



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ENGLISH
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD



Presented by Sir W. W. Greg
and Dr. Percy Simpson.



27796

XJ 21.25 [Fall]





THE *Ed: Shupper*
FALL OF MORTIMER.

A N
Historical P L A Y.

Reviv'd from MOUNTFORT,
with Alterations.

As it is now Acted at the
N E W T H E A T R E
I N T H E
H A T - M A R K E T.

*England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with Shame,
With inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of herself.*
Shakespear's K. Richard II.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. MILLAN, at Charing-Cross.
M, DCC, XXXI.

Price One Shilling and Six-pence.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FURNIVAL.

LIKE some rich Treasure, long conceal'd from sight,
And by a Chance unthought of brought to light,
This noble Piece neglected long had lain ;
But once more rises to adorn the Scene,
And as it once has pleas'd, hopes the same Fate again. }
So small the Damage it from Time receiv'd,
The slightest Touch the Injury retriev'd.
We change the ancient for the modern Dress,
But not the Matter with more force express :
The nervous Sentiment no Aid requires ;
That boldly speaks what Liberty inspires.

The British Constitution, so much priz'd,
You'll see, by one bad Man was almost sacrific'd.
Grinding Oppression large Advances made,
And foul Corruption was become a Trade.
Our darling Liberty, our Rights, our Laws,
Subverted to support the Minion's Cause.
Commerce Abroad, Science at Home declin'd,
And ev'ry honest, English, Heart repin'd.

Mountacute, aided by a Patriot Band,
Those Guardian Angels of a sinking Land,
Deploring their lov'd Country's wretched State,
Bravely resolv'd to snatch her from her Fate :
At one bold Push her Liberties to save,
Or in her Ruins find a glorious Grave.

The King is told. — The Royal Youth gives Ear,
And like a prudent Monarch grants their Pray'r.
The Laws revive. — The Monster is cast down :
This saves the People's Freedom, and his own.

Our faithful Annals thus transmit to Fame,
A Villain-Statesman, not the King to blame.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King *Edward III.*
Mortimer, Earl of *March.*
Lord Mountacute.
Sir Thomas Delamore.
Sir Robert Holland.
Serjeant Eitherside.
Earl of Leicester.
Earl of Exeter.
Earl of Berkley.
Turrington.
Nevill.
Sly.
Secret.

Mr. Peterson.
Mr. Mullart.
Mr. Lacy.
Mr. Jones.
Mr. Furnival.
Mr. Reynolds.
Mr. Wathens.
Mr. Dove.
Mr. Hallam.

Mr. Cross.
Mr. Davenport.
Mr. Hicks.

W O M E N.

Isabella, Queen Mother. } *Mrs. Mullart.*
Maria, in Love with *Mounta-* }
cute, and Niece to *Serjeant* } *Miss Price.*
Eitherside.

Citizens, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *Nottingham.*



T H E
F A L L of M O R T I M E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of King *Edward*.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore,
and Sir Robert Holland.*

L. Mountacute.



T much disturbs me *Delamore* that thou
Of all Mankind should'st think my
Temper frail:
What hast thou ever seen in *Mountacute*,
Or read i'th' Annals of his Ancestors,
To fear him, or suspect his Resolution?
Proclaim me Bastard, if my Blood proves base:
I tell the good old Friend,
I'll banish Sleep and Pleasure till I've found
A Means to set my bleeding Country free;
And in the Fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge thro' a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.

Sir Tho. Dela. I question not your Spirit, but—

L. Mount. What?

Sir Tho. Dela. Pray give me Leave:

Nay, I must chide you; for you give the Reins
To such a Passion may undo us all.

Are there not sharp Observers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere possible, wou'd search our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite fore-stall our Purpose.

L. Mount. Well, I am hush'd:

But pray propose some Means may please my
Thoughts,
Since you'll confine my Tongue.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, I'm for urging of our Wrongs;
but calmly.

There is a Time,
When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes ;
And if the Orphans crys, and Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which stain the Land,
Can hasten Vengeance, sure it's drawing nigh.

L. Mount. 'Tis full three Years since *Mortimer*
Began to lord it o'er us by the Queen's vile Favour.
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curse, what we're afraid to reach at.

Sir Rob. Holl. In this short Space, he and his
Brother-Devil

Have made, undone, new fram'd, shuffled and tost
The antient Customs of our native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers
Under the heavy Burthen of the Charge.

L. Mount. What are our Princes? what the
Nobles now?

Are they not Vassals to this Upstart's State?
No more the Fame of our Nobility
Be call'd in Mind; who, when usurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws,
With their keen Swords like *Guardian Angels* stood,
And kept the *Harpies* from the sacred Fruit.

Sir Rob. Holl. Is it not fatal to resist his Will?
Nay, none must smile if *Mortimer* be sullen.
Curse on his Pride-- Why should we brook it longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the King our Thoughts,
And make him Great in spite of evil Counsel?

Sir T. Del. There will be *Mortimer* in every State,
Some Favourite Villain to oppress the Subject,
And sell to Knaves what honest Men should have,
Who lose their Right only for being poor.
The largest Bribe is still his dearest Friend:
He values not the Credit of his Prince;
Therefore 'tis just,

The King shou'd know how much he is eclipsed ;
Who 'tis that grasps the Scepter in his stead ;
And how the Queen most lavishly doth waste
His vast Revenue on this *Mortimer*.

L. *Mount*. Nay he not only drains the Royal
Treasure,
But robs him of his brighter Part, his Glory.
This Statesman deals his Childish Politicks,
As tho' the Nation were a Pack of Boys ;
And thinks this gawdy, Out-side of a Piece,
Dress'd up in Tawdry, Foppish Garb, must please :
It may indeed the vitiated many ;
But ne'er the solid Few.

Sir R. *Hol*. How are we manag'd by an up-start
Knavel !
He rides the Privilege of Peers and Commons ;
For who in Parliament speaks not his Thoughts,
Must ne'er expect a smiling Look from Court.

Lord *Mount*. Shame on those mercenary Souls
that brook it,
And sordidly give up their Country's Honour.
In vain, our *Edgar, William, Henry*, urg'd
Pretensions justly, on the *Scottish* Crown :
In vain, did *Kenneth, Malcom, William* pay
Religious Homage to our ancient Right,
Since that long Scroll, that Ragman Roll of Peers,
Of Prelates, and of all Estates of Men ;
That written Testimonial of Dependence,
Is render'd up ——— and rendred at a Time,
When but a Grain of Courage wou'd have bought
A Pound of Sterling Fame — Had we but call'd
King *Robert* to Account for last Years Work
With Sword in Hand and reap'd the great Advantage
O'er his Weakness, spite of the crafty King,
We had exacted Golden Terms for *England* ———
But now, forsooth, by Articles we're vanquish'd.

Sir *Rob. Hol*. My Lord, this mean, submissive,
Coward-courting.
This vile entreating those that us'd to intreat,
But suits the Avarice of his narrow Soul.
He Gluts his private Views, while publick Ones,
Alas!

4 *The Fall of MORTIMER.*

Alas! are never thought of but to feed
His vast immeasurable Lust of Gain.

Lord *Mount.* A Cause so foul, must foul Effects
produce.

The Virtues glowing in a Patriot's Breast,
Seemle to much of Heaven to lodge in his;
But what amazes most, my Friends, is this:
That not the sacred Gown nor learned Robe,
Are unpolluted with his servile Arts.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* If as sometimes he meets a knotty
Point,

Which will not stretch to what his Need requires,
He summons the most subtle at the Bar,
Begging their kind Interpretation of it;
Telling how necessary, nay, how loyal 'tis,
When the Prerogative o'th' Crown is pinch'd
Within the Clutches of the griping Law,
To ease the Royal Power, and give it Freedom.
If they comply not, then his Greatness culls
From out the Scum o'th' Inns of Chanc'ry,
A Set of poor necessitated Rogues,
Who've run thro' all the Judgments of each Court,
And these he makes his learned Expositors:
These, as they steadily perform their Task,
He puts into their Places who refused him.
Some have the Fortune to ascend the Bench;
But when they're such Proficients in their Art,
They'd baffle Truth, tho' never so well back'd,
And dare the Devil in his own Possession.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Justice and Honesty have left the
Robe.

The Reverend Clergy too forget their Function;
For when this haughty, clamorous *Mortimer*,
At any Time wou'd make the Publick Good
The Tool to work his Ends withal, oh, then!
He calls some smooth-tongu'd Prelate to his Aid,
Who, with elaborate Text political,
Spic'd up and down with grave Divinity,
Preaches his Medley Doctrine to the Crowd.

Lord *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a prospere-
rous World.

Since

Since Priests have interfer'd with temporal
Matters.

The Custom of their Ancestors they slight,
And change their Shirts of Hair for Robes of
Gold:

Thus Luxury and Interest rule the Church,
Whilst Piety and Conscience dwell in Caves. —

Let's stem the Current of this furious Tide:

Our Country is the Parent of us all;

And shall we talk away the precious Hours,

While these vile Hangmen stretch her on the
Rack?

Let's force young *Edward's* Safety with our Swords,
And cut-off all the Holds, which bar his Glory.

Sir Tho. Dela. Blessings upon thee for this generous
Heart.

From hence my Fears and Jealousies, — be
gone?

Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
Which for some Years, at once the *Romans* did,
Withdrew thyself into a willing Exile.

Action, there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee.

The Matter's ready, and the Engine fixt,

Many prepar'd, and eager for the Work;

But Place and Time forbid the telling more —

The Darling comes.

Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington and Nevill,
followed by Mortimer.

Waiters. Make way there.

Guards. Room for his Lordship.

L. Mount. See, how the Toad swells with his own
Applause!

Sir Tho. Dela. My Lord, you forget.

L. Mount. I'm silent.

Mort. *Turrington.*

Turr. Your Pleasure.

[*Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*

Mort. What are those Men, who bend their Knee
to us?

They seem as Suppliants.

Turr. So they are indeed; from several Towns
Cities and Boroughs they are come,
Humbly imploring you wou'd intercede
For their lost Charters to the incens'd Queen.

Mort. That's the Chancellor's Business.

Tur. They know your Interest greater, and en-
treat it.

The Judges have annull'd them; and unless
Your Goodness can prevail, many a Town,
By their own Faults incurr'd, will fall to Ruin,
And be a Wilderness—Thousands of Families;
Now in the way of Life, must starve and perish.

Mort. Their ancient Charters by the Law are
forfeited;

But I will study how to get 'em new Ones.
Our Time is spent in setting Things aright,
This Kingdom wants it, and I am it's Friend.

Lord Mount. Was ever Pride, or Arrogance like
this? [*Aside.*

Mort. Nevill! What would those People have?

Nevill. May it please your Honour,
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations:
They all of them have Voices at Elections,
And promise for the Parliaments to come—
They will chuse none but what the Court shall like.

Mort. 'Tis well, and we take Notice of their
Wisdom—

See that you give 'em welcome as becomes us:
Such Subjects must not want Encouragement,
And *Mortimer* be living.

Lord Mount. Unheard-of Impudence!

Sir Tho. Dela. My Lord, we are observ'd — See
how he eyes us!

Nor are we safe while we stand trifling here.

Lord Mount. Why, let him eye us till his Balls
grow stiff.

His Looks may fright those have Dependance on him.

Mort. Ha! What said he?

Turr. Sir.

Mort. Lead on.

The Fall of MORTIMER.

7

As he moves is met by Mountacute, who fronts him—they stare at each other, and jostle.

Ha! jostled.

L. Mount. I find the Man is greater than the Room
Sure else he might have strutted clear of me.

Mort. Thou art a froward Peer!

L. Mount. Thou art a vain one!--Nay, frown not,
Mortimer!

Thy Terror's lost on me.

Look big upon those Bastard *English* Men,
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And swear to pick a Parliament—who sell
Our Freedoms, Persons and Estates, nay Rights
Of Kings, to gain a short-liv'd smile——
They probably may dread thee.

Mort. Rash Youth, no more, lest you provoke my
Anger,

Till I forget the Palace that protects thee——
But th' Eagle seldom condescends, I think,
To combat with the Passion of a Wren!

L. Mount. I tell thee Boaster, that my Veins do hold
A nobler, richer, purer, Blood than thine.

Mort. Thy Words are Air, which no Impression
make——

So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and so lost.

L. Mount. So Men shun Provocations under
Proverbs.

Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch! I pity thee!

L. Mount. I scorn thy Pity and contemn thy Hate.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, *Mountacute*——

L. Mount. Rot his proud Spirit——oh, that I had
thee forth

On some wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Distant from all Protection but thy Sword's!
There thou shou'd'st find——

Mort. A Pratler.

Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue——
Thou cam'st from School too early——

Fye, Boy, fye!

L. Mount. Statesman! Statesman! thou Engineer
of Hell!

L. *Mount.* Rail on, and spend thy Gall, malicious Thing, whose's Nurse's Milk still hangs upon thy Lips,—you shou'd be scourg'd to Manners.

L. *Mount.* The King shall know thee.

Mort. Then he'll know himself.

L. *Mount.* Arrogance, I shall meet thee.

Mort. Beware the Thunder, Child, 'tis dangerous.

Mount. If thou art so, like Lightning, I'll fore-run thee;

And if thyself thou dar'st a Thunder prove,
Follow me, *Mortimer*, and I'll thank thee *Jove*.

[*Exeunt Mount. Dela. and Holland.*

Turr. Had you not Patience as you have the Power
Of an offended Deity, this Language sure had been
his last.

I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes,
And ready for the Signal of Dispatch,
Has laid his reaking Heart beneath his Feet.

Neu. You are too merciful—too full of Goodness:
Such Indignities call for Resentments
No less than Death,—pardon my plainness, Sir;
For here I prophesy, unless you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monster's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Destruction on your self and Friends.

Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Service.
The Babler I despise,—he shall be punish'd—
The Envy that his canker'd Breast is big with,
By peeping on it's self shall work his Ruin.
So Dogs behold the Lustre of the Moon
And for un yelping backward into Madness. [*Exeunt*

The Scene changes to a Tavern,

*Discovering Oldfile, Felt and Frame, at a Table
with Bottle and Glass'es before them.*

Felt. Who, say you, Neighbour *Oldfile*, has paid
for this Peace?

Oldfile. Why, the Scots — i' Faith, *Mortimer*
has humbled their Pride—they were forc'd to come
down 30 Thousand good Marks to make up the
Losses they did us last Year in the *North*.

Felt. Right and good Reason they should — Why
should we always pay the Piper and never dance?

Frame

Frame. Let me tell you, this is a lucky Dance for him: I don't know but he has danc'd his Neck out of the Halter by the Bargain.—But how long, say they, is it to last?

Felt. Ay, how long is it to last? there's the *Quere!* I hate your Stop-gaps: They were never good for *England*. This putting off the evil Day for a while, is but like drinking of strong Liquors to keep up the Spirits, which at Long-run are the Destruction both of the Body and Substance.

Oldfile. True, Neighbour *Felt*; —putting off the evil Day, does but make it fall the heavier at last: 'Tis a Sort of being Brow-beaten; but however, I hope that's not the present Case. This Treaty does not seem calculated to serve a Turn indeed; for you see our Princess *Joan* of the *Tower* is given in Marriage to the Son of King *Robert* of *Scotland*, as a Pledge of their lasting Friendship, besides the Money they have launch'd out!

Frame. Then, at that Rate, this Peace has brought a Fortune for her; and we have been both courted for Peace and for Marriage.

Felt. Why, that's just as it shou'd be, Master, *Frame*. *England*, in political Love, shou'd be like a handsome young Woman, that has abundance of Admirers about her, and is courted for her Merit only.

Oldfile. She's a gallant Lady, and deserves a Brimmer. Come Neighbours—

[Fills a Glass and sings.

If Mortimer this Peace has made
For Sake of England, and of Trade,

May his Enemies be few;

May his Friends be great and true. [Drinks.

Felt. [Sings.]

But if mending up the State

He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,

May a Gibbet be his Fate,

Nor we no longer be his Fools. [Drinks

Frame. [drinks.] I can tell you, Neighbours if these Lines should come true, I know a good Number
ber

ber of us Stocking-Weavers would spare a Day to lend a helping Hand towards putting one up for him.—But I swear, I'm mightily pleas'd with the latter Part of the Song. Come, let's have it over again in *Chorus*.

[*They all fill their Glassses and sing.*
But if mending up the State,
He has wrought with Tinkers Tools,
May a Gibbet be his Fate,
Nor we no longer be his Fools. [All drink.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen— I'm glad to see you so jolly—I vow, I have not seen a Citizen smile this many a Day.

Oldfile. Bless you Man, who wou'd not smile at an honourable Peace? Why, it wou'd make Gravity it self Smile.

Bumper. Honourable say you, Sir? Ah Neighbours! did you but know the Bottom!

Felt. Bottom! Why, I was told it had no Bottom at all.

Oldfile. Come, come Master *Bumper*, this is carrying your Spleen to *Mortimer* a little too far— We all of us have had Reason to blame his Management of our young King; but what of that? Because he has been black, do you think he must always be so? You see he mends apace;— let me tell you, he has taken the right Sow by the Ear this bout:— This Piece is a Master-piece! No, no, an were hang'd, or never so great a Rogue before, I can't help speaking well of him now.

Felt. Why, ay; right, as you say; he so seldom does well, that one ought to praise him when it does come into his Noddle. But how comes Master *Bumper* to be so out of Humour at this Peace?— *Mortimer* does not use your House, eh, Neighbour!

Bumper. No, no, he's too great to use my House now; but I've known the Time when he was glad to come to't. But 'twill come home, I warrant— there are Things to my Knowledge going forward will make him squeak;— 'tis not the Peace will save him.

Oldfile.

Oldfile. Say you so? Methinks, I want to know what Flaw they can find in a Peace that was both pray'd for and paid for.

Felt. Ay, prithee, *Bumper*, Let's know the Bottom, as thou wert saying, if there be any.

Bumper. To such as us indeed it seems clear enough at Top; But those who see deeper Matters, say it has a confounded muddy Bottom. — Why? my good Lord *Mountacute* told me this Morning, when I went to carry his Lordship a Taste of some Wines, that it was only a little shifting Expedient of *Mortimer's*; for says he, King *Robert* never held it good to be at Peace with *England*, but for his own Ends.

Frame. But pray what is that same Expedient?

Bumper. Why, you know that he's generally hated; and so says my Lord, he has purchas'd this Toy only to please the People.

Felt. Nay, how can that be? — the *Scots* were the Purchasers, you know.

Bumper. But I know we are the prime Purchasers — My Lord says they had a previous Promise from the Queen and *Mortimer* of — Pho! of ten times as much in the lieu.

Felt. So between them both, I find the King and the Nation are finely bubbled.

Bumper. Why, you must know, *Mortimer's* so very complaisant, he scorns to strike an Enemy that's down, tho' they only laugh at him for't.

Frame. Nay, for that matter, the *Scots* had scarce left *Nottingham*, when it was said among my Journey-men, that they derided our Princess with the Title of *Joan Make-Peace*.

Felt. And is all this owing to *Mortimer*? My Blood begins to boil.

Bumper. Nay, that's not all neither — you see he has given them up the Ragman Roll too, as tho' I shou'd give you up what belong'd to me and mine, time out of mind, meerly thro' fear — the *French*, I warrant, will have a pull at us next.

Oldfile. This is making but a very scurvy Figure

gure among our Neighbours, that's the truth on't — *England's* a fine Bird, and every one's for having a Feather of her I find, as you tell the Story.

Bumper. 'Tis plain they want to pluck her bare, and if some good Body do's not stand her Friend, she will be pluck'd bare, e're it be long.

Oldfile. I wonder if the King knows of all these doings?

Bumper. No, God blefs him, he thinks all things go right, poor Prince!

Felt. But should not he be told then?

Bumper. How in the Name of Wonder should he, when *Mortimer* takes care no Body shall have the King's Ear but himself.

Frame. But wou'd not a good, long, large speaking Trumpet do the Bufiness think you, Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, a fiddle of your Trumpet; he must be told face to face; and you may as well go to the bottom of the Sea, where you'd be sure to be devour'd by Sea-Monsters by the way;—tho' the brave Lord *Mountacute*, and some other Well-wishers to their Country have sworn to make a push, tho' they die by't. Heav'n send they succeed.

Felt. They will succeed—they are honest Men — they have the true *English* Spirit about them — *Mortimer's* Crew are of the mongril Breed, and can't face a downright *English* Litter. S'death! as little as I am, I'll tell the King my self, if they shou'd not accomplish Matters — Wounds! if he were not young; he'd be pardonable. [Rising.

Oldfile. Sad doings truly — Every thing's at a stand — there's scarce any trading going forward, and at this rate we shall all have none quickly.

Frame. For my part, if it lasts long so, I may as well shut up my Doors — I have sold but one single Pair of Stockings this Fortnight, and that was to a Gentleman without Legs.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

[Laughing.

Felt. For all we laugh, I wish I'd such another Chap as *Mortimer*. — I'd give all the Hats in my Shop to fit him with one after his Head was off.

Bumper.

Bumper. Good, faith, and I'd give him as much Wine as would burst him on that Proviso too.

Old. Let but the Halter be well fix'd, and then I'll put him in a Way to save his Bacon afterwards.

Felt. Prithee, Neighbour *Oldstile*, none of your Querks to save his Bacon neither—Why, you'd cut him down now, wou'd you?

Oldstile. Not till he was choack'd at least, and then he shou'd pray me to do't, or he should hang till Doomsday.

Frame. You talk so much of hang'd Bacon, that we forget the Glafs—Come, Master *Bumper*, you have not drank yet.

Bumper. [*fills a Glafs.*] Here, Masters, here's God bless the King, and send him better Counsellors—No *Mortimer* for me. [*Drinks.*]

All. No *Mortimer* for us all. [*All drink.*]

Bumper. But hark ye, Neighbours, you will stand up for the Cause if Occasion require?

All. All! All!

Bumper. 'Tis a Shame the Nation should any longer be impos'd upon.

All. 'Tis a burning Shame!

Bumper. In the mean time, it will be best for us to retire; and as *L. Mountacute* and his Friends behave, we must be guided accordingly—Oh, there will be rare Doings when that's once brought about!

Felt. Come then, Neighbours, let us be gone-- We should inform our Fellow-Citizens of these Matters, that something may be done in them.

(*They sing in Chorus*)

*For why should we stoop to King Bob,
Or be led by Mortimer's Crew;
A Halter would finish the Job,
And make all our Enemies rue.*

End of the first A C T.

C

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE opens, and discovers King Edward on a Couch, after some struggling, rises.

King.

Where have I been? or what is it have I seen?
 'Tis said the Soul, while the tir'd Body sleeps,
 Her Mansion often leaves and roves abroad:
 Sometimes to Groves and solitary Cells;
 Sometimes to Courts, to Cities and to Camps,
 Mingling with Crowds then strangely left alone;
 But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices:
 Walk'd to the Charnel-Houses of the Dead.
 My Father's Ghost stalked thus before my Eyes;
 Cry'd out Revenge, then shriek'd and disappear'd,
 With so much haste, as if it seem'd to dread
 The Hand of Murder did pursue it still;
 Yet, as it fled, it forced the yielding Air,
 To eccho back beware of *Mortimer!*

[Enter Messenger.]

Mes. Lord Mountacute, Sir Robert Holland, with
 Sir Thomas Delamore,

Wait for Admittance to your Majesty.

King. They're Welcome--bring 'em in-- [Exit Mes.
 Then headless *Kent*, my beloved Uncle,
 Led on a Train of miserable Shades,
 Who seem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths.
 With up-lift Hands they begg'd as for Relief.
 And in sad Postures told their several Fates.
 Then, *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
 Who snatch'd the Crown from me, and gave it him,
 At which the numerous crowds of Ghosts looked pa-
 ler.

Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with Blood,
 And the surprizing Horror shook of Sleep.——

What is it, Oh, ye Powers that ye decree?

Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice

To the ambitious Lust of this Fell Monster?

If Dreams presage, or Visions can forbode

The fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed

If to you we fix'd it; yet I'll face this Storm,

Stand

Stand like a King 'gainst my rebellious Doom
And perish worthy of my Dignity.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore
and Sir Robert Holland.*

All. Health to your Majesty.

King. The like to all of you — ye are good Men
My worthy Uncle *Edmond*, when alive,
Bad me select and value you as Jewels:
When dying, as a Legacy bequeath'd
Your Faiths and Services.

I am too young to know the Arts of Men;
But by my hopes I think ye mighty honest.

L. Mount. Our Happiness lies only in that
Thought.

King. Tell me, my Friends, and with that ho-
nest Plainness

As suits the Character I have of you,
Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
And heavy Eyes, which speak distemper'd Minds,
Ye measure out your Steps?

Seeming like Statutes more than Counsellors;
As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
Of some lov'd Friend to his eternal Home.

Sir Tho. Dela. Most Royal Prince, my honour'd
Liege and Master—

King. Honour'd! my Liege! my Prince and
Royal Master!

How like this sounds to *Mortimer*!

I find He's grown the *President* o' th' Court;
The Star by which each Courtier guides his hopes.

Sir R. Holl. Rather a *Meteor*, or some *Exhalation*,
Rais'd by the sulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which borrowing its Blaze from real Lights,
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on it.

King. No more on your Allegiance — to the
Point——

The Explanation of this Discontent?

L. Mount. You've touch'd us home, Sir, now,
and we obey:

The Secrets of our Hearts shall be unlock'd,
Where you may read your's and the Nation's Doom.

It is the Man you've nam'd, who rides our Spirits.
Oh, my lov'd Lord!

Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Bosom,
Which gnaws insensibly upon your Honour?
Why pamper'd with the Worship of Men's Knees?
You are our King — rouse sleeping Majesty —
Awake, and view the Souls that wait your rising,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Where now is Right? to whom
shall we appeal?

The Queen has placed her Power on *Montimer*,
Whilst the Law's Edge is ground but on one side;
Nor that employ'd unless to lop your Friends.
The Man, who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumstances of *Edward*,
Is strait beset, and sworn into some Plot:
His Life, or Fortune's seiz'd; it may be both:
Juries and Witnesses are kept in Pay,
Who have agree'd his Ruin e'er he's heard.

Sir *R. Holl.* Thus your good Subjects daily are
oppress'd.

Who perish by consent of Perjury.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Nay, whilst these vile Possessors
wreck the Land,

Your Worth Decays, and Glory runs to Ruin.
It cannot last long, they think, so make the most
on't.

Affume your Right, or we must all submit:
Our Country, like Estates, held in Dispute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks, the Pride of Wealth:
If he that's in Possession thinks it short,
He cuts down all the Pomp of his Ancestors,
Which many Years their Diligence improved.
So worthy Men, the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Usurper *Mortimer* are lopped?

Their Fortunes torn by the Roots from long Suc-
cession.

King. Is't possible! I always thought him ill,
But you decypher him a very Devil,
And fill my Thoughts with Horror of his Crimes.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Each Magistrate that should ad-
minister Justice

Justice impartial, made by *Mortimer*,
 Must ruin others to preserve himself:
 The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures,
 Places of Trust and Profit are all sold:
 'Tis practis'd from the miter'd holy Head
 To the needy, starving Verger of the Church.
 You cannot serve Heaven on Cushions but you pay
 for't,

Or blister your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
 Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,
 Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. Mount. Well may the Nation groan while
 such as these

Sit at the Helm; and what expect but Shipwreck?

King. Now by my Honour, I'll no longer bear
 The ignominious Hand of base Controul.

I find my self enlarg'd: Each Artery
 Beats double Time, as if my Spirits strove
 To be in Action: My Father's Soul
 Shoots in my Blood. and prompts to Resolution.

Sir Tho. Dela. Ay, now my Lord, you speak
 yourself a King.

Do but appear with that Authority,
 The Praise of *Edward* every Tongue will chant,
 Whilst ravished Heaven does eccho back the
 Sound.

You can't want Hands for such a noble Work:
 A Cause like yours would summon the just Gods
 With all their Thunder to the Royal Aid.

Oh, let me kiss your sacred Feet, dear Prince!
 These Words have added Years to my sick life. [*Kneels*

King. He weeps; indeed the honest Man does
 weep.

Rise, *Delamore*, for I will be myself,
 And this vile *Mortimer* shall down to Hell.
 All spare the Tree, whose Branches serve as Shade,
 Till the spread Mischiefs kill the Under-plants:
 Then, every Man assits to fell it down;
 So this *Colossus* of the *English* Isle,
 Under whose Legs the tallest Ships must pass,
 E'er they gain Harbour shall to Seas be hurled,

And

And in their bottom find a Monument.
 My Dream comes on apace, and I foretell
 This Meeting ominous to *Mortimer*.
 My worthy Friends, be still about our Person;
 Send instantly to *Berkley, Exeter*. [*Exit Holland,*
Leicester and Mordaunt—You withdraw with me:
 Business I have requires your best Advice;
 For like the Mariner I see from far,
 A Storm is gathering in the distant Sky;
 But with these Vessels I can fear no Sea:
 The utmost Rigour of the Clouds I'll stand,
 Safe as the Souls, that pity us from Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes discovering *Mortimer* in a Chair of
 State, with *Turrington* and *Nevil* attending.

Mort. Say, trusty *Turrington*, how brooks the
 Queen

The late Behaviour of rash *Mountacute*?

Turr. As you, or I, or any one could wish,
 That has his Country's Good sincere at Heart.
 After the Oracle of your Mind declar'd,
 That *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
 Those Bellows, which keep in young *Edward's* Fire,
 And raise, and calm it as their Need requires,
 Should be removed; their Interest was great;
 Their Prudence strict; *Mountacute*, is Courage
 firm;

Their Fortunes able to maintain their Measures,
 Which struck for her Son's Greatness, and our Ruin,
 " Insolence! and Treason to the State cry'd she!—
 " However, the Boy shall bend to all my Wishes;
 " 'Tis a half Soul bred in the Lag of Love,
 " And spiritless as the Desire that got him—
 " Bid, *Mortimer*, not fear what's crush'd so soon.

Mort. 'Tis well—while she protects I cannot
 fall——But now proceed we to what concerns
 us next——*Nevill!*

Nevill. My Lord!

Mort. I think thou hast got the List of those of
 our Friends, whose Services entitle them to our
 Bounty?

Nevill.

Nevill. Please your Honour, 'tis here; and speaks the great Regard you pay to Merit. Did but the World know what Liberality it contains, they would vote you the Standard of Virtue, *nemine contradicente*.

Mort. They are not unacquainted with our Virtues, *Nevill*—but I would hear it read that we may proportion the Reward with Justice.

Nevill. [*Reads the List.*] *Imprimis*, the Lord Viscount *Landlefs* 400 Marks *per Annum*.

Mort. Reduce it to two hundred——He is poor indeed; but two hundred's enough in conscience for a single Vote——He's good for nothing else——read on.

Nevill. Lord *Richacre*, One thousand, and insists upon an Augmentation of 200.

Mort. Let them be added, tho' he is of as little Service as my Lord *Landlefs*——but he is Purse-proud, and may desert us.

Nevill. Sir *Oily Fluent*, 1500.

Mort. Two thousand is the least he can have——he speaks like an Angel——put him down 2000.

Nevill. *Sophister Topick*, Esq; 1000.

Mort. Make it up 1500; for tho' the Man does not speak, he writes admirably!——he dresses up Falshood within a Hair's-breadth of Truth: And if that does not do, he bullies them into Conviction.

Nevill. Sir *Scribble Fainwou'd*, 400.

Mort. Let him stand there a while——as he mends we shall take notice of him.

Nevill. Sir *Beetle Drone*, 400.

Mort. Hang him, he must be continued too, or ten to one we lose him, tho' he does little else but sleep in the House.

Nevill. Lord *Sheep-Hook*, 1500.

Mort. Let me consider.—no; that, and his late Preferment will do very well.

Nevill. Lord *Lofty*, 2000.

Mort. Scratch him out again——he values himself too much on his Family, and the weight he bears in the House, for when I have made him an offer

offer of the Favour, that he might live, I told him, fuitable to his Grandeur, he had the Stupidity to call it Bribing, and say that he had a Soul above it.—As for the rest, you'll enhance or diminish, as you see Occasion, and let them be registered accordingly.

Turr. But, my Lord, I believe I could add one who is not in the List, for enabling him to keep one or two Mistresses the more.

Mort. Tho' I have more than my Number, yet since he's so easily gained, put him down 400 Marks.

Nevill. His Name?

Turr. Lord *Flash*.

Nevill. Your Lordship has no further Commands at present.

Mort. No; [*exit Nevil*] but *Turrington*!

Turr. Would your Lordship have me look over these Petitions?

Mort. No, no, let them lie—we have something else to do than examine needy Petitions—What Money did you receive yesterday on my Account?

Turr. 'Twas but a very indifferent Day truly—I received only 10000 Marks for two Patents; 5000 for a General's Commission; 6000 for the Direction of the Customs; 2000 for a Place in the Navy, and 1000 for the Grant of another. Besides abundance of petty Fees, as Remembrancers only.

Mort. When the grand Sum comes down, then we shall remember; till then we shall be deaf. But, *Turrington*, be sure see, that the Entertainment be splendidly magnificent—spare no cost—I must gain my Point; and eating and drinking will do't, if any thing can: for those I have to do with are great Belly-Mongers.

Turr. My Lord, I obey your Orders. [*Exit.*
Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir *Maiden Battery* desires to kiss your Honour's Hand.

Mort.

Mort. Shew him in. [*exit Sly.*] What does this Bullet headed Knight want now? I saved his Life but t'other Day, for which I had 20000 Marks—I hope 'tis in danger again.

Enter Sir Maiden Battery and Sly.

Mort. Sir *M. Battery*, I'm glad to see you out of your Confinement.

Sir M. Bat. Give me leave, my Lord, further to testify my Gratitude for your Interest. [*Gives Money.*

Mort. Sir *Maiden*, you may depend upon me on the like, or any other occasion—I am a little busy now.

Sir Maiden Bat. My good Lord and Preserver, I am your most obliged and most obedient. [*Exit.*

Mort. A sensible Man! of my Word, he has a right Notion of Favours—but, *Sly!*

Sly. My Lord.

Mort. You keep diligent watch on *Mountacute*, *Delamore*, *Leicester* and *Exeter*.

Sly. They cannot move a Finger, please your Honour, but I, and my Emiffary know it.

Mort. See you have a strict Eye, and from time to time let *Turrington* and *Nevill* know what passes—Send in *Secret*— [*Exit Sly.*

The weight of private and publick Affairs hangs so very heavy upon my Shoulders, that were it not for the Queen, I don't know what I should do; nay, all I can, *Mountacute* and his devilish Faction undo.

Enter Secret.

Secret. I attend your Lordship's Pleasure.

Mort. Here, carry these Heads to my Lord *Sheep-book*, with my Service, and bid him draw them up as severe as possible; and this Bill to *Swearwell* for his secret Service of impeaching twenty of our Enemies.

Secret. They are below, an please you Lordship, with Serjeant *Either-side*.

Mort. Well, then, dispatch those two, and let the other come up. [*Exit Secret.*

What with Solicitations, Envy and keeping Things

Things easy and quiet among my Creatures, I'm even plagued out of my Senses——Were it not for fear of being called to Account, I'd lay all my Employments down, and think myself happy.

Enter Serjeant Eitherfide and Secret.

Serjeant *Eitherfide*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cause* is well. I am glad to see you——you are my old Friend and Acquaintance——let me see——above 20 Years standing——ha! is it not so?

Serj. Your Lordship hits the Mark of Time exactly, and I protest the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgments beyond the Talents I am endowed withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordship's Praises, and acquaint the World, that the Favours you have placed on me your Creature, exalts me to the Pinnacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty, obliges me to consecrate myself and Posterity to your Lordship's Pleasure——Give me admittance therefore most humbly to pay this tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Mort. The Man speaks well, (*weighs the Purse*) there is weight in his Words——a great sign of an able Pleader——How does your Niece?

Serj. My Lord!

Mort. How does your Niece, I say? What art thou deaf?

Serj. She's very well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Lordship takes notice of her.

Mort. I never saw her, but am told she is a very pretty Girl, and notable too.

Serj. She is reckoned so, my Lord; but there is nothing like seeing to be convinced——If your Lordship pleases, I will go and fetch her.

Mort. Do so——thou'lt oblige me——(*exit Eitherfide*) This *Eitherfide* is a Fellow of rare Parts, and eminent Practice: I have known him cheat twenty People, and they never the wiser; but he is a better Pimp still; he makes nothing of ruining his own Flesh and Blood. *Secret.*

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withall, and I hope he may stand fair in your Lordship's Interest in the next remove. He'd perform his Part rarely: He is no charitable, conscientious timorous Fellow, but a thorough paced Lawyer, and mighty hearty in the Cause.

Mort. Sayest thou so Man! and by my Honour it was well thought on. If these peaking, velvet-hearted, wary Knaves, that pretend to scruples, seem averse to comply with the Queen's Desires any longer, they shall make room for more deserving Persons—I do admire they have so little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no return for it.

Secret. I will pawn my Soul for him——His Temper may be moulded to what use occasion shall require; besides, his Wants will prompt him to comply; his Gains are not sufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it; for she loves to go fine as most of them do; and for a new Gown would make him give away the justest Cause in the World: his Estate too is mortgaged past Recovery to maintain her Pride.

Mort. But his Niece, *Secret*, his Niece!

Secret. Oh, she is the prettiest Creature my Eyes ever looked on! such a Composition of Flesh and Blood! so witty! so modest! so alluring!——

Mort. And such a Companion I want, for I am grown so melancholly of late, that I am not what I was. If she is of a coming Nature, she is made for ever: I grow aged; this turmoiling in the Government wearies me out strangely. — I want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my *Seraglio*, to refresh me after the Business of the Day —— And is she tractable say you?

Secret. Easy as Innocence itself.

Mort. He shall be a Judge——I am much refreshed with the thoughts that I can serve the Nation and my self so luckily——but is she such a pretty, sweet, dapper Piece of *Beauty*? I will make thee a great Man before it be long.

Secret. My Lord, she is whatsoever you can fancy; nor can you stretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but she exceeds it in Substance--but see the Angel, with her Uncle.

Enter Serjeant Either side, and his Niece Maria.

Mort. Secret retire ——— *[Exit Secret.*
A glorious Woman! how her Eyes sparkle! and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hoped some good were coming toward her! —Come, sweet one—*[Kisses.]* her Lips are made of Velvet, smooth, soft and pliable. *Serjeant* as I told you before, I have a great Kindness for you, and hearing that you had a Niece of worthy Education, whose Merits spoke her Praise, (oh you are a little Tempter!) I can do no less, having your Preference in my Eye, than while I was doing good for you in some measure, to advance your Niece's Fortune—My House wants such a sober, discreet, young Woman to manage it; and by the way, I must call you my Lord.

Serj. Oh, Sir!

Mort. Indeed I must—the Queen upon my Request doth confer the Office of a Judge on you, as you deserve; and for ought I know, you may be in a little time Chief-Justice — This I have done my Friend to serve you: But to the Matter; what say you Mr. *Serjeant*, (my Lord, I beg your Pardon) are you willing to put your Niece under my Care and Protection? Ha!

Serj. My Lord, you so highly oblige me, I am struck silent with the manner of it — A *Judge, Chief-Justice!* I am confounded with the Honour—my Lord, the Maid is whatever you please to make her.

Mort. Then, I'll make a Woman of her speedily — What say you pretty Lady? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations, who are all well provided for — so that, if I do well, I'll make your Fortune; if I die, you shall have no Cause to repent.

Maria. Would thou wert dead! must I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? Be steady Virtue,

tue, and assist me Heaven, tho' poor, I will not be base—Oh *Mountacute*! [*Aside.*]

Mort. What say you Fair One?

Maria. In any honest way I should be proud to serve your Lordship, and obey my Uncle.

Mort. Pretty Innocence!—

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir; at least her Fortune is made, and I am freed of a Burden. [*Aside.*] My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on 'em—A Judge! Wife be of Comfort; thy Chariot shall be turned into a Coach; thy pew at Church be stripped of Base, and lined with Velvet; and thou shalt take Place of my Lady *Mayores*'s Niece—You were born under a happy Planst, Huzzy—Fortune throws herself into your Lap—make use on't while 'tis offer'd—A Lord! Oh, lack a day! I cannot contain my Extasy.

Mort. Have you considered little One of the Offer? you shall command in chief and no Harm shall come to you.

Maria. I hope not.

Mort. Fear it not.

Maria. I trust in your Honour.

Serj. Niece, you must not talk so impertinately—*incline your Mind and Body as his Lordship shall think fit.*

Maria. I must beg to be excused there, good Uncle.

Mort. I am overjoyed I can serve my old Friend—Well, Child, I will take care of you—My Lord, within two Days your Patent shall be ready: I would discourse a little with your Niece in private.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Mort. Pray call me Brother Lord—we are both Lords now.

Serj. Then, Brother Lord—Oh pretty! I'll leave her with your Brother Lordship.

Mort. Do, do.

Maria. How? Will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle.

Serj. Peace, Baggage—Uncle! I am a Judge.
I'll

I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent against me smother — A Judge! I will feague the Rogues Brother-Lord. I am your Brother-Lordship's most humble, and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Mort. Oh, my Lord Judge, your Friend —

[*Goes to the Door and locks it.*]

Maria. Ha! What now!

But *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to Thee — I have kept it pure, unfullyed, hitherto, And will, spite of this mighty Man, And mightier Villain Uncle:

Mort. My dear Child, I shall respect thy Uncle infinitely for thy sake. Nay, be not bashful, I am thy Friend, thy Governour, and thou art become my particular Care — Here, here is Gold for thee — thou shalt have more than thou can'st carry!

Maria. I can never deserve this Bounty; nor can I guess why it is you bribe your Servant thus — indeed you make me blush.

Mort. Fye, fye, you must not blush at a Bribe — it is my way, Child — but I have given thee my Heart, and am going to put my Body into thy Possession,

Maria. For Heaven's sake! as you have Honour.

Mort. Yes, yes, you shall find I have Honour, and Courage both — come, come this way, Child —

[*Forcing her into the Chamber.*]

Maria. Nay, pray, my Lord, do no Violence. — As I live here's a Gentleman to your Lordship!

Mort. Pox of his Impertinence. Could he find no other Time but now — but go, go — into that Room — I'll be with you presently — nay, go; all shall be well, and I will be civil.

[*Puts her off and locks her in.*]

Enter Turrington.

Well Turrington.

Turr. My Lord, the Guests you expected are come, seated and seem impatient —

Mort. For the Repast to be sure.

Turr. Nay, they seem indeed sharp set —

Mort. The sharper the better for my Business.

Turr.

Turr. I heard my Lord *Cramdown* say, he had not broke his Fast this Half Hour.

Mort. Poor Gentleman! I am afraid he will be starved if he fasts half another — Is every thing ready?

Turr. Every thing my Lord — the Sauces are all prepar'd.

Mort. Well then, I'll be with them — They are above bribing, they say; let us see if we cannot eat and drink them into better Understanding.

*And when I have disputed 'em, I'll repair
To finish Matters with the imprison'd Fair.*

End of the Second ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE CONTINUED.

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

TURRINGTON.

AFFAIRS seem veering, and the Fane of
Edward,
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wishes,
Now turns against us. Out of what Corner
Comes this blast of Change? It is sudden.
All are as hush as Murderers when escaping.
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in use,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For closer Studies.

Nevill. 'Tis odd; and we must arm against it
—— just now

I would have passed the Anti-chamber,
And a starched Fellow grimly stopped my Passage.
I asked the Knave by whose Authority
He barr'd my Entrance; he replied morosely,
'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey them:
Then, I demanded if the Rascal knew me?

Turr. What said he then?

Nevill. He answered better than I knew my
self;

Bid me return; there was no room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog hath surely stood corrected,

Had

Had not old *Leicester, Berkley, Exeter,*
With busy Faces come into the Room.

To these he turn'd the Key—said they were staid for.

Turr. These froward Peers envy our Master's
Fortune.

Some of 'em have been faulty against the Queen,
For which they were forbid the Royal Presence,
And with a Sullenness withdrew from Court.

What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry:
Unsent for I am sure they did not come;

For *Mortimer* and they, like jarring Elements,
Have constant Enmity, and must keep Distance.

Nevill. I wish it bodes not ill to th' common
Cause——

But what this feasting—what has that produc'd?
Has it encreas'd the Number of our Friends?

Turr. Not all the high-spiced Viands there pre-
par'd,

Nor yet the oft-fill'd Goblet aught avail'd.

They stood it out to th' last; and said, as far

As Justice went, they'd vote his Will—No farther.

Nevill. Then, this is not a time to tell our Tale?

Turr. He must be told—Our safety is con-
cern'd.

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter Mortimer and Serj. Either side with a Paper.

*He mumbles it—Eyes Mortimer, and at last
speaks the supposed End.*

Serj.—Formal Process,

Let *Mountacute* be dispatch'd, say you? ha!
murder'd!

Mort. Why do you hesitate? I say, dispatch'd:
Are you so squeamish you can't digest the Term?

Serj. No, my Lord, not I; but wou'd not lodg-
ing him in a Jail for his Life serve as well?

Mort. Away, Trifler—do you make scruple?
let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts
what I've decreed, and thou art lost for ever—
I will divest thee of thy Lordship; expose thee
as a Sacrifice to the Rabble, and how they'll use
thee, thy Conscience best can tell.

Serj.

Serj. The Devil's in him, I must submit——
I have run my self like Thieves, so far into ill
Company, that now I would reform, my Associ-
ates won't let me. [*Aside.*] My Lord, I beseech
you be not angry : I did this only to sound the
Depth of your Lordship's Intentions ; and since
you are resolv'd, he shall be Dispatch'd——Mur-
der'd——any Thing.

Mort. 'Tis well——about it then.

Serj. I was born to serve your Honour. I will
retrieve your Favour, tho' it be by turning Execu-
tioner myself ; and will truss up your Enemies
with as little Regret, as a Farmer does the Moles
that molest his Ground——It shall be done,
my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Mort. This Fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Ca-
melion* changes not faster.——How now ! Your
Business ?

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

Tur. 'Tis of Importance, stand upon your guard ;
For *Berkley*, *Exeter*, and many others,
Who not long since were banish'd from the Court,
Are now with *Edward* close lock'd up with Him.

Mort. Ha !

Nevill. By Heavens, 'tis true——we saw 'em
enter.

We wou'd have follow'd 'em but were deny'd ;
Nay, order'd to retire——and the Out-Courts
Are fill'd with rough-hew'd Slaves, who guard the
Lords.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment——I'll
come presently. [*Exe. Tur. and Nev.*]
How's this ? so cunning, Boy ? Damnation !
Are ye upon the Catch, my Politicians ?
That *Exeter's* the Devil for a Statesman,
And must be the Guide o'th' Council too, or No-
thing.

The subtle Fiend has left and sought more
Parties,

Than all the Cabinet-Pack shuffled together.
He was for us but faulter'd when he found

My Interest greater in the Queen than his.
 He had rather been the Foreman of a Jury,
 Than second in the Council of four hundred.
 Why he and *Berkley* ever have been Foes;
 Constantly jealous of each others greatness;
 Andtho' they both have like each other's Measures,
 Still Contradiction was their practis'd spight.
 But in this Cause, 'tis probable they'll join;
 And to secure it give their Spleen Cessation.
 What's to be thought on?

Enter Queen.

Queen. What always musing? ever Melancholy?
 Beware of the Infection; none so wretched
 As those possessed of Jealousy and Doubts

Mort. But, Madam, mine's a Subject calls for
 thought:

No vain Chimæra, but a just Occasion:
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought Advice,
 And I am sorry I must tell it you.
 Those sawcy Peers, who vilify'd your Crown,
 Not sparing Censure of your private Actions,
 Are giving vile Instructions to your Son;
 Learning the pliant Youth how he may shake
 The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,
 While eagerly he listens to the Charm,
 And smiles to hear himself saluted King.

Queen. Is it possible?

Mort. You be the judge; for you it most con-
 cerns.

Since *Mountacute* has whistled to this Sterlin,
 All his Apartments have been closely kept;
 New Waiters plac'd, those you assign'd discharg'd,
 Lest they might do their Duty, and inform.
 Tell me, my Royal Mistress, can you bear
 The Hand of Limitation and Controul?
 Can you with ease resign the glorious Throne,
 Into the Hands of *Exeter* and *Berkley*?

Queen. Distraction is in the Thought!

Mort. Can she obey, who always did command?
 Can she retire, who ever liv'd in splendor;
 Nay, thought the World too scanty for her Greatness,
 Accept

Accept a private Pension, small Attendance,
And live by him whose Soul from her's took being?
Whilst I must to their long grown Malice bow,
Or die, or live on infamous Conditions.

Nay blush not, Madam, this must all be done,
And more, when these be *Edward's* Governors.

Queen That never shall be, and *Isabella* living:
Be thou as once, when *Spencer*, *Gaveston*,
The Minions of my Husband, did attempt
To curb my Will, and I defy'd them all:
No *Mortimer*, if I could give him Death,
Thinkest thou this feeble *Spawn*, his slender Off-
spring,

Bred when I wished a Barrenness upon me,
That he shall baulk the Measures of my Soul?

Mort. She fires [*Aside.*

Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, because
my Son,

I'd still him with a Play-thing called a Crown,
And live myself on Curtesy of State,
The Fragments of the Grandeur I had left?
Perish ten Sons are such a Fit possess me!

Mort. There spoke a *Queen*; this is true Majesty.
Appear, and like the Planet of the Day,
Disperse the sullen Fogs that croud you Lustre.
Since *Mountacute* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the rest
Have soared, like *Icarus*, beyond their Bounds,
Their waxen Wings shall melt in thy bright *Beams*,
And find in Floods Rewards for their Ambition.

Queen. They fall, my *Mortimer*; they sink for
ever.

I will visit strait these close Conspirators,
Who think themselves so hushed in their Designs:
As for this Rebel-Son, he is a Disease,
And I will plunge the Venom from my Blood,
As if a Leprocy had compassed me:
I will have no Competitors in Power.
If in the Father's time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard shall he tug if he will have the sway;
And if at last 'tis forc'd and rack'd away,

As I shall scorn the Conquest to outlive,
This shall a Period to his Triumph give.

[*Shews a Dagger*] *Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter Serjeant Either side and Maria; he pulling her in.

Serj. Come in, you Baggage, you run away Thief— It is well I met you: I would not have had you gone home for 5000 l.—Gads my Life, I had been unjudg'd before my Taylor had finished my Robes—I should not have had the satisfaction of seeing how Scarlet becomes me, and your Aunt wou'd have turn'd you out of Doors.

Mar. Why wou'd you leave me then alone with him?

Serj. To have pleased your self, come, come, no more Words (*Pulling out a Handkerchief, drops a Paper, which she takes up*) away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and join Issue immediately, or you're nonsuited.—Must I be forced to use my Authority? don't provoke me, least you sink under the Weight of a Judge's Displeasure.—We are dreadful Fellows in Power! therefore have a Care.

Maria. This new Honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle! Oh, my Conscience, rather than be degraded he wou'd stand by this Devil of *Mortimer* himself, till he perform'd the deed of Darknes.—Pray Sir, let me go Home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you shall thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be Hang'd till you're half Dead, and, then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt for high, Swinging-high-Treason in Rebelling against the Sovereign Authority of my unspotted Ermin.

Maria. This Crime will make it foul:
Black as Hell's Practice, or the Trade of Perjury.
What to do I know not: If I refuse, I loose his Favour, and that's my Bread: If I comply, then farewell Reputation and peace of Mind.

Serj. What again at a stand? Why, you perplex the

the Cause worse than an Evidence that's Deaf and Dumb, and is only to be understood by Signs — Go to, and know your Duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father. You're my adopted Child, and bound to submit to my Commands, if the ancient Measures of divine and humane Laws are of any Force; and if they are not, I'll make new Ones on this Occasion.

Maria. Command my Life, and I'll freely give it; but this is such a Task, I cannot think upon't, but Horror seizes me.

Serj. Whence comes these Fits in the Devil's Name? they're not of the Mother I'm sure: She wou'd have Swallow'd such an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Maria. Dispose of me any ways but this; tho' it be to my Death I'll thank you for't; but to give my self up to the lewd Embraces of a Person I mortally Hate is far more terrible, and I had rather starve than gain a Fortune on such base Conditions.

Serj. Conditions! Why, thou perverse Chit of a wanton Generation, how cam'st thou thus bastar-diz'd? hufwife, hufwife, if you won't lye with him, you will with some Body you like better, and I'll make you accept of my choice, or turn you out of Doors with your load of Virtue instead of a Portion, and see how the starving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Flesh.

Maria. What shall I do? what Course shall I steer?

Serj. That which tends to the making you rich and happy.

Maria. I shall be ruin'd.

Serj. You shall be made,

Maria. A Whore.

Serj. Why, you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwise? He's a wise Man, and will be careful of your Honour in regard of his own; and to my knowledge 'tis safer trusting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Bankers — True, he is a little Waggish or so; alas! Child, that's nothing — learned Men are of Opinion, that warming the
Blood

Blood by being now and then Facetious, is very conducing to Health — Gads, my Life, he's here Niece—if you have any respect for yourself and me, play the Part of an understanding Woman, and make use of the Time,—have a Care,—I shall watch you, ——— [Going.

Enter Mortimer.

Mort. Ho! Brother Lord—a word before you go.

Serj. What Commands has my most illustrious Prop of Preferment! Any thing new, my Lord.

Mort. Happy News for you,—I always thought you would be a great Man; why the Queen by me puts an opportunity into your Hands of being greater still.

Serj. How! does her Majesty think upon the lowest of her Subjects? I shall never be able to repay such Goodness,—can I serve her my Lord?

Mort. Why, Nobody else; she has try'd the Judges already, and they are wresty like so many tired Horses.

Serj. What is it, my Lord? what is it? -- How does your Lordship like my Niece? is she Courteous?

Mort. Charmingly, Charmingly, — but to our Business, there are a parcel of froward Persons, that stand upon their Privileges because they are Peers, and you must know are very unmannerly both to the Queen and myself. Now they were ordered to be prosecuted with *Mountacute*, and the Knaves in Scarlet refused, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance! who are they? let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not Case 'em up, uncase me—But what will become of me if a Parliament shou'd be summon'd?

Mort. Oh! fear it not; the Queen will never call a Parliament, least they might Question her, as well as you; therefore be stanch.

Serj. Twist a Whip, I'll go thro' stitch, my Lord — I'll wade thro' thick and thin, till I'm made Chief Justice, or Chancellor. [Exit.

Mort. 'Tis well, my little wandring *Jew*, you came

came back as you did, else you had lost a Lover. Say then, canst thou love me? Speak, and make me happy, and thyself illustrious.

Maria. Good, Sir, spare the trouble, and let my Blushes speak my Heart.

Mort. What! Must I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge e'er she will give her Opinion—here, there's Gold for thee—nay, nay, take it—she has nick'd me 'faith: my own Way exactly: the Method I follow to a tittle—but my Sentence——

Maria. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my ailing. Since I have seen you, Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat as if 'twou'd have liberty.

Mort. Caught by my Honour! she's in, and at this rate; there will be no occasion for Violence.

[*Aside.*

Maria. And when you speak of Love, your Words pierce me——I find a pleasing shivering seize on me, and I grow giddy with the unusual Joy.

Mort. In Love, the Experience of thirty could not have demonstrated better—Come, Child, I'll repay it with double Interest—I have a thousand fine Curiosities within my Closet, which thou shalt be Lady of immediately.

Maria. Oh, Heavens! What have I done? I've fool'd myself into a Snare — But blessed Deliverance! my Uncle.

Re-enter Serjeant Either side, *confus'd, and looking round the Room for the Paper he dropp'd.*

Mort. Poh on this Rascally Serjeant! The Fellow has forgot all Manners since I made him a Judge — how now, my Lord! what brings you so soon back?

Serj. My Lord!—— (Looking round.)

Mort. Have you lost any thing?

Serj. Lost any thing! odds so, I must not say I've lost the Paper he gave for the World—— 'tis as much as my Judgship is worth. (*Aside.*) No, my Lord — yes I have lost, I may say, all patience

patience with this untowardly Girl, here.

Mort. Come, come, Brother, don't chide her ; let me tell you she mends apace— she is not half so squeamish as she was.

Serj. Verily, I rejoice to find the Wench has Grace at last—Many a Lesson have I read her, and many an aching Heart have I had for fear she should rebel against my paternal tenderness and become graceless.

Mort. But now, Child, tell your Uncle there's no fear on't.

Maria. I hope, my Lord, there is not.

Serj. I tell you, my Lord, your shy Cocks for the most part fight the best Battle.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, here's a saucy, impertinent, insolent sort of a Man below, says, he must and will speak to your Lordship—He's not to be said nay.

Mort. Must speak with us! what wants he! what is he? do'st know?

Gent. His Business, he said, was with the Master, and not with his Man; and looks one of the meaner Citizens.

Mort. No Citizen of rank durst use any of my Dependents in that rough Manner, however, send him up, let's see this abrupt Rascal, if his Intelligence be not pleasing, he shall pay dear for this Interruption. [Exit Gent.]

Serj. I find, my Lord, you are uneasy at your being so open to Business; nor can you be private here indeed as Love requires.—What thinks your Lordship of my House? there you may be secure.

Mort. You advise, and as becomes your Robe—Nothing better—As soon as I've dispatched this Wretch, I'll attend you.

Enter Felt.

Felt. A hard Case truly — because I have not fine Cloaths on, forsooth, I must be abused by a Pack of Scoundrels here.

Mort.

Mort. What's the Matter, Friend? Why so angry?

Felt. Why, to be plain with your Honour, that Porter of yours is a Hangman-looking Dog; a griping, skinny Rascal, and push'd the Door in my Face, because I would not daub his ugly Fift, forsooth.

Serj. Hark ye, Master; take Care what you say—you're before a Judge, do you see me—for you know the Penalty of insulting the Servant of a Person in his Lordship's high Station? Let me tell you Friend, 'tis *Scandalum magnatum*.

Felt. Be what it will, Persons in high Station should teach them better Manners then.

Mort. Upon what Provocation was all this?

Felt. Provocation, an please you! no more than I give your Honour now—I only said I had paid Scot and Lot, and gone thro' all the Offices of the Parish, as you in the Government; and wish'd my Country perhaps as well as your Lordship. I hope a Body may say so much without Offence.

Serj. *Item, Scandalum magnatum, in extremo.*—Offence with all my Heart! Why, can there be a greater than to speak irreverently of Publick, Ministers?

Mort. Prithee, no more of this Impertinence, but to the Business.

Felt. I come, my Lord, in the Name of all my Fellow-Citizens, to demand Justice, in behalf of a poor Man that was inveigled to give his Vote for 20 Marks; but the Purchaser not getting his Election, has since thrown him in a Jail for't, which we think a very hard Case.

Mort. The Plaintiff's Name.

Felt. Sir Nettle Bribevote, an please you.

Mort. Ha! speak again.

Felt. Why, Sir Nettle Bribevote, an please you.

Mort. Know st thou what thou say'st? He's a Friend of ours, and incapable of a base Action.

Felt. Let him be whose Friend he will, the
F Action's

ACTION'S lodg'd, and 'tis a shame the poor Man
thou'd be kept in hold any longer.

Mort. How now! do'st thou presume to direct
us?

Felt. Marry, some People want Direction.

Mort. Insolence! be gone, or ——

Felt. I thought as much —— [*Exit grumbling.*]

Serj. Come, my Lord, this beggarly Elf is
beneath your notice.

Mort. He is so——therefore, my Lord,
we'll lose no time——I accept of your In-
vitation.

Serj. Your Lordship does me inexpressible
Honour——Huzzy! you'll be sure to follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

Maria. They are gone, and thank Heaven, I
am once more delivered from the Brink of De-
struction——so, now let me gratify my Cu-
riosity [*Takes a Paper out of her Bosom and reads*
it.] Good Heaven! what do I see! the very Scroll
of Death——Directions in what manner to
proceed against *Mountacute!*——Be but pro-
pitious Stars, and I will make this Instrument
of Villany the Guide by which we steer this
almost sinking Bark thro' all the Rocks which
threaten his Destruction—it will bring me to
his Sight——blessed Accident!

*And tho' my Fortune can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him I must approve.*

End of the third A C T.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, MOUNTACUTE'S HOUSE.

Enter Mountacute and Holland.

MOUNTACUTE.

ALL things move forward with a prosperous
Breeze,
And we shall reach the Harbour of Success.
Sooner than we believ'd 'tis now in View :
Heav'n seems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promising safety to the Royal Cause,
Inspires the King, who steers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him steady in his Resolution.

Sir Robt. Holl. 'Tis wonderful indeed; it shews
the Hand
Of Providence is with us : Never Prince
Was grac'd with so much knowledge as young
Edward.

Considering his Years, 'tis Wonderful.
He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Statesman what's propos'd,
Still as he speaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time, and points to his Revenge.

Mount. His Ears are open to the Nation's groans :
He credits now the Baseness of the Queen
In the support of baser *Mortimer*,
Who magnifies his Mischiefs by success,
And thrives i'th' Eye of Heav'n.

Sir Robt. Holl. Tax not the Pow'rs above, lest
we are forsaken :
They often suffer what they don't approve.
Their Vengeance makes us know why we are
punish'd :
Such Visitation whet our Penitence ;
Create Reflections on the inward Cause ;
For Conscience is the Mirror of our Souls,

Which represents the Errors of our Lives
In their full shape.

Mount. But tell me, Friend, what Message is
return'd
From *Exeter* and *Berkley*? Will they come?
Or chuse they rather tamely to be noozed?

Sir Robt. Holl. Be not too rash, for they are
Men of worth,
Do not believe, because they left the Court,
Retreating to their quiet rural Seats,
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their
Minds,

They're cold, or stupid when their Honour calls.
No *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
That in the Roll of Fame there yet remains
One Chance, one glorious Lot, that's worthy hazard,
Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd.
Rouz'd with the Summons, they have wing'd
their haste,

Vying who shall become the second *Curtius*.

Mount. Why, so it was with *Leicester*, when first
I told the glorious Action new in hand:
He, like some Lion, almost stiff with Ease,
Lolling at length within his antick Cave,
Takes the Alarm of the Huntsman's sound,
At which he stretches out his well-grown Limbs;
Brustles his horrid Main, and furls his Tail;
Stalks to the Field, and swells to meet the Foe.

Sir Rob. Hol. They meet this Night at Coun-
cil, where they'll find
Matter prepar'd sufficient to inspire 'em.

Mount. All join the Nobles, Gentry and the
Commons:

The Chain is rivetted; the wresty People,
Whose Rights and Privileges are usurp'd,
No longer free, but all in Vassalage,
Are ripe for Mischief, ready for Rebellion.
They wait from us the Signal when to dole
The Act of Justice—wou'd the cry were up,
That I might see these Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beasts.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to speak with you.

Mount. Conduct her in— [Exit Servant.

Sir Robert Holl. I'll take my leave—at six we meet again. [Exit.

Mount. I shall not fail—

Re-enter Servant with Maria.

Your Bus'ness, Fair One?

Maria. When I shall tell the subject of my Errand,

Perhaps it may deserve Attention;
But I must request your privacy.

[Nods to the Servant, who exits.

Mount. You are obey'd--by Heaven a charming Creature!

Now speak your Measure, Madam.

Maria. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a Maid,

Who for some Years has ey'd your noble worth;
And tho' her Birth, nor Fortune can pretend
To merit that return, she long has sigh'd for,
Yet so her partial Destiny has order'd,
She still admires your Person and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitress, whither does this tend? [Aside.

Maria. With silence hitherto she has concealed
The faucy Flame, oft strove to stifle it;
Yet rather than her Folly should be known,
She let it prey upon the vital parts,
Hoping at last 'twould end her hapless days,
And her ambitious Love dye unrevealed.

Mount. That was unkindly done, she could not doubt Success,
When she had one so fair to plead her Cause.

Maria. The Disproportion is so great between
ye,
That she must still despair, and still love on.
Fortune has placed her, where you most abhor:
Diseases, Infamy, or Death itself,

You

You would not shun with more precipit haste,
 If I should Name the Person, yet even there,
 Amidst the toil and anguish of her life,
 A happy Moment did present it self,
 To make her be the lucky Messenger
 Of health to you, tho' she must ever linger.

Mount. I'll spare the trouble of your blushes,
 Lady;

For I've a Soul so tender of the Sex,
 Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love,
 As shall prevent the Torture of Confession,
 And do you Justice.

(Takes her by the Hand, which she pulls from him.)

Maria. You wrong your Judgment, and you
 censure ill:

I came not hither, Sir, on that Account:
 No loose Desires, the Product of ill Blood,
 Can blast the Reputation of my Life:
 My Honour guards me from that Infamy;
 But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
 And bring a Secret of great Importance,
 The Service possibly may merit Pity;
 Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer —
 Come, wave this Woman's Method to allure us;
 You're safe and secret here—none can disturb us:
 And I will give you such Returns of Love;
 Such hearty Proof, thou shalt be soon convin'd,
 Tho' it be Infant born, it Rivals thine.

Maria. Away! — How have I err'd! Are all
 Men thus?

Thus full of Guilt?—My Senses do recover,
 And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms ———
 Read that ——— [*Gives a Paper.*] for I must
 leave you——oh, my Heart!

If thou wou'd'st be my Friend, beat faster on,
 And force thy Passage thro' these feeble Walls.

Mount. Yet stay——what have I here?
 By all that's Sacred! peremptory Orders
 For my Destruction! *Mortimer's* Hand to't!
 How came she by this?——Now, I recollect;

She

She told me that her Fate had fix'd her where
I shou'd detest the Naming, if I knew it.
It must be so——well my Deliverer,
I thank you ——hy my Honour, I'm sincere!
This Scroll which thou hast given speaks thy
Kindness,

And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place
Of thy Abode be with the worst of Men.
Nor will I lag in making a Return,

[Offers Money, which she refuses.

Tho' at the present I am lost in Thought.

Maria. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End.
If you apply this Caution
To the right Use, you may escape the Snare;
But if you slight it, then I know the worst;
For tho' I am no suitable Companion
In Life, yet in the Grave, we undistinguished
May mingle Ashes, tho' our Souls ^{are} distant.

Mount. You must not leave me? I have much
to say.

The Injury I have done you by suspicion,
When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
I must atone.

Maria. This Language do's not suit my humble
Character;
Nor is it noble to despise my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my hopes of Credit I am real!
There's something from thy Eyes hath shot my
Soul,

And I could gaze for ever on such Goodness.

Maria. Alas! my Lord, my Wishes stoop to fear:
Your Dignity and Honour intervene.

Mount. What will not Gratitude with Love
conjoin'd,
Remove? tell me no more of Honour, Dignity:
When Charms like thine appear, all must give
place.

Maria. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble
one,
Whose Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead.

Men

Men spoke him brave, if Loyalty can plead
In his behalf—'twas Colonel Stapleton.

Mort. Thou charm'st me more —————

Loyalty's a Jem
Fit for a Prince's Crown.

I knew thy Father; gallant, worthy, Man!
His Suffering was remarkable and noble;
And thou art, Fair One, richer sprung from that,
Than had a Traytor, blest'd with Millions, got
thee————

I'll to the King, and will acquaint him with thy
Goodness.

SCENE changes to Serjeant Eitherfide's.

Enter Mortimer and Eitherfide.

Mort. Thy Patent's ready——the Queen and I
have thought thee deserving of it.

Serj. Oh, Lord! how shall I speak my Gratitude
for such heav'nly Goodness! — A Lord Chief Ju-
stice! Lud! I can't contain my self.

Mort. But the other Affair must be done to
Night.

Serj. To Night must it be done?

Mort. This Night, the Queen's gone to her
Son,
Who is in Council with these Men we've men-
tion'd.

'At dead of Night the Guards shall seize 'em all;
And when they once are Pris'ners see you take
care,

That nothing frees 'em but an Ax. or Gibbet.

Serj. But pray, what Evidence has your Lord-
ship against 'em?

Mort. Dull wretch! Have I against them?
Law and Religion sure are uselels grown,
When Priests want vouchers, or a Judge infor-
mers.

Think of the management in *Edward's Tryal*,
And give these Lords his Fate.

Serj.

Serj. Well, well, my Lord, their Business shall be done.

Mort. Or they'll do ours—I know their Subtleties ;
They're silent Setters all, and close ;
Not apt to quest, and give their Quarry Notice—
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Destruction.

Serj. Fear not my Diligence in dispatching an Enemy ;
but 'twould do well to get the Queen to pass an Order
under the Broad-seal for the speedy removing 'em to *London*,
and let her Son be kept here 'till they're dispatch'd.

Mort. It shall be done—Is there ought else ?

Serj. That's all—and I'll send up my Creatures before-
hand to purchase a Jury for them. As for Evidence,
there are poor Rogues in Abundance, and the larger the
Bribe, the stronger the Oath—so adieu, my Lord ! You'll
find *Maria* in her own Room I reckon by this—I hope
she'll divert your Lordship in the mean-time—Oh,
Lud ! Chief Justice !

[Exit.

Mort. What a Bundle of Self-Interest art thou !—
Tho' I love it in myself, I wonder at it in others—
Well, now sure, I have nothing to fear either from her
Resistance, the surprize of a saucy Interruption, or my
own Impotency ; but may revel safely 'till the destin'd
Hour, that always raises me to Sov'reignty.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to the Palace, discovers the King,
Leicester, Mountacute, Berkley, Sir Tho. Dela-
more, Holland and Exeter, at Council.

King. What will ye farther ? This Scroll of *Mounta-
cute's*

Fully expresses the dire Fiend's Design.

Leicest. Time must suit the rest—
Nor may we trifle dangerous Distempers :
If they not meet a sudden Opposition,
They baffle all Prescription when too late,
And render Physick useless.

Exeter. 'Tis thoroughly advised—pursue it, Sir.

Sir Tho. Dela. Your murder'd Father, whom we
oft' admonish'd,
Nay, told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,
Laugh'd at our Cautions : Sir, you must be careful,
Or all is lost beyond Recovery.

Exeter. If you persist in what you seem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it ;
But if the Queen should change you, farewell Power !
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill :

We are content to fall, if you are so.

King. I will observe Directions; weigh each Word;
Not vary from a Tittle——My Safety
Is with yours, as yours with mine, united.
Sure never Prince was sav'd from greater Hazards,
Under the specious Shew of Zeal to serve me.
What must I call you? Friends! that Name's too poor;
But yet a Friend will venture wond'rous Things,
When what we love is compass'd round with Danger.
Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am blest'd with.
(*Within*) I must acquaint the Prince, e'er I admit your
Queen. Traitor! (Majesty.)

Enter a Waiter, driven in by the Queen.

King. What means this Noise?

*They all rise, she walks round 'em, comes to the
Front and speaks.*

Queen. The Rumour then is true! I find it now;
But I much wonder, Ye audacious Men,
That Ye assemble here without my Leave;
You who had fell, and justly for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Lives.
Has Mercy harden'd your presumptuous Hearts?
Or are you past Reproof?

Sir Tho. Delam. Madam, what we have done——

Queen. There is a better Man to answer me
Than *Delamore*, thou Usher to these Schoolmen,
Who in their Absence sets my Son such Lessons.

Mount. Then since your Majesty——

Queen. Boys I could never listen to——
Go, prattle with my Page.

Leicest. If I may speak——

Queen.——Age is a Changling,
And languishes for Hospitals——You Sirs! I speak
To *Exeter* and *Berkley*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks; who sent for you?
Be brief, and answer justly, as ye love your Lives.

Berk. That we esteem our Lives is very plain:
Our Care o'th' King confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Proposals, solve his Questions,
And, to the utmost of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preserve the King in Grandeur, Peace and Safety.

Queen.

Queen. The King!

Exeter. The King: to whom your Majesty's no Stran-
Being so near related. (ger,

Queen. Unheard of Insolence! Why, who am I?

Exeter. His Mother.

Queen. Traytor! there is another Title due to me.

Exeter. None that we know of.

Queen. Thou ly'st:

And I will stamp the Falshood down thy Throat—
Unthankful Boy! how can'st thou suffer this,
And hear thy Mother talk'd so to by Slaves?

King. Madam, your Passion makes their Duty stagger:
You use 'em not like Noblemen, but Pedants.

Tho' Subjects, they have no Dependence on us;
And Majesty's adorn'd, and serv'd by them,
Much more than is at all times fit to own.

'Tis true they are not safe but under Kings;
Nor can Kings flourish but by such Assistance.

Queen. Indeed, Sir! You are grown a Disputant,
And jabber Politicks most learnedly!—

Thou Tool, thou Instrument of Self-Destruction!
Do'st think these State-Worms mean thee further Good,
Than what may serve to introduce their Own?

I tell Thee, Counsellours are all alike,
And Princes know no More than they think fitting;
So whilst his Glory does not injure Theirs,
They are content they may grow great together.

Berk. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd elsewhere:
Where Power's unjustly us'd by sad Permission.

We have no Ends or Aim, but the King's Safety.
'Tis true, so far our own depends upon't:

The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People;
And as the Lamb flies from the Wolf to him
That guards the Flock, so we seek Refuge here.

Life's all we hope for; indeed Life's all in all;
And 'tis so sweet, that all are fond to save it.

King. Madam, in short, I am of Age to govern,
And here assume the Right my Father left me.

These I have chose to be my worthy Guides;
This I resolve, and strait will make it good.

Queen. Have I no Place? Am I a Cypher grown?
Will none afford a Place for Dignity?

King. Accept of mine.

Queen. No ; this may serve your Mother : [*Sits down at the End of the Table by Leicester.*
I will sit here, with this good Man's Allowance.
Come, I'll be govern'd too——Pray, be my Friends,
As well as his for once.

Exeter. Nay, Madam, this we must not suffer neither.
[*They all retire from the Table.*

Queen. What am I left alone ?
Am I infectious ? Dare none sit near the Plague ?
Ungracious Boy ! Is this thy filial Love ?
This the Return for all the Pangs and Throws
I suffer'd at thy Birth ? This the Reward
For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,
Which through thy sickly Infancy possess'd me,
When many a weary Night bereft of Rest,
I've slumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd
My own hard Fate ? Now, it proves so indeed :
I've nurs'd a Viper, given an Adder Warmth ;
Which, being grown to Strength, forgets its Parent,
And covets preying on her Entrails—O ! monstrous Crime !

King. Nay, Mother, Mother ——

Exeter. Be not caught, Sir ; these Tears, like those
of Syrens,
Entice you but to leap to sure Destruction.

Queen. Must he alone have Credit ? Am I nothing ?
Return e'er 'tis too late, I do conjure thee !
By all the Comforts thou hast e'er receiv'd ;
By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,
Attend my Pray'rs, and throw th'evenom'd Robe
Off from thy Person e'er the Poison fix,
Or else thou art lost for ever.

Sir Tho. Dela. Oh, Sir, be steady, or you ruin all !

King. I must retire, or I shall melt to Folly——
Madam, I'm indispos'd, and must withdraw.

Queen. Come hither, Child, and rest upon my Bosom :
I'll hush thy Cares, and quiet thy Disturbers,
As when I lull'd thee first.

Exeter. Away, Sir.

Queen. My Son.

Ferk. Be deaf, Sir.

Queen. Edward, my only Edward, hear thy Mother.

King. Force me away, if you regard my Glory.

Mount. That shan't be wanting. [*They force him away.*

[*Exeunt all but Queen.*

Queen.

The Fall of MORTIMER.

49

Queen. My Child! my Comfort! Darling! Prop of Life!——

I shall grow mad—I find the Furies seize me—
My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire.—
Come, then, Revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,
And let me gorge my rav'nous Appetite.
Inspire me *Nemesis*, thou subtlest Fury;
Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,
And make me Masculine in my Attempts.
Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage?
Why should not I, for I have Cause prodigious?
Nature for ever here I banish Thee:
Remorse and Conscience, Pity, all Farewell;
Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE *The Castle.*

Enter Mortimer and Maria, dress'd fine.

Mort. A Y, my Charmer!——
Now thou look'st like what thou art,
But what thou shalt be the Event must tell.
Thou shalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt; have a
greater Court than the Queen, and be greater than her
in Effect, as I am in Effect than the King? for I who
command this Nation, am commanded by thee.

Maria. But, my Lord——

Mort. Not a Word more——I expect the Queen every
Moment; and when this Night is over, all the rest of
my Nights and Days shall be at thy Devotion——Give
thy Uncle this (*giving a Paper*) 'tis a Commission to take
the Lives of Six rank, stubborn, loyal Rogues, &c.
who, when dispatch'd.——

Maria. Are they Your Lordship's Enemies?

Mort. I know not what Prejudice they have to my
Person, but they're Enemies to my Interest; and that's
a Statesman's Cause at all Times——There's *Mounta-*
cute, Delamore, Holland; (*Whispers*)——What a
Feast will there be for the Hangman! but go, Love, go
—I feel Temptation creeping upon Me, and it is not pro-
per at this Time to fall under it.

Maria.

Maria. No, Villain No!

Their Fates shall be revers'd—if this can plead,
It falls curst *Mortimer* on thy own Head. (*Aside*) [*Exit.*

Mort. In what a comfortable Manner shall I spend the
latter Part of my Life!

Now, Fears begone—The noble Treason's sign'd,
And seal'd—Now, *Edward*, I will mount thy Throne.

By Heav'n, she was so Eager in her Vengeance,
She never read the Mischief, she has granted.

Oh, how she rav'd! Cursing her Son and Peers,
Resolving not to rest without Revenge.

Enter Queen.

Queen. How you dispatch'd the Paper, which I sign'd?

Mort. I have;

And these couch'd Lyons, who shrink-up their Claws,
Thinking to grasp our Lives with firm Security,
Fall in our Toil this Night.

I have Intelligence your Son has summon'd
His trusty, loyal Lords to Sup with him;
So when they're careless in their Luxury,
We'll bolt upon 'em with such sure Destruction,
Nor *Edward*, nor the World shall rescue 'em.

Queen. He rescue them! Why he, with Them, must
For what avails the Carnage without Him? (fall;

Mort. 'Tis true indeed; by Halves 'twere doing Busi-
The Rebel-Lords have written, and dispers'd (ness—
A Proclamation in young *Edward's* Name,

In which he does convene a Parliament
To Meet the following Month at *Salisbury*;
There to Debate on proper Means and Ways,
How to secure the Nation's future Peace;
But if this noble Resolution's held,

It puts us past the Fear of all their Malice.

Queen. By me it shall—A Parliament! Presumption!
He shall repent his Disobedience, foolish Boy!

His Learned Council too shall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbets, Racks, severest Tortures
Can be produc'd sufficient for their Number.

Mort. Think they, dull Souls, they shall Eclipse your
Think they we'll Fall a publick Spectacle (Glory?
To every mean-soul'd Villain?

No, like the Sun, in it's full Noon of Light,
Still shall you Shine—too strong for vulgar Gaze.

Queen.

Queen, We Thank thy Zeal; but hasten Execution—
We must not dally precious Hours away.

Mort. Madam, I cringe me to your great Command—
With the Chief-Justice strait, I'll hold Discourse—
The Result shall be told your Majesty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Market Place.

Enter Citizens and Mob.

1st Mob. No wonder we are as we are, if all this be true.

2d Mob. Why, ay, truly; what's the Nation the better for Him?

Bumper. That's a great deal Worse for Him, Neighbour; but He's a great Deal the Better for That.

Oldstie. So he well may, when he has stripp'd the Tree of all it's Fruit.

Felt. Which I'm affraid will never Blossom again.

Bumper. Not while he has the Care of it, at least.

1st Mob. But Hearn ye me—the Scots did not use to be so ready for Peace.

2d Mob. No indeed—no more they did.

Bumper. Why, here it is—put the Case now any One had abused You, and call'd you Son of a Whore; and to Salve-up the Sore, he had given you a good round Sum, you'd stand his Friend upon a Pinch, wou'd not ye, tho' you were never sturdy before?

1st Mob. Ay, marry, wou'd I, as long as I found the good Marks coming in.

Bumper. But if at any Time he should stop Payment—What then?

1st Mob. What then! Oh, Faith! I'd soon bully him into better Haviours.

Bumper. Then, I find, to have your Friendship, One must Pay you well for't.

1st Mob. To be sure—especially when I know my Chap won't Fight?

Bumper. But if by chance he were brave and wou'd Fight?

1st Mob. Then perhaps I'd have a Knock with Him, or perhaps Not, and there wou'd be an End on't.

Bumper. So then 'tis only your Cowards come off by the Lec?

All. Only Your Cowards.

1st Mob. But they say the French won't like this Peace.

Bumper.

Bumper. Oh, Hang 'em! they're cunning Foxes—
If Truth were known, I warrant they're at the Bottom
of it—their Chops Water at some beautiful Spot of
Ground, or other.—Odsso! here's my good Lord *Moun-*
tacute—Stand one Side—perhaps weshall hear how
Things go.

Enter Mountacute.

Mount. What can I less for this my fair Preserver,
Than make her Mistress of the Life she saves?
Nor has she, virtuous Maid, fav'd only Mine:
The worthiest Nobles, nay, the King himself,
Are in her Debt—Oh, how I Love Thee for't!
By Heaven!

It gains Thee more Possession in my Heart,
Than had an Age of formal Vows been paid.

But who are these?—Oh! some Citizens assembled
—it's opportune—I'll disclose the foul, the monstrous
Design of *Mortimer*—'Twill compleat their Hatred.—
Friends and Countrymen, how do ye?

All. As well as can be Expected these hard Times.

Mount. What is no Trade stirring then? Have you
Nothing to Do?

All. Nothing—Nothing—

Mount. I'm sorry for't—it did not use to be so.

Oldstie. A sad Change truly, my Lord.

Mount. The more's the Pity.

Felt. But fare it will be otherwise anon?

Mount. It shan't be wanting on my Part to make it so.

All. God blefs You, my Lord, and send a Few like
your Lordship.

Bumper. Why, my Lord I was telling my Fellow-
Citizens of a Way just now, that wou'd soon mend the
Times, bad as they are.

Mount. As how, prithee, *Bumper*?

Bumper. Oh, very easy, my Lord—Why, as I take
it, the Nation's at present much upon a Foot with Wine
that's upon the Sour, which, when it comes to that, shou'd
be clapt into a fresh Hogshhead, with other Ingredients to
bring it to it's self again.

1st Mob. Ay, the Hogshhead should be chang'd, as you
say, else 'twill go near to sour the Nation.

Bumper. Yet some People will tell you it is not so
much as foul, and too clean for such as us.

1st Mob. Do they so? but 'tis not for Me then? and
I reckon myself to have as good a Taste as Mr. Any-
Body |

Frame.

Frame. Well, but I don't hear you say, who's to make this same new Hogshhead ?

Bumper. Why, the King's Cooper should; but he's for having it serve some Time longer.

1st Mob. Then, if he won't, we must—don't tell me, we are not Slaves yet.

Mount. Bravely said, my Friend—You ought not to be so; nor shall you be reduced to it, tho' *Mortimer* by his vile Artifices, is contriving your Bonds as fast as he can. He sticks at Nothing to accomplish his wicked Purposes: Even now, I saw a Commission under the great Seal to dispatch Six of Us.

All. Abominable!

Mount. Nay, the King too is not spar'd; He's to be among the Number.

All. Vengeance!

Mount. I'm now going to impart this Discovery to the King, when a Remedy will be proposed to give new Life to our declining State. If you love your Country therefore, this is the Time you must struggle to set it free, or never. I expect this from your Zeal and Loyalty, that you'll all be ready to back this Design by surrounding the Castle.

All. All. All.

Mount. And that immediately—we must lose no Time.

All. We'll lose our Lives for King and Country.

Mount. I thank you, Countrymen, in the Name of Both, and am glad to find the old *English* Spirit is not lost among you—Come, let me conduct ye——

All. We follow—No *Mortimer*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to Serjeant Etheridge's.

Mort. You have receiv'd the Commission I sent by my Neice you say ?

Serj. I have, and these wise Counsellors shall learn me their Politicks— I'll smook 'em.——

Mort. But Hark ye, my Lord!
Suppose when we have lopp'd these Branches off,
The Trunk remains from whence will grow fresh Mischiefs?
I find the Boy is fond of sovereign Sway;
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majesty:
His Soul is turn'd to absolute Prerogative,
And all his Confort strike that pleasing Air.

Serj. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him out of this Evil, and perhaps he'll take Care how he falls into the same Temptation again.

H

Mort.

Mort. Thou know'st him not :

He has a wayward Soul, and stubborn Temper ;
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother swell him,
With all his Father's possirive Revenge.
He affects a Mildness for the want of Power ;
But when he once has conquer'd his Restraint,
We must expect to pay for these Mens lives.

Serj. Nay, 'tis good to be sure, my Lord, that's certain ; and if I thought his Reign wou'd put an End to our's, Charity begins at Home, and I beg the young Prince's Pardon, I wou'd not tamely resign, I tell him that.

Mort. This Parliament that's summon'd will be Dangerous :
The Commons hate the Nobles, envy Us, [gerous :
And if we find not Means to curb these Measures,
We shall too late repent our Follies, *Either side*—
Our Heads, our Heads, must answer for our Actions.

Serj. Our Heads ! I'll send him to his Father first.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right — what say'st thou to another *Edvardum occidere Nolite timere, bonum est.*

Serj. Say to't ! why, he must have it. These Knaves dispatch'd, we shall not boggle at a greater Matter.

Mort. A decay'd Statesman is a wretched Thing !
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions, which prefer us,
And we have Flatterers too that thrive by us,
Power makes us Knaves—We're Honest out of Service ;
But when our Prince's Favours fall away,
Nothing so despicable, or unregarded ;
Therefore 'tis Policy, when once were in,
To finish by those Rules we did begin—
Then, let the Faction's 'gainst my Title roar,
I'll quickly quell Disputes, when once I've Sov, reign Power.

SCENE changes to the Palace. [Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Mountacute, Delamore, Holland, Exeter, and Leicester.

King. Was ever Treason so unnatural !
A Mother's Hand to sign her Son's Destruction !
Now I'm convinc'd who set my Father going.
Good Heav'n ! how much I owe you for this Safety,
And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it !
Oh, *Mountacute* ! I stand so much indebted,
I fear I want Rewards to recompence ;
Yet I'll consider till I've tir'd Thought
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.

Mount. You owe it the Virgin that preserv'd you, Sir :
Make her amends, my Duty is my Payment—

But,

But, Sir, resolve a-pace ; each Moment is important—
Your loyal Citizens impatient wait :

They cry with one accord away with *Mortimer*.

King. They shall be satisfy'd—We'll force the Castle—
Dela, Hold, Sir.

When I was Governor, I found a Place,
Which now may be of admirable use.
There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,
Whose dismal, rough, unshapen Way
Was surely torn with Hands by a dark Guefs ;
For 'tis so strange, no Light cou'd guide the Making.
'Twas wrought by Pris'ners sure for Liberty ;
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,
And has a Passage out just by the River,
There we must enter, and when we have reach'd the Jail,
the Part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer's*.

King, What follows *Delamore* ?

Dela. I'th' Cieling is a Place with rusty Bolts,
Which formerly no Doubt was a Trap-door ;
But for what use they best must know who made it.
This we may force, and so surprize the Villian.

Mount. 'Tis a good Stratagem.

King. Let's instantly about it then.

Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majesty,
With these good Lords and Me, secure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore* with a good Guard
Pass this same Vault ; and my Lord of *Leicester*
With a Party force the Guard on the Queen's side.

All but *King*—Prudently advis'd !

King. Each to his Task then—*Mortimer* we come ;
The Night begins my Reign, that Seals thy Doom.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to the Castle.

Enter Mob arm'd.

1st Mob. Hark ye, Neighbours, this is a woundy
strong Castle.

2^d Mob. Ay, Marry, we shall find a tough piece of
Work on't.

3^d Mob. Tough ! Why, an it were as tough as Neck
Beef, our weapons wou'd soon make it tender—
Tender as an *English* Man's Head now a-Days, as a Body
may say.

4th Mob. Right ! an the Castle were an enchanted
Castle, we'd make it smoak.

5th Mob. This Spit, let me tell you, shall do no small

Execution to Night : It shall run a Score or two of *Mortimer's* People thro' the Guts, and roast a good Pump of Beef afterwards.

6th Mob. You talk of your Spit ! why, this Pitch-fork, do you mind me, shall do a Hundred times as much : I'll make a Hay-Rick of the dead Bodies with it, as high as the Castle it self—I will.

7th Mob. But do you see this Sword ! this Sword shall do a Thousand times more than either your Spit or your Pitch-fork—'Tis true, I believe it has not been drawn ever since the last Battle of the Barons ; but when 'tis once drawn, the Enemy must stand clear—it kills all before it.

1st Mob. Good lack ! do's it so ? then, I'm sure, I'll take care to keep behind it.

2d Mob. Methinks 'tis pity to demolish so fine a piece of Workmanship, that has cost such a Mort of Money, and where there's such a many fine Things.

1st Mob. You say right, Neighbour ; we shou'd look before we leap. An I were to advise, we'd better stay, and see if this same *Mortimer* wou'd ease our Conditions a little.

5th Mob. Hang his Conditions ! This Spit, I tell you, shall get us roasted Conditions.

6th Mob. S'Death on all Flinchers ! I'll make Hay while the Sun shines, as the Saying is. [*Shaking his Pitch-fork.*]

7th Mob. What ! Draw, and put-up again without doing any thing ! No thank ye for that : no sham Fight : my Lord won't be bamboozled so neither—Those that don't like being for us, may be against us--No wheedling, d'ye see.

All but 1st } No Wheedling ! No wheedling !
and 2d Mob. }

1st Mob. Nay, Nay, an that be the Case, I've done [*advising.*]

2d Mob. And I too--But pray who's to command us ?

3d Mob. Command us ! who the Duce should a Mob ?

4th Mob. No, No, we won't be commanded--Master *Bumper* is to give us some Instructions from our Betters by and by, and we'll one and all be directed by him.

All. Ay, ay, one and all.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Now Neighbours, for the Honour of *England*—Now's the Time to shew your Mettle ; if you have any—Every Thing's ready for the push, and if you prove good Blood, you'll soon see this Castle and it's proud

proud Master both in our power.

5th Mob. Oh, rare! there will be the Plunder for you, my Boys!

6th Mob. Ay, then we shall Plunder the Plunderer; and I'm sure their's no Harm in that.

Bumper. As to that, I can't tell—That must be left to the King's good Pleasure—A great many Noble Families you know have been ruin'd by this same Mortimer's Knavery, and 'tis just they shou'd be serv'd first— as for us, I think to have our Liberties again is our best Reward.

All. Ay, Ay, Liberty, Liberty.

Bumper. Come then, Neighbours, follow Me— we are order'd to join Master Felt, and some other Well-wishers, met together at t'other Side of the Castle.

Let's to the last stand-up for Freedom's Cause;
For Freedom gone, farewell to all our Laws.

[Exeunt, saying, Stand-up, fight, die, Freedom, Liberty,
[Liberty.]

SCENE Changes to Mortimer's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Mortimer.

Queen. Are the Guards posted? All your Creatures
Is the Chief-Justice in a Murdering Vein? [stanch?

Mort. If by the Fools we judge a Master's Skill,
No Statesman sure cou'd boast a Set like Mine:
They are the true-born Sons of Villany:

They stick at Nought to serve their Master's Int'rest:
Or Treason, Murder, Rejicide, or Incest.

Queen. Ay, such as these besit our Purpose well:
They'll soon remove busy Politicians.

Mort. This Night ends all our Fears; and e'er the
Has gone her Race, they'll have our Enemies [Morn
In full Possession. Oh! then, my Queen,

Young snarling Mountacute, that hor-bred Boy,
And his old Counsellor, close Delamore
Shall smart—

[A clashing of Swords.

Ha! what means this Noise, my Guards? What! ho! —
Death! it grows louder— are they all engag'd?

Treason! Treason! [Enter Turrington bloody,
Why that dismal Object?

Turr. Shift for your self, Sir; all's betray'd and lost:
The King and Leicester have cut-off your Guards;
The City's at the Gates, and shout him King.

They cry out Vengeance for their ancient Rights;
By Mortimer infring'd— I can no more —

But that I have been Faithful, let this Witness. [Dies.

Queen. Oh, Heaven's what! what shall I do? Here
There is a Vault, that will convey Thee. [*Mortimer!*
Mountacute, Delamore and their Party come from
under the Stage——

Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a Place,
As safe as he design'dus!

Mort. Horror! and Hell!

Queen. Oh, spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son!

Mount. Madam, you're deceiv'd—He's not yet come.

Deba. Well, haughty *Mortimer*, what think'st thou now?

Mort. That I shall dye—thou'rt answer'd to thy Mind.

Queen. O, ye malicious Powers!

Mount. Blame not the Powers, Madam, they are just;
Nay, I may say, more just than he deserves,
Else he had felt the Fury of the Mob,
But we have spar'd him that Indignity.

Mort. I scorn thy Insolence!

And *Mountacute*, I'll fall so nobly,
That thou shalt loose thy Ends in my calm Suff'rance.

Enter King, Leicester, Holland, Exeter, and Serjeant
Either side Prisoner, and Guards. Mob hollowing
out for Mortimer.

King. Sieze the vile Traytor——hurry him down the
There let him groan till Day, and then he dies. [*Dungeon,*
[*Exit Mortimer, Mountacute, &c. guarded.*

Queen. Oh, spare him! banish him! but spare his Life!
Thy Mother pleads——

King. Thou Scandal of my Blood——
Remove the Queen.

Queen. the Queen! then, not thy Mother?
Oh, hear me!

King. I'm deaf——away——

Queen. May Heav'n forget thy Pray'rs when thou shalt
And may a Mother's Curse hang on thy Head. [*plead,*
[*Exit guarded.*

King. Now *Either side* for thee——
Thou Shame of Justice, what hast thou to say?

Serj. Nothing but beg for Mercy——If your Majesty
considers I have been but a Tool, and am not the first
that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions.

King. No——
The Nation must be satisfy'd, and thou must die.

Serj. Ay! I was damnably afraid *Mortimer* would not
die alone——I thought his Lordship would have a
Chief-Justice to make up his Equipage, that he might
swing in Figure.

Mountacute brings in Maria.

Mount. Now, Sir, I claim your Promise :
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to :
Her Birth you've been acquainted with,
And by what Means she was compell'd to live
With *Mortimer* ; and sure 'twas Providence
That plac'd her there for all our Benefits.
I beg her for my Wife.

King. She's yours ; and to make her welcome, I invest her with all *Mortimer's* Estate ; and you Viscount *Mountacute*, be Earl of *Salisbury*,

Mount. } Thus, let us thank your Majesty. (Both
& Maria. } kneel.)

King. Rise both.

Maria. No, Royal Sir, I have a Boon to beg :
That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one,
Nor has he acted ought whate'er was purpos'd ;
And since my being his, made me the Instrument
Of what's discover'd, I humbly would intreat.

King. Thou shalt not plead in vain—he's safe, and if he can be honest, we may in Time take Care of Him.

Serj. I humbly thank your Majesty, and will study to deserve this Mercy—I am not the first Knave that has turn'd Honest, when he found his Roguery would do him no Good.

King. My Lords of *Leicester*, *Exeter*, *Delamare*,
And *Holland*, and all, shall share our Favours.
May you continue as you have begun.
The Parliament's at Hand : if they encourage me,
As I expect, they shall be satisfy'd
How much I love them.

All. Doubt not their Duty, Sir.

King. To *Scotland* first will I an Army lead,
And check the growing Mischiefs that are spread :
That done, to *France* in Person will I go :
The *Flow'r-de-luce* shall to the *Lyon* bow :
If my good Commoners are kind and free,
I'll lose my own, or fix their Liberty.
Long have they born Infringments on their Laws ;
A wicked, worthless, Minister the Cause !
His Views no farther than himself extend,
And center'd in Himself, with his base Being end.
A King on nobler Principles should move :
His People's Good He should with Care improve,
And leave his latest Heirs rich in his Subjects Love.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MULLART.

GALLANTS! you've seen how in King Edward's Days,
What wond'rous Courage Liberty could raise!
Tho' weak, oppress'd; yet, when provok'd too long,
She gives convincing Proofs her Arm is strong.
If e'er she fears, 'tis when she's like to sink
By formidable Dash of Pen and Ink.
The Bully-Politician all defy'd;
But a few honest Men took down his Pride.
Was MORTIMER so vain! Did he suppose
By little Shifts on Freedom to impose?
Could nothing serve his ravenous Appetite,
But that delicious Bit—a Nation's Right?
Thought he by Arbitrary Sway to rule,
And make an English Parliament his Tool?
Thought he his glitt'ring Ornaments would plead,
And save the Danger of his Neck and Head?
A Hempen Collar's always to be had:
That makes no Diff'rence 'twixt good Clothes and bad.
But Thanks to Heav'n, those wicked Times are gone;
No MORTIMER wants now to rule alone.
Our Blessed Ministers the Charm despise,
Because they are profoundly Good and Wise.
The blund'ring He, a mad-brain'd Mob to please,
Struck up a shameful, and more mad-brain'd Peace.
How long it lasted, I leave you to guess—
I think a Twelvemonth, neither more, nor less;
Tho' to secure it, he gave up that Scroll,
We find in Story, call'd the Ragman-roll.
We, by superior Skill, hold Peace so fast!
So very firm! it must for ever last.
No Restitution's in the present Case:
Our Steps so cautious, yet so swift our Pace,
We're never hindmost in the Treaty-Race.
Then, as for Trade—the Losses we've sustain'd,
By glorious Stipulation are regain'd.
Nor did we first receive to pay the more,
But 'twas concerted on a nobler Score:
Without one Florin, or one Guinea paid
On either Side, the Mutual League was made.



