ills?
He who the greatest heap of honour piles,
Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,
Or erect mountains to o'erwhelm himself. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Grove adjoining to the Camp.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES and THERAMNES disguised.

Tiss. Now, sir, you're free, and prosperously move,
To reap the long-wish'd harvest of your love.

One minute and you're in Timandra's arms,
 New fetter'd in the power of her charms;
 Methinks the thought ev'n my old blood alarms.

}

Ther. His rage sure works him to an ecstasy.
 How the old monster hugs his villany!
 Good sir, despatch, I cannot brook delay;
 I waste in expectation of my joy.

But hark, did you not hear a murm'ring talk?

Tiss. Perhaps 'tis she come in this grove to walk.
 Stay, here they are; by heav'n the same, 'tis she.
 Retreat a while; blest opportunity!

[They go to the door.]

*Enter TIMANDRA, with a book in her hand, and
 DRAXILLA.*

Tim. Methinks, Draxilla, when Atlanta ran,
 And slaughter was the only prize she won;
 Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
 To kill those she had wounded so before.

[Theramnes throws off his disguise.]

Ther. Then, madam, be not guilty of her ill*.
 Me the poor wretch you've wounded do not kill.
 Ah, in your heart if such a sense there be
 Of the injustice of her cruelty;
 How much more pity from your breast is due
 To him, who ev'ry minute dies for you!

Tim. My lord Theramnes! by what lucky hap
 Have you from guards and prison made escape?

Ther. Who wears your sacred image in his breast,
 Is of such pure divinity possest,
 And from ignoble bondage so secure,
 That feeble chains fall off, and lose their pow'r.

Tim. Then, sir, in your intended flight make haste,
 Lest by some fatal chance you're once more lost.

Ther. No, I enjoy a nobler safety here;
 No danger dares approach when you are near.

* *Her ill*—her fault.

These groves to lovers' bliss are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil outrages of fate.
Come, let's to something like delight draw nigh,
And lose ourselves a-while in ecstasy.

[Seizes roughly on her.

Tim. Guard me, ye pow'rs! Draxilla, help. My lord!

Tiss. Good, gentle madam, if you please, one word.

[Draxilla runs out, crying help, and
Tissaphernes after her.

Ther. I cannot see my rival blest alone;
Must he reap all the sweets, and I have none?

Tim. This outrage, on my knees I beg, forbear.
See, sir, it is Timandra sheds a tear! [Tiss. returns.
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble flame:
Oh don't by savage lust profane that name!
If 'tis the envy of your rival's joy,
Remove, remove th' offence some other way;
Save but my honour, and my life destroy.

Ther. Such tenderness might cool another's blood,
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let virtue to dull anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had soul enough to know despair.
I'll banish the encroacher from my breast,
And shake him off ere he take hold too fast.
Come, let's retire within this covert by;
I am impatient, and my blood boils high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll die a martyr here.

Ther. Then I must drag you.

Tim. ——— Barb'rous ravisher!

Oh! oh! ———

Enter ALCIBIADES.

Alcib. Did I not hear a tender cry?
Oh heavens! turn, base hell-hound, turn, and die.

[Draws.

Ther. That, sir, will thus be better understood.

[Draws.

Tiss. You've undertook, sir, more than you'll make
good. [Draws. They both make at him.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Pat. How's this? assaulted! and by such base odds!
Courage, my friend!

[*After a fierce fight between Alcibiades and Theramnes, Patroclus and Tissaphernes, Patroclus drives his Father off the Stage, and Alcibiades runs Theramnes through.*]

Alcib. To the accurst abodes
Of tortur'd souls that in dark horror dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow-devils tell,
It was my sword that sent thy soul to hell. }

Ther. Hold, sir, enough; I must your victim fall,
Tho' an atonement for my sin too small.
My hasty soul can make no longer stay,
Death tolls his leaden bell, and calls away.
And now like some sad trav'ler taking view
Of the long journey that I have to go,
Whilst I my thoughts to heav'n's sweet mansions bend,
Without your mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one word of pardon ere I die.
Secure of that, my soul dares boldly fly;
Absolv'd by you, it must have welcome there,
As incense that is offer'd up with pray'r.

Tim. My pardon and my prayers too receive;
More than your guilt could ask me, I could give.
Be happy as your penitence is true;
And may kind heav'n forgive you, as I do. [Weeps.]

Ther. Ah! can your piety vouchsafe a tear
Of pity, on an impious ravisher!
My soul will leave me in an ecstasy:
And I shall want the sense to know I die.
Thus, pure divinity, at your feet I bow;
Here 'tis my soul would make her latest stay;
Nor can she,
Beginning hence her journey, miss the way.
But I'd forgot; beware of—— [Dies.]

Alcib. Who can fear,
That is secur'd by charms so pow'ful here?
Within these spheres my guardian angels move;
These are my seats of safety, as of love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themselves; I fear more mischief may depend
On this disaster.——

Enter PATROCLUS.

Alcib. So when a storm's blown o'er,
And a calm breeze has smooth'd the rugged deep,
The joyful mariners can fear no more;
But thus embrace, and lull their cares asleep,
[*Embraces him.*
Welcome my life's protector and only friend.
Hah! what does that sad look and sigh intend?
Are you, sir, wounded?——

Pat. Yes, too deep, I fear.

Alcib. Forbid it, heav'n, where is't?

Pat. Oh here, sir, here;
My soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where.
Your friend! ah let that title be no more;
Behold me as a wretch forlorn and poor.
Imagine ev'ry form of misery;
And when you've summ'd up all, then look on me.

Alcib. Now some blest angel to my soul reveal
This doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah, kind Patroclus, this sad silence break.

Pat. Oh, sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.
Point out black horror, in its deepest dread,
And troops of murders hov'ring o'er your head,
And when that hideous masque of hell you see,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.

Alcib. Confusion! how my thoughts begin to start!
A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get place;
But I'll subdu't.——Be free, kind friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our friendship and your worth.

Pat. That charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.

But oh it must not; duty does forbid.
 Yet what's my duty, if my honour bleed?
 Know then,—now that this stubborn heart would break!
 My cruel father—oh, I dare not speak.

Alcib. Hah!

Pat. Led by some blind mistaken jealousy,
 Heaps treasons upon you, and shame on me.
 It was by him Theramnes made escape,
 And 'twas he back'd him in this impious rape.
 But oh, no more! Shame does my words suppress:
 Yet think what he will do, that durst do this.
 I'll go and try if I his rage can stay;
 I may divert the stream another way. [*Exit Patroclus.*]

Alcib. Kind youth, I cannot fear thy father's hate:
 He sells his honour at too cheap a rate.
 What have I done that could be call'd a wrong?
 No, I've a guard of innocence too strong;
 Whilst I unspotted that and friendship bear,
 No danger is so great that I need fear.

Tim. Yet be not, sir, regardless of my fears;
 Some pity have of these sad sighs and tears.
 Whither, oh whither would your rashness lead;
 To urge a ruin levell'd at your head!

Let us
 To some recess that's safe and humble go:
 Timandra can bear any thing with you.
 Let int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway;
 With us,
 Love shall supply what fortune takes away.

Alcib. Sure 'tis not my Timandra's voice I hear:
 She ne'er had cause to think that I could fear.
 Have I so many dangers over-past,
 Poorly to shrink from villany at last?
 No, with my innocence I'll brave his hate,
 And meet it in a free, undaunted state;
 See all with smiles, as fearless and as gay,
 As infants unconcern'd at dangers play.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my love is due;
 Unsteady doubts be gone, blind fears adieu!

I were unworthy of the heart you gave,
 Were I than you, less faithful, or less brave.
 And of my courage too this proof I'll give,
 When you dare meet a death, I'll scorn to live,
 Nor longer be a vassal to my fear ;
 We'll in each other's chance a portion bear.
 So fate has thus at least some kindness shown,
 Neither can wretched be, nor blest alone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Camp.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES and Four Villains.

Tiss. Is't done?—

1 *Vil.* Sir, to a point your will's fulfill'd ;
 Theramnes' guards, as they lay drunk, we kill'd.
 Draxilla too, by th' ambush you had laid
 For your retreat, was in her flight betray'd.

Tiss. Next, as from me, be there a message sent,
 To bid my son attend me in my tent ;
 In's passage thither you may seize him, so
 Convey him to a cave—

1 *Vil.* My lord, we go.

Tiss. Ye are the best of rogues ; but disappear :
 [*Exeunt 3 Vil.*

You know your bus'ness. So ; the king is here.

Enter KING and QUEEN, attended.

King. Lead to the grove—

Tiss. Oh, sir, there's treason in the camp ; retreat,
 But now the guards I in confusion met,
 Who led me where Theramnes I beheld,
 The late Athenian captive gen'ral, kill'd.
 That little breath he'd left h'employ'd to shew
 His honour, and his gallantry to you :
 Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
 As would seem almost treason to repeat.
 But, sir, you have no longer safety here :
 Secure yourself, and leave all to my care.

King. No more! you know not what you urge me to:

Secure myself! am I a king, or no?
That monarch, who, when danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble title to a throne.
The best securities in courage are;
We but subscribe to treasons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold traitor know,
To stem the torrent I myself will go:
In state I'll meet the fond capricious wretch,
And dare him with that crown which he would snatch.

Tiss. Alas, dread sir, force me not to declare;
The name would wound your sacred breast to hear.
I, in revealing, honour should offend:
He once was noble, sir, and call'd me friend.

King. How, sir, your friend! and traitor to my crown?

Reveal him, or his treasons are your own.

Tiss. Alas, but must I!—'tis so foul a deed,
I cannot speak.

King. Hell! sir; d'ye play? Proceed.

Tiss. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
T'engage in all the firmest ties of love,
He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
And on the highest seats of honour plac'd;
Has thence this use of all your favours shown,
To make them steps to mount into your throne.

King. Defend me! what do I hear!—
Sir, you have rais'd a tumult in my breast,
Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
By heav'ns, see all that you inform be true,
Or may all torments which to th' damn'd are due,
Light on me, if inflicted not on you. }
The brave Athenian false! it cannot be;
His soul ne'er dreamt of such impiety.

Tiss. Sir, you're unkind if you suspect me false.
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales;
Had I such mystic policy pursu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.

King. Alas, dear friend, misconstrue not my zeal,
Weigh not my passions in nice reason's scale.
Who would believe a king should blindly place
His love so firmly, for returns so base?
Rack me no more, but the dark scruple clear,
My soul's in a convulsion till I hear.

Tiss. Yes, sir, 'tis he, and thus his plots were laid.
Th' account I from the dying captive had;
Whom he, with liberty, had brib'd to join
With him in this his treacherous design:
This night with th' enemy your camp t' invade,
On promise it should be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant captive did disdain,
He was to combat dar'd, and by him slain.
If you insist on farther evidence,
Theramnes' murder'd guards enough convince:
Hence you may farther confirmation have.

King. Be bold, speak what thou knowest—

4 Vil.

When to relieve

The captive's guards, I by command was sent,
I found them murder'd at the door o' th' tent.
In one of them some life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our gen'ral slain,
'Cause they Theramnes' freedom had denied.
More he had said, but at these words he died.

King. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
In shapes more various than e'er Proteus knew.
By heav'n I'll make him base, despis'd, and poor,
More wretched than e'er monster was before.
Naked, and stript of all his dignities,
I'll lay his odious crimes before his eyes.
Then when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
To make his infamy the more complete,
Some common slave shall on him justice do,
And send his soul among the damn'd below.
Guards wait on him—— [To Tissaphernes.
Go ere my love return, and I repent,
And seize upon the traitor in his tent.

A speedy vengeance best befits this wrong,
 'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

Enter ALCIBIADES and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. This way's the king?

Tiss. He's here leapt into th' net.

Thus, sir, the king salutes you. [*Guards seize Alcib.*]

Alcib. Slaves, retreat.

Tim. Alas, my lord!

Tiss. Sir, 'tis the king's command,

The least of them I never durst withstand.

Alcib. But, sir, what meaning can this usage bear?

Tiss. The king, sir, quickly all your doubts will clear.

King. Away with him; thou poison to my eyes!

Alcib. The basest wretch not unconvicted dies.

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
 Unworthy of my honour, or your crown.

If, in your cause, who'd spend his dearest blood,

And is, to be your meanest vassal, proud;

No greater welfare than in your's does know,

If he be an offender, I am so.

King. How cunningly he would seem innocent,
 And guild with flattery his foul intent!

Thus traitors in their fall are like the sun,

Who still looks fairest at his going down*.

'Sdeath, sir, do you believe me child, or fool,

Whom ev'ry fawning word or toy can rule?

By heav'n I'll let you see, sir, your mistake:

Hence with the traitor quickly to the rack.

Alcib. Sir, hear me speak——

King. What is't that you can say,

Who would my crown and your own trust betray?

When you from prison set the captive free,

Basely to win him to your treachery:

* Thus traitors, &c. ——— παρεικάσαι τις ἂν καταδυομένῳ
 ἡλίῳ, οὗ δόξα της σφοδρότητός παραμένει τὸ μέγεθος.

Long. de Sub.

Whom, when on him your plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cause he more honour had than you.

Alcib. By all above, sir, I am innocent:
I ne'er knew what the thought of treason meant.
But know from whence this jealousy you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence;

[To Tissaphernes.

And for desigus so base——

Tiss. Oh impudence!
To what prodigious height will treason climb!
Dare you, sir, charge me with your heavy crime?
Old as I am, my sword should do me right.
But——

Alcib. Monster, hence, and them that fear thee
fright.
Think'st thou to play with the black deeds thou'st done?
Were I but free, tho' naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a desp'rate crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
This single arm should prove my cause is good,
And chronicle my honour in their blood.

King. Is't thus, sir, you would plead your innocence?
Think you t' outbrave us with your impudence?
Once more the traitor to his tortures bear.

Queen. But, sir, your justice now is too severe.
'Twere an ill triumph after victories,
To make the conqueror the sacrifice;
That gallantry some privilege may plead.

King. His treasons are too plain, and open laid,
And all his merits weigh'd against them light.

Queen. Should we him guilty of worse crimes admit,
And that in's death you'd worthiest justice shew,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

King. When Deïdamia pleads, I can't deny:
His doom's this time recall'd, he shall not die;
But (robb'd of all his joys) let him be sent
To a perpetual imprisonment;

His treasures rif'd, and his wife a slave.

Alcib. Here on my knees let me one favour crave,
Whatever fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd; but, sir, let her be free;
Let all the weight of the alledg'd offence
Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less than you?
No, sir, in this he has no right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equal justice on us both be shown;
And as we are, so let our fates be one.

Alcib. Thou wonder of thy sex!——

King. I'll hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry monarch's pow'r?
But since his fate so gratefully you esteem,
Let her be pris'ner too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For fetters would be blessings were she there.
Go, see ye execute our orders straight.

Tim. Thus we with smiles will entertain our fate.
My dearest lord, farewell; let not a sigh
Or tear proclaim we grieve, our parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our happiness a pain,
Joy were not then a blessing, but a chain.
No, let us part as dying martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in heav'n shall meet again.

Alcib. So from their oracles the deities
Instruct the ign'rant world in mysteries.
But, part! that word would make a saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a virtue here.
If so, ye Gods, ye have such precepts giv'n,
That an example would confound your heav'n;
You duties
Beyond your own omnipotence enjoin;
Can you forsake your heav'n, or I leave mine?

Till when, thus, king, I'm fix'd beyond remove,
 With all the cements of an endless love.
 Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy ends despair,
 My soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where,
 Nay, I'd not fly to heav'n till she came there.

King. Shall I thus see myself out-brav'd? Away,
 He is a traitor that but seems to stay.

[*Alcibiades snatches a sword from one of the guards.*

Alcib. Now I am arm'd, death to the wretch that
 stirs.

King. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?
 Disarm him, guards, or kill him.

[*They fight, and disarm him.*

Tiss. Push home, ye dogs——

Alcib. Sordid slaves.

Thus ev'ry ass the helpless lion braves.

Adieu, divinest of thy sex, adieu!

I never thought that I could part till now.

Now I deserve the worst fate has in store.

That in so brave a cause should do no more.

[*The guards offer to lead him off.*

Yet stay, one look. Thus does the needle steer
 To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:
 When in the eager prospect of his joy,
 He is by some rude artist snatch'd away.
 Farewell——

Tim. Farewell, and if your memory
 E'er trouble you with such a thing as I,
 Let not a sigh come from you, but believe
 I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.

Alcib. Such worth shall in each temple have a
 shrine;
 What, to regain her, would I not resign?
 But she's too heav'nly to be longer mine.

[*Exeunt several ways guarded, and looking
 back at each other.*

King. She's gone, but oh what mighty charms there
 lie
 Couch'd in the narrow circle of an eye!

Had she but stay'd another minute here,
 I had worn chains, and been her prisoner:
 And still I fear my heart is not my own;
 For if so bright when to a dungeon gone,
 How would she shine triumphant on a throne? [*Exit.*]

Queen. So, now or never must my love succeed!
 Vainly, weak'king, hast thou his doom decreed.
 In this beginning of his fall thou'st shown
 But the imperfect figure of thy own.
 Few hours remain 'twixt thee and destiny,
 'Till when, grow dull in thy security.
 Timandra's and thy death is one design;
 'Then if a crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit,*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

TISSAPHERNES *solus.*

Tiss. Now like a lion on my prey I'll feast;
 Revenge! thou solace to a troubled breast!
 Could but Theramnes in Elysium know,
 How would his ghost rejoice at what I do!
 [*Theramnes' ghost rises,*

Ghost. Oh no——

Tiss. Death! what is that I hear and see?
 Begone, dull ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Ghost. From deepest horror of eternal night,
 Where souls in everlasting torments groan;
 Where howling fiends lie chain'd, and where's no light,
 But thickest darkness covers ev'ry one,
 I come to warn thee, mortal, of thy sin;
 Short time is here left for thee to remain;
 'Twere fit that thy repentance soon begin,
 For think what 'tis to live in endless pain.
 Farewel. [*Descends,*

Tiss. 'Twas an odd speech; but be it so;
 Pish; hell itself trembles at what I do;

And its submission better to express,
 Sends this ambassador to make its peace.
 Let idle fears the superstitious awe;
 With me my resolution is a law.
 Repentance now would be too late begun;
 Ages can't expiate what I have done.
 And if below for souls such torments are,
 Methinks there's yet some brav'ry in despair.
 The easy king looks little in his state,
 His crown is for his head too great a weight:
 But I will ease him, and adorn this brow;
 Thus to my aims no limits I'll allow.
 Revenge, ambition, all that's ill, shall be
 My bus'ness; so I'll baffle destiny.
 Hell! no,——
 I'll act such things whilst here I have abode,
 'Till my own trophies raise me to a god.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Now such an engine is it I would have:
 I know he is a traitor, and is brave.
 I'll bait him with ambition that may move;
 Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
 In seeming to comply with his design,
 I'll make him but an instrument to mine;
 For when success me to my wishes calls,
 I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
 My lord!

Tiss. Madam!

Queen. My father lov'd you well;
 I've heard him oft of your achievements tell;
 When in his camp such gallant deeds you wrought,
 And always victory and triumph brought.

Tiss. Madam, your father was all good and just.

Queen. He could, why may not I, your honour trust!

Tiss. You wrong it else, your father lives in you;
 As I was his, I am your champion too.
 Tho' old, against your foes this sword shall plead
 Your right; name but your traitor, and he's dead.

Queen. Nay, sir, the traitor's not alone my foe,
His injuries extended are to you ;
To you, to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys ;
Whilst for his ills he would his kindness plead,
To heap your honours on your rival's head.
Rally your courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour save.

Tiss. Your majesty would mean the king. D'ye
try

My resolution, or my loyalty ?

Queen. Your courage, sir, is known ; your loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Thro' me these honours you in Sparta bore,
And 'twas my father made you great before.
Now know it is the king, whose perjur'd soul
Has done me injuries so base and foul,
That all that's good will blush at ; his vows past
To me, all in another's love are lost.
Nay, with my honour too my life must bleed ;
He, with the gen'ral's, has my fall decreed,
To take the fair Timandra to his bed. }
Let's go surprize him now he's full of wine ;
Revenge me on his life, his crown is thine.

Tiss. Madam, indeed the injuries you feel
Cry loud ; nor do I tamely see my ill.
But you must swear to me you will be true.

Queen. By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

Tiss. I'll do't ; but, madam, know, I undertake
To hazard life and honour for your sake ;
Should you betray me——

Queen. Nay, now you are unkindler than before.
To my first oath I'll add a million more.

Tiss. And you will still be mindful of the crown ?

Queen. Had he ten thousand, they were all your
own.

Tiss. This then's his fate ; pity a crime were here :
He shan't have time enough to make a pray'r.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Queen. Be bold; and prosper in thy brave design;
And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Tiss. This trap was dang'rously and subtly laid,
But I am not so easily betray'd.
Her love to Alcibiades I know;
Her woman for me did that kindness do;
And since she is so good at the design,
I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.
My zealous urging of her oath was done,
Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.
I'll cherish her in all that she pretends,
So make her aims but covers to my ends.
For when I'm seated on the Spartan throne,
Both her and all her treasons I'll disown;
Prove both her judge and her accuser too,
And on her my first act of justice do.
So all my doubts and fears will be o'erpast,
And by her fall I fix myself more fast. [Exit.]

*An Apartment with a Chair of State, and by it a table,
with the Crown and Sceptre.*

Enter KING and Lords.

King. My lords, no more, we've drank too deep!
I'd now
A while be private.

Lords. Royal sir, we go. [Exit Lords.]

King. Boy, take thy lute, and with a pleasing air,
Appease my sorrows, and delude my care. [Sits down.]

SONG.

I.

Princes that rule, and empires sway,
How transitory is their state!
Sorrows their glories do allay,
And richest crowns have greatest weight.

II.

The mighty monarch treason fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life all discontent and cares,
And he at best is but a slave.

III.

Vainly we think with fond delight
 To ease the burden of our cares;
 Each grief a second does invite,
 And sorrows are each other's heirs.

IV.

For me, my honour I'll maintain,
 Be gallant, generous and brave,
 And when I quietude would gain,
 At least I find it in the grave.

[The King falls asleep.]

Enter QUEEN, and TISSAPHERNES *with a dagger.*

Queen. He sleeps; now let the fatal deed be done.
 Hah! what are these, the sceptre and the crown!
 So did the drowsy dragon sleep, when he
 Lost the rich fruits of the Hesperian tree.
 First we'll secure his crown, and then he dies.

[Takes up the crown.]

Thus I'm discharg'd of all my promises.
 Take this, and if I claim your promise too,

[Puts it on his head.]

You're king, and justice is your duty now.
 Come, by his fall——

This your first step to glory solemnize,
 I make you king, make him my sacrifice.

Tiss. I'll do't, but stay—*[Advances towards the King.]*

Queen. Nay, quickly to him go;
 Sir, he expects no ceremony now.

Tiss. Thus then I—hah! how alter'd am I grown!
 I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
 There is in majesty a secret charm,
 That puts a fetter on a traitor's arm*:
 I cannot do't——

* *There is in majesty, &c.—*

“ There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

“ That treason can but peep to what it would.”—

A scene similar to this, will easily be recollected in *Macbeth*, Act 2.

Oh my dear lord, that e'er I liv'd to know
This day! madam, I can't conceal it.

Queen. Say you so?

But, sir, I scorn to be betray'd by you.

*[At the noise of people entering, throws away the
Dagger, then falls upon her knees, and lays
hold of Tissaphernes, then speaks.]*

Treason, treason, treason, &c.—

Is't not enough you've shed my husband's blood?

Tiss. The devil!—

Queen. And robb'd the world of all that's great and
good,

But you must seek my life? Oh pity take,
If not for mine, at least for virtue's sake!

Tiss. Hell and plagues!—

Queen. But why do I name that? for all that e'er
The world had left of it, lies murder'd there.

Tiss. Very fine.

Queen. Yet tho' you've robb'd him of his life, save
mine.

I'll live to ask heav'n pardon for your sin.

Tiss. So, now I'll stop your mouth.

[Breaks from her, and takes up the dagger.]

Queen. Help! murder! treason! help!

Enter Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, Tissaphernes, arm'd against the queen!
What means this posture, sir?

Queen. Oh noble lord,

If e'er your pity could a tear afford,
Weep down an ocean there; behold the spring
Of Sparta's hopes lies murder'd in her king.
And had not I the traitor's rage withstood,
He with my husband's too had mix'd my blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord. Great Agis slain!

By Tissaphernes too!

Queen. Yes, he to gain

The Spartan crown, this bloody deed h a done:
 See, he already has usurp'd the crown;
 His hot ambition could not bear delays,
 But on the royal spoils thus proudly preys;
 Insults in's treason.

Tiss. I am now run down
 So far, that all hopes of recov'ry's gone.
 But, madam, can you dare to lay this guilt
 On me? was't not by you his blood was spilt?

Queen. By me, base wretch, would thy impiety
 Lay this inhuman regicide on me?
 I wound this breast? ah, dearest saint, too well
 I knew thy worth! *[Weeps.]*

Tiss. Death! she'll be queen of hell;
 Pluto will grow in love with her for this.

Lord. My lord, this treason is above all pardon.

Tiss. 'Tis.

Lord. Then, sir, to justice.

Tiss. No, thus I deny, *[Presents his dagger.]*

I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.
 Was it for this my stratagems I laid
 To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
 Curse on my narrow fate: but yet to shew
 That I love murder too as well as you,
 Thus, perjurd queen——

*[Offers to stab the Queen, but is hindered
 by the Lords.]*

Queen. See, how he'd still pursue
 His treason! hence to justice with him go.
 Hourly let on the rack his pains increase,
 Till he the horror of his guilt confess.

Tiss. That shall not need. I'll own the deed as mine;
 And glory in't; it was a brave design.
 The king kill'd! and I ruin'd! to complete
 Thy lust, all by one stratagem, was great;
 So great, that for its sake—
 I can with satisfaction yield my breath,
 Else I should take no pleasure in my death.

But ere I go, be pleas'd to entertain
 The last kind precepts of a dying man.
 Be bloody, false, revengeful, lustful, all
 That can be found recorded on hell's roll
 Embrace; where'er you rising virtue see,
 Down with it, and set up impiety.
 Make that your theme, leave nothing ill undone,
 So copy Tissaphernes when he's gone;
 Who leaves this counsel as a legacy:
 'Tis my religion, and I'll in it die. [*Exit Tiss. guarded.*
Queen. Hence with the wretch——
 Meanwhile to my dead lord I'll sorrows pay,
 And after his, sigh my own life away. [*Exeunt Lords.*
 So, now they're gone—Hab, who comes there?

Enter ARDELLA.

Ard.

'Tis I.

Queen. Ardella, on that thing cast back an eye;
 'Twas once a king, but, thank these hands, now none:
 Nay, start not, Tissaphernes too is gone; [*Ardella starts.*
 His treasures all are thine as a reward.

Ard. You are too kind——

Queen. See straight a draught prepar'd,
 And murderers; Timandra next must fall;
 You know our will, let it be done.

Ard. It shall. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A darkened Tent.*

Timandra asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and sings.

Mer. Come, my Salla, come away,
 Thy Merli calls.

Sal. (*within*) Whither?

Mer. Hither.

We've no bus'ness to-day;
 And where innocence sleeps, we securely may play.

Sal. I come.

[*Enters.*

Mer. So, welcome my dear,
But first let's disperse the black clouds that are here.

Both. Round about this place we range,
And its gloomy darkness change
To a bright delightful grove,
A proper scene for happy love.

The SCENE changes to Elysium.

Mer. Next to divert this fair one, all
Our wing'd companions we will call,
And the air for music charm,
Whilst they their measures here perform.

Both. Come all you bright forms that inhabit the air,
And ease with your pleasures the cares of the fair;
Here frolic and skip, oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his wings, and away.

Several Spirits of the Air descend, and dance.

Sal. Now let us discover the mansions of rest,
Where lovers with eternal joys are blest.

*[A glorious Temple appears in the air, where
the Spirits of the Happy are seated.]*

See, fair one, see, not long ere you
To those glorious seats shall go.

Another Spirit. The lustful queen thirsts for your blood.
And you are for this world too good.

Mer. Nor shall you come alone, your lover too
Must meet a fate the same with you.

Sal. But here your troubles all shall cease,
'Tis the seat of endless bliss.

Cho. Here in endless pleasures they
Keep eternal holiday.
Here they revel, sport, and are
Crown'd with joys still new and rare;
Their pleasures too can never die,
But like themselves have immortality.

Mer. See the kind Spirits smile, and now
They'll bless her with a nearer view.

[The whole body of the Temple moves downward.]

Cho. Descend, oh ye glories, descend!
 Who with blessings eternal are crown'd;
 To this nymph your kind influence lend,
 Whilst all the spheres with harmony resound,

Mer. She wakes; let th' apparition go;
 By th' damp upon my wlngs I know
 Something ill is drawing near;
 Comé, Salla, come away; Oh come away, my dear.

*They all vanish, and the Scene changes again to the
 Tent.*

Tim. I've had a dream might make a lover blest;
 Oh th' sweet delights of everlasting rest!

[*Queen appears at the entrance,*

How's this! the queen? what can her coming mean?

Queen. Ardella, with the ruffians here remain;
 I'll in, and with soft words her temper try;
 If without him she'll live, she shall not die.

Madam?—

[*To Timandra,*

Tim. —Your pleasure!

Queen. Oft I've heard you're brave;
 But the best proof of gallantry you gave,
 When of your noble lord you were bereft,
 And such a bliss with so rare patience left.

Tim. Madam, our flames a nobler passion rules
 Than fondness, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools;
 Our loves knew a far higher excellence,
 Than the half pleasures of a minute's sense.

Queen. Then you may love, since you can with him
 part;

H' has made a conquest o'er my tender heart.
 Love governs here; and since my husband's dead,
 Fate and my choicest wishes have decreed,
 He should both in his love and throne succeed.

Tim. Do you believe empires or crowns can make
 Him his Timandra and his faith forsake?
 Or think you I an atom will resign
 Of that heart, which by holy vows is mine?

No, I will keep him, maugre cruelty.

Queen. But, madam, do you know what 'tis to die?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay these clogs our bodies by,
And be remov'd to blest eternity.
By death, relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one, put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more,
Than all the busy gown-men study for;
Who, after in dull search they've ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know they're ignorant.
Death is a blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our frailties, fear,
It claims our joy; since by it we put on
The top of happiness, perfection.
Quit him? no, never whilst I here have breath;
He's mine in spite of cruelty or death.

Queen. Then enter, ye grim ministers of fate.

Enter Murderers, with Poison.

Does not your stubborn courage now abate?

Tim. No, my resolves more fixt and firm are grown!

Bring dreadful racks and tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each sense, and then do thou
Tempt me my love and int'rest to forego;
Midst all my pains I'll smile and tell thee, no.

Queen. But, minion, soon your insolence shall cease.
Come, since such resolution you express,
Take this; demur not; do't—

[Gives her a bowl of poison.]

Tim. And is this all?
I thought t' have had a more heroic fall;
Expected to have noblest tortures met,
Not by dull poison to have found my fate;
But any way I can thy pow'r defy;
'Tis for my Alcibiades I die.

[Offers to drink.]

Queen. Yet yield, and live.—

Tim. Live! what have I to do
With life, when giv'n by one so base as you?
Thus I despise it—— [*Drinks,*

Queen. What dismal tortures straight will on her
seize!

So! 'twas a health to Alcibiades.

[*After Timandra has drunk the poison,*

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious rage has done. }
My Alcibiades is still my own; }
And if thou him embrace when I am gone, }
Each night thy bed I'll haunt, and challenge there }
Those joys of which thou has bereft me here. }
Anxious shall be each day, disturb'd each night, }
A restless shade I'll still be in thy sight; }
And thee i' th' height of all thy pleasures fright, }
Heav'n, what do I feel!

Queen. Oh, does the draught succeed!

Ard. Madam, great Alcibiades is freed,
And just is ent'ring.

Queen. Straight, with strictest care
Convey her in, and wait my pleasure there.

[*The Murderers lead in Timandra,*
Sweet murder! oh, no physic is so good
For th' hopeless lover, as a bath of blood.
But here he comes.

Enter ALCIBIADES.

Now to my griefs again. [*Veils,*

Alcib. It makes me wonder how I freedom gain;
All things confus'd and in disorder are.
How's this, in mourning weeds? unveil, my fair.
Hah, not Timandra! [*Queen unveils,*

Queen. No, sir, tho' 'tis one
That loves as nobly as Timandra can,
Or could, did she yet live; but she is dead.

Alcib. How, dead!—

Queen. Yes; Tissaphernes that black deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble hate to you.

But you will wonder more when I shall tell,
That by his hand the mighty Agis fell.
The king is slain: both I and Sparta now
Have no hopes left but what remains in you.

Alcib. In me! alas! I am a wretch too poor,
Timandra dead! curst ever be the hour
Wherein so fair an innocent was lost.
Heav'n justly now may of it's glories boast;
For the most bright and precious saint that e'er
The world enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

Queen. Why do you let your griefs distract your soul?
Call up your reason, and let passion cool.
See here a queen, that courts you with the charms
Of love, a crown, and empire; to her arms,
No longer for Timandra sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

Alcib. Oh, madam, no;
To love like her's a task too hard for you:
Love me as she did! Why each thought she had
Of me was such, might make an angel glad.
For crowns, tho' emp'ror of the world I were,
I'd turn a beggar to recover her.
Oh, madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a thought of love again.

Queen. Never!

Alcib. No, never.

Queen. Can you then so soon
Forget your promise? or will you disown
That e'er, if you Timandra should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how heaven has decreed——

Alcib. Alas!
I then the blessing knew, but not the loss;
Besides, I now must die——

Queen. How, sir, is't thus my proffer'd love you prize?

Alcib. I do not hate you; may not that suffice?

Queen. Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy pride.

Draw back:

[*The Scene drawn, discovers Timandra on a couch, in the midst of her pains.*

Go, dotard, in, enjoy thy bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd Timandra died;
Yes, cruel man, by me——

Tim. No, queen, she lives,
And still to all thy rage defiance gives.
Do I behold my dearest lord so nigh? [*Spies Alcibiades.*]
Shall I again see him before I die?

Alcib. Best hopes and comfort of my life, I'm here.
How fares my love?——

Tim. O, come not, come not near;
My blood's all fire, infection's in each vein,
And tyrant death in ev'ry part does reign;
But I for you could suffer much more pain. }

Alcib. Kind heav'n! let all her pangs upon me fall;
And add ten thousand more, I'll bear them all,
Do but restore her back. Oh cursed queen!
What devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a sin?
Couldst thou be guilty of so foul a deed?

Queen. Yes, I did do't; by me the king too bled,
Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r, I now would kill thee too.

Alcib. Oh do't, I'll blot out all thou'st done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my breast, soon the kind work begin,
Advance thy poniard, send it boldly in.

Queen. No, thou shalt live for harder destiny,
But first shall see thy dear Timandra die.

Alcib. Oh misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in life nor death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary moan;
I find my torments quickly will be gone;
Tho' I could wish they might to years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black storms of fate are all blown o'er,
And we shall meet, and ne'er be parted more.

But oh farewell——

[Dies.

Alcib. My dear Timandra, stay!
Ah precious soul, fly not so soon away!
But one look more; will death have no remorse?
See, 'tis thy Alcibiades implores.
But oh she's gone; seize there that murd'ress.

Queen. No.

Seize me! 'tis more than all your camp can do;
Who'er comes, here's my guard; alas! mean fool,
[Presents her dagger.

My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lies your constancy. [Pointing to Timandra.
[Alcibiades flies to the Queen, and snatches
the dagger from her.

Alcib. Infernal hag!

Whose ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
Could not thy fury on my bosom rest,
But thou must wreak thy vengeance on this breast?
To murder her!——curse on me, that I stand
Thus idle; now thy heart:

[Presents the dagger to her breast.

——But oh 'twould brand

My trophies with eternal infamy,
If by my hand so base a thing should die:
Her ills so many, and so odious are,
They would disgrace an executioner.
Yet I'd do something; oh I have't; I'll tear [Ravingly.
Her piecemeal:—But Timandra's gone too far:

[Mildly.

Yonder she mounts! triumphant spirit stay;
See where the angels bear her soul away!
Now all the gods will grow in love with her:
And I shall meet fresh troops of rivals there.
But thus I'll haste and follow—— [Stabs himself.

——Devil, there,

[Throws the dagger to the Queen.

Die, if thou hast courage enough to dare.

But oh!——

A heavy faintness does each sense surprize:
Yet ere I close up these unhappy eyes,

Here the last duteous sorrows they shall pay,
 And at this object melt in tears away.
 Blest centre of my hopes! in whom I plac'd
 Too choice, too pure a happiness to last ;
 I any loss less than thy death had griev'd ;
 How well could I have died, so thou hadst liv'd!
 Damn'd fiend!————— [To the Queen.

But oh, why do I rave at her,
 That have so little time to tarry here?
 One parting kiss, and then in peace I'll die ;
 [Kisses Timandra.
 Now, farewell world ; welcome eternity.

Enter PATROCLUS, Lords and Guards.

Pat. Horror of horrors! this was a dismal chance ;
 Alas, my friend!

Alcib. Thy useless grief refrain ;
 Farewel! we shall hereafter meet again. [Dies.

Pat. Guards, seize the queen——

Queen. ——Seize me, rude slaves! forbear.

Pat. You shall in short your accusation hear.
 To kill the king, my father first you made
 Your property ; then basely him betray'd.
 Your woman all confess'd, and by the guard
 Is now secur'd to a more just reward.
 And (tho' too late) this black design I knew :
 Yet all your stratagems are useless now.
 Hence with the murderess to justice.

Queen. Hah!

Think you that I will die by formal law ?
 No, when I'm dead, be thus my fame supply'd ;
 She liv'd a murd'ress, and a murd'ress dy'd.

[Stabs herself.

Justice would but my happiness retard ;
 Thus I descend below to a reward.
 I shall be queen of fate : the furies there
 For me a glorious crown of snakes prepare.
 I long to be in state ; my lords, farewell !
 Now, noble Charon ! hoist up sail for hell.

[Dies.

Lord. Her soul is fled——

Pat. With her for ever die
Her treasons, and her odious memory.
But whither is the fair Draxilla gone?

Lord. Distracted at the mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither, is to all unknown.

Pat. Quickly let after her be made pursuit;
I'll ransack all the world to find her out.
Propitious heav'n to her will sure be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 Lord. My lord, we in our votes have all combin'd
To make you king; the camp, with shouts and cries
Of joy, send their loud wishes to the skies.

[Shout within, long live Patroclus King of Sparta.]

Pat. Go bid them their unwelcome noise forbear.
Turn all their shouts to sighs of sorrow here.

[Turns to the bodies.]

They're gone; and with them all I wish'd to keep.
Now I could almost turn a boy, and weep.
My friend! my mistress! and my father lost!
Never were growing hopes more sadly crost.
Now fortune has her utmost malice shown,
She'd court me with the flatt'ry of a crown.
A thing so far beneath those joys I miss,
'Tis but the shadow of a happiness.
For how uneasily on thrones they sit,
That must, like me, be wretched to be great!

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

Now who says poets don't in blood delight?
'Tis true, the varlets care not much to fight;
But faith, they claw it off, whene'er they write;
Are bully-rocks not of the common size;
Kill ye men faster than Domitian flies.
Our's made such havock, that the silly rogue
Was forc'd to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The fop damn'd me, but ere to hell I go,
I'd very fain be satisfied, if you
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.
As he hath your's, do you his hopes beguile:
You've been in purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to hell, and never spare;
Perhaps he'll find more favour there than here:
Nay, of the two may choose the much less evil;
If you're but good when pleas'd, ev'n so's the devil.

FINIS.

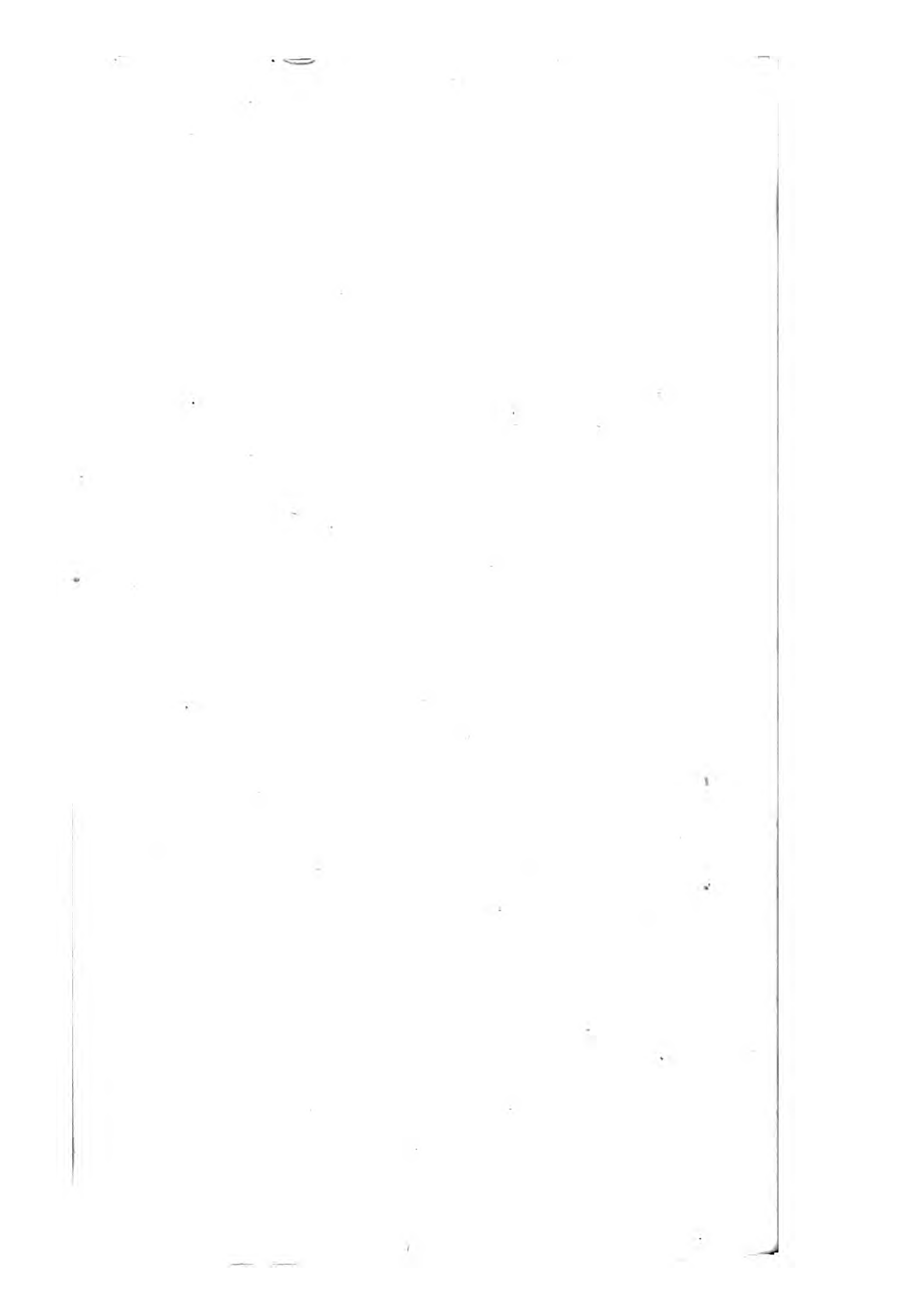
DON CARLOS,

PRINCE OF SPAIN.

A TRAGEDY.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.

HOR. EP. 17. LIB. 1.



DON CARLOS.

THE history of the unhappy prince who is the subject of the following tragedy, has employed the attention of many dramatic writers of different nations. Campistron*, a French poet, and pupil of Racine, whom he nearly approaches in harmony and dignity, appears to have been the most successful in his *Andronic*, which, under different names, represents in a spirited manner the melancholy story of Don Carlos.

This prince was the son of Philip II. and grandson of Charles V. Deformed in his person, and furious and intractable in his temper, he was the cause of much uneasiness to his father, whom he hated and ridiculed. He once attempted, from some sudden impulse, to murder his tutor; and when the celebrated duke of Alva waited upon him to take his leave, upon his departure to the Low-Countries, then in a state of insurrection; irritated by the disappointment of a wish he had entertained to proceed thither himself, he attacked, and had not the duke prevented it, would have killed him.

After Philip married Mary queen of England, he projected a match between his son Carlos and Elizabeth

* I suspect the *Alcibiade* of this author, not Palaprat, to be meant by Dr. Johnson, as the model of Otway in the preceding tragedy.

of France ; but becoming a widower by the death of Mary, he married her himself. This forms the main feature in Otway's tragedy. Carlos, angry at the affront, rather than at any disappointment of his love, had recourse to such violent measures, as to raise a doubt of his sanity; and Philip, whose character is blackened by many enormities, took advantage of his frenzy, to condemn him to death. In what manner he died is uncertain ; but there is little doubt that his death was a violent one.

After this slight sketch of the original story upon which the play was built, it will be proper to notice the extraordinary success it obtained: a success the more remarkable, as it appeared whilst Dryden's rhyming plays were in full possession of the stage, and whose excellence rendered a competition with him, in this way, extremely difficult. It received the approbation of the king and duke of York* ; was applauded, as the author expresses it in his Preface, as the best heroic play of the age ; and, consequently, had a surprising run at the theatre. The following is among the hyperbolical compliments paid to the author :

When the aspiring Grecian † in the East,
And haughty Philip is forgot i' th' West,
Then Lee and Otway's works shall be suppress !

Evelyn's Imit. of Ovid.

The success of this piece was certainly not the legitimate fruit of it's merit ; for in that respect it does

* This he refers to, in the motto to the play.

† The Rival Queens, by Nat. Lee, 1677.

not rank considerably higher than the author's first play. The profligate earl of Rochester, having quarrelled with Dryden, and being fond of acting the part of a tyrant in literature, selected Otway as a more respectable antagonist of the laureat, than Crowne, whose play of "Calisto" had, through the same interested patronage, been favourably received by the court and the public. As both these authors were afterwards ridiculed and lampooned by Rochester, it is easy to assign his patronage to the proper motive. The violence of literary prejudice having therefore been the principal source of popularity to this play, it is no wonder that it should not maintain it's former height, when deprived of that support, and left to sustain itself upon it's own intrinsic merits*.

Like all the rhyming, or heroic plays of that age, this tragedy varies from historical truth, for the sake of introducing that romantic and metaphysical *love*, which, at that period, lorded it over the stage, and although highly applauded for it's sublimity and majesty, appears now, even in it's happiest representation, almost a burlesque upon the passion. In the following play, if we except Posa, love tyrannizes in every breast: not that love which appears in ordinary life; but a passion which rages like a tempest, and changes with a breath to deadly hate. Thus Eboli,

* Booth, the actor, was, however, informed by Betterton, that Don Carlos continued for several years to be more popular, and attract larger audiences, than either his "Orphan" or "Venice Preserved."

who, in the fourth act, reveals to Don Carlos her passion for him, meeting with a repulse, instantly converts her love to hatred, and prosecutes a diabolical system of revenge, without even a dawn of returning affection.

Otway does not appear to have chosen the incidents of his tragedy from the Spanish Chronicles, or the other histories of the time; but to have followed a novel, written by the Abbé de Saint Real, who has deviated from the truth of history for the sake of composing a pathetic and interesting tale. It was represented in the year 1676.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE.

SIR,

'Tis an approved opinion, there is not so unhappy a creature in the world as the man that wants ambition: for certainly he lives to very little use that only toils in the same round, and because he knows where he is, though in a dirty road, dares not venture on a smoother path for fear of being lost. That I am not the wretch I condemn, your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinced, in that I durst presume to put this poem under your patronage. My motives to it were not ordinary: for besides my own propensity to take an opportunity of publishing the extreme devotion I owe your Royal Highness, the mighty encouragement I received from your approbation of it when presented on the stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the curious world will expect some panegyric on those heroic virtues, which are throughout it so much admired. But as they are a theme too great for my undertaking, so only to endeavour at the truth of them, must, in the distance between my obscurity and their height, savour of a flattery, which in your Royal Highness's esteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of them which relates to myself (viz. your favours showered on a thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent. For you were not only so indulgent as to bestow your praise on this, but even (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my first essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of your commands to go forward, when I had

the honour to kiss your Royal Highness's hand, in token of your permission to make a dedication to you of the second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider you never give your favours precipitately, but that it is a certain sign of some desert when you vouchsafe to promote, I, who have terminated my best hopes in it, should do wrong to your goodness, should I not let the world know my mind, as well as my condition, is raised by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the service of so great and so good a master; one who (as is apparent to all those who have the honour to be near you and know you by that title) never raised without merit, or discountenanced without justice. It is that, indeed, obliging severity which has in all men created an awful love and respect towards you; since in the firmness of your resolution the brave and good man is sure of you, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over; and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it, since it is unaffectedly my zeal to you, who am in nothing so unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let you and the world know how much I am,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most faithful,

And most obedient Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THE PREFACE.

READER,

'Tis not that I have any great affection to scribbling, that I pester thee with a preface; for, amongst friends, 'tis almost as poor a trade with poets, as it is with those that write hackney under attornies, it will hardly keep us in ale and cheese. Honest Ariosto began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his complaint to this purpose:

Pity those who in these latter days
Do write, when bounty hath shut up her gate:
Where day and night in vain good writers knock,
And for their labour oft have but a mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir John Harrington's translation; had I understood Italian, I would have given it thee in the original, but that is not my talent; therefore to proceed: this Play was the second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a titillation to poetry, but never durst venture on my muse, till I got her into a corner in the country; and then, like a bashful young lover, when I had her in private, I had courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produced any thing; till at last, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found myself father of a dramatic birth, which I called Alcibiades: but I might without offence to any person in the play, as well have called it Nebuchadnezzar; for my hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggled at the obliging the passion of a young and beautiful lady as I should myself, had I the same opportunities, which I have given him. This I

publish to antedate the objections some people may make against that play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disobliged them: nor have they (thank my good fortune) much injured me. In the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave them to chew the cud on their own venom. I am well satisfied I had the greatest party of men of wit and sense on my side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable obligations I received from the Earl of R*. who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seemed almost to make it his business, to establish it in the good opinion of the King and his Royal Highness; from both of whom I have since received confirmation of their good liking of it, and encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose indulgency I extremely build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to myself what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (viz.) That it is the best heroic play that has been written of late; for, I thank heaven, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the author of the French Berenice has done before me, in his preface to that play, that it never failed to draw tears from the eyes of the auditors; I mean, those whose souls were capable of so noble a pleasure: for it was not my business to take such as only come to a play-house to see farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed pictures. Though a certain writert, that shall be nameless, (but you shall guess at him by what follows) being asked his opinion of this play, very gravely cocked,

* Rochester, whose motive in patronizing Otway at this time, was solely a desire to mortify Dryden.

† This was Dryden, who having probably formed a just estimate of it's merits, was vexed at it's popularity. It will be remembered that *I'gad* is an expression frequently used by Bayes in the "Rehearsal;" a character written to ridicule Dryden.

and cried, "I'gad he knew not a line in it he would be author of." But he is a fine facetious witty person, as my friend Sir Formal has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a quibble in it which I would be author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewell.

2. The first of these is the fact that the
 1941-42 season was a record one for
 the industry. The output of the
 1941-42 season was 1,000,000
 tons, compared with 800,000 tons
 in the 1940-41 season. This was
 due to a number of factors, including
 the fact that the industry was
 working at full capacity.

1941-42

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our author took this play in hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a stand.
He knew the fame and memory of kings
Were to be treated of as sacred things,
Not as they're represented in this age,
Where they appear the lumber of the stage!
Us'd only just for reconciling tools,
Or what is worse, made villains all, or fools.
Besides, the characters he shows to-night,
He found were very difficult to write:
He found the fame of France and Spain at stake,
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his judgment safest understood,
To make them both heroic as he cou'd.
But now the greatest stop was yet unpast;
He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast.
He is a man of pleasure, sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to bus'ness bow;
Till at the last he did this conquest get,
To make his pleasure whetstone to his wit;
So sometimes for variety he writ.
But as those blockheads, who discourse by rote,
Sometimes speak sense, altho' they rarely know't;
So he scarce knew to what his work would grow,
But 'twas a play, because it would be so:
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For idleness is the worst want of sense.
Let him not now of carelessness be tax'd,
He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next:
Mean while—————
Prune his superfluous branches, never spare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too severe,
He may bear better fruit another year.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP II. *King of Spain.*
Don CARLOS, *his Son.*
Don JOHN of Austria.
Marquis of POSA, *the Prince's Confident.*
RUI-GOMEZ.
Officer of the Guards.
QUEEN of Spain.
Duchess of EBOLI, *Wife to Rui-Gomez.*
HENRIETTA.
GARCIA.

DON CARLOS,

PRINCE OF SPAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace Royal.*

The Curtain drawn, discovers the KING and QUEEN attended, Don CARLOS, the Marquis of POSA, RUI-GOMEZ, &c. EBOLI, HENRIETTA, GARCIA, Attendants, Guards.

King. Happy the monarch, on whose brows no cares
Add weight to the bright diadem he wears;
Like me in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and love, the gentlest calms of rest,
And peace, adorn my brow, enrich my breast.
To me great nations tributary are;
Tho' whilst my vast dominions spread so far,
Where most I reign, I must pay homage here.

[To the Queen.]

Approach, bright mistress of my purest vows:
Nor show me him that more religion owes
To heaven,
Or to it's altars more devoutly bows.

Don Car. So merchants, cast upon some savage coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest treasures lost.
Curse! what's obedience? a false notion made
By priests, who when they found old cheats decay'd,
By such new arts kept up declining trade. *[Aside.]*
A father! Oh—

King. Why does my Carlos shroud
His joy, and when all's sunshine wear a cloud?

My son, thus for thy glory I provide ;
 From this fair charmer, and our royal bride,
 Shall such a noble race of heroes spring,
 As may adorn the court when thou art king.

Don Car. A greater glory I can never know,
 Than what already I enjoy in you.

The brightest ornaments of crowns and pow'rs
 I only can admire, as they are your's.

King. Heav'n! how he stands unmov'd! not the
 least show
 Of transport.

Don Car. Not admire your happiness? I do
 As much admire it as I rev'ence you.
 Let me express the mighty joy I feel:
 Thus, sir, I pay my duty when I kneel.

[*Kneels to the Queen.*]

Queen. How hard it is his passion to confine!
 I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine. [*Aside.*]
 Alas, my lord, you're too obsequious now. [*To Car.*]

Don Car. O! might I but enjoy this pleasure still,
 Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. 'Fore heav'n, my lord! you know not what
 you do.

King. Still there appears disturbance on his brow ;
 And in his looks an earnestness I read,
 Which from no common causes can proceed. [*Aside.*]
 I'll probe him deep—

——When, when, my dearest joy, [*To the Queen.*]
 Shall I the mighty debt of love defray?

Hence to love's secret temple let's retire,
 There on his altars kindle th' am'rous fire,
 Then, phoenix-like, each in the flame expire.

Still he is fix'd— [*Looking on Don Carlos.*]

——Gomez, observe the prince. [*To Rui-Gomez.*]

Yet smile on me, my charming excellence.

Virgins should only fears and blushes show ;

But you must lay aside that title now.

The doctrine which I preach, by heav'n, is good:

Oh, the impetuous sallies of my blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewell; for since I must submit—

King. Now wing'd with rapture, let us fly, my sweet.
My son, all troubles from thy breast resign,
And let thy father's happiness be thine.

[*Exeunt King and Queen attended.*]

Don Car. What king, what god would not his pow'r
forego,
T' enjoy so much divinity below?
Didst thou behold her, Posa?

Posa. Sir, I did.

Don Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a bride!
O Posa, once she was decreed for mine:
Once I had hopes of bliss. Hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was if I could get
But leave to lie a prostrate at her feet,
Ev'n with a look I could my pains beguile;
Nay, she in pity too would sometimes smile;
Till at the last my vows successful prov'd,
And one day, sighing, she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I found no limits to our joy,
With eyes thus languishing we look'd all day;
So vigorous and strong we darted beams,
Our meeting glances kindled into flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight:
For when rude shades depriv'd us of the light,
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night. }
But after all these labours undergone,
A cruel father thus destroys his son;
In their full height my choicest hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the fruit of all my toils.
My dearest Posa, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy best counsel, and direct my mind.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

Rui-Gom. Still he is here—my lord!

Don Car. Your bus'ness now?

Rui-Gom. I've with concern beheld your clouded brow.

Ah! tho' you've lost a beauty well might make
 Your strictest honour and your duty shake;
 Let not a father's ills misguide your mind*,
 But be obedient, tho' he has prov'd unkind.

Don Car. Hence, cynic, to dull slaves thy morals
 teach,

I have no leisure now to hear thee preach:
 Still you'll usurp a power o'er my will.

Rui-Gom. Sir, you my services interpret ill:
 Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
 Have been your guardian from your infancy.
 When to my charge committed, I alone
 Instructed you how to expect a crown;
 Taught you ambition, and war's noblest arts,
 How to lead armies, and to conquer hearts;
 Whilst, tho' but young—
 You would with pleasure read of sieges got,
 And smile to hear of bloody battles fought:
 And still, tho' not controul, I may advise.

Don Car. Alas, thy pride wears a too thin disguise:
 Too well I know the falshood of thy soul,
 Which to my father render'd me so foul,
 That hardly as his son a smile I've known,
 But always as a traitor met his frown.
 My forward honour was ambition call'd:
 Or if my friends my early fame extoll'd,
 You damp'd my father's smiles still as they sprung,
 Persuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
 So all my hopes by you were frustrate made,
 And, robb'd of sunshine, wither'd in the shade.
 Whilst, my good patriot! you dispos'd the crown
 Out of my reach, to have it in your own.
 But I'll prevent your policy—

Rui-Gom. My lord,
 This accusation is unjust and hard.
 The king, your father, would not so upbraid
 My age: is all my service thus repaid?

* *A father's ills.—i. e. faults.*

But I will hence, and let my master hear
 How generously you reward my care ;
 Who on my just complaint, I doubt not, will
 At least redress the injuries I feel. [Exit Gomez.

Posa. Alas, my lord, you too severely urge
 Your fate ; his int'rest with the king is large.
 Besides, you know he has already seen
 The transports of your passion for the queen.
 The use he may of that advantage make
 You ought at least t'avoid, but for her sake.

Don Car. Ah ! my dear friend, thou'st touch'd my
 tend'rest part ;
 I never yet learn'd the dissembling art.
 Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
 His pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.
 The queen ! kind heav'n, make her thy nearest care.
 O ! fly, o'ertake him ere he goes too far. [Exit Posa.
 How are we bandied up and down by fate !
 By so much more unhappy as we're great.
 A prince, and heir to Spain's great monarch born,
 I'm forc'd to court a slave whom most I scorn ;
 Who like a bramble 'mongst a cedar's boughs*,
 Vexes his peace under whose shades he grows.
 Now he returns : assist me falshood—down,
 Thou rebel passion—

Re-enter RUI-GOMEZ and POSA.

Sir, I fear I've done [To Rui-Gomez.
 You wrong ; but if I have, you can forgive.
 Heav'n ! can I do this abject thing, and live ! [Aside.

Rui-Gom. Ah, my good lord, it makes too large
 amends,
 When to his vassal thus a prince descends ;
 Tho' it was something rigid and unkind,
 T'upbraid your faithful servant and your friend.

* *Who like a bramble, &c.—*

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Virgil.

Don Car. Alas, no more; all jealousies shall cease,
Between us two let there be, henceforth, peace.
So may just heav'n assist me when I sue,
As I to Gomez always will be true.

Rui-Gom. Stay, sir, and for this mighty favour take
All the return sincerity can make.
Blest in your father's love, as I'm in your's,
May not one fear disturb your happy hours:
Crown'd with success may all your wishes be,
And you ne'er find worse enemies than me!

[*Exeunt Don Carlos and Posa.*]

Nor, spite of all his greatness, shall he need:
Of too long date his ruin is decreed.
Spain's early hopes of him have been my fears;
'Twas I the charge had of his tender years,
And read in all the progress of his growth,
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious youth;
A will unruly, and a spirit wild;
At all my precepts still with scorn he smil'd.
Or when, by th' power I from his father had,
Any restraint was on his pleasures laid,
Usher'd with frowns on me his soul would rise,
And threaten future vengeance from his eyes.
But now to all my fears I bid adieu;
For, prince, I'll humble both your fate and you.
Here comes the star by whom my course I steer.

Enter EBOLI.

Welcome, my love—

Eboli. My lord, why stay you here,
Losing the pleasures of this happy night?
When all the court are melting in delight,
You toil with the dull bus'ness of the state.

Rui-Gom. Only, my fair one, how to make thee great.
Thou tak'st up all the bus'ness of my heart,
And only to it pleasure can'st impart.
Say, say, my goddess, when shall I be blest?
It is an age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My lord, I come not hither now to hear
Your love, but offer something to your ear.
If you have well observ'd, you must have seen,
To day, some strange disorders in the queen.

Rui-Gom. Yes, such as youthful brides do still
express,

Impatient longings for the happiness.
Approaching joys will so disturb the soul,
As needles always tremble near the pole.

Eboli. Come, come, my lord, seem not so blind; too
well

I've seen the wrongs which you from Carlos feel;
And know your judgment is too good to lose
Advantage, where you may so safely choose.
Say now, if I inform you how you may
With full revenge all your past wrongs repay.

Rui-Gom. Blest oracle! speak how it may be done:
My will, my life, my hopes, are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then, and with your strictest cunning
try

What of the queen and prince you can descry;
What ev'ry look, each quick and subtle glance;
Then we'll from all produce such circumstance
As shall the king's new jealousy advance.
Nay, sir, I'll try what mighty love you show:
If you will make me great, begin it now.
How, sir, d'ye stand consid'ring what to do?

Rui-Gom. No, but methinks I view from hence a
king,

A queen, and prince, three goodly flowers spring:
Whilst on them like a subtle bee I'll prey,
Till so their strength and virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each shall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd top:
Then fraught with thyme, triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious sweets at home. [*Ex. Go.*

Eboli. In thy fond policy, blind fool, go on,
And make what haste thou can'st to be undone,
Whilst I have nobler bus'ness of my own.

Was I bred up in greatness? Have I been
 Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a queen?
 Made love my study, and with practis'd charms
 Prepar'd myself to meet a monarch's arms;
 At last to be condemn'd to the embrace
 Of one, whom nature made to her disgrace
 An old, imperfect, feeble dotard, who
 Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?
 On him to throw away my youth and bloom,
 As jewels that are lost t' enrich a tomb?
 No, tho' all hopes are in a husband dead,
 Another path to happiness I'll tread;
 Elsewhere find joys which I'm in him deny'd:
 Yet, while he can, let the slave serve my pride.
 Still I'll in pleasure live, in glory shine;
 The gallant, youthful Austria shall be mine:
 To him with all my force of charms I'll move:
 Let others toil for greatness, whilst I love. [Exit.

 ACT II.

 SCENE I.—*An Orange Grove.*
Enter Don JOHN of Austria.

Don John. Why should dull law rule nature, who
 first made
 That law by which herself is now betray'd?
 Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble that was born most free:
 Each of himself was lord, and unconfi'd,
 Obey'd the dictates of his god-like mind.
 Law was an innovation brought in since,
 When fools began to love obedience,
 And call'd their slav'ry, safety and defence,
 My glorious father got me in his heat,
 When all he did was eminently great:

When warlike Belgia felt his conqu'ring pow'r,
 And the proud Germans own'd him emperor.
 Why should it be a stain then on my blood,
 Because I came not in the common road,
 But born obscure, and so more like a god?
 No; tho' his diadem another wear,
 At least to all his pleasures I'll be heir.
 Here I should meet my Eboli, my fair.

Enter EBOLI.

She comes; as the bright Cyprian goddess moves,
 When loose, and in her chariot drawn by doves,
 She rides to meet the warlike god she loves.

Eboli. Alas, my lord, you know not with what fear
 And hazard I am come to meet you here.

Don John. O banish it: lovers like us should fly,
 And, mounted by their wishes, soar on high,
 Where softest ecstasies and transports are,
 While fear alone disturbs the lower air.

Eboli. But who is safe when eyes are ev'ry where?
 Or if we could with happiest secresy
 Enjoy these sweets, oh, whither shall we fly
 T' escape that sight whence we can nothing hide?

Don John. Alas, lay this religion now aside;
 I'll shew thee one more pleasant, that which Jove
 Set forth to the old world, when from above
 He came himself, and taught his mortals love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly flame?
 My lord, you might consider who I am.

Don John. I know you're her I love, what should I
 more
 Regard?

Eboli. —By heav'n he's brave—— [Aside.
 ——But can so poor
 A thought possess your breast, to think that I
 Will brand my name with lust and infamy?

Don John. Those who are noblest born should higher
 prize
 Love's sweets. Oh! let me fly into those eyes!

There's something in them leads my soul astray:
 As he who in a necromancer's glass
 Beholds his wish'd-for fortune by him pass,
 Yet still with greedy eyes——
 Pursues the vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, heav'n, I dare no longer stay;
 Your looks speak danger: I feel something too
 That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aside.*]

Don John. Take vows and pray'rs if ever I prove
 false;

See at your feet the humble Austria falls. [*Kneels.*]

Eboli. Rise, rise,—— [*Austria rises.*]

My lord, why would you thus deceive?

[*Sighs.*]

Don John. How many ways to wound me you con-
 trive?

Speak, wouldst thou have an empire at thy feet?

Say, wouldst thou rule the world? I'll conquer it.

Eboli. No; above empire far I could prize you,
 If you would be but ——

Don John. ——What?

Eboli. ——For ever true.

Don John. That thou may'st ne'er have cause to fear
 those harms,

I'll be confin'd for ever in thy arms:

Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray;

Myself I'll on thy tender bosom lay,

Till in it's warmths I'm melted all away. }
 }
 }

Enter GARCIA.

Gar. Madam, your lord ——

Eboli. —— Oh! fly, or I'm undone. [*Exit Gar.*]

Don John. Must I without my blessing then be gone?

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Eboli. Think you this indiscretion merits one?

[*Pulls it back.*]

Don John. I'm aw'd ——

As a sick wretch, that on his death-bed lies,

Loth with his friends to part, just as he dies,

Thus sends his soul in wishes from his eyes. [*Exit.*]

Eboli. Oh heav'n! what charms in youth and vigour are!

Yet he in conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not myself resign:
Ere I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtle baits into the trap,
Till he's too far got in to make escape;
About him swiftly the soft snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

Rui-Gom. Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range
The solitary paths of dark revenge:
The fearful deer in herds to coverts run,
While beasts of prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear lord, how do you spend your hours?

You little think what my poor heart endures;
Whilst, with your absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

Rui-Gom. You cannot my unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those faults yourself have made.
Remember you the task you gave!

Eboli. 'Tis true;
Your pardon, for I do remember now. [Sighs.
If I forgot, 'twas love had all my mind:
And 'tis no sin, I hope, to be too kind.

Rui-Gom. How happy am I in a faithful wife!
Oh thou most precious blessing of my life!

Eboli. Does then success attend upon your toil?
I long to see you revel in the spoil.

Rui-Gom. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,

T' incense an angry father 'gainst his son.
I to advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with art each am'rous glance they cast:
So that this night he shunn'd the marriage-bed,
Which thro' the court has various murmurs spread.

Enter the KING, attended by POSA.

See where he comes with fury in his eyes ;
Kind heav'n but grant the storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark cell,
And laugh to hear my magic work so well.

King. What's all my glory, all my pomp ? how poor
Is fading greatness ! or how vain is pow'r !
Where all the mighty conquests I have seen ?
I, who o'er nations have victorious been, }
Now cannot quell one little foe within.
Curs'd jealousy, that poisons all love's sweets!
How heavy on my heart th' invader sits!
Oh Gomez, thou hast giv'n my mortal wound.

Rui-Gom. What is't does so your royal thoughts
confound ?

A king his pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be passion's slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no stranger sure
To the sad cause of what I now endure.
Know'st thou what poison thou didst lately give ?
And dost not wonder to behold me live ?

Rui-Gom. I only did as by my duty tied,
And never studied any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy duty or thy care :
Quickly, what past between them more, declare.
How greedily my soul to ruin flies !
As he, who in a fever burning lies,
First of his friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o'er, }
Knows 'tis his bane, yet still thirsts after more.

Oh then ———

Rui-Gom. I fear that you'll interpret wrong ;
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Lie still, my heart : not long, was't that you
said ?

Rui-Gom. No longer than they in your presence
staid.

King. No longer? Why, a soul in less time flies
To heav'n; and they have chang'd their's at their eyes.
Hence abject fears, begone: she's all divine.
Speak, friends, can angels in perfection sin?

Rui-Gom. Angels that shine above, do oft bestow
Their influence on poor mortals here below.

King. But Carlos is my son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious sphere.
True, she may show'r promiscuous blessings down
On slaves that gaze for what falls from a crown:
But when too kindly she his brightness sees,
It robs my lustre to add more to his.
But oh! I dare not think——

That those eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop to him, when they had vanquish'd me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the prince,
That he of virtue has too great a sense,
To cherish but a thought beyond the bound
Of strictest duty. He to me has own'd,
How much was to his former passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

Rui-Gom. You better reconcile, sir, than advise:
Be not more charitable than you're wise.
The king is sick, and we should give him ease,
But first find out the depth of his disease.
Too sudden cures have oft pernicious grown;
We must not heal up fester'd wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a pow'r would o'er me gain,
Wounding to let me linger in the pain.
I'm stung, and won't the torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have blood those wounds to cure.

Rui-Gom. Good heav'n forbid that I should ever dare
To question virtue in a queen so fair;
Tho' she her eyes cast on your glorious son:
Men oft see treasures, and yet covet none*.

* *Men oft see treasures, &c.*——

*Ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.*

Hor.

King. Think not to blind me with dark ironies,
The truth disguis'd in obscure contraries.
No, I will trace his windings; all her dark
And subtlest paths, each little action mark.
If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Enter QUEEN attended, and HENRIETTA.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my eyes,
For all around she'll her bright beams display:
Should I to gaze on the wild meteor stay,
Spite of myself I shall be led astray. }

[Exit the King attended, looking at the Queen.

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!—
Sure ere his love he'd let me know his pow'r:
As heav'n oft thunders ere it sends a show'r.
This Spanish gravity is very odd:
All things are by severity so aw'd, }
That little love dares hardly peep abroad.

Hen. Alas! what can you from old age expect,
When frail uneasy men themselves neglect?
Some little warmth perhaps may be behind,
Tho' such as in extinguish'd fires you'll find;
Where some remains of heat the ashes hold,
Which, if for more you open, straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas interest and safety of the state;
Int'rest, that bold imposer on our fate;
That always to dark ends misguides our wills,
And with false happiness smooths o'er our ills.
It was by that unhappy France was led,
When, tho' by contract I should Carlos wed,
I was an off'ring made to Philip's bed. }
Why sigh'st thou, Henrietta? *[Hen. sighs.*

Hen. Who is't can
Know your sad fate, and yet from grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of Carlos' love.

Queen. And did it please you well?

In that brave prince's courtship there did meet
 All that we could obliging call, or sweet.
 At ev'ry point he with advantage stood ;
 Fierce as a lion, if provok'd abroad ;
 Else soft as angels, charming as a god.

Hen. One so accomplish'd, and that lov'd you too,
 With what resentments must he part with you !
 Methinks I pity him——But oh ! in vain :
 He's both above my pity and my pain. [*Aside.*

Queen. What means this strange disorder ?

Hen. Yonder view,
 That which I fear will discompose you too.

Enter Don CARLOS, and POSA.

Queen. Alas, the prince ! There to my mind appears
 Something that in me moves unusual fears.

Away, Henrietta—— [*Offers to go.*

Don Car. —— Why would you be gone ?
 Is Carlos' sight ungrateful to you grown ?
 If 'tis, speak : in obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no
 nigher.

Don Car. Must I then at that awful distance sue,
 As our fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
 When they petitions made at that great shrine,
 Where none but the high priest might enter in ?
 Let me approach ; I've nothing for your ear,
 But what's so pure it might be offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to stay :
 If you must speak, proceed : what would you say ?

[*Carlos kneels.*

Nay, this strange ceremony pray give o'er.

Don Car. Was I ne'er in this posture seen before ?
 Ah ! can your cruel heart so soon resign
 All sense of these sad sufferings of mine ?
 To your more just remembrance, if you can,
 Recall how fate seem'd kindly to ordain

That once you should be mine; which I believ'd:
Tho' now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, sir, you should your fate, not me up-
braid.

Don Car. I will not say you've broke the vows you
made;

Only implore you would not quite forget
The wretch you've oft seen dying at your feet;
And now no other favour begs to have,
Than such kind pity as becomes your slave.
For 'midst your highest joys, without a crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a language which I dare not hear.
My heart and faith become your father's right;
All other passions I must now forget.

Don Car. Can then a crown and majesty dispense
Upon your heart such mighty influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence? }
Had I been rais'd to all the heights of pow'r,
In triumph crown'd the world's great emperor,
Of all it's riches, all it's state possess'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my breast.

Queen. In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.

Hen. Yet had you Henrietta's heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. [Aside.

Don Car. Oh! say not you want pow'r; you may
with one

Kind look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my want,
When all I ask you may so safely grant.

Queen. I know not what to grant; too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

Don Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Queen. You shall not want what I may let you have.
[Gives her hand, sighing.

Don Car. Like one——
That sees a heap of gems before him cast,
Thence to choose any that may please him best;
From the rich treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzled with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich——

Queen. Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*]

Don Car. Oh, take not back again th' appearing bliss;
How difficult's the path to happiness!
Whilst up the precipice we climb with pain,
One little slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, madam, tho' you nothing more can give,
Than just enough to keep a wretch alive;
At least remember how I've lov'd——

Queen. I will.

Don Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more
still;

Let me love on: it is a very poor
And easy grant, yet I'll request no more.

Queen. Do you believe that you can love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

Don Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so;
All my disquiets banish from my breast;
I will endeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*]
Or if I can't my miseries outwear,
They never more shall come t' offend your ear.

Queen. Love then, brave prince, whilst I'll thy love
admire;

[*Gives her hand, which Don Carlos during
all this Speech kisses eagerly.*]

Yet keep the flame so pure, such chaste desire,
That without spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all soul, all love.
Till when—Oh! whither am I run astray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:
For should I, the soft charm so strong would grow,
I find that I shall want the pow'r to go.

[*Exeunt Queen and Henrietta.*]

Don Car. Oh sweet—
 If such transport be in a taste so small,
 How blest must he be that possesses all!
 Where am I, Posa? Where's the queen?

Posa. [*Standing amazed.*
 My lord,
 A while some respite to your heart afford:
 The queen's retir'd,—

Don Car. —Retir'd! And did she then
 Just shew me heav'n, to shut it in again?
 This little ease augments my pain the more;
 For now I'm more impatient than before,
 And have discover'd riches make me mad.

Posa. But since those treasures are not to be had,
 You should correct desires that drive you on
 Beyond that duty which becomes a son.
 No longer let the tyrant love invade;
 The brave may by themselves be happy made.
 You to your father now must all resign.

Don Car. But ere he robb'd me of her, she was mine.
 To be my friend is all thou hast to do,
 For half my miseries thou canst not know. }
 Make myself happy! Bid the damn'd do so;
 Who in sad flames must be for ever toss'd,
 Yet still in view of the lov'd heav'n they've lost.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Grove continues.*

Enter Don JOHN of Austria.

Don John. How vainly would dull moralists impose
 Limits on love, whose nature brooks no laws?
 Love is a god, and like a god should be
 Inconstant, with unbounded liberty,
 Rove as he list—

I find it; for ev'n now I've had a feast,
 Of which a god might covet for a taste.
 Methinks I yet—
 See with what soft devotion in her eyes
 The tender lamb came to the sacrifice.
 Oh how her charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
 Like too near sweets they took my sense away;
 And I ev'n lost the pow'r to reach at joy.
 But those cross witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
 And I was lull'd in trances sweeter far:
 As anchor'd vessels in calm harbours ride,
 Rock'd on the swellings of the floating tide.
 How wretched's then the man, who tho' alone
 He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
 Is but at best a pris'ner on a throne?

To him KING attended, POSA and GOMEZ.

King. Ye mighty pow'rs, whose substitutes we are,
 On whom you've lain of earth the rule and care,
 Why all our toils do you reward with ill,
 And to those weighty cares add greater still?
 Oh how could I your deities enrage,
 That bless'd my youth, thus to afflict my age?
 A queen and a son's incest! dismal thought!

Don John. What is't so soon his majesty has brought
 From the soft arms of his young bride? [*To Gomez.*]

King. Ay true!
 Is she not, Austria, young and charming too?
 Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
 Tell me—

Don John. By heav'n more bright than planets are:
 Her beauty's force might ev'n their pow'r out-do.

King. Nay, she's as false, and as unconstant too,
 Oh Austria, that a form so outward bright
 Should be within all dark and ugly night!
 For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
 My love, that dearest jewel of my soul,
 Takes from it's shrine the precious relic down,
 T' adorn a little idol of her own.

My son! that rebel both to heav'n and me!
 Oh the distracting throes of jealousy!
 But as a drowning wretch, just like to sink,
 Sees him that threw him in upon the brink;
 At the third plunge lays hold upon his foe,
 And tugs him down into destruction too:
 So thou from whom these miseries I've known,
 Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.

[*Seizes roughly on Rui-Gomez.*]

Rui-Gom. My loyalty will teach me how to wait
 All the successes of my sov'reign's fate.

What is't, great sir, you would command me?

King. How!

What is't?—I know not what I'd have thee do:
 Study revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

Don John. Alas! what frenzy does your temper haunt?
 Revenge! on whom?

King. On my false queen and son.

Rui-Gom. On them! good heav'n! what is't that
 they have done?

Oh had my tongue been curs'd, ere it had bred
 This jealousy. [*Half aside.*]

King. Then cancel what thou'st said.
 Didst thou not tell me that thou saw'st him stand
 Printing soft vows and kisses on her hand;
 Whilst in requital she such glances gave,
 Would quicken a dead lover in his grave?

Rui-Gom. I did; and what less could the queen allow
 To him, than you to ev'ry vassal show?
 Th' affording him that little from love's store,
 Implied that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless, she must have a wond'rous
 store
 Of love, that sells it at a rate so poor.
 Now thou'dst rebate my passions with advice;
 And when thou shouldst be active, wouldst be wise.
 No, lead me where I may their incest see,
 Do, or by heav'n—do, and I'll worship thee!
 Oh how my passions drive me to and fro!
 Under their heavy weight I yield and bow.

But I'll re-gather yet my strength, and stand
Brandishing all my thunder in my hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your foes.

But let your loyal son and consort bear
No ill, since they of any guiltless are.

Here with my sword defiance I proclaim
To that bold traitor that dares wrong their fame.

Don John. I too dare with my life their cause make
good. }

King. Sure well their innocence you've understood,
That you so prodigal are of your blood. }

Or wouldst thou speak me comfort? I would find
'Mongst all my counsellors at least one kind.

Yet any thing like that I must not hear;
For so my wrongs I should too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own mean flatterer. }

Posa withdraw.— [Exit *Posa.*]

My lords, all this you've heard.

Rui-Gom. Yes, I observ'd it, sir, with strict regard:
The young lord's friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false son allied?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all

My fate's unhappy engines plot my fall.

Like Cæsar in the senate, thus I stand,

Whilst ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry hand.

From each side he had warning he must die;

Yet still he brav'd his fate, and so will I.

To strive for ease would but add more to pain:

As streams that beat against their banks in vain,

Retreating, swell into a flood again. }

No, I'll do things the world shall quake to hear;

My just revenge so true a stamp shall bear,

As henceforth heav'n itself shall emulate,

And copy all it's vengeance out by that.

All but Rui-Gomez I must have withdrawn,

I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Exeunt omnes præter King and Gomez.*]

Now, Gomez, on thy truth depends thy fate;

Thou'st wrought my sense of wrong to such a height,

Within my breast it will no longer stay,
But grows each minute till it force it's way.
I would not find myself at last deceiv'd.

Rui-Gom. Nor would I 'gainst your reason be believ'd.

Think, sir, your jealousy to be but fear
Of losing treasures, which you hold so dear.
Your queen and son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! what should looks, and sighs, and pressings mean?

No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.
No repetitions—something must be done.
Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.
I'll fly, till them I've in their incest found,
Full charg'd with rage, and with my vengeance hot;
Like a grenado from a cannon, shot,
Which lights at last upon the en'my's ground,
Then breaking, deals destruction all around.

[*Exit King.*]

Rui-Gom. So, now his jealousy is at the top,
Each little blast will serve to keep it up.
But stay; there's something I've omitted yet;
Posa's my enemy; and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
For my snare's large enough to hold him too:
Yet I'll disguise that purpose for a while;
But when he with the rest is caught i' th' toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the spoil.

Enter POSA.

Posa. My lord Rui-Gomez! and the king not here!
You, who so eminent a fav'rite are
In a king's eye, should ne'er be absent thence.

Rui-Gom. No, sir, 'tis you that by a rising prince
Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
Rich in that bliss the world waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the world we ought to prize,
I wish there were no public enemies:

No lurking serpents poison to dispense,
 Nor wolves to prey on noble innocence;
 No flatt'ers, that with royal goodness sport,
 Those stinking weeds that over-run a court.

Rui-Gom. Nay, if good wishes any thing could do,
 I have as earnest wishes, sir, as you:
 That tho' perhaps our king enjoys the best
 Of pow'r, yet may he still be doubly blest.
 May he—

Posa. Nay, Gomez, you shall ne'er outdo me there;
 Since for great Philip's good I would you were
 (If possible) more honest than you are. }

Rui-Gom. Why, Posa; what defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your mysteries I'm yet to learn:
 Tho' this I'll boldly justify to all,
 That you contrive a gen'rous prince's fall. [*Gomez smiles.*
 Nay, think not by your smiles and careless port,
 To laugh it off; I come not here to sport;
 I do not, sir.

Rui-Gom. Young lord, what meaning has
 This heat?

Posa. To let you see I know you're base.

Rui-Gom. Nay then, I pardon ask that I did smile:
 By heav'n, I thought you'd jested all this while.
 Base!—

Posa. Yes, more base than impotent or old.
 All virtue in thee, like thy blood, runs cold:
 Thy rotten putrid carcass is less full
 Of rancour and contagion than thy soul.
 Ev'n now before the king I saw it plain;
 But duty to that presence aw'd me then:
 Yet there I dar'd thy treason with my sword:
 But still—
 Thy villany talk'd all: courage had not a word.
 True, thou art old; yet if thou hast a friend,
 To whom thy cursed cause thou dar'st commend;
 'Gainst him in public I'll the innocence
 Maintain of the fair queen and injur'd prince.

Rui-Gom. Farewell, bold champion—
Learn better how your passions to disguise,
Appear less choleric, and be more wise. [*Exit R. Go.*]

Posa. How frail is all the glory we design,
Whilst such as these have pow'r to undermine!
Unhappy prince! who might'st have safely stood,
If thou hadst been less great, or not so good.
Why the vile monster's blood did I not shed,
And all the vengeance draw on my own head?
My honour so had had this just defence,
That I preserv'd my patrou and my prince.

Enter CARLOS and the QUEEN.

Brave Carlos: ha! he's here. O sir, take heed,
By an unlucky fate your love is led.
The king, the king your father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her, his queen, or you, his son,
Calls all his vengeance up against you both.

Don Car. Has then the false Rui-Gomez broke his
oath;

And, after all, my innocence betray'd?

Posa. Yes, all his subtlest snares are for you laid.
The king within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but seen with her.
Retire, my lord—

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my virtue he had better known.
His unjust doubts have soon found out the way
To make their entry on our marriage-day:
For yet he has not known with me a night:
Perhaps his tyranny is his delight;
And to such height his cruelty is grown,
He'd exercise it on his queen and son.
But since, my lord, this time we must obey
Our interest, I beg you would not stay:
Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

Don Car. Should I then leave you, madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

Don Car. Not then when storms against your virtue
rise.

No; since to lose you wretched Carlos dies,
He'll have the honour of it, in your cause.

This is the noblest thing that fate could do;
She thus abates the rigour of her laws,
Since 'tis some pleasure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of death, for that ev'n cowards dare,
When their base fears compel them to despair;
Hope's the far nobler passion of the mind;
Fortune's a mistress, that's with caution kind;
Knows that the constant merit her alone,
They who, tho' she seem froward, yet court on.

Don Car. To wretched minds thus still some comfort
gleams,

And angels ease our griefs, tho' but with dreams.

I have too oft already been deceiv'd,

And the cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.

You, madam, bid me go.

[*Looking earnestly at the Queen.*]

Queen. You must.

Posa. You shall.

Alas, I love you, would not see you fall;

And yet may find some way t'evade it all.

Don Car. Thou, *Posa*, ever wert my truest friend;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.

Thou of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care;

And you, fair angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*]

Great my despair; but still my love is higher.

Well—in obedience to you I'll retire;

Tho' during all the storm I will be nigh,

Where if I see the danger grow too high,

To save you, madam, I'll come forth and die. }

[*Exit Don Carlos.*]

Enter KING and RUI-GOMEZ.

King. Who would have guess'd that this had ever
been?

[*Seeing Posa and the Queen.*]

Distraction! where shall my revenge begin?
 Why, he's the very bawd to all their sin;
 And to disguise it puts on friendship's mask:
 But his despatch, Rui-Gomez, is thy task.
 With him pretend some private conference,
 And under that disguise seduce him hence;
 Then in some place fit for the deed impart
 The bus'ness, by a poniard to his heart.

Rui-Gom. 'Tis done——

King. So, madam—[*Steps to the Queen.*

Queen. By th' fury in your eyes,

I understand you're come to tyrannize.
 I hear you are already jealous grown,
 And dare suspect my virtue with your son.

King. Oh woman-kind! thy myst'ries who can scan;
 Too deep for easy, weak, believing man?
 Hold, let me look: indeed you're wond'rous fair;
 So, on the outside, Sodom's apples were:
 And yet within, when open'd to the view,
 Not half so dang'rous, or so foul as you.

Queen. Unhappy, wretched woman that I am!
 And you unworthy of a husband's name!
 Do you not blush?

King. Yes, madam, for your shame.
 Blush, too, my judgment e'er should prove so faint,
 To let me choose a devil for a saint.
 When first I saw and lov'd that tempting eye,
 The fiend within the flame I did not spy:
 But still ran on, and cherish'd my desires,
 For heav'nly beams, mistook infernal fires;
 Such raging fires as you have since thought fit
 Alone, my son, my son's hot youth should meet.
 Oh vengeance, vengeance!——

Queen. Poor ungen'rous king!
 How mean's the soul from which such thoughts must
 spring!

Was it for this I did so late submit,
 To let you whine and languish at my feet;
 When with false oaths you did my heart beguile,
 And proffer'd all your empire for a smile?

Then, then my freedom 'twas I did resign,
 Tho' you still swore you would preserve it mine.
 And still it shall be so, for from this hour
 I vow to hate, and never see you more.
 Nay, frown not, Philip, for you soon shall know
 I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By hell, her pride's as raging as her lust.
 A guard there—seize the queen— [Enter Guard.

Enter CARLOS, and intercepts the Guards.

Don Car. Hold, sir, be just.
 First look on me, whom once you call'd your son,
 A title I was always proud to own. }
King. Good heav'n! to merit this what have I done, }
 That he too dares before my sight appear?

Don Car. Why, sir, where is the cause that I should
 fear!

Bold in my innocence, I come to know
 The reason why you use this princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this siege:
 He talks as if 'twere for his privilege.
 Foul ravisher of all my honour, hence!
 But stay! guards, with the queen secure the prince.
 Wherefore in my revenge should I be slow?
 Now in my reach, I'll dash them at a blow.

*Enter Don JOHN of Austria, EBOLI, HENRIETTA,
 and GARCIA.*

Don John. I come, great sir, with wonder here, to see
 Your rage grow up to this extremity
 Against your beauteous queen, and loyal son;
 What is't that they to merit chains have done? }
 Or is't your own wild jealousy alone? }

King. O Austria, thy vain enquiry cease,
 If thou hast any value for thy peace.
 My mighty wrongs so loud an accent bear,
 'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

Don Car. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
 Since now I doubt if I'm your son or no;
 As you have seal'd my doom, I may complain.

King. Will then that monster dare to speak again?

Don Car. Yes: dying men should not their thoughts
 disguise;

And since you take such joy in cruelties,
 Ere of my death the new delight begin,
 Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
 Time was that we were smil'd on by our fate,
 You not unjust, nor I unfortunate:
 Then, then I was your son, and you were glad
 To hear my early praise was talk'd abroad:
 Then love's dear sweets you to me would display;
 Told me where this rich, beauteous treasure lay,
 And how to gain't instructed me the way. }
 I came, and saw, and lov'd, and bless'd you for't.
 But then when love had seal'd her to my heart,
 You violently tore her from my side:
 And 'cause my bleeding wound I could not hide,
 But still some pleasure to behold her took,
 You now will have my life but for a look;
 Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore, }
 Your heart with envious jealousy boils o'er,
 'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft complaint,
 And not your harden'd, stubborn heart relent?
 Turn, sir, survey that comely, awful man,
 And to my pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away, deluder; who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the queen, what is't she less can do,
 Than lend her aid against the dreadful storm?

King. Why can the devil dwell too in that form?
 This is their little engine by the by,
 A scout to watch and tell when danger's nigh.
 Come, pretty sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
 How, where, and when; nay, do not fear—you shall.

Hen. Ah, sir, unkind!—

King. ——— Now hold thy siren's tongue :
 Who would have thought there was a witch so young ?
Don John. Can you to suing beauty stop your ears ?
 [Takes up Heu. and makes his address to her.
 Heav'n lays it's thunders by, and gladly hears,
 When angels are become petitioners.

Eboli. Ha ! what makes Austria so officious there ?
 That glance seems as it sent his heart to her.

[*Aside to Garcia.*

Don Car. A banquet then of blood since you design,
 Yet you may satisfy yourself with mine.
 I love the queen, I have confess'd, 'tis true :
 Proud too to think I love her more than you ;
 Tho' she, by heav'n, is clear ——— but I indeed
 Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.
 There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,
 Which love had pow'r to ask, or beauty grant ;
 Tho' I ne'er yet found hopes to raise them on,
 For she did still preserve her honour's throne,
 And dash the bold aspiring devils down. }
 If to her cause you do not credit give, }
 Fondly against your happiness you'll strive ; }
 As some lose heav'n, because they won't believe. }

Queen. Whilst, prince, my preservation you design,
 Blot not your virtue to add more to mine.
 The clearness of my truth I'd not have shown,
 By any other light besides it's own.
 No, sir, he thro' despair all this has said,
 And owns offences which he never made.
 Why should you think that I would do you wrong ?
 Must I needs be unchaste, because I'm young ?

King. Unconstant wav'ring heart, why heav'st thou
 so ?

I shiver all, and know not what I do.
 I who ere now have armies led to fight,
 Thought war a sport, and danger a delight ;
 Whole winter nights stood under heav'n's wide roof,
 Daring my foes, now am not beauty-proof.

Oh turn away those basilisks, thy eyes ;
Th' infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.

Queen. Oh, do not fly me ; I have no design
Upon your life, for you may yet save mine. [*Going away.*
Or if at last I must my breath submit, [*Kneels.*
Here take it, 'tis an off'ring at your feet :
Will you not look on me, my dearest lord ?

King. Why? wouldst thou live ?

Queen. Yes, if you'll say the word.

Don Car. Oh heav'n ! how coldly and unmov'd he
sees

A praying beauty prostrate on her knees !
Rise, madam—— [*Steps to take her up*

King. ——Bold encroacher, touch her not :
Into my breast her glances thick are shot
Not true !—Stay, let me see —by heav'n thou art

——A false vile woman——oh my foolish heart !
I give thee life—but from this time refrain,
And never come into my sight again :
Be banish'd ever.—— [*Looks earnestly on her*

Queen. This you must not do,
At least till I've convinc'd you I am true.
Grant me but so much time ; and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain :
She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy should I be !
Think'st thou that I have joy to part with thee ?
No, all my kingdom for the bliss I'd give ;
Nay, tho' it were not so, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Queen. I would not, sir, deceive you, if I might.
But if you'll take my oaths, by all above,
'Tis you, and only you, that I will love.

King. Thus as a mariner that sails along,
With pleasure hears th' enticing siren's song,

Unable quite his strong desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.
 Come to my bosom then, make no delay;

[Takes her in his arms.

My rage is hush'd, and I have room for joy.

Queen. Again you'll think that I unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o'er truth, and I all love.

Oh that we might for ever thus remain
 In folded arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your pow'r.

King. Then from this minute ne'er see Carlos more.

Thou slave, that dar'st do ill with such a port,

For ever here I banish thee my court.

Within some cloister lead a private life,

That I may love and rule without this strife.

Here, Eboli, receive her to thy charge:

The treasure's precious, and the trust is large.

Whilst I, retiring hence, myself make fit

To wait for joys which are too fierce to meet.

[Exit King.

Don Car. My exile from his presence I can bear

With pleasure: but, no more to look on her!

Oh 'tis a dreadful curse I cannot bear.

No, madam, all his pow'r shall nothing do:

I'll stay and take my banishment from you.

Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.

Queen. Will Carlos be at last my enemy?

Consider, this submission I have shown,

More to preserve your safety than my own.

Ungratefully you needless ways devise,

To lose a life which I so dearly prize.

Don Car. So now her fortune's made, and I am left

Alone, a naked wanderer to shift.

[Aside.

Madam, you might have spar'd the cruelty;

[To the Queen.

Blest with your sight, I was prepar'd to die.

But now to lose it drives me to despair,

Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.

Well, to some solitary shore I'll roam,
 And never more into your presence come,
 Since I already find I'm troublesome. } [Is going.]

Queen. Stay, sir, yet stay:—you shall not leave me
 so.

Don Car. Ha!—

Queen. —I must talk with you before you go.

Oh Carlos, how unhappy is our state!
 How foul a game was play'd us by our fate!
 Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,
 Till envying to see us like to win,
 Straight fell to cheat, and threw the false lot in. }
 My vows to you I now remember all.

Don Car. Oh, madam, I can hear no more—[*Kneels.*

Queen. —You shall— [*Kneels too.*

For I can't choose but let you know, that I,
 If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

Don Car. Sure nobler gallantry 'was never known! }
 Good heav'n! this blessing is too much for one:
 No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
 My father, all my foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, sir, by all our loves I charge you live.
 But to what country wheresoe'er you go,
 Forget not me, for I'll remember you.

Don Car. Shall I such virtue and such charms forget?
 No, never.—

Queen. —Oh that we had never met,
 But in our distant climates still been free!
 I might have heard of you, and you of me:
 So towards happiness more safely mov'd,
 And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
 What makes you look so wildly?—Why d'ye start?

Don Car. A faint cold damp is thick'ning round my
 heart.

Queen. What shall we do?—

Don Car. —Do any thing but part;
 Or stay so long till my poor soul expires
 In view of all the glory it admires.

Eboli. In such a lover how might I be blest!
 Oh! were I of that noble heart possess,
 How soft, how easy would I make his bands! [*Aside.*
 But, madam, you forget the king's commands:

[*To the Queen.*

Longer to stay, your dangers will renew.

Don Car. Ah princess! lovers' pains you never knew; }
 Or what it is to part, as we must do.
 Part too for ever—

After one minute never more to stand
 Fix'd on those eyes, or pressing this soft hand.
 'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve,
 Yet that is more than I did e'er deserve:
 Tho' fate to us is niggardly and poor,
 That from eternity can't spare one hour.

Queen. If it were had, that hour would soon be gone,
 And we should wish to draw another on.
 No, rigorous necessity has made
 Us both his slaves, and now will be obey'd.
 Come, let us try the parting blow to bear.
 Adieu—

Don Car. Farewell. [*Looking at each other.*
 I'm fix'd and rooted here,

I cannot stir—

Queen. Shall I the way then show?

Now hold, my heart—

[*Goes to the door, then stops, and turns back again.*
 Nay, sir, why don't you go?

Don Car. Why do you stay?

Queen. I won't—

Don Car. You shall a while. [*Kneels.*

With one look more my miseries beguile,
 That may support my heart till you are gone.

Queen. Oh *Eboli*! thy help, or I'm undone.

[*Takes hold on Eboli.*

Here take it then, and with it too my life.

[*Leans into Eboli's arms.*

Don Car. My courage with my tortures is at strife,

Since my griefs cowards are, and dare not kill
 I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the ill.
 Well, madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
 Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
 To venture the encounter I'll be bold;

[*Leads her to the door.*]

For certainly my heart will so long hold,
 Farewell—be happy as you're fair and true.

Queen. And all heav'n's kindest angels wait on you.

[*Exit with Eboli.*]

Don Car. Thus long I've wander'd in love's crooked
 way,

By hope's deluding meteor led astray:
 For ere I've half the dang'rous desert cross'd,
 The glimm'ring light's gone out, and I am lost.

[*Exit Don Carlos.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Don CARLOS and POSA.

Don Car. The next is the apartment of the queen:
 In vain I try, I must not venture in. [Is going.]
 Thus is it with the souls of murder'd men, [Returns.]
 Who to their bodies would again repair;
 But finding that they cannot enter there,
 Mourning and groaning wander in the air.
 Robb'd of my love, and as unjustly thrown
 From all those hopes that promis'd me a crown;
 My heart, with the dishonours to me done,
 Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my breast:
 But it will break, and I shall be at rest.
 No: dull despair this soul shall never load:
 Tho' patience be the virtue of a god,

Gods never feel the ills that govern here,
 Or are above the injuries we bear.
Father and king; both names bear mighty sense:
 Yet sure there's something too in *son* and *prince*.
 I was born high, and will not fall less great;
 Since triumph crown'd my birth, I'll have my fate
 As glorious and majestic too as that. }
 To Flanders, Posa, straight my letters send;
 Tell them the injur'd Carlos is their friend:
 And that to head their forces I design;
 So vindicate their cause, if they dare mine*.

Posa. To th' rebels!——

Don Car. No, they're friends; their cause is just;
 Or, when I make it mine, at least it must.
 Let th' common rout like beasts love to be dull,
 Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full;
 Senseless what honour and ambition means,
 And ignorantly drag their load of chains.
 I am a prince, have had a crown in view,
 And cannot brook to lose the prospect now.
 If thou'rt my friend, do not my will delay.

Posa. I'll do't—— [Exit Posa.

Enter EBOLI.

Eboli. My lord.

Don Car. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

Don Car. What news of fresh affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the queen; you'd stay for her?

Don Car. For her? yes, stay an age, for ever stay;
 Stay ev'n till time itself should pass away;
 Fix here a statue never to remove,
 An everlasting monument of love.
 Tho', may a thing so wretched as I am
 But the least place in her remembrance claim?

* Don Carlos actually engaged in intrigues with the principals of the revolution which broke out in the Low-Countries, during the tyrannical reign of Philip II. and ended in the establishment of the Dutch republic.

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing else but you:
Whilst from the theme ev'n emulation springs,
Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

Don Car. But from that charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing! Propose what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be security.

Don Car. No, madam, what's my due none e'er can
pay;

There stands that angel, honour, in the way,
Watching his charge with never-sleeping eyes,
And stops my entrance into paradise.

Eboli. What paradise? What pleasures can you know,
Which are not in my power to bestow?

Don Car. Love, love, and all those eager, melting
charms

The queen must yield when in my father's arms.
That queen, so excellently, richly fair,
Jove, could he come again a lover here,
Would court mortality to die for her. }

Oh, madam, take not pleasure to renew
Those pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: think you no sense I have
Of what you feel? now you may take your leave:
Something I had to say; but let it die.

Don Car. Why, madam, who has injur'd you? Not I.

Eboli. Nay, sir, your presence I would not detain:
Alas! you do not hear that I complain.
Tho' could you half of my misfortunes see,
Methinks you should incline to pity me.

Don Car. I cannot guess what mournful tale you'd
tell;

But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, madam——

Eboli. —Say I lov'd, and with a flame,
Which even melts my tender heart to name:
Lov'd too a man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my birth or fate:

Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
 He prosecutes a dead and hopeless love;
 Starves on a barren rock, and won't be blest,
 Tho' I invite him kindly to a feast.

Don Car. What stupid animal could senseless lie,
 Quicken'd by beams from that illustrious eye?

Eboli. Nay, to increase your wonder, you shall
 know,
 That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
 Till ev'n I blush, as now I tell it you.

Don Car. You neither shall have cause of shame or
 fear,

Whose secrets safe within my bosom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the riddle may explain,
 Survey that face, and blame me if you can.

[*Shews him his own Picture.*]

Don Car. Distraction of my eyes! what have they
 seen?

'Tis my own picture which I sent the queen,
 When to her fame I paid devotion first,
 Expecting bliss, but lost it: I am curs'd,
 Curs'd too in thee, who from my saint dar'st steal
 The only relic left her of my zeal,
 And with the sacrilege attempt my heart.
 Wert thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,
 Almighty love preserves the fort for her,
 And bids defiance to thy entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected! Scorn'd by father and by son!
 What a malicious course my stars have run!

But since I meet with such unlucky fate
 In love, I'll try how I can thrive in hate:
 My own dull husband may assist in that.
 To his revenge I'll give him fresh alarms,
 And with the gray old wizard muster charms.
 I have 't; thanks, thanks, revenge: prince, 'tis thy bane.
 [*Aside.*]

Can you forgive me, sir? I hope you can.

[*To Car. mildly.*]

I'll try to recompense the wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.

Don Car. Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,
I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter: be but to my honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The queen's my charge, and you may on that score,
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so-much-worshipp'd charms,
And yield you to my happy rival's arms.

Don Car. In what a mighty sum shall I be bound!
I did not think such virtue could be found.
Thou mistress of all best perfections, stay:
Fain I in gratitude would something say;
But am too far in debt for thanks to pay. }

Enter Don JOHN of Austria.

Don John. Where is that prince, he whose afflictions
speak
So loud, as all hearts but his own might break?

Don Car. My lord, what fate has left me, I am here,
Mere man, of all my comfort stripp'd and bare.
Once, like a vine, I flourish'd and was young,
Rich in my rip'ning hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown,
And all my clusters and my branches gone.

Don John. Amongst those numbers which your
wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can resent them more.
I feel a gen'rous grudging in my breast,
To see such honour, and such hopes oppress'd.
The king your father, is my brother, true;
But I see more that's like myself in you.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my friend.
And if that title you think fit to bear,
Accept the confirmation of it here. [Embraces,

Don Car. From you, to whom I'm by such kindness tied,

The secrets of my soul I will not hide.
 This gen'rous princess has her promise giv'n,
 I once more shall be brought in sight of heav'n;
 To the fair queen my last devotion pay:
 And then for Flanders I intend my way,
 Where to th'insulting rebels I'll give law,
 To keep myself from wrongs, and them in awe.

Don John. Prosperity to the design, 'tis good;
 Both worthy of your honour and your blood.

Don Car. My lord, your spreading glories flourish
 high,
 Above the reach or shock of destiny:
 Mine early nipt, like buds untimely die.

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offi. My lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
 They are unwelcome orders which I bear,
 Which are, to guard you as a prisoner.

Don Car. A pris'ner! what new game of fate's begun?
 Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of son,
 Since I must be a slave, because I'm one.
 Duty! to whom? he's not my father: no.
 Back with your orders to the tyrant go;
 Tell him his fury drives too much one way;
 I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

Don John. If ask'd by whose commands you did
 decline

Your orders, tell my brother 'twas by mine. [*Ex. Offi.*]

Don Car. Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
 I'd see the queen once more, tho' but in spite;
 Tho' he with all his fury were in place,
 I would caress and court her to his face.
 Oh that I could this minute die; if so,
 What he had lost he might too lately know,
 Cursing himself to think what he has done:
 For I was ever an obedient son;

With pleasure all his glories saw, when young,
 Look'd, and with pride consid'ring whence I sprung,
 Joyfully under him, and free I play'd,
 Bask'd in his shine, and wanton'd in his shade——

But now ——

Cancelling all whate'er he then conferr'd,
 He thrusts me out among the common herd:
 Nor quietly will there permit my stay,
 But drives and haunts me like a beast of prey.
 Affliction! O affliction! 'tis too great,
 Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet.
 Tho' ruin at me from each side takes aim,
 And I stand thus encompass'd round with flame;
 Tho' the devouring fire approaches fast:
 Yet will I try to plunge; if power waste,
 I can at worst but sink, and burn at last.

[Exit Don Carlos.]

Don John. Go on, pursue thy fortune while 'tis hot:
 I long for work where honour's to be got.

But, madam, to this prince you're wondrous kind.

Eboli. You are not less to Henriët, I find.

Don John. Why, she's a beauty, tender, young, and
 fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in charms have equall'd her.
 You told me once my beauty was not less.
 Is this your faith? are these your promises?

Don John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty
 grown;

Tax me of falshood to conceal your own.

Go, you're a woman——

Eboli. Yes, I know I am:

And by my weakness do deserve that name,
 When heart and honour I to you resign'd:
 Would I were not a woman, or less kind.

Don John. Think you your falshood was not plain
 seen,

When to your charge my brother gave the queen?
 Too well I saw it; how did you dispense,
 In looks, your pity to th' afflicted prince?

Whilst I my duty paid the king, your time
 You watch'd, and fix'd your melting eyes on him.
 Admir'd him—

Eboli. Yes, sir, for his constancy—
 But 'twas with pain, to think you false to me,
 When to another's eye you homage paid,
 And my true love wrong'd and neglected laid;
 Wrong'd too so far, as nothing can restore.

Don John. Nay, then let's part, and think of love no
 more.

Farewell — *[Don John is going.]*

Eboli. Farewell, if you're resolv'd to go:
 Inhuman Austria, can you leave me so?
 Enough my soul is by your falshood rack'd;
 Add not to your inconstancy, neglect.
 Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
 Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

Don John. If e'er you lov'd, 'tis you, not I forget;
 For a remove is here too deeply set,
 Firm rooted, and for ever must remain.

[Eboli turns away.]

Why thus unkind?

Eboli. Why are you jealous then? *[Turns to him.]*

Don John. Come, let it be no more! I'm hush'd and
 still.

Will you forgive?

Eboli. How can you doubt my will?

I do.

Don John. Then send me not away unblest.

Eboli. Till you return I will not think of rest:
 Carlos will hither suddenly repair.

The next apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.

Farewell. *[Eboli seems to weep.]*

Don John. O do not let me see a tear;
 It quenches joy, and stifles appetite.

Like war's fierce god, upon my bliss I'd prey;
 Who, from the furious toils of arms all day,
 Returning home to love's fair queen at night,
 Comes riotous and hot with full delight.

[Exit Don John.]

Eboli. H'has reap'd his joys, and now he would be }
 free, }
 And to effect it puts on jealousy:
 But I'm as much a libertine as he; }
 As fierce my will, as furious my desires:
 Yet will I hold him; tho' enjoyment tires,
 Tho' love and appetite be at the best, }
 He'll serve, as common meats fill up a feast, }
 And look like plenty, tho' we never taste.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

Old lord, I bring thee news will make thee young.

Rui-Gom. Speak; there was always music in thy tongue.

Eboli. Thy foes are tott'ring, and the day's thy own;
 Give them but one lift now, and they go down.
 Quickly to th' king, and all his doubts renew;
 Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew
 Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
 Then bring him hither lab'ring with the weight:
 I will take care that Carlos shall be here:
 So for his jealous eyes a sight prepare,
 Shall prove more fatal than Medusa's head,
 And he more monstrous seem, than she e'er made.

Enter KING, attended.

King. Still how this tyrant doubt torments my }
 breast! }
 When shall I get th' usurper dispossess'd?
 My thoughts, like birds when frightened from their rest, }
 Around the place where all was hush'd before,
 Flutter, and hardly settle any more—
 Ha, Gomez, what art thou thus musing on?

[*Sees Gomez.*

Rui-Gom. I'm thinking what it is to have a son;
 What mighty cares, and what tempestuous strife
 Attend on an unhappy father's life:

How children blessings seem, but torments are ;
When young, our folly ; and when old, our fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these old reflections here ?
Thou envy'st sure the quiet which I bear.

Rui-Gom. No, sir, I joy in th' ease which you possess,
And wish you never may have cause for less.

King. Have cause for less ! come nearer ; thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had.

Now, now, I feel it rising up again —
Speak quickly, where is Carlos ? where the queen ?
What, not a word ? have my wrongs struck thee dumb ?
Or art thou swol'n and lab'ring with my doom,
Yet dar'st not let the fatal secret come ?

Rui-Gom. Heav'n great infirmities to age allots :
I'm old, and have a thousand doating thoughts.
Seek not to know them, sir.

King. By heav'n I must.

Rui-Gom. Nay, I would not be by compulsion just.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

Rui-Gom. Grant me then one request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy petition, and conclude it done.

Rui-Gom. It is, that you would here forgive your son,
For all his past offences to this hour.

King. Thou'st almost ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r.
But so much goodness i' th' request I find,
Spite of myself, I'll for thy sake be kind :
His pardon's seal'd ; the secret now declare.

Rui-Gom. Alas ! 'tis only that I saw him here.—

King. Where ? with the queen ! yes, yes, 'tis so, I'm
sure ;

Never were wrongs so great as I endure ;
So great that they are grown beyond complaint,
For half my patience might have made a saint.
Oh woman ! monstrous woman !
Did I for this into my breast receive
The promising, repenting fugitive ?
But, Gomez, I will throw her back again ;
And thou shalt see me smile and tear her then.

I'll crush her heart where all the poison lies,
Till when the venom's out, the viper dies.

Rui-Gom. They the best method of revenge pursue,
Who so contrive that it may justice shew;
Stay till their wrongs appear at such a head,
That innocence may have no room to plead.
Your fury, sir, at least awhile delay;
I guess the prince may come again this way:
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his privacy.

King. And when he's fix'd, be sure bring word to me;
Till then I'll bridle vengeance, and retire,
Within my breast suppress this angry fire,
Till to my eyes my wrongs themselves display;
Then, like a falcon, gently cut my way,
And with my pounces seize th' unwary prey. }
[Exit King.]

Enter EBOLI.

Eboli. I've over-heard the bus'ness with delight,
And find revenge will have a feast to-night.
Tho' thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's youth still in thy brain.
Away: the queen is coming hither. [Exit Rui-Gomez.]

Enter QUEEN and Women, HENRIETTA.

Queen. Now
To all felicity a long adieu.
Where are you, Eboli?

Eboli. Madam, I'm here.

Queen. O how fresh fears assault me ev'ry where!
I hear that Carlos is a pris'ner made.

Eboli. No, madam, he the orders disobey'd;
And boldly owns for Flanders he intends,
To head the rebels, whom he styles his friends:
But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last farewell of you.

Queen. Will he then force his destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, Eboli, make haste:
Tell him, I beg his purpose he'd delay,
Or if that can't his resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the hour
In which I hear that he has left this shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his pardon of the king.
Tell him—to stay him—tell him any thing—

Eboli. One word from you his duty would restore;
And tho' you promis'd ne'er to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see, he's here.—

Enter Don CARLOS.

Don Car. Run out of breath by fate,
And persecuted by a father's hate,
Wearied withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay myself down at your feet, and die.

[*Kneels, and kisses her hands.*]

Queen. Oh too unhappy Carlos! yet unkind!
'Gainst you what harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such violence decree
Ungratefully at last to murder me?

Don Car. Pour all thy curses, heav'n, upon this
head,
For I've the worst of vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
Myself upbraided of a wrong to her.

Say, has your honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I snares t' entrap your virtue laid?
Tell me; if not, why do you then upbraid?

[*Rises.*]

Queen. You will not know th' afflictions which you
give;

Was't not my last request, that you would live?
I by our vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless, your own ruin you design,
Tho' you are sure to purchase it with mine.

Don Car. I, as you bade me live, obey'd with pride,
 Tho' it was harder far than to have died.
 But loss of liberty my life disdains;
 These limbs were never made to suffer chains.
 My father should have singled out some crown,
 And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
 He should have seen what Carlos would have done. }
 But to prescribe my freedom, sink me low
 To base confinement, where no comforts flow;
 But black despair, that foul tormentor, lies,
 With all my present load of miseries;
 Was to my soul too violent a smart,
 And rous'd the sleeping lion in my heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry father's rage, }
 I know the least submission will assuage;
 You're hot with youth, he's choleric with age. }
 To him, and put a true obedience on;
 Be humble, and express yourself a son.
 Carlos, I beg it of you: will you not?

Don Car. Methinks 'tis very hard, but yet I'll do't.
 I must obey whatever you prefer,
 Knowing you're all divine, and cannot err.
 For if my doom's unalt'erable, I shall
 This way at least with less dishonour fall:
 And princes less my tameness thus condemn,
 When I for you shall suffer, tho' by him.

Queen. In my apartment farther we'll debate.
 Of this, and for a happy issue wait.
 Your presence there he cannot disapprove,
 When it shall speak your duty, and my love.

[*Exeunt Car. and Queen.*]

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

Eboli. Now, Gomez, triumph; all is ripe; the toil
 Has caught them, and fate saw it with a smile.
 Thus far the work of destiny was mine;
 But I'm content the master-piece be thine.
 Away to th' king, prepare his soul for blood;
 A mystery thou well hast understood:

Whilst I go rest within a lover's arms, [Aside.
And to my Austria lay out all my charms. [Exit.

Rui-Gom. Fate, open now thy book, and set them
down:
I have already mark'd them for thy own.

Enter KING, and POSA at a distance.

My lord the king?

King. Gomez?

Rui-Gom. The same.

King. Hast seen

The prince?

Rui-Gom. I have.

King. Where is he?

Rui-Gom. With the queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting flame,
And keep records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your precedents there e'er
Was seen a son like him, or wife like her.
Hark, Gomez, didst not hear th' infernals groan?
Hush, hell, a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should these be? the king and Gomez,
sure: [At a distance.

Methinks I wish that Carlos were secure;
For Flanders his despatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis Posa, pander to their lust.
[Drawing near to Posa.

Now, Gomez, to his heart thy dagger thrust;
In the pursuit of vengeance drive it far:
Strike deep, and if thou can'st, wound Carlos there.

Rui-Gom. I'll do't as close as happy lovers kiss:
May he strike mine, if of his heart I miss.

Thus, sir— [Stabs him.

Posa. Ha, Gomez! Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: but yet I would not die alone:

Here, dog— [Stabs at him.

Rui-Gom. So brisk? Then take it once again.
 [*As they are struggling, the Despatches
 fall out of Posa's bosom.*]

'Twas only, sir, to put you out of pain.

[*Stabs him again, and Posa falls.*]

Posa. My lord the king (but life too far is gone,
 I faint) be mindful of your queen and son. [*Dies.*]

King. The slave in death repents, and warns me.
 Yes,

I shall be very mindful. What are these?

[*Takes up the Despatches.*]

For Flanders! With the prince's signet seal'd!

Here's villany has yet been unreveal'd.

See, Gomez, practices against my crown;

[*Shews them him.*]

Treason and lust have join'd to pull me down.

Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy rock,

Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.

But I too long delay: give word I come.

Rui-Gom. What, hoa! within; the king is nigh,
 make room.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Don JOHN and
 EBOLI embracing.*

King. Now let me, if I can, to fury add,
 That when I thunder, I may strike them dead.

[*Looking earnestly on them.*]

Ha—Gomez! on this truth depends thy life.

Why that's our brother Austria!

Rui-Gom. And my wife!

Embracing close. Whilst I was busy grown

In others' ruins, here I've met my own.

Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.

King. This is the nest where lust and falshood
 brood.

Is it not admirable?—

[*Exeunt Don John and Eboli embracing.*]

Rui-Gom. O, sir, yes!
 Ten thousand devils tear the sorceress—
King. But they are gone, and my dishonour's near.

Enter Don CARLOS and QUEEN, discoursing.

Look, my incestuous son and wife appear.
 See, Gomez, how she languishes and dies.
 'Sdeath! there are very pulses in her eyes.

[*Don Carlos approaches the King.*

Don Car. In peace, heav'n ever guard the king from
 harms;

In war, success and triumph crown his arms;
 Till all the nations of the world shall be
 Humble and prostrate at his feet, like me. [Kneels.
 I hear your fury has my death design'd;
 Tho' I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind:
 Behold me as your poor unhappy son,
 And do not spill that blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my blood grows tainted, I ne'er
 doubt

But for my health 'tis good to let it out;
 But thine's a stranger, like thy soul, to me,
 Or else be curs'd thy mother's memory!
 And doubly curs'd be that unhappy night,
 In which I purchas'd torment with delight.

Don Car. Thus then I lay aside all rights of blood.
 [Rises boldly.

My mother curs'd! She was all just and good.
 Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below,
 And therefore's blest, and reigns above thee now.
 Submission! which way got it entrance here?

King. Perhaps it came ere treason was aware.
 Thy traiterous design's now come to light,
 Too great and horrid to be hid in night.
 See here my honour and thy duty's stains.

[*Shews the Despatches.*

I've paid your secretary for his pains;

He waits you there, to council with him go.

[*Shews Posa's body.*]

Ask what intelligence from Flanders now.

Don Car. My friend here slain, my faithful Posa 'tis.
Good heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What temples sack'd, what desolations made,
To pull down such a vengeance on my head?
This, villain, was thy work: what friend of thine

[*To Gomez.*]

Did I e'er wrong, that thou shouldst murder mine?

But I'll take care it shall not want reward— [*Draws.*]

King. Courage, my Gomez, since thy king's thy
guard.

Come, rebel, and thy villanies fulfil.

Don Car. No; tho' unjust, you are my father still;

[*Throws away his sword.*]

And from that title must your safety own:

'Tis that which awes my hand, and not your crown.

'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:

To such a height your jealousy was grown,

It was the only way that I could find

To work your peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my youth and vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my crown to give me peace.

Don Car. Alas! you fetch your misconstructions far: }

The injuries to me, and wrongs to her,
Were much too great for empire to repair.

When you forgot a father's love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a son's and prince's right;

Branded my honour, and pursu'd my life,
My duty long with nature was at strife.

Not that I fear'd my memory or name
Could suffer by the voice of common fame;

A thing I still esteem beneath my pride:

For tho' condemn'd by all the world beside, }

Had you but thought me just, I could have died.

At last this only way I found, to fly

Your anger, and divert your jealousy—

To go for Flanders, and be so remov'd
 From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd :
 There in your right hoping I might complete,
 Spite of my wrongs, some action truly great.
 Thus by my faith and suff'rings to out-wear
 Your hate, and shun that storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit hate? he would forego
 The joys and charms of courts to purchase you ;
 Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous tide
 Of lawless courage, and rebellious pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his defence!
 So blind is guilt when 'twould seem innocence.
 She thinks her softness may my rage disarm.
 No, sorc'ress, you're mistaken in your charm,
 And whilst you sooth, do but assist the storm.
 Do, take full view of your tall able slave ;

[*Queen looking on Carlos.*

Look hard ; it is the last you're like to have.

Don Car. My life or death are in your pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st.

Don Car. Not till she give me leave :
 She is the star that rules my destiny ;
 And whilst her aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, prince, for ever live, be ever blest.

King. Yes, I will send him to's eternal rest.

Oh! had I took that journey long ago,
 I ne'er had known the pains that rack me now.

Queen. What pains? what racks? [*Approaching him.*

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

I see thee foul, all one incestuous blot ;
 Thy broken vows are in thy guilty face.

Queen. Have I then in your pity left no place?

King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
 With promises you ne'er would see him more.
 But now your subtlest wiles too weak are grown,
 I've gotten freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free ; but can your mind
 Conceive that any ill was here design'd?

He hither came, only that he might show
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You saw his humble dutiful address.

King. But you before had sign'd the happy peace.

Enter EBOLI.

Oh princess, thank you for the care you take.
Tell me, how got this monster entrance? speak.

Eboli. Heav'n witness 'twas without my knowledge
done.

Rui-Gom. No, she had other bus'ness of her own.
[*Aside.*]

Oh blood and murder!

King. All are false: a guard.

Enter Guard.

Seize on that traitor—— [To Carlos.

Don Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd——

Queen. Stay, sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou shalt live. [Seemingly kind.
—By heav'n, but not a day. [*Aside.*]

I a revenge so exquisite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Hen. If ever pity could your heart engage,
If e'er you hope for blessings on your age,
Incline your ears to a poor virgin's pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too
fair.

What wouldst thou say?

Hen. Destroy not in one man,
More virtue than the world can boast again.
View him the eldest pledge of your first love,
Your virgin joys; that may some pity move——

King. No; for the wrongs I suffer weigh it down:
I'd now not spare his life to save my own.

Away, by thy soft tongue I'll not be caught.

Hen. By all that hopes can frame I beg: if not,

May you by some base hand unpitied die,
 And childless mothers curse your memory.
 By honour, love, by life—

King. Fond girl, away:
 By heav'n, I'll kill thee else. Still dar'st thou stay?
 Cannot death terrify thee?

Hen. —No; for I,
 If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

Don Car. Kind fair one, do not waste your sorrows
 here

On me, too wretched, and not worth a tear.
 There yet for you are mighty joys in store,
 When I in dust am laid, and seen no more.

Oh, madam! *[To the Queen.*

Queen. Oh my Carlos! must you die
 For me? no mercy in a father's eye?

Don Car. Hide, hide your tears, into my soul they
 dart

A tenderness that misbecomes my heart:
 For since I must, I like a prince would fall,
 And to my aid my manly spirits call.

Queen. You, like a man, as roughly as you will
 May die, but let me be a woman still. *[Weeps.*

King. Thou'rt woman, a true copy of the first,
 In whom the race of all mankind was curs'd.
 Your sex by beauty was to heav'n allied:
 But your great lord, the devil, taught you pride.
 He too an angel, till he durst rebel:
 And you are sure the stars that with him fell.
 Weep on; a stock of tears like vows you have,
 And always ready when you would deceive.

Queen. Cruel! inhuman! oh my heart! why should
 I throw away a title that's so good,
 On one a stranger to whate'er was so?
 Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
 The just resentment of my wrong's so great,
 My spirits sink beneath the heavy weight.

[Ready to sink with passion.

Tyrant, stand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have scorn enough to make me die.

Don Car. Blest angel, stay—

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Queen. Carlos, the sole embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.

Don Car. No wealthy monarch of the plenteous East, }
In all the glories of his empire dress'd, }
Was ever half so rich, or half so blest. }
But from such bliss how wretched is the fall!
They too like us must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my face! what soul could
bear't?

Go force her from him——

[*Officer approaches.*]

Don Car. —Slave, 'twill cost thy heart.
Thou'dst better meet a lion on his way,
And from his hungry jaws reprice the prey.
She's mistress of my soul, and to prepare
Myself for death, I must consult with her.

Rui-Gom. Have pity— [Ironically.]

King. Hence! how wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by cowards, and advis'd by fools.
Oh torture!—

Don Car. —Rouse, my soul, consider now,
That to thy blissful mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty joys have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sense of any there: }
Oh soft as blossoms, and yet sweeter far! }

[*Leaning on her bosom.*]

Sweeter than incense which to heav'n ascends,
Tho' 'tis presented there by angels' hands.

King. Still in his arms! Cowards, go tear her
forth.

Don Car. You'll sooner from it's centre shake the
earth:
I'll hold her fast till my last hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold! or any thing—

Don Car. Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my tomb.

I'd have my monument erected here,

With broken mangled limbs still clasping her.

Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his arms—

[The Guards offer their axes.

King. Now bear him hence.

[They part.

Queen. O horrid tyrant!

[Guards are hurrying Car. off.

Stay, unhappy prince—

Turn, turn! O torment! must I leave you so?

No, stay, and take me with you where you go.

Don Car. Hark, slaves, my goddess summons me to stay.

Dogs! have you eyes, and can you disobey?

See her! Oh let me but just touch my bliss.

[Pressing forward.

King. By hell he shan't: slaves, are ye mine or his?

Queen. My life—

Don Car. My soul, farewell—

[Exit Carlos.

Queen. —He's gone, he's gone!

Now, tyrant, to thy rage I'm left alone;

Give me my death, that hate both life and thee.

King. I know thou dost; yet live.

Queen. —O misery!

[Throws herself on the floor.

Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why

Should life be forc'd, when 'tis so sweet to die?

King. Thou, woman, hast been false; but to renew
Thy credit in my heart, assist me now. *[To Eboli.*

Prepare a draught of poison, such as will

Act slow, and by degrees of torment kill.

Give it the queen, and to prevent all sense

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the prince,

And that ere morning he'll attend her. I

In a disguise his presence will supply;

So glut my rage, and smiling see her die.

}

Eboli. Your majesty shall be obey'd—

Rui-Gom. Do, work thy mischiefs to their last degree,

And when they're in their height I'll murder thee.

King. Now, Gomez, ply my rage, and keep it hot: [*Aside.*
O'er love and nature I've the conquest got.
Still charming beauty triumphs in her eyes:

[*Looking at the Queen.*
Yet for my honour and my rest she dies.

[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*
But, oh! what ease can I expect to get,
When I must purchase at so dear a rate?

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter KING, solus.

King. 'Tis night; the season when the happy take
Repose, and only wretches are awake.
Now discontented ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd buildings and unwholesome grounds;
Or at the curtains of the restless wait,
To frighten them with some sad tale of fate.
When I would rest, I can no rest obtain:
The ills I've borne ev'n o'er my slumbers reign,
And in sad dreams torment me o'er again. }
The fatal bus'ness is ere this begun:
I'm shock'd, and start to think what I have done.
But I forget how I, that Philip am,
So much for constancy renown'd by fame;
Who thro' the progress of my life was ne'er
By hopes transported, or depress'd by fear.

No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And stedfastness will make the act extoll'd.

Enter EBOLI, in a Night-Gown.

Who? Eboli?

Eboli. My lord.

King. Is the deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the queen to seek repose is gone. }

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none? }

No, Eboli; her dreams must be as full
Of horror, and as hellish as her soul.

Does she believe the prince has freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O'er all her face young wand'ring blushes were,
Such as speak hopes too weak to conquer fear:—
But when confirm'd, no lover e'er so kind;
She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me friend.
Which opportunity I took, to give
The poison; and till day she cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her; say that Carlos here
Waits to confirm his happiness with her.

Go; that my vengeance I may finish quite:
'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And she may'st till mistake me for my son,
Remove all light but that which may suffice
To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in rueful sables clad,
With one dim lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in vaults assist the ghastly shade,
Where wretched widows come to weep at night.
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
Till Carlos shall with liberty return.

[*Exit.*

King. Oh stedfast sin! incorrigible lust!
Not damn'd! it is impossible; she must.
How do I long to see her in her pains,
The pois'nous sulphur rolling thro' her veins?

Enter Don JOHN and Attendants.

Who's there ? my brother ?

Don John. Yes, sir, and your friend.

What can your presence here so late intend ?

King. Oh, Austria, fate's at work ; a deed's in hand
Will put thy youthful courage to a stand.

Survey me ; do I look as heretofore ?

Don John. You look like king of Spain, and lord of
pow'r :

Like one who still seeks glory on the wing :

You look as I would do, were I a king.

King. A king ! why I am more, I'm all that can

Be counted miserable in a man.

But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow :

I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

Don John. No, sir, my happiness you cannot have,

Whilst to your abject passions thus a slave.

To know my ease, you thoughts like mine must bring,

Be something less a man, and more a king.

King. I'm growing so ; 'tis true, that long I strove

With pleading nature, combated with love,

Those witchcrafts that had bound my soul so fast ;

But now the date of the enchantment's past.

Before my rage like ruins down they fall,

And I mount up true monarch o'er them all.

Don John. I know your queen and son you've doom'd
to die,

And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.

Why would you cut a sure succession off,

At which your friends must grieve, and foes will laugh ;

As if, since age has from you took away

Increase, you'd grow malicious, and destroy ?

King. Doubt it not, Austria : thou my brother art,

And in my blood I'm certain hast a part.

Only the justice of my vengeance own,

Thou'rt heir of Spain, and my adopted son.

Don John. I must confess there in a crown are charms,
Which I would court in bloody fields and arms ;

But in my nephew's wrong I must decline,
 Since he must be extinguish'd ere I shine.
 To mount a throne o'er battlements I'd climb,
 Where death should wait on me, not I on him.
 Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
 The mighty value of so brave a son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
 I know it is thy kindness, but no more.
 Thou, living free, alas! art easy grown
 And think'st all hearts as honest as thy own.

Don John. Not, sir, so easy as I must be bold,
 And speak what you perhaps would have untold;
 That you're a slave to th' vilest that obey,
 Such as disgrace on royal favour lay,
 And blindly follow as they lead astray:
 Voracious varlets, sordid hangers-on,
 Best by familiarity they're known,
 Yet shrink at frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
 They're these have wrong'd you, and abus'd your ears,
 Possess'd your mind with false misgrounded fears.

King. Misgrounded fears? Why is there any truth
 In women's vows, or disobedient youth?
 I sooner would believe this world were heav'n,
 Where I have nought but toils and torment met,
 And never comfort yet to man was giv'n.
 But thou shalt see how my revenge I'll treat.

The SCENE draws, and discovers the Queen alone in Mourning on her Couch, with a lamp by her.

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [*Ironically.*
 As if she never had a thought of sin;
 In mourning, her wrong'd innocence to shew:
 She has sworn't so oft, that she believes it true.
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow she'll in darkness dwell:
 So we have heard of witches in a cell,
 Treating with fiends, and making leagues with hell.

[*The Queen rises, and comes towards him.*

Queen. My lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd;
Are my eyes bless'd; and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My queen, my love, I'm here——

[*Embraces her.*]

Queen. My lord the king!

This is surprising kindness which you bring.

Can you believe me innocent at last?

Methinks my griefs are half already past.

King. O tongue, in nothing practis'd but deceit!

Too well she knew him, not to find the cheat.

Yes, vile incestuous woman, it is I,

The king: look on me well, despair, and die.

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my doom before,

Since to affliction you could add no more?

Methinks death is less welcome, when I find

You could but counterfeit a look that's kind.

King. No, now thou'rt fit for death: had I believ'd

Thou couldst have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd:

Liv'd and gone on in lust and riot still;

But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for hell:

And that of the reward thou might'st not miss,

This night thou'st drank thy bane, thou'rt poison'd;

yes,

Thou art——

Queen. ——Then welcome everlasting bliss.

But ere I die, let me here make a vow,

By heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.

King. Vows you had always ready when you spoke:

How many of them have you made, and broke!

Yet there's a pow'r that does your falshood hear,

A just one too, that lets thee live to swear.

How comes it that above such mercy dwells,

To permit sin, and make us infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's good,

My innocence had else been understood.

At first your love was nothing but your pride.

When I arriv'd to be the prince's bride,

You then a kind indulgent father were ;
But finding me unfortunately fair,
Thought me a prize too rich to be possest
By him, and forc'd yourself into my breast :
Where you maintain'd an unresisted pow'r ;
Not your own daughter could have lov'd you more.
Till, conscious of your age, my faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd adulteress proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest incest with your son.

What more could my worst enemy have done ?

King. Nothing, I hope ; I would not have it said,
That in my vengeance any fault I made.
Love me ? Oh low pretence ! too feebly built !
But 'tis the constant fault of dying guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry they're innocent ;
When their despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your malice to the head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been man, and had an impious wife,
With speedy fury I'd have snatch'd her life ;
Torn a broad passage open to her heart,
And there have ransack'd each polluted part ;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have seen the issuing flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my hands in blood.
That had out-done the low revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a woman than a king.

King. I'm glad I know what death you wish to have,
You would go down in silence to your grave ;
Remove from future fame, as present times,
And bury with you, if you could, your crimes.
No, I will have my justice understood,
Proclaim thy falshood and thy lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble work begin ;
Be proud, and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a monarch's glory 'twill advance !
Do, quickly let it reach the ears of France.
I've there a royal brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his sister's wrong ;

Into thy Spain a mighty army bring,
Tumble thee from thy throne a wretched thing,
And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert king. }

King. I ne'er had pleasure with her till this night;
The viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an eagle seize the callow bird,
And gripe him till the dastard craven cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his sister's side.

Queen. Alas! I faint and sink; my lord, your hand;
My spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.

[To Don John,

Don John. Oh jealousy!
A curse which none but he that bears it knows;

[Leads her to a chair,

So rich a treasure who would live to lose?

King. The poison works, heav'n grant there were
enough;

She is so foul, she may be poison-proof.

Now, my false fair one——

Queen. Tyrant, hence begone!
This hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away: I would not leave the light
With such a hated object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay, and ev'n thy pray'rs prevent;
I would not give thee leisure to repent;
But let thy sins all in one throng combine
To plague thy soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your eyes, your tyrant-fury feed,
And triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying pillows you
May feel those tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst reproaches I can bear,
And with them all you shall not force a tear.

King. Thus, Austria, my lost freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear myself again.
Love held me fast, whilst, like a foolish boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay; }
But now I've thrown the gaudy toy away.

Eboli (within.) Help, murder, help——

King. See, Austria, whence that cry;
Call up our guards, there may be danger nigh.
[*Enter Guards.*]

Enter EBOLI in her Night-dress, wounded and bleeding; RUI-GOMEZ pursuing her.

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel murderer:
But 'tis in vain, the steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched king, I've something to unfold;
Nor can I die till the sad secret's told.

King. The woman's mad; to some apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to night, resolv'd to range:
I love a kind companion in revenge. [*Hugs Rui-Gomez.*]

Eboli. If in your heart truth any favour wins,
If e'er you would repent of secret sins,
Hear me a word.

King. ——What wouldst thou say? Be brief.

Eboli. Do what you can to save that precious life;
Try ev'ry art that may her death prevent:
You are abus'd, and she is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my lust, I practis'd all my charms
To gain the prince, Don Carlos, to my arms.
But there too cross'd, I did the purpose change,
And pride made him my engine for revenge:

[*To Rui-Gomez.*]

Taught him to raise your growing jealousy.

Then my wild passion at this prince did fly,

[*To Don John.*]

And that was done for which I now must die.

King. Ha, Gomez, speak, and quickly; is it so?

Rui-Gom. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no.
She, by whose lust my honour was betray'd,
Cannot want malice now to take my head;
And therefore does this penitence pretend.

Eboli. Oh Austria, take away that ugly fiend:

He smiles, and mocks me, waiting for my soul ;
See how his glaring fiery eye-balls roll.

Rui-Gom. Thus is her fancy tortur'd by her guilt :
But since you'll have my blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more—— [To R. Gom.]

Speak on, I charge thee, by the rest [To Eboli.]
Thou hop'st, the truth, and as thou shalt be blest.

Eboli. As what I've said is so,
There may I find, where I must answer all,
What most I need, heav'n's mercy on my soul. [Dies.]

King. Heav'n! she was sensible that she should die, }
And durst not in the minute tell a lie. }

Don John. His guilt's too plain; see his wild star- }
ing eye. }

By unconcern he would shew innocence : }
But harden'd guilt ne'er wanted the pretence }
Of great submission, when't had no defence. }
Thus whilst of life you shew this little care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray despair.

King. His life! What satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in doubt I must for ever live,
And lose my peace——yet I the truth will find ;
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this minute bind
Him to the wheel——

Rui-Gom. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only your commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?

King. I'd have thee tell
The truth: do, Gomez, all shall then be well.

Rui-Gom. Alas! like you, sir, in a cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most.
You set me as a spy upon the prince,
And still I brought the best intelligence
I could; till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by her :
Which if I after a false copy drew,
'Tis I have been unfortunate as you.

King. And is this all thou hast for life to show? }

Rui-Gom. Dear sir, your pardon, it is all I know. }

King. Then villain, I am damn'd as well as thou. }

Heav'n! where is now thy sleeping Providence,
That took so little care of innocence?
Oh Austria, had I to thy truth inclin'd,
Had I been half so good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame; secure the traitor. Oh!

[*Guards seize R. Go.*

Earth open, to thy centre let me go,
And there for ever hide my impious head.
Thou fairest, purest creature heav'n e'er made,
Thy injur'd truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be immortal as thou'rt good.

Queen. Can you to think me innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not credit mine?
The poison's very busy at my heart;
Methinks I see death shake his threat'ning dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the injury:
Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my physicians straight;
Hasten them quickly ere it be too late;
Propose rewards may set their skill at strife:
I'll give my crown to him that saves her life.
Curs'd dog!— [To *Gom.*

Don John. Vile prostitute!

King. Revengeful fiend!
But I've forgotten half; to Carlos send;
Prevent what his despair may make him do.

Enter HENRIETTA.

Hen. Oh horror, horror! everlasting woe!
The prince, the prince!

King. Ha! speak.

Hen. He dies, he dies.
Within upon his couch he bleeding lies,
Just taken from the bath, his veins all cut,
From which the springing blood flows swiftly out.
He threatens death on all that shall oppose
His fate, to save that life which he will lose.

King. Dear Austria, hasten, all thy int'rest use, }

Tell him it is to friendship an offence,
And let him know his father's penitence.
Beg him to live.—

Rui-Gom. Since you've decreed my death, know
'twill be hard:

The bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late pride and scorn.

King. There never was so curs'd a villain born.
But by revenge such pains he shall go thro',
As ev'n religious cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Fresh torments for him ev'ry hour devise,
Till he curse heav'n, and then the caitiff dies. }

Queen. My faithful Henrietta, art thou come
To wait thy unhappy mistress to her tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy parents young,
And now must leave thee to heav'n knows what
wrong.

But heav'n to it's protection will receive
Such goodness, let it then thy queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, madam, none can
tell;

For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A proof of it the world shall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

*Enter Don CARLOS, supported between two, and
bleeding.*

Don John. See, sir, your son.

King. My son? But oh! how dare
I use that name, when this sad object's near?
See, injur'd prince, who 'tis thy pardon craves,
No more thy father, but the worst of slaves:
Behold the tears that from these fountains flow.

Don Car. I come to take my farewell, ere I go
To that bright dwelling, where there is no room
For blood, and where the cruel never come.

King. I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh heav'n! his cruelty I cannot bear.

Dost thou not hear thy wretched father sue ?

Don Car. My father ! speak the words once more ;
is't you ?

And may I think the dear conversion true ?
Oh that I could !

King. By heav'n thou must——it is !
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling knees.
Why wilt thou die ? no, live, my Carlos, live,
And all the wrongs that I have done forgive.

Don Car. Life was my curse, and giv'n me sure in
spite.

Oh ! had I perish'd when I first saw light,
I never then these miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been guilty thought.
Prop me : apace I feel my life decay.
The little time on earth I have to stay,
Grant I without offence may here bestow ;

[*Pointing to the Queen.*

You cannot certainly be jealous now.

King. Break, break my heart——

[*Leads Don Carlos to the chair.*

Don Car. You've thus more kindness shown,
Than if you had crown'd, and plac'd me on your throne.
Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.
Take me away again : You are too good.

Queen. Carlos, is't you ? O stop that royal flood ;
Live, and possess your father's throne, when I
In dark and gloomy shades forgotten lie.

Don Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher
pride :

Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your side,
How much a life and empire I disdain !
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign
Above all wrongs, and never more complain.

Queen. O matchless youth ! O constancy divine !
Sure there was never love that equall'd thine ;
Nor any so unfortunate as mine.——

Henceforth forsaken virgins shall in songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy wrongs ;

And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
 A solemn annual procession make ;
 In chaste devotion as fair pilgrims come,
 With hyacinths and lilies deck thy tomb.
 But one thing more, and then, vain world, adieu :
 It is to reconcile my lord and you.

Don Car. He has done no wrong to me, I am possess
 Of all, beyond my expectation blest.
 But yet methinks there's something in my heart
 Tells me, I must not too unkindly part.
 Father, draw nearer, raise me with your hand ;
 Before I die, what is't you would command ?

King. Why wert thou made so excellently good ?
 And why was it no sooner understood ?
 But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray ;
 Oh ! for thy father, for thy father pray.
 Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare ;
 And leave me not tormented by despair.

Don Car. Thus then with the remains of life we kneel ;

*[Don Carlos and the Queen sink out of the
 chairs, and kneel.]*

May you be ever free from all that's ill.

Queen. And everlasting peace upon you dwell.

King. No more : this virtue's too divinely bright ;
 My darken'd soul, too conversant with night,
 Grows blind, and overcome with too much light.
 Here raise them up, gently : ye slaves, down, down !
 Ye glorious toils, a sceptre and a crown,
 For ever be forgotten ; in your stead,
 Only eternal darkness wrap my head.

Queen. Where are you ? oh ! farewell, I must be gone.

King. Blest happy soul, take not thy flight so
 soon :

Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
 And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Queen. From all my injuries and all my fears,
 From jealousy, love's bane, the worst of cares,
 Thus I remove to find that stranger, rest.
 Carlos, thy hand ; receive me on thy breast ;
 Within this minute how shall we be blest !

Don Car. Oh, far above
 Whatever wishes fram'd, or hopes design'd;
 Thus, where we go, we shall the angels find
 For ever praising, and for ever kind.

Queen. Make haste, in the first sphere I'll for you
 stay;

Thence we'll rise both to everlasting day.

Farewell—

[*Dies.*

Don Car. I'll follow you; now close my eyes;

[*Leans on her bosom.*

Thus all o'er bliss the happy Carlos dies. [*Dies.*

King. They're gone, they're gone, where I must ne'er
 aspire.

Run, sally out, and set the world on fire;
 Alarum Nature, let loose all the winds,
 Set free those spirits whom strong magic binds;
 Let the earth open all her sulph'rous veins,
 The fiends start from their hell, and shake their chains;
 Till all things from their harmony decline,
 And the confusion be as great as mine.
 Here I'll lie down, and never more arise,
 Howl out my life, and rend the air with cries.

Don John. Hold, sir, afford your lab'ring heart
 some ease.

King. Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as
 peace.

From these warm lips yet one soft kiss I'll take,
 How my heart beats! why won't the rebel break?
 My love, my Carlos, I'm thy father, speak. }
 Oh! he regards not now my miseries,
 But's deaf to my complaint, as I have been to his.
 Oh! now I think on't better, all is well;
 Here's one that's just descending into hell:
 How comes it that he's not already gone?
 The sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.
 Hey! how he flies! [*Stabs Rui-Gomez.*

Rui-Gom. 'Twas aim'd well at my heart; }

That I had strength enough but to retort. }
 Dull life, so tamely must I from thee part?
 Curses and plagues! revenge, where art thou now?
 Meet, meet me at thy own dark house below. [*Dies.*

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.—

Don John. Remember, sir, you are a king.

King. A king! it is too little: I'll be more,
I tell thee, Nero was an emperor;
He kill'd his mother, but I've that out-done*,
Murder'd a loyal wife, and guiltless son.
Yet, Austria, why should I grow mad for that?
Is it my fault I was unfortunate?

Don John. Collect your spirits, sir, and calm your
mind.

King. Look to't; strange things I tell thee are
design'd.

Thou, Austria, shalt grow old, and in thy age
Doat, doat, my hero: oh, a long gray beard,
With eyes distilling rheum, and hollow cheeks,
Will be such charms, thou canst not want success.
But above all, beware of jealousy;
It was the dreadful curse that ruin'd me.

Don John. Dread sir, no more.

King. O heart! oh heav'n! but stay,
Nam'd I not heav'n? I did, and at the word
(Methought I saw't) the azure fabric stirr'd.
Oh, for my queen and son the saints prepare:
But I'll pursue and overtake them there: }
Whirl, stop the sun, arrest his charioteer; }
I'll ride in that: away; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I hurl the wild-fire as I run!

Now, now I mount— [Runs off raving.

Don John. Look to the king.
See of this fair one too, strict care he had.

[Pointing to Henrietta.
Despair, how vast a triumph hast thou made!
No more in love's enervate charms I'll lie;
Shaking off softness, to the camp I'll fly,
Where thirst of fame the active hero warms:
And what I've lost in peace, regain in arms.

[Exeunt omnes.

* Nero was an emperor, &c.—

Neron, tant détesté,
N'a point à cet excès poussé sa cruauté. Racine.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A GIRL.

Now what d'ye think my message hither means?
Yonder's the poet sick behind the scenes:
He told me there was pity in my face,
And therefore sent me here to make his peace.
Let me for once persuade you to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to stand my friend.
And if this time I can your kindness move,
He'll write for me, he swears by all above,
When I am big enough to be in love.
Now won't ye be good-natur'd, ye fine men?
Indeed I'll grow as fast as e'er I can,
And try if to his promise he'll be true.
Think on't; when that time comes, ye do not know
But I may grow in love with some of you.
Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see
Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me.
But now, if by my suit you'll not be won,
You know what your unkindness oft has done;
I'll e'en forsake the play-house, and turn nun*.

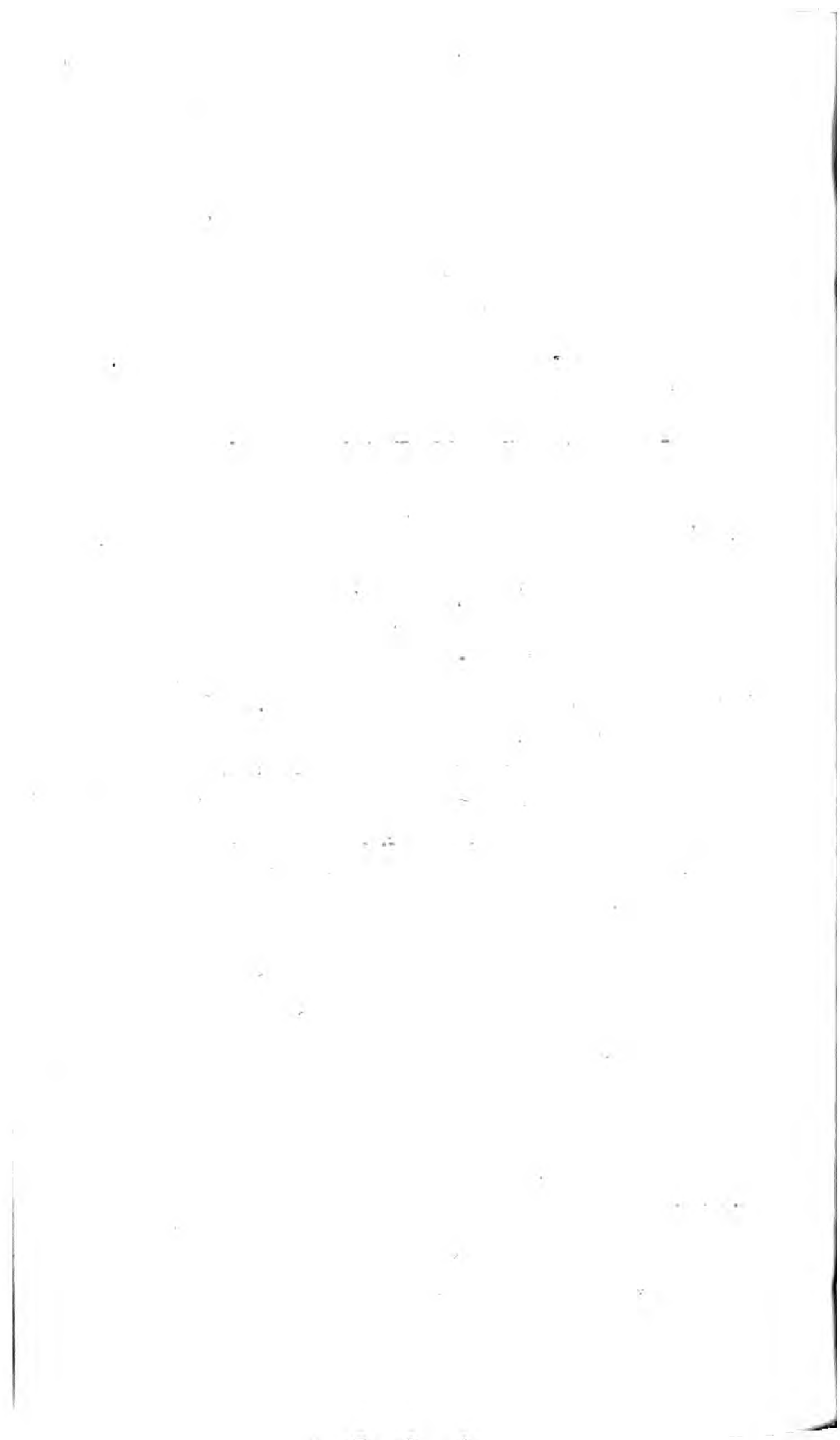
* This alludes to the retirement of Mrs. Reeves, or, as she was usually termed, Madam Reeves; who was a very beautiful and accomplished actress, and between whom and Dryden there was supposed to be rather too close an intimacy. She withdrew from the stage to a cloister.

TITUS AND BERENICE,

A TRAGEDY.

Grandis oratio non est turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit.

PET. ARB. SATYRIC. CAP. 2.



TITUS AND BERENICE.

CORNEILLE and RACINE, two of the greatest ornaments of the French drama, have each found employment for their genius in the celebrated conduct of Titus towards Berenice, which attaches so much glory to his character in the pages of the Roman historians. The *Berenice* of Corneille, the product of his declining age, cannot bear a comparison with his *Cid*, and is, perhaps, thrown into deeper obscurity by the superior lustre of it's rival. The elegant and classical mind of Racine, has tempted him to reject, in the present instance, the vicious practice which modern refinement has introduced into the higher department of the drama, and to copy the pure models which the Greek writers afforded him, in the simplicity of their plots, and the unity of their actions. Accordingly, in his *Berenice*, our interest is undivided: we are never called from the doubtful struggles of the emperor, the agonies of Berenice, and the stifled emotions of Antiochus, to bear a part in any inferior distresses; but are wholly fixed upon one event, and that as great and striking as any we meet with in history. It has, however, been objected to the French author, and by his own countrymen, that his piece cannot be termed a tragedy so properly as a pastoral dialogue; and that Titus is not

strictly a Roman hero, but discovers too great an analogy to a courtier of Versailles*.

These remarks are not irrelevant to the piece immediately before us, inasmuch as it being a close imitation of the French tragedy, whatever of praise or censure is bestowed upon it's essentials, will be the property of the original author. The only important alterations made by Otway, are, first, reducing the piece to three acts, and curtailing, by that means, the speeches in the original, which, without great force of expression, as well as elevation of thought, are apt to sink into languor; and, in the second place, making Antiochus discover his passion to Titus in an early part of the play, which is deferred by the French author till the last scene. The dialogue is, generally, a close, and, occasionally, a literal translation, which leaves to Otway scarcely any other merit than what results from his versification, in which he has considerably improved upon his former pieces.

Titus and Berenice was represented in February, 1676-7.

* Report says, that a French nobleman having asked the great Condé his opinion of the tragedy, he replied in this verse from the fifth act:

“ Depuis deux ans entiers, chaque jour je la vois,
Et crois toujours la voir pour la première fois.”

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, EARL OF ROCHESTER,

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER, &c.

MY LORD,

DEDICATIONS are grown things of so nice a nature, that it is almost impossible for me to pay your lordship those acknowledgments I owe you, and not (from those who cannot judge of the sentiments I have of your lordship's favours) incur the censure either of a fawner or a flatterer; both which ought to be as hateful to an ingenuous spirit as ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the world know how good and how generous a patron I have, (in spite of malice) I am sure I am honest.

My Lord, never was poetry under so great an oppression as now, as full of fanaticisms as religion; where every one pretends to the spirit of wit, sets up a doctrine of his own, and hates a poet worse than a quaker does a priest.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of those dreadful things that resolve our dissolution: it is, for the most part, a very little French breeding, much assurance, with a great deal of talk, and no sense.

Thus he comes to a new play, enquires the author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his personal misfortunes the subject of his malice to some of his companions, who have as little wit, and as much ill-nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can) the play is damned.

At night he never fails to appear in the withdrawing-room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there as himself; who, mustering up all their puny forces, damn as positively as if, like Muggleton, it were their gift; when indeed they have as little right to wit, as a journeyman tailor can have to prophecy.

Wit, which was the mistress of former ages, is become the scandal of our's: either the old, satire, to let us understand what he has known, damns and decries all poetry but the old; or else the young affected fool, that is impudent beyond correction, and ignorant above instruction, will be censuring the present, though he misplace his wit, as he generally does his courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong occasion.

How great a hazard then does your lordship run, in so stedfastly protecting a poor exiled thing that has so many enemies! but that your wit is more eminent than all their folly or ignorance, and your goodness greater than any malice or ill-nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my merit, or what even vanity might prompt me to expect: though in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep up his credit he must be forced to borrow more: for my genius always led me to seek an interest in your lordship; and I never see you, but I am fired with an ambition of being in your favour. For all I have received, the highest return I am able to make, is my acknowledgment; in which I can hardly distinguish whether my thankfulness or my pride be the greater, when I subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY,

PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, our author met me here to-day,
And begg'd that I'd say something for his play.
You wags, that judge by rote, and damn by rule,
Taking your measures from some neighbour fool,
Who has impudence, a coxcomb's useful tool;
That always are severe, you know not why,
And would be thought great critics by the by,
With very much ill-nature, and no wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd sit,
And with your silly selves divert the pit.
You men of sense, who heretofore allow'd
Our author's follies, make him once more proud.
But for the youths that newly 're come from France,
Whose heads want sense, tho' heels abound with dance;
Our author to their judgment won't submit,
But swears that they, who so infest the pit
With their own follies, ne'er can judge of wit.
'Tis thence he chiefly favour would implore;

[To the boxes.]

And, fair ones, pray oblige him on my score:
Confine his foes, the fops, within their rules:
For, ladies, you know how to manage fools.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TITUS VESPASIAN, *Emperor of Rome.*
ANTIOCHUS, *King of Comagene.*
PAULINUS, *the Emperor's Confident.*
ARSACES, *Antiochus's Confident.*
RUTILIUS, *a Tribune.*

BERENICE, *Queen of Palestine.*
PHENICE, *her Confident.*

The SCENE, ROME.

TITUS AND BERENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS and ARSACES.

Ant. Thou, my Arsaces, art a stranger here:
This is th' apartment of the charming fair,
That Berenice, whom Titus so adores:
The universe is his, and he is her's:
Here from the court himself he oft conceals,
And in her ears his charming story tells;
Whilst I a vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

Ars. You want admittance! who, with gen'rous care,
Have follow'd all her fortunes ev'ry where;
Whose fame throughout the world so loudly rings;
One of the greatest of our Eastern kings.
As once you seem'd the monarch of her breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossesed;
Nor can the pride she doth in Titus take,
Already so severe a distance make.

Ant. Yes! still that wretch Antiochus I am,
But love! O how I tremble at the name;
And my distracted soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the pleasure of my heart;
Since Berenice has all my hopes destroy'd,
And an eternal silence on me laid.

Ars. That you resent her pride, I see with joy:
*Tis that which does her gratitude destroy:

But friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn,
And you, methinks, might learn her art to scorn.

Ant. Arsaces, how false measures dost thou take !
Remove the poles, and bid the sun go back ;
Invert all nature's orders, fate's decrees ;
Then bid me hate the charming Berenice.

Ars. Well, love her still ; but let her know your pain ;
Resolve it, you shall see, and speak again ;
Urge to her face your rightful claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Ant. Arsaces, no ; she's gentle as a dove,
Her eyes are tyrants, but her soul's all love,
And owes so little for the vows I've made,
That if she pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter RUTILIUS.

But see, the man I sent at last returns ;
Oh how my heart with expectation burns !
Rutilius, have you Berenice seen ?

Rut. I have.

Ant. O speak ! what says the charming queen ?

Rut. I press'd with difficulty thro' the crowd ;
A throng of court-attendants round her stood,
The time now pass'd of his severe retreat,
Titus laments no more his father's fate.
Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilst he to meet those mighty joys prepares,
Which may in Berenice's arms be found ;
For she this day will be Rome's empress crown'd.

Ant. What do I hear ? confusion on thy tongue !
To tell me this, why was thy speech so long ?
Why didst not ruin with more speed afford ?
Thou might'st have spoke, and kill'd me in a word.
But may I not one moment with her speak,
And my poor heart disclose before it break ?

Rut. You shall : for when I told what you design'd, }
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd ; }
Titus ne'er from her had a look more kind. }

Enter BERENICE and PHOENICE.

She's here.

Ber. At last from the rude joy I'm freed
Of those new friends, whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no flatt'ry use,
Since you neglect, I justly may accuse.
How great your cares for Berenice have been,
Ev'n all the East, and Rome itself has seen.
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more great, you grow less kind.

Ant. Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart;
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, madam, 'tis a truth by rumour spread,
That Titus shall this night possess your bed.

Ber. Sir, all my conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Tho' half the fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did Titus for his father mourn,
I almost doubted love would ne'er return:
He had not for me that assiduous heat,
As when whole days, fix'd on my eyes, he sat:
Grief in his eyes, cares on his brows did dwell;
Oft came and look'd; said nothing but farewell.

Ant. But now his kindness he renews again.

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompense my pain
For that: if any faith may be allow'd
Two thousand oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any justice in the pow'rs divine,
Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine.

Ant. How she insults and triumphs in my ill!
She has with long practice learnt to smile and kill.
Oh, Berenice, eternally farewell. }

Ber. Farewell! good heav'n! what language do I
hear!

Stay! I conjure you, sir—by all that's dear.

Antiochus, what is it I have done?

Why don't you speak?

Ant. Madam, I must be gone.

Ber. How cruelly you use me! I implore
The reason—

Ant. I must never see you more.

Ber. For heav'n's sake tell, you wound me with
delay. }

Ant. At least remember, I your laws obey.
Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
If the remembrance ben't extinguish'd quite
Of that blest place, where first you saw the light;
'Twas there, oh there began my endless smart,
When those dear eyes prevail'd upon my heart;
Then Berenice too my vows approv'd,
Till happy Titus came, and was belov'd.
He did with triumph and with terror come,
And in his hands bore the revenge of Rome.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his weight, and found myself undone.

Ber. Hah!

Ant. You, too, then t'increase the pains I bore,
Commanded me to speak of love no more.
So on your hand I swore at last t'obey;
And for that taste of bliss gave all away.

Ber. Why do you study ways t'afflict my mind?
You may believe, sir, I am not unkind.
Alas, I'm sensible how well you've serv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.

Ant. Why in this empire should I longer stay,
My passion and it's weakness to betray?
Others, tho' I retire, will bring their joys,
To crown that happiness, which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus because your pow'r you know;
Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
Tho' crown'd Rome's empress, I the throne ascend; }
What pleasure in my greatness can I find, }
When I shall want my best and truest friend? }

Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
That you might see the worst of my despair;
I know it the ambition of your soul.
'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient fool;

Yet came this time but to new-freight my heart,
And with more love possess, than ever, part.

Ber. Tho' it could never enter in my mind,
Since Cæsar's fortunes must with mine be join'd,
That any mortal durst so hardy prove,
T'invade his right, and talk to me of love;
I hear th' unpleasing narrative of your's,
And friendship, what my honour shuns, endures.
Nay more; your parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my soul most dear.

Ant. In justice to my memory and fame,
I fly from Titus, that unlucky name:
A name, which ev'ry moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewell, oh, be not at my ravings griev'd;
When of my death the news shall be receiv'd,
Remember why I died, and what I liv'd.—

}
[*Exit Ant.*

Phæn. I grieve for him: a love so true as this,
Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate success.
Are you not troubled, madam?

Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

Phæn. You should have staid him.

Ber. Who, I stay him? no.
From my remembrance rather let him go.
His fancy does with wild distraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance interprets love.

Phæn. Titus his thoughts, yet to unfold, denies;
And Rome beholds you but with jealous eyes.
It's rig'rous laws create my fears for you:
Romans no foreign marriages allow;
To kingly pow'r still enemies they've been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you, a queen.

Ber. Phœnice, no; my time of fear is past;
Me Titus loves, and that includes the rest.
The splendour of this night thou hast beheld;
Are not thy eyes with his bright grandeur fill'd?

These eagles, fasces, marching all in state,
 And crouds of kings that with their tributes wait;
 Triumphs below, and blessings from above,
 Seem all at strife to grace this man of love.
 Away, Phœnice, let's go meet him straight,
 I can no longer for his coming wait.

My eager wishes drive me wildly on;
 Nor will be temper'd till my joy's begun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter TITUS, PAULINUS, and Attendants.

Tit. To th' Syrian king did you my message bear?
 And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the queen's apartment, he alone
 Was seen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well, Paulinus: for these ten days past
 I have to Berenice a stranger been;
 But you can tell me all—how does the queen?

Paul. She does what speaks how much she values
 you;

When you mourn'd for your father, she mourn'd too.
 So just a sorrow in her face was shown,
 It seem'd as if the loss had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair one, little dost thou know
 How hard a trial thou must undergo. [*Aside.*]
 Heav'n! Oh my heart!

Paul. What is't your grief should raise
 For her, whom almost all the East obeys?

Tit. Command, Paulinus, that all these retreat;
 [*Paulinus moves his hand, and the rest go out.*]
 Rome of my purpose is uncertain yet;
 Expects to know the fortune of the queen:
 Their murm'rings I have heard, and troubles seen.
 The bus'ness of our love is the discourse
 And expectation of the universe.
 And by the face of my affairs, I find,
 'Tis time that I resolve and fix my mind.

Tell me, Paulinus, justly, and be free.

What says the world of Berenice and me?

Paul. In ev'ry heart you admiration raise:
All your high virtues, and her beauty praise.

Tit. Alas! thou answer'st wide of my desire:
Paulinus, be my friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my sighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from so true a love?

Paul. Love, or not love, sir, all is in your pow'r;
The court will second still the emperor.

Tit. Courtiers, Paulinus, seldom are sincere;
To please their master they have too much care.
The court did Nero's horrid acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him god.
Th' idolatrous court shall never judge for me:

No, my Paulinus, I rely on thee.

What then must Berenice expect, declare;

Will Rome be gentle to her, or severe?

My happiness is plac'd in her alone.

Now they have rais'd me to th' imperial throne,

Where on my head continual cares must fall;

Will they deny me what may sweeten all?

Paul. Her virtues they acknowledge, and desert;

Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart:

But she's a queen, and that alone withstands

All which her beauty and her worth demands.

In Rome the law has long unalter'd stood,

Never to mix it's race with strangers' blood.

Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,

When they despise all virtues but their own.

Paul. Julius, who first subdu'd her to his arms,

And quite had silenc'd laws with war's alarms,

Burning for Cleopatra's love, to fame

More just, fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.

Tit. But which way from my heart shall I remove

So long establish'd and deep-rooted love?

Paul. The conflict will be difficult, I guess,

But you your rising sorrows must suppress.

Tit. Who can a heart that's not his own controul?
 Her presence was the comfort of my soul:
 After a thousand oaths confirm'd in tears,
 By which I vow'd myself for ever her's,
 I hop'd with all my love, and all her charms,
 At last to have her in my longing arms.
 But now I can such rare perfections crown,
 And that my love's more great than ever grown,
 When in one hour a happy marriage may
 Of all my five years' vows the tribute pay;
 I go, Paulinus—how my heart does rise!

Paul. Whither?

Tit. —To part for ever from her eyes.
 Tho' I requir'd th' assistance of thy zeal,
 To crush a passion that's so hard to quell;
 My heart had of it's doom resolv'd before:
 Yet Berenice does still dispute the war:
 The conquest of so great a flame must cost
 Conflicts, in which my soul will oft be tost.

Paul. You in your birth for empire were design'd,
 And to that purpose heav'n did frame your mind;
 Fate in that day wise Providence did show,
 Fixing the destiny of Rome in you.

Tit. My youth rejoic'd in love and glorious wars,
 But my remains of life must waste in cares.
 Rome my new conduct now observes; 'twould be
 Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
 If in my dawn of pow'r, to clear the way
 To happiness, I should her laws destroy:
 No, I've resolv'd on't, love and all shall go;
 Alas! it must, since Rome will have it so.
 But how shall I poor Berenice prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her;
 Sooth her sad heart, and on her patience win:
 Then by degrees——

Tit. —But how shall I begin?
 Oh, my Paulinus, I have oft design'd
 To speak my thoughts, but still they staid behind.

I hop'd, as she discern'd my troubled breast,
 She might a little at the cause have guess'd :
 But nought suspecting, as I weeping lay,
 With her fair hand she'd wipe the tears away,
 And in that mist never the loss perceiv'd
 Of the sad heart she had too much believ'd.
 But now a firmer constancy I take,
 Either my heart shall vent it's grief, or break.
 I thought t' have met Antiochus, and here
 All I e'er lov'd, surrender'd to his care.
 To-morrow he conducts her to the East,
 And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

Paul. I ne'er expected less from that renown,
 Which all your actions must with glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
 How much more fair and charming were she now,
 If thro' eternal dangers to be won!
 So I might still call Berenice my own.
 In Nero's court, where I was bred, my mind
 By that example to all ills inclin'd ;
 The loose wild paths of pleasures I pursu'd,
 Till Berenice first taught me to be good.
 She taught me virtue ; but, oh cursed Rome !
 The good I owe her, must her wrong become.
 For so much virtue, and renown so great ;
 For all the honour I did ever get ;
 Her, for whose sake alone I fame pursu'd,
 I must forego, to please the multitude !

Paul. You cannot with ingratitude be charg'd.
 You have the bounds of Palestine enlarg'd.
 Ev'n to Euphrates her wide pow'r extends ;
 So many kingdoms Berenice commands.

Tit. Weak comforts for the griefs must on her dwell !
 I know fair Berenice, and know too well,
 To greatness she so little did incline,
 Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
 Let's talk no more of her, Paulinus.

Paul. Why ?

Tit. The thought of her but shakes my constancy :

Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,
What will it do when I behold her eyes?

Enter RUTILIUS.

Rut. Sir, Berenice desires admittance here—

Tit. Paulinus—Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?

So soon are all your resolutions shook?

Now, sir's the time——— [Ex. Rut.

Enter BERENICE, PHENICE, and Attendants.

Tit. I have no pow'r to look.

Ber. Sir, ben't displeas'd, that I thus far presume:

It is to pay my gratitude I come.

Whilst all the court assembled in my view,

Admire the favour you on me bestow,

It were unjust should I remain alone

Silent, as tho' I had a sense of none.

Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free;

Are now your own, and yet not visit me!

Your present of new diadems I wait,

Oh! give me more content and less of state:

Give me a word, a sigh, a look at least,

In those th' ambition of my soul is plac'd.

Was your discourse of me when I arriv'd?

Was I so happy, may it be believ'd?

Speak, tell me quick, is Berenice so blest?

Or was I present to your thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, madam: by the gods I swear't,

That Berenice is always in my heart:

Nor time, nor absence can you thence remove:

My heart's all your's, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your love perpetual and sincere,

But 'tis with a strange coldness that you swear.

Why the just gods to witness did you call?

I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all.

In you I trust, would only from you live,

And what you say, I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed. Alas, whence this surprize?
You seem confus'd, to turn away your eyes;
Nothing but trouble in your face I find:
Does still a father's death afflict your mind?

Tit. Oh! did my father, good Vespasian, live,
How happy should I be!

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!
Your tears have reverenc'd his mem'ry now.
Cares are to Rome and your own glory due.
A father you lament, a feeble grief,
Whilst for your absence I find no relief.
But in your presence only take delight,
I, who shall die, if but debarr'd your sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your griefs declare?
What time d'you choose? for pity's sake forbear:
Your bounties my ingratitude proclaim.

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that name;
No, sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my love.

Tit. No, madam, no; my heart (since I must speak)
Was ne'er more full of love, or half so like to break!
But——

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!

Ber. Proceed.

Tit. The empire Rome—

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal secret will not come—
Away, Paulinus, ere I'm quite undone,
My speech forsakes me, and my heart's all stone.

[*Exeunt Tit. and Paul.*]

Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, Phœnice? tell me, speak.

Phæn. Does nothing to your memory appear
That might provoke him?—

Ber. By all that's to me dear,

Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
 Too much of love is all the guilt I know.
 This silence is too rude, and racks my breast,
 In the uncertainty I cannot rest ;
 He knows, Phœnice, all my moments past.
 Perhaps, he's jealous of the Syrian king ;
 'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.
 'Titus, this victory I shall not boast.
 I wish the gods would try me to the most ;
 With a more potent rival tempt my heart,
 One that would make me greater than thou art :
 Then, my dear Titus, should'st thou soon discern,
 How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.
 Let's go, Phœnice, with one gentle word
 He will be satisfied, and I restor'd :
 " My injur'd truth by my compliance find,
 " And if he has a heart he must be kind." [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter TITUS, ANTIOCHUS *and* ARSACES.

Tit. Antiochus! you've done your friendship wrong,
 In that you've kept this secret hid so long.
 What is't that your departure does incite,
 Which, not unjustly, I may call a flight?
 For tho' on the Imperial throne I'm plac'd,
 So highly seem with fortune's favour grac'd,
 As if she nothing further had to grant ;
 I more than ever do your friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great kindness I so well did know,
 I durst not stay, where I so much did owe.
 When first Judea heard your loud alarms,
 You made me your companion in your arms,

Nay, nearer to you did with friendship join,
 And lodg'd the secrets of your breast in mine.
 Yet all this goodness but augments my sin,
 For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget, that to your arms alone
 I owe the half of all I ever won:
 Witness those precious spoils you hither brought,
 Won from the Jews, when on my side you fought.
 To all those purchases I lay no claim;
 Your heart and friendship are my only aim.

Ant. My heart! my friendship! heav'n how you
 mistake!

On my deceit how weak a gloss you make!
 When first you thought yourself of me possest,
 You took a very serpent to your breast.

Tit. Antiochus, I find where thou art stung:
 Tell me th' officious slave that does me wrong.
 Some base detractor has my honour stain'd,
 And in your easy heart a credit gain'd;
 Abus'd, and told you Titus was unjust:
 But I will know the treach'rous fiend, I must,
 Tho' you unkindly from your friend would run,
 And own th' injustice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh Titus, if I durst but speak my heart;
 But 'tis a secret hard from thence to part:
 'Tis not from you, it is from Rome I fly,
 There's a disease in't I must shun, or die,
 Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
 When most your friend, I shall appear your foe.

Tit. I either to your heart a stranger am,
 Or sure Antiochus is not the same:
 What else should make you not your mind declare?
 What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear,
 Receive the fatal secret in your ear.
 But arm your heart with temper: well, 'tis this.

Tit. Go on.

Ant. I love the charming Berenice.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her eyes,
Till you came on, and robb'd me of the prize.
When at your army's head you did appear,
You sack'd Jerusalem and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just, and tell his mind.
So far's resentment from my heart remov'd,
That Berenice is by my friend belov'd,
That I, Antiochus, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her.

Ant. True;
But 'tis fit none should be so blest save you;
And Berenice for none could be design'd,
But him that's the delight of all mankind.
'Tis for this cause to Syria I repair:
For when you're blest, no envy should be near.

Tit. O my Antiochus, when thou shalt see
How small's the happiness in store for me,
Thou need'st not fear thy envy; let me have
Thy pity and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.
My best and truest friend, you must be so,
For there's none fit for't in the world but you:
None but a king, my rival, and my friend,
Is fit to speak the torments of my mind.
In my behalf you Berenice must see.

Ant. Is that an office, Titus, fit for me?
Is't not enough her cruelties I bear,
But you must too solicit my despair?
I swore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not trust again my heart.
Your passion by another may be shown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that so well his own misfortunes bears,
Can best instruct her how to temper her's.
Nay, my Antiochus, you must not start;
I know by mine, your news will shake her heart,
For I must too for ever from her part.

Ant. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst necessity! 'tis true.
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I summ'd up all delight,
Must be for ever banish'd from my sight.

Ant. It cannot be: no slave that wears her chains,
Upon so easy terms his freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the world, my empire wide does flow,
I can make kings, and can depose them too:
The stubborn'st hearts must to my pow'r bow down,
And yet I am not master of my own.
Rome, that to kings so long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the queen.
If Berenice to-morrow be not gone,
The multitude will to her palace run;
And, from their rude, outrageous tongues, she'll hear
The news I dread to tell, and you to bear.

Ant. Now if my heart was to revenge allied,
How might I triumph in her falling pride!
To see her cruelties to me repaid,
And with them all her tortur'd soul upbraid.
But, Titus, I'm more just; and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I th' Imperial power did first assume,
I firmly swore t' uphold the rights of Rome.
Should I to follow love from glory fly,
Forsake my throne; in ev'ry vassal's eye,
How mean and despicable must I prove!
An emp'ror led about the world with love!
No, prince, the fatal story you must tell,
And bid from me poor Berenice farewell.
But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
May any ease to her sad mind impart,
Swear, friend, by all that to my soul is dear,
Entire I will preserve her ever there.
Mourning at court, and more exil'd than she,
My reign but a long banishment shall be
From all those joys that wait on pomp and pow'r.

To-morrow she her journey hence must take,
 And so I all that e'er I lov'd, forsake,
 Her to your care and conduct I commend;
 For tho' my rival, as a king and friend,
 The dearest treasure I dare with you trust.

Ant. Sir, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:
 Her charms that made me my own fame forego,
 Will be too apt to make me false to you.

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy honour
 tried,
 Firm still in dangers, found thee by my side.
 Thou knew'st my love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
 When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd:
 Ev'n at that time thou didst no falshood show,
 And wilt not wrong me on advantage now.

[*Exit Titus.*]

Ant. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go:
 Too soon from others her hard lot she'll know.
 Dost thou not think her fate's enough severe,
 Unless that I th' unwelcome message bear?
 I, who her hate enough have felt before,
 And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

Ars. See, she approaches; now the coward play,
 And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

Enter BERENICE and PHŒNICE.

Ant. Oh heav'n!

Ber. My lord, I see you are not gone;
 Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

Ant. You come not here Antiochus to find,
 The visit to another was design'd.
 Cæsar: and 'tis on him the blame must light,
 If now my presence here offend your sight.
 They're his commands are guilty of the sin;
 It may be else I had at Ostia been.

Ber. His friends are always with his presence grac'd,
 'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.

Ant. Too much has prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine? away.

Ant. Tyrannic fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.

Ber. Of me, my lord! forbear this courtly art,
You're brave, and should not mock an easy heart.
In my distress what pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could Titus say of me?

Ant. Better a thousand times than I can tell.
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd, he's from himself transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a tyrant rise,
And majesty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind, I dare not speak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.

Ber. How, sir?

Ant. Ere might the truth of what I've said you'll
know,
And then, I doubt not, justify me too.
Farewell.

Ber. Oh heav'n! what can this language mean?
You see before your eyes a wretched queen.
Sir, of my quiet if you have such care,
Or if myself your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my soul.

Ant. ——— Madam, yourself excuse,
For your own sake it is that I refuse.
'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once, Antiochus, you lov'd;
But sure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Ant. I disobey you! ask my life, and try
How gloriously I for your sake can die.
It would by far be the more welcome fate,
Than now to speak, and ever gain your hate.

Ber. No, sir, you never shall my hatred find;
'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind.

Will you?

Ant. Heav'n! this constraint is worse than death.
You drive, and will not give me time to breathe.
Oh, madam! put me to no further pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Henceforward, prince, either the truth relate,
Or be assur'd for ever of my hate.

Ant. My heart was always your's, and is so still;
For ever must depend upon your will.
I wish another way your pow'r you'd tried;
But you're resolv'd, and must be satisfied;
Yet flatter not yourself, I shall declare
Those horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe I know your heart;
Look then to feel me strike it's tend'rest part.
Titus has told me—

Ber. What? fear no surprize.

Ant. That he must part for ever from your eyes.

Ber. We part! Can things another nature take?
Or Titus ever Berenice forsake?

Ant. Perhaps 'tis strange that I should tell you so;
But you shall find I'll do him justice too.
Whatever in a heart, both kind and great,
Love with despair most dreadful could create,
I saw in his: he weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair Berenice adore.
But what avails it that such love he shows?
A queen suspected to Rome's empire grows,
And Titus cannot with her laws dispense,
For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas, Phœnice!

Ant.

Nay,

To-morrow is your last and utmost day:
In bearing this the courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty soul, which scorn'd my love.

Ber. Will Titus leave his Berenice forlorn?
He who so many oaths so oft hath sworn!
I'll not believe't; his love and faith's more strong:
I'm sure he's guiltless, and you do him wrong.

This is a snare to disunite us laid :
 Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
 No, straight I'll see him, and secure all fear.
 Let's go.

Ant. Too well you may behold him here—

Ber. Too well you wish it, to persuade it. No.
 In this your base, degen'rate soul you show ;
 When you no other stratagem could find
 T'abuse my heart, you would betray your friend.
 Howe'er he prove, know I your sight abhor,
 And from this minute never see me more.

Ant. Oh Berenice! remorseless, cruel fair!
 Born only for my torment and despair.
 Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd ?
 Is this the recompense I have deserv'd ?
 I, who for you did all ambition wave,
 And left a kingdom to become your slave !
 Curse on my fate !

Ber. If e'er my heart you priz'd,
 You never had this cruelty devis'd ;
 Never, to work my torment, been thus bold,
 And so triumphantly the story told.
 Away, Phœnice ; no more I'll hear him speak.

[*Exeunt Ber. and Phœn.*]

Ant. Now, my Arsaces, would my heart but break ;
 But yet I hope in part I've freedom won,
 And what love would not, by her hate sh'as done.
 The pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld ;
 I left her all enamour'd, jealous, wild :
 But now performing this ignoble part,
 Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my heart.
 She left me cruelly, and let her go ;
 My honour and repose command it too :
 For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
 Till I have learnt to scorn as well as she.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter BERENICE in disorder.

Ber. I of my wrong too well am satisfied :
To see the perjur'd Titus twice I tried ;
Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain,
Nor is Phœnice yet return'd again.
Phœnice has no answer to bring back ;
Ungrateful Titus will not hear her speak :
But hides himself, and from my fury flies,
Nor will have sense, tho' Berenicé dies.

Enter PHœNICE.

Phœnice, well, my Titus hast thou seen ?
What ? will he come and make me live again ?

Phœn. Madam, the emp'ror I alone did find ;
And saw in his the trouble of your mind ;
I saw the tears he would have hid, run down.

Ber. But was he not asham'd they should be shown ?
Look'd he not as he thought his love, disgrace ?
And was not all the emp'ror in his face ?

Phœn. Doubt it not, madam, he will soon be here :
But wherefore will you this disorder wear ?
Your ruffled dress let me in order place,
And these dishevell'd locks that hide your face.

Ber. Forbear, Phœnice, let it all alone :
No, he shall see the triumph he has won ;
How vain those foolish ornaments must prove,
If neither faith, nor tears, nor means can move ?

Enter ANTIOCHUS and ARSACES.

Oh my unruly sorrows ? Oh, my fears !
Who's here ?

Ant. Arsaces, Berenice in tears ?

Ber. Antiochus! Phoenice, let's away;
To let him see my torments I'll not stay.

[*Exeunt Ber. and Phoen.*]

Ant. Now whither's all my resolution gone?
Arsaces, who could see't and be his own?
I said I'd never see her face again:
But come and find my boastings all were vain;
Seeing her sufferings, all her scorn forget,
And lose at once my vengeance and my hate,
Wretched Antiochus! with how much care
And labour my own mischiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my injuries have borne!
Hopeless, undone, and to myself a scorn.
Leave me alone unhappy as I am;
I would not have a witness of my shame.

Enter TITUS, attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her: O my heart!
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius, fly, and sooth the queen's despair,
And for our meeting Berenice prepare.

Ant. What have you done, sir? Berenice will die;
I saw her hence, with hair dishevell'd, fly.
'Tis only you her fury can surcease;
Whene'er you're nam'd, she's instantly at peace.
Her eyes still bent to your apartment were,
And ev'ry moment seem'd to wish you near.

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd for the sad interview:
I have not yet consulted well my heart,
And doubt it is not strong enough to part.
Since first I took possession of the throne,
What is it for my honour I have done?
My love and folly only I've diselos'd,
And nothing but my weaknesses expos'd.
The golden days, where are they to be found,
So much expected when this head was crown'd?

Whose tears have I dried up? or in what face
 Can I the fruits of any good act trace*?
 Know I what years heav'n has for me decreed?
 And of those few, how few are to succeed?
 And yet how many have I spent in waste!
 But now to honour I'll make greater haste:
 Alas! 'tis but one blow, and all is past.

*Enter BERENICE, pressing from RUTILIUS and
 PAULINUS.*

Ber. Let me alone, your counsels all are weak;
 See him I must, he's here, and I will speak.
 Has Titus then forsook me? is it true?
 Must we too part? does he command it too?

Tit. O! stop the deluge which so fiercely flows:
 This is no time t'allay each other's woes:
 Enough I feel my own afflictions' smart,
 And need not those dear tears to damp my heart.
 But if we neither can our griefs command,
 Yet with such honour let them be sustain'd,
 As the whole world to hear it told shall smart;
 For, dearest Berenicé, we must part.
 And now I would not a dispute maintain,
 Whether I lov'd, but whether I must reign.

Ber. Reign (cruel) then, and satisfy your pride,
 And for your cruelties be deified.
 I'll ne'er dispute it farther. I but staid
 Till Titus, who so many vows had made
 Of such a love as nothing could impair,
 Should come himself, and tell how false they were.
 Now I believe't, enough I've heard you tell,
 And I am gone—eternally farewell!

* The Pythagorean precept was regularly observed by Titus. Suetonius says, "Atque etiam recordatus quondam super cœnam, quod nihil cuiquam toto die præstitisset, memorabilem illam, meritoque laudatam, vocem edidit: *Amici, diem perdidit.*"

Vita Tit. Vesp.

Eternally—Ah, sir, consider now
 How harsh that word is, and how dreadful too.
 Consider, oh ! the miseries they bear,
 That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear ;
 From this sad moment never more to meet :
 Is it for day to dawn, and day to set,
 In which I must not find my hopes still young,
 Nor yet once see my Titus all day long ?
 Heav'ns ! how I wildly rave—to lose my pains
 On him ungrateful, that my tears disdains !
 Of all those days of absence I shall count,
 With him the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, madam, there will be no need
 To count the days that shall your loss succeed :
 I hope ere long that you will hear from fame,
 How very wretched and how just I am.
 My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down ;
 Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, sir, must we part, if this be true ?
 My claims to marriage I'll no more renew.
 Will Rome accept of nothing but my death ?
 Or why d'ye envy me the air you breathe ?

Tit. Madam, you are too pow'ful ev'ry way :
 Shall I withstand it ? no, for ever stay.
 Then I from bliss must always be debarr'd,
 And on my heart for ever keep a guard :
 With fears thro' all my course of glory move,
 Lest, ere aware, I lose myself, and love.
 Ev'n now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
 And all it's swellings on a sudden laid ;
 Bent thus to you by all love's softest pow'rs,
 And only this remembers, that 'tis your's.

Ber. O Titus, whilst this charming tale you tell,
 D'ye see the Romans ready to rebel ?

Tit. How they will look on the affront, who knows ?
 If once they murmur and then fall to blows,
 Must I in battle justify my cause ?
 Or if they should submit and sell their laws,

How must I be expos'd another day!
 And for their patience too how largely pay!
 With grievances and wild demands still curst,
 Shall I dare plead the laws, that break them first?

Ber. How much you are an emp'ror now I find:
 'Tis plain in your unsteady, anxious mind.
 You weigh your people's rights to your own fears,
 But never value Berenice's tears.

Tit. Not value them! why are you so unjust?
 Now, by the honour of my father's dust,
 By heav'n and all the gods that govern there,
 If any thing to me be half so dear,
 May I be as a slave, depos'd and serve,
 Or else forlorn in some wild desert starve,
 Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change; why will you for their
 sake
 Into your breast eternal sorrows take?
 Rome has her privileges; have not you
 Your interests, your rights as sacred too?
 Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my breast!
 I know indeed I never can have rest;
 And yet the laws of Rome I cannot change.
 Do, break my heart, and take your full revenge.

Ber. How weak a guard does now your honour
 keep!

You are an emperor, and yet you weep?

Tit. I grant it. I am sensible I do,
 I weep, alas! I sigh, and tremble too.
 For when to empire first I did attain,
 Rome made me swear I would her rights maintain.
 I did, and must perform what I then vow'd;
 Others before me to the yoke have bow'd:
 And 'tis their honour: yet in leaving you,
 All their austerest laws I shall outdo:
 And an example leave so brave and great,
 As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your barbarity there's nothing hard:
 Go on, and infamy be your reward.
 Long since my fears your falshood had display'd ;
 Nor would I at your suit have longer stay'd.
 Would I the base indignities have borne
 Of a rude people, public hate and scorn ?
 No, to this breach I would have spurr'd you on,
 And I am pleas'd it is already done.
 No longer shall the fear of me prevail ;
 Alas! you must not think to hear me rail,
 Or heav'n invoke, it's vengeance to prepare ;
 No, for if heav'n vouchsafe to hear my pray'r,
 I beg no memory may there remain,
 Of either your injustice, or my pain. [Kneels.
 But the sad Berenice, before she dies,
 Is sure to have revenge, if you have eyes.
 Nor, Titus, need I go to find it far,
 No further than that heart, I have it there.

[Points to his breast.

Within yourself shall rise your dreadfull'st foe ;
 My past integrities, my torments now,
 Which you, ungrateful, perjur'd man, have bred.
 My blood, which in your palace I shall shed,
 Sufficient terrors to your soul shall give,
 And 'tis to them that my revenge I'll leave.
[Exit furiously.

Paul. Thus, sir, at last the conquest you have won :
 The queen you see's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy Roman rudeness, that canst see
 Such tears unmov'd, and mock such misery!
 Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive ;
 If Berenice dies, I cannot live.
 Fly and prevent that fate to which she's gone ;
 Bid her but live, tell her the world's her own.

[Exit Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,
 Rather command her women to attend ;
 They better can her melancholy cheer ;
 The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.

I saw your melting pity when she wept,
 And my rough heart but very hardly 'scap'd.
 Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
 That, spite of all, your fortune yet is kind.
 What triumphs the whole world prepares you'll see,
 And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. Who for barbarity would be ador'd?
 I hate myself. Nero, so much abhorr'd,
 That bloody tyrant, whom I blush to name,
 Was never half so cruel as I am.

No, I'll pursue the queen, she loves me still,
 Will pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
 Let's go, and let proud Rome say what it will.

Paul. How, sir?

Tit. By heav'n I know not what I say:
 Excess of sorrow drives my mind astray.

Paul. O follow where your full renown does lead,
 Your last adieu's report abroad has spread.
 Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
 The temples fume with off'rings to your name,
 The people wild in the applause you've won,
 With laurel wreaths to crown your statues run.

Tit. By that their savage natures they betray,
 For so wild beasts roar o'er their murder'd prey.
 Who would have sense the sweets of pow'r to prize?
 Since most in danger when we highest rise:
 For who by greatness e'er did happy grow?
 None but the heavy slave is truly so,
 Who travels all his life in one dull road,
 And, drudging on in quiet, loves his load;
 Seeking no farther than the needs of life,
 Knows what's his own, and so exempt from strife,
 And cherishes his homely, careful wife,
 Lives by the clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
 Has all, because he cannot much desire.
 Had I been born so low, I had been blest,
 Of what I love, without controul, possest!
 Never had honour or ambition known,
 Nor ever to be great had been undone. [*Shouts within.*]

Paul. The tribunes, sir, and senate with their state,
I th' name of all the empire for you wait;
They're follow'd too by an impatient throng,
Who seem to murmur you delay so long.

Tit. Toil me no more, disperse that clam'rous rout;
Tell them they shall no more have cause to doubt:
The queen's departure they'll to-morrow see,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this, Paulinus; bear it to the queen;

[*Writes on a tablet.*

For should we meet, I must relapse again;
I've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view,
And bring me faithful word, as thou art true. }
Hold! oh my heart! yet go, it must be done,
For what's necessity, we cannot shun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new being to myself could give:
Some monstrous and unheard-of shape now find,
As savage and as barb'rous as my mind.
Antiochus!

Enter ANTIUCHUS, Attendants and ARSACES.

Ant. My last adieu to pay
I come, and dare in Rome no longer stay.
My griefs and my afflictions grow so high,
If not by absence slacken'd, I must die.

Tit. What reason have the happy to repine?
Now Berenice for ever will be thine.
With all her charms receive her to thy breast,
And be of all I ever lov'd possess.

Ant. It is beneath you, sir, to mock my pain:
I ever kneel to Berenice again!
No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Tho' I am sure the sight would break my heart,
Yet she, as still my pray'rs have been denied,
Tho' I but begg'd one blessing ere I died, }
Ev'n then with scorn would throw me from her side. }

Tit. O heav'n! she's ent'ring, from her charms let's
fly.
Meet and prevent her—— [Exit Titus.

Enter BERENICE, &c.

Ber. How he hastes away!
Ungrateful! dearest, perjur'd Titus, stay. [Kneels.
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear!
My lord, at last I have receiv'd my doom:
'Tis seal'd: but ere I part from you and Rome,
I ask, and I your pardon would receive:
Can you the wrongs which I have done forgive?

Ant. I never any injuries did find:
No, Berenice has always been too kind.
With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,
And have no sense of my disgraces past!
But must I then for ever lose you so?
I am no Roman, nor was e'er your foe.
No, rather here continue and be great,
Whilst I lie ever hopeless at your feet.

Ber. Should I stay here, and my wrongs tamely bear
For him that shuns, and flies me ev'ry where?
I have a nobler mind, and you shall see
I can disdain and scorn as much as he:
For tho' 'tis true, I never can be your's,
Both Rome and him my heart this hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your heart, whilst you prepare,
What will you do with all the love that's there?
There's no one mortal can deserve it all,
And sure a little to my share might fall.

Ber. Oh, of that killing subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another struck me with his dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.

Ant. When first my passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your esteem.
But now at last his breach of faith you see,
And bear it nobly too: how can you be
T'yourself so just, and yet so hard to me? }

Ber. What cruel storms and fierce assaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it! will you not give o'er?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

Ant. O stay, since of the vict'ry you're secure;
Pity the pains and anguish I endure,
In wounds, which you, and none but you, can cure. }
[Kneels.]

Look back, whilst at your feet myself I cast,
And think the sigh that's coming is my last.
My heart it's sad, eternal farewell takes;
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rise, rise, my lord. The emperor's return'd,
Conduct me hence, let me no more be scorn'd.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. How am I lost! resolve on what I will,
Spite of myself, I wander this way still.
Why would you, Berenice, my presence shun?

Ber. No! I'll hear nothing, I've resolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight?
Why come you thus t'exasp'rate my despair?
Are you not yet content? I know you are.

Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to your's,
By all our plighted vows, those softest hours,
In which for ever to be true I swore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

Ber. I till to-morrow had your leave to stay:
But my resolves are to be gone to-day:
And I depart.

Tit. No journey must you take.
Would you poor Titus in his griefs forsake?
No! stay——

Ber. I stay! ungrateful as you are;
For what? a people's rude affronts to bear;
That with the sound of my misfortunes rend
The clouds, and shouts to heav'n in vollies send?

Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
 Whilst I alone torment myself in tears?
 By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd?
 Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?

Tit. D'you mind the voice of an outrageous throug?
 I ever thought your constancy more strong:
 Never believ'd your heart so weak could be,
 Whose pow'ful charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I see distraction does create:
 These rich apartments, and this pompous state,
 These places where I spent my happiest hours,
 And plighted all my vows, false man, to your's;
 All, as most vile impostors, I detest.

How strangely, Titus, might we have been blest!

Tit. This art to torture souls where did you learn?
 Or was it in your nature with you born?
 Oh Berenice! how you destroy me!

[Attendants bring a chair.]

Ber.

No,

Return, and to your famous senate go,
 That for your cruelties applaud you so.
 Have you not honour to your full delight?
 Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
 What more in expiation can you do?
 Have you not ever sworn to hate me too?

Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
 Or can I ever Berenice forget?

This hard suspicion was unjustly urg'd
 'Gainst a poor heart, too much before surcharg'd.
 Oh, madam! know me better, and recall
 The wrong; since first I at your feet did fall,
 Count all the single days and minutes past,
 Wherein my vows and my desires I prest;
 And, at this time, your greatest conquest know:
 For you were never so belov'd as now:
 Nor ever——

Ber. Still your love you'd have me own,
 Yet you yourself command me to be gone.

Is my despair so charming to your view?
 D'you think the tears I shed are all too few?
 Of such a heart a vain return you make:
 No, never call those dear ideas back:
 But suffer me in this belief to rest,
 That secretly, long since, exil'd your breast,
 I only from a faithless wretch depart,
 And one that never lays the loss to heart.
 If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been sent:
 Here you've commanded me to banishment.

[*Opens the tablets.*]

What wond'rous love you bear me this doth show:
 Read, read, ungrateful! read, and let me go.

[*Gives him the tablets.*]

Tit. You shall not go, I have not giv'n consent,
 Nor will I ever to your banishment:
 Your cruel resolution I descry,
 To be reveng'd of me, you seek to die.
 And then of all I love, except the pain,
 Nought but the sad remembrance will remain.
 Antiochus! be thou a witness here

[*Ber. sinks down on a chair.*]

Of all my misery and my despair.

Ant. Despair's a theme I only understand:
 You, if you will, your wishes may command.
 Such beauty ready for possession see,
 And leave that ugly hag, despair, to me.

Tit. Behold those eyes, how dull and dark they
 grow!

Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*]
 Vouchsafe my sad afflictions to believe,
 Alas! 'tis all the ease I'm like to have.
 When first the dreadful minute I beheld,
 That by my duty and the laws compell'd,
 I found it forc'd that you must hence depart,
 Tho' nothing e'er can banish you my heart:
 'Twas then my soul had first a sense of fears,
 Foreseeing your reproaches and your tears.

I then expected, madam, all the weight
Of woes that can on worse misfortunes light.
But whatsoever fears oppress'd my heart,
I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
I thought my virtue not so apt to bow;
And am asham'd 'tis thus entangled now.

Ber. Let me alone, and vex my soul no more;
You of your virtue talk'd enough before:
Urge it not still to aggravate my shame.
When crown'd with conquest from the wars you came
I know you brought me but to fill your state;
For else the triumph had not been complete.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd, it shall be so:
And judge by this if you're belov'd, or no.
No longer torments on my soul shall prey,
Since you to freedom see so brave a way:
A way by more than one great Roman shown,
Who, when their miseries had prest them down,
Propt from within, shook off with life the weight;

[Offers to stab himself.]

And thus fell nobly grappling with their fate.

Ber. O stay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
Would Titus die for Berenice's sake?
I see the blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that breast, where I, you say, have share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done;
No, rather strike this heart that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy sex, and dearest! now I see
How poor is empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence, ye perplexing cares, that clog a brain!
Whilst struck with ecstasy, I here fall down. *[Kneels.]*
Thus, at your feet, a happy prostrate laid,
I'm much more blest than if the world I sway'd.

Ber. Now the blest Berenice enough has seen:
I thought your love had quite extinguish'd been;
But 'twas my error; for you still are true,
Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.
Ev'n my worst suff'rings much o'er-paid I see,
Nor shall th' unhappy world be curst for me.

Nothing, since first 'twas your's, my love would shake,
 So absolute a conquest did you make:
 But now I'll bring it to the utmost test,
 And with one fun'ral act crown all the rest.

Tit. Hah! tell me, Berenice, what will you do? }

Ber. Far from your sight and Rome for ever go:
 I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so. }

Tit. Antiochus! I'm born to be undone;
 When I the greatest conquest thought t' have won,
 Ev'n in my noblest race I am out-run. }

But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind:
 Your enlarg'd kingdom shall to her's be join'd.
 And now how much you are my faithful friend,
 In being so to her, you'll best express. }

[Falling on his neck.]

Never forsake her in her sad distress.
 Where'er she goes, for ever with her be;
 And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.

Ant. Arsaces! on thy bosom let me lie,
 Whilst I but take one last dear look, and die.

Ber. No, live, and by a gen'rous strife out-do
 Us both, and of yourself be conqu'ror too.
 Farewell.

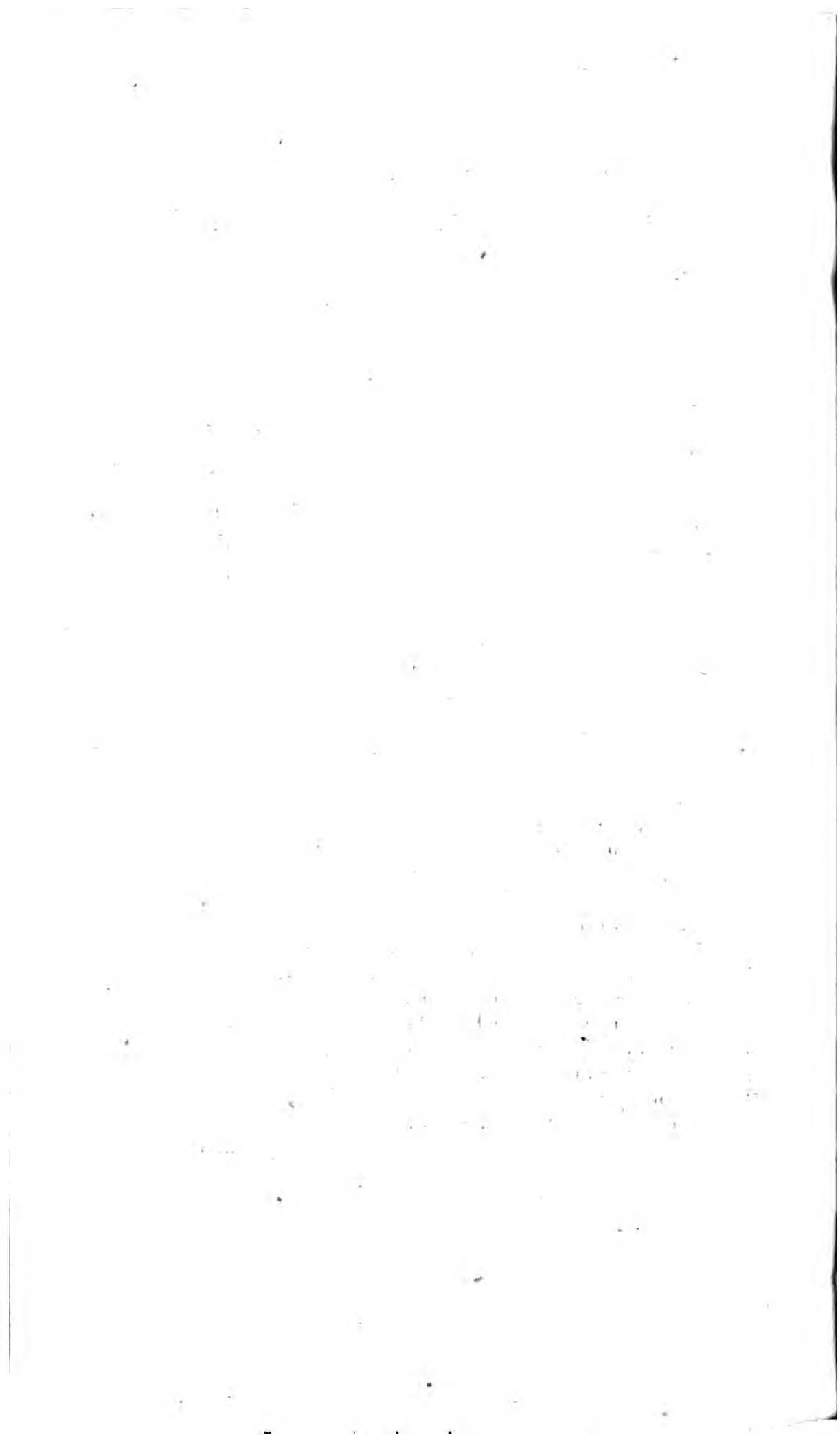
Let us all three a rare example prove,
 Of a most tender, tho' unhappy, love.
 Thus, sir, your peace and empire I restore:
 Farewell, and reign; I'll never see you more.

[Exit Ber.]

Ant. O heav'n!

Tit. She's gone, and all I valu'd lost:
 Now, friend, let Rome of her great emp'ror boast.
 Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,
 I'll try how much a tyrant I can be.
 Henceforth all thoughts of pity I'll disown,
 And with my arms the universe o'er-run.
 Robb'd of my love, thro' ruins purchase fame,
 And make the world as wretched as I am.

[Exeunt omnes.]



THE
CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

A FARCE.



THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

Les Fourberies de Scapin is one of those light pieces of Moliere, designed by him to gratify the rude and inferior class of his audiences, and which, in the opinion of many, add little to his reputation*. He has borrowed part, both of the plot and dialogue, from Terence's *Phormio*, which, in it's turn, is an avowed transcript from the Greek †: so that the plagiarism, if such it can be termed, has already passed through several hands. Otway, in his farce, has so closely followed the French author, that the few instances of his departure from the original are too unimportant to merit notice: indeed, the characters evidently betray their origin. A roguish, cheating valet, like Scapin, is strange and repugnant to our manners; and his knaveries are supported by tricks too gross and inartificial to please an English audience; which is, however, not remarkably

* C'est par la que Moliere illustrant ses ecrits,
Peut-etre de son art eut remporté le prix ;
Si moins ami du peuple en ses doctes peintures,
Il n'eut point fait souvent grimacer ses figures ;
Quitté pour le bouffon, l'agréable et le fin,
Et sans honte a Terence allié Tabarin.
Dans se sac ridicule, où *Scapin* s'enveloppe,
Je ne reconnois point l'auteur du Misanthrope.

Boileau, Art Poët. Chant 3.

† The *Ἐπιδικαζόμενος* of Apollodorus.

scrupulous upon this head. Although the French pretend to more delicacy in this particular, it may be doubted whether the piece was performed so often, or gave equal pleasure in the representation, in this country, as in France.

This farce was exhibited, in the manner of an after-piece, with Titus and Berenice, in 1677*, and was printed with that tragedy, in 4to. the same year. Two translations from works bearing the celebrated names of Racine and Moliere, by so popular a writer as Otway, must have been no small dramatic curiosity.

* Edward Ravenscroft, a dramatic writer of inferior talent, produced about the same time a comedy, which he borrowed, in part, from the same source as Otway; and complains, in his Prologue, of being anticipated by the latter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THRIFTY, } *Two old Merchants.*
GRIFE, }
OCTAVIAN, } *Their Sons.*
LEANDER, }
SCAPIN, *A Cheat.*
SHIFT, } *Scapin's Instruments.*
SLY, }

LUCIA, *Thrift's Daughter.*
CLARA, *Gripe's Daughter.*

The SCENE, DOVER.

THE
CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* SHIFT.

Oct. This is unhappy news; I did not expect my father in two months, and yet you say he is returned already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arrived this morning?

Shift. This very morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruined and undone; pr'ythee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: has necessity taught thee no wit? Hast thou no shift?

Shift. Lord, sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some trick to save myself; I am first prudent, and then good-natured.

Oct. How will my father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happened in his absence! I dread his anger and reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my shoulders.

Oct. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the Dover coach: she is indeed a good smug lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some—

Oct. Villain!

Shift. I have done, sir, I have done.

Oct. I have no friend that can appease my father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

Shift. For my part I know but one remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Pr'ythee, what is it?

Shift. You know that rogue and arch-cheat, Scapin.

Oct. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more subtle fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheedling rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he shall make your father forgive you all; nay, allow you money for your necessary debauches: I saw him in three days make an old cautious lawyer turn chymist and projector.

Oct. He is the fittest person in the world for my business: the impudent varlet can do any thing with the peevish old man. Pr'ythee go look him out, we'll set him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes—Monsieur Scapin!

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Worthy sir!

Shift. I have been giving my master a brief account of thy most noble qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden cuckold, sincere as whores, honest as pimps in want.

Scap. Alas, sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you scorn the gibbets, halters, and prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in cheats and robberies.

Oct. Oh, Scapin! I am utterly ruined without thy assistance.

Scap. Why, what's the matter, good Mr. Octavian?

Oct. My father is this day arrived at Dover with old Mr. Gripe, with a resolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knowest I am already married: how will my father resent my disobedience! I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your father know of your marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well; I am public-spirited: I love to help distressed young gentlemen; and, thank Heaven, I have had good success enough.

Oct. Besides, my present want must be considered: I am in rebellion without any money.

Scap. I have tricks and shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occasion; but cheating is now grown an ill trade; yet, Heaven be thanked, there were never more cullies and fools; but the great rooks and cheats allowed by public authority ruin such little under-traders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee straight about thy business. Canst thou make no use of my rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance; the knave has cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Ay, sir; but like other wise men, I am not over-valiant: pray leave me out of this business: my fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home, and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy courage, but thy impudence; and thou hast enough of that: come, come, thou shalt along: what, man, stand out for a beating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

Enter CLARA.

Oct. Here comes my dearest Clara.

Cla. Ah me, Octavian! I hear sad news: they say, your father is returned.

Oct. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the world; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but your's: how can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduced?

Cla. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a sign it is the chiefest good. But I have other cares: will you be ever constant? shall not your father's severity constrain you to be false?

Oct. Never, my dearest, never.

Cla. They that love much may be allowed some fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: pray do you prepare to encounter with your father.

Cla. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say you'll turn poet. Come, I'll warrant you we bring him to composition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over!

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your father, very grave and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small courtier upon his country acquaintance; a little more surly:—very well:—now I come full of my fatherly authority—

Octavian, thou makest me weep to see thee: but, alas! they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a father beget so lewd a son? Nay, but for that I think thy mother virtuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; Newgate-bird, rogue, villain, what a trick hast thou played me in my absence! married? yes: but to whom? Nay, that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some waiting-woman corrupted in a civil family, and reduced to one of the play-houses; removed from thence by some keeping coxcomb, or—

Clara. Hold, Scapin, hold—

Scap. No offence, lady, I speak but another's words.

Thou abominable rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house—Why, sir, you reply not a word, but stand as bashfully as a girl that is examined by a bawdy judge about a rape.

Oct. Look, yonder comes my father.

Scap. Stay, Shift, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old fellow.

[*Exeunt Oct. and Clara.*]

Enter THRIFTY.

Thrif. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scap. He has been informed of the business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [At a distance.]

Thrif. Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that rogue my son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Thrif. And for the tatterdemalion Shift, I'll thrash him to death; I will be three years a-cudgelling him.

Shift. I wondered he had forgot me so long!

Thrif. Oh, ho! Yonder the rascal is, that brave governor! He tutored my son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

Thrif. Good-morrow, Scapin—Indeed you have followed my instructions very exactly; my son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence; has he not, rascal, has he not?

[To Shift.]

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well—Thou sayest not a word, varlet, thou sayest not a word.

Scap. Had you a good voyage, Mr. Thrifty?

Thrif. Lord, sir! a very good voyage; pray give a man a little leave to vent his choler.

Scap. Would you be in choler, sir?

Thrif. Ay, sir, I would be in choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Thrif. Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence?

Scap. I have heard a little idle story.

Thrif. A little idle story, quoth-a! why, man, my son's undone, my son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I am not of your opinion, I'll make the whole town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, sir, I have stormed about this business as much as you can do for your heart; but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr. Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do: till at last, when I had well examined the business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not wrong done me, to have my son married, without my consent, to a beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordained to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hanged, then say we were ordained to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you so subtle a philosopher; I mean, he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himself?

Scap. Very true, indeed, very true; but fy upon you now, would you have him as wise as yourself? Young men will have their follies, witness my charge Leander; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger

rate than your son. I would fain know, if you were not once young yourself; yes, I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Thrif. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was so in love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hanged himself.

Shift. Must! why he had already done it, but that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Thrif. Didst thou cut the rope, dog! I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her kindred surprized him with her, and forced him to marry her.

Thrif. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the violence at a notary's.

Scap. O Lord, sir, he scorned that.

Thrif. Then might I easily have disannulled the marriage.

Scap. Disannul the marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, shall not I claim the privilege of a father, and have satisfaction for the violence done to my son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Thrif. He will not consent to!

Scap. No: would you have him confess he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himself a coward: Oh fy, sir, one that has the honour of being your son, can never do such a thing.

Thrif. Pish, talk not to me of honour; he shall do it, or be disinherited.

Scap. Who shall disinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, sir.

Scap. You disinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How very good?

Scap. You shall not disinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No?

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my son?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, sir, your own self, sir; your own self.

Thrif. I myself?

Scap. Yes, sir; for you can never have the heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive yourself; fatherly affection must show itself, it must, it must: do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. You're mistaken, sir; you're mistaken:—Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle fellow? Hang-dog, go find out my rake-hell [*To Shift.*] whilst I go to my brother Gripe, and inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any service—

Thrif. Oh! I thank you, sir, I thank you—

[*Exit Thrifty.*]

Shift. I must confess, thou art a brave fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture—but the money, the money—we are abominably poor, and my master has lean, vigilant duns, that torment him more than an old mother does a poor gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care—let me see, I want a fellow to—canst thou not counterfeit a roaring bully of Alsatia?—Stalk—look big—very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little care, and lay your plot so

that I may not act the bully always; I would not be beaten like a bully.

Scap. We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter THRIFTY *and* GRIPE.

Gripe. Sir, what you tell me concerning your son, hath strangely frustrated our designs.

Thrif. Sir, trouble not yourself about my son; I have undertaken to remove all obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. In troth, sir, I'll tell you what I say to you: the education of children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the nearest concern of a father. And had you tutored your son with that care and duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a sentence for your sentence; those that are so quick to censure and condemn the conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. Thrifty, have you heard any thing concerning my son?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray? my son?

Thrif. Even your own Scapin told it me, and you may hear it from him, or somebody else: for my part, I am your friend, and would not willingly be the messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me. Your servant: I must hasten to my counsel, and advise what's to be done in this case. God b'w'ye till I see you again.

[*Exit* Thrifty.]

Gripe. Worse than his son! for my part I cannot imagine how; for a son to marry impudently without the consent of his father, is as great an offence as can be imagined, I take it: but yonder he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Oh my dear father, how joyful am I to see you safely returned! Welcome, as the blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe. Not so fast, friend o'mine; soft and fair goes far, sir. You are my son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean, sir?

Gripe. Stand still, and let me look ye in the face.

Leand. How must I stand, sir?

Gripe. Look upon me with both eyes.

Leand. Well, sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this report?

Leand. Report, sir?

Gripe. Yes, report, sir; I speak English, as I take it: what is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't, sir, which you would have had me done?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

Leand. Who, I, sir? why, I have done nothing at all, not I, sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all?

Leand. No, sir.

Gripe. You have no impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the confidence that becomes a man, and my innocence.

Gripe. Very well; but Scapin, d'ye mark me, young man? Scapin has told me some tales of your behaviour.

Leand. Scapin?

Gripe. Oh, have I caught you? that name makes ye blush, does it? 'Tis well you have some grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gripe. That shall be examined anon: in the mean

while get you home, d'ye hear, and stay till my return ; but look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my doors, or see my face more ; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. *[Exit Gripe.]*

Leand. Very fine ; I am in a hopeful condition : this rascal has betrayed my marriage, and undone me. Now there is no way left but to turn outlaw, and live by rapine ; and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the throat of that perfidious pick-thank dog that has ruined me.

Enter OCTAVIAN and SCAPIN.

Oct. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy care !

Leand. Yonder he comes : I'm overjoyed to see you, good Mr. Dog !

Scap. Sir, your most humble servant ; you honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fool's part ; but I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir ?

Oct. Hold, Leander.

Leand. No, Octavian, I'll make him confess the treachery he has committed ; yes, varlet, dog, I know the trick you have played me : you thought perhaps nobody would have told me : but I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my sword into your guts.

Scap. Oh sir, sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing ? have I done you any injury, sir ?

Leand. Yes, rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tanned thick hide. *[Beats him.]*

Scap. The devil's in't. Lord, sir, what d'ye mean ? Nay, good Mr. Leander, pray, Mr. Leander ; 'squire Leander—As I hope to be saved—

Oct. Pr'ythee be quiet ; for shame ; enough.

[Interposeth.]

Scap. Well, sir, I confess indeed that—

Leand. What! speak, rogue.

Scap. About two months ago you may remember, a maid servant died in the house.—

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, sir, if I confess, you must not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she died for love of me, sir: but let that pass.

Leand. Death! you trifling buffoon.

Scap. About a week after her death, I drest up myself like her ghost, and went into Madam Lucia, your mistress's chamber, where she lay half in, half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly play-book.

Leand. And was it your impudence did that?

Scap. They both believe it was a ghost to this hour. But it was myself played the goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy custom of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy plays, when she had never said her prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time and place: but come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my father.

Scap. To your father? I have not so much as seen him since his return, and if you'd ask him, he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes, he has told me himself, and told me all that thou hast said to him.

Scap. With your good leave, sir, then he lied; I beg your pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand. What's the matter?

Sly. Your mistress, sir, is yonder arrested in an action of two hundred pounds. They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her escape

hither to Dover; and if you don't raise money within these two hours to discharge her, she'll be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within these two hours?

Sly. Yes, sir, within these two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy assistance.

[*Scapin walks about surlily.*]

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your sword in my guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For heaven's sake, think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes, to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe extremity?

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did.

Leand. I wronged thee, I confess.

Scap. To use me like a scoundrel, a villain, a rascal; to threaten to run your sword in my guts.

Leand. I cry thy mercy with all my heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myself at thy feet, I'll do't.

Oct. Faith, Scapin, you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: but d'ye mark me, sir, another time, better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, care shall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray, sir, don't be so troublesome: how much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.

Scap. And you?

Oct. As much.

Scap. No more to be said; it shall be done: [*To Octavian*] for you the contrivance is laid already; [*To Leander*] and for your father, though he be

covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to heaven, he's but a shallow person, his parts are not extraordinary: do not take it ill, sir, for you have no resemblance of him, but that you're very like him. Begone; I see Octavian's father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt Oct. and Leand.*]

Enter THRIFTY.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the cud, to prove himself a clean beast.

Thrif. Oh, audacious boy, to commit so insolent a crime, and plunge himself into such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble servant.

Thrif. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your son's rash actions?

Thrif. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: but your philosopher is always prepared. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your case.

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the master of a family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumstances that may, during the interval, conspire to the conjunction of those misfortunes and troublesome accidents that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his economical inspection into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perilous errors, which his substitutes, servants, or trustees may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountain-head of man's

disposition becomes muddy, and all the streams of his manners and conversation run consequently defiled and impure: these things preinised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent, philosophical *pater-familias*, to find his house laid waste, his wife murdered, his daughters deflowered, his sons hanged:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est,

and to thank heav'n 'tis no worse too. D'ye mark, sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a proverb?

Scap. Ay, and the best proverb, and the wisest in the world. Good sir, get it by heart: 'twill do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble yourself: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank you, sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say—When the master of a—

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my lawyer; I'll null the marriage.

Scap. Going to law! Are ye mad to venture yourself among lawyers? Do you not see every day how the sponges suck poor clients, and with a company of foolish nonsensical terms, and khavish tricks, undo the nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thrif. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief: I cannot, when I see tender fathers afflicted for their sons' miscarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrift. Truly my case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is. Tears will burst out: I have a great respect for your person. [*Counterfeits weeping.*]

Thrif. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should: I assure you there is not a

person in the world whom I respect more than the noble Mr. Thrifty.

Thrif. Thou art honest, Scapin. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, your most humble servant.

Thrif. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her whom your wicked son has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring fellow, with a down-hanging look, contracted brow, with a swelled red face enflamed with brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind; roars out oaths, and bellows out curses enough in a day to serve a garrison a week; bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a man, than cracking of a louse: he has killed sixteen; four for taking the wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he shot pissing against the wall: in short, he is the most dreadful of all the race of bullies.

Thrif. Heav'n! how do I tremble at the description! But what's this to my business?

Scap. Why, he (as most bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the courses of law, all the assistance of your friends, and your great purse (in which I ventured my life ten times, for so often he drew, and run at me), yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a composition, and to null the marriage for a sum of money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear Scapin; but what sum?

Scap. Faith he was damnably unreasonable at first, and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

Thrif. A pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask! Hang him, why he asked five hundred pounds.

Thrif. 'Ouns and heart! Five hundred pounds! Five hundred devils take him—and fry and fricassee the dog; does he take me for a madman?

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much argument, I brought him to this: dam'me, says he, I am going to the army, and I must have two good horses for myself, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least threescore guineas.

Thrif. Hang him, rogue! why should he have two horses? But I care not if I give threescore guineas to be rid of this affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my pistols, saddle, horse-cloth, and all, will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Why, that's fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned; 'faith this arithmetic is a fine art. Then I must have one for my boy, will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the devil! confounded dog! let him go and be damned; I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir!

Thrif. Not a sous, damned rascal; let him turn foot-soldier, and be hanged.

Scap. He has a man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrif. Ay, and his master too; I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are resolved to spend twice as much at Doctors-Commons, you are; you will stand out for such a sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damned unconscionable rascal! well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

Scap. Why, this is nothing to the charge at Doctors-Commons; and though her brother has no money, she has an uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. O eternal rogue! well I must do't, the devil's in him, I think!

Scap. Then, says he, I must carry into France money to buy a mule, to carry --

Thrif. Let him go to the devil with his mule, I'll appeal to the judges.

Scap. Nay, good sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, sir, but one little mule?

Thrif. No, not so much as an ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thrif. I will not consider, I'll go to law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to law, you do not consider the appeals, degrees of jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of so many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villanous harpies, promoters, tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest right in the world for a bribe. On the other side, the proctor shall side with your adversary and sell your cause for ready money: your advocate shall be gained the same way, and shall not be found when your cause is to be heard. Law is a torment of all torments.

Thrif. That's true: why, what does the damned rogue—reckon for his mule?

Scap. Why, for horses, furniture, mule, and to pay some scores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to law.

[*Thrif. walks up and down in a great heat.*]

Scap. Do but reflect upon—

Thrif. I'll go to law.

Scap. Do not plunge yourself.

Thrif. To law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for procuration, presentation, counsel, productions, proctors, attendance, and scribbling vast volumes of interrogatories, depositions, and articles, consultations and pleadings of doctors; for the register, substitute, judgments, signings—expedition-fees; besides the vast presents to them and their wives. Hang't, the fellow is out of employment, give him the money, give him it, I say.

Thrif. What, two hundred pounds?

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'll gain one hundred and fifty pounds by it; I have summed it up: I say, give it him, 'faith do.

Thrif. What, two hundred pounds?

Scap. Ay; besides, you never think how they'll rail at you in pleading; tell all your fornications, bastardings, and commutings in their courts.

Thrif. I defy 'em; let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace; here's the brother.

Thrif. O heaven! what shall I do?

Enter SHIFT, disguised like a Bully.

Shift. Dam'me, where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian? null the marriage! by all the honour of my ancestors I'll chine the villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [*Hides himself behind Scapin.*]

Scap. He cares not, sir, he'll not give the two hundred pounds.

Shift. By heaven, he shall be worms' meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lie, I have not courage; I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He! he! hel 'Ounds he! would all his family were in him, I'd cut off root and branch: dishonour my sister! this in his guts: what fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, sir.

Shift. Nor none of his friends?

Thrif. No, sir: hang him, I am his mortal enemy.

Shift. Art thou the enemy of that rascal?

Thrift. Oh! ay, hang him——oh damn'd bully!

[*Aside.*]

Shift. Give me thy hand, old boy; the next sun shall not see the impudent rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his relations against you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shift. Would they were all here: ha! ha! ha!

[*He foins every way with his sword.*

Here I had one through the lungs, there another into the heart: hah! there another into the guts: ah, rogues! there I was with you: hah!—hah!

Scap. Hold, sir, we are none of your enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the villains out while my blood is up; I will destroy the whole family. Ha, ha, —hah! [Exit *Shift.*

Thrif. Here, Scapin, I have two hundred guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be said. Let me never see his face again; take 'em, I say: this is the devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him yourself?

Thrif. No, no! I will never see him more: I shall not recover this these three months. See the business done. I trust in thee, honest Scapin; I must repose somewhere: I am mightily out of order—a plague on all bullies, I say. [Exit *Thrift.*

Scap. So there's one despatched; I must now find out Gripe: he's here; how heaven brings 'em into my nets one after another!

Enter GRIPE.

Scap. Oh heaven! unlooked-for misfortune; poor Mr. Gripe, what wilt thou do?

[*Walks about distractedly.*

Gripe. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there? Scapin!

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been just under thy nose this hour.

Scap. Sir—

Gripe. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! sir, your son—

Gripe. Ha, my son—

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my name; and seeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier: amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new caper* in her full trim: the captain invited us a-board, and gave us the handsomest collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating, he put to sea; and when we were a good distance from the shore, he discovered himself to be an English renegade that was entertained in the Dutch service, and sent me off in his long-boat to tell you, that if you don't forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your son prisoner: nay, for aught I know, he may carry him a slave to Algiers.

Gripe. How, in the devil's name! two hundred pounds?

Scap. Yes, sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but an hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only son.

Gripe. What a devil had he to do a-shipboard?—Run quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain, I'll send my lord chief-justice's warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his warrant in the open sea! d'ye think pirates are fools?

Gripe. In the devil's name, what business had he a-shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky fate that often hurries men to mischief, sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou must now act the part of a faithful servant.

Scap. As how, sir?

* A vessel formerly used by the Dutch, of the same nature as a privateer.

Gripe. Thou must go bid the pirate send me my son, and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the money.

Scap. Alas, sir, think you the captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor rascally fellow as I am, instead of your son?

Gripe. What a devil did he do a-shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, sir, that you have but two hours' time?

Gripe. Thou sayest he demands——

Scap. Two hundred pounds.

Gripe. Two hundred pounds! has the fellow no conscience?

Scap. O law! the conscience of a pirate! why, very few lawful captains have any.

Gripe. Has he not reason neither? does he know what the sum of two hundred pounds is?

Scap. Yes, sir, Tarpaulins are a sort of people that understand money, though they have no great acquaintance with sense. But for heaven's sake despatch.

Gripe. Here, take the key of my 'compting-house.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the left-hand window lies the key of my garret; go take all the clothes that are in the great chest, and sell 'em to the brokers to redeem my son.

Scap. Sir, you're mad; I shan't get fifty shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am straitened for time.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a-shipboard?

Scap. Let shipboard alone, and consider, sir, your son. But heaven is my witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible; and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his father's kindness.

Gripe. Well, sir, I'll go see if I can raise the money. Was it not ninescore pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, two hundred pounds.

Gripe. What, two hundred pounds Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, sir, I mean English money; two hundred pounds sterling.

Gripe. In the devil's name, what business had he a-shipboard? confounded shipboard!

Scap. This shipboard sticks in his stomach.

Gripe. Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very sum just now in gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

[He presents Scapin his purse, but will not let it go; and in his transportments, pulls his arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.]

Scap. Ay, sir.

Gripe. But tell the captain, he is a son of a whore.

Scap. Yes, sir,

Gripe. A dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, sir.

Gripe. A thief, a robber, and that he forces me to pay him two hundred pounds contrary to all law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him.

[He puts up his purse, and is going away.]

Scap. Right, sir.

Gripe. Now make haste, and go redeem my son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, sir? where's the money?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your pocket again.

Gripe. Ha—my griefs and fears for my son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, sir, I see it does indeed.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a-shipboard?—
Damned pirate, damned renegade, all the devils in hell pursue thee. *[Exit.]*

Scap. How easily a miser swallows a load, and how difficultly he disgorges a grain! but I'll not leave him

so; he's like to pay in other coin for telling tales of me to his son.

Enter OCTAVIAN and LEANDER.

Scap. Well, sir, I have succeeded in your business; there's two hundred pounds which I have squeezed out of your father. [To Octavian,

Oct. Triumphant Scapin!

Scap. But for you I can do nothing—

[To Leander.

Leand. Then may I go hang myself. Friends both, adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? the devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride post. With much ado I've got your business done too.

Leand. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your father for the trick he has served me.

Leand. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good, honest Scapin.

Scap. Hold your hand, there's two hundred pounds.

Leand. My thanks are too many to pay now: farewell, dear son of Mercury, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather,
Give son the money, hang up father.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Luc. Was ever such a trick played, for us to run away from our governesses, where our careful fathers

had placed us, to follow a couple of young gentlemen, only because they said they loved us! I think 'twas a very noble enterprise! I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it, will hardly recompense the reputation we have lost by it.

Cla. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are men of fashion and credit, and, for my part, I long ago resolved not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his love; and 'twas an assurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

Luc. I must confess, I had no less a sense of the faith and honour of Leander.

Cla. But seems it not wonderful, that the circumstances of our fortune should be so nearly allied, and ourselves so much strangers? Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in Leander, so much resembling a brother of mine of the same name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Luc. I have a brother too, whose name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and just as my father took his voyage, returned home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reason I have not seen him yet. But if I deceive not myself, there is something in your Octavian that extremely refreshes my memory of him.

Cla. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclined to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we most earnestly desire.

Luc. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our fathers: and, for my part, I had rather lose an old father than a young lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure myself against the imposition of fatherly authority.

Cla. How unsufferable it is to be sacrificed to the arms of a nauseous blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when it is provided for him; rise in the morning, and go to bed at night; and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean!

Luc. A thing of mere flesh and blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meagre hang-dog countenance, that looks as if he always wanted physic for the worms.

Cla. Yet such their silly parents are generally most indulgent to; like apes, never so well pleased, as when they're fondling with their ugly issue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to some such charming creatures our careful fathers had designed us.

Cla. Parent sthink they do their daughters the greatest kindness in the world, when they get them fools for their husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my days in marriage to a fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an ass, because the creature was gentle.

Cla. See, here's Scapin, as full of designs and affairs, as a callow statesman at a treaty of peace.

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Ladies!

Cla. Oh, Monsieur Scapin! What's the reason you have been such a stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, ladies, business, business has taken up my time; and truly I love an active life, love my business extremely.

Luc. Methinks though, this should be a difficult place for a man of your excellencies to find employment in.

Scap. Why 'faith, madam, I'm never shy to my friends: my business is, in short, like that of all other men of business, diligently contriving how to play the knave, and cheat to get an honest livelihood.

Cla. Certainly men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

Scap. Oh, madam! wit and honesty, like oil and vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a relish to a good fortune, and pass well enough for sauce, but

are very thin fare of themselves. No, give me your knave, your thorough-paced knave; hang his wit, so he be but rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with wit, Scapin; I hope your's has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, madam, your men of wit are good-for-nothing, dull, lazy, restive snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing fool, that commands his fortune.

Cl. You are very plain and open in this proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the female sex (I speak all this with respect to your ladyship), is generally most indulgent to the nimble-mettled block-heads; men of wit are not for her turn; ever too thoughtful when they should be active: why, who believes any man of wit to have so much as courage? No, ladies, if you've any friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll never want patrons: and for honesty—if your ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a gentleman that's coming this way.

Cl. Pr'ythee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some divertisement; which has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter SHIFT, with a Sack.

Scap. Oh Shift!

Shift. Speak not too loud, my master's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his friend. If any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I lose this nose with the pox, without the pleasure of getting it.

Shift. I wonder at thy valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine to the indignity of bruises and indecent bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in adventures make them pleasant when accomplished.

Shift. But your adventures, how comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter; I hate your pusillanimous spirit: revenge and lechery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my man.

Enter GRIPE.

Oh, sir, sir, shift for yourself, quickly, sir, quickly, sir, for heaven's sake.

Gripe. What's the matter, man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be murder'd instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within these two minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! killed! for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who? Who?

Scap. The brother of her whom your son has married: he's a captain of a privateer, who has all sorts of rogues, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the marriage: they run up and down, crying, where is the rogue Gripe? Where is the dog? Where is the slave Gripe? they watch for you so narrowly, that there's no getting home to your house.

Gripe. Oh, Scapin! What shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay, heaven knows, but if you come within their reach, they'll *De-Wit* you, they'll tear you in pieces. Hark!

Gripe. Oh Lord:

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canst thou find no way for my escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, shew thyself a man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this suit when I have worn it eight or nine months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us!

Scap. No, there's nobody; look, if you'll save your life, go into this sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. Nobody: get into the sack, and stir not, whatever happens: I'll carry you as a bundle of goods through all your enemies, to the major's house of the castle.

Gripe. An admirable invention: Oh lord! quick.

[*Gets into the sack.*]

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent invention, if you knew all.—Keep in your head. Oh, here's a rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's father, look you?

In his own voice.

How should I know? what would you have with him?
—Lie close.

[*Aside to Gripe.*]

Have with him, look you! hur has no creat pus'ness, but hur would have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for credits and honours; by St. Tavy he shall not put the injuries and affronts upon my captain, look you now, sir.

He affront the captain! he meddles with no man.

You lie, sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chastisements for your contradictions, when hur Welse plood's up, look you; and hur will cudgel your packs and your nottles for it; take you that, pray you now.

[*Beats the sack.*]

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach saucy jacks how they profook her Welse ploods and hur cholers: and for the old rogue, hur will have his guts and his plood, look you, sir, or hur will never wear leek upon St. Tary's day more, look you.

Oh! He has mauled me, a damned Welsh rascal.

Gripe. You? The blows fell upon my shoulders. Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace—Here's another rogue.

In a Lancashire dialect.

Yaw fellee, wi' th' sack there, don yaw knaw whear th' awd rascatt Graip is?

Not I; but he is no rascal.

Yaw leen, yaw dogue, yaw knaw weel eenuh whear he is, an yaw den teal, ond that he is a foo rascatt as any is in aw the tawn; I's tell a that by'r lady.

Not I, sir, I know neither, sir, not I.

By th' mess, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle the bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

Me, sir? I don't understand you.

Why, tha' wart his man, thaw hobble, I'll snite th' nase o' thee.

Hold, hold, sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' mess, and after, ay mun cut off the lugs and naes on 'en, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty swatley fellee, bawt lugs and naes.

Why, truly, sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that lane.

This lone, sayn ye? Ays find him, by'r lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damned Lancashire rascal.

Gripe. Oh, good Scapin! go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [*Gripe pops in his head.*]

In an Irish tone.

Dost thou hear, sack-man? I pridee fare is de damn'd dog, Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

Fat's dat to me, joy? by my soul, joy, I will lay a great blow upon thy pate, and de devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon thee till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy father's child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make murder upon him for my captain's sake.

Murder him? he'll not be murdered.

If I do lay my eyes upon him, 'gad I will put my sword into his bowels, de devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat sack, joy? By my salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul, joy, I will put my rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! oh.

Scap. *Fat, it does grunt, by my salvation; de devil take me, I will see it indeed.*

You shall not see my sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I vill make beat upon thy body; take that, joy, and that, and that upon my soul, and so I do take my leave, joy. [*Beats him in the sack.*]

A plague on him, he's gone; he has almost killed me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer; the blows all fell on my shoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: oh my shoulders!

Gripe. Your's? Oh my shoulders!

Scap. Peace, they're coming.

In a hoarse Seaman's voice.

Where is the dog? I'll lay on him fore and aft, swinge him with a cat-o' nine-tails, keel-haul, and then hang him at the main-yard.

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more men in England, I vill kille him, I vill put my rapier in his body, I vill give him two tree pushe in de gutte.

Here Scapin acts a number of them together.

We mun go this way—o' the right hand, no, to th' left hand—lie close—search ev'ry where—by my salvation I will kill the damn'd dog—an we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way—no, straight forward. Hold, here is his man; where's your master—Dam' me, where? in hell? speak,—Hold,—Not so furiously—an you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee—

Do what you will, gentlemen, I know not.

Lay 'em on thick, thwack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my master—

Knock 'en down, beat 'en zoundly, to 'en, at 'en, at 'en, at—

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his heels.

Gripe. Oh, dog, traitor, villain! Is this your plot? would you have murdered me, rogue? Unheard of impudence!

Enter THRIFTY.

Oh, brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with

disgrace; the villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of two hundred pounds. This beating brings all into my memory. *[Aside.*

Thrif. The impudent varlet has gulled me of the same sum.

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my money, but hath abused me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, brother; one misfortune is the fore-runner of another: just now I received letters from London, that both our daughters have run away from their governesses, with two wild debauched young fellows, that they fell in love with.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Luc. Was ever so malicious impudence seen!—hah—Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my father.

Cla. And the other mine, whom Scapin has used thus.

Luc. Bless us! Returned, and we not know of it?

Cla. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest father, welcome to England.

Thrif. My daughter Luce?

Luc. The same, sir.

Gripe. My Clara here too?

Cla. Yes, sir; and happy to see your safe arrival.

Thrif. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Gripe. Hey-day!

Thrif. Oh son! I have a wife for you.

Oct. Good father, all your propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you,

you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. Gripe's daughter here—

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. Gripe's daughter, sir, as long as I live: no, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes, Octavian, I have at last met with my father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Look ye now, you would be wiser than the father that begot you, would you? Did not I always say you should marry Mr. Gripe's daughter? But you do not know your sister Luce.

Oct. Unlooked-for blessing! why she's my friend Leander's wife!

Thrif. How, Leander's wife!

Gripe. What, my son Leander?

Oct. Yes, sir, your son Leander.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, brother Thrifty, 'tis true the boy was always a good-natured boy. Well, now I am so overjoyed, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look, here he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered; nor would I indeed have longer concealed it; this is my wife, I must own her.

Gripe. Brother Thrifty, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? ha!

Thrif. Own her, quoth-a! why kiss her, kiss her, man; odsbodikins, when I was a young fellow, and was first married, I did nothing else for three months. O' my conscience I got my boy Octa there, the first night, before the curtains were quite drawn!

Gripe. Well, 'tis his father's nown child. Just so, brother, was it with me upon my wedding-day; I could not look upon my dear without blushing; but when we were a-bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my father reconciled to me?

Gripe. Reconciled to thee! Why, I love thee at my heart, man, at my heart; why, 'tis my brother Thrifty's daughter, Mrs. Lucy, whom I always designed for thy wife; and that's thy sister Clara married to Mr. Octa there.

Leand. Octavian, are we then brothers? There is nothing that I could have rather wished, after the completing of my happiness with my charming Lucia.

Thrif. Come, sir, hang up your compliments in the hall at home, they are old and out of fashion. Shift, go to the inn, and bespeak a supper may cost more money than I have ready to pay for't, for I'm resolved to run in debt to-night.

Shift. I shall obey your commands, sir.

Thrif. Then, d'ye hear, send out and muster up all the fiddlers (blind or not blind, drunk or sober) in the town; let not so much as the roaster of tunes, with his cracked cymbal in a case, escape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the fellow that sings the song at my lord mayor's feast! I myself would make an epithalamium by way of sonnet, and he should set a tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last time.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, gentlemen, here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor Scapin!

Gripe. Ha! Rogue, let him be hanged. I'll hang him myself.

Sly. Oh, sir, that trouble you may spare; for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head, and broke his skull so, you may see his brains.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter SCAPIN between two, his head wrapt up in linen, as if he had been wounded.

Scap. Oh me! oh me! gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad condition, cut off like a flower in the prime of my years: but yet I could not die without the pardon of those I have wronged; yes, gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you, Mr. Thrifty, and my good master, Mr. Gripe.

Thrif. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman bastinadoes which——

Gripe. Pr'ythee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked insolence in me, that I should with vile crab-tree cudgel——

Gripe. Pish, no more, I say I am satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death, 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gripe. Hold thy peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! but, sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your heart, those merciless drubs that——

Gripe. Pr'ythee speak no more of it, I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! sir, how much your goodness revives me!
[Pulls off his cap.]

Gripe. How's that! friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon condition that you are sure to die.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fy, brother, never let revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any condition.

Gripe. A deuce on't, brother, as I hope to be saved,

he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did: but since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower end of the table;

Where in my chair of state I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace. [*A dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

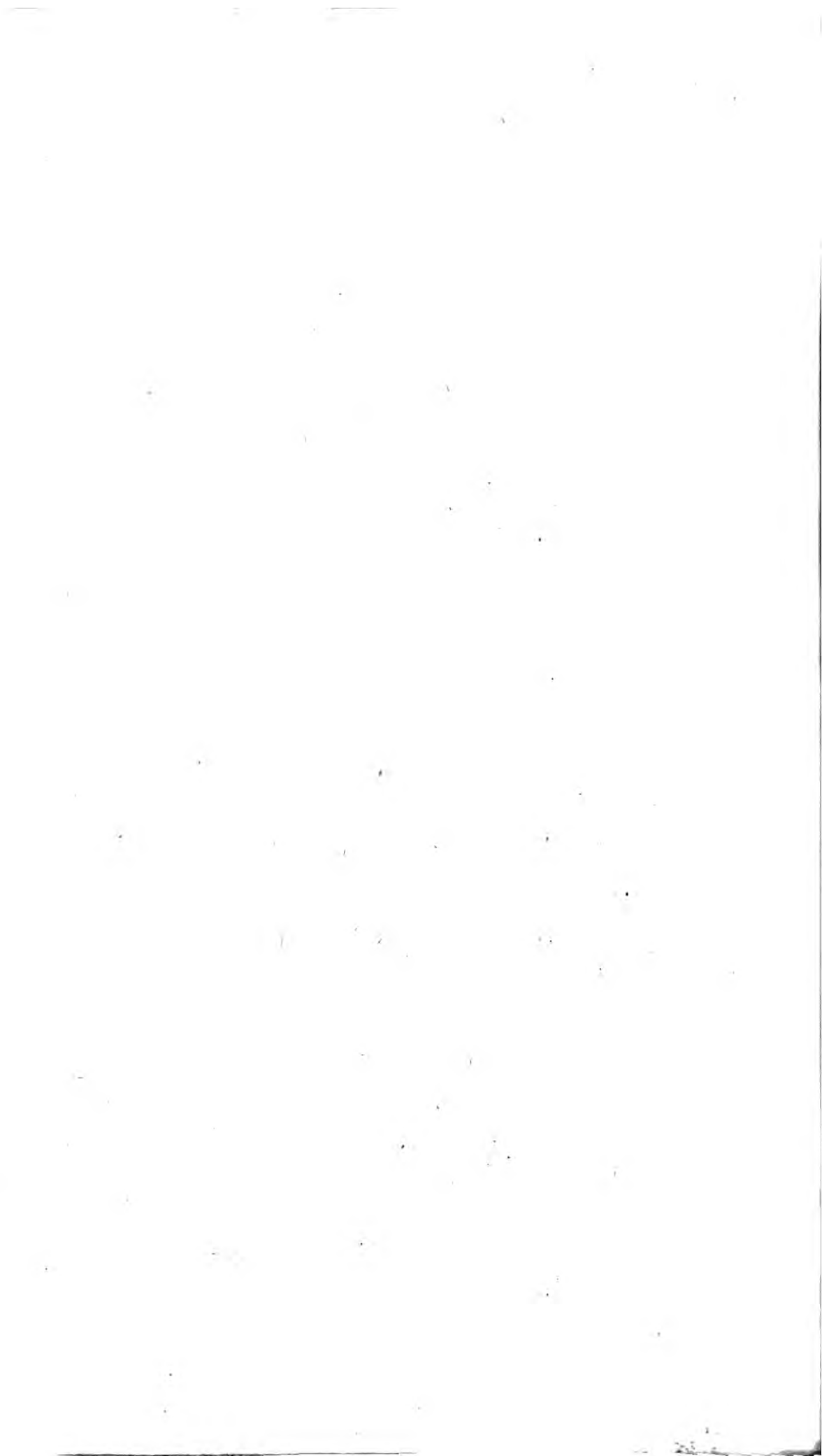
EPILOGUE.

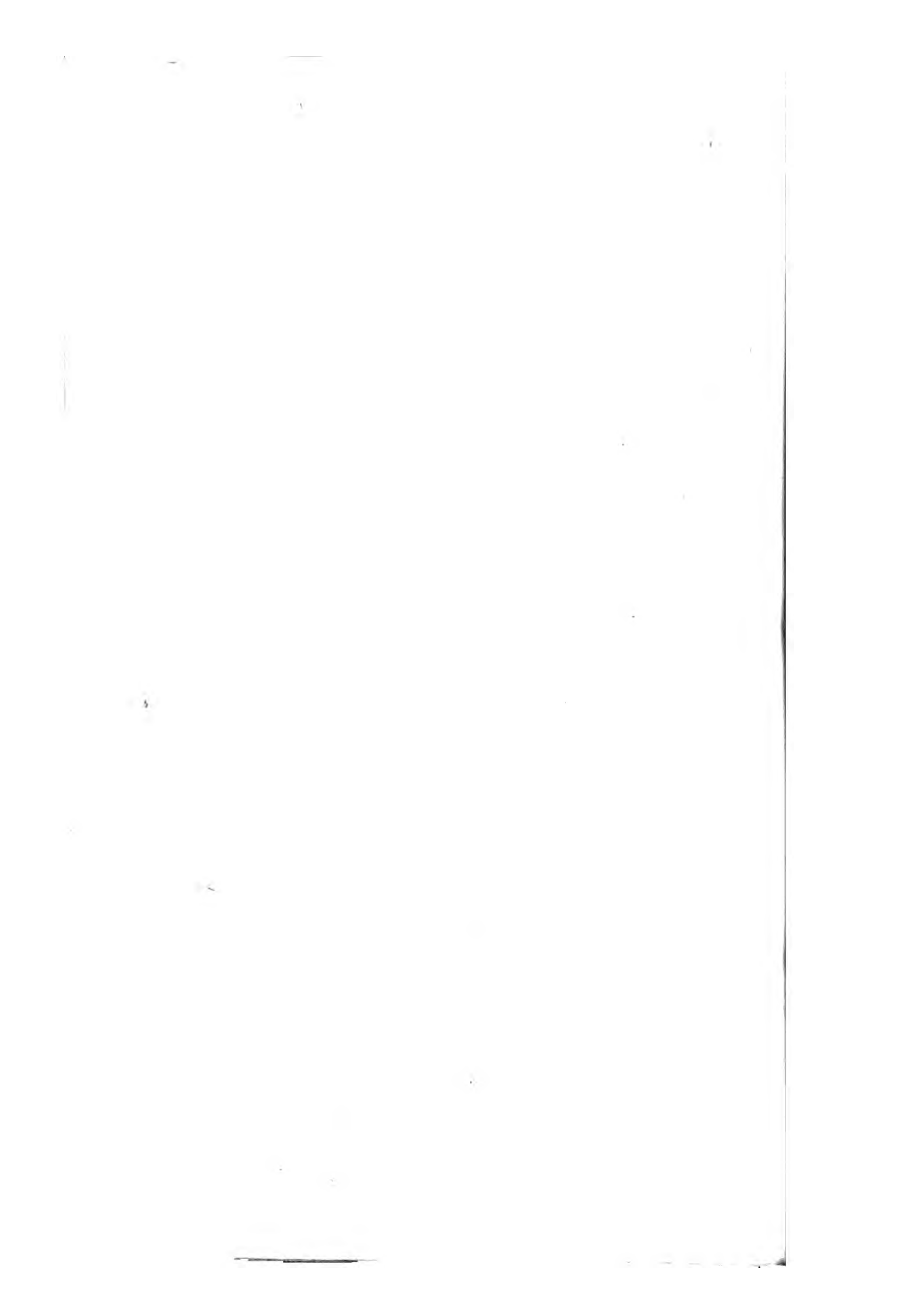
How little do you guess what I'm to say!
I'm not to ask how you like farce or play:
For you must know, I've other bus'ness now;
It is to tell ye, sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble guise,
You came with honest hearts and harmless eyes;
Sat, without noise and tumult, in the pit:
Oh what a precious jewel then was wit!
Tho' now 'tis grown so common, let me die,
Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.
Indulgent nature has too bounteous been;
Your too much plenty is become your sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud,
Did not in curst cabals of critics crowd,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to see the follies you would shun:
Tho' now, so fondly antic here you're grown,
Y'invert the stage's purpose, and it's rules;
Make us spectators, whilst you play the fools.
Equally witty, as some valiant are,
The sad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll censure, who disdain to write,
As some make quarrels here that scorn to fight.
The rugged soldier that from war returns,
And still with th' heat of former action burns,
Let him but hither come to see a play,
Proceeds an arrant courtier in a day:
Shall steal from th' pit, and fly up to the box,
There hold impertinent chat with tawdry mawks:
Till, ere aware, the blust'rer falls in love;
And hero grows as harmless as a dove.
With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our scenes.
Tho' now, alas, we must your absence mourn,
Whilst nought but quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd quality! that uses poaching arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.

The proper use of vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the trade :
Tho' now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter ; on, pursue your game,
Till wearied you return at last, and tame :
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe ;
For when you've left your sting behind you there,
You lazy drones, you shan't have harbour here.

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END OF VOL. I.





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