Byam Martin Davies

Wm Mackay

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Elizabeth Frances Strachey

August 30th 1724

The DRAMATICK WORKS OF *John Dryden*, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The STATE *of* INNOCENCE, *and the* FALL *of* MAN.

AURENGE-ZEBE: *Or, the* GREAT MOGUL.

ALL *for* LOVE: *Or, the World well Lost.*

LIMRERHAM: *Or, the* KIND-KEEPER.

OEDIPUS.

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

THE

State of Innocence,

AND

FALL *of* MAN.

AN

OPERA.

Written in Heroick VERSE.

-------Utinam modò dicere possem
Carmina digna Deâ: Certe est Dea Carmine digna.
Ovid. Met.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd, by a Deſire of Fame, to a Deſire of Pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently join'd in the Perſon of Your Royal Highneſs, that it were not eaſie for any, but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the

other. But I confess, Madam, I am already byas'd in my Choice: I can easily resign to others the Praise of Your Illustrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long continu'd Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Historians of your Country, the Names of so many Generals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of those which you are to produce for the *British* Chronicle. I can yield, without Envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Este*, to which *Ariosto* and *Tasso* have ow'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems: But I could not without extream Reluctance resign the Theme of your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am Jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Dishonour to you, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, you have inspir'd one Man to give it Voice. But with whatsoever Vanity this new Honour of being your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confess my self too weak for the Inspiration; the Priest was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breast: He labour'd with the sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Mystery left behind, than Divinity it self could enable him to express. I can but discover a Part of your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the Measure of my own Weakness. Like those who have survey'd the Moon by Glasses, I can only tell of a new and shining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of your Greatness, to resign my self to the Contemplation of what

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is more peculiarly yours. Greatneſs is indeed communicated to ſome few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compaſs: 'Tis only in your Sex, 'tis not ſhar'd by many, and its Supreme Perfection is in you alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot Flatter: You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind: For all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently beſt. The Prize of Beauty was diſputed only till you were ſeen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the ſecond Place. Even the faireſt of our Iſland (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cauſe againſt you, to the Suffrage of thoſe who moſt partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Juſtice to ſo much Excellence, in ſetting it ſo high to publick View: Or, rather Providence has done Juſtice to it ſelf, in placing the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been ſeated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted ſo much of his Praiſe, as he had made your Condition more obſcure. But he has plac'd you ſo near a Crown, that you add a Luſtre to it by your Beauty. You are join'd to a Prince who only could deſerve you: Whoſe Conduct, Courage, and Succeſs in War, whoſe Fidelity to his Royal Brother, whoſe Love for his Country, whoſe Conſtancy to his Friends, whoſe Bounty to his Servants, whoſe Juſtice to Merit, whoſe inviolable Truth, and whoſe Magnanimity in all his Actions, ſeem to have been rewarded by Heav'n by the Gift of you. You are never ſeen but you are bleſt: And I am ſure

you bleſs all thoſe who ſee you. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold you: And you are ſo much the Buſineſs of our Souls, that while you are in ſight, we can neither look nor think on any elſe. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are preſent, and the reſt of your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill your Triumph. Our Sight is ſo intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leiſure even to praiſe you: For Language ſeems too low a thing to expreſs your Excellence; and our Souls are ſpeaking ſo much within, that they deſpiſe all foreign Converſation. Every Man, even the Dulleſt, is thinking more than the moſt Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midſt of Crouds you reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepeſt Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, you are above all mortal Wiſhes: No Man deſires Impoſſibilities, becauſe they are beyond the reach of Nature: To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madneſs: But by the Laws of our Creation we are oblig'd to adore him; and are permitted to love him too, at human Diſtance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It ſtrikes an Impreſſion of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Paſſion. 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorets find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity ſhines upon them; That which makes them deſpiſe all worldly Objects, and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are ſeldom viſited from above; but a ſingle Viſion ſo tranſports them, that it makes up the Happineſs of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often:

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It finds them in the Eagerneſs and Height of their Devotion, they are ſpeechleſs for the Time that it continues, and proſtrate and dead when it departs. That Ecſtaſie had need be ſtrong, which without any End, but that of Admiration, has Power enough to deſtroy all other Paſſions. You render Mankind inſenſible to other Beauties; and have deſtroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the Seat of his Dominion. You have ſubverted (may I dare to accuſe you of it) even our Fundamental Laws; and Reign abſolute over the Hearts of a ſtubborn and free-born People, tenacious almoſt to Madneſs of their Liberty. The brighteſt and moſt victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects: If they may be ſaid to be revolted, whoſe Servitude is not accepted: For your Royal Highneſs is too Great, and too Juſt a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if ſome few among the Multitude continue ſtedfaſt to their firſt Pretenſions, 'tis an Obedience ſo luke-warm and languiſhing, that it merits not the Name of Paſſion: Their Addreſſes are ſo faint, and their Vows ſo hollow to their Sovereigns, that they ſeem only to maintain their Faith, out of a Senſe of Honour: They are aſham'd to deſiſt, and yet grow Careleſs to obtain. Like deſpairing Combatants, they ſtrive againſt you as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much brightneſs: They can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Deſtiny in your Eyes.

Splende lo Scudo a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non è tanto lucente:

Cader

Cader in terra a lo splendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e senza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my self the Power to leave this Argument of your incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppress me with its Greatness. For your Conjugal Virtues have deserv'd to be set as an Example, to a less-degenerate, less-tainted Age. They approach so near to Singularity in ours, that I can scarcely make a Panegyric to your Royal Highness, without a Satyr on many others: But your Person is a Paradise, and your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellence of the Outside invite the Beholders, the Majesty of your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches; and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by you in the softer Sex: As if Men were of too coarse a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be cast to likeness in so harsh a Metal. Your Person is so admirable, that it can scarce receive Addition, when it shall be glorify'd: And your Soul, which shines thorough it, finds it of a Substance so near her own, that she will be pleas'd to pass an Age within it, and to be confin'd to such a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought, and purpos'd to have celebrated those Endowments and Qualities of your Mind, which were sufficient, even without the Graces of your Person, to render you, as you are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to Three Kingdoms: But all my Praises are but as a Bull-rush cast upon a Stream; if they sink not, 'tis because they are born up by

the

the Strength of the Current, which supports their Lightness; but they are carry'd round again, and return on the Eddy where they first began. I can proceed no farther than your Beauty: And even on that too, I have said so little, considering the Greatness of the Subject that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praise falls back, by the Weakness of the Delivery, or stays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is lost on the other Side. I intended this a Dedication, but how can I consider what belongs to my self, when I have been so long contemplating on you! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this Poem, without Intitling so much Excellency as yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of so mean a Writer: And instead of being favourable to the Piece, which Merits nothing, forgive the Presumption of the Author; who is, with all possible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, most Humble,

most Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

To Mr. *DRYDEN*, on his Poem of Paradise.

Forgive me, awful Poet, if a Muse,
Whom artless Nature did for Plainness chuse,
In loose Attire presents her humble Thought,
Of this best Poem, that you ever wrought.
This fairest Labour of your teeming Brain
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry stain;
Something I wou'd to your vast Virtue raise,
But scorn to dawb it with a fulsome Praise;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And shew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard, your Fame a little owes,
For Milton *did the wealthy Mine disclose,*
And rudely cast what you cou'd well dispose:
He roughly drew, on an old fashion'd Ground,
A Chaos, for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap, your mighty Genius shin'd;
He was the Golden Ore which you refin'd.
He first beheld the Beauteous rustic Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence: To Court this Virgin brought,
Dreſt her with Gemms, new weav'd her hard-spun Thought,
And softest Language, sweetest Manners taught:
Till from a Comet she a Star did rise,
Not to affright, but please our wondring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a nobler Piece,
Than e're was drawn in Italy *or* Greece.
Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls dost bring,
As smiling Gods, from sullen Saturn *spring.*
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,
Which serves the dreadful Shadows to display,
That vanish at the rising of the Day;

But

But then bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
And the World looks as it were newly born.
So when your Sense his mystick Reason clear'd,
The melancholy Scene all gay appear'd;
New Light leapt up, and a new Glory smil'd,
And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
Which various Fancy did so gawdy gild,
And Judgment has with solid Riches fill'd,
My humbler Muse begs she may Centry stand,
Amongst the rest that guard this Eden *Land.*
But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conspire
Thy Praise, and hating thee, thy Work admire.
On then, O mightiest of th' inspired Men,
Monarch of Verse; new Theams employ thy Pen.
The Troubles of Majestick CHARLES *set down,*
Not David *vanquish'd more to reach a Crown:*
Praise him, as Cowley *did that* Hebrew *King,*
Thy Theam's as great, do thou as greatly sing.
Then thou mayst boldly to his Favour rise,
Look down, and the base Serpent's hiss despise,
From thund'ring Envy safe in Lawrel sit,
While clam'rous Criticks their vile Heads submit,
Condemn'd for Treason at the Bar of Wit.

NAT. LEE.

THE

The AUTHOR's

APOLOGY

For Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

TO ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who will give themſelves the trouble of reading the enſuing Poem, I think my ſelf oblig'd to render them a Reaſon, why I publiſh an *Opera* which was never acted. In the firſt place I ſhall not be aſham'd to own, that my chiefeſt Motive was, the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epiſtle. I was deſirous to lay at the Feet of ſo Beautiful and Excellent a Princeſs, a Work which I confeſs was unworthy her, but which I hope ſhe will have the Goodneſs to forgive. I was alſo induc'd to it in my own Defence: Many hundred Copies of it being diſpers'd abroad without my Knowledge or Conſent: So that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel againſt me; and I ſaw, with ſome Diſdain, more Nonſenſe than either I, or as bad a Poet, could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning, in which time 'twas wholly Written, and not ſince Revis'd. After this, I cannot without Injury to the deceas'd

Author

Author of *Paradise Lost*, but acknowledge that this Poem has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Design, and many of the Ornaments, from him. What I have borrow'd, will be so easily discern'd from my mean Productions, that I shall not need to point the Reader to the places: And, truly, I should be sorry, for my own sake, that any one should take the Pains to compare them together: The Original being undoubtedly, one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime Poems, which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And though I could not refuse the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleased to commend me in his Verses, I hope they will rather be esteem'd the Effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and sober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleases: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will hear of his Kindness from many of our Contemporaries. For, we are fallen into an Age of illiterate, censorious, and detracting People, who thus qualified, set up for Criticks.

In the first place I must take leave to tell them, that they wholly mistake the Nature of Criticism, who think its Business is principally to find Fault. Criticism, as it was first instituted by *Aristotle*, was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefest part of which is, to observe those Excellencies which should delight a reasonable Reader. If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a Poem, be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry, the Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to snarl at the little lapses of a Pen, from which *Virgil* himself stands not exempted. *Horace* acknowledges that honest *Homer* nodds sometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it also as a standing Measure for our Judgments,

——Non, Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.——

And

And *Longinus*, who was undoubtedly, after *Aristotle*, the greatest Critick amongst the *Greeks*, in his twenty seventh Chapter περὶ ὕψους, has judiciously preferr'd the sublime Genius that sometimes errs, to the middling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but seldom or never rises to any Excellence. He compares the first to a Man of large Possessions, who has not leisure to consider of every slight Expence, will not debase himself to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or spar'd to the greatest Advantage in his Oeconomy: But are sometimes suffer'd to run to waste, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other side, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream Frugality, or rather Parsimony: But who with fear of running into Profuseness, never arrives to the magnificence of Living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly. A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Solœcism or Barbarism, judges to a Hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written: And never hazards himself so far as to fall: But plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is sure to put his Staff before him: in short, he sets his Heart upon it; and with wonderful Care makes his Business sure: That is, in plain *English*, neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd——I could, says my Author, find out some Blemishes in *Homer*: And am perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be disgusted at a Fault as another Man: But, after all, to speak impartially, his Failings are such, as are only Marks of Human Frailty: They are little Mistakes, or rather Negligences, which have escap'd his Pen in the fervor of his Writing; the Sublimity of his Spirit carries it with me against his Carelessness; And though *Apollonius* his *Argonautes*, and *Theocritus* his *Eidullia*, are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of so false a Judgment, who would chuse rather to have been *Apollonius* or *Theocritus*, than *Homer*.

'Tis worth our Consideration, a little to examine how much these *Hypercriticks* of *English* Poetry, differ from the Opinion

Opinion of the *Greek* and *Latin* Judges of Antiquity: From the *Italians* and *French* who have ſucceeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taſte and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been eſteem'd, and ever will be, the greateſt Work of human Nature: In that Rank has *Ariſtotle* plac'd it, and *Longinus* is ſo full of the like Expreſſions, that he abundantly confirms the others Teſtimony. *Horace* as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly Praiſes *Homer* in theſe Verſes.

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, Maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:
Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another Place modeſtly excluding himſelf from the Number of Poets, becauſe he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is ſuch an one,

——Cui mens Divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum.

Quotations are ſuperfluous in an eſtabliſh'd Truth: Otherwiſe I could reckon up amongſt the Moderns, all the *Italian* Commentators on *Ariſtotle*'s Book of Poetry; and amongſt the *French*, the greateſt of this Age, *Boileau* and *Rapin*: The latter of which is alone ſufficient, were all other Criticks loſt, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that Poetry in general, which is to Inſtruct and to Delight; what Actions it deſcribes, and what Perſons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the Attempt, but admirable when 'tis well performed. I write not this with the leaſt Intention to undervalue the other Parts of Poetry: For Comedy is both excellently Inſtructive, and extreamly Pleaſant: Satyr laſhes Vice into Reformation, and

and Humor represents Folly, so as to render it ridiculous. Many of our present Writers are eminent in both these kinds; and particularly the Author of the *Plain Dealer*, whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honest and virtuous Men, by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful Satyrs which has ever been presented on the *English* Theatre. I do not dispute the Preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his Taste: But 'tis unjust, that they who have not the least Notion of Heroick Writing, should therefore condemn the Pleasure which others receive from it, because they cannot comprehend it. Let them please their Appetites in eating what they like: But let them not force their Dish on all the Table. They who would Combat general Authority with particular Opinion, must first Establish themselves a Reputation of Understanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry, to be concluded Bombast, Unnatural, and meer Madness, because they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis just as reasonable as to conclude there is no Day, because a blind Man cannot distinguish of Light and Colours. Ought they not rather, in Modesty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expression in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso*, or *Milton*'s *Paradise*, to be too far strain'd, than positively to conclude, that 'tis all Fustian, and meer Nonsense? 'Tis true, there are Limits to be set betwixt the Boldness and Rashness of a Poet; but he must understand those Limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write: And he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reason to be excluded from censuring of the Parts. He must be a Lawyer before he mounts the Tribunal: And the Judicature of one Court too, does not qualifie a Man to preside in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the *Chancery*, who is not fit to Rule the *Common Pleas*. But I will presume for once to tell them, that the boldest Strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are those which most Delight the Reader.

Virgil

Virgil and *Horace*, the ſevereſt Writers of the ſevereſt Age, have made frequent uſe of the hardeſt Metaphors, and of the ſtrongeſt Hyperboles: And in this caſe the beſt Authority is the beſt Argument. For generally to to have pleas'd, and through all Ages, muſt bear the Force of univerſal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to right Reaſon, you will gain no more by it in effect, than firſt, to ſet up your Reaſon againſt thoſe Authors; and ſecondly, againſt all thoſe who have admir'd them. You muſt prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the moſt Learn'd, and the moſt Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you muſt firſt put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply, than they have done, into the Cauſes and Reſorts of that which moves Pleaſure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard: But thoſe Springs of human Nature are not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by every ſuperficial Judge: It requires Philoſophy as well as Poetry, to ſound the Depth of all the Paſſions; what they are in themſelves, and how they are to be provok'd: And in this Science the beſt Poets have excell'd. *Ariſtotle* rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from obſervation of thoſe things, in which *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Æſchylus* pleas'd: He conſider'd how they rais'd the Paſſions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have ſprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who firſt practis'd them, and ſucceeded in them. Thus I grant you, that the Knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule; and that all Poets ought to Study her; as well as *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* her Interpreters. But then this alſo undeniably follows, that thoſe things which delight all Ages, muſt have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art: Therefore the Names of ſo many Tropes and Figures were invented: Becauſe it was obſerv'd they had ſuch and ſuch an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore *Catachreſes* and *Hyperboles* have found their Place amongſt them; not that they were to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciouſly, and plac'd in Poe-

ry;

try, as heightnings and ſhadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cauſe it to ſtand off to ſight.

Nec retia Cervis
Ulla dolum meditantur; ſays *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*: And ſpeaking of *Leander* in his *Georgicks*,

Cæcâ nocte natat ſerus freta, quem ſuper, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli, & ſcopulis illiſa reclamant
Æquora:

In both of theſe you ſee he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Maſter *Horace*, for his Hardneſs of Expreſſion, when he deſcribes the Death of *Cleopatra*? and ſays ſhe did *Aſperos tractare ſerpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum*? becauſe the Body in that Action, performs what is proper to the Mouth?

As for *Hyperboles*, I will neither quote *Lucan*, nor *Statius*, Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poyze of Judgment. The Divine *Virgil* was not liable to that Exception; and yet he deſcribes *Polyphemus* thus:

——————Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In Imitation of this Place, our admirable *Cowley* thus paints *Goliah*,

The Valley, now, this Monſter ſeem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words *ſeem'd*, and *methought*, have mollify'd the Figure: And yet if they had not been there, the fright of the *Iſraelites might have excus'd their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In

In the 8th of the *Æneids*, *Virgil* paints the Swiftness of *Camilla* thus:

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in History, to a literal Belief of what the Poet says; but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being cozen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in History, *Longinus* quotes *Herodotus* on this occasion of *Hyperboles*. The *Lacedemonians*, says he, at the Straights of *Thermopylæ*, defended themselves to the last Extremity: And when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth: Till at length, (the *Persians* shooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reasonable, (continues the *Critick*) to believe that Men could defend themselves with their Nails and Teeth from an arm'd Multitude: nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows; and yet there wants not Probability for the Figure: Because the *Hyperbole* seems not to have been made for the sake of the Description; but rather to have been produc'd from the Occasion.

'Tis true, the boldness of the Figures is to be hidden, sometimes by the Address of the Poet; that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without discovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Passion; when we speak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primùm ipsi tibi*; the Poet must put on the Passion he endeavours to represent: A Man in such an Occasion is not cool enough, either to reason rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places, Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a disorder'd Connection of Discourse, are graceful

graceful there, becauſe they are natural. The Sum of all depends on what before I hinted, that this Boldneſs of Expreſſion is not to be blam'd, if it be manag'd by the Coolneſs and Diſcretion, which is neceſſary to a Poet.

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how diſ-ingenuous our Adverſaries appear: All that is dull, inſipid, languiſhing and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our moſt equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution, are never to be forgiven.

What Fuſtian, as they call it, have I heard theſe Gentlemen find out in Mr. *Cowley's Odes?* I acknowledge myſelf unworthy to defend ſo excellent an Author, neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will ſay, that nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the ſtrength of thoſe Images which they condemn.

Imaging is, in it ſelf, the very heighth and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as *Longinus* deſcribes it, a Diſcourſe, which, by a kind of Enthuſiaſm, or extraordinary Emotion of the Soul, makes it ſeem to us, that we behold thoſe things which the Poet paints, ſo as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire them.

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it muſt needs be beſt, which deſcribes moſt lively our Actions and Paſſions; our Virtues and our Vices; our Follies and our Humours: For neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging: And they who do it beſt, are certainly the moſt excellent in their Kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be deny'd: But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaures and Chimæras, or how are Angels and immaterial Subſtances to be imag'd? Which ſome of them are things quite out of Nature: Others, ſuch whereof we can have no Notion? This is the laſt Refuge of our Adverſaries; and more than any of them have yet had the Wit to object againſt us. The Anſwer is eaſie to the

the first part of it. The Fiction of some Beings which are not in Nature, (second Notions, as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the Conjunction of two Natures, which have a real separate Being. So *Hippocentaures* were imaged, by joining the Natures of a Man and Horse together; as *Lucretius* tells us, who has us'd this Word Image oftner than any of the Poets.

Nam certè ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animai:
Verùm ubi equi atque hominis, casu, convenit imago,
Hæresci facilè extemplò, &c.

The same reason may also be alledg'd for *Chimæra's* and the rest. And Poets may be allow'd the like liberty, for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular Belief: Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the Extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis still an Imitation, though of other Mens Fancies: And thus are *Shakespear's Tempest*, his *Midsummer Nights Dream*, and *Ben Johnson's Masque of Witches* to be defended. For immaterial Substances we are authoriz'd by Scripture in their Description: And herein the Text accommodates it self to vulgar Apprehension, in giving Angels the Likeness of beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, has *Homer* drawn his Gods with human Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot: But that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

Seraph *and* Cherub, *careless of their Charge,*
And wanton, in full ease now live at large:
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujahs lie.

I have heard (ſays one of them) of Anchovies diſſolv'd in Sauce; but never of an Angel in Hallelujahs. A mighty *Wittyciſm*, (if you will pardon a new Word!) but there is ſome difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have Burleſqu'd *Virgil* too, from whom I took the Image. *Invadunt urbem, ſomno vinoque ſepultam.* A City's being buried is juſt as proper on Occaſion, as an Angel's being diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and Songs of Triumph. Mr. *Cowley* lies as open too in many places.

Where their vaſt Courts the Mother Waters keep, &c.

For if the maſs of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters, the little Streams, are bound in all good Manners, to make Court'ſie to them, and ask them Bleſſing. How eaſie 'tis to turn into ridicule the beſt Deſcriptions, when once a Man is in the Humour of laughing, 'till he wheezes at his own dull Jeſt! but an Image which is ſtrongly and beautifully ſet before the Eyes of the Reader, will ſtill be Poetry, when the merry fit is over; and laſt when the other is forgotten.

I promis'd to ſay ſomewhat of *Poetick Licence*, but have in part anticipated my Diſcourſe already. *Poetick Licence* I take to be the Liberty, which Poets have aſſum'd to themſelves in all Ages, of ſpeaking things in Verſe, which are beyond the ſeverity of Proſe. 'Tis that particular Character, which diſtinguiſhes and ſets the Bounds betwixt *Oratio ſoluta*, and *Poetry*. This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, conſiſts in Fiction: But then thoſe Thoughts muſt be expreſs'd; and here ariſe two other Branches of it: For if this *Licence* be included in a ſingle Word, it admits of Tropes: If in a Sentence or Propoſition, of Figures: Both which are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verſe than Proſe. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Forefathers, even from *Homer* down to *Ben.* and they who would deny it to us, have, in plain Terms, the Fox's quarrel to the Grapes; they cannot reach it.

How

How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since *Horace* does not. But it is certain that they are to be varied, according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a *Grecian* Poet, *Martial* tells you, would not be suffer'd in a *Roman*. And 'tis evident that the *English* does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithets, or the Conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the *Greek*, which yet Sir *Philip Sidney*, and the Translator of *Du Bartas*, have unluckily attempted in the *English*; though this I confess, is not so proper an Instance of *Poetick Licence*, as it is of variety of *Idiom* in Languages.

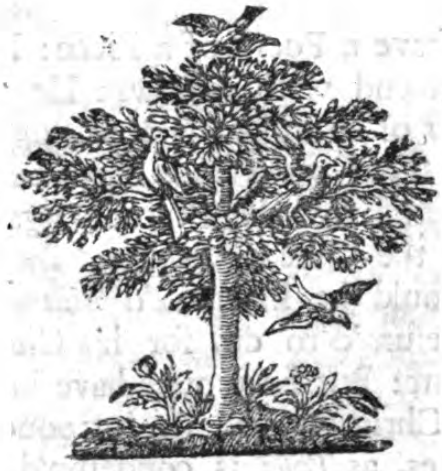
Horace a little explains himself on this Subject of *Licentia Poetica*; in these Verses,

——————Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi, semper fuit æqua potestas:
Sed non, ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece: Not to begin with one thing and end with another: He restrains it so far, that Thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joined together: That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not *Homer*, nor the Divine *Virgil*, for interesting their Gods in the Wars of *Troy* and *Italy*; neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd *Milton*, as our false Criticks have presum'd to do, for his Choice of a supernatural Argument: But he would have blamed my Author, who was a Christian, had he introduc'd into his Poem Heathen Deities, as *Tasso* is condemn'd by *Rapin* on the like Occasion: And as *Camoens*, the Author of the *Lusiads*, ought to be censur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in *Bacchus* and Christ into the same Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been said, it may be collected, that the definition of Wit (which has been so often

 attempted)

attempted, and ever unſucceſsfully by many Poets,) is only this: That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words, elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will join iſſue on this Definition, that we may *convenire in aliquo tertio*; if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be eaſie to put an end to this Diſpute: No Man will diſagree from another's Judgement, concerning the dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry: But all reaſonable Men will conclude it neceſſary, that ſublime Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the ſublimeſt, and (conſequently often) with the moſt figurative Expreſſions. In the mean time I will not run into their Fault of impoſing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taſte: I have only laid down, and that ſuperficially enough, my preſent Thoughts; and ſhall be glad to be taught better, by thoſe who pretend to reform our Poetry.



THE

THE State of Innocence, AND FALL *of* MAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The first Scene represents a Chaos, or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark: A Symphony of warlike Musick is heard for some time; then from the Heavens, (which are open'd) fall the rebellious Angels wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts: The bottom of the Stage being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of sight. Tunes of Victory are play'd, and an Hymn sung; Angels discover'd above, brandishing their Swords: The Musick ceasing, and the Heavens being clos'd, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell: Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimstone or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt colour: The fall'n Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horror and Lamentation is heard.

Lucifer *raising himself on the Lake.*

LUCIFER.

IS this the Seat our Conqueror has given?
And this the Climate we must change for Heaven?
These Regions and this Realm my Wars have [got;
This mournful Empire is the Loser's Lot:

In liquid Burnings, or on Dry to dwell,
Is all the ſad Variety of Hell.
But ſee, the Victor has recall'd, from far,
Th' avenging Storms, his Miniſters of War:
His Shafts are ſpent, and his tir'd Thunders ſleep;
Nor longer bellow thro' the boundleſs Deep.
Beſt take th' Occaſion, and theſe Waves forſake,
While time is giv'n. Ho, *Aſmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I ſee
My ſelf too well, and my own Change, in thee.

Aſmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who, in the Fields of Light,
Led'ſt forth th' imbattel'd Seraphim to fight,
Who ſhook the Pow'r of Heavens eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now thoſe Hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from his Day, and that contended Sky,
And loſt, as far as heav'nly Forms can die;
Yet, not all periſh'd: We defie him ſtill,
And yet wage War, with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucif. Strength may return.

Aſm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy Voice.

Lucif. ——————————See on the Lake
Our Troops like ſcatter'd Leaves in Autumn lie:
Firſt let us raiſe our ſelves, and ſeek the dry,
Perhaps more eaſie dwelling.

Aſm. ——————————From the Beach,
Thy well-known Voice the ſleeping Gods will reach,
And wake th' immortal Senſe which Thunders Noiſe
Had quell'd, and Lightning deep had driv'n within 'em.

Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our ſelves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive.
Heaven cannot envy me an Empire here.

[*Both fly to dry Land.*

Aſm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be Gain
Which is but change of Place, not change of Pain.
Now ſummon we the reſt.

Lucif.

Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright
(Of Heav'n, once yours; but now, in Battel, loſt) [Hoſt,
Wake from your Slumber: Are your Beds of Down?
Sleep you ſo eaſie there? Or fear the Frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to ſee
Your abject State confeſs his Victory?
Riſe, riſe, ere from his Battlements he view
Your proſtrate Poſtures, and his Bolts renew,
To ſtrike you deeper down.

Aſm. ——————They wake, they hear,
Shake off their Slumber firſt, and next their Fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal ſtay.

Lucif. Riſe from the Flood, and hither wing your way.
Moloch from the Lake.] Thine to command; our part
'tis to obey.

[*The reſt of the Devils riſe up, and fly to the Land.*

Lucif. So, now we are our ſelves again, an Hoſt
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we loſt.
T' o'erleap th' Etherial Fence, or if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Sky,
And blow him up, who juſtly Rules us now,
Becauſe more ſtrong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis juſt to win
The higheſt place; t'attempt, and fail, is Sin.

Mol. Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at leaſt, gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.

Lucif. There ſpoke the better half of *Lucifer!*

Aſm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we confer,
And then determine how to ſteer our Courſe;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.
The Doom's now paſt; Submiſſion were in vain.

Mol. And, were it not, ſuch Baſeneſs I diſdain.
I would not ſtoop, to purchaſe all above;
And ſhould contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.

Beelzebub. *Moloch,* in that, all are reſolv'd like thee.
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view ſhould ſit:

Or what we plot against the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of vulgar Devils hear.
Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-shine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the rest;
Let this be done; and quick as 'twas exprest.
[*A Palace rises, where sit, as in Council,* Lucifer, Asmoday, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub *and* Sathan.
Most high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n, to rise States-General of Hell,
Nor yet repent, tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
(Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of universal Monarchy;)
Speak, (for we therefore meet)——
If Peace you chuse, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.
Mol. My Sentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems; plain Force I know:
Treaties are vain to Losers; nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace, submit to Sovereignty.
We can no caution give we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to trust no more.
What then remains but Battel?
Sathan. I agree,
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more such Spirits, Heav'n is our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, since ev'n Success
Makes Foes secure, and makes our Danger less.
Seraph, and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large;
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujahs lie.
Mol. Grant that our hazardous attempt prove vain;
We feel the worst, secur'd from greater Pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet, ev'n then, we know
That not to be, is not to be in Woe.

Belial.

Belial. That Knowledge which, as Spirits, we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the midſt of Pain:
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd where thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;————
Tempt him not farther to purſue his Blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had, we could not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.

Beelzebub. Heav'n ſleeps not; from one wink a Breach
In the full Circle of Eternity. [would be
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing, are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War, we cannot ſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, perhaps, not warring, be forgot.

Aſm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow:
I ſhould, with *Belial,* chuſe ignoble Eaſe;
But neither will the Conqueror give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well-manag'd War.
Nor need we tempt thoſe Heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no Force, or Ambuſh from the Deep.
What if we find ſome eaſier Enterprize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame in Heav'n not err, the bleſt Abode
Of ſome new Race, call'd *Man,* a Demy-God,
Whom, near this time, th' Almighty muſt create;
He ſwore it, ſhook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.

Lucif. I heard it; thro' all Heav'n the Rumour ran,
And much the talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form divine; but leſs in Excellence
Than we; indu'd with Reaſon lodg'd in Senſe:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours, of equal Force;
But, pent in Fleſh, muſt iſſue by Diſcourſe:
We ſee what is; to Man Truth muſt be brought
By Senſe, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light, to will and underſtand;
For made leſs knowing, he's at me : command.

Asm. Tho' Heav'n be shut, that World, if it be made,
As nearest Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore must be known, his Strength, his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then seduce, or overthrow:
The first is easiest; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Advise, if this Attempt be worth our Care.

Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazards are.
Some one (but who that Task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature must Discovery make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he first must break, then far
Must wander thro' old Night, and thro' the War
Of antique Chaos; and, when these are past,
Meet Heav'n's Out-guards who scout upon the Waste:
At every Station must be bid to stand,
And forc'd to answer every strict demand.

Mol. This glorious Enterprize—— [*Rising up.*

Lucif. ——— Rash Angel, stay;
[*Rising, and laying his Scepter on* Moloch's *Head.*
That Palm is mine, which none shall take away.
Hot Braves, like thee, may fight; but know not well
To manage this, the last great Stake of Hell.
Why am I rank'd in State above the rest,
If while I stand of Sovereign Pow'r possest,
Another dares, in Danger, farther go?
Kings are not made for Ease, and Pageant-show.
Who would be Conqueror, must venture all:
He merits not to Rise, who dares not Fall.

Amf. The Praise, and Danger, then, be all your own.

Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Thro' Brazen Gates, vast Chaos, and old Night,
I'll force my Way; and upwards steer my Flight:
Discover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Foot-step to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll scour our Spots, and the dire Thunders scar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.

Asm. Mean time the Youth of Hell strict guard may keep,
And set their Centries to the utmost Deep,

That

That no Etherial Parasite may come
To spy our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon' Brimstone Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we must measure Time by Woe!)
I shall return: (my Mind presages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your Care I much approve; what Time remains,
Seek to forget, at least divert your Pains
With Sports and Musick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy so sad a Climate yields.

Betwixt the first Act and the second, while the Chiefs sit in the Palace, may be expressed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and dancing in Grotesque Figures: And a Song expressing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before, and how they fell bravely in Battle, having deserv'd Victory by their Valour, and what they would have done if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Champaign Country.*

Adam, *as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moss and Flowers by a Rock.*

Adam. WHAT am I? or from whence? For that I am [*Rising.*
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this Frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can disclose to me?
I move, I see, I speak, discourse, and know,
Though now I am; I was not always so.
Then that from which I was, must be before;
Whom, as my Spring of Being, I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view
In all its Parts! and seems as beautiful as new:

O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am, and what I am is thine!

Raphael *descends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Raphael. First of Mankind, made o'er the World to reign,
Whose fruitful Loins an unborn Kind contain,
Well hast thou reason'd: Of himself is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end;
On Him all Beings, as their Source, depend.
We first, who of his Image most partake,
Whom He all Spirit, Immortal, Pure did make.
Man next; whose Race exalted, must supply
The Place of those who, falling, lost the Sky.

Adam. Bright Minister of Heav'n, sent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If such could fall from Bliss, who knew and saw,
By near Admission, their Creator's Law,
What Hopes have I, from Heav'n remote so far,
To keep those Laws, unknowing when I err?

Raphael. Right Reason's Law to every human Heart,
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heaven's Majesty;
In Pray'r and Praise does all Devotion lye:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are blest.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird, and Beast,
I see the Kinds: In Pairs distinct they go;
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must proceed from me,
Yet my whole Species in my self I see:
A barren Sex, and single, of no use;
But full of Forms which I can ne'er produce.

Raphael. Think not the Pow'r, who made thee thus,
No way like theirs to propagate thy Kind: [can find
Mean time, live happy in thy self alone;
Like him who, single, fills th' Etherial Throne.
To study Nature will thy Time employ;
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect Joy.

Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.

I add

I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodneſs more.
He would not be alone, who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.
Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all inferior Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's Greatneſs no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and thoſe thou want'ſt not here.
Adam. Why did he Reaſon in my Soul implant,
And Speech, th' Effect of Reaſon? To the Mute
My Speech is loſt; my Reaſon, to the Brute.
Love and Society more Bleſſings bring
To them, the Slaves, than Pow'r to me their King.
Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but to Heav'n 'twas [known,
It was not beſt for Man to be alone;
An Equal, yet thy Subject, is deſign'd
For thy ſoft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy ſtronger Soul ſhall her weak Reaſon ſway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty ſhalt obey:
Thou ſhalt ſecure her helpleſs Sex from Harms,
And ſhe thy Cares ſhall ſweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n beſtow, or Man require?
Raphael. Yes, he can give beyond thy own Deſire.
A Manſion is provided thee, more fair
Than this, and worthy Heav'n's peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers,
Of vulgar Growth, but like Celeſtial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit divine,
Where golden Apples on green Branches ſhine,
And purple Grapes diſſolve into immortal Wine;
For Noon-day's Heat are cloſer Arbours made,
And for freſh Ev'ning Air the op'ner Glade.
Aſcend; and, as we go,
More Wonders thou ſhalt know.
Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r and greater Love.
[*They aſcend to ſoft Muſick, and a Song is ſung.*

The Scene changes, and repreſents, above, a Sun glorioufly riſing, and moving orbicularly; at a Diſtance, below, is the Moon;

Moon; the Part next the Sun enlightened, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverſe Part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer Approach the Body of the Sun is darken'd.*

Lucifer. Am I become ſo monſtrous? ſo disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot ſuffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? but ſtands aghaſt;
And that fair Light which gilds this new-made Orb,
Shorn of his Beams, ſhrinks in; accurſt Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the neather World,
How dearly have I bought you! But, 'tis paſt:
I have already gone too far to ſtop,
And muſt puſh on my dire Revenge, in ruin
Of this gay Frame, and Man, my upſtart Rival,
In ſcorn of me created. Down, my Pride,
And all my ſwelling Thoughts; I muſt forget,
Awhile, I am a Devil, and put on
A ſmooth ſubmiſſive Face; elſe I, in vain
Have paſt through Night and Chaos, to diſcover
Thoſe envy'd Skies again which I have loſt.
But ſtay; far off, I ſee a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven, (I know his hated Face)
Who ſtands in Preſence of th' Eternal Throne,
And ſeems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that Part of the Heavens where the Sun appears, a Chariot is diſcovered drawn with white Horſes, and in it Uriel *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves ſwiftly towards* Lucifer, *and at* Uriel's *Approach the Sun recovers his Light.*

Uriel. Spirit, who art thou, and from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'ſt thou within this lucid Orb,
And ſtray'd from thoſe fair Fields of Light above,
Amidſt this new Creation want'ſt a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?

Lucifer.

Lucifer. ——————— Bright *Uriel,*
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Minister,
Who guard'st this new-created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour and high Office make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of less Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permission, hither come,
On high Discoveries bent.
Uriel. ——————— Speak thy Design.
Lucifer. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels nearest Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view
(If worthy such a Favour) and admire
This last Effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows I shall turn,
Full fraught with joyful Tidings of these Works,
New Matter of his Praise, and of our Songs.
Uriel. Thy Business is not what deserves my Blame,
Nor thou thy self unwelcome; see, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere (of Matter not unlike it)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd and unmov'd.
Lucifer. ——————— But where dwells Man?
Uriel. On yonder Mount; thou see'st it fenc'd with [Rocks,
And round th' Ascent a Theatre of Trees,
A sylvan Scene, which rising by Degrees,
Leads up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight
With one full Prospect, but invites by many,
To view at last the whole: There his Abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.
Lucifer. ——————— O blest be thou,
Who to my low Converse hast lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my Request: Hail, and farewel.
[*Flies downward out of Sight.*
Uriel. Not unobserv'd thou goest, whoe'er thou art;
Whether some Spirit on holy Purpose bent,
Or some fall'n Angel from below broke loose,
Who com'st with envious Eyes and curst Intent,
To view this World and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and, while my Orb rouls on,

Pursue

Purſue from hence thy much ſuſpected Flight,
And, if diſguis'd, pierce through with Beams of Light.
[*The Chariot drives forward out of Sight.*

The SCENE *Paradiſe.*

Trees cut out on each Side, with ſeveral Fruits upon them; a Fountain in the Midſt: At the far End the Proſpect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But ſtill the Joys of that ſweet Sleep partake.
Methought—but why do I my Bliſs delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Viſion ſtay;
My better Half, thou ſofter Part of me,
To whom I yield my boaſted Soveraignty,
I ſeek my ſelf, and find not, wanting thee, [*Exit.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who ſhin'ſt above, what am I? whence begun?
Like my ſelf, I ſee nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down to look on me;
And Beaſts with up-caſt Eyes forſake their Shade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am ſomewhat which they wiſh to be,
And cannot; I my ſelf am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below,
[*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spead wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here.
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Streams drown the Voice, or it would ſay it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not ſtay:
[*Stoops down to embrace.*
Loſt e'er 'tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah, fair, yet falſe; ah Being form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming Kindneſs, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin, Heav'n begot, and born of Man,
Thou faireſt of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee th' Eternal did ordain
His ſofter Subſtitute on Earth to reign:
And, whereſoe'er thy happy Footſteps tread,
Nature in triumph after thee is led.
Angels with Pleaſure view thy matchleſs Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O, only like my ſelf, (for nothing here
So graceful, ſo majeſtick does appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did ſee,
Loos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me?
Yet ſure thou art not, nor thy Face the ſame,
Nor thy Limbs moulded in ſo ſoft a Frame;
Thou look'ſt more ſternly, doſt more ſtrongly move,
And more of Awe thou bear'ſt, and leſs of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the reſt;
I, next my ſelf, admire and love thee beſt.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy Beauty does beget;
What more I ſhall deſire, I know not yet.
Firſt let us lock'd in cloſe Embraces be,
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my ſelf and thee.

Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But ſome reſtraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long ſhould beg, I long deny.

Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is ſeal'd above;
Look round and ſee where thou canſt place thy Love:
All Creatures elſe are much unworthy thee;
They match'd, and thou alone art left for me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain;
I my new Empire would reſign again,
And change with my dumb Slaves my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reaſon, more of Pleaſure find.
Methinks for me they beg, each ſilently
Demands thy Grace, and ſeems to watch thy Eye.

Eve.

Eve. I well fore-ſee, when e'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much-lov'd Sovereignty ſhall want:
Or like my ſelf, ſome other may be made;
And her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.

Adam. Could Heav'n ſome greater Maſter-piece deviſe,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies:
That Beauty yet in vain he ſhould decree,
Unleſs he made another Heart for me.

Eve. With how much eaſe I, whom I love, believe!
Giving my ſelf, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, thou be my Defence, I, thy Delight.

[*Exeunt*, *he leading her*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradiſe*.

Lucif. FAir place; yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, ſo almoſt equall'd the moſt High?
I doubted, meaſuring both, who was more ſtrong;
Then, willing to forget time ſince ſo long,
Scarce thought I was created: Vain deſire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts ſtill ſhot me higher,
To mount above his ſacred Head: Ah why,
When he ſo kind, was ſo ungrateful I?
He bounteouſly beſtow'd unenvy'd Good
On me: In arbitrary Grace I ſtood:
T' acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.

Thus

Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain.
And, in one Hour, destroy his six Days pain.
They come again; I must retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus shall we live in perfect Bliss, and see,
Deathless our selves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beauteous, my Desires to bless;
I, still desiring, what I still possess.

Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greatest Blessing
Can give no more, but still to be the same. [came)
Thou more of Pleasure may'st with me partake;
I, more of Pride, because thy Bliss I make.

Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'st thy Virgin
Fair Angels sung our Bridal Hymn above: [Love,
Th' eternal, nodding, shook the Firmament,
And conscious Nature gave her glad Consent.
Roses unbid, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
Flew from their Stalks, to strow thy Nuptial Bower:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind the triumph did pursue,
And Fishes leap'd above the Streams, the passing Pomp
to view.

Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join,
A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er;
Then, wishes; and a warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecstasie and Trance;
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being lost.

Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worse Hell on Earth:
[*Aside*.
What mad Profusion on this clod-born Birth:
Abyss of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to shew
What, in base Matters, such a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue spent, and he no more
With Angels could supply th' exhausted Store
Of which I swept the Sky?——
And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work, employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve.

Eve. Bleſt in our ſelves, all Pleaſures elſe abound;
Without our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our ſhady Bowers
The creeping Jeſs'min thruſts her fragrant Flowers;
The Myrtle, Orange, and the bluſhing Roſe,
With bending heaps ſo nigh their Blooms diſcloſe,
Each ſeems to ſmell the Flavour which the other blows:
By theſe the Peach, the Guava, and the Pine,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling Vine,
Does round their Trunks her purple Cluſters twine.

Adam. All theſe are ours, all Nature's Excellence
Whoſe Taſte or Smell can bleſs the feaſted Senſe;
One only Fruit, in the mid Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge,) is deny'd our Taſte;
(Our proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Diſobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.

Eve. Death is ſome harm, which, tho' we know not [yet,
Since threatned, we muſt needs imagine great:
And ſure he merits it, who diſobeys
That one command, and one of ſo much eaſe.

Lucif. Muſt they then die, if they attempt to know?
He ſees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruin lay:
Hope to know more ſhall tempt to diſobey.
I fell by this, and, ſince their Strength is leſs,
Why ſhould not equal Means give like Succeſs?

Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning's Task we [loſe;
Some Labour ev'n the eaſieſt Life would chuſe:
Ours is not great; the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whoſe too luxuriant growth our Alleys ſtop,
And choak the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work deſires.

Eve. With thee to live, is Paradiſe alone:
Without the pleaſure of thy Sight, is none.
I fear ſmall Progreſs will be made this Day;
So much our Kiſſes will our Task delay. [*Exeunt*.

Lucif. Why have not I like theſe, a Body too,
Form'd for the ſame Delights which they purſue?
I could (ſo variouſly my Paſſions move)
Enjoy and blaſt her, in the Act of Love.

Unwill-

Unwillingly I hate ſuch Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge th' Offence
Thro' her, on Heav'n, whoſe Thunder took away
My Birth-right Skies! Live happy whilſt you may,
Bleſt Pair, y'are not allow'd another Day! [*Exit.*

Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *deſcend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying croſs each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. Ithuriel, ſince we two Commiſſion'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of this new-made Pair,
Each mind his Charge; for, ſee, the Night draws on,
And riſing Miſts purſue the ſetting Sun.
Ithuriel. Bleſt is our Lot to ſerve; our Task we know:
To watch, leaſt any, from th' Abyſs below,
Broke looſe, diſturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worſe,
Aſſault their Beings with ſuperior Force.
[Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*
Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be ſet, prepare
With ſtricteſt Guard, to ſhow thy utmoſt Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he ſeem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I ſome young Cherub deem'd;
Of Man he much inquir'd, and where his place,
With ſhews of Zeal to praiſe his Maker's Grace;
But I, with watchful Eyes, obſerv'd his Flight,
And ſaw him on yon ſteepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought unſeen, he laid aſide
His borrow'd Mask, and re-aſſum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averſe to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving ſtood
On ſome deep, dark Deſign; thence ſhot with haſte,
And o'er the Mounds of Paradiſe he paſt:
By his proud Port, he ſeem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks, in Shades, 'till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in ev'ry Shape,
Leaſt, hid in ſome, th' arch Hypocrite eſcape.
Gabriel. If any Spirit come t' invade, or ſcout
From Hell, what earthy Fence can keep him out?
But reſt ſecure of this, he ſhall be found,
And taken, or proſcrib'd this happy Ground.
Ithu. Thou to the Eaſt, I weſtward walk the round,

And

And meet we in the midſt. *Uriel.* Heav'n your Deſign
Succeed; your Charge requires you, and me mine.

[Uriel *flies forward out of Sight; the two Angels exeeunt ſeverally.*

A Night-piece of a pleaſant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *aſleep in it.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lye ſecure in Love, and ſteep
Their ſated Senſes in full Draughts of Sleep.
By what ſure Means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No; for they're immortal made.
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but mimick Fancy wakes,
Supplies her Parts, and wild Ideas takes
From Words and Things, ill ſorted and misjoyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes;
The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.

[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper her in her Ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruit; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd Shapes; after the Dance an Angel enters, with a Woman habited like Eve.

Angel. [*Singing.*] Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with Streaks of Gold.

The loaded Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs thy Senſes with the Taſte.

Woman. No, 'tis forbidden; I
In taſting it ſhall dye.

Angel. Say, who enjoyn'd this harſh Command.

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n; and who can Heav'n withſtand?

Angel.

Angel. Why was it made ſo fair, why plac'd in Sight?
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not dye.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit and gives to the Spirits, who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd Shapes, and appear Angels.* [here!

Angels. [*Singing.*] Behold what a Change on a ſudden is
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at pleaſure the Clouds can invade,

[*The Angel gives to the Woman, who eats.*

Till equal in Honour they riſe
With him who commands in the Skies;
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.

Woman. Ah, now I believe; ſuch a Pleaſure I find,
As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.

[*The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly up when they have taſted.*

I only repent
I deferr'd my Content.

Angel. Now wiſer Experience has taught you to prove
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to ſhun Bliſs.
To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It inhances the Price, and increaſes the Love.

Chorus of both. To the Joy, *&c.*

Two Angels deſcend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of Sight. The Angel who ſung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the ſame Inſtant ſink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*

Gabriel. What art thou? ſpeak thy Name and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what Errand ſent?
Not from above; no, thy wan Looks betray
Diminiſh'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to Day.

Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy ſelf unknown:
Time was when, ſhining next th' Imperial Throne,

I ſate in awful State; while ſuch as thou
Did in th' ignoble Crowd at Diſtance bow.
Gabriel. Think'ſt thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the [ſame?
And ſeeſt not Sin obſcures thy God-like Frame?
I know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride,
That ſhows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to him who made, and ſet thee high,
And, Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.
Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek Thanks from him whoſe Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boaſt;
You baſely keep the Place I bravely loſt.
Ithuriel. Freedom is Choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely ſo.
'Tis baſe not to acknowledge what we owe.
Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet;
I fought for Pow'r to quit th' upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himſelf repays,
And ſeems but little, who can want our Praiſe.
Gabriel. What in us Duty, ſhows not Want in him;
Bleſt in himſelf alone ——
To whom no Praiſe we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory ſuffer from our bad.
Made for his uſe; yet he has form'd us ſo,
We, unconſtrain'd, what he commands us, do.
So praiſe we him, and ſerve him freely beſt;
Thus thou, by Choice, art fall'n, and we are bleſt.
Ithuriel. This, leſt thou think thy Plea unanſwer'd, good;
Our Queſtion thou evad'ſt: How did'ſt thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this human Pair
In nightly Ambuſh lye?
Lucifer. Lives there who would not ſeek to force his way
From Pain to Eaſe, from Darkneſs to the Day?
Should I, who found the Means to 'ſcape, not dare
To change my ſulph'rous Smoak for upper Air?
When I, in Fight, ſuſtain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone ſpent half his War,
Think'ſt thou thoſe Wounds were light? ſhould I not ſeek
The Clemency of ſome more temp'rate Clime

To

To purge my Gloom; and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?
Gabriel. If Pain to ſhun be all thy Buſineſs here,
Methinks thy Fellows the ſame Courſe ſhould ſteer.
Is their Pain leſs who yet behind thee ſtay?
Or thou leſs hardy to endure than they?
Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other; but, as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd firſt alone; firſt Danger ſought;
And firſt explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame;
In hopes my fainting Troops to ſettle here,
And to defend, againſt your Thunderer,
This Spot of Earth; or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forage to his Gates from middle Air.
Ithuriel. Fool, to believe thou any Part canſt gain
From him, who could'ſt not thy firſt Ground maintain.
Gabriel. But whether that Deſign, or one as vain,
T'attempt the Lives of theſe, firſt drew thee here,
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this hallow'd Earth, elſe prove our Might.
Lucifer. Not that I fear, do I decline the Fight:
You I diſdain; let me with him contend
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent:
Till then, I have accompliſh'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wiſh, yet hopeleſs to obtain. [*Exit.*
[*They following him.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradiſe.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. STrange was your Dream, and full of ſad Portent;
Avert it, Heav'n (if it from Heav'n were ſent:)
Let on thy Foes the dire Preſages fall;
To us be good and eaſy, when we call.

Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears;
Their Glory ſhoots upon my aking Senſe;
Thou ſtronger may'ſt endure the Flood of Light,
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the deſcending Excellence. [*Exit*.

The Cloud deſcends with ſix Angels in it, and when it's near the Ground, breaks, and on each Side diſcovers ſix more: They deſcend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *diſcourſe with* Adam, *the reſt ſtand at diſtance.*

Raphael. Firſt of Mankind, that we from Heav'n are ſent,
Is from Heav'n's Care thy Ruin to prevent.
Th' Apoſtate Angel has by Night been here,
And whiſper'd through thy ſleeping Conſort's Ear
Deluſive Dreams. Thus warn'd by us, beware,
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.
Gabriel. Theſe, as thy Guards from outward Harms,
Ills from within thy Reaſon muſt prevent. [are ſent;
Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compaſſion deign
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praiſes can I pay,
Defended in Obedience; taught to obey?
Raphael. Praiſe him alone who, God-like, form'd thee
With Will unbounded, as a Deity; [free,
Who gave thee Reaſon, as thy Aid, to chuſe
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuſe.
Obedience is that Good; this Heav'n exacts,
And Heav'n, all-juſt, from Man requires not Acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing Good, but not compell'd by Heav'n.
Gabriel. Made good, that thou doſt to thy Maker owe;
But to thy ſelf, if thou continu'ſt ſo.
Adam. Freedom of Will of all good things is beſt,
But can it be by finite Man poſſeſt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.
Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundleſs Pow'r away,
But boundleſs Liberty of Choice he may.

So

So Orbs from the first Mover Motion take,
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.
Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have given us Liberty;
Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
Since whatsoe'er is preordain'd must be?
Else Heav'n for Man Events might preordain,
And Man's free Will might make those Orders vain.
Gabriel. Th' Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did necessitate:
So what he order'd, they by Nature do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boasts an arbitrary State.
Adam. Yet Causes their Effects necessitate
In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
To act what is unchangeably forecast,
Since the first Cause gives Motion to the last?
Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will surely be,
Does only, first, Effects in Causes see,
And finds, but does not make Necessity.
Creation is of Pow'r and Will th' Effect,
Foreknowledge only of his Intellect:
His Prescience makes not, but supposes things;
Infers Necessity to be, not brings.
Thus thou art not constrain'd to Good or Ill;
Causes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.
Adam. The Force unseen, and distant, I confess;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage less.
Ev'n Man himself may to himself seem free,
And think that Choice which is Necessity.
Gabriel. And who but Man should judge of Man's free [State?
Adam. I find that I can chuse to love or hate,
Obey or disobey, do good or ill;
Yet such a Choice is but Consent, not Will.
I can but chuse what he at first design'd,
For he before that Choice my Will confin'd.
Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they Entrance gain,
Make Heav'n, all-pure, thy Crimes to preordain.
Adam. Far, far from me be banish'd such a Thought,
I argue only to be better taught.

Can there be Freedom, when what now seems free
Was founded on some first Necessity?
For whate'er Cause can move the Will t'elect,
Must be sufficient to produce th' Effect:
And what's sufficient must effectual be;
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Causes, free?
Raphael. Sufficient Causes only work th' Effect,
When necessary Agents they respect.
Such is not Man; who, though the Cause suffice,
Yet often he his free Assent denies.
Adam. What causes not, is not sufficient still.
Gabriel. Sufficient in it self; not in thy Will.
Raphael. When we see Causes join'd t'Effects at last,
The Chain but shews Necessity that's past.
That what's done, is: (ridiculous proof of Fate!)
Tell me which part it does necessitate?
I'll chuse the other; there I'll link th' Effect.
O chain, which Fools, to catch themselves, project!
Adam. Tho' no Constraint from Heav'n, or Causes, be;
Heav'n may prevent that Ill he does foresee:
And, not preventing, tho' he does not cause,
He seems to will that Man should break his Laws.
Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill consent;
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away thy Will.
Adam. Better constrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.
Raphael. But what Reward or Punishment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th' eternal Justice could decree no Pain
To him whose Sins it self did first ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would shine in Goodness, not thy Act.
Our Task is done: Obey; and, in that Choice,
Thou shalt be blest, and Angels shall rejoice.
[Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the Cloud: the other Angels go off*.
Adam. Hard State of Life! since Heav'n fore-knows my [Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I trusted with my self at large,
When he's more able to sustain the Charge?

Since

Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhow more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me.

To him Eve.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun.
The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is pleaſure when we chuſe our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but laviſh grows;
Our Paths with Flow'rs ſhe prodigally ſtrows;
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While croſs our Walks the ſhooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy Care advis'd; 'tis fit we haſte;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too faſt;
Leaves us no room her Treaſures to poſſeſs,
But mocks our Induſtry with her Exceſs;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away
The ſign of all our Labours done by Day.

Eve. Since, then, the Work's ſo great, the Hands ſo [few,
This Day let each a ſeveral Task purſue.
By thee, my Hands to Labour will not move,
But round thy Neck, employ themſelves in Love.
When thou would'ſt work, one tender Touch, one Smile
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles, and ſoft Endearments are deny'd.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beaſts, from Reaſon move,
And are the Priviledge of human Love:
And if, ſometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Thoſe little Vacancies from Toil, are ſweet.
But you, by abſence, would refreſh your Joys,
Becauſe perhaps my Converſation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.

Eve. What Reaſon makes my ſmall Requeſt unfit?

Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our State,
Purſues our Beings with immortal Hate.
And hopeleſs to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage to betray us worſe:

Which when asunder, will not prove so hard;
For both together are each others Guard.
Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeless to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds assail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to misdoubt my Reason, or my Love.
Adam. Call it my Care, and not Mistrust of thee;
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he;
Else how could he that Host seduce to Sin,
Whose Fall has left the heav'nly Nation thin?
Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty, and Hate;
But why should we suspect our happy State?
Is our Perfection of so frail a Make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine or shake?
Think better both of Heav'n, thy self, and me:
Who always fears, at Ease can never be.
Poor State of Bliss, where so much Care is shown,
As not to dare to trust our selves alone!
Adam. Such is our State, as not exempt from Fall;
Yet firm, if Reason to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is stronger than in one;
I would not; why would'st thou, then, be alone?
Eve. Because thus warn'd, I know my self secure,
And long my little Tryal to endure,
T'approve my Faith; thy needless Fears remove;
Gain thy Esteem, and so deserve thy Love.
If all this shake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that, ev'n present, I am absent still:
And then what Pleasure hop'st thou in my stay,
When I'm constrain'd, and wish my self away?
Adam. Constraint does ill with Love and Beauty sute;
I would persuade; but not be absolute.
Better be much remiss than too severe.
If pleas'd in absence thou wilt still be here,
Go; in thy native Innocence proceed,
And summon all thy Reason at thy need.
Eve. My Soul, my Eyes delight; in this I find
Thou lov'st; because to Love is to be kind.
[*Embracing him.*
Seeking

Seeking my Tryal, I am ſtill on Guard:
Tryals leſs ſought, would find us leſs prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to aſſail;
Or doubles his Diſhonour if he fail. [*Exit.*

Adam. In Love, what uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful ſhe.
Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's pow'r had'ſt try'd,
What could be ſo unjuſt to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks;
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks:
And aw'd by her whom it was made to ſway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray. [*Exit.*

The middle Part of the Garden is repreſented, where four Rivers meet: On the right ſide of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life, on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. Methinks the Beauties of this Place ſhould mourn;
Th' immortal Fruits, and Flow'rs at my return
Should hang their wither'd Heads; for ſure my Breath
Is now more pois'nous, and has gather'd Death
Enough, to blaſt the whole Creation's Frame:
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night,
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the Watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe:
(What Pains will Malice, rais'd like mine, refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
Not yet deſcry'd. But, ſee, the Woman here
Alone! beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near.
Good Omen that: I muſt retire unſeen,
And, with my borrow'd Shape, the work begin.
[*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at leaſt, with Leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this celeſtial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime, may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taſte in Love.

Death may be there, or Poiſon in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing ſo fair can dwell:)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be ſatisfy'd
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge, on which winding himſelf, he plucks an Apple; then deſcends and carries it away.

Strange Sight! did then our great Creator grant
That Priviledge, which we their Maſters want,
To theſe inferior Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he bleſt with bolder Ignorance?
I ſaw his curling Creſt the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit, diſtinguiſh'd o'er with Gold,
And ſmiling in its native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpuniſh'd hence,
And ſeem'd to boaſt his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a human Shape.*

Lucif. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to poſſeſs
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature bleſs.
Nature is thine; thou, Empreſs, doſt beſtow
On Fruits, to bloſſom; and on Flowers, to blow.
They happy, yet inſenſible to boaſt
Their Bliſs: More happy they who know thee moſt.
Then happieſt I, to human Reaſon rais'd,
And Voice, with whoſe firſt Accents thou art prais'd.

Eve. What art thou, or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beſide my Lord's, ne'er heard I human Sound.
Art thou ſome other *Adam*, form'd from Earth,
And com'ſt to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or ſprung of heav'nly Race?

Lucif. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vaſſal born, and late of loweſt Kind,
Whom Heav'n neglecting made, and ſcarce deſign'd,
But threw me in, for number to the reſt,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beaſt;
By Chance, not Prudence, now ſuperior grown.

Eve. To make thee ſuch, what Miracle was ſhown?

Lucif.

Lucif. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'ſt to hear
Saw'ſt thou not late a ſpeckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
Before this happy Minute I was he.
Eve. Thou ſpeak'ſt of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.
Lucif. Not wiſhing then, and thoughtleſs to obtain
So great a Bliſs; but, led by Senſe of good,
Inborn to all, I ſought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heav'nly Tree, my Sight I caſt;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taſte.
Not to detain thee long; I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th'immortal Meat,
But on a ſudden, turn'd to what I am:
God-like, and, next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, ſpake, and reaſon'd; and, by Reaſon found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.
Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command; and ſhould we diſobey,
What rais'd thy Being, ours muſt take away.
Lucif. Sure you miſtake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Bleſſings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Uſe,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whoſe Colour, Scent divine, and Taſte,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haſte.
Eve. By all theſe ſigns, too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Pow'r ſevere and abſolute.
Lucif. Severe, indeed; ev'n to Injuſtice hard;
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know ill, is good; for ſhunning it.
Eve. What, but our Good, could he deſign in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliſs?
Lucif. Excuſe my Zeal, fair Soveraign, in your Cauſe,
Which dares to tax his Arbitrary Laws.
'Tis all his Aim to keep you blindly low,
That ſervile Fear from Ignorance may flow:
We ſcorn to Worſhip whom too well we know.

He knows that eating, you ſhall god-like be;
As wiſe, as fit to be ador'd, as he.
For his own Int'reſt he this Law has giv'n;
Such Beauty may raiſe Factions in his Heav'n.
By awing you, he does Poſſeſſion keep,
And is too wiſe to hazard Partnerſhip.

Eve. Alas, who dares diſpute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us muſt be infinite.

Lucif. Who told you how your Form was firſt deſign'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of every kind;
Graſs, Flow'rs, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too:
Their Mould was baſe; 'twas more refin'd in you:
Where vital Heat, in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind rais'd up to Thought;
And that perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was firſt; I queſtion if 'twere he.
But grant him firſt, yet ſtill ſuppoſe him good,
Not envying thoſe he made, immortal Food.

Eve. But Death, our Diſobedience muſt purſue.

Lucif. Behold, in me, what ſhall arrive to you.
I taſted; yet I live: Nay, more; have got
A State more perfect than my native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath ſhould raiſe:
Heav'n rather will your dauntleſs Virtue praiſe,
That ſought, through threat'ned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taſte and remove
What diffrence does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reaſon, you ſhall God-head gain.

Eve. He eats, and lives, in Knowledge greater grown:
[*Aſide*.

Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is intellectual Food to Man deny'd
Which Brutes have, with ſo much Advantage try'd?
Nor only try'd themſelves, but frankly, more,
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd Store?

Lucif. Be bold, and all your needleſs Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove,)
How vaſt her Bole, how wide her Arms are ſpread,
How high above the reſt ſhe ſhoots her Head,

Plac'd

Plac'd in the mid'ſt: would Heav'n his Works diſgrace,
By planting Poiſon in the happieſt Place?
Haſte; you loſe time and God-head by delay.
[*Plucking the Fruit.*
Eve. 'Tis done; I'll venture all and diſobey.
[*Looking about her.*
Perhaps, far hid in Heav'n, he does not ſpy,
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord, the lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He to partake my Bliſs, my Crime ſhall ſhare. [*Exit haſtily.*
Lucif. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haſte: 'Twas hard
With no return ſuch Counſel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater Part;
She's now the Tempter, to enſnare his Heart.
He, whoſe firm Faith no Reaſon could remove,
Will melt before that ſoft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradiſe.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

METhinks, I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet, from unhurt Flow'rs rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this Earthly Seat;
Heav'n is my Palace; this my baſe Retreat.
Take me not Heav'n, too ſoon; 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch; but ſtay, ſhall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Soveraign now;
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is ſweet; but how if Heav'n has ſpy'd?
If I ſhould die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my ſtead?
Shall ſhe poſſeſs his Love, when I am dead?

No;

No; he ſhall eat, and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes ſhall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, has Earth in ſtore!
While you were abſent, *Eden* was no more.
Winds murmur'd, through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains, o'er their Pebbles, chid your ſtay.
But with your Preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And Walks wear freſher Green, at your Return.

Eve. Henceforth you never ſhall have cauſe to chide;
No future Abſence ſhall our Joys divide:
'Twas a ſhort Death my Love ne'er try'd before,
And therefore ſtrange; but yet the Cauſe was more.

Adam. My trembling Heart forebodes ſome Ill; I fear
To ask that Cauſe which I deſire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which fluſhes guilty in your Face?
Speak — do not — yet, at laſt, I muſt be told.

Eve. Have Courage then: 'tis manly to be bold.
This Fruit — why doſt thou ſhake? no Death is nigh:
'Tis what I taſted firſt; yet do not die.

Adam. Is it——(I dare not ask it all at firſt;
Doubt is ſome Eaſe to thoſe who fear the worſt:)
Say, 'tis not.

Eve. ———'Tis not what thou need'ſt to fear:
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd; and had ſtill been ſo,
Had I not ventur'd boldly firſt to know.
Yet, not I firſt; I almoſt bluſh to ſay
The Serpent eating taught me firſt the way.
The Serpent taſted, and the god-like Fruit
Gave the Dumb Voice; gave Reaſon to the Brute.

Adam. O faireſt of all Creatures, laſt, and beſt,
Of what Heav'n made, how art thou diſpoſſeſt
Of all thy native Glories! fal'n! decay'd!
(Pity ſo rare a Frame ſo frail was made)
Now Cauſe of thy own Ruin; and with thine,
(Ah, who can live without thee!) Cauſe of mine.

Eve. Reſerve thy Pity, till I want it more:
I know my ſelf much happier than before;

More

More wiſe, more perfect, all I wiſh to be,
Were I but ſure, alas! of pleaſing thee.

Adam. Y'have ſhown how much you my Content deſign:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Diſpleaſure paſs like mine.
Muſt I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd ſo well,
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A Salvage Prince, unpleas'd though abſolute.

Eve. Pleaſe then your ſelf with me, and freely taſte,
Leſt I, without you, ſhould to Godhead haſte:
Leſt diff'ring in degree, you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your ſelf, with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I ſee:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty ſtill, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice, my Life reſign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love is mine.
[*Takes the Fruit and eats it.*

Eve. O wond'rous Pow'r of matchleſs Love expreſt:
[*Embracing him.*
Why was this Tryal thine, of loving beſt?
I envy thee that lot; and could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death, for thee.
Not that I fear, that Death th'Event can prove;
W'are both immortal, while ſo well we love.

Adam. What e'er ſhall be the Event, the Lot is caſt:
Where Appetites are giv n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch;
Th'Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much,
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a Day.

Eve. Give to the Winds thy Fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each others Will.

Adam. I will, at leaſt, defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If he will come, let us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize us when our Pleaſure's paſt.
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drain'd Life, and left a Void behind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. 'Tis done:
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother Earth ſigh'd, as ſhe felt the Wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made State!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him Rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine; whoſe Lord I made my Thrall;
Annexing to my Crown, his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes, my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the darkned Air, black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,
And force him to his inmoſt Heav'ns remove.
[*A Clap of Thunder is heard.*
He hears already, and I boaſt too ſoon;
I dread that Engine which ſecur'd his Throne.
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the deep,
And waſte that Empire, which I cannot keep. [*Sinks down.*

Raphael *and* Gabriel *deſcend.*

Raph. As much of Grief as Happineſs admits
In Heav'n, on each Celeſtial Forehead ſits:
Kindneſs for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliſs, and yet not violate.
Their Heav'nly Harps a lower Strain began;
And in ſoft Muſic, mourn the Fall of Man.

Gab. I ſaw th' Angelic Guards, from Earth aſcend,
(Griev'd they muſt now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly ſhone;
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
Th' Etherial People flock'd for News in haſte,
Whom they, with down caſt Looks, and ſcarce ſaluting paſt:
While each did, in his penſive Breaſt, prepare
A ſad Accompt of their ſucceſsleſs Care.

Raph. Th' Eternal yet, in Majeſty ſevere,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Deaths deferr'd; and Baniſhment, (their Doom)
In Penitence foreſeen, leaves Mercy room.

Gab.

Gab. That Meſſage is thy Charge: Mine leads me hence;
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate, for its defence,
Leſt, Man, returning, the bleſt Place pollute,
And ſcape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

[*Another Clap of Thunder. Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam. In what dark Cavern ſhall I hide my Head?
Where ſeek Retreat, now Innocence is fled?
Safe in that Guard, I durſt ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Eve. What ſhall we do? or where direct our Flight?
Eaſtward as far as I could caſt my Sight,
From op'ning Heav'ns, I ſaw deſcending Light.
Its glitt'ring through the Trees, I ſtill behold;
The Cedar Tops ſeem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape divine, whoſe Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid, where Light could not appear.
Deep into ſome thick Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars or Sun,
And fenc'd from Day, by Night's eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my ſelf unſeen.

Eve. In vain: What Hope to ſhun his piercing Sight,
Who, from dark Chaos, ſtruck the Sparks of Light?

Adam. Theſe ſhould have been your Thoughts, when
You truſted to your guideleſs Innocence. [parting hence,
See now th' Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us; Death purſues behind.
So fatal 'twas to ſeek Temptations out:
Moſt Confidence has ſtill moſt Cauſe to doubt.

Eve. Such might have been thy hap, alone aſſail'd;
And ſo, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vaſſallage of all my future Kind:
Firſt Idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
Then Slaves to thoſe who courted us before.

Adam. I counſel'd you to ſtay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own lawleſs Will you ſtand accus'd.

Eve. Have you that Priviledge of only wiſe,
And would you yield to her you ſo deſpiſe?
You ſhould have ſhown th' Authority you boaſt,
And, Soveraign-like, my headlong Will have croſt:

Coun-

Counſel was not enough to ſway my Heart;
An abſolute Reſtraint had been your Part.
Adam. Ev'n ſuch Returns do they deſerve to find,
When Force is lawful, who are fondly Kind.
Unlike my Love; for when thy Guilt I knew,
I ſhar'd the Curſe which did that Crime purſue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigor did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, becauſe 'twas not ſevere.
Eve. You have, your ſelf, your Kindneſs overpaid:
He ceaſes to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On Womens Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundleſs Will, give boundleſs Liberty.
Reſtraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not truſted as your Guard:
And, to your ſelves ſo left, if Ill enſues,
You firſt our weak Indulgence will accuſe.
Curſt be that Hour———
When, ſated with my ſingle Happineſs,
I choſe a Partner, to condole my Bliſs,
Who wants that Reaſon which her Will ſhould ſway,
And knows but juſt enough to diſobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reaſon void, accountable for none:
Th' Unhappieſt of Creation is a Wife,
Made loweſt, in the higheſt Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave; to know and not to chuſe:
Curſt with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.
Adam. Add, that ſhe's proud, fantaſtick, apt to change;
Reſtleſs at home; and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and ſo vain is ſhe,
She'll meet the Devil; rather than not ſee.
Our wiſe Creator, for his Choirs div'ne,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all maſculine.
Ah! Why muſt Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect; this helpleſs Aid call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Poſterity no Pairs from you ſhall find,
But ſuch as by miſtake of Love are join'd:

The

The worthieſt Men, their Wiſhes ne'er ſhall gain;
But ſee the Slaves, they ſcorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite ſhall your wild Fancies rule;
Falſe to Deſert, and faithful to a Fool.

[*Turns in Anger from her, and is going off.*

Eve. Unkind! wilt thou forſake me, in Diſtreſs,

[*Kneeling.*

For that which now is paſt me to redreſs?
I have miſdone; and I endure the Smart:
Loath to acknowledge; but more loath to part.
The Blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:
What would you more? I have my ſelf accus'd.
Was plighted Faith ſo weakly ſeal'd above,
That, for one Error, I muſt loſe your Love?
Had you ſo err'd, I ſhould have been more kind,
Than to add Pain to an afflicted Mind.

Adam. Y'are grown much humbler, than you were before:
I Pardon you; but ſee my Face no more.

Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be ſtill diſpleas'd; but let me ſee you ſtill.
Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:
You more than kill me if you ſo forgive.
The Beaſts, ſince we are fall'n, their Lords deſpiſe;
And, paſſing, look at me, with glaring Eyes:
Muſt I then wander helpleſs, and alone?
You'll pity me, too late, when I am gone.

Adam. Your Penitence does my Compaſſion move;
As you deſerve it, I may give my Love.

Eve. On me, alone, let Heav'n's Diſpleaſure fall:
You merit none, and I deſerve it all.

Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a Part,
Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?
I was too ſtubborn, thus to make you ſue:
Forgive me; I am more in fault, than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raph. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was ſent;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy Puniſhment:

Yet

Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require;
Th' All-good does not his Creatures Death desire:
Justice must punish the rebellious Deed:
Yet punish so, as Pity shall exceed.

Adam. I neither can dispute his Will, nor dare:
Death will dismiss me from my future Care,
And lay me softly in my Native Dust,
To pay the Forfeit of ill-manag'd Trust.

Eve. Why seek you Death? consider e're you speak:
The Laws were hard; the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we solicite Heav'n to mould our Clay?
From Darkness, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or chuse to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it he?
Since 'twas his Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here;
The Laws we did not chuse, why should we bear?

Adam. Seek not, in vain, our Maker to accuse:
Terms were propos'd; Pow'r left us to refuse.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's free Will;
And shall we murmur to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-son's Excuse receive,
Because he was begot without his Leave?
Heav'n's Right, in us, is more: First form'd to serve;
The Good, we merit not; the Ill, deserve.

Raph. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverse the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th' Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer shall remain.
Hence, to the lower World, you are exil'd:
This Place, with Crimes shall be no more defil'd.

Eve. Must we this blissful Paradise forego?

Raph. Your Lot must be where Thorns and Thistles [grow,
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at first;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curst.
By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food shalt eat; [*To* Adam,
And know no Plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curse, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord:
And he shall Rule, and she in Thraldom live;
Desiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam.

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuſe;
And could ſuſtain this Paradiſe to loſe:
The Bliſs; but not the Place: Here could I ſay
Heav'n's winged Meſſenger did paſs the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel ſtaid:
Then, ſhow my wondring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns, where e'er thou didſt appear,
Each Place ſome Monument of thee ſhould bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raiſe,
And Heav'n, with Gums, and offer'd Incenſe praiſe.

Raph. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th'eternal Mind
Acts through all Places; is to none confin'd:
Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the univerſal Maſs does move.
Thou canſt be no where diſtant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat, and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of peopled Earth, had come
To rev'rence thee, and ſee their Native home.
Immortal, then; now Sickneſs, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to ſhorten mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I theſe Ills foreknow:
And find my ſelf the ſad Occaſion too.
But what is Death?

Raph. In Viſion, thou ſhalt ſee his grieſly Face,
The King of Terrors, raging in thy Race.
That, while in future Fate thou ſhar'ſt thy Part,
A kind Remorſe, for Sin, may ſeize thy Heart.

The SCENE *ſhifts, and diſcovers Deaths of ſeveral Sorts. A Battel at Land, and a Naval Fight.*

Adam. O wretched Off-ſpring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders firſt;
And, for thoſe Sins they could not ſhun, accurſt.

Eve.

Eve: Why is Life forc'd on Man; who, might he chuſe,
Would not accept, what he, with Pain, muſt loſe?
Unknowing, he receives it; and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.
Raph. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood ſee,
Decrepit Years, and helpleſs Infancy:
Thoſe who, by lingring Sickneſs, loſe their Breath;
And thoſe who, by deſpair, ſuborn their Death:
See yon' mad Fools, who for ſome trivial Right,
For Love, or for miſtaken Honour, fight:
See thoſe, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needleſs Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood they floating Armies bear;
And force impriſon'd Winds to bring 'em near.
Eve. Who would the Miſeries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but ſhare our Part of Woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And, e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear. [Strife,
Adam. The Deaths, thou ſhow'ſt, are forc'd and full of
Caſt headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no ſmooth Deſcent? no painleſs Way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?
Raph. There is; but rarely ſhall that Path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate, by eaſie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as ev'ning Sheep
On their own Woolly Fleeces, ſoftly ſleep.
Adam. So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And, dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller Taſte
Of leſs'ning Joys, I, by degrees, would waſte:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd Decay,
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away.

Raph.

Raph. Death you have ſeen: Now ſee your Race revive,
How happy they in deathleſs Pleaſures live.
Far more than I can ſhow, or you can ſee,
Shall crown the Bleſt with Immortality.

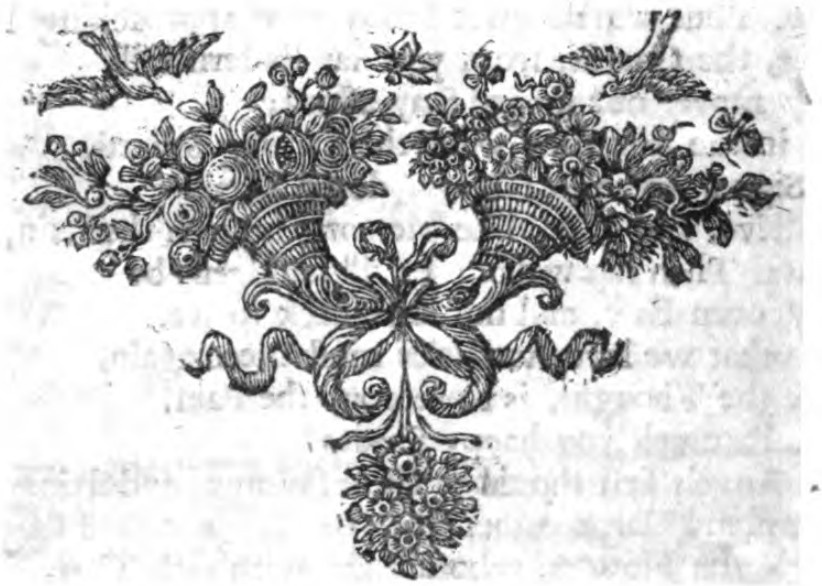
Here a Heaven deſcends, full of Angels and bleſſed Spirits, with ſoft Muſick, a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodneſs Infinite! whoſe Heav'nly Will
Can ſo much Good produce, from ſo much Ill!
Happy their State!
Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy ſincere, and with no Sorrow mixt:
Eternity ſtands permanent and fixt,
And wheels no longer on the Poles of Time:
Secure from Fate, and more ſecure from Crime.
Eve. Raviſh'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin which Heav'n makes happy in th' Event.
Raph. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill:
For, ſee, the Guards, from yon' far Eaſtern Hill,
Already move, nor longer Stay afford;
High, in the Air, they wave the flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart: Now, down amain
They drive, and glide, like Meteors through the Plain.
Adam. Then farewel all; I will indulgent be
To my own Eaſe, and not look back to ſee.
When what we love, we ne'er muſt meet again,
To loſe the Thought, is to remove the Pain.
Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades!
Where Angels firſt ſhould practiſe Hymns, and ſtring
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd ſing.
Farewel, you Flow'rs, whoſe Buds, with early Care,
I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear:
Who now ſhall bind your Stems? or, when you fall,
With Fountain Streams, your fainting Souls recal?
A long farewel to thee, my nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with ev'ry fair and fragrant Flow'r.
And laſt, farewel, farewel my Place of Birth;
I go to wander in the lower Earth,

As diſtant as I can; for, diſpoſſeſt,
Fartheſt from what I once enjoy'd, is beſt.

Raph. The riſing Winds urge the tempeſtuous Air;
And on their Wings, deformed Winter bear:
The Beaſts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts, for defence:
The feebler Herd, before the ſtronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your Sin,
For outward *Eden* loſt, find *Paradiſe* within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



AURENG-ZEBE:

dyed 1707

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

--------Sed, cum fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi *nisi vendat Agaven.*
Juv.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

EARL *of* MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

'TIS a severe Reflection which *Montaign* has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any Expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis Kindness enough, if they leave us in Possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shows the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of *England* may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such

Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other Account of my Royal Master, than what *Montaign* has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many, who make it their Business to ruin Wit: And *Montaign*, in other places, tells us, what Effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to their own Designs: Conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but only *hapning* sometimes to Well-deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural Form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, tho' 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their Advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a moated Castle; he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of solid Men: And a solid Man is, in plain *English*, a solid, solemn Fool. Another Disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass by

an

an *Alias*) and that is, the Title of honest Fellows. But this Honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its Allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest, than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their Power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of Parts, whom they cannot ruin: Quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent, steal their Jests: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter, than a *Dutchman* would to an *English* Vessel in the *Indies*; they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with Safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your Kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my Duty to give testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that Nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or wants it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets for the hire of Praise; and

his Humility is only a diſguis'd Ambition. Even *Cicero* himſelf, whoſe Eloquence deſerv'd the Admiration of Mankind; yet by his inſatiable thirſt of Fame, he has leſſen'd his Character with ſucceeding Ages: His Action againſt *Catiline* may be ſaid to have ruin'd the Conſul, when it ſav'd the City: For it ſo ſwell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-ſet with Vanity. And this made his Virtue ſo ſuſpected by his Friends, that *Brutus*, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conſpiracy. A modern Wit has made this Obſervation on him, That coveting to recommend himſelf to Poſterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Hiſtorians, to remember his Conſulſhip: And obſerve, if you pleaſe, the Oddneſs of the Event; all their Hiſtories are loſt, and the vanity of his Requeſt ſtands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordſhip, is your Contempt of popular Applauſe, and your retir'd Virtue, which ſhines only to a few; with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, and that you only retire your ſelf from thoſe, who are not capable of returning it. Your Kindneſs, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happineſs in your Love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an Argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; becauſe I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am ſure you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reſcu'd, not only from the Power of others, but from

from my worst of Enemies, my own Modesty and Lazinesſ. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deſerving Subject, had been an Effect of Juſtice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferred on ſuch a Man, as prefers your Kindneſs it ſelf, before any of its Conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your Favours, thoſe of your Love, and of your Converſation. From this Conſtancy to your Friends, I might reaſonably aſſume, that your Reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generoſity. For certainly, 'tis the ſame Compoſition of Mind, the ſame Reſolution and Courage, which makes the greateſt Friendſhips, and the greateſt Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himſelf to the World for a Chriſtian, but I ſhould hardly truſt him for a Friend. The *Italians* have a Proverb to that Purpoſe, *To forgive the firſt time ſhows me a good Catholick, the ſecond time a Fool.* To this firmneſs in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the Intereſt your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his Undertakings; one with whom that Character of *Horace* will agree,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,

Such an one cannot but place an Eſteem, and repoſe a Confidence on him, whom no Adverſity, no Change of Courts, no Bribery of Intereſts, or

Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the ſolid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no Inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: Your early Undertakings have been ſuch, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your ſelf to the moſt dangerous Employment, that of the Sea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the Hazards, and, which was worſe, the Company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuſe no Opportunity of rendring your ſelf uſeful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct ſhall be requir'd. The ſame Zeal and Faithfulneſs continues in your Blood, which animated one of your noble Anceſtors to ſacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign; Tho', I hope, both for your ſake, and for the publick Tranquillity, the ſame Occaſion will never be offer'd to your Lordſhip, and that a better Deſtiny will attend you. But I make haſte to conſider you as abſtracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to uſe a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happineſs. The Academicks, I confeſs, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philoſophers did ever leave a room for Greatneſs. Neither am I form'd to praiſe a Court, who admire

mire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of Retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no pleasure even in looking on the Downfal, tho' I am secure from the Danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant Joy in that excellent Description of *Lucretius*,

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

I am sure his Master *Epicurus*, and my better Master *Cowley*, preferr'd the Solitude of a Garden, and the Conversation of a Friend to any Consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a Contemplation of it self, and centring on it self:

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;
——— *Curâ semota, metuque,*
Ipsa suis pollens opibus ———

If this be not the Life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence; 'tis at least a godlike Life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my Opinion) with an humbler Station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the Pinnacle of it.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

The truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our pains. I have Fool enough at home, without looking for it abroad: And am a sufficient Theater to my self of ridiculous Actions, without expecting Company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the Deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of Imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some Ease in my change of Punishment. I desire to be no longer the *Sisyphus* of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endless Labour (which, to follow the Proverb, *gathers no Moss*) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in *Comedy*. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroick Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my Design; the Subject of which you know is great, the Story *English*, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my Opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler Occasion to do Honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our ancient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And

your

your Lordship has one particular Reason to promote this Undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the Opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the Unsettl'dness of my Condition has hitherto put a stop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no Successor to *Homer* in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the *Grecian* Doors, while I sing the Praises of their Ancestors. The Times of *Virgil* please me better, because he had an *Augustus* for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a *Mecænas* with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that Remembrance in his Majesty, which his many Avocations of Business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as *Achilles* is said to be rouz'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the Design, and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the Confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your Approbation, and many your Amendment. You were likewise pleased to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the most considerable

Event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some Vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at least, he has given it a Value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, 'till I find more Reason for their Censures. The Procedure of *Indamora* and *Melesinda*, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them, fail not more, the World will never blame their Conduct: And I shall be glad, for the Honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their Behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practical Virtue, mix'd with the Frailties and Imperfections of human Life. I have made my *Heroine* fearful of Death, which neither *Cassandra* nor *Cleopatra* would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have outdone Romance in that particular. Yet their *Mandana* (and the *Cyrus* was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: For she sate down on the cold Ground by the King of *Assyria*, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her Defence; but allow'd him some Favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her *Cyrus*. I have made my *Melesinda*, in opposition to *Nourmahal*, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of Injuries and Contempt, and constant in her Kindness, to the last: And in that,

that, perhaps, I may have err'd, becauſe it is not a Virtue much in uſe. Thoſe *Indian* Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themſelves in their own Country, or, at leaſt, to keep Company with the *Arria's* and *Portia's* of old *Rome*: Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: Yet I have labour'd as much as any Man, to diveſt my ſelf of the Self-opinion of an Author; and am too well ſatisfy'd of my own Weakneſs, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other ſide, my Reaſon tells me, that, in probability, what I have ſeriouſly and long conſider'd, may be as likely to be juſt and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any ſuch amongſt thoſe Ladies) will think fit, in a tranſient Preſentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The moſt judicious Writer is ſometimes miſtaken, after all his Care: But the haſty Critick, who judges on a View, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him firſt conſider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to deſign the other, before he arraigns him of a Fault: And then, perhaps, on ſecond Thoughts, he will find his Reaſon oblige him to revoke his Cenſure. Yet, after all, I will not be too poſitive. *Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a Man, I muſt be changeable: And ſometimes the graveſt of us all are ſo, even upon ridiculous Accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies: Which makes me ſuſpect, they are nearer ally'd, than either our Philoſophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have obſerv'd, ſays *Montaign*, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is ſeldom at his eaſe. An ill Dream,

or a cloudy Day, has Power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not Yesterday. And *Homer* was of this Opinion, as *Cicero* is pleas'd to translate him for us:

Tales sunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipse
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.

Or as the same Author, in his *Tusculane* Questions, speaks with more Modesty than usual of himself: *Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus.* 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the Conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my Promise of Amendment. The Impotent Lover in *Petronius*, tho' his was a very unpardonable Crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the Terms I offer. *Summa excusationis meæ hæc est: Placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.*

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater Boldness, in presenting to your view what my Meanness can produce, than in any other Error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into Pedantry, with an excuse of *Tully*'s, which he sent with his Books *De Finibus*, to his Friend *Brutus: De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi,* (I change it from *Philosophiâ*) *tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure repre-*

reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimùm absum: Nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt, ad te mitto; sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem. Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is

Your Lordship's

most Obedient

Humble Servant,

DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by Experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you:
And out of no feign'd Modesty, this Day
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another Taste of Wit;
And to confess a Truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most Correct of his:
But spite of all his Pride, a secret Shame
Invades his Breast at Shakespear's *sacred Name:*
Aw'd when he hears his Godlike Romans *Rage,*
He, in a just Despair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain the foremost Honours yield.
As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his Verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing Gamester, *let him sneak away;*
He bears no ready Money from the Play.

The

PROLOGUE.

The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
He ſhould not raiſe his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War:
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loath,
'Tis a ſhrewd Sign 'twas never of your Growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like Orange-trees, *'tis hous'd from Snow.*
There needs no Care to put a Play-houſe down,
'Tis the moſt Deſart Place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbours, to ſpeak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expenſive War.
While, like wiſe Engliſh, *unconcern'd, you ſit,*
And ſee us play the Tragedy of Wit.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

The old Emperor.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Aureng-Zebe his Son.	Mr. *Hart.*
Morat, his younger Son.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Arimant, Governor of *Agra.*	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Dianet.	*Indian* Lords, or *Omrahs*, of ſeveral Factions.
Solyman.	
Mir Baba.	
Abas.	
Aſaph Chan.	
Fazel Chan.	

W O M E N.

Nourmahal, the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Indamora, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Meleſinda, Wife to *Morat.*	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Zayda, Favourite Slave to the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Uphil.*

SCENE, *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENG-

AURENG-ZEBE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arimant, Asaph Chan *and* Fazel Chan.

ARIMANT.

HEav'n seems the Empire of the East to lay
On the Success of this important Day:
Their Arms are to the last Decision bent,
And Fortune labours with the vast Event:
She now has in her Hand the greatest Stake,
Which for contending Monarchs she can make.
What e'er can urge ambitious Youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their Sight:
Laws, Empire, All permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'er an ampler Scene afford.

Asaph. Four several Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal Hopes four Princes head:
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empire's Bounds,
Swell their dy'd Currents with their Native's Wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody Arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When first the Brothers did their Factions form:

When

When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, ſtrove
To draw th'indulgent King to partial Love.
Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad Ambition, they were ſent
To rule a diſtant Province each alone.
What could a careful Father more have done?
He made Proviſion againſt all, but Fate;
While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State.
The weight of ſeventy Winters preſt him down,
He bent beneath the Burthen of a Crown:
Sickneſs, at laſt, did his ſpent Body ſeize,
And Life almoſt ſunk under the Diſeaſe:
Mortal 'twas thought, at leaſt by them deſir'd,
Who, impiouſly, into his Years inquir'd:
As at a Signal, ſtreight the Sons prepare
For open Force, and ruſh to ſudden War:
Meeting, like Winds broke looſe upon the Main,
To prove, by Arms, whoſe Fate it was to reign.
Aſaph. Rebels and Parricides!
Arim. Brand not their Actions with ſo foul a Name:
Pity, at leaſt, what we are forc'd to blame.
When Death's cold Hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Leſs Ills are choſen greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the State's deſtroy'd.
What Courage tamely could to Death conſent,
And not, by ſtriking firſt, the Blow prevent?
Who falls in fight, cannot himſelf accuſe,
And he dies greatly who a Crown purſues.
To them Solyman Agah.
Solym. A new Expreſs all *Agra* does afright:
Darah and *Aureng-Zebe* are join'd in Fight;
The Preſs of People thickens to the Court,
Th'impatient Crowd devouring the Report.
Arim. T'each changing News they chang'd Affections [bring,
And ſervilely from Fate expect a King.
Solym. The Miniſters of State, who gave us Law,
In Corners, with ſelected Friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, ſolemnly are wiſe;
Whiſp'ring, like Winds, e'er Hurricanes ariſe.

The

The moſt Corrupt are moſt Obſequious grown,
And thoſe they ſcorn'd, officiouſly they own.
Aſaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppreſſor's Fate:
Do Sovereign Juſtice, and Revenge the State.
Solym. The little Courtiers, who ne'er come to know
The Depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
Where Int'reſts meet and croſs ſo oft, that they
With too much care are wilder'd in their Way.
Arim. What of the Emperor?
Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himſelf appears,
And, meriting no Ill, no Danger fears:
Yet mourns his former Vigour loſt ſo far,
To make him now Spectator of a War:
Repining that he muſt preſerve his Crown
By any Help or Courage but his own:
Wiſhes, each Minute, he could unbeget
Thoſe Rebel-Sons, who dare t'uſurp his Seat:
To ſway his Empire with unequal Skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.
Arim. Oh! had he ſtill that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd!
He promis'd in his Eaſt a glorious Race;
Now, ſunk from his Meridian, ſets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated Heat, leſs fiercely ſhines,
Seems to grow Milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the Remains of Day:
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory ſtrove,
Would recompence his Age with Eaſe and Love.
Aſaph. The Name of Father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.
Fazel. *Darah*, the Eldeſt, bears a generous Mind;
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd,
Too openly does Love and Hatred ſhow:
A bounteous Maſter, but a deadly Foe.
Solym. From *Sujah*'s Valour I ſhould much expect,
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Perſian* Sect:
And, by a Foreign Int'reſt ſeeks to Reign,
Hopeleſs by Love the Sceptre to obtain.

Aſaph.

Asaph. *Morat*'s too insolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
What he attempts, if his Endeavours fail
T'effect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

Arim. But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no strong Passion sway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in Performance bold:
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,
And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym. Two vast Rewards may well his Courage move,
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress' Love.
If he succeed, his Recompence, we hear,
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

To them, Abas.

Abas. Mischiefs on Mischiefs, greater still, and more:
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:
The Vale an Iron-Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field.
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer shows the War.
The Horses neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Castl'd-Elephants o'er-look the Town.

Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* these Pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the Brink of Ruin stands:
Th'ambitious Empress with her Son is join'd,
And, in his Brother's Absence, has design'd
The unprovided Town to take with ease,
And then, the Person of the King to seize.

Solym. To all his former Issue she has shown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

Abas. These Troops are his.
Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his Approach, he to his Mother sent,
And two long Hours in close Debate were spent.

Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel repair,
And show my Duty by my timely Care.

To them the Emperor with a Letter in his Hand: After him, an Ambassador, with a Train following.

Asaph. But see, the Emperor! a fiery red
His Brows, and glowing Temples does o'er-spread,
Morat has some displeasing Message sent.
Amb. Do not, great Sir, misconstrue his Intent;
Nor call Rebellion what was prudent Care,
To guard himself by necessary War:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd:
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd:
But, when he thought you gone
T'augment the Number of the Bless'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:
Nor arm'd his Brothers Portions to invade,
But to defend the Present you had made.
Emp. By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,
He knew my Pleasure to discharge his Bands:
Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;
Yet still he arm'd, came on, and disobey'd.
Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your Death con-[ceal'd:
And but delay'd, till Truth should be reveal'd.
Emp. News of my Death from Rumor he receiv'd;
And what he wish'd, he easy believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my Hand he knew
I liv'd, so loath he was to think it true.
Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,
Now let him show his Duty, and disband.
Amb. His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause;
He yields his Arms unjust, if he withdraws:
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning those he leads to be your Guard.
Emp. I, in my self, have all the Guard I need;
Bid the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed:
If his audacious Troops one Hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.
Amb. Since you deny him Entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in Bands:
Her, if unjustly you from him detain,
He justly will by force of Arms regain.

Emp.

Emp. O'er him, and his, a Right from Heav'n I have;
Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
But whatſoe'er his own Demerits are,
Tell him, I ſhall not make on Women, War.
And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,
To keep her here, as in the ſafer Place.
But thou, who dar'ſt this bold Defiance bring,
May'ſt feel the Rage of an offended King.
Hence from my Sight, without the leaſt Reply:
One Word, nay, one Look more, and thou ſhalt die.
[*Exit Ambaſſador.*

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, ſtill augment your [Bliss
With length of Days, and every Day like this.
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
And forty thouſand of his Men lye dead.
To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew;
Him they ſurpris'd, and eaſily o'er-threw.

Emp. 'Tis well. [done.

Arim. But well! what more could at your Wiſh be
Than two ſuch Conqueſts gain'd by ſuch a Son?
Your Pardon, mighty Sir;
You ſeem not high enough your Joys to rate;
You ſtand indebted a vaſt Sum to Fate:
And ſhould large Thanks for the great Bleſſing pay.

Emp. My Fortune owes me greater every Day.
And ſhould my Joy more high for this appear,
It would have argu'd me before of Fear.
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
And Fortune only pays me with my own?

Arim. Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous Care expreſs:
And durſt not puſh too far his good Succeſs.
But leſt *Morat* the City ſhould attack,
Commanded his victorious Army back;
Which, left to march as ſwiftly as they may,
Himſelf comes firſt, and will be here this Day,
Before a cloſe-form'd Siege ſhut up his way.

Emp.

Emp. Prevent his Purpose, hence, with all thy speed.
Stop him; his Entrance to the Town forbid.
Arim. How, Sir? your Loyal, your Victorious Son?
Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.
Arim. Whom with your Pow'r and Fortune, Sir, you
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust. [trust;
He comes not with a Train to move your Fear,
But trusts himself, to be a Pris'ner here.
You knew him Brave, you know him Faithful now:
He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.
'Tis said, Ambition in his Breast does rage:
Who would not be the *Heroe* of an Age?
All grant him prudent: Prudence Interest weighs,
And Interest bids him seek your Love and Praise.
I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample Recompence:
He conquer'd in that Hope; and from your Hands,
His Love, the precious Pledge he left, demands.
Emp. No more; you search too deep my wounded
And show me what I fear, and would not find. [Mind:
My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:
Our Prophet sends him to my present Aid.
Such Virtue to distrust were base and low:
I'm not ungrateful——or I was not so!
Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:
I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.
Arim. 'Tis now too late his Entrance to prevent:
Nor must I to your Ruin give consent.
At once your Peoples Heart, and Son's you lose:
And give him all, when you just things refuse.
Emp. Thou lov'st me sure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,
In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my Side,
Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.
Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Disease?
I ask'd you, Sir.
Emp. ———Thou should'st have ask'd again:
There hangs a secret Shame on guilty Men.
Thou should'st have pull'd the Secret from my Breast,
Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Rest:

At

At leaſt, thou ſhould'ſt have gueſs'd———
Yet thou art honeſt, thou could'ſt ne'er have gueſs'd.
Haſt thou been never baſe? did Love ne'er bend
Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?
Flatter me, make thy Court, and ſay, It did:
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.
We would be kept in Count'nance, ſav'd from Shame:
And own'd by others who commit the ſame.
Nay, now I have confeſs'd.———
Thou ſeeſt me naked, and without diſguiſe:
I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rival's Eyes.
He has abroad my Enemies o'ercome,
And I have ſought to ruin him at home.
Arim. This free Confeſſion ſhows you long did ſtrive:
And Virtue, though oppreſt, is ſtill alive.
But what Succeſs did your Injuſtice find?
Emp. What it deſerv'd, and not what I deſign'd.
Unmov'd ſhe ſtood, and deaf to all my Prayers,
As Seas and Winds to ſinking Mariners.
But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:
Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.
Pray'rs, Promiſes, and Threats were all in vain.
Arim. Then cure your ſelf by generous Diſdain.
Emp. Virtue, Diſdain, Deſpair, I oft have try'd,
And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defy'd.
This made me with ſo little Joy to hear
The Victory, when I the Victor fear.
Arim. Something you ſwiftly muſt reſolve to do,
Leſt *Aureng-Zebe* your ſecret Love ſhould know.
Morat without does for your Ruin wait;
And would you loſe the Buckler of your State?
A jealous Empreſs lyes within your Arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms.
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail,
And juſt Revenge o'er Virtue may prevail.
Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, ſay from me,
Two Lives depend upon her Secreſie.
Bid her conceal my Paſſion from my Son.
Tho' *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,
Both he and ſhe are ſtill within my Pow'r.

Say.

Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:
Much to my Son, more to my ſelf I owe.
When ſhe receives him, to her words give Law:
And even the Kindneſs of her Glances awe.
See, he appears! [*After a ſhort whiſper,* Arimant *departs.*
Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aureng-Zebe *kneels to his Father, and kiſſes his Hand.*

Aur. My Vows have been ſucceſsful as my Sword:
My Pray'rs are heard, you have your Health reſtor'd.
Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face:
The beſt of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
Pardon my Tears; 'Tis Joy which bids 'em flow,
A Joy which never was ſincere till now.
That which my Conqueſt gave, I could not prize;
Or 'twas imperfect till I ſaw your Eyes.

Emp. Turn the Diſcourſe: I have a Reaſon why
I would not have you ſpeak ſo tenderly.
Knew you what Shame your kind Expreſſions bring,
You would in pity ſpare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:
You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that Name.

Aur. ——What have I ſaid or done,
That I no longer muſt be call'd your Son?
'Tis in that name, Heav'n knows, I glory more,
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to ſee
You're not ſo perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.

Aur. ——Now I find
Some ſly Court Devil has ſeduc'd your Mind:
Fill'd it with black Suſpicions, not your own:
And all my Actions through falſe Opticks ſhown.
I ne'er did Crowns ambitiouſly regard:
Honour I ſought, the generous Mind's Reward.
Long may you live! while you the Sceptre ſway,
I ſhall be ſtill moſt happy to obey.

Emp. Oh, *Aureng-Zebe*! thy Virtues ſhine too bright,
They flaſh too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
Shut my dull Eyes, and ſicken at the Sight.

Thou haſt deſerv'd more Love than I can ſhow!
But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.
Thou ſeeſt me much diſtemper'd in my Mind:
Pull'd back, and then puſh'd forward to be kind.
Virtue, and —— fain I would my Silence break,
But have not yet the Confidence to ſpeak.
Leave me, and to thy needful Reſt repair.

Aur. Reſt is not ſuiting with a Lover's Care.
I have not yet my *Indamora* ſeen. [*Is going.*

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot; come back again:
So weary of a Father's Company?

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your ſelf to Licenſe me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight.
Beſides, a Rebel's Army is in ſight.
Adviſe me firſt: Yet go ————
He goes to *Indamora*; I ſhould take [*Aſide.*
A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.
Yet to detain him makes my Love appear:
I hate his Preſence, and his Abſence fear. [*Exit.*

Aur. To ſome new Clime, or to thy native Sky,
Oh friendleſs and forſaken Virtue fly.
Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.
Why did my Arms in Battel proſp'rous prove,
To gain the barren Praiſe of filial Love?
The beſt of Kings by Women is miſ-led,
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a ſecond Bed.
Againſt my ſelf I Victories have won,
And by my fatal Abſence am undone.

To him, Indamora, *with* Arimant.

But here ſhe comes!
In the calm Harbour of whoſe gentle Breaſt,
My Tempeſt-beaten Soul may ſafely reſt.
Oh, my Heart's Joy! what e'er my Sorrows be,
They ceaſe and vaniſh, in beholding thee!
Care ſhuns thy Walks; as at the chearful Light,
The groaning Ghoſts, and Birds obſcene take flight.
By this one View, all my paſt Pains are paid:
And all I have to come more eaſie made.

Ind. Such ſullen Planets at my Birth did ſhine,
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
Fly the Purſuit of my diſaſtrous Love,
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.
Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whoſe hardned Hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd Harveſt of the Soil.
Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,
Refuſe Poſſeſſion of approaching Good?
Ind. Love is an Airy Good, Opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a ſtrong Imagination's Beam;
That tricks and dreſſes up the gaudy Dream.
Preſented ſo, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low deſtroy'd.
Aur. If Love be Viſion, mine has all the Fire
Which, in firſt Dreams, young Prophets does inſpire!
I Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradiſe:
An Age's Tumult of continu'd Bliſs.
But you have ſtill your Happineſs in doubt:
Or elſe 'tis paſt, and you have dreamt it out.
Ind. Perhaps not ſo.
Aur. ———Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?
Then farewel all! I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much diſtemper'd Mind.
I came to grieve a Father's Heart eſtrang'd;
But little thought to find a Miſtreſs chang'd.
Nature her ſelf is chang'd to puniſh me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconſtancy.
Ind. You heard me not Inconſtancy confeſs:
'Twas but a Friend's Advice to love me leſs.
Who knows what adverſe Fortune may befal?
Arm well your Mind: Hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly Proſpect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a riſing Ground, Poſſeſſion nigh:
Shortens the Diſtance, or o'er-looks it quite:
So eaſie 'tis to travel with the Sight.
Aur. Then to Deſpair you would my Love betray,
By taking Hope, its laſt kind Friend, away.

You hold the Glaſs, but turn the Perſpective;
And farther off the leſſen'd Object drive.
You bid me fear: In that your Change I know:
You would prepare me for the coming Blow.
But, to prevent you, take my laſt Adieu;
I'll ſadly tell my ſelf you are untrue,
Rather than ſtay to hear it told by you. [*Going.*
Ind. Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I muſt not let you go.
And yet believe your ſelf, your own worſt Foe,
Think I am true, and ſeek no more to know.
Let in my Breaſt the fatal Secret lye,
'Tis a ſad Riddle, which, if known, we die.
[*Seeming to pauſe.*
Aur. Fair Hypocrite, you ſeek to cheat in vain;
Your Silence argues you ask time to feign.
Once more, farewel: The Snare in Sight is laid,
'Tis my own Fault if I am now betray'd. [*Going again.*
Ind. Yet once more ſtay; you ſhall believe me true,
Though in one Fate I wrap my ſelf and you.
Your Abſence———
Arim. ———Hold; you know the hard Command
I muſt obey: You only can withſtand
Your own Miſhap. I beg you on my Knee,
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.
Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we ſhould be ruin'd both.
Both is a ſound of Joy.
In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:
And his cold Hand
Shall draw the Curtain when we go to ſleep.
Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did truſt,
Has been to you unkind, to me unjuſt.
The Guardian of my Faith ſo falſe did prove,
As to ſollicite me with lawleſs Love:
Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,
Baſe as he's great; and need I tell you who?
Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.
Ind. You've ſaid; I wiſh I could ſome other name!
Arim. My Duty muſt excuſe me, Sir, from blame.

A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ———Slave, for me?

Arim. ———My Orders are
To ſeize this Princeſs, whom the Laws of War
Long ſince made Priſoner.

Aur. ———Villain.

Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durſt another call me ſo.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine ſhe's free.

Arim. You may have Right to give her Liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that Right diſpute;
For his Commands to me were abſolute;
If ſhe diſclos'd his Love, to uſe the Right
Of War, and to ſecure her from your Sight.

Aur. I'll reſcue her, or die. [*Draws.*
And you, my Friends, though few, are yet too brave
To ſee your Gen'ral's Miſtreſs made a Slave. [*All draw.*

Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if ſo much Pow'r there lyes,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora*'s Eyes,
Loſe not the Honour you have early won;
But ſtand the blameleſs Pattern of a Son.
My Love your Claim inviolate ſecures:
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.
My Suff'rings for you make your Heart my Due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

Aur. I've thought, and bleſs'd be you who gave me time: [*Putting up his Sword.*
My Virtue was ſurpris'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like ſtrong Nature, ſtruggles ſtill:
Exerts it ſelf, and then throws off the Ill.
I to a Son's and Lover's Praiſe aſpire:
And muſt fulfil the Parts which both require.
How dear the Cure of Jealouſie has coſt!
With too much Care and Tenderneſs y'are loſt.
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,
Till looking back, ſhe vaniſh'd from his Eyes!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Betwixt the Acts, a warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off Guns, and Shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault.

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan, *and* Solyman.

Aur. WHat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortress thrice himself in Person storm'd.
Your Valour bravely did th' Assault sustain;
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.
Arim. To us you give what Praises are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great Conduct shown:
You sought our Safety, but forgot your own.
Asaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Despair and Death among the Soldiers sent:
You, the bold *Omrah* tumbled from the Wall;
And Shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.
Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous Day:
Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the Prey:
Know your own Int'rest, Sir, where-e'er you lead,
We jointly Vow to own no other Head. [mands;
Solym. Your Wrongs are known. Impose but your Com-
This Hour shall bring you twenty thousand Hands.
Aur. Let them who truly would appear my Friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble Ends.
No more: Remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no Wrongs; some Grievance I confess,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own Time redress.
Yet, some becoming Boldness I may use:
I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse. [*Aside.*

I'll

I'll ſtrike my Fortunes with him at a Heat:
And give him not the leiſure to forget.
[*Exit, attended by the* Omrahs.

Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide theſe fatal Eyes;
Too deep they wound whom they too ſoon ſurpriſe:
My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Intereſt, all
Before this Univerſal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery Way?
Pleas'd with the Paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on:
And ſee the Dangers which we cannot ſhun.
To him, Indamora.

Ind. I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:
Theſe Terras Walks within my Limits are.
I came to ſeek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he deſign'd you for my Guard,
Reſolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwiſe, you have deceiv'd his End;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I muſt own with ſhame:
But ſhould be prouder of another Name.

Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that Name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wiſh for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But Wiſhes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things poſſible:
I may wiſh more than I preſume to tell:
Deſire's the vaſt Extent of humane Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
I could wiſh———

Ind. What?

Arim. Why did you ſpeak? you've daſh'd my Fancy quite:
Ev'n in th' approaching Minute of Delight.
I muſt take breath———
E're I the Rapture of my Wiſh renew,
And tell you then, It terminates in you.

Ind. Have you conſider'd what th' Event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant*, your ſelf, or me?

Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,
My Youth in bloom, your Age in its decay?
Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my ſelf before;
For pity aggravate my Crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a Frown am ſlain:
You need have us'd but half ſo much Diſdain.
Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better Thoughts both of your ſelf, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
Which Kingly Power magnificently proves,
By Crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves.
And ſuch a Slave as you, what Queen would loſe?
Above the reſt, I *Arimant* would chuſe:
For Counſel, Valour, Truth, and Kindneſs too,
All I could wiſh in Man, I find in you.
Arim. What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God, by you thus prais'd.
Ind. To what may not deſert, like yours, pretend?
You have all Qualities — that fit a Friend.
Arim. So Mariners miſtake the promis'd Coaſt:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are loſt.
Think you my aged Veins ſo faintly beat,
They riſe no higher than to Friendſhip's heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light?
Ind. Miſtake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's Pow'r, and what my Charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd ſo well;
But practiſe one, where you can ne'er excel.
You can at moſt,
To an indiff'rent Lover's Praiſe pretend:
But you would ſpoil an admirable Friend.
Arim. Never was Amity ſo highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love ſo much deſpis'd.
Ev'n to my ſelf ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry, if I knew but how.
Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
When e'er I pleaſe, you muſt be pleas'd again.
Knowing what Pow'r I have your Will to bend,
I'll uſe it; for I need juſt ſuch a Friend.

You

You muſt perform, not what you think is fit:
But, to what ever I propoſe, ſubmit.
Arim. Madam, you have a ſtrange Aſcendant gain'd;
You uſe me like a Courſer, ſpurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my Fierceneſs you command,
Then ſooth, and gently ſtroke me with your Hand.
Impoſe; but uſe your Pow'r of taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they ſoon Rebel.
Enter the Emperor, unſeen by them.
Ind. My Rebels Puniſhment would eaſie prove:
You know y'are in my Pow'r by making Love.
Arim. Would I, without diſpute, your Will obey,
And could you, in return, my Life betray?
Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love-ſecret which I muſt not hear?
Theſe alter'd Looks ſome inward Motion ſhow.
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with Bluſhes glow.
[*To her.*
Ind. 'Tis what, with Juſtice, may my Anger move:
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.
Arim. I am betray'd, and ſhall be doom'd to die! [*Aſide.*
Emp. Did he, my Slave, preſume to look ſo high?
That crawling Inſect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindled into Man?
Durſt he, who does but for my Pleaſure live,
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?
Print his baſe Image on his Sovereign's Coin?
'Tis Treaſon if he ſtamp his Love with mine.
Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold, but if it be
A Crime———
Ind. ——He means, 'tis only ſo to me.
You, Sir, ſhould praiſe, what I muſt diſapprove:
He inſolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:
You, if you pleaſe, may all he ſaid diſclaim.
Emp. I muſt diſclaim what e'er he can expreſs:
His groveling Senſe will ſhow my Paſſion leſs.
But ſtay, if what he ſaid, my Meſſage be,
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?
He ſaid, he fear'd you would his Life betray.

Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may.
Tho' in your Hands he hazard not his Life,
Remember, Sir, your fury of a Wife;
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your Passion will pursue.

Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that Day;
The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:
Distrust in Lovers is the tender'st Fault.
Leave me, and tell thy self in my Excuse,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;
And precious things are still possess'd with Fear.

[*Exit* Arimant *bowing.*

This, Madam, my Excuse to you may plead;
Love should forgive the Faults which Love has made.

Ind. From me, what Pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?

Emp. Force is the last Relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the best Excuse of Woman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint, in all things, makes the Pleasure less;
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Emp. No; 'tis Resistance that inflames Desire:
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease:
He Languishes, and does not care to please.
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With so much care, to make Possession hard.

Ind. Was't not enough you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you must my Love betray?
I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,
And better chang'd your Claim of lawless Might,
By taking him, whom you esteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me first to Love.

Emp. My Son by my Command his Course must steer:
I bad him Love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any Kindness for him still,
Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

Ind.

Ind. Must I advise?
Then let me see him, and I'll try t'obey.
Emp. I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.
But send him word,
He has not here an Army to command:
Remember, he and you are in my Hand.
Ind. Yes, in a Father's Hand, whom he has serv'd;
And, with the hazard of his Life, preserv'd.
But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:
Against your self, you with your Foes combine,
And seem your own Destruction to design.
Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politicks to spare:
I'm old enough, and can my self take care.
Ind. Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:
Y'are old enough; it may be, Sir, too old.
Emp. You please your self with your Contempt of Age:
But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.
If on your Head my Fury does not turn,
Thank that fond Dotage which so much you scorn.
But, in another's Person, you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, tho' not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,
And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:
Her Brows, the stormy Marks of Anger bear.
Emp. Madam, retire: She must not find you here.

[*Exit* Indamora *with* Arimant.

Enter Nourmahal *hastily.*

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove
The Scorn and Triumph of a Rival's Love?
My Eyes are still the same, each Glance, each Grace
Keep their first Lustre, and maintain their Place;
Not second yet to any other Face.
Emp. What Rage transports you? Are you well awake?
Such Dreams distracted Minds in Feavers make.
Nour. Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have [bred,
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.
Such Visions hourly pass before my Sight;
Which from my Eyes their balmy Slumbers fright,
In the severest Silence of the Night.

Vision,

Visions, which in this Cittadel are seen;
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.
Emp. Have patience, my first Flames can ne'er decay:
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,
And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves.
Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,
With the first Ardour of a Nuptial Kiss. [*Offers to kiss her.*
Nour. Me would you have, me your faint Kisses prove,
The Dregs and Droppings of enervate Love?
Must I your cold long-labouring Age sustain,
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?
Receive you sighing after other Charms,
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?
Emp. Even these Reproaches I can bear from you:
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce;
And I allow your Rage that kind Excuse.
Nour. Call it not Patience; 'tis your Guilt stands mute:
You have a Cause too foul to bear dispute.
You wrong me first, and urge my Rage to rise,
Then I must pass for mad; you, meek and wise:
Good Man, plead Merit by your soft Replies.
Vain Priviledge poor Women have of Tongue:
Men can stand silent, and resolve on Wrong.
Emp. What can I more? My Friendship you refuse,
And even my Mildness, as my Crime, accuse.
Nour. Your sullen Silence cheats not me, false Man;
I know you think the bloodiest things you can.
Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice:
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoice.
But my known Virtue is from Scandal free,
And leaves no shadow for your Calumny.
Emp. Such Virtue is the Plague of human Life:
A virtuous Woman, but a cursed Wife.

In

In vain of pompous Chastity y'are proud:
Virtue's Adultery of the Tongue, when loud.
I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,
Than the shrill Sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.
In unchaste Wives———
There's yet a kind of recompensing Ease:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:
But against clamorous Virtue, what Defence?
It stops our Mouths, and gives your Noise Pretence.
Nour. Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,
'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.
Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;
And then you tax our Humours with your Change.
Emp. What can be sweeter than our native Home!
Thither for Ease, and soft Repose, we come:
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life:
Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt:
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.
Clamours, our Privacies uneasie make: [forsake.
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts
Nour. Honour's my Crime, that has your loathing bred:
You take no Pleasure in a virtuous Bed.
Emp. What Pleasure can there be in that Estate,
Which your Unquietness has made me hate?
I shrink far off———
Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the Fright.
The Day takes off the Pleasure of the Night.
Nour. My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r pursue;
Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.
And yet the Fault's not mine———
Tho' Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;
The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.
Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage-bands I'm weary grown.
Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own.
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove:
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.
Nour. What's Love to you?
The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands;
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd Hands:

You

You importune it with a falſe Deſire:
Which ſparkles out, and makes no ſolid Fire.
This Impudence of Age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to ask, when you are paſt a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.
Have Conſcience; give not her you love this Pain:
Sollicite not your ſelf, and her, in vain.
All other Debts may Compenſation find:
But Love is ſtrict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure of all Ills, Domeſtick are the worſt;
When moſt ſecure of Bleſſings, we are curſt.
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;
And cleaving Miſchiefs.

Nour. ———What you merit, have:
And ſhare, at leaſt, the Miſeries you gave.
Your Days I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights:
And, worſe than Age, diſable your Delights.
May your ſick Fame ſtill languiſh, 'till it die:
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,
And you grow cheap in every Subject's Eye.
Then, as the greateſt Curſe that I can give;
Unpity'd, be depos'd; and after live. [*Going off.*

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
How criminal ſoe'er we Husbands are,
'Tis not for Wives to puſh our Crimes too far.
Had you ſtill Miſtreſs of your Temper been,
I had been modeſt, and not own'd my Sin.
Your Fury hardens me: And what e'er Wrong
You ſuffer, you have cancell'd by your Tongue.
A Guard there; ſeize her: She ſhall know this Hour,
What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r.
[*Guard ſeizes her.*

Enter Aureng-Zebe.

Nour. I ſee for whom your Charter you maintain:
I muſt be fetter'd, and my Son be ſlain,
That *Zelyma*'s ambitious Race may reign.
Not ſo you promis'd, when my Beauty drew
All *Aſia*'s Vows; when *Perſia* left for you

The

The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.
Aur. The Name of Step-mother, your practis'd Art,
By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,
All you have done against me, or design,
Shows your Aversion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India*'s Empire guide:
And may no Breach your Nuptial Vows divide.
Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this Hour,
Assume the Right of Man's despotick Pow'r:
Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes Head:
And is himself the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be:
An easier Yoke than what you put on me.
Aur. Though much I fear my Int'rest is not great,
[*Kneeling*.
Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held:
There sweet and bitter by the wise conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen Ill.
And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.
Emp. To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain:
It gives 'em Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.
Till lanching out into a Sea of strife,
They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.
But be it as you please: For your lov'd sake,
This last and fruitless Tryal I will make.
In all Requests, your Right of Merit use:
And know, There is but one I can refuse.
[*He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.*
Nour. You've done enough, for you design'd my Chains:
The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;
You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son.

This

This you have gain'd by the rough Course you prove;
I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love. [*Exit.*

Emp. A Spirit so untam'd the World ne'er bore.

Aur. And yet worse Usage had incens'd her more.
But since by no Obligement she is ty'd,
You must betimes for your Defence provide.
I cannot idle in your Danger stand;
But beg once more I may your Arms command:
Two Battels your auspicious Cause has won;
My Sword can perfect what it has begun,
And, from your Walls, dislodge that haughty Son.

Emp. My Son, your Valour has, this Day, been such,
None can enough admire, or praise too much.
But now, with Reason, your Success I doubt:
Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panick Fright:
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.
But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near:
I, by to-morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em, I'll Sally out e're Day,
And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their Way.

Emp. Age has not yet
So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,
But conscious Virtue in my Breast remains.
But had I now
That Strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught,
When in the Vale of *Balasor* I fought,
And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought;
When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear
His Trunk, and Castles justl'd in the Air;
My Sword thy way to Victory had shown:
And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

Aur. Those fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,
And emulate my great Original.
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,
The Pow'r of Love, and *Indamora*'s Charms.

Emp. I doubt the happy Influence of your Star:
T' invoke a Captive's Name bodes ill in War.

Aur. Sir, give me leave to say, Whatever now
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.

Your

Your Royal Promiſe, when I went to fight,
Oblig'd me to reſign a Victor's Right.
Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:
And claim it as your General, and your Son.
Emp. My Ears ſtill ring with noiſe, I'm vext to Death:
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd Breath.
Nor will I be preſcrib'd my Time by you:
Firſt end the War, and then your Claim renew.
While to your Conduct I my Fortune truſt,
To keep this Pledge of Duty is but juſt.
Aur. Some hidden Cauſe your Jealouſie does move,
Or you could ne'er ſuſpect my Loyal Love.
Emp. What Love ſoever by an Heir is ſhown,
He waits but time to ſtep into the Throne.
You're neither juſtify'd, nor yet accus'd:
Mean while, the Pris'ner with Reſpect is us'd.
Aur. I know the Kindneſs of her Guardian ſuch,
I need not fear too little, but too much.
But how, Sir, how have you from Virtue ſwerv'd?
Or what ſo ill Return have I deſerv'd?
You doubt not me, nor have I ſpent my Blood,
To have my Faith no better underſtood:
Your Soul's above the Baſeneſs of Diſtruſt:
Nothing but Love could make you ſo unjuſt.
Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Son's ſhould to the Father's Claim ſubmit.
Aur. Sons may have right, which they can never quit.
Your ſelf firſt made that Title which I claim:
Firſt bid me Love, and authoris'd my Flame.
Emp. The Value of my Gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can reſume it too.
Aur. Recal your Gift, for I your Power confeſs:
But firſt, take back my Life, a Gift that's leſs.
Long Life would now but a long Burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have loſt your Love.
My Grief lets unbecoming Speeches fall:
I ſhould have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.
Emp. Witneſs ye Pow'rs,
How much I ſuffer'd, and how long I ſtrove
Againſt th' Aſſaults of this imperious Love!

I repreſented to my ſelf the Shame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great Deſerts, how ill they were repaid;
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty Love, who Prudence does deſpiſe,
For Reaſon, ſhow'd me *Indamora*'s Eyes.
What would you more, my Crime I ſadly view,
Acknowledge, am aſham'd, and yet purſue.

Aur. Since you can Love, and yet your Error ſee,
The ſame reſiſtleſs Pow'r may plead for me.
With no leſs Ardor, I my Claim purſue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

Emp. Your elder Brothers, though o'ercome, have Right:
The youngeſt yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire ſhall ſucceed.

Aur. To after-Ages let me ſtand a Shame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been ſuch, what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? nor had th' Exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no Right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you pleaſe deſcend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora*'s Heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her Heart alone that you muſt Reign:
You'll find her Perſon difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by Force:
And know, Obedience is your ſafeſt Courſe.

Aur. I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts, to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a ſlaviſh Way.
If ought my Want of Duty could beget;
You take the moſt prevailing Means, to threat.
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;
It riſes high, and menacing diſdains.
Even Death's become to me no dreadful Name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame:
In fighting Fields, where our Acquaintance grew,
I ſaw him, and contemn'd him firſt for you.

Emp.

Emp. Of formal Duty make no more thy boaſt:
Thou diſobey'ſt where it concerns me moſt.
Fool, with both Hands thus to puſh back a Crown:
And headlong caſt thy ſelf from Empire down.
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son ſhall reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own Fault remain.
Thy younger Brother I'll admit this Hour:
So mine ſhall be thy Miſtreſs, his thy Pow'r. [*Exit.*

Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our Ways
Through certain Danger to uncertain Praiſe!
Barren, and airy Name! thee Fortune flies;
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man;
Who ſtops at nothing, ſeizes all he can.
Juſtice to Merit does weak Aid afford;
She truſts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while ſhe long conſults, the Prize is gone.

To him, Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:
Your alter'd Father openly purſues
Your Ruin; and, to compaſs his Intent,
For violent *Morat* in haſte has ſent.
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:
And from the Market-place to draw the Guard.

Aur. How look the People in this turn of State?

Dia. They mourn your Ruin as their proper Fate;
Curſing the Empreſs: For they think it done
By her Procurement, to advance her Son.
Him too, though aw'd, they ſcarcely can forbear:
His Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.
All bent to riſe, would you appear their Chief,
Till your own Troops come up to your Relief.

Aur. Ill treated, and forſaken, as I am,
I'll not betray the Glory of my Name:
'Tis not for me, who have preſerv'd a State,
To buy an Empire at ſo baſe a Rate.

Dia.

Dia. The Points of Honour Poets may produce;
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Use:
Honour, which only does the Name advance,
Is the meer raving Madness of Romance.
Pleas'd with a Word, you may sit tamely down;
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.
Aur. I know my Fortune in Extreams does lye:
The Sons of *Indostan* must reign, or die.
That desperate hazard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate,
And that the World the Coward will despise,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?
Dia. Of all your Knowledge, this vain Fruit you have,
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.
Aur. From what I've said, conclude, without reply,
I neither would Usurp, nor tamely die.
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Prison here.
Somewhat I have resolv'd———
Morat, perhaps, has Honour in his Breast:
And, in extreams, bold Counsels are the best.
Like Emp'ric Remedies, they last are try'd;
And by th' Event condemn'd, or justify'd.
Presence of Mind and Courage in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Arimant, *with a Letter his Hand:* Indamora.

Arim. AND I the Messenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:
You lay Commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my Rival, and betray my Trust.
Ind. You first betray'd your Trust in loving me,
And should not I my own Advantage see?

Serv ng

Serving my Love, you may my Friendſhip gain;
You know the reſt of your Pretences vain.
You muſt, my *Arimant*, you muſt be kind:
'Tis in your Nature, and your noble Mind.
Arim. I'll to the King, and ſtreight my Truſt reſign.
Ind. His Truſt you may, but you ſhall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my Confident and Friend:
As ſuch, I keep no Secret from your Sight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind:
If 'tis indited as I meant it, kind.
Arim. *I ask not Heav'n my Freedom to reſtore,* [Reading.
But only for your ſake——I'll read no more:
And yet I muſt——
Leſs for my own, than for your Sorrow, ſad— [Reading.
Another Line, like this, would make me mad——
Heav'n! ſhe goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!
[*As Reading.*
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.
See me this Night—— [Reading.
Thank Fortune, who did ſuch a Friend provide,
For faithful Arimant *ſhall be your Guide.*
Not only to be made an Inſtrument,
But preingag'd without my own Conſent!
Ind. Unknown t'ingage you ſtill augments my Score,
And gives you ſcope of meriting the more.
Arim. The beſt of Men
Some int'reſt in their Actions muſt confeſs;
None merit but in hope they may poſſeſs.
The fatal Paper rather let me tear,
Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.
Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your beſt Advice:
'Twill only give me Pains of Writing Twice.
You know you muſt obey me, ſoon or late:
Why ſhould you vainly ſtruggle with your Fate?
Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou haſt been wondrous kind!
Why am I thus to Slavery deſign'd,
And yet am cheated with a freeborn Mind?

Or

Or make thy Orders with my Reason sute,
Or let me live by Sense a glorious Brute——

[*She frowns.*

You frown, and I obey with speed, before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more*:
See me no more! that Sound, methinks, I hear
Like the last Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princess *Melesinda*, bath'd in Tears,
And toss'd alternately with Hopes and Fears,
If your Affairs such leisure can afford,
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.

Arim. Tell her, that I some Certainty may bring;
I go this Minute to attend the King.

Ind. This lonely Turtle I desire to see:
Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Arim. to Solym. Say, if she please, she hither may repair,
And breathe the freshness of the open Air. [*Exit* Solym.

Ind. Poor Princess! how I pity her Estate,
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husband's Fate!
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise;
Yet he offends, and she's the Sacrifice.

Arim. Not knowing his Design, at Court she staid;
'Till, by Command, close Pris'ner she was made.
Since when,
Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

Ind. Go, bring her Comfort; leave me here alone.

Arim. My Love must still be in Obedience shown.

[*Exit* Arim.

Enter Melesinda, *led by* Solyman, *who retires afterwards.*

Ind. When graceful Sorrow in her Pomp appears,
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda*'s Tears.
Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view,)
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with Morning Dew.

Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their Sweets? And mine, alas! is gone.
But you the noblest Charity express:
For they who shine in Courts, still shun Distress.]

Ind.

Ind. Diſtreſs'd my ſelf, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can Compaſſion take, and give.
We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate ſo croſs,
One muſt be happy by the others loſs.
Morat, or *Aureng-Zebe* muſt fall this Day.
Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain*'s Succeſſors they,
Each thinks a World too little for his Sway.
Could you and I the ſame Pretences bring,
Mankind ſhould with more eaſe receive a King:
I would to you the narrow World reſign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.
Ind. Wiſh'd Freedom I preſage you ſoon will find;
If Heav'n be juſt, and be to Virtue kind.
Mel. Quite otherwiſe my Mind foretels my Fate:
Short is my Life, and that Unfortunate.
Yet ſhould I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, e'er Death, to ſee my Lord.
Ind. Theſe Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;
Rais'd from a lonely Life and dark Abode:
But whatſoe'er our jarring Fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love.
Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate;
I bring a Heart more true than fortunate.
[*Giving their Hands.*
To them, Arimant.
Arim. I come with haſte ſurpriſing News to bring:
In two Hours time, ſince laſt I ſaw the King,
Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:
Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in diſgrace:
And your *Morat*, (proclaim'd the Succeſſor)
Is call'd, to awe the City with his Power.
Thoſe Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell.
And now the Shouts waft near the Cittadel.
Ind. See, Madam, ſee th' Event by me foreſhown:
I envy not your Chance, but grieve my own.
Mel. A Change ſo unexpected muſt ſurpriſe:
And more, becauſe I am unus'd to Joys.
Ind. May all your Wiſhes ever proſp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th' Event to ſee.
My Eyes too tender are———

To

To view my Lord become the publick Scorn.
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*
Mel. Stay, I'll not ſee my Lord,
Before I give your Sorrow ſome Relief;
And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.
Here he ſhall ſee me firſt with you confin'd:
And, if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,
I'll uſe my Int'reſt that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.
Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cauſe may gain.
Mel. I have no taſte, methinks, of coming Joy;
For black Preſages all my Hopes deſtroy.
Die, ſomething whiſpers, *Meleſinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Deſtiny.
Mine is a Gleam of Bliſs, too hot to laſt,
Watry it ſhines, and will be ſoon o'er-caſt.
Indamora *and* Meleſinda *re-enter, as into the Chamber.*
Arim. Fortune ſeems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new-made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her laviſh Hand is waſtefully profuſe:
With Fame and flowing Honours tided in,
Born on a ſwelling Current ſmooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empreſs, to our Wonder,
If not atton'd, yet ſeemingly at peace,
As Fate for him that Miracle reſerv'd.
Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*
Emp. I have confeſs'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your Deſign,
So look not with ſeverer Eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to th'Imperial Seat:
In Duty be, as you in Arms are, great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,
And Love leſs bears a Rival than the Throne.
Mor. To me, the Cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen be my Sable, and of Proof my Arms,
I ask no other Bleſſing of my Stars:
No Prize but Fame, nor Miſtreſs but the Wars.
I ſcarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:

With

With all my elder Brothers I would fight,
And ſo from partial Nature force my Right.
Emp. Had we but laſting Youth, and Time to ſpare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War:
But Youth, the periſhing Good, runs on too faſt:
And unenjoy'd will ſpend it ſelf to waſte;
Few know the Uſe of Life before 'tis paſt.
Had I once more thy Vigour to Command,
I would not let it die upon my Hand:
No Hour of Pleaſure ſhould paſs empty by,
Youth ſhould watch Joys, and ſhoot 'em as they fly.
Mor. Methinks all Pleaſure is in Greatneſs found.
Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, ſhould ſpread their Beams around.
Pleas'd to be ſeen, while Glory's Race they run:
Reſt is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are ſtiff-neck'd Animals, they ſoon
Feel ſlacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.
Emp. To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:
Cares be thy Lot: Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my Security;
Bus'neſs, and publick State reſign to thee.
Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People loſt:
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Coſt.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World ſhall ſhake:
And, with my ſelf, keep all Mankind awake.
Emp. Believe me, Son, and needleſs Trouble ſpare;
'Tis a baſe World, and is not worth our Care.
The Vulgar, a ſcarce animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.
Were I a God, the drunken Globe ſhould roul:
The little Emmets with the human Soul
Care for themſelves, while at my Eaſe I ſat,
And ſecond Cauſes did the Work of Fate.
Or, if I would take Care, that Care ſhould be
For Wit that ſcorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them, Nourmahal, Zayda, *and Attendants*.

Nour. My dear *Morat*, [*Embracing her Son*.
This Day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.

Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And find the Eaſe he ſought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares ſhall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I ſtruggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife
Still dragg'd me backward into Noiſe and Strife.

Mor. Be that remembrance loſt; and be't my Pride
To be your Pledge of Peace on either ſide.

To them, Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th'aſſurance Innocence can bring,
Fearleſs without, becauſe ſecure within,
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I ſee
This Pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.
Shame is but where with Wickedneſs 'tis join'd;
And, while no Baſeneſs in this Breaſt I find,
I have not loſt the Birth-right of my Mind.

Emp. Children (the blind Effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their ſportive Parents ignorance)
Bear from their Birth th' Impreſſions of a Slave:
Whom Heav'n for Play-games firſt, and then for Service gave.
One then may be diſplac'd, and one may reign:
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t'upbraid us with his Innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no Merit plead:
[*To his Father.*
All my Deſigns and Acts to Duty lead.
Your Life and Glory are my only End;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind defie.
Who dares Adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your Word:
That preſent Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquiſh'd, yet again they gather Head.
I dare you, as your Rival in Renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
Chuſe whom you pleaſe, the other leave to me:
And ſet our Father abſolutely free.

This,

This, if you do, to end all future Strife,
I am content to lead a private Life:
Disband my Army to secure the State,
Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to Fate.
Mor. I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain;
War is to me a Pastime, Peace a Pain.
Emp. Think better first. [*To* Mor.
You see your self inclos'd beyond Escape, [*To* Aur.
And therefore, *Proteus*-like, you change your Shape.
Of Promise prodigal, while Pow'r you want,
And preaching in the self-denying Cant.
Mor. Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining Time, the Master-piece of War;
Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known?
Aur. ———If Acts like mine,
So far from Int'rest, Profit, or Design,
Can show my Heart, by those I would be known:
I wish you could as well defend your own.
My absent Army for my Father fought:
Yours, in these Walls, is to inslave him brought.
If I come singly, you an armed Guest,
The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.
Mor. My Father saw you ill Designs pursue:
And my Admission show'd his Fear of you.
Aur. Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the Cause.
But still I press our Duty may be shown
By Arms.
Mor. ———I'll vanquish all his Foes alone.
Aur. You speak as if you could the Fates command,
And had no need of any other Hand.
But, since my Honour you so far suspect,
'Tis just I should on your Designs reflect.
To prove your self a loyal Son, declare
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.
Mor. No present Answer your Demand requires;
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.
And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

Emp. *Morat*'s Design a doubtful Meaning bears: [*Apart.*
In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.
He, for my Safety, does his own despise;
Still, with his Wrongs, I find his Duty rise.
I feel my Virtue strugling in my Soul,
But stronger Passion does its Pow'r Controul.
Yet be advis'd your Ruin to prevent. [*To* Aur. *apart.*
You might be safe, if you would give consent.
Aur. So to your Welfare I of use may be,
My Life or Death are equal both to me.
Emp. The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:
Be wise, and *Indamora*'s Love resign.
I am observ'd: Remember that I give
This my last Proof of Kindness, die, or live.
Aur. Life, with my *Indamora*, I would chuse;
But, losing her, the End of Living lose.
I had consider'd all I ought before;
And Fear of Death can make me change no more.
The Peoples Love so little I esteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who must your Favour now possess,
Much better serve you, and not love you less.
Emp. I've heard you; and, to finish the Debate, [*Aloud.*
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State.
Mor. The deadly Draught he shall begin this Day:
And languish with insensible Decay.
Aur. I hate the lingring Summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler End.
Fate is unkind! methinks a General
Should warm, and at the Head of Armies fall.
And my Ambition did that Hope pursue,
That so I might have dy'd in fight for you. [*To his Father.*
Mor. Would I had been Disposer of thy Stars;
Thou shouldst have had thy Wish, and dy'd in Wars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,
That thou shouldst fall by any Hand, but mine.
Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;
But the brute Soul, by chance, was shuffl'd in.
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain:
Where valiant Beasts, by Force and Rapine, reign.

In

In Life's next Scene, if Tranſmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reſerv'd for thee.
Mor. Take heed thou com'ſt not in that Lion's way:
I prophecy thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that dreaming Prieſt.
Nour. ———Let me prepare
The pois'nous Draught. His Death ſhall be my Care.
Near my Apartment let him Pris'ner be:
That I his hourly Ebbs of Life may ſee.
Aur. My Life I would not Ranſome with a Pray'r:
'Tis vile, ſince 'tis not worth my Father's Care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave:
You paid your ſelf, and took the Life you gave. [*Exit.*
Emp. O that I had more Senſe of Virtue left, [*Aſide.*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.
I've juſt enough to know how I offend,
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Moſque———
Mor. Love's Pleaſures why ſhould dull Devotion ſtay?
Heav'n to my *Meleſinda*'s but the way.
[*Exeunt Emperor,* Morat, *and Train.*
Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has ſomewhat of Divine,
Whoſe Virtue through ſo dark a Cloud can ſhine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this Day remov'd
The greateſt Rival, and the beſt belov'd.
Nour. He is not yet remov'd.
Zayd. ———He lives, 'tis true;
But ſoon muſt die, and, what I mourn, by you.
Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy Words prophetic be:
[*Embracing her eagerly.*
I take the Omen, let him die by me.
He ſtifl'd in my Arms ſhall loſe his Breath:
And Life it ſelf ſhall envious be of Death.
Zayd. Bleſs me, you Pow'rs above!
Nour. Why doſt thou ſtart?
Is Love ſo ſtrange? or have not I a Heart?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* ſo lovely ſeem to thee,
And I want Eyes that noble Worth to ſee?

Thy little Soul was but to Wonder mov'd:
My Sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great;
But these are thy small Praises I repeat.
I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away:
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

Zayd. Though all th'Ideas you can form be true,
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.
If contradicting Int'rests could be mixt,
Nature her self has cast a Bar betwixt.
And, ere you reach to this incestuous Love,
You must divine and human Rights remove.

Nour. Count this among the Wonders Love has done:
I had forgot he was my Husband's Son!

Zayd. Nay, more; you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your Care so long design'd the Throne.
Morat must fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* should rise.

Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e'er in Love, and wise?
Why was that fatal Knot of Marriage ty'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.
I stand with Guilt confounded, lost with Shame,
And yet made wretched only by a Name.
If Names have such command on human Life,
Love sure's a Name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sovereign Power all Guilt from Action takes,
At least the Stains are beautiful it makes.

Zayd. Th'incroaching Ill you early should oppose:
Flatter'd 'tis worse, and by Indulgence grows.

Nour. Alas! and what have I not said or done?
I fought it to the last: And Love has won.
A bloody Conquest; which Destruction brought,
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.
Whether this Passion from above was sent
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the Curse of Fortune in excess;
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess:
And, with a Taste which Plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful Good, and lawless Ill does crave?

Zayd. But yet consider———

Nour. ———No, 'tis loss of time:
Think how to farther, not divert my Crime.
My artful Engines instantly I'll move:
And chuse the soft and gentlest Hour of Love.
The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine.
But see, *Morat!* I'll whisper my Design.

Enter Morat *with* Arimant, *as talking: Attendants.*

Arim. And for that Cause was not in publick seen:
But stays in Prison with the captive Queen.

Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

Nour. My Son, your Bus'ness is not hard to guess;
[*To* Morat.
Long Absence makes you eager to possess:
I will not importune you by my Stay;
She merits all the Love which you can pay.
[*Exit with* Zayda.

Re-enter Arimant, *with* Melesinda; *then Exit.* Morat *runs to* Melesinda, *and embraces her.*

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay
In gloomy Shades, and lost a glorious Day?
Lost the first Fruits of Joy you should possess
In my Return, and made my Triumph less?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see
Those Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?
Through my dark Cell your Shouts of Triumph rung:
I heard with Pleasure; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The Publick will in Triumphs rudely share,
And Kings the Rudeness of their Joys must bear:
But I made haste to set my Captive free:
And thought that work was only worthy me.
The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue;
And stand a blameless Pattern to the New.
I have not words to praise such Acts as these:
But take my Heart, and mold it as you please.

Mel. A Tryal of your Kindness I must make,
Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.
The Queen of *Cassimeer*———

Mor. ——— No more, my Love;
That only Suit I beg you not to move.
That ſhe's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And ſhould, by my Conſent, continue ſo.
The good old Man, I fear, will Pity ſhow.
My Father dotes, and let him ſtill dote on;
He buys his Miſtreſs dearly with his Throne.
Mel. See her; and then be cruel if you can.
Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man.
Such may be ſway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, only by their Int'reſt move.
Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand:
He leaves th' Oppreſt and Poor upon your Hand.
And thoſe who Stewards of his Pity prove,
He Bleſſes, in return, with publick Love.
In his Diſtreſs, ſome Miracle is ſhown:
If exil'd, Heav'n reſtores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near:
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in Fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his Retirements give:
'Tis all Mankind's Concern that he ſhould live.
Mor. You promis'd Friendſhip in your low Eſtate;
And ſhould forget it in your better Fate;
Such Maxims are more plauſible than true;
But ſomewhat muſt be given to Love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her ſee,
Pray'rs and Complaints are loſt on ſuch as me. [pleas'd,
Mel. I'll bear the News: Heav'n knows how much I'm
That, by my Care, th' afflicted may be eas'd.
As ſhe is going off, enter Indamora.
Ind. I'll ſpare your Pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princeſs, my Protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task muſt find;
[*To* Morat *kneeling, who takes her up.*
In ſaving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lye;
You have condemn'd my better Part to die.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or elſe my Sentence give.

Mel.

Mel. If *Melesinda* in your Love have part,
Which, to suspect, would break my tender Heart:
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaste Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,
By all the Int'rest my past Suff'rings make,
And all I yet would suffer for your sake;
By you your self, the last and dearest tie———
Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* must die.
Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your Doom.
Piety is no more, she sees her Place
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,
When he looks down, and sees your Brother slain?
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.
Mel. Her words imprint a Terror on my Mind.
What if this Death, which is for him design'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of human Fate,
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.
Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* design'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.
Pity does with a noble Nature suit:
A Brother's Life had suffer'd no dispute.
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's Care
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.
Though Int'rest his Restraint has justify'd,
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?
Mor. All Reasons for his Safety urg'd, are weak:
And yet, methinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.
Mel. 'Tis part of your own Being to invade——
Mor. Nay, if she fail to move, would you perswade?
[*Turning to* Inda.
My Brother does a glorious Fate pursue.
I envy him, that he must fall for you.
He had been Base, had he releas'd his Right:
For such an Empire none but Kings should fight.

If with a Father he disputes this Prize,
My Wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.
Mel. And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?
Can Beauty Wonder, and not Pity raise?
Mor. Your Intercession now is needless grown:
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.
[Melesinda *retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*
Queen, that you may not fruitless Tears employ,
[*Taking* Indamora's *Hand.*
I bring you News to fill your Heart with Joy:
Your Lover King of all the East shall reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to morrow shall be slain.
Ind. The Hopes you rais'd, you've blasted with a Breath:
[*Starting back.*
With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.
Did you not say, my Lover should be King?
Mor. I, in *Morat*, the best of Lovers bring.
For one forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a nobler Choice have given:
My Father, while I please, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperor and Lover, but in show:
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your Eyes, and Form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all th' Imperial Line;
So was it order'd by its wise Decree,
That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.
Ind. If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with Rage,
Feed not your Fancy with a false Presage.
Farther to press your Courtship is but vain:
A cold Refusal carries more Disdain.
Unsetled Virtue stormy may appear;
Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.
To scorn your Person, and reject your Crown,
Disorder not my Face into a Frown. [*Turns from him.*
Mor. Your Fortune you should rev'rently have us'd:
Such Offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste.
For your Commands, they're like to be the last.
Ind. Tell him,

With

With my own Death I would his Life redeem;
But less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.
Mor. Have you no more?
Ind. ——What shall I do or say? [*Aside.*
He must not in this Fury go away.
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falsly said, he was in Love.
Falsly; for had he truly lov'd, at least,
He would have giv'n one Day to my Request.
Mor. A little yielding may my Love advance:
She darted from her Eyes a sidelong Glance,
Just as she spoke; and, like her Words, it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.
A Brother, Madam, cannot give a Day; [*To her.*
A Servant, and who Hopes to Merit, may.
Mel. If, Sir—— [*Coming to him.*
Mor. No more —— set Speeches, and a formal Tale,
With none but Statesmen and grave Fools prevail.
Dry up your Tears, and practise every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal Place. [*Exit.*
Mel. Madam, the strange Reverse of Fate you see:
[*To* Indamora.
I pity'd you, now you may pity me. [*Exit after him.*
Ind. Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.
Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when great:
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.
Like those whom Want to Baseness does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.
O would he be content to seize the Throne:
I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Aureng-Zebe *solus*.

DIstrust, and Darkness, of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
[*Soft Musick.*
This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as I were the *Persian* King:
And with luxurious Pomp my Death they bring.
To him, Nourmahal.
Nour. I thought, before you drew your latest Breath,
To smooth your Passage, and to soften Death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th'Occasion of your Fate;
Or what my Interest does, impute to Hate.
Aur. I ask not for what End your Pomp's design'd;
Whether t'insult, or to compose my Mind:
I mark'd it not;
But, knowing Death would soon th'Assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within:
To guard that Breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.
Nour. Because *Morat* from me his Being took,
All I can say will much suspected look:
'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would easily believe.
Aur. Since my inevitable Death you know,
You safely unavailing Pity show:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.
Nour. You made my Liberty your late Request:
Is no Return due from a grateful Breast?

I grow impatient, 'till I find ſome way
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.
Aur. When I conſider Life, 'tis all a Cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the Deceit;
Truſt on, and think to Morrow will repay:
To Morrow's falſer than the former Day;
Lies worſe; and while it ſays, We ſhall be bleſt
With ſome new Joys, cuts off what we poſſeſt.
Strange cozenage! none would live paſt Years again,
Yet all hope Pleaſure in what yet remain;
And, from the Dregs of Life, think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chimick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we Life purſue;
It pays our Hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new:
Each Day's a Miſtreſs, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Did you but know what Joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your Journey's end.
Aur. I need not haſte the end of Life to meet;
The Precipice is juſt beneath my Feet.
Aur. Think not my Senſe of Virtue is ſo ſmall:
I'll rather leap down firſt, and break your Fall.
My *Aureng-Zebe* (may I not call you ſo?)
[*Taking him by the Hand.*
Behold me now no longer for your Foe;
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any Malice in my Eye?
Pray ſit———— [*Both ſit.*
That diſtance ſhews too much Reſpect, or Fear.
You'll find no Danger in approaching near.
Aur. Forgive th' Amazement of my doubtful State:
This Kindneſs from the Mother of *Morat!*
Or is't ſome Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that Shape, to make my Wonder more?
Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in Diſguiſe;
Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel
In care, nor could he love his Charge ſo well.

Aur.

Aur. Whence can proceed so wonderful a Change?
Nour. Can Kindness to Desert, like yours, be strange?
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;
For noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.
I saw with what a Brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what Mildness bore your Father's Hate.
My Virtue, like a String wound up by Art,
To the same Sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At distance shook, and trembled at my Heart.
Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since so much Pity from a Foe I find.
Just Heav'n reward this Act.
Nour. 'Tis well the Debt no Payment does demand,
You turn me over to another Hand.
But happy, happy she,
And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her Kind,
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.
Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,
To justifie their Grace, their Creatures praise.
Nour. As Love the noblest Passion we account,
So to the highest Object it should mount.
It shows you brave when mean Desires you shun.
An Eagle only can behold the Sun:
And so must you; if yet, Presage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?
Aur. Of me?
Nour. ——And who could else employ my Thought?
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddess sought;
Officious *Cupids*, hov'ring o'er your Head,
Held Myrtle Wreaths; Beneath your Feet were spread
What Sweets soe'er *Sabean* Springs disclose,
Our *Indian* Jasmine, or the *Syrian* Rose:
The wanton Ministers around you strove
For Service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love:
Close by your Side, and languishing, she lies,
With blushing Cheeks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;
Upon your Breast supinely lay her Head,
While, on your Face, her famish'd sight she fed.

Then,

Then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,
(And gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke.)
Dull, and ingrateful! must I offer Love?
Desir'd of Gods, and envy'd ev'n by *Jove*:
And dost thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?
Mean Soul! and dar'st not gloriously offend?
Then, pressing thus his Hand———

Aur. ———I'll hear no more. [*Rising up.*
'Twas impious to have understood before;
And I, 'till now, endeavour'd to mistake
Th' incestuous Meaning which too plain you make.

Nour. And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one;
Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
And Thought it self does, for the time, lie dead;
Till, like a String scru'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last?

Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without just Vengeance,
When will you thunder, if it now be clear? [hear?
Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize:
I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

Nour. Custom our Native Royalty does awe;
Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law:
For whosoever the first Lovers were,
Brother and Sister made the second Pair,
And doubled, by their Love, their Piety.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,
Which only Brutes in human Form does yield,
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.
Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend;
Yet there no Sons their sacred Bed ascend.
To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse;
And, in your Incest, your Adult'ry lose.

Nour. In vain this haughty Fury you have shown.
How I adore a Soul so like my own!
You must be mine, that you may learn to live:
Know Joys, which only she who loves can give.

Nor

Nor think that Action you upbraid, so ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband still;
But love him as he was, when youthful Grace,
And the first Down began to shade his Face:
That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
And all your Father shines more bright in you.
Aur. In me a Horror of my self you raise;
Curs'd by your Love, and blasted by your Praise.
You find new ways to prosecute my Fate;
And your least-guilty Passion was your Hate.
Nour. I beg my Death, if you can Love deny.
[*Offering him a Dagger.*
Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.
Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I.
[*Stamps with her Foot.*
Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.
You've chosen, and may now repent too late.
Behold th' effect of what you wish'd, my Hate.
[*Taking the Cup to present him.*
This Cup, a cure for both our Ills has brought:
You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.
Aur. All must be Poison which can come from thee;
[*Receiving it from her.*
But this the least. T' immortal Liberty
This first I pour———like dying *Socrates*;
[*Spilling a little of it.*
Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.
As he is going to drink, Enter Morat *attended.*
Mor. Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay:
Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to Day.
[*Taking the Cup from him.*
Nour. What foolish Pity has possess'd your Mind,
To alter what your Prudence once design'd?
Mor. What if I please to lengthen out his date
A Day, and take a Pride to cozen Fate?
Nour. 'Twill not be safe to let him live an Hour.
Mor. I'll do't, to show my Arbitrary Pow'r.
Nour. Fortune may take him from your Hands again,
And you repent th' occasion lost in vain.

Mor.

Mor. I ſmile at what your Female Fear foreſees:
I'm in Fate's Place, and dictate her Decrees.
Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*
Aur. Give me the Poiſon, and I'll end your Strife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious Life.
Would I my Safety on baſe Terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But thoſe I could accuſe, I can forgive:
By my diſdainful Silence, let 'em live.
Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my Hand?
[*To* Morat.
So low, I've not a Murder at command!
Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th' Abundance of whoſe Soul and Heat,
Th' o'erflowing ſerv'd to make your Mind ſo great.
Mor. What did that Greatneſs in a Woman's Mind?
Ill lodg'd, and weak to act what it deſign'd.
Pleaſure's your Portion, and your ſlothful Eaſe:
When Man's at leiſure, ſtudy how to pleaſe.
Soften his angry Hours with ſervile Care,
And when he calls, the ready Feaſt prepare.
From Wars, and from Affairs of State abſtain:
Women emaſculate a Monarch's Reign;
And murmuring Crouds, who ſee 'em ſhine with Gold,
That pomp, as their own raviſh'd Spoils behold.
Nour. Rage choaks my Words: 'Tis Womanly to weep: [*Aſide.*
In my ſwoll'n Breaſt my cloſe Revenge I'll keep;
I'll watch his tender'ſt Part, and there ſtrike deep. [*Exit.*
Aur. Your ſtrange Proceeding does my Wonder move;
Yet ſeems not to expreſs a Brother's Love.
Say to what Cauſe my reſcu'd Life I owe.
Mor. If what you ask would pleaſe, you ſhould not know.
But ſince that Knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve. [Change?
Aur. And whence had ſhe the Pow'r to work your
Mor. The Pow'r of Beauty is not new or ſtrange.
Should ſhe command me more, I could obey;
But her Requeſt was bounded with a Day.

Take

Take that; and, if you'll ſpare my farther Crime,
Be kind, and grieve to Death againſt your Time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this Pris'ner to ſome ſafer Place:
He has, for *Indamora*'s ſake, found Grace:
And from my Mother's Rage muſt guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.

Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, perſecute me ſtill,
And make me Slave to every Rival's Will. [*Aſide.*

Aur. How I diſdain a Life, which I muſt buy
With your Contempt, and her Inconſtancy!
For a few Hours, my whole Content I pay:
You ſhall not force on me another Day.

[*Exit with* Arimant.

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. I have been ſeeking you this Hour's long ſpace,
And fear'd to find you in another Place;
But, ſince you're here, my Jealouſie grows leſs:
You will be kind to my Unworthineſs.
What ſhall I ſay? I love to that degree,
Each Glance another way is robb'd from me.
Abſence, and Priſons, I could bear again;
But ſink, and die, beneath your leaſt Diſdain.

Mor. Why do you give your Mind this needleſs Care,
And for your ſelf, and me, new Pains prepare?
I ne'er approv'd this Paſſion in Exceſs:
If you would ſhow your Love, diſtruſt me leſs.
I hate to be purſu'd from Place to Place:
Meet, at each turn, a ſtale domeſtick Face.
Th'approach of Jealouſie, Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and ſoon on wing, if watchful Eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd Preſence how can I depart?
My Eyes purſue the Object of my Heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:
Fondneſs is ſtill th'Effect of new Delight;
And Marriage but the Pleaſure of a Day:
The Metal's baſe, the Gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of ſome great Offence,
And that has bred this cold Indifference.

Mor.

Mor. The greateſt in the World to Fleſh and Blood:
You fondly love much longer than you ſhould.
Mel. If that be all which makes your Diſcontent,
Of ſuch a Crime I never can repent.
Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I ſhun?
And bring courſe Fare, when Appetite is gone?
Mel. Why did I not, in Priſon, die before
My fatal Freedom made me ſuffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, becauſe you then were true:
Then I had Hope; but now, alas, have none.
Mor. You ſay you love me; let that Love be ſhown.
'Tis in your Power to make my Happineſs.
Mel. Speak quickly: To command me is to bleſs.
Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit muſt move:
You'll ſure ſpeak kindly of the Man you love.
Mel. Oh! rather let me periſh by your Hand,
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command:
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuſe than die.
Try, if you pleaſe, my Rival's Heart to win:
I'll bear the Pain, but not promote the Sin.
You own what e'er Perfections Man can boaſt,
And if ſhe view you with my Eyes, ſhe's loſt.
Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial Ties:
Henceforward live a Stranger to my Eyes:
When I appear, ſee you avoid the Place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.
Mel. Hard, as it is, I this Command obey,
And haſte, while I have Life, to go away:
In pity ſtay ſome Hours, till I am dead,
That blameleſs you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated Face I'll not preſume to ſhow;
Yet I may watch your Steps where-e'er you go.
Unſeen, I'll gaze; and with my lateſt Breath,
Bleſs, while I die, the Author of my Death, [*Weeping.*

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,
What Cauſe can draw theſe unbecoming Tears?

Let

Let Cheerfulneſs on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.
Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately ſmil'd:
I doubt a Foe ſo newly reconcil'd.
You ſaw but Sorrow in its waning Form,
A working Sea remaining from a Storm;
When the now weary Waves roul o'er the Deep,
And faintly murmur e'er they fall aſleep.
Emp. Your inward Griefs you ſmother in your Mind;
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.
Mor. Let Fame be buſie where ſhe has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.
Thoſe Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears;
Monarchs, unqueſtion'd, move in higher Spheres.
Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your ſelf; and ſee
The Kindneſs 'twixt my plighted Lord and me.
[*Kiſſing* Morat.
This is our State; thus happily we live;
Theſe are the Quarrels which we take and give.
I had no other way to force a Kiſs. [*Aſide to* Morat.
Forgive my laſt Farewel to you, and Bliſs. [*Exit.*
Emp. Your haughty Carriage ſhows too much of Scorn,
And Love, like hers, deſerves not that Return.
Mor. You'll pleaſe to leave me judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward ſhow.
Your Uſage of my Mother might be good:
I judg'd it not.
Emp. ———Nor was it fit you ſhould.
Mor. Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.
Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppoſe (what I'll not grant) Injuſtice done;
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?
Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me Pow'r.
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,
Mine ſhall hereafter know no other Bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to pleaſe me with a Name alone?
Emp. 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know
What to my partial Kindneſs you did owe:

That

That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your Merit of Obedience might ſupply. [propoſe;
Mor. To your own Thoughts ſuch Hopes you might
But I took Empire not on terms like thoſe.
Of Buſineſs you complain'd; now take your Eaſe:
Enjoy what e'er decrepid Age can pleaſe:
Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In Flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear. [priſe,
Emp. Pow'r, like new Wine, does your weak Brain ſur-
And its mad Fumes, in hot Diſcourſes, riſe;
But time theſe giddy Vapours will remove;
Mean while I'll taſte the ſober Joys of Love.
Mor. You cannot Love, nor Pleaſures take, or give;
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd Courſer you purſue Delight,
Let ſlip your Morning, and ſet out at Night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the paſt:
Make, as you can, the ſweet Remembrance laſt.
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,
But Life ſunk through you like a leaky Sieve,
Accuſe your ſelf you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the Captive Queen reſign your Right.
I've now reſolv'd to fill your uſeleſs Place;
I'll take that Poſt to cover your Diſgrace,
And love her, for the Honour of my Race.
Emp. Thou doſt but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monſter which thou wouldſt appear:
But do not wantonly my Paſſion move;
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.
My Fury does, like jealous Forts, purſue
With Death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.
Mor. I did not only view, but will invade:
Could you ſhed Venom from your reverend Shade,
Like Trees, beneath whoſe Arms 'tis Death to ſleep;
Did rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortreſs keep,
Thence would I ſnatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,
And 'midſt the dreadful Rack enjoy my Love.
Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When Right, when Nature, ſtruggl'd in my Heart;

When

When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's Claim,
Broke all, and fully'd my unspotted Fame?
Wert thou to Empire, by my Basenes, brought,
And would'st thou ravish what so dear I bought?
Dear! for my Conscience and its Peace I gave:
Why was my Reason made my Passion's Slave?
I see Heav'ns Justice; thus the Pow'rs Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

Mor. Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please:
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.
Since 'tis to that they their own Greatness owe
Above, why should they question mine below? [*Exit.*

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought:
We're past the use of Wit, for which we Toil;
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.
My Stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vast Profusion made.
Too late my Folly I repent; I know
My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me so.
But, by his Ruin I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,
To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd alone. [*Exit.*

Enter Aureng-Zebe *and* Arimant.

Arim. Give me not Thanks, which I will ne'er deserve;
But know, 'tis for a nobler Price I serve.
By *Indamora*'s Will you're hither brought:
All my Reward, in her Command I sought.
The rest your Letter tells you.— See, like Light,
She comes; and I must vanish, like the Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my Fear and Pain:
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,
I could not buy him at a Price too dear.
His Name alone afforded me Relief,
Repeated as a Charm to cure my Grief.
I that lov'd Name did, as some God, invoke,
And printed Kisses on it while I spoke.

Aur.

Aur. Short Eaſe; but long, long Pains from you I find:
Health, to my Eyes; but Poiſon, to my Mind.
Why are you made ſo excellently fair?
So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in curſing, you new form my Breath;
And make me bleſs thoſe Eyes which give me Death?
Ind. What Reaſon for your Curſes can you find?
My Eyes your Conqueſt, not your Death, deſign'd.
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.
Aur. The Ruins they have wrought, you will not ſee:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me,
Ind. Think you baſe Intereſt Souls, like mine, can ſway?
Or that, for Greatneſs, I can Love betray?
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,
And I'm too Noble but to give a Part.
Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? Or have ſo weak a Judgment ſhown,
In chuſing you, to change you for a Throne?
Aur. How, with a Truth, you would a Falſhood blind!
'Tis not my Father's Love you have deſign'd;
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are join'd.
Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are join'd! has he a Name?
Aur. You would be told; you glory in your Shame;
There's Muſick in the Sound; and, to provoke
Your Pleaſure more, by me it muſt be ſpoke.
Then, then it raviſhes, when your pleas'd Ear
The Sound does from a wretched Rival hear.
Morat's the Name your Heart leaps up to meet;
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.
Ind. Who told you this?
Aur. ————Are you ſo loſt to Shame?
Morat, Morat, Morat: You love the Name
So well, your ev'ry Queſtion ends in that;
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, *Morat*.
Morat, who beſt could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his Joy conceal'd.
Ind. Howe'er unjuſt your Jealouſie appear,
It ſhows the Loſs, of what you love, you fear;

And does my Pity, not my Anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
To ſhow the Truth of my unalter'd Breaſt,
Know, that your Life was given at my Requeſt:
At leaſt Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you Aid,
She brought it; ſhe, whoſe Falſhood you upbraid.

Aur. And 'tis by that you would your Falſhood hide;
Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurſt Reprieve! not to prolong my Breath,
It brought a ling'ring, and more painful Death.
I have not liv'd ſince firſt I heard the News;
The Gift the guilty Giver does accuſe.
You knew the Price, and the Requeſt did move,
That you might pay the Ranſom with your Love.

Ind. Your Accuſation muſt, I ſee, take place;
And am I guilty, infamous, and baſe!

Aur. If you are falſe, thoſe Epithets are ſmall;
You're then the Things, the Abſtract of 'em all.
And you are falſe: You promis'd him your Love.
No other Price a Heart ſo hard could move.
Do not I know him! Could his brutal Mind
Be wrought upon? Could he be juſt, or kind?
Inſultingly, he made your Love his Boaſt;
Gave me my Life, and told me what it coſt.
Speak; anſwer. I would fain yet think you true;
Lie; and I'll not believe my ſelf, but you.
Tell me you Love; I'll pardon the Deceit,
And, to be fool'd, my ſelf aſſiſt the Cheat.

Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to ſay.
If you'll believe I have been falſe, you may.

Aur. I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I ſhould think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd.
You would be cozen'd! would aſſiſt the Cheat!
But I'm too plain to join in the Deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me falſe———
And, whatſoe'er my Letter did pretend,
I made this Meeting for no other end.

Aur.

Aur. Kill me not quite, with this Indifference:
When you are Guiltless, boast not an Offence.
I know you better than your self you know:
Your Heart was true, but did some Frailty show:
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not so? confess; I can forgive.
Ind. Forgive! what dull Excuses you prepare!
As if your Thoughts of me were worth my Care.
Aur. Ah Traitress! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up for Sin:
Adorn'd, without; unfinish'd left, within.
Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the Wrong affect.
So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
That Love to others still remains unfix'd:
Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your Delight;
Yet wise Men love you, in their own despight:
And, finding in their native Wit no Ease,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on, to please.
Ind. Now you shall know what Cause you have to Rage;
But to increase your Fury, not assuage:
I found the Way your Brother's Heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the least Return of Love.
His Pride and brutal Fierceness I abhor;
But scorn your mean Suspicions of me more.
I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this Care:
Know what your Folly lost you, and despair.
[*Turning from him.*
Aur. Too cruelly your Innocence you tell;
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the Pit of Hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a Stop to Fate:
Save me, just sinking, and no more to rise. [*She frowns.*
How can you look with such relentless Eyes?
Or let your Mind by Penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd, unless you Mercy speak:
I'll think you took th' Occasion thus to break.

Ind. Small Jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame Deſire;
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire:
Yet I did love you, till ſuch Pains I bore,
That I dare truſt my ſelf and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my Pain:
Diſtruſt may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And ſafely can unlade my Breaſt of Love;
Quiet, and calm: Why ſhould I then go back,
To tempt the ſecond Hazard of a Wrack?

Aur. Behold theſe dying Eyes, ſee their ſubmiſſive Awe;
Theſe Tears, which Fear of Death could never draw:
Heard you that Sigh? from my heav'd Heart it paſt,
And ſaid, If you forgive not, 'tis my laſt.
Love mounts, and rowls about my ſtormy Mind,
Like Fire, that's born by a tempeſtuous Wind.
Oh, I could ſtifle you, with eager Haſte!
Devour your Kiſſes with my hungry Taſte!
Ruſh on you! eat you! wander o'er each Part,
Raving with Pleaſure, ſnatch you to my Heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new Rage,
Invade you, till my conſcious Limbs preſage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow!
So loſt, ſo bleſt, as I but then could know!

Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her Hand.*

Aur. ——Give me Cauſe no more:
The Danger's greater after, than before,
If I relapſe; to cure my Jealouſie
Let me (for that's the eaſieſt parting) die.

Ind. My Life!

Aur. ———My Soul!

Ind. ———My All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with you; without you, Death to live.

To them, Arimant, *haſtily.*

Arim. Oh, we are loſt, beyond all human Aid!
The Citadel is to *Morat* betray'd.
The Traytor, and the Treaſon, known too late;
The falſe *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate,
Ev'n, while I ſpeak, we're compaſs'd round with Fate.

The

The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward fly;
But both in undiſtinguiſh'd Crouds muſt die.
Aur. Then my Prophetick Fears are come to paſs:
Morat was always bloody; now, he's baſe:
And has ſo far in Uſurpation gone,
He will by Parricide ſecure the Throne.
To them, the Emperor.
Emp. Am I forſaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome Death, to cover my Diſgrace;
I would not live to reign o'er ſuch a Race.
My *Aureng-Zebe!* [*Seeing* Aureng-Zebe.
But thou no more art mine; my Cruelty
Has quite deſtroy'd the Right I had in thee.
I have been baſe,
Baſe ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a Son could to a Parent give:
Behold me puniſh'd in the ſelf-ſame kind,
Th' Ungrateful does a more Ungrateful find.
Aur. Accuſe your ſelf no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: Could commit no Crime to me:
I only mourn my yet uncancell'd Score:
You put me paſt the Pow'r of Paying more:
That, that's my Grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but Pity, where I would relieve;
For had I yet ten thouſand Lives to pay,
The mighty Sum ſhould go no other way.
Emp. Can you forgive me? 'tis not fit you ſhould.
Why will you be ſo excellently good?
'Twill ſtick too black a Brand upon my Name:
The Sword is needleſs; I ſhall die with ſhame.
What had my Age to do with Love's Delight,
Shut out from all Enjoyments but the Sight?
Arim. Sir, you forget the Danger's imminent:
This Minute is not for Excuſes lent.
Emp. Diſturb me not———
How can my lateſt Hour be better ſpent?
To reconcile my ſelf to him is more,
Than to regain all I poſſeſs'd before.

Empire, and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:
His Love, alone, deſerves my dying Care.
Aur. Fighting for you, my Death will glorious be.
Ind. Seek to preſerve your ſelf, and live for me.
Arim. Loſe then no farther time.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſudden Thought,
Whence your unhop'd-for Safety may be wrought,
Though with the Hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.
But, ſince my Life can ne'er be fortunate,
'Tis ſo much Sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.
You, Madam, muſt retire;
Your Beauty is its own Security,
And leave the Conduct of the reſt to me.
Glory will crown my Life, if I ſucceed;
If not, ſhe may afford to love me dead. [*Aſide.*
Aur. My Father's kind; and, Madam you forgive:
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, I now could wiſh to live.
And, I ſhall live.
With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:
I feel th' inſpiring Heat, and abſent God return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Indamora *alone*.

THE Night ſeems doubled with the Fear ſhe brings,
And, o'er the Cittadel, new ſpreads her Wings.
The Morning, as miſtaken, turns about,
And all her early Fires again go out.
Shouts, Cries and Groans, firſt pierce my Ears, and then
A flaſh of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,
And ſhows me Arms, and Wounds, and dying Men.
Ah, ſhould my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds diſtinguiſh'd to my Ear,
His dying Groans, and his laſt Accents bear!
To her, Morat, *attended*.
Mor. The bloody Bus'neſs of the Night is done,
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire won.

Our

Our Swords ſo wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to deſtroy:
Refus'd the Work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made Sorrow and Deſpair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conqueſt can I boaſt?
My haughty Pride, before your Eyes, is loſt:
And Victory but gains me to preſent
That Homage. which our Eaſtern World has ſent.
Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my Fears:
Can you not then triumph without my Tears?
Reſolve me; (for you know my Deſtiny
In *Aureng-Zebe*'s) ſay, do I live, or die?
Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by Hope of Empire fir'd;
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:
What Fate decreed; for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the Marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My elder Brothers my Fore-runners came;
Rough-draughts of Nature, ill deſign'd, and lame:
Blown off, like Bloſſoms, never made to bear;
Till I came, finiſh'd; her laſt labour'd Care.
Ind. This Prologue leads to your ſucceeding Sin:
Blood ended what Ambition did begin.
Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father ſcap'd from out the Cittadel:
My Brother too may live.
Ind. ——He may.
Mor. ——He muſt:
I kill'd him not: And a leſs Fate's unjuſt.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his Room;
A Phœnix-Lover, riſing from his Tomb.
In whom you'll loſe your Sorrows for the Dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.
Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my Heart divide,
To love a Monſter, and a Parricide?
Theſe Names your ſwelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your ſelf, to your own Breaſt, ſhall tell
Your Crimes; and your own Conſcience be your Hell.

Mor. What Bus'neſs has my Conſcience with a Crown?
She ſinks in Pleaſures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth ſhould fail, I'll buſie her with Cares;
Silence her clamorous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums ſhall fright her from the Throne,
As ſounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.
Ind: Repell'd by theſe, more eager ſhe will grow;
Spring back more ſtrongly than a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidſt your Train, this unſeen Judge will wait;
Examin how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp; and, in your Ear,
Will hollow, *Rebel*, *Tyrant*, *Murderer*.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care ſhall bring:
Known but by Diſcontent to be a King.
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll ſit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.
Mor. Birth-right's a vulgar Road to Kingly Sway;
'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a Piece with that he ſits upon,
Heav'n's Choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.
But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of courſe, what e'er he was before;
Murder and Uſurpation are no more.
Ind. By your own Laws you ſuch Dominion make,
As ev'ry ſtronger Pow'r has right to take:
And Parricide will ſo deform your Name,
That diſpoſſeſſing you will give a Claim.
Who next Uſurps, will a juſt Prince appear;
So much your Ruin will his Reign endear.
Mor. I without Guilt, would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis neceſſary to be Great.
Ind. All Greatneſs is in Virtue underſtood:
'Tis only neceſſary to be Good.
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What moſt your ſelf deſire?
Mor. ——— Renown and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as is my Will.
Ind. How you confound Deſires of Good and Ill!

For

For true Renown is ſtill with Virtue join'd;
But Luſt of Pow'r lets looſe th' unbridl'd Mind.
Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,
Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with Heat:
So ſtrong, yet ſo unequal Pulſes beat.
A Sun which does, through Vapours, dimly ſhine:
What Pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
New molded, thorough light'ned, and a Breaſt
So pure, to bear the laſt ſevereſt Teſt;
Fit to Command an Empire you ſhould gain
By Virtue, and without a Bluſh to reign.

Mor. You ſhow me ſomewhat I ne'er learnt before;
But 'tis the diſtant Proſpect of a Shore,
Doubtful in Miſts; which, like inchanted Ground,
Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down:
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all, becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe:
A Joy, which none but greateſt Minds can taſte;
A Fame, which will to endleſs Ages laſt.

Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;
And ſtill purſu'd 'em, though directed wrong.
In Hazard, and in Toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the Coaſt, but miſs'd my Way:
Now you have giv'n me Virtue for my Guide;
And, with true Honour, ballaſted my Pride.
Unjuſt Dominion I no more purſue;
I quit all other Claims but thoſe to you.

Ind. Oh be not juſt to halves! pay all you owe:
Think there's a Debt to *Meleſinda* too.
To leave no Blemiſh on your After-Life;
Reward the Virtue of a ſuff'ring Wife.

Mor. To Love, once paſt, I cannot backward move;
Call Yeſterday again, and I may love.
'Twas not for nothing I the Crown reſign'd;
I ſtill muſt own a Mercenary Mind:

I, in this venture, double Gains purſue,
And laid out all my Stock to purchaſe you.
To them, Aſaph Chan.
Now, what Succeſs? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?
Aſaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that ſhe can give.
Your Brother———
Mor. ——Hold; thou ſhow'ſt an impious Joy,
And think'ſt I ſtill take Pleaſure to Deſtroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him ſlain.
Aſaph. 'Tis paſt; and you deſire his Life in vain.
He prodigal of Soul, ruſh'd on the Stroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke:
In ſcorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Soldiers, where he fought, his Name reveal'd:
In thickeſt Crouds, ſtill *Aureng-Zebe* did ſound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.
Ind. Wither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,
And blaſted be the Tongue which did relate.
Aſaph. His Body———
Mor. ———Ceaſe to inhanſe her Miſery:
Pity the Queen, and ſhow Reſpect to me.
'Tis ev'ry Painter's Art to hide from ſight,
And caſt in Shades, what ſeen would not delight.
Your Grief, in me ſuch ſympathy has bred, [*To her*.
I mourn; and wiſh I could recal the Dead.
Love ſoftens me; and blows up Fires, which paſs
Through my tough Heart, and melt the ſtubborn Maſs.
Ind. Break, Heart; or choak, with ſobs, my hated Breath;
Do thy own Work: Admit no foreign Death.
Alas! why do I make this uſeleſs Moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.
To them, Mir Baba.
Mir. What Tongue the Terror of this Night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadel!
A new-form'd Faction does your Pow'r oppoſe;
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes:
A ſecond Clamour, from the Town, we hear;
And the far Noiſe ſo loud, it drowns the near.

Abas,

Abas, who ſeem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frighted Soldiers ſcarce their Ground maintain.
Mor. I thank their Fury; we ſhall fight again:
They rouſe my Rage; I'm eager to ſubdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my Eyes from you.
[*Exit with the two Omrahs.*

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. Can Miſery no place of Safety know?
The Noiſe purſues me wherefoe'er I go,
As Fate ſought only me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my devoted Head.
And let it; I am now paſt Care of Life;
The laſt of Women; an abandon'd Wife.
Ind. Whether Deſign or Chance has brought you here,
I ſtand oblig'd to Fortune, or to Fear:
Weak Women ſhould, in danger, herd like Deer.
But ſay, from whence this new Combuſtion ſprings?
Are there yet more *Morats*? more fighting Kings?
Mel. Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel Strife decide.
Ind. What ſtrange Miſfortunes my vext Life attend?
Death will be kind, and all my Sorrows end.
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.
Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard Eſtate;
But what can my weak Charity afford?
I have no longer Int'reſt in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, he: She owns her Hate
Aloud, and would her ſelf uſurp the State.
Ind. I'm ſtupify'd with Sorrow, paſt Relief
Of Tears: Parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.
Mel. Dry Mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluices go.
Ind. My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.
Mel. Have Comfort; yield not to the Blows of Fate.
Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Name not ſo vain a Word; my Hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more———
Can no more Arguments, for Comfort, find:
Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.
[*Clattering of Weapons within.*

Ind. The Noise increases, as the Billows rore,
When rowling from afar they threat the Shore.
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in Danger, and forsakes my Mind.
I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure;
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.
I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:
I dare not trust him in another's Hand.
In *Nourmahal*'s he would not mine appear;
But arm'd with Terror, and disguis'd with Fear.

Mel. Beyond this Place you can have no Retreat:
Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, because my Life I hate:
And envious Death will shun th' Unfortunate.

Ind. You must not venture.

Mel. ———Let me: I may do
My self a Kindness, in obliging you.
In your lov'd Name, I'll seek my angry Lord;
And beg your Safety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his Protection all your Fears will ease,
And I shall see him once, and not displease. [*Exit.*

Ind. Oh wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can save?
A Stranger, and Unfriended, and a Slave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, *and* Abas, *with Soldiers.*

Alas, she's here!

[Indamora *withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.*

Nour. Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their Ground,
While ours with easie Victory were crown'd.
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

Abas. The vain *Morat*, by his own Rashness wrought,
Too soon discover'd his ambitious Thought;
Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,
And pitch'd his Head into the ready Snare:
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit;
But such, whose Numbers could no Fears beget;

By

By them th' Emperor's Party first I slew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.
Nour. Now let the head-strong Boy my Will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my self, th' Imperial Seat will gain,
And he shall wait my Leisure for his Reign.
But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found.
And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lyes:
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the Prize.
Zayd. The Chance of War determin'd well the Strife,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.
He's dead, whose Love had sully'd all your Reign,
And made you Empress of the World in vain.
Nour. No; I my Pow'r and Pleasure would divide:
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had dy'd.
I rage, to think without that Bliss I live;
That I could wish what Fortune would not give:
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;
She, who bereav'd me of his Heart, shall die.
Zayd. I'll search: Far distant hence she cannot be.
[*Goes in.*
Nour. This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see;
This fatal *Helen*, who can Wars inspire,
Make Kings her Slaves, and set the World on fire.
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my View;
Or durst not set the False one by the True.
Re-enter Zayda, *leading* Indamora.
Zayd. Your frighted Captive, e'er she dies, receive;
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.
Nour. A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'er see!
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me!
Some Angel copy'd, while I slept, each Grace,
And molded ev'ry Feature from my Face.
Such Majesty does from her Forehead rise,
Her Cheeks such Blushes cast, such Rays her Eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a Blemish find;
The Palace is, without, too well design'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind. [*To her.*
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see,
If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.

Ind.

Ind. My Tears and Miseries must plead my Cause;
[*Kneeling.*
My Words, the Terror of your Presence awes:
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become;
The nobler Nature strikes th' Inferiour dumb.
Nour. The Palm is, by the Foe's Confession, mine;
But I disdain what basely you resign.
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build:
Its inward Work, the Soul, with Rubbish fill'd.
Yet, oh! th' imperfect Piece moves more Delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with Youth, to catch the Sight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin Bloom,
And what I am, by what I was, o'ercome.
Traitress, restore my Beauty and my Charms,
Nor steal my Conquest with my proper Arms.
Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your Hate?
I am not Guilty, but Unfortunate.
Nour. Not Guilty, when thy Looks my Pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away?
My Husband first; but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the Name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious Flame;
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes mis-led,
And starv'd the Joys of my expected Bed.
Ind. His Love so sought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I Courage but to meet my Fate;
That short dark Passage to a future State;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath.
Nour. That something, or that nothing, after Death:
Take this, and teach thy self. [*Giving a Dagger.*
Ind. Alas!
Nour. ——Why dost thou shake?
Dishonour not the Vengeance I design'd:
A Queen, and own a base Plebeian Mind!
Let it drink deep in thy most vital Part:
Strike home, and do me reason in thy Heart.
Ind. I dare not.

Nour. ———Do't, while I ſtand by and ſee,
At my full Guſt, without the Drudgery.
I love a Foe, who dares my Stroke prevent,
Who gives me the full Scene of my Content,
Shows me the flying Soul's Convulſive ſtrife,
And all the Anguiſh of departing Life:
Diſdain my Mercy, and my Rage defie;
Curſe me with thy laſt Breath; and make me ſee
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

Ind. Oh, I deſire to die; but dare not yet:
Give me ſome reſpite, I'll diſcharge the Debt.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live. [thy Fate,

Nour. Thine, Traitreſs! thine! that word has wing'd
And put me paſt the tedious Forms of Hate.
I'll kill thee with ſuch Eagerneſs and Haſte,
As Fiends, let looſe, would lay all Nature waſte.

[Indamora *runs back: As* Nourmahal *is running to her, Claſhing of Swords is heard within.*

Sold. Yield, y'are o'erpow'r'd: Reſiſtance is in vain.
[*Within.*

Mor. Then Death's my Choice: Submiſſion I diſdain:
[*Within.*

Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run
[*At the Door.*
On pointed Swords? Diſarm, but ſave my Son.

Enter Morat *ſtaggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*

Mor. She lives! and I ſhall ſee her once again!
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

[*Catches hold of* Indamora's *Gown, and falls by her: She ſits.*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find
My fainting Body byaſs'd by my Mind:
I fall toward you; ſtill my contending Soul
Points to your Breaſt, and trembles to its Pole.

To them, Meleſinda, *haſtily, caſting her ſelf on the other ſide of* Morat.

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worſt of Woes I find!
Live ſtill: Oh live; live ev'n to be unkind.
With half-ſhut Eyes he ſeeks the doubtful Day;
But, Ah! he bends his Sight another way.

He

He faints! and in that Sigh his Soul is gone;
Yet Heav'n's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Nour. Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs should [defend?
Or do they vain Authority pretend
O'er human Fates, and their weak Empire show,
Which cannot guard their Images below?
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have respected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and she
Their *Indamora* shall my Victim be,
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me.

[*As she is going to stab* Indamora, Morat *raises himself, and holds her Hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched Strife,
Puft with the Pride of Heav'n's own Gift, frail Life?
That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
I only stay to save the Innocent:
Oh envy not my Soul its last Content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;
First, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, since, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dang'rous Way secure.

Mel. Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.
I have too just a Title in the Strife:
By me, unhappy me, he lost his Life:
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal Breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

[*Shout within.*

Abas. What new Alarms are these? I'll haste and see.

[*Exit.*

Nour. Look up, and live. An Empire shall be thine.

Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies, [*To* Ind.
And must for ever cease to see your Eyes.

Mel. Ah turn your Sight to me, my dearest Lord!
Can you not one, one parting Look afford?

Ev'n

Ev'n so unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
I lose my Breath, and to the Winds complain:
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;
Still I can love, without this last Return.
Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul;
Dying, I'll follow your disdainful Soul:
A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,
With mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

Mor. Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,
And, for a more deserving Husband, live:
Can you forgive me?

Mel. ————Can I! Oh my Heart!
Have I heard one kind Word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: Is that a Task
To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
One kiss——Oh 'tis too great a Blessing this; [*Kisses him.*
I would not live to violate the Bliss.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
And deluges of Armies, from the Town,
Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
When first it broke; the crowding Ensigns saw,
Which choak'd the Passage; and, (what least I fear'd,)
The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,
Display'd with your *Morat*'s:
In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear,
Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly hissings in the Air.
Their Troops are join'd, and our Destruction nigh.

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to fly.
I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious End.
In pois'nous Draughts my Liberty I'll find:
And from the nauseous World set free my Mind. [*Exit.*

At the other end of the Stage, enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aureng-Zebe *turns back, and speaks, entring.*

Aur. The Lives of all, who cease from Combat, spare;
My Brother's be your most peculiar Care:

Our

Our impious Use no longer shall obtain;
Brothers no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.
[*Seeing* Indamora *and* Morat.
Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd Success?
I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.
Look, *Dianet*: for I dare not trust these Eyes;
They dance in Mists, and dazle with Surprise.
Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; dying he seems, or dead:
And *Indamora*'s Hand———
Aur. ———Supports his Head. [*Sighing*.
Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know
My inward Torments, by my outward Show;
To let her see my Weakness, were too base;
Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.
Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin
To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.
The specious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.
Mor. In sign that I die yours, reward my Love, [*To* Ind.
And Seal my Pasport to the bless'd above. [*Kissing her Hand*.
Ind. Oh stay; or take me with you when you go:
There's nothing now worth living for below.
Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded Mind
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is join'd:
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
Fed from the Brand. [*Dies*.
Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die! [*Swoons*.
Ind. —— Oh dismal Day!
Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last Hope away.
[*She turns, and sees* Aureng-Zebe *standing by her, and starts*.
O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe*—What strange Surprise!
Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,
And shows the Figure always present there?
Or liv'st thou? am I bless'd, and see thee here?
Aur. My Brother's Body see convey'd with Care,
[*Turning from her, to his Attendants*.
Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

With

With speed to *Melesinda* bring Relief;
Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief ——
[*Half turning to* Indamora.
I go, to take for ever from your View
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.
[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*
Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your Stay:
[*Laying hold of him.*
I will be heard, and after take your Way.
Go; but your late Repentance shall be vain:
[*He struggles still: She lets him go.*
I'll never, never see your Face again. [*Turning away.*
Aur. Madam, I know what ever you can say:
You might be pleas'd not to command my Stay.
All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;
I must crave leave your Audience may be short.
Ind. You need not fear I shall detain you long;
Yet you may tell me your pretended Wrong.
Aur. Is that the Bus'ness? then my Stay is vain.
Ind. How are you injur'd?
Aur. —— When did I complain?
Ind. Leave off your forc'd Respect——
And show your Rage in its most furious Form:
I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.
You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last Desire;
And after saw him in my Arms expire:
Saw me, with Tears, so great a Loss bemoan:
Heard me complaining my last Hopes were gone.
Aur. Oh stay, and take me with you when you go.
There's nothing now worth living for below.
Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;
Expos'd to Tryals; made too frail to bear.
I grow a Fool, and show my Rage again:
'Tis Nature's Fault; and why should I complain?
Ind. Will you yet hear me?
Aur. —— Yes, till you relate
What pow'rful Motives did your Change create.
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh
Tears were but vain, and brought but Youth's decay.

Then

Then, in *Morat*, your Hopes a Crown design'd;
And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.
I rave again, and to my Rage return,
To be again subjected to your Scorn.
Ind. I wait till this long Storm be over-blown.
Aur. I'm conscious of my Folly: I have done.
I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.
How did I trust! and how did you deceive!
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy Generosity.
Ind. Alas, is he then dead?
Aur. ———Unknown to me,
He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my Way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our Passage stay,
My Buckler o'er my aged Father cast,
Still fighting, still defending as I past,
The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my Name;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame.
To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,
And seeing not, where he heard Danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A short, but mighty Aid: At length he fell.
My own Adventures 'twere lost time to tell;
Or how my Army, entring in the Night,
Surpris'd our Foes: The dark disorder'd fight:
How my Appearance, and my Father shown,
Made Peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've sum'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th'unwelcome Safety of the Man you hate.
Ind. As briefly will I clear my Innocence:
Your alter'd Brother dy'd in my Defence.
Those Tears you saw, that Tenderness I show'd,
Were just Effects of Grief and Gratitude.
He dy'd my Convert.
Aur. ———But your Lover too:
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view;
You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead:
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you shed.
But worst of all,

Your

Your Gratitude for his Defence was ſhown:
It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.
Ind. Not that I valu'd Life; but fear'd to die:
Think that my Weakneſs, not Inconſtancy.
Aur. Fear ſhow'd you doubted of your own Intent;
And ſhe who doubts, becomes leſs Innocent.
Tell me not you could fear;
Fear's a large Promiſer; who ſubject live
To that baſe Paſſion, know not what they give.
No Circumſtance of Grief you did deny;
And what could ſhe give more who durſt not die?
Ind. My Love, my Faith.
Aur. —— Both ſo adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with Fear, they never could be known.
I wiſh no Ill might her I love befal;
But ſhe ne'er lov'd, who durſt not venture all.
Her Life and Fame ſhould my Concernment be;
But ſhe ſhould only be afraid for me.
Ind. My Heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to thoſe Tyrants, Hope and Fear:
If they forc'd from me one kind Look, or Word,
Could you not that, nor that ſmall Part afford?
Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call;
Giving the leaſt of mine, you gave him all.
True Love's a Miſer; ſo tenacious grown,
He weighs to the leaſt Grain of what's his own.
More delicate than Honour's niceſt Senſe:
Neither to give nor take the leaſt Offence.
With, or without you, I can have no reſt:
What ſhall I do? you're lodg'd within my Breaſt:
Your Image never will be thence diſplac'd;
But there it lyes, ſtabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.
Ind. Yet, to reſtore the Quiet of your Heart,
There's one way left.
Aur. ————Oh name it.
Ind. ——— 'Tis to part.
Since perfect Bliſs with me you cannot prove,
I ſcorn to bleſs by halves the Man I love.
Aur. Now you diſtract me more: Shall then the Day,
Which views my Triumph, ſee our Loves decay?

Muſt

Must I new Bars to my own Joy create?
Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?
What though I am not lov'd?
Reason's nice Taste does our Delights destroy:
Brutes are more bless'd, who grosly feed on Joy.
Ind. Such endless Jealousies your Love pursue,
I can no more be fully bless'd than you.
I therefore go, to free us both from Pain:
I pris'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.
Nay, ev'n my own———
I give it you; for since I cannot call
Your Heart my Subject, I'll not reign at all. [*Exit.*
Aur. Go: Though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack,
'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
She's Guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!
When she Exacts it, can I stoop so low?
Yes; for she's Guiltless; — but she's Haughty too.
Great Souls long struggle e'er they own a Crime:
She's gone; and leaves me no repenting Time.
I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;
Linger at least, or not go far away,
[*Looks to the Door, and returns.*
For ever lost, and I repent too late.
My foolish Pride, would set my whole Estate,
Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.
To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora: *Attendants.*
Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
Should no Advantage of his Gift receive.
Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
In this bless'd Day, a Day so much his own? [*To* Ind.
I have not quitted yet a Victor's Right:
I'll make you happy in your own despight.
I love you still; and if I struggle hard
To give, it shows the Worth of the Reward.
Ind. Suppose he has o'ercome; must I find Place
Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for Grace?
Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?
What though none live my Innocence to tell?
I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous Pride:
I clear my self, and care for none beside.

Aur.

Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!
Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?
I thought your Love eternal: Was it ty'd
So loosly, that a Quarrel could divide?
I grant that my Suspicions were unjust;
But would you leave me for a small Distrust?
Forgive those foolish Words—— [*Kneeling to her.*
They were the Froth my raging Folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd most.
Ind. [*To* Aur.] You would but half be blest!
[*Giving her Hand, smiling.*
Aur. ——Oh do but try
My eager Love: I'll give my self the lye.
The very hope is a full Happiness;
Yet scantly measures what I shall possess.
Fancy it self, ev'n in Enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss.
Emp. Her Eyes a secret yielding do confess,
And promise to partake your Happiness.
May all the Joys I did my self pursue,
Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.
A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last Melesinda *in White.*
Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?
Aur. 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,
Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
When fatally their Virtue they approve;
Chearful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.
Ind. Oh my foreboding Heart! th' Event I fear;
And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.
Mel. You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial Day.
My better Nuptials; which, in spight of Fate,
For ever join me to my dear *Morat*.
Now I am pleas'd; my Jealousies are o'er:
He's mine; and I can lose him now no more.
Emp. Let no false show of Fame your Reason blind.
Ind. You have no Right to die; he was not kind.

Mel.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no Love have shown;
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
My Love was such, it needed no return;
But could, though he supply'd no Fuel, burn.
Rich in it self, like Elemental Fire,
Whose pureness does no Aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
For I will die: Die is too base a Word,
I'll seek his Breast, and kindling by his Side,
Adorn'd with Flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal *distracted, with* Zayda.

Zayd. She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain
For her, who generously did Life disdain!
Poison'd, she raves———
Th' invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
Th' invenom'd Soul works its own Poison back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my Mouth and Nostrils Flame expire.
I'll not come near my self———
Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.
Pull, pull that reverend Piece of Timber near:
Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——
Ha, ha! how my old Husband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.
Fan me, you Winds: what, not one Breath of Air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have Flames to spare.
Quench me: Pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat stands there to drive 'em back again:
With those huge Bellows in his Hands, he blows
New Fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.
See, see, there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his Part;
But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

Aur. Alas, what Fury's this?

Nour. ———That's he, that's he!

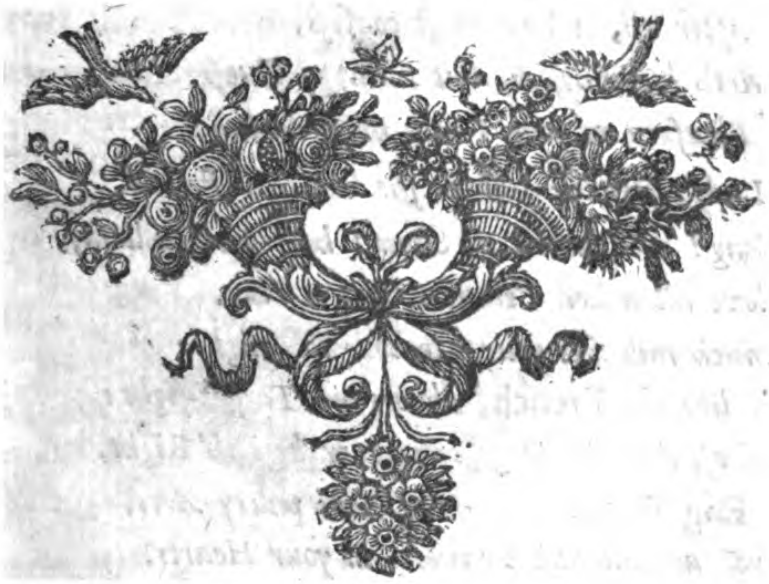
[*Staring upon him, and catching at him.*

I know the dear Man's Voice:
And this my Rival, this the cursed She.

They

They kiſs; into each others Arms they run;
Cloſe, cloſe, cloſe! muſt I ſee, and muſt have none?
Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kiſs.
Ingrateful! have I loſt *Morat* for this?
Will you? —— before my Face? —— poor helpleſs I
See all, and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*

Emp. With thy laſt Breath thou haſt thy Crimes confeſt:
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'ſt me, Reſt.
But you, my Son, receive it better here:
[*Giving him* Indamora's *Hand.*
The juſt Rewards of Love and Honour wear.
Receive the Miſtreſs you ſo long have ſerv'd;
Receive the Crown your Loyalty preſerv'd.
Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,
And ſleep within the Chariot which I drove.



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

A *Pretty Task! and so I told the Fool,*
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule:
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from Noise and Blood;
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,
The Passions rais'd, and calm'd by just Degrees,
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas;
He thought, in hitting these, his Bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
But, after all, a Poet must confess,
His Art's like Physick, but a happy Guess.
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend.
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.
He much mistakes your Methods to delight;
And, like the French, *abhors our Target-fight:*
But those damn'd Dogs can never be i' th' Right.
True English *hate your Monsieur's paltry Arts.*
For you are all Silk-weavers, in your Hearts.
Bold Britons, *at a brave Bear-garden Fray,*
Are rouz'd: And, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, play, play.
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare!

And

EPILOGUE.

And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our Butchers else would tear him Limb from Limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be
Infected with this French *Civility;*
But this in After-ages will be done:
Our Poet writes a hundred Years too soon.
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:
And early Springs are subject to a Blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a Test
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best?
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,
Which, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
For he more fears (like a presuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Loſt.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL,

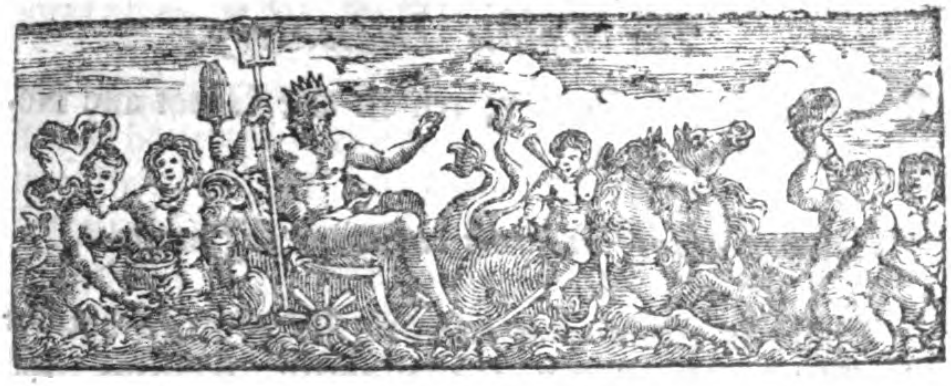
BY

His MAJESTY's Servants;

And Written in Imitation of *Shakeſpear*'s St

Facile eſt verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: idque reſtinctis animorum incendiis irridere.
Cicero.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.



To the Right Honourable

THOMAS,

Earl of Danby, *Viſcount* Latimer, *and Baron* Osborne *of* Kiveton *in* Yorkſhire, *Lord High Treaſurer of* England, *one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter,* &c.

My LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is ſo troubleſome a Virtue to great Men, that you are often in Danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with ſome Epiſtle, and not ſuffer'd to do good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have oblig'd. Yet, I confeſs, I neither am nor ought to be ſurpriz'd at this Indulgence: For your Lordſhip has the ſame

Right to favour Poetry, which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in Nature betwixt those who are Born for worthy Actions, and those who can transmit them to Posterity: And though ours be much the inferior Part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to those Virtues, which we copy and describe from you.

'Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the Subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians; for the best which can happen to them, is, to be forgotten: But such who, under Kings, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a just and prudent ordering of Affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in Safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates: For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-ages. Your Lordship's Administration has already taken up a considerable part of the *English Annals*; and many of its most happy Years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledg'd the Ease and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of his Treasury, which you found not only disorder'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduced beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to separate the jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of Expression might be allow'd

low'd me) to create them. Your Enemies had so embroyl'd the Management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Instrument of your Ruin. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the confusion of Accounts, which you found in your entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of Malice to the publick Calamity, by forestalling the Credit which shou'd cure it: Your Friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you: No farther Help or Counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your self: And that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Constancy, and your Prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by any outward Motion. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted with it self, for Assistance only can be given by a *Genius* Superior to that which it assists. And 'tis the noblest kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, my Lord, is your just Commendation, that you have wrought out your self a way to Glory, by those very Means that were design'd for your Destruction: You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Master, without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heaviest both on the Crown, and on private Persons, have by your Conduct been establish'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great and Honourable, because the Case was without the ordinary Relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the narrowness of the Treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and

most unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the Care of your Conduct, to give him Means of exerting the chiefest, (if any be the chiefest) of his Royal Virtues, his distributive Justice to the Deserving, and his Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be discover'd than in the Choice of their Ministers: Who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is just and moderate in his Nature, who rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of his Government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; a Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character, and so suitable to the Wishes of all good Men, could not better have convey'd himself into his Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively express the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a steadiness of Temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a Mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two encroaching Seas of arbitrary Power, and lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary Genius, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the great Representative of the Nation, and neither

ther to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. These, my Lord, are the proper Virtues of a Noble *Englishman*, as indeed they are properly *English* Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them, but we who have the Happiness to be born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Commonwealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an *Englishman*, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious Name of a Republick: That Mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves: And Slaves they are of a viler Note than such as are Subjects to an absolute Dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so absolute, but 'tis circumscrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-makers, there is no farther Check upon them; and the People must suffer without a Remedy, because they are oppress'd by their Representatives. If I must serve, the number of my Masters, who were born my Equals, would but add to the ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government above all others, is exactly suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Island being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness, and the casualties of the Seas, it cou'd not so easily preserve: And therefore, neither the arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make

us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaster and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Consent of the People was not ask'd or needed, but this were only by conquering abroad to be poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest Subjects, whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an Offensive War, at least a Land-War, the Model of our Government seems naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: And the consent of a People is easily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which must protect it. *Felices nimium bona si sua nôrint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who surfeiting themselves on too much Happiness, wou'd persuade the People that they might be happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himself was fallen from his Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but Licence. But if it be Liberty of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its Practice extends not to the Severity of Persecution, and its Discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects would allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty

of

of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the benefit of the Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the Usurpation of their own Instrument. Neither is it enough for them to answer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subversion of it: On such Pretences all Insurrections have been founded: 'Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open Sedition, yet are safe from the Punishment of the Laws. These, my Lord, are Considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: For no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have a Share in the Welfare of it; and if he be a true *Englishman*, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my self, than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an here-

hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the Ruin of his Estate for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy an Occasion of manifesting your own Zeal in suffering for his present Majesty, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Father's Fortune waited on the Unhappiness of his Sovereign, so your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his Son. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater Place in the *English* Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindsey* is so illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet, after all, my Lord, if I may speak my Thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to your self: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Imployment, have betrayed you from your self, and given you up into the Possession of the Publick. You are robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any Hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a croud of Suitors, whose importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with Reason, that you have lost much more

in

in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, my Lord, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneasie, cannot make him happy: And a Wise Man must think himself uneasie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of Leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, 'till 'tis so late, that I am now asham'd to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an Hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

THE Death of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* is a Subject which has been treated by the greateſt Wits of our Nation, after *Shakeſpear*; and by all ſo variouſly, that their Example has given me the Confidence to try my ſelf in this Bow of *Ulyſſes* amongſt the Croud of Shooters; and, withal, to take my own Meaſures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the ſame Motive has prevailed with all of us in this Attempt; I mean the Excellency of the Moral: For the chief Perſons repreſented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their End accordingly was unfortunate. All reaſonable Men have long ſince concluded, That the Heroe of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for then he could not, without Injuſtice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, becauſe he could not then be pitied. I have therefore ſteer'd the middle Courſe; and have drawn the Character of *Antony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Caſſius* would give me leave: The like I have obſerv'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the Pity to a greater heighth, was not afforded me by the Story: For the Crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occaſion'd by any Neceſſity, or fatal Ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; ſince our Paſſions are, or ought to be, within our Power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior Parts of it; and the

the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than, perhaps, the *English* Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Episode, or Underplot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main Design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest Error in the Contrivance seems to be in the Person of *Octavia*: For, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she mov'd to her self and Children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Antony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the Favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justified *Antony* in some measure, by making *Octavia*'s departure to proceed wholly from her self; yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The Faults my Enemies have found, are rather Cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for Example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold Civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the Greatness of their Characters, and the Modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemn'd: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra* thus attack'd, was not of a Spirit to shun the Encounter: And 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their Mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both

Women.

Women. 'Tis true, ſome Actions, though Natural, are not fit to be repreſented; and broad Obſcenities in Words, ought in good Manners to be avoided: Expreſſions therefore are a modeſt Cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my ſelf within the Bounds of Modeſty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modeſty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themſelves who are too quick of Apprehenſion in ſuch Caſes, and leave all reaſonable Men to imagine worſe of them, than of the Poet.

Honeſt *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne ſommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laiſſons la ſubſtance des choſes: Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans ſeulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: Nous n'oſons appeller à droict nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer à toute ſorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choſes licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raiſon nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaiſes, & perſonne ne le'n croid.* My Comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but ſucking Criticks, who would fain be nibbling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet, in this Nicety of Manners does the Excellency of *French* Poetry conſiſt: Their Heroes are the moſt civil People breathing; but their good Breeding ſeldom extends to a Word of Senſe: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but neceſſary when they cannot pleaſe, that they ſhould take care not to offend. But, as the civileſt Man in the Company is commonly the Dulleſt, ſo theſe Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good Manners, make you ſleep. They are ſo careful not to exaſperate a Critick, that they never leave him any Work; ſo buſie with the Broom, and make ſo clean a Riddance, that there is little left either for Cenſure or for Praiſe: For no Part of a Poem is worth our Diſcommending, where the whole is inſipid; as when we have once taſted of

pall'd

pall'd Wine, we ſtay not to examine it Glaſs by Glaſs. But while they affect to ſhine in Trifles, they are often careleſs in Eſſentials. Thus their *Hippolytus* is ſo ſcrupulous in Point of Decency, that he will rather expoſe himſelf to Death, than accuſe his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am ſure will commend him for it: But we of groſſer Apprehenſions, are apt to think that this Exceſs of Generoſity, is not practicable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good Manners with a Vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the Misfortunes of this admirable Heroe: But take *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I ſuppoſe he would think it a wiſer Part, to ſet the Saddle on the right Horſe, and chuſe rather to live with the Reputation of a plain-ſpoken honeſt Man, than to die with the Infamy of an inceſtuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preſerv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he ſhould have given us the Picture of a rough young Man, of the *Amazonian* ſtrain, a jolly Huntſman, and both by his Profeſſion and his early riſing a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has choſen to give him the turn of Gallantry, ſent him to Travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monſieur *Hippolite*. I ſhould not have troubled my ſelf thus far with *French* Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my Part, I deſire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it ſeems unjuſt to me, that the *French* ſhould preſcribe here, till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themſelves are the moſt proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But till ſome Genius, as Univerſal as *Ariſtotle*, ſhall ariſe, one who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the Practice of them, I ſhall think it reaſonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art ſhould be preferable to the Opinion of another Man; at leaſt where he is not brib'd by Intereſt, or prejudic'd by Malice: and this, I ſuppoſe, is manifeſt by plain Induction: For, firſt, the

Crowd

Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross Instinct, of what pleases or displeases them: Every Man will grant me this; but then, by a particular Kindness to himself, he draws his own Stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the Multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the Advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party of my Opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the Rest, either from the Number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves: And every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the same time to a Right of Judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets; neither have all Poets a Taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: But 'tis not to be understood that all Parts of it must please every Man; Therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whose Taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy, a sufficient Judge of it: He must understand the Excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that so many Satyrs on Poets, and Censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation, (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling Kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of *Latin*, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

> *Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their Nakedness

to

to publick View? Not considering that they are not to expect the same Approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in Discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the Necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in Possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the Excuse that we do it for a poor Subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their Defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble, out of meer Wantonness take Pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the Right, where he said, That *no Man is satisfied with his own Condition.* A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented, because the Poets will not admit them of their Number. Thus the Case is hard with Writers: If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them for daring to please without their Leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifest in their Concernment: Some Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their Faces on the Ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same Longings, but with all their Power they could never bring their Business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by Sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For twas a hanging Matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the Wind: So, every Man in his own Defence set as good a Face upon the Business as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be crown'd Laureats; but when the Show was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart quietly,

quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had ſtifled; with a firm Reſolution never more to ſee an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten Years a making it. In the mean time the true Poets were they who made the beſt Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good Grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were ſure to be rewarded if they confeſs'd themſelves bad Writers, and that was ſomewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucan's* Example was enough to teach them Manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without Diſpute for the beſt Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecænas* took another Courſe, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: But finding himſelf far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* aſſures us was not his Talent, he thought it his beſt way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at leaſt he might be a Poet at the ſecond hand; and we ſee how happily it has ſucceeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him ſtill remain. But they who ſhould be our Patrons, are for no ſuch expenſive ways to Fame: They have much of the Poetry of *Mecænas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for perſecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the Perſons of their Succeſſors, (for ſuch is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a leſs degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Perſecutors even of *Horace* himſelf, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjuſt uſe of his Authority, and turning his Artillery againſt his Friends. But how would he diſdain to be copy'd by ſuch Hands! I dare anſwer for him, he would be more uneaſie in their Company, than he was with *Criſpinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongſt the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

—— *Demetri,*

PREFACE.

——Demetri, teque Tigelli,
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what Scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make Doggrel of his *Latin*, mistake his Meaning, mis-apply his Censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out the Bounds of Poetry,

——Saxum antiquum, ingens,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raise the weight of such an Author; and when they would toss him against their Enemies,

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,
Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other Revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-Penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his Name to his Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) set his Mark: For should he own himself publickly, and come from behind the Lion's Skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would chuse to be condemn'd; and the Magistrates whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the Scandal of his Nomination. The Sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong Way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest Fault, *Horace* would have taught him to have mince'd the Matter, and to have call'd it readiness of Thought, and a flowing

flowing Fancy: for Friendship will allow a Man to Christen an Imperfection by the Name of some neighbour Virtue:

Vellem in amicitiâ sic erraremus; & isti
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow Man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

——— Canibus pigris, scabieque vetustâ
Levibus, & siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremit in terris violentius.

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the Imperfections of his Mistress:

Nigra μελίχερω *est, immunda & fœtida* ἄκοσμω·
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; *muta pudens est,* &c.

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem Cygnum* is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit of his *French* Version on the other side, and without farther considering him, than I have the Rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the Practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer* has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his *Art of Poetry*.

——— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for *English* Tragedy; which requires to be built in

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a larger Compaſs. I could give an Inſtance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Maſter-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reſerve it for a more fit Occaſion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profeſs'd to imitate the Divine *Shakeſpear*; which that I might perform more freely, I have diſincumber'd my ſelf from Rhyme: Not that I condemn my former Way, but that this is more proper to my preſent Purpoſe. I hope I need not to explain my ſelf, that I have not copy'd my Author ſervilely: Words and Phraſes muſt of Neceſſity receive a Change in ſucceeding Ages: But 'tis almoſt a Miracle that much of his Language remains ſo pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongſt us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Johnſon* tells us, without Learning, ſhould by the force of his own Genius perform ſo much, that in a manner he has left no Praiſe for any who come after him. The Occaſion is fair, and the Subject would be pleaſant to handle the Difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But ſince I muſt not be over-confident of my own Performance after him, it will be Prudence in me to be Silent. Yet, I hope, I may affirm, and without Vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my ſelf throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Antony* and *Ventidius* in the firſt Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WHAT Flocks of Criticks hover here to Day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcass of a Play!
With croaking Notes they bode some dire Event,
And follow dying Poets by the Scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you've watch'd your Time!
He fights this Day unarm'd; without his Rhyme.
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's; *and almost as old.*
His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his Mettle; and scarce Rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning Mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the Pit.
I could name more; a Wife, and Mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.
Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his Care;
Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to Quarrel once a Day;
Like Hectors, in at every petty Fray.
Let those find Fault whose Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all:

Errors

PROLOGUE.

Errors like Straws upon the Surface flow;
He who would ſearch for Pearls, muſt dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies would be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas; ſo little and ſo light,
We ſcarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feaſts,
For change, become their next poor Tenant's Gueſts;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do Penance here.
And ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
Whoſe Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your Taſte,
Take in good Part, from our poor Poet's Board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Marc Antony.	Mr. *Hart.*
Ventidius, his General.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Dolabella, his Friend.	Mr. *Clarke.*
Alexas, the Queen's Eunuch.	Mr. *Goodman.*
Serapion, Prieſt of *Iſis.*	Mr. *Griffin.*
Another Prieſt.	Mr. *Coyſh.*
Servants to *Anthony.*	

W O M E N.

Cleopatra, Queen of *Ægypt.*	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Octavia, *Antony*'s Wife.	Mrs. *Corey.*
Charmion, *Iras*, } *Cleopatra*'s Maids.	
Antony's two little Daughters.	

SCENE *ALEXANDRIA.*

ALL

ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Temple of* Iſis.

Enter Serapion, Myris, *Prieſts of* Iſis.

SERAPION.

Ortents, and Prodigies, are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their Name. Our [Torrent
fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd e're the wonted Seaſon, with a
So unexpected, and ſo wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haſte
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beaſts
Were born above the Tops of Trees, that grew
On th'utmoſt Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with ſo ſwift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
It ſlipt from underneath the Scaly Herd:

Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
Forſaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horſes floundring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the Ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas *behind them.*

Myr. Avert theſe Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Laſt Night, between the Hours of twelve and one,
In a lone Iſle o' th' Temple while I walk'd,
A Whirlwind roſe, that, with a violent Blaſt,
Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapt;
The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burſt open, and diſclos'd the mighty Dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An armed Ghoſt ſtarts up: The Boy-King laſt
Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
My ſhaking Knees againſt each other knock'd;
On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And ſo unfiniſh'd left the horrid Scene.

Alex. And, dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story,
[*Showing himſelf.*
To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Prieſthood?

Serap. My Lord, I ſaw you not,
Nor meant my Words ſhould reach your Ears; but what
I utter'd was moſt true.

Alex. A fooliſh Dream,
Bred from the Fumes of indigeſted Feaſts,
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my Duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it ſhould.
Nor would the Times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
Juſt breaking on our Heads.

Serap.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Antony*;
But in their servile Hearts they own *Octavius*.
Myr. Why then does *Antony* dream out his Hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?
Alex. He thinks 'tis past Recovery.
Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.
Alex. O, there's the Wonder.
Mecanas and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his House, solicits her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private Grudge, now seeks his Ruin:
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.
Serap. 'Tis strange that *Antony*, for some Days past,
Has not beheld the Face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Isis*' Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair.
Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by Absence
To cure his Mind of Love.
Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his Peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harvests
Must then redeem the Scarceness of their Soil.
While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Could fix an equal Foot of Empire here.
Alex. Had I my Wish, these Tyrants of all Nature
Who Lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the other's Sword; but, since our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our Pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.
Serap. How stands the Queen affected?
Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty Ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his Pursuers Hands,

She might preſerve us all: but 'tis in vain——
This changes my Deſigns, this blaſts my Counſels,
And makes me uſe all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wiſh divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The State of Things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognoſticks; labour to confirm
The Peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, *talking aſide with a Gentleman of* Antony's.

Serap. Theſe *Romans* will o'er-hear us.
But, who's that Stranger? By his warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanor, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar Note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our Emp'rors great Lieutenant in the Eaſt,
Who firſt ſhow'd *Rome* that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
When *Antony* return'd from *Syria* laſt,
He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

Serap. You ſeem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I ſaw him in *Cilicia* firſt,
When *Cleopatra* there met *Antony*:
A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*.
But, let me Witneſs to the Worth I hate,
A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.
He ne'er was of his Pleaſures; but preſides
O'er all his cooler Hours, and Morning Counſels:
In ſhort, the Plainneſs, Fierceneſs, rugged Virtue
Of an old true-ſtampt *Roman* lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of Ill
To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I ſought you here,
And what's our preſent Work.

[*They withdraw to a Corner of the Stage; and* Ventidius, *with the other, comes forwards to the Front.*

Vent. Not ſee him, ſay you?
I ſay, I muſt, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On Pain of Death, none ſhould approach his Preſence.

Vent.

Vent. I bring him News will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.
Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.
Vent. Would he had never seen her.
Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and curses loud
The Boy *Octavius*; then he draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.
Vent. Just, just his Nature.
Virtue's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds,
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[Alexas *and the Priests come forward*.

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.
Serap. *Romans*, *Ægyptians*, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Antony*'s.
Live, *Antony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick Place repeat this Eccho.
Vent. Fine Pageantry! [*Aside*.
Serap. Set out before your Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,
And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

And call the Gods to join with you in gladneſs.

Vent. Curſe on the Tongue that bids this general Joy,
Can they be Friends of *Antony*, who revel
When *Antony*'s in Danger? hide, for ſhame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandſires Images,
For fear their Souls ſhould animate their Marbles,
To bluſh at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And ſhed his better Influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That paſs'd obſcurely by.

Vent. Would it had ſlept,
Divided far from his; till ſome remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen, for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Prieſt?
He knows him not his Executioner.
O, ſhe has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleaſing: She has left him
The Blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, ſhe has quite unman'd him:
Can any *Roman* ſee, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unſinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vaſt Extent of all his Honours,
And crampt within a Corner of the World?
O, *Antony*!
Thou braveſt Soldier, and thou beſt of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'ſt thou but make new Worlds, ſo wouldſt thou give ['em
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battel,
As the firſt *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,

Than

Than all their praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining Vir-
His Truth to her who loves him. [tues,

Ven. Would I could not.
But, wherefore waste I precious Hours with thee?
Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engin,
Antony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.
You dare not fight for *Antony*; go pray,
And keep your Cowards-holy-day in Temples.
[*Exeunt* Alex. Serap.

Re-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare.
But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his Humour drives: The rest I'll venture.
[*Withdraws.*

Enter Antony, *walking with a disturb'd Motion, before he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double Pomp of Sadness.
'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me Breath.
Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travel'd,
'Till all my Fires were spent; and then cast downward
To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Ven. [*Aside.*] On my Soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy Gains.
Now, *Antony*, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring Youth
Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Ven. How Sorrow shakes him! [*Aside.*
So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,
And on the Ground extends the noble Ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lye there, the Shadow of an Emperor;
The Place thou presseſt on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now: Now it contains thee;
Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Aſhes; then *Octavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd Hand to *Cæſar*;
Cæſar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To ſee his Rival of the Univerſe
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me ſome Muſick; look that it be ſad:
I'll ſooth my Melancholy, 'till I ſwell,
And burſt my ſelf with ſighing——— [*Soft Muſick.*
'Tis ſomewhat to my Humour: Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady Foreſt's Sylvan Scene,
Stretch'd at my Length beneath ſome blaſted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the moſſy Bark,
And look juſt of a Piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Miſleto,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my Foot.

Ven. Methinks I fancy
My ſelf there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearleſs, quench their Thirſt, while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.
More of this Image, more; it lulls my Thoughts.
[*Soft Muſick again.*

Ven. I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*

Ant. ſtarting up. Art thou *Ventidius?*

Ven. Are you *Antony?*
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?
Vent. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a Foe too much.
Vent. Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew,
[*Weeping*.
I have not wept this forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her Softness. [weeps!
Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,
Or I shall blush to Death: They set my Shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best,
Ant. Sure there's Contagion in the Tears of Friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own Griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.
Vent. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the Stile of Victory,
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his General so: but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. *Actium, Actium!* Oh——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lyes; a Lump of Lead by Day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly Slumbers,

The

The Hag that rides my Dreams———

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my Shame.

I loſt a Battel.

Vent. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou [think'ſt;

For *Julius* fought it out, and loſt it fairly:

But *Antony*———

Vent. Nay, ſtop not.

Ant. *Antony*,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward, fled,

Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled firſt, *Ventidius*.

Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee——I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but———

Ant. I know thy Meaning.

But, I have loſt my Reaſon, have diſgrac'd

The Name of Soldier, with inglorious Eaſe.

In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,

Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other Hands.

Fortune came ſmiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,

And purple Greatneſs met my ripen'd Years.

When firſt I came to Empire, I was born

On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;

The Wiſh of Nations, and the willing World

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future Peace;

I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,

Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains

And work'd againſt my Fortune, chid her from me,

And turn'd her looſe; yet ſtill ſhe came again.

My careleſs Days, and my luxurious Nights,

At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone,

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,

To curſe this Mad-man, this induſtrious Fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curſe me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent.

Vent. You are too ſenſible already
Of what you've done, too conſcious of your Failings,
And like a Scorpion, whipt by others firſt
To Fury, ſting your ſelf in mad Revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'ſt.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to ſee officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.
Vent. You would be loſt then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I ſay, you are not. Try your Fortune.
Ant. I have, to th' utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate,
Without juſt Cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.
Vent. *Cæſar* thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill my ſelf; and ſo reſolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, *Ventidius*.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you ſleep away your Hours
In deſperate Sloth, miſcall'd *Philoſophy*.
Up, up, for Honour's ſake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
I led 'em, patient, both of Heat and Hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces, ['em.
Their ſkarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue in
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Ant.

Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I ſaid, in lower *Syria*.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be Life in theſe.
Vent. They will not come. [Aids
Ant. Why did'ſt thou mock my Hopes with promis'd
To double my Deſpair? They're Mutinous.
Vent. Moſt Firm and Loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. Oh Trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
Ant. I'm beſieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way ſhut up: How came I hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.
Vent. They would perhaps deſire
A better Reaſon.
Ant. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a Reaſon of
My Actions. Why did they refuſe to March?
Vent. They ſaid they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Ant. What was't they ſaid?
Vent. They ſaid, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why ſhould they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiſs, at your next midnight Feaſt,
You'll ſell to her? then ſhe new-names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond ſuch or ſuch a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear ſhall be a Province.
Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free Licenſe
On all my other Faults; but, on your Life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deſerves
More Worlds than I can loſe.
Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intruſted Humankind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia* put in Ballance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthleſs Woman!
I think the Gods are *Antonies*, and give,
Like Prodigals, this neather World away
To none but waſteful Hands.

Ant.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the Priviledge of plain Love to speak.
Ant. Plain Love! plain Arrogance, plain Insolence:
Thy Men are Cowards; thou, an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming Honesty, hast vented
The Burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my Equal; great in Arms
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you your self,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That Name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject Fortunes,
Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
What hindred me to've led my conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius*'s Bands? I could have been
A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old Age betray'd you: Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your Unkindness
Has left your Sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my Rage: Pr'ythee forgive me:
Why did'st thou tempt my Anger, by Discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that Sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, e're Love mis-led your wandring Eyes,
Were sure the Chief and Best of human Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boast of Nature,
So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Design. Their Envy hindred,

Else

Elſe you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heav'n would work for Oſtentation ſake,
To Copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*———

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my Paſſion; but thou [may'ſt:
Thou only lov'ſt; the reſt have flatter'd me. [Word.

Vent. Heav'n's Bleſſing on your Heart, for that kind
May I believe you Love me? ſpeak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*

Thy Praiſes were unjuſt; but, I'll deſerve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to Victory, thou know'ſt the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this———

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curſe her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conqueſt, Empire; all, but Honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Maſter.
And, ſhall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the Head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that Day,
And, if I have ten Years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' Exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: in that laſt Sigh, ſhe went.
Ceſar ſhall know what 'tis to force a Lover,
From all he holds moſt dear.

Vent. Methinks you breath
Another Soul: Your Looks are more Divine;
You ſpeak a Heroe, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And Mans each Part about me: Once again,

That

That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me;
That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
To *Cassius'* Camp: In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield;
I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
Lag'd on the Plain below.
Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
For such another Hour.
Ant. Come on, my Soldier!
Our Hearts and Arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste Fate to 'em; Mow 'em out a Passage,
And, entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
Alex. He goes to fight for you.
Cleo. Then he would see me, e're he went to fight:
Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost;
And all my Hopes destroy'd.
Alex. Does this weak Passion
Become a mighty Queen?
Cleo. I am no Queen;
Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each Hour the Victor's Chain? These Ills are small;
For *Antony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Antony*

Has

Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.
Iras. Call Reason to assist you.
Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shows the Cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reasons view,
And now am lost above it — No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: Would *Antony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.
Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.
Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*.
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.
Alex. Think him Unconstant, Cruel, and Ungrateful.
Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those Thoughts were vain;
Faithless, Ungrateful, Cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what News my *Charmion?*
Will he be kind? and, will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for, when he gave his Answer,
Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.
Char. I found him, Madam———
Cleo. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'st Comfort, haste, and give it me;
For never was more need.
Iras. I know he loves you.
Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me so,
Before her Tongue could speak it: Now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me Death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the Words he spoke.

Char.

Char. I found him then
Incompaſs'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, ſo motionleſs his Soldiers ſtood,
While awfully he caſt his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's Hopes and Fears ſurvey'd:
Methought he look'd reſolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me ſtrugling in the Croud,
He bluſh'd, and bade, make way.
Alex. There's Comfort yet.
Char. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my Paſſage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And ſullenly gave place: I told my Meſſage,
Juſt as you gave it, broken and diſorder'd;
I numbred in it all your Sighs and Tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful Requeſt,
That you but only beg'd a laſt Farewel,
He fetch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, ſigh'd, as if his Heart were breaking,
But ſhun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He ſeem'd not now that awful *Antony*
Who ſhook an arm'd Aſſembly with his Nod,
But making ſhow as he would rub his Eyes,
Diſguis'd and blotted out a falling Tear.
Cleo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a Tear?
If what thou haſt to ſay be not as pleaſing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.
Char. He bid me ſay. He knew himſelf ſo well,
He could deny you nothing, if he ſaw you;
And therefore——
Cleo. Thou would'ſt ſay, he would not ſee me?
Char. And therefore beg'd you not to uſe a Power,
Which he could ill reſiſt; yet he ſhould ever
Reſpect you as he ought.
Cleo. Is that a Word
For *Antony* to uſe to *Cleopatra*?
Oh that faint Word, Reſpect! how I diſdain it!
Diſdain my ſelf, for loving after it!
He ſhould have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.
Reſpect is for a Wife: Am I that thing,
That dull inſipid Lump, without Deſires,

And

And without Pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
You ſee through Love, and that deludes your Sight:
As, what is ſtrait, ſeems crooked through the Water;
But I, who bear my Reaſon undiſturb'd,
Can ſee this *Antony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And ſhuns his Maſter's Eyes: If you purſue him,
My Life on't, he ſtill drags a Chain along,
That needs muſt clog his Flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!————

Alex. By ev'ry Circumſtance I know he loves.
True, he's hard preſt, by Int'reſt and by Honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and caſts out
Many a long Look for Succour.

Cleo. He ſends word,
He fears to ſee my Face.

Alex. And would you more?
He ſhows his Weakneſs who declines the Combat;
And you muſt urge your Fortune. Could he ſpeak
More plainly? To my Ears, the Meſſage ſounds
Come to my Reſcue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:
See me, and give me a Pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets. This way he muſt paſs.
Pleaſe you, retire a while; I'll work him firſt,
That he may bend more eaſie.

Cleo. You ſhall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with* Char. *and* Iras.

Alex. I fear ſo too;
Though I conceal'd my Thoughts, to make her bold:
But, 'tis our utmoſt Means, and Fate befriend it.
[*Withdraws*.

Enter Lictors *with* Faſces; *one bearing the Eagle: Then enter* Antony *with* Ventidius, *follow'd by other Commanders*.

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he Courage?

Ant. But juſt enough to ſeaſon him from Coward,
O, 'tis the coldeſt Youth upon a Charge,

The

The most deliberate Fighter! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did
To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven Years after,
But, at a close Revenge he never fails.
Ven. I heard, you challeng'd him.
Ant. I did, *Ventidius*.
What think'st thou was his Answer? 'Twas so tame,—
He said he had more ways than one to die;
I had not.
Ven. Poor!
Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.
Ven. He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever.
Ant. No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever:
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
Ven. Or old Age, and a Bed.
Ant. Ay, there's his Choice.
He would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of Life:
O *Hercules!* Why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the Care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it
O'er fourscore thousand Men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?
Ven. You conquer'd for him:
Philippi knows it; there you shar'd with him
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my Age make way? Drives me before him,
To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish?
Ven. Sir, we lose time; the Troops are mounted all.
Ant. Then give the word to March:
I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To join thy Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to show my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in ſoft Pity to th' oppreſt, a God:
This Meſſage ſends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Ven. Smooth Sycophant!

Alex. A thouſand Wiſhes, and ten thouſand Prayers,
Millions of Bleſſings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears ſhe ſends you too,
And would have ſent
As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kiſſes to your Lips;
But thoſe, ſhe fears, have weary'd you already.

Ven. [*Aſide*.] Falſe Crocodile!

Alex. And yet ſhe begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a Wiſh too mighty for her Hopes, [Love,
Too preſuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing
That were a Wiſh for her more proſp'rous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing Kindneſs.

Ant. [*Aſide*.] Well, I muſt Man it out; What would the Queen?

Alex. Firſt, to theſe noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the Chaſe of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all ſhe holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the Care of you.

Ven. Yes, witneſs *Actium*.

Ant. Let him ſpeak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchleſs Valour bears him for-
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes [ward,
Fall down, as ſhe would do, before his Feet;
Lye in his way, and ſtop the Paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That abſent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear theſe Trifles, as a Pawn,
Which, at your wiſht Return, ſhe will redeem
[*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*
With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*;

This,

This, to the great *Ventidius* ſhe preſents,
Whom ſhe can never count her Enemy,
Becauſe he loves her Lord.
Ven. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not aſham'd of honeſt Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the Eaſt can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to ſee
Theſe, and the reſt of all her ſparkling Store,
Where they ſhall more deſervingly be plac'd.
Ant. And who muſt wear 'em then?
Ven. The wrong'd *Octavia*.
Ant. You might have ſpar'd that word.
Ven. And he that Bribe.
Ant. But have I no remembrance?
Alex. Yes, a dear one:
Your Slave, the Queen———
Ant. My Miſtreſs.
Alex. Then your Miſtreſs,
Your Miſtreſs would, ſhe ſays, have ſent her Soul,
But that you had long ſince; ſhe humbly begs
This Ruby Bracelet, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
(The Emblems of her own) may bind your Arm.
[*Preſenting a Bracelet.*
Ven. Now, my beſt Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask you,
For Manhood's ſake, and for your own dear Safety,
Touch not theſe poiſon'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,
Miriads of baneſt Plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.
Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius*.
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.
What, to refuſe her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lye penſive in my Tent alone,
'Twill paſs the wakeful Hours of Winter Nights,
To tell thoſe pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a ſoft Embrace,
A melting Kiſs at ſuch and ſuch a time;
And now and then the Fury of her Love,
When—— And what Harm's in this?

Alex.

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis paſt for ever.
Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We Soldiers are ſo aukward——
help me tie it.
Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are aukward
In theſe Affairs: So are all Men indeed;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But ſhall I ſpeak?
Ant. Yes, freely.
Alex. Then, my Lord, fair Hands alone
Are fit to tie it; ſhe, who ſent it, can.
Ven. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.
You will not ſee her?
[Alexas *whiſpers an Attendant, who goes out.*
Ant. But to take my Leave.
Ven. Then I have waſh'd an *Æthiope*. Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are deſtroy'd:
Her Eyes do *Cæſar*'s work.
Ant. You fear too ſoon.
I'm conſtant to my ſelf: I know my Strength;
And yet ſhe ſhall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the Depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of ſoft Humanity.
A Gueſt, and kindly us'd, ſhould bid Farewel.
Ven. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant;
You are not proof againſt a Smile, or Glance;
A Sigh will quite diſarm you.
Ant. See, ſhe comes!
Now you ſhall find your Error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the Danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis leſſen'd.
Ven. Mark the end yet.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion *and* Iras.
Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a Meeting?
Then, we muſt part?
Ant. We muſt.
Cleo. Who ſays we muſt?
Ant. Our own hard Fates.
Cleo. We make thoſe Fates our ſelves.

Ant.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each o-
Into our mutual Ruin. [ther

Cleo. The Gods have ſeen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World,
(As 'twere the bus'neſs of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd againſt my Love: Ev'n you your ſelf
Join with the reſt; you, you are arm'd againſt me.

Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do
To late Poſterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lie
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Elſe, favour me with Silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Ven. I like this well: He ſhows Authority.

Ant. That I derive my Ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your Silence, and you break it
Ere I have ſcarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you firſt, it was in *Ægypt*,
Ere *Cæſar* ſaw your Eyes; you gave me Love,
And were too young to know it; that I ſetled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your ſake,
I left th' Acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy Hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, ere the firſt Bluſh of red,
Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to rival,
But, I deſerv'd you firſt, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my ſelf——

Ant. Again you break your Promiſe.
I lov'd you ſtill, and took your weak Excuſes,
Took you into my Boſom, ſtain'd by *Cæſar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the Bus'neſs of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my ſight,

To give whole Years to you.

Ven. Yes, to your Shame be't ſpoken. *Aſide.*

Ant. How I lov'd
Witneſs ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'neſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but Love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt:
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As ſhe indeed had reaſon; rais'd a War
In *Italy*, to call me back.

Ven. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my Hands each Hour,
And left me ſcarce a graſp (I thank your Love for't.)

Ven. Well puſh'd: That laſt was home.

Cleo. Yet may I ſpeak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a Falſhood, yes; elſe, not.
Your Silence ſays I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my Unkindneſs dy'd.)
To ſet the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Caſar*'s Siſter; in her pride of Youth
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom bluſhing I muſt praiſe, becauſe I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cauſe was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was ſtronger;
You hinder'd it: Yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forſook me fighting; and (oh ſtain to Honour!
Oh laſting Shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haſte ſhe made to hoiſt her purple Sails!
And, to appear magnificent in Flight,

Drew

Drew half our Strength away.
Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, would you multiply more Ruins on me?
This honeſt Man, my beſt, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwrack of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my laſt Recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To ſeize them too. If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak, you have free Leave.
Alex. [*Aſide.*] She ſtands confounded:
Deſpair is in her Eyes.
Ven. Now lay a Sigh i'th' way, to ſtop his Paſſage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.
Cleo. How ſhall I plead my Cauſe, when you my Judge
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd againſt me, that deſtroys me;
For, Love once paſt, is, at the beſt, forgotten;
But oftner ſours to Hate: 'twill pleaſe my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow ſearching Eyes
Into my Faults, ſevere to my Deſtruction,
And watching all Advantages with Care,
That ſerve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deſerve this uſage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I ſought this Parting, or deſir'd
To accuſe you more than what will clear my ſelf,
And juſtifie this Breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And, ſince my Innocence will not offend,
I ſhall not bluſh to own it.
Ven. After this
I think ſhe'll bluſh at nothing.
Cleo. You ſeem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæſar* firſt
Enjoy'd my Love, though you deſerv'd it better:

I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second Choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
You say, possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord:
He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first Name of Men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Ven. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal Consequence.

Cleo. The Consequence indeed,
For I dare Challenge him, my greatest Foe,
To say it was design'd: 'Tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasie Wife,
(Such *Fulvia* was.)
Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;——
And, can you blame me to receive that Love,
Which quitted such Desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
Great as the first, and as the second Young,
Wou'd court my Love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words; but *Actium*, Sir, remember *Actium*.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I counsel'd
To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to th' Enemy. 'Twas Fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship,
Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill Fortune parts us.
Speak; Would you have me perish, by my Stay?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, Go;
If as a Lover, Stay. If you must perish:
'Tis a hard Word; but stay.

Ven.

Vent. See now th' Effects of her so boasted Love!
She strives to drag you down to Ruin with her:
But, could she scape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my Love by this.
[*Giving* Antony *a Writing*.
Could I have born
A Life or Death, a Happiness or Woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.
Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius!*
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing Hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second Place in Murder——
See, see, *Ventidius!* here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joins all *Syria* to it, as a Present,
So, in requital, she forsake my Fortunes,
And join her Arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Antony*; and, yet I love you.
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle:
For I could part with Life; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die but with you!
Is that a hard Request?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Alex. He melts; we Conquer. [*Aside.*
Cleo. No: You shall go: Your Int'rest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear Int'rest pulls too strong, for these
Weak Arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his Hand.*
Go; leave me, Soldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Push me all pale and panting from your Bosom,
And, when your March begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for Joy; and cry, she's dead:
The Soldiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your *Roman* Gravity;
Ventidius chides; and strait your Brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!
Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forſaken Woman? and a Lover?——
Here let me breathe my laſt; Envy me not
This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:
As faſt as e'er I can; and end your Trouble.
Ant. Die! Rather let me periſh: Looſen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, ſink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to cruſh the neather World.
My Eyes, my Soul; my all!—— [*Embraces her.*
Vent. And what's this Toy
In Ballance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?
Ant. What is't, *Ventidius?* it out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæſar* now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.
This, this is ſhe who drags me down to Ruin!
But, could ſhe ſcape without me, with what haſte
Would ſhe let ſlip her hold, and make to ſhore,
And never look behind!
Down on thy Knees, Blaſphemer as thou art,
And ask Forgiveneſs of wrong'd Innocence.
Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's Excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good Things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her, who ſets my Love
Above the Price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's ſo full of Joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild Extravagance
Of Love, in publick; and the fooliſh World,
Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me Mad.
Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods
Have not ſuch Pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our Men are arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæſar*'s Camp;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And

And long Security makes Conquest easie.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the Pleasures I have known, beat thick
On my Remembrance: How I long for Night!
That both the Sweets of mutual Love may try,
And Triumph once o'er *Cæsar* e're we die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

At one Door, enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and* Alexas, *a Train of* Ægyptians: *At the other,* Antony *and* Romans. *The Entrance on both Sides is prepar'd by Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on* Antony's *Part: Then answer'd by Timbrels,* &c. *on* Cleopatra's. Charmion *and* Iras *hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of* Ægyptians. *After the Ceremony,* Cleopatra *Crowns* Antony.

Ant. I Thought how those white Arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my Strength to every Blow.
Cleo. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my Embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.
Ant. My brighter *Venus!*
Cleo. O my greater *Mars!*
Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love!
Suppose me come from the *Phlegræan* Plains,
Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury those I slew: Receive me, Goddess:
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtile Nets, like *Vulcan,*
In thy Embraces I would be beheld

By Heav'n and Earth at once;
And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
Let those who took us blush; I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their Frowns,
As their superior God.
There's no satiety of Love, in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, *and stands apart.*

Alex. O, now the Danger's past, your General comes.
He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs;
But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,
As Envying your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;
He never flatter'd me in any Vice,
But awes me with his Virtue: Ev'n this Minute
Methinks he has a Right of chiding me.
Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his Presence;
It checks too strong upon me. [*Exeunt the rest.*

[*As* Antony *is going,* Ventidius *pulls him by the Robe.*

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. 'Tis the old Argument; I prethee spare me.
[*Looking back.*

Vent. But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go
My Robe; or, by my Father *Hercules*——

Vent. By *Hercules*'s Father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Vent. I'm waining in his Favour, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin;
And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lye so mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their Choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can Conquer,

You

You ſee, without your Aid.
We have diſlodg'd their Troops,
They look on us at diſtance, and, like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thouſand *Romans* with their Faces upward
Lye breathleſs on the Plain.
Vent. Tis well: And he
Who loſt 'em, could have ſpar'd ten thouſand more.
Yet if, by this Advantage, you could gain
An eaſier Peace, while *Cæſar* doubts the Chance
Of Arms!——
Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy purſues my Ruin, he'll no Peace:
His Malice is conſiderate in Advantage;
O, he's the cooleſt Murderer, ſo ſtanch,
He kills, and keeps his Temper.
Vent. Have you no Friend
In all his Army, who has Power to move him?
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.
Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæſar*'s Intereſts,
We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or periſh.
Vent. Fain I would find ſome other.
Ant. Thank thy Love.
Some four or five ſuch Victories as this
Will ſave thy farther Pains.
Vent. Expect no more; *Cæſar* is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd againſt odds;
But ſtill you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the World,
And, at his Beck, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the Gaps you make. Pray think again.
Ant. Why doſt thou drive me from my ſelf, to ſearch
For Foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
And range all o'er a waſte and barren Place
To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends——
Yet I had one, the braveſt Youth of *Rome*,
Whom *Cæſar* loves beyond the Love of Women;
He could reſolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,

And mould him in what ſofter Form he pleas'd.
Vent. Him would I ſee; that Man of all the World!
Juſt ſuch a one we want.
Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were ſo clos'd within each others Breaſts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.
That does not reach us yet: We were ſo mixt,
As meeting Streams, both to our ſelves were loſt;
We were one maſs; we could not give or take,
But from the ſame; for he was I, I he.
Vent. He moves as I would wiſh him. [*Aſide.*
Ant. After this,
I need not tell his Name: 'Twas *Dolabella*.
Vent. He's now in *Cæſar*'s Camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him *Cleopatra*'s Sight;
Becauſe I fear'd he lov'd her: He confeſt
He had a Warmth, which, for my ſake, he ſtifled;
For 'twere impoſſible that two, ſo one,
Should not have lov'd the ſame. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my Thoughts.
Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Elſe he had ſtaid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.
Ant. I ſhould have ſeen him then e'er now.
Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.
Ant. Would he were here.
Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your Anſwer in your Eyes; you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has ſent
A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*'s Camp, with Letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Vent. I'll bring him inſtantly.
[*Exit* Ventidius, *and re-enters immediately with* Dolabella.
Ant. 'Tis he himſelf, himſelf, by holy Friendſhip!
[*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou return'd at laſt, my better half?

Come,

Come, give me all my ſelf.
Let me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half ſo fond.

Dola. I muſt be ſilent; for my Soul is buſie
About a nobler Work: She's new come home,
Like a long-abſent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be ſafe.

Ant. Thou haſt what's left of me.
For I am now ſo ſunk from what I was,
Thou find'ſt me at my loweſt Water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another courſe:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've ſtill a Heart that ſwells, in Scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am ſo; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert Abſent,
I grudg'd it to my ſelf; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy Part. But, Oh my *Dolabella!*
Thou haſt beheld me other than I am.
Haſt thou not ſeen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to ſalute me:
With Eaſtern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worſhip my Upriſing? Menial Kings
Ran courſing up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood ſilent in my Preſence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my leaſt Command, all ſtarted out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæſar*'s now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made your ſelf; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes, when his End is ſo, I muſt join with him;
Indeed I muſt, and yet you muſt not chide:
Why am I elſe your Friend?

Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'ſt my Love: The Queen has Eyes,

And

And thou too haſt a Soul. Canſt thou remember
When, ſwell'd with hatred, thou beheld'ſt her firſt
As acceſſary to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty Day,
And ſtill the Bluſh hangs here.

Ant. To clear her ſelf,
For ſending him no Aid, ſhe came from *Egypt*,
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd;
Where ſhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you muſt!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if, ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To ſoft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight;
And both to Thought: 'Twas Heav'n, or ſomewhat more;
For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.
Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy Fury quite diſarm'd with Wonder?
Didſt thou not ſhrink behind me from thoſe Eyes,
And whiſper in my Ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my Brother's Death?

Dola. And ſhould my Weakneſs be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly Warmth, and when my ſpringing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would ſay, in your declining Age,

When

When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a Word)
'Tis but plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the Loss was private that I made;
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no People's Love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Antony*, a true one;
A Friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dola. As to your Equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my Equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep Dissembling; knows no Honour
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper
To honourable Terms!

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman*'s Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that Man
Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
Let me but see his Face.

Vent.

Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'ſt how pleaſing. [*Exit* Ven.
Dola. You'll remember
To whom you ſtand oblig'd?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greateſt Curſe.
My Queen ſhall thank him too.
Dola. I fear ſhe will not.
Ant. But ſhe ſhall do't: the Queen, my *Dolabella!*
Haſt thou not ſtill ſome grudgings of thy Fever?
Dola. I would not ſee her loſt.
Ant. When I forſake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for ſhe has Truth
Beyond her Beauty. *Cæſar* tempted her,
At no leſs Price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But ſhe reſiſted all: And yet thou chid'ſt me
For loving her too well. Could I do ſo?
Dola. Yes, there's my Reaſon.

Re-enter Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *leading* Antony's *two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where?——*Octavia* there! [*Starting back.*
Vent. What, is ſhe Poiſon to you? a Diſeaſe?
Look on her, view her well; and thoſe ſhe brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No ſecret Call, no Whiſper they are yours?
Dola. For ſhame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em
With kinder Eyes. If you confeſs a Man,
Meet em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms ſhould open, ev'n without your Knowledge,
To claſp 'em in; your Feet ſhould turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a Kiſs e're you could reach the Lips.
Ant. I ſtood amaz'd to think how they came hither.
Vent. I ſent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra*'s Guards.
Dola. Yet are you cold?
Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a Stranger, ſure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. *Cæſar*'s Siſter.

Octav. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp;
But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Tho' banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,
In spight of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your Kindness:
Your Hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
[*Taking his Hand.*

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.
Dola. On my Soul,
And so she does: She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean,
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.
Ant. I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life.
Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?
Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadress,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.
Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.
Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæsar?* shall I set
A Man, my Equal, in the Place of *Jove*,
As he could give me Being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my Tongue.
Dola. You shall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me.
My Friend too! To receive some vile Conditions,
My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;
And now I must become her branded Slave.
In every peevish Mood she will upbraid
The Life she gave: If I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.
Octav. My hard Fortune

Subjects

Subjects me ſtill to your unkind Miſtakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are ſuch
You need not bluſh to take: I love your Honour,
Becauſe 'tis mine; it never ſhall be ſaid
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.
Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, tho' my Brother bargains for your Love,
Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deſerve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He ſhall draw back his Troops, and you ſhall march
To rule the Eaſt: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the Trouble.

Vent. Was ever ſuch a Strife of ſullen Honour!
Both ſcorn to be oblig'd.

Dola. O, ſhe has toucht him in the tender'ſt Part;
See how he reddens with Deſpight and Shame
To be out-done in Generoſity!

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear,
That fain would fall!

Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and muſt praiſe
The Greatneſs of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not ſo?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I muſt be oblig'd
To one who love me not, who, to her ſelf,
May call me thankleſs and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia*'s Virtue?
That Pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul

Could

Could brook but ill the Man who ſlights my Bed.
Ant. Therefore you love me not.
Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I ſhould not love you.
Ant. Therefore you would leave me?
Octav. And therefore I ſhould leave you —— if I could.
Dola. Her Soul's too great, after ſuch Injuries,
To ſay ſhe loves; and yet ſhe lets you ſee it.
Her Modeſty and Silence plead her Cauſe.
Ant. O, *Dolabella*, which way ſhall I turn?
I find a Secret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Muſt ſhe be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?
Vent. Juſtice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but ſhe firſt
Had ruin'd you: The other, you have ruin'd,
And yet ſhe would preſerve you.
In every thing their Merits are unequal.
Ant. O, my diſtracted Soul!
Octav. Sweet Heav'n compoſe it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you ſhould accept it. Look on theſe;
Are they not yours? Or ſtand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the Hand, ſpeak to him;
For you may ſpeak, and he may own you too,
Without a Bluſh; and ſo he cannot all
His Children: Go, I ſay, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your ſelves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;
And you, *Antonia*, claſp about his Waſte:
If he will ſhake you off, if he will daſh you
Againſt the Pavement, you muſt bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to ſuffer.
[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*
Vent. Was ever ſight ſo moving! Emperor!
Dola. Friend!
Octa. Husband!

Both

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquiſh'd: Take me,
Octavia; take me; Children; ſhare me all. [*Embracing them*.
I've been a thriftleſs Debtor to your Loves,
And run out much, in Riot, from your Stock;
But all ſhall be amended.

Octav. O bleſt Hour!

Dola. O happy Change!

Vent. My Joy ſtops at my Tongue;
But it has found two Chanels here for one,
And bubbles out above. [thou wilt;

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me where
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas *haſtily*.

Alex. The Queen, my Miſtreſs, Sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis paſt. *Octavia*, you ſhall ſtay this Night;
To morrow, *Cæſar* and we are one.

[*Ex. leading* Octavia, Dol. *and the Children follow*.

Vent. There's News for you; run, My officious Eunuch,
Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte foreward:
Haſte, my dear Eunuch, haſte. [*Exit*.

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-ſcull'd
This blunt unthinking Inſtrument of Death, [Hero,
With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
Pleaſure forſook my early'ſt Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And raviſh'd thence the Promiſe of a Man:
Caſt out from Nature, diſinherited
Of what her meaneſt Children claim by Kind;
Yet, Greatneſs kept me from Contempt: That's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forſakes.
She dies for Love; but ſhe has known its Joys:
Gods, is this juſt, that I, who know no Joys,
Muſt die, becauſe ſhe loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and Train*.

Oh, Madam, I have ſeen what blaſts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleo.

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's Note.
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.
Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is loſt.
Cleo. What tell'ſt thou me of *Egypt?*
My Life, my Soul is loſt! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
My Kiſſes, my Embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou haſt ſeen my Rival; ſpeak,
Does ſhe deſerve this Bleſſing? Is ſhe fair,
Bright as a Goddeſs? and is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that courſe Matter which, when ſhe was finiſh'd,
The Gods threw by, for Rubbiſh.
Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.
Cleo. Death to my Hopes, a Miracle!
Alex. A Miracle; [*Bowing.*
I mean of Goodneſs; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders ceaſe.
Cleo. I was too raſh:
Take this in Part of Recompence. But, Oh,
[*Giving a Ring*
I fear thou flatter'ſt me.
Char. She comes! ſhe's here!
Iras. Fly, Madam, *Cæſar's* Siſter!
Cleo. Were ſhe the Siſter of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival.
[*Meets* Octav. *with* Ventid. Octav. *bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either ſide.*
Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage——
Cleo. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask you who you are.
Octav. A *Roman:*
A Name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.
Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who ſerves me, is a *Roman.*
Octav. He was a *Roman*, till he loſt that Name
To be a Slave in *Egypt*; but I come

To

To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Houſhold-Clog,
He choſe my eaſier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are eaſie; you have long been practis'd
In that laſcivious Art: He's not the firſt
For whom you ſpread your Snares: Let *Cæſar* witneſs.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæſar*; 'twas but Gratitude
I paid his Love: The worſt your Malice can,
Is but to ſay the greateſt of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
In my Eſteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.

Octav. I would view nearer [*Coming up cloſe to her.*
That Face, which has ſo long uſurp'd my Right,
To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind ſo ſure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to ſearch; for had you known
But half theſe Charms, you had not loſt his Heart.

Octav. Far be their Knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
Far from a modeſt Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Doſt thou not bluſh, to own thoſe black Endearments
That make Sin pleaſing?

Cleo. You may bluſh, who want 'em.
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to pleaſe the braveſt Man;
Should I not thank 'em? ſhould I be aſham'd,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'ſt him not ſo well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deſerve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: You have been his Ruin.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
Who made him ſcorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me
A wretched Widow? only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Yet ſhe who loves him beſt is *Cleopatra.*
If you have ſuffer'd, I have ſuffer'd more.
You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
To guild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame,
And ſtain'd the Glory of my Royal Houſe,
And all to bear the branded Name of Miſtreſs.
There wants but Life, and that too I would loſe
For him I love.
Octav. Be't ſo then; take thy Wiſh. [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Cleo. And 'tis my Wiſh,
Now he is loſt for whom alone I liv'd.
My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And ſwims before me, in the Maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not ſink beneath a Rival's Scorn:
But now ſhe's gone they faint.
Alex. Mine have had leiſure
To recollect their Strength, and furniſh Counſel,
To ruin her; who elſe muſt ruin you.
Cleo. Vain Promiſer!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your Hand too, *Iras:*
My Grief has weight enough to ſink you both.
Conduct me to ſome ſolitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to my ſelf, to take alone
My Fill of Grief:
There I till Death will his Unkindneſs weep:
As harmleſs Infants moan themſelves aſleep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony *and* Dolabella.

Dola. WHY would you ſhift it from your ſelf, on me?
Can you not tell her you muſt part?
Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other ſhould not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this word *Depart!*
I dare not truſt my Tongue to tell her ſo:
One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,
And I ſhould melt till I were loſt again.
Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by Nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll ſpeak too harſhly;
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.
Dola. Nature has caſt me in ſo ſoft a Mold,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleaſure
Of ſome ſad Lover's Death, moiſtens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.—— I ſhould ſpeak
So faintly; with ſuch Fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earneſt.
Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: Think thy ſelf me,
And when thou ſpeak'ſt (but let it firſt be long)
Take off the Edge from every ſharper Sound,
And let our Parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?
Dola. What you have ſaid, ſo ſinks into my Soul,
That, if I muſt ſpeak, I ſhall ſpeak juſt ſo.
Ant. I leave you then to your ſad Task: Farewel.
I ſent her word to meet you.
[*Goes to the Door, and comes back.*
I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her Peace with mine:

Her

Her Crown and Dignity ſhall be preſerv'd,
If I have Pow'r with *Cæſar*———O, be ſure
To think on that.
Dola. Fear not, I will remember.
[Antony *goes again to the Door, and comes back.*
Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was conſtrain'd;
I did not this, but with extreameſt Force:
Deſire her not to hate my Memory,
For I ſtill cheriſh hers;—— inſiſt on that.
Dola. Truſt me, I'll not forget it.
Ant. Then that's all. [*Goes out, and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my Fondneſs this once more?
Tell her, tho' we ſhall never meet again,
If I ſhould hear ſhe took another Love,
The News would break my Heart ——Now I muſt go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next Command
Would be to bid her ſtay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*
Dola. Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, buſie and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
To the World's open view: Thus I diſcover'd,
And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Antony*;
Yet wiſh that I were he, to be ſo ruin'd.
Enter Ventidius *above*.
Vent. Alone? and talking to himſelf? concern'd too?
Perhaps my Gueſs is right; he lov'd her once,
And may purſue it ſtill.
Dola. O Friendſhip! Friendſhip!
Ill canſt thou anſwer this; and Reaſon, worſe:
Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeleſs to win;
And, if I win, undone: Meer Madneſs all.
And yet th' Occaſion's fair. What Injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?
Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wiſh,
To ruin her yet more with *Antony*.

Enter

Enter Cleopatra, *talking with* Alexas, Charmion, Iras *on the other side.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face!
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy Smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning, in a Winter's Night,
And shows a moments Day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her Eunuch there!
That *Porcpisce* bodes ill Weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[Dolabella *goes over to* Charmion *and* Iras; *seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; Jealousie is like
A polisht Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the Damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousie's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's Bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: The least kind Word, or Glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly harmless houshold Dove,
Fond without Art; and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood to be happy.

Alex.

Alex. Force your ſelf.
Th' Event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly deſirous to poſſeſs the Good
Which once he fear'd to loſe.
Cleo. I muſt attempt it;
But Oh with what Regret!
[*Exit* Alex. (*She comes up to* Dolabella.)
Vent. So, now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.
Cleo. to Dol. Diſcourſing with my Women! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?
Char. You have been
The Subject of it Madam,
Cleo. How; and how?
Iras. Such Praiſes of your Beauty!
Cleo. Meer Poetry.
Your *Roman* Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*
Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia*.
Dola. Thoſe *Roman* Wits have never been in *Egypt*,
Citheris and *Delia* elſe had been unſung:
I, who have ſeen——had I been born a Poet,
Should chuſe a nobler Name.
Cleo. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your Nation's Vice: All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all falſe. Your Friend's like you,
I'm ſure he ſent you not to ſpeak theſe Words.
Dola. No, Madam; yet he ſent me——
Cleo. Well, he ſent you——
Dola. Of a leſs pleaſing Errand.
Cleo. How leſs pleaſing?
Leſs to your ſelf, or me?
Dola. Madam, to both;
For you muſt mourn, and I muſt grieve to cauſe it.
Cleo. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, ſtand at diſtance.
Hold up, my Spirits. [*Aſide*.]——Well, now your mournful Matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can gueſs it too.
Dola. I wiſh you would; for 'tis a thankleſs Office
To tell ill News: And I, of all your Sex,
Moſt fear diſpleaſing you.
Cleo. Of all your Sex,

I ſooneſt could forgive you, if you ſhould.
Vent. Moſt delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd, inconſtant Sex!
Cleo. In the firſt Place,
I am to be forſaken; is't not ſo?
Dola. I wiſh I could not anſwer to that queſtion.
Cleo. Then paſs it o'er, becauſe it troubles you:
I ſhould have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to loſe my Kingdom——Farewel, *Egypt.*
Yet, is there any more?
Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep Senſe of Grief has turn'd your Reaſon.
Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poiſons are by Poiſons.
Dola. ——You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Griefs ſo moderately born.
You've heard the worſt; all are not falſe, like him.
Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they ſhould.
Dola. Some Men are conſtant.
Cleo. And Conſtancy deſerves Reward, that's certain.
Dola. Deſerves it not; but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll ſwear thou haſt my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll conſider. [*Exit.*
Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a Chearfulneſs
That makes my Task more eaſie; and my Tongue,
Which on another's Meſſage was employ'd,
Would gladly ſpeak its own.
Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella.*
Firſt tell me, were you choſen by my Lord?
Or ſought you this Employment?
Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Boſom-friend,
He charg'd me with his Words.
Cleo. The Meſſage then
I know was tender, and each Accent ſmooth,
To mollifie that rugged word *Depart.*

Dola.

Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest Words,
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp:
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds scarce human, " Hence, away for ever:
" Let her begone, the Blot of my Renown,
" And bane of all my Hopes:
[*All the time of this Speech,* Cleopatra *seems more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.*
" Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
" From Man's Commerce: She'll Poison to the Center.
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! [Wretch!
Dola. Help, help: Oh Wretch! Oh cursed, cursed
What have I done!
Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.
Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
Th' Abode of Falshood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;
For, if there be a Place of long Repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
Can never break that Quiet; nor awake
The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such words as fright her hence, Unkind, unkind.
Dola. Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak, [*Kneeling.*
That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear Farewels;
How almost vanquisht by his Love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I, Traitor as I was, for Love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forg'd that Lie; for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleo. With how much eaſe believe we what we wiſh!
Riſe, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.
Th' Advance of Kindneſs which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealouſie;
But 'twould not laſt. Oh, rather let me loſe,
Than ſo ignobly Trifle with his Heart.
Dola. I find your Breaſt fenc'd round from human reach,
Tranſparent as a Rock of ſolid Cryſtal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endleſs Treaſure haſt thou thrown away,
And ſcatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain Sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.
Cleo. Could you not beg
An Hour's Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hoſpitable Inn
Is near to ſuccour Hunger,
Eats his Fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never muſt return.

Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *behind*.

Vent. From hence you may diſcover—Oh, ſweet, ſweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty Hand in earneſt?
Dola. I will, for this Reward. [*Takes her Hand*.
——Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.
Vent. They turn upon us.
Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!
Vent. Seem not to have obſerv'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?
Vent. No.
I ſought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.
Dola. Know you his Buſineſs?
Vent. Giving him Inſtructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæſar*.

Dola.

Dola. Well,
He must be found. [*Exeunt* Dola. *and* Cleo.
Octav. Most glorious Impudence!
Vent. She look'd methought
As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what use
Make we of this Discovery?
Octav. Let it die.
Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:
Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd Hands forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Antony*
Must needs have some Remains of Passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this Minute,
With *Cæsar* he's endeavouring her Peace.
Octav. You have prevail'd:—but for a farther purpose
[*Walks off.*
I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery.
What, make a Strumpet's Peace! it swells my Heart:
It must not, sha' not be.
Vent. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.
Enter Antony.
Ant. *Octavia*, I was looking you, my Love:
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.
Octa. Mine, my Lord, are written.
Ant. *Ventidius!* [*Drawing him aside.*
Vent. My Lord?
Ant. A word in private.

When saw you *Dolabella?*
Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.
Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my last Farewel.
Vent. It look'd indeed [*Aloud.*
Like your Farewel.
Ant. More softly——My Farewel?
What secret Meaning have you in those words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.
Vent. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose [*Aloud.*
You bid him do it with all Gentleness,
All Kindness, and all——Love.
Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!
Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your Parting
As she did *Cæsar's*, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.
Ant. Thou dost belie her; [*Aloud.*
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.
Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.
Octav. You seem disturb'd, my Lord. [*Coming up.*
Ant. A very Trifle.
Retire, my Love.
Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.
He sent——
Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
[*Angrily.*
Thy Life shall answer it.
Octav. Then 'tis no Trifle.
Vent. to Octav. 'Tis less; a very nothing: You too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.
Ant. She saw it!
Vent. Yes: She saw young *Dolabella*——
Ant. Young *Dolabella!*
Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:

And

And then he grew Familiar with her Hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kiſſes;
She bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and ſmil'd, and bluſh'd again;
At laſt ſhe took Occaſion to talk ſoftly,
And brought her Cheek up cloſe, and lean'd on his:
At which, he whiſper'd Kiſſes back on hers;
And then ſhe cry'd aloud, That Conſtancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I ſaw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and ſaw
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra?*

Vent. Ev'n ſhe, my Lord!

Ant. My *Cleopatra?*

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;
Dolabella's *Cleopatra:*
Every Man's *Cleopatra.*

Ant. Thou ly'ſt.

Vent. I do not lie, my Lord.
Is this ſo ſtrange? Should Miſtreſſes be left,
And not provide againſt a Time of Change?
You know ſhe's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis falſe, and ſee the Plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia.*
What harms it you that *Cleopatra*'s juſt?
She's mine no more. I ſee; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd
That ſhe's found falſe?

Ant. I ſhould be, were it ſo;
For, tho' 'tis paſt, I would not that the World
Should tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
Of ſo light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deſerv'd, that you ſhould think
I would abuſe your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, ſhe's falſe.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and Earth
Should witneſs it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you then a Witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;
[*Seeing* Alexas *just entring, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.
Alex. What means my Lord?
Ven. To make you do what most you hate; speak truth.
You are of *Cleopatra*'s private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious Hours;
Are conscious of each nightly Change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.
Alex. My Noble Lord.
Ven. My most Illustrious Pandar,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'erhear your Queen make Love
To *Dolabella*. Speak; for I will know,
By your Confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the Bus'ness draws to your Employment;
And when the happy Hour.
Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: Justifie
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: Dare his worst.
Oct. [*Aside*.] See, how he gives him Courage, how he
To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to Truth, [fears
Willing to be mis-led!
Alex. As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,
Urg'd by Desert and Greatness of the Lover;
So far (Divine *Octavia!*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: So far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past Actions hope a fair report.
Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: Mark, *Ventidius*.
Alex. To you, most Noble Emperor, her strong Passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.
Her Beauty's charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of sighing Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chuse where she would Reign:

She

She thought a *Roman* only could deſerve her;
And, of all *Romans*, only *Antony*.
And, to be leſs than Wife to you, diſdain'd
Their lawful Paſſion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet, tho' Love, and your unmatch'd Deſert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At laſt, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To ſee the Wrongs ſhe offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whoſe holy Bed ſhe lawleſly uſurp'd,
The ſad Effects of this improſperous War,
Confirm'd thoſe pious Thoughts.

Ven. [*Aſide*.] O, wheel you there?
Obſerve him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk ſubſtantial Reaſon. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to ſpeak.

Alex. Elſe had I never dar'd t' offend his Ears
With what the laſt Neceſſity has urg'd
On my forſaken Miſtreſs; yet I muſt not
Preſume to ſay her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not,
Pronounce that fatal Word.

Octav. Muſt I bear this? Good Heav'n, afford me Patience. [*Aſide*.

Ven. On, ſweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*
Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like Lord,
Deſerves her beſt; and ſhould ſhe meet his Paſſion,
Rejected, as ſhe is, by him ſhe lov'd ———

Ant. Hence, from my ſight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have reſt; each torturing Hand,
Do thou employ, 'till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.
[*Exit* Alexas, *thruſt out by* Antony.

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To ſhow this Paſſion, this extream Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithleſs Proſtitute.

Ant. *Octavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd,
Leave me, I say.
Octav. My Lord?
Ant. I bid you leave me.
Ven. Obey him, Madam: Best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.
Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take slight Excuses,
And fawn upon my Falshood.
Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.
Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: Your Kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wond'rous Proofs
Of Love to me!
Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?
Ven. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.
Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,
When urg'd with long Unkindness, and Disdain;
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd Parting give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd me,
Tho' my just sense of Wrongs forbid my stay,
My Duty shall be yours.

To

To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My Tenderneſs and Care ſhall be transferr'd,
And they ſhall cheer, by turns, my widow'd Nights:
So take my laſt Farewel; for I deſpair
To have you whole, and ſcorn to take you half. [*Exit.*

Ven. I combat Heav'n, which blaſts my beſt Deſigns:
My laſt Attempt muſt be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear, in vain. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honeſt Heart,
Which knows not to diſguiſe its Griefs and Weakneſs,
But bears its Workings outward to the World?
I ſhould have kept the mighty Anguiſh in,
And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra*'s Falſhood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had ſtaid;
But I am made a ſhallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the bottom: All my Clearneſs ſcorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd! ——See where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileneſs!
With how ſecure a Brow, and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honeſty; but Heav'n miſ-match'd it,
And furniſh'd Treaſon out with Nature's pomp,
To make its Work more eaſie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Meſſage?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?
Was it ſo hard for you to bear our parting?
You ſhould have wiſht it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Becauſe you love me.
And ſhe receiv'd my Meſſage, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to Madneſs.

Ant. Oh, I know it.
You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much ſhe loves me. And ſhould I
Forſake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dola.

Dola. I could not, were ſhe mine.
Ant. And yet you firſt
Perſwaded me: How come you alter'd ſince?
Dola. I ſaid at firſt I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her Sighs, and ſee her Tears,
But Pity muſt prevail: And ſo, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That ſhe ſhould take her laſt farewel: And, ſee,
She comes to claim my Word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. Falſe *Dolabella!*
Dola. What's falſe, my Lord?
Ant. Why, *Dolabella*'s falſe,
And *Cleopatra*'s falſe; both falſe and faithleſs.
Draw near, you well-join'd Wickedneſs, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly Boſom, warm'd
Till I am ſtung to Death.
Dola. My Lord, have I
Deſerv'd to be thus us'd?
Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curſe
Beyond our Separation?
Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be juſt, much greater: Heav'n ſhould be ingenious
In puniſhing ſuch Crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were ſlight Pains, invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd Sin
To ſuch a monſtrous Growth, 'twill poſe the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two ſuch,
Oh there's no farther Name, two ſuch——to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breaſts,
Had no Deſires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no uſe,
No Fruit of all, but you: A Friend and Miſtreſs
Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra!*
Oh, *Dolabella!* how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondneſs
Lay lull'd betwixt your Boſoms, and there ſlept

Secure

Secure of injur'd Faith?
Dola. If ſhe has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and you revenge it.
Ant. If ſhe has wrong'd me!
Thou would'ſt evade thy Part of Guilt; but ſwear
Thou lov'ſt not her.
Dola. Not ſo as I love you.
Ant. Not ſo! Swear, ſwear, I ſay, thou doſt not love her.
Dola. No more than Friendſhip will allow.
Ant. No more?
Friendſhip allows thee nothing: Thou art perjur'd——
And yet thou didſt not ſwear thou lov'dſt her not;
But not ſo much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'ſt not own to her thou doſt not love,
Nor own to me thou doſt! *Ventidius* heard it;
Octavia ſaw it.
Cleo. They are Enemies.
Ant. *Alexas* is not ſo: He, he confeſt it;
He, who, next Hell, beſt knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I ſeek a Proof beyond your ſelf? [*To* Dol.
You whom I ſent to bear my laſt Farewel,
Return'd to plead her Stay.
Dola. What ſhall I anſwer?
If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have ſinn'd;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can waſh away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended paſt Forgiveneſs,
Let not her ſuffer: She is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will ſhe refuſe, to keep that Heart
Where all her Joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the Fire that ſcorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not Counterfeit:
In ſpight of all the Dams, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' Occaſion;
And thus one Minute's feigning has deſtroy'd
My whole Life's truth.
Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falſhood;
Seen, and broke though at firſt.

Dola.

Dola. Forgive your Miſtreſs.
Cleo. Forgive your Friend.
Ant. You have convinc'd your ſelves,
You plead each other's Cauſe: What Witneſs have you,
That you but meant to raiſe my Jealouſie?
Cleo. Our ſelves and Heav'n.
Ant. Guilt witneſſes for Guilt. Hence, Love and Friend-[ſhip;
You have no longer place in human Breaſts,
Theſe two have driv'n you out: Avoid my Sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I ſtay one Minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Juſtice and Revenge
Will cry ſo loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.
Dola. Heav'n has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy ſeems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Juſtice;
As if there were degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than puniſh to extent.
Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Miſtreſs, and a Friend:
Treaſon is there in its moſt horrid Shape,
Where Truſt is greateſt: And the Soul reſign'd
Is ſtabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my Sight, for ever.
Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one Moment from your Sight,
And muſt I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What Place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have loſt for you: Or to the *Romans*?
They hate me for your ſake: Or muſt I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpleſs, baniſh'd Woman,
Baniſh'd for love of you; baniſh'd from you;
Ay, there's the Baniſhment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With ſtricteſt Juſtice: For I beg no favour:

And

And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not baniſh me.
Ant. I muſt not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your Part;
But Honour ſtops my Ears.
Cleo. For Pity hear me!
Would you caſt off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn? — He has no pity!
See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure;
One Look, one kind Farewel: Oh Iron Heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
Ant. No more: *Alexas!*
Dola. A perjur'd Villain!
Ant. to Cleo. Your *Alexas*; yours.
Cleo. O 'twas his Plot: His ruinous Deſign
T' ingage you in my Love by Jealouſie.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him ſpeak.
Ant. I have; I have.
Cleo. And if he clear me not———
Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your Smiles!
Watches your Eye to ſay or to unſay
Whate'er you pleaſe! I am not to be mov'd.
Cleo. Then muſt we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' Appearance is againſt me; and I go
Unjuſtify'd, for ever from your Sight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know my ſelf:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me moſt; ſo well, ſo truly,
I'll never ſtrive againſt it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.
Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Muſt I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I muſt not weep; and yet I muſt, to think
That I muſt not forgive———
Live; but live wretched, 'tis but juſt you ſhould,
Who made me ſo: Live from each others ſight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,

And

And all the Seas, betwixt your ſunder'd Loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies:
Now, all take ſeveral Ways;
And each your own ſad Fate with mine deplore;
That you were falſe, and I could truſt no more.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion *and* Iras.

Char. BE juſter, Heav'n: ſuch Virtue puniſh'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And ſhuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.
Cleo. I could tear out theſe Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Pow'r to keep it. O the Curſe
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear Witneſs, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith——I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me——
[*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love.
Enter Alexas.
Iras. Help, O *Alexas*, help!
The Queen grows deſperate, her Soul ſtruggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And ſtrives to force its Paſſage.
Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!——O,
O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage!
Give, give me way, and let me looſe upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deſerve it, for my ill-tim'd Truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majeſty?

To

To place my ſelf beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd, and pounded into Atomes,
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects, to preſerve that wilful Pow'r
Which courts its own Deſtruction.
Cleo. I would reaſon
More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into theſe crooked Paths of Jealouſie?
Now, what's th' Event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra*'s baniſh'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
Haſt puſh'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my ſad Coſt, if thou canſt ſteer it back.
It cannot be; I'm loſt too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impoſtor, Traitor, Monſter, Devil——
I can no more: Thou, and my Griefs, have ſunk
Me down ſo low, that I want Voice to curſe thee.
Alex. Suppoſe ſome ſhipwrack'd Seaman near the Shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, ſome charitable Hand
Pull him to ſafety, hazarding himſelf
To draw the others weight; would he look back
And curſe him for his Pains? The Caſe is yours;
But one Step more, and you have gain'd the Height.
Cleo. Sunk, never more to riſe.
Alex. *Octavia*'s gone, and *Dolabella* baniſh'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Antony* is yours.
His Heart was never loſt; but ſtarted off
To Jealouſie, Love's laſt retreat and covert:
Where it lyes hid in Shades, watchful in Silence,
And liſt'ning for the Sound that calls it back.
Some other, any Man, (tis ſo advanc'd)
May perfect this unfiniſh'd Work, which I
(Unhappy only to my ſelf) have left
So eaſie to his Hand.
Cleo. Look well thou do't; elſe——
Alex. Elſe, what your Silence threatens——*Antony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whoſe Turret,
He ſtands ſurveying our *Egyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæſar*'s Fleet: Now Death, or Conqueſt.

If the first happen, Fate acquits my Promise:
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.
[*A distant Shout within.*

Char. Have Comfort, Madam: Did you mark that Shout? [*Second Shout nearer.*

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.
The loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns,

Cleo. *Osiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!
As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,
When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!
Egypt has been; our latest Hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:
Time has unrowl'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou cam'st, (though Fate is in thy Face,
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our Land's last hope, your Navy———

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,
With *Antony*, your well-appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his Hand on high,
And thrice with chearful Cries they shouted back:
'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a dissembled Smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the Last; the well-tim'd Oars

Now

Now dipt from every Bank, now ſmoothly run
To meet the Foe; and ſoon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we ſaw their Caps
On either ſide thrown up; th'*Egyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) paſt through, and fell behind
The *Roman* Rear: And now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion:*
I've heard my Doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I loſt *Antony*, your Work was done;
'Tis but ſuperfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this laſt Blow?

Serap. His Fury cannot be expreſs'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have faln
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cæſar*'s Galley:
With-held, he raves on you; cries, He's betray'd,
Should he now find you———

Alex. Shun him, ſeek your Safety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll ſtay.

Alex. You muſt not, haſte you to your Monument;
While I make ſpeed to *Cæſar*.

Cleo. *Cæſar!* No,
I have no Buſineſs with him.

Alex. I can work him
To ſpare your Life, and let this Madman periſh. [too?

Cleo. Baſe fawning Wretch! wouldſt thou betray him
Hence from my Sight, I will not hear a Traitor;
'Twas thy Deſign brought all this Ruin on us;
Serapion, thou art honeſt; counſel me:
But haſte, each Moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you muſt not yet ſee *Antony*.
He who began this Miſchief,
'Tis juſt he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you;
And, ſince he offer'd you his ſervile Tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæſar*,
Let him expoſe that fawning Eloquence,
And ſpeak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heav'n's! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.

Cleo.

Cleo. Slave, thou deſerv'ſt it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: When he baniſh'd me,
And thought me falſe, he ſcorn'd to take my Life;
But I'll be juſtify'd, and then die with him.
Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you. [canſt,
Cleo. To Death, if thou ſtir hence. Speak, if thou
Now for thy Life, which baſely thou wouldſt ſave;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.
[*Exeunt* Cleo. Serap. Char. *and* Iras.
Alex. O that I leſs cou'd fear to loſe this Being,
Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward Hand,
The more 'tis graſp'd, the faſter melts away.
Poor Reaſon! what a wretched Aid art thou!
For ſtill, in ſpight of thee,
Theſe two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Let me think:
What can I ſay, to ſave my ſelf from Death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.
Ant. Which way? where? [*Within*.
Vent. This leads to th' Monument. [*Within*.
Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
My Gift of Lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I ſo oft have rais'd,
Forſakes me at my Need. I dare not ſtay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit*.
Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.
Ant. O happy *Cæſar!* Thou haſt Men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou haſt conquer'd *Antony*;
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Egypt*. I'm betray'd.
Vent. Curſe on this treach'rous Train!
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baſeneſs:
And their young Souls come tainted to the World
With the firſt Breath they draw.
Ant. Th'original Villain ſure no God created;
He was a Baſtard of the Sun, by *Nile*,
Ap'd into Man; with all his Mother's Mud
Cruſted about his Soul.
Vent. The Nation is
One Univerſal Traitor; and their Queen

The

The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A Possibility of Aid from Valour?
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?
The least unmortgag'd Hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.
The World's one half is yet in *Antony*;
And, from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault
Lopt off the rest: If Death be your Design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a Heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for Burial.
Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Stars; but Side by Side
Fight Emulous: And with malicious Eyes
Survey each other's Acts: So every Death
Thou giveſt, I'll take on me, as a just Debt,
And pay thee in a Soul.
Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a Word
Of chiding more. By my few Hours of Life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I would not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.
When we put off this Flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' Etherial Crowd;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*. [Troops,
Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their
And reach my *Veterans* yet? 'Tis worth the Tempting,
T'o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.
Enter Alexas, *trembling*.
Vent. See, see, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* stampt upon that Face,
With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood!
How she looks out through those dissembling Eyes!
How he has set his Count'nance for Deceit;
And Promises a Lie, before he speaks!

Let

Let me dispatch him first. [*Drawing.*

Alex. O, spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou mayst keep, because I scorn to take it)
No Syllable to justifie thy Queen;
Save thy base Tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella!*
Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die. [*Going to kill him.*

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: My Eyes
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a golden Dream, of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young Ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning Wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:
Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours,
Had she betray'd her Naval Force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a Bribe!

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument: Look'd down and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd Face, the silent Tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their Parting.
Some undistinguish'd Words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and, with such Looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast———

Ant

Ant. My Heart forebodes———
Vent. All for the best: Go on.
Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard,
And, e're we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breast: Then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
And ask him if he yet suspect my Faith.
More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her.
Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.
Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?
O those two Words! their Sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true———But Innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my Guilt!
Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too graci-
And thus you thank 'em for't. [ous:
Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence:
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.
Alex. He loves her still: [*Aside.*
His Grief betrays it. Good! the Joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
I've sav'd my self, and her. But, oh! the *Romans!*
Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double. [*Exit.*
Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come, rouze your self, and let's die warm together.
Ant. I will not fight: There's no more work for War.
The Bus'ness of my angry Hours is done.
Vent. *Cæsar* is at your Gates.

Ant.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a Scorn of Life, and just Desire
To free my self from Bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius!*
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandise to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Cæsar* take the World———
An empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my Strife: My Being's nauseous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.
Vent. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius:*
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar*'s reach,
And lay down Life my self. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in suspence,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my Part.
My Torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black Desart, at th' Approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.
Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: Chuse your Death;
For, I have seen him in such various Shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That, like two Lions taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.
Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.

Vent.

Vent. I muſt not, Sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to ſpeak ſome good of me?
To ſtand by my fair Fame, and guard th' Approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?
Vent. Who ſhall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will ſpeak themſelves,
And need no living Witneſs.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I muſt die;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæſar*.
Vent. Thank your Kindneſs.
You ſaid I lov'd you; and, in Recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhou'd die
With a hard Thought of you?
Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra*'s Death,
My Reaſon bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random out:
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By Heav'n, I will not.
Let it not be t'out-live you.
Ant. Kill me firſt,
And then die thou: For 'tis but juſt thou ſerve
Thy Friend, before thy ſelf.
Vent. Give me your Hand.
We ſoon ſhall meet again. Now, Farewel, Emperor.
[*Embrace*.
Methinks that word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since Death ſweeps all Diſtinctions, Farewel, Friend.
That's all———
I will not make a Bus'neſs of a Trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your Face.
Ant. I do: Strike home be ſure.
Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [*Kills himſelf*.

Ant. O, thou mistak'st;
That wound was none of thine: Give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my Death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. [*Dies.*
Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the Start of me,
And I'm the Lag of Honour——Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him carelesly,
With a familiar Kindness: E'er he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who should say, You're welcome at all Hours,
A Friend need give no warning. Books had spoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession.
'Tis not worth
My farther Thought; for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.
[*Falls on his Sword.*
I've mist my Heart. O unperforming Hand!
Thou never could'st have err'd in a worse Time,
My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes State, and makes me wait
For my Admittance—— [*Trampling within.*
Some perhaps from *Cæsar*:
If he should find me living, and suspect
That I plaid Booty with my Life! I'll mend
My Work, e'er they can reach me. [*Rises upon his Knees.*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras.
Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?
Char. There he lyes,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.
Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas!* [*Runs to him.*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleo.

Cleo. Help me ſeat him.
Send quickly, ſend for help. [*They place him in a Chair.*
Ant. I am anſwer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
I'll make the moſt I can of Life, to ſtay
A Moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a Hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haſte forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the Spur:
So I come back, for thee.
Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to [me;
Now ſhow your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.
Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not falſe.
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To ſay I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
Which, when I knew, I haſted, to prevent
This fatal Conſequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.
Ant. And *Dolabella* ——
Cleo. Scarce eſteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.
Ant. Enough: My Life's not long enough for more.
Thou ſayſt thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou ſayſt,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come:
Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cæſar ſhall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou ſtay'ſt
My laſt diſaſtrous Times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious Day;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm
Juſt till our cloſe of Ev'ning. Ten Years love,
And not a Moment loſt, but all improv'd
To th' utmoſt Joys: What Ages have we liv'd?

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While Hand in Hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many Hours
For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a Minute—This one Kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*. [*Dies*.

Cleo. O, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand Kisses, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One Look: Do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of sensless Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aspire,
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: My nobler Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with a Tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that Question?

Iras. *Cæsar* is merciful.

Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar*'s Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Antony*'s,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.
Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more should fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch; e'er this, the Town's in *Cæsar*'s Hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my Stay,
Lest I should be surpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lyes dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.
Iras. The Aspicks, Madam?
Cleo. Must I bid you twice? [*Exeunt* Char. *and* Iras.
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force Life on me,
To rush into the dark Aboad of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.
We're now alone, in Secresie and Silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her Arms——O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion *and* Iras.

Char. What must be done?
Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: He fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Couldst Triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to Triumph.
Char. To what end
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?
Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydno*'s Bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: My second Spousals
Shall match my first, in Glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of *Antony*.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now ſeat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I muſt conquer *Cæſar* too, like him,
And win my Share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my immortal Love!
O let no impious Hand remove you hence;
But reſt for ever here: Let *Egypt* give
His Death that peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aſpick lyes.

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!
[*Putting aſide the Leaves.*
Thou beſt of Thieves; who, with an eaſie Key,
Doſt open Life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n ſteal us from our ſelves: Diſcharging ſo
Death's dreadful Office, better than himſelf,
Touching our Limbs ſo gently into Slumber,
That Death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himſelf but Sleep.

Serap. The Queen, where is ſhe? [*Within.*
The Town is yielded, *Cæſar*'s at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death.
Haſte, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's Fury.
[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back.*
Coward Fleſh———
Wou'dſt thou conſpire with *Cæſar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be ſent by him,
But bring my ſelf my Soul to *Antony*.
[*Turns aſide, and then ſhows her Arm bloody.*
Take hence; the Work is done.

Serap. Break ope the Door, [*Within.*
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Miſtreſs. [*They apply the Aſpicks.*

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with ſuch a Will to find my Lord,
That we ſhall quickly meet.
A heavy Numneſs creeps through every Limb,

And

And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his Breast——*Cæsar*, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. [*Dies.*

[Iras *sinks down at her Feet, and dies*; Charmion *stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.*

Enter Serapion, *two Priests*, Alexas *bound*, Egyptians.

2 *Priests*. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.
Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race: I follow her. [*Sinks down; dies.*

Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: Much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

Serap. See, how the Lovers sit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th' Impression of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another World.
Cæsar's just entring; Grief has now no leisure.
Secure that Villain, as our Pledge of Safety
To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,
Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;
And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,
No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.

EPILOGUE.

Poets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have one sure Refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose:
For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil War *with their own Flesh and Blood.*
The thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;
And swears at the Gilt Coach, but swears a-foot:
For 'tis observ'd of every scribling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
If Pink or Purple best become his Face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.
He does his best; and, if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.
Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's *Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,*
But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
Which only has the Wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his Aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's Work to please you all.

THE

KIND KEEPER;

OR,

Mr. *Limberham*:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at

His HHIGNESS the DUKE of *YORK*'s THEATER.

Κἂν με φάγῃς ὀπὶ ῥίζαν, ὁμῶς ἔτι καρποφορήσω.
Ἀνθολογία Δευτέρα.

Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus; hic meretricum:
Omnes hi metuunt versus; odere Poetas. Horat.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Lord *VAUGHAN*, &c.

My LORD,

I Cannot easily excuse the printing of a Play at so unseasonable a time, when the great Plot of the Nation, like one of *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my Defence might be for this, I am sure I shou'd not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordship; and if you can pardon my Presumption in it, that a bad Poet should address himself to so great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at least to scape with the Excuse of *Catullus*, when he writ to *Cicero*:

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium Poeta;
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.

I have seen an Epistle of *Fleckno*'s to a Nobleman, who was by some extraordinary chance a Scholar; (and you may please to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of Thought is betwixt a bad Poet and *Fleckno*) where he begins thus: *Quatuordecim jam elapsi sunt anni*, &c. his *Latin*, it seems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two Languages which he understood alike, that it was fourteen Years since he had the Happiness to know him; 'tis just so long, and as happy be the Omen of Dulness to me, as it is to some Clergy-men and States-men, since your Lordship has known that there is a worse Poet remaining in the World, than he of Iscandalous Memory who left it last. I might inlarge upon the Subject with my Author, and assure you, that I have serv'd as long for you, as one of the *Patriarchs* did for his Old Testament Mistress: But I leave those Flourishes, when occasion shall serve, for a greater Orator to use, and dare only tell you, that I never pass'd any part of my Life with greater Satisfaction or Improvement to my self, than those Years which I have liv'd in the Honour of your Lordship's Acquaintance. If I may have only the time abated when the publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which in imitation of our florid Speakers, I might (if I durst presume upon the Expression) call the *Parenthesis of my Life.*

That

That I have always honour'd you, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you at this time of Day; for you know I ſtaid not to date my Reſpects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, becauſe I am ſure it will give me a Reputation with the preſent Age, and with Poſterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, leſt I ſhould take this occaſion, which lies ſo fair for me, to acquaint the World with ſome of thoſe Excellencies which I have admir'd in you; but I have reaſonably conſider'd, that to acquaint the World, is a Phraſe of a malicious Meaning: For it would imply, that the World were not already acquainted with them. You are ſo generally known to be above the meanneſs of my Praiſes, that you have ſpar'd my Evidence, and ſpoil'd my Complement: Should I take for my common places, your knowledge both of the old and the new Philoſophy, ſhould I add to theſe your Skill in Mathematicks, and Hiſtory, and yet farther, your being converſant with all the ancient Authors of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, as well as with the Modern, I ſhould tell nothing new to Mankind; for when I have once but nam'd you, the World will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faſter before me than I can follow. Be therefore ſecure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it ſelf from the danger of a Panegyrique, and only give me leave to tell you, that I value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendlineſs, and if I may have leave to call it, Kindneſs in you, before

fore all those other which make you considerable in the Nation.

Some few of our Nobility are learned, and therefore I will not conclude an absolute Contradiction in the Terms of Nobleman and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Nobleman can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three Instances in *Whitehall*, and in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find so little Incouragement for their Labours, and so few Understanders, that they might have leisure to turn Pamphleteers, and augment the number of those abominable Scriblers, who in this time of Licence abuse the Press, almost every Day, with Nonsense, and railing against the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I should give you some account of this Comedy, which you have never seen, because it was written and acted in your absence, at your Government of *Jamaica*. 'Twas intended for an honest Satyr against our crying Sin of *Keeping*; how it would have succeeded, I can but guess, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it suffer'd, was that which is objected against the Satyrs of *Juvenal*, and the Epigrams of *Catullus*, that it express'd too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordship knows what Answer was return'd by the elder of those Poets, whom I last mention'd, to his Accusers.

Castum esse decet pium Poetam
Ipsum. Versiculos nihil necesse est:

Qui

Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
Si sint molliculi & parum pudici.

But I dare not make that Apology for my self, and therefore have taken a becoming Care, that those things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Press: For their Authority is, and shall be ever sacred to me, as much absent as present, and in all Alterations of their Fortune, who for those Reasons have stopp'd its farther appearance on the Theatre. And whatsoever hinderance it has been to me, in point of Profit, many of my Friends can bear me witness, that I have not once murmured against that Decree. The same Fortune once happen'd to *Moliere*, on the occasion of his *Tartuffe*; which notwithstanding afterwards has seen the Light, in a Country more Bigot than ours, and is accounted amongst the best Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to say, that this Comedy is of the first Rank of those which I have written, and that Posterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular Satyr in it: For whatsoever may have been pretended by some Criticks in the Town, I may safely and solemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any single Man; and that I have known so many of the same Humour, in every Folly which is here expos'd, as may serve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my absence from the Town, this Summer, much against my Expectation, otherwise I had over-look'd the Press, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends should have had the least occasion of Unkindness against me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to

a second Impression, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I may keep still that place in your Favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd; and which I shall reckon as one of the greatest Blessings which can befall,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

TRue Wit has ſeen its beſt Days long ago,
It ne'er look'd up, ſince we were dipt in Show:
When Senſe in Dogrel Rhimes and Clouds was loſt,
And Dulneſs flouriſh'd at the Actors coſt.
Nor ſtopt it here; when Tragedy was done,
Satyr and Humour the ſame Fate have run;
And Comedy is ſunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our Machining Lumber will not ſell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell;
What Stuff will pleaſe you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the Rebellion firſt began
To Wit, reſtore the Monarch if they can;
Our Author dares not be the firſt bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care
To keep for better Marts his Staple Ware,
His Toys are good enough for Sturbridge *Fair.*
Tricks *were the Faſhion; if it now be ſpent,*
'Tis time enough at Eaſter *to invent;*
No Man will make up a new Suit for Lent:
If now and then he takes a ſmall Pretence
To forrage for a little Wit and Senſe,
Pray Pardon him, he meant you no Offence.
Next Summer Noſtradamus *tells, they ſay,*
That all the Criticks *ſhall be ſhipt away,*
And not enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sail beſide, good Heav'n be kind;
But drive away that Swarm with ſuch a Wind,
That not one Locuſt *may be left behind.*

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Aldo, an honeſt, good-natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.

Woodall his Son, under a falſe Name; bred abroad, and new return'd from Travel.

Limberham, a tame, fooliſh Keeper, perſuaded by what is laſt ſaid to him, and changing next Word.

Brainſick, a Husband, who being well conceited of himſelf, deſpiſes his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a Talker of Nonſenſe.

Gervaſe, *Woodall's* Man: formal, and apt to give good Counſel.

Giles, *Woodall's* caſt Servant.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Saintly*, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-Houſe.

Mrs. *Trickſy*, a Termagant kept Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Pleaſance*, ſuppos'd Daughter to Mrs. *Saintly*: Spightful and Satyrical; but ſecretly in Love with *Woodall*.

Mrs. *Brainſick*.

Judith, a Maid of the Houſe.

SCENE, *A Boarding-Houſe in Town.*

LIM-

LIMBERHAM;

OR, THE

KIND KEEPER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An open Garden-House; a Table in it, and Chairs.*

Enter Woodall *and* Gervase.

WOODALL.

ID the Footman receive the Trunks, and Portmantua; and see 'em plac'd in the Lodgings you have taken for me, while I walk a turn here in the Garden.

Gerv. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they are like to stay in the outer Room, till the Mistress of the House return from Morning Exercise.

Wood. What, she's gone to the Parish Church, it seems, to her Devotions.

Gerv. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that she rises every Morning, and goes to a private Meeting-house;

houſe; where they pray for the Government, and practiſe againſt the Authority of it.

Wood. And haſt thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-houſe a Place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Gerv. According to human Appearance, I muſt confeſs, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have Patience, Sir, matters are not ſo bad as they may ſeem: There are pious Bawdy-houſes in the World, or Conventicles would not be ſo much frequented: Neither is it impoſſible, but a devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-houſe may be a Bawd.

Wood. Ay, to thoſe of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervaſe*; but I am none of thoſe.

Gerv. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Myſtery of Wickedneſs, I would inſtruct you firſt in the *Art of Seeming Holineſs*: But, Heav'n be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any Man's Inſtruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile Employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worſe Man will ſerve my Turn.

Gerv. I call your Conſcience to Witneſs, how often I have given you wholeſome Counſel; how often I have ſaid to you, with Tears in my Eyes, Maſter, or Maſter *Aldo* ——

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Rogue! that's my *nom de guerre*: You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that Name ſhould bring me to the Notice of my Father.

Gerv. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *Woodall*. How often have I ſaid, Into what Courſes do you run! Your Father ſent you into *France* at twelve Years old, bred you up at *Paris*; firſt, in a College, and then at an *Academy*: At the firſt, inſtead of running through a Courſe of Philoſophy, you ran through all the Bawdy-houſes in Town: At the latter, inſtead of managing the great Horſe, you exercis'd on your Maſter's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munſter*, for the Prize of ſwallowing a Gallon of *Rheniſh* more than the *Biſhop*.

Wood.

Wood. *Gervase*, thou shalt be my Chronicler, thou loseſt none of my Heroick Actions.

Gerv. What a Comfort are you like to prove to your old Father! You have run a Campaigning among the *French* theſe laſt three Years, without his Leave; and, now he ſends for you back, to ſettle you in the World, and marry you to the Heireſs of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianſhip, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Gerv. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houſes, and other Places; which for Modeſty I name not; and have chang'd your Name, form *Aldo* to *Woodall*, for fear of being diſcover'd to him: You have not ſo much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is moſt commonly in *London*: And laſtly, you have diſcharg'd my honeſt Fellow-ſervant *Giles*, becauſe———

Wood. Becauſe he was too ſaucy, and was ever offering to give me Counſel: Mark that, and tremble at his Deſtiny.

Gerv. I know the Reaſon why I am kept: Becauſe you cannot be diſcover'd by my Means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

Wood. I muſt have a Ramble in the Town: When I have ſpent my Mony, I will grow dutiful; ſee my Father, and ask for more. In the mean time, I have beheld a handſome Woman at a Play, I am fall'n in Love with her, and have found her eaſie: Thou, I thank thee, haſt trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-houſe, and hither I am come to accompliſh my Deſign.

Gerv. Well, Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's Voice without; [*Noiſe*.] and therefore ſhall defer my Counſel to a fitter Seaſon.

Wood. Not a Syllable of Counſel: The next Grave Sentence, thou marcheſt after *Giles*. *Woodall*'s my Name: Remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the Houſe?

Gerv.

Gerv. Yes, Mr. *Woodall*, for want of a better, as ſhe will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe Zeal firſt taught the Art of Kiſſing cloſe. [*Saluting her*.

Saint. You're welcome, Gentleman. *Woodall* is your Name?

Wood. I call my ſelf ſo.

Saint. You look like a ſober diſcreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some ſprinklings of it, Madam: We muſt not boaſt.

Saint. Verily, boaſting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith, Madam——

Saint. No Swearing, I beſeech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of *Covent-Garden* Church, I think.

Gerv. How lewdly and ignorantly he Anſwers! [*Aſide*.] She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does ſhe ſo?——— Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I'll not ſtand with you for a Trifle; *Presbyterian*, *Independent*, *Anabaptiſt*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unleſs we had the Grace to follow 'em.

Saint. I ſee you are ignorant; but verily, you are a new Veſſel, and I may ſeaſon you. I hope you do not uſe the Pariſh-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam———(Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five Days.

Saint. I find a certain Motion within me to this young Man, and muſt ſecure him to my ſelf, e'er he ſee my Lodgers. [*Aſide*.] O, ſeriouſly, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantua are ſtanding in the Hall: Your Lodgings are ready, and your Man may place 'em, if he pleaſe, while you and I confer together.

Wood. Go, *Gervaſe*, and do as you are directed.

[*Exit*. Ger.

Saint. In the firſt Place, you muſt know, we are a Company of our ſelves, and expect you ſhould live conformably and lovingly amongſt us.

Wood.

Wood. There you have hit me. I am the moſt loving Soul, and ſhall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me eſpecially. Then, I hope, you're no keeper of late Hours.

Wood. No, no, my Hours are very early; betwixt three and four in the Morning, commonly.

Saint. That muſt be amended: But to remedy the Inconvenience, I will my ſelf ſit up for you. I hope, you would not offer Violence to me?

Wood. I think I ſhould not, if I were ſober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and ſhould offer Violence, and I conſent not, you may do your filthy Part, and I am Blameleſs.

Wood. [*Aſide*.] I think the Devil's in her; ſhe has given me the hint again. Well, it ſhall go hard, but I will offer Violence ſometimes; will that content you?

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial Water in my Cloſet, which will help to ſtrengthen Nature, and to carry off a Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the Houſe will be ſafe a Bed, and Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at thoſe times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greateſt Part of the Offence; you muſt be ſecret. And I muſt warn you of another thing; there are, beſides my ſelf, two more young Women in my Houſe.

Wood. [*Aſide*.] That, beſides her ſelf, is a cooling Card. Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: Some eighteen, or twenty, or thereabouts.

Wood. Oh, very good! Two more young Women beſides your ſelf, and both handſome?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted Out-ſides; you muſt not caſt your Eyes upon 'em, nor liſten to their Converſation: You are already choſen for a better Work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am choſen, I.

Saint. They are a Couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, ſay you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention thoſe Pitfalls of Iniquity.

Wood.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good Faith, I am as ſober, a Melancholy poor Soul!———

Saint. I ſee this abominable Sin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out; oh tear it out; it will deſtroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two ſhall ſcarce agree: I muſt not come to your Cloſet when I have got a Bottle; for, at ſuch a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable: You may ſwear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you muſt not look on Harlots.

Wood. I muſt wheedle her, and whet my Courage firſt on her; as a good Muſician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my firſt Oath. [*Embracing her.*

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. *Saintly!* what work have we here towards?

Wood. [*Aſide.*] *Aldo*, my own natural Father, as I live! I remember the Lines of that hide-bound Face: Does he lodge here? if he ſhould know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curſe on his coming! he has diſturb'd us. [*Aſide.*] Well, young Gentleman, I ſhall take a time to inſtruct you better.

Wood. You ſhall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I muſt go abroad upon ſome Buſineſs; but remember your Promiſe, to carry your ſelf ſoberly, and without ſcandal in my Family; and ſo I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a Member of it. [*Ex.* Saint.

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] Before *George*, a proper Fellow, and a Swinger he ſhould be, by his make! the Rogue would humble a Whore, I warrant him! You are welcome, Sir, amongſt us———moſt heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Wood. All's well: He knows me not.—— Sir, your Civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the Acquaintance of our Fellow-lodgers.

Aldo. Hold you there, Sir: I muſt firſt underſtand you a little better; and yet, methinks, you ſhould be true to Love.

Wood. Drinking and Wenching, are but ſlips of Youth: I had thoſe good Qualities from my Father.

Aldo.

Aldo. Thou, Boy! Aha, Boy! a true *Trojan*, I warrant thee! [*Hugging him.*] Well, I ſay no more; but you are lighted into ſuch a Family, ſuch Food for Concupiſcence, ſuch *Bona Roba's!*

Wood. One I know indeed; a Wife: But *Bona Roba's* ſay you?

Aldo. I ſay, *Bona Roba's* in the Plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a *Turk Mahomet* ſhall I be! No, I will not make my ſelf drunk with the Conceit of ſo much Joy: The Fortune's too great for mortal Man, and I a poor unworthy Sinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lie to my Friend? Am I a Man! Am I a Chriſtian? There is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate little wheedling Devil, with ſuch an Appearance of Simplicity; and with that ſhe does ſo undermine, ſo fool her conceited Husband, that he deſpiſes her!

Wood. Juſt ripe for Horns: His deſtiny, like a *Turk's*, is written in his Forehead.

Aldo. Peace, Peace, thou art yet ordain'd for greater Things. There's another too, a kept Miſtreſs, a brave ſtrapping Jade, a two-handed Whore!

Wood. A kept Miſtreſs too! my Bowels yearn to her already: She's certain Prize.

Aldo. But this Lady is ſo Termagant an Empreſs! and he ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo tame, ſo led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a *Frenchman*: I am confident he dares not find her Falſe, for fear of a Quarrel with her; becauſe he is ſure to be at the Charges of the War; ſhe knows he cannot live without her, and therefore ſeeks Occaſions of Falling out to make him purchaſe Peace. I believe ſhe's now aiming at a Settlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil Queſtion? How paſs you your Time in this noble Family? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and I ſhould be loath to hunt in your Purliews.

Aldo. I muſt firſt tell you ſomething of my Condition: I am here a Friend to all of 'em; I am their *Factotum*, do all their Buſineſs; for, not to boaſt, Sir, I am a Man of general Acquaintance: There's no News in Town, either Foreign or Domeſtick, but I have it firſt;

no Mortgage of Lands, no Sale of Houses, but I have a Finger in 'em.

Wood. Then, I suppose, you are a Gainer by your Pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am most commonly a Loser; only a Buck sometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: And I eat it not alone, I must have Company.

Wood. Pray, what Company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you must know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy Difference have arisen betwixt a Mistress and her Gallant, then I strike in to do good Offices betwixt 'em; and, at my own proper Charges, conclude the Quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Pleasure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me: I give 'em my Counsel, and assist 'em with my Purse. I cannot see a pretty Sinner hurry'd to Prison by the Land-Pirats, but Nature works, and I must Bail her: Or want a Supper, but I have a Couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect some kindness in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low Water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me; yet I love to smuggle still in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but, after that, I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your Business: You would be a Kind of Deputy-fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the *Lion*, to devour the Prey, I am your *Jack-Call*, to provide it for you: There will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my Part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood. With all my Heart,

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood.

Wood. Mad Daddy!

Aldo. Your Man told me, you were just return'd from Travel: What Parts have you last visited?

Wood. I came from *France*.

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungracious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough: Pray, what's his Name?

Aldo. *George Aldo.*

Wood. I must confess I do know the Gentleman; satisfie your self, he's in Health, and upon his Return.

Aldo. That's some Comfort: But, I hear, a very Rogue, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worst I know of him is, that he loves a Wench; and that good Quality he has not stoln.

[*Musick at the Balcony over-head: Mrs.* Trickſy *and* Judith *appear.*

Hark! there's Musick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Trickſy*'s Lodging, the kept Mistress I told you of, the Lass of Mettle: But for all she carries it so high, I know her Pedigree; her Mother's a Semstress in *Dog* and *Bitch-Yard*, and was, in her Youth, as right as she is.

Wood. Then she's a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two Descents.

Aldo. And her Father, the Famous Cobler, who taught *Walsingham* to the Black-birds. How stand thy Affections to her, thou lusty Rogue?

Wood. All o'fire: A most urging Creature!

Aldo. Peace! they are beginning.

A SONG.

I.

'GAinst Keepers we Petition,
Who wou'd inclose the Common:
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In the Free-born Subject Woman.
Because for his Gold,
I my Body have sold,

He thinks I'm a Slave for my Life,
He rants, domineers,
He swaggers and swears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

II.

'Gainst Keepers we petition, &c.
'Tis honest and fair,
That a Feast I prepare;
But when his dull Appetite's o'er,
I'll treat with the rest
Some welcomer Guest,
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

Wood. A Song against Keepers! this makes well for us lusty Lovers.

Trick. [*Above.*] Father, Father *Aldo!*

Aldo. Daughter *Trickſy*, are you there Child? your Friends at *Barnet* are all well, and your dear *Master Limberham*, that noble *Hepheſtion*, is returning with 'em.

Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to acquaint me with the News.

Aldo. Well, thou art the happieſt Rogue in a kind Keeper! He drank thy Health five Times, *ſupernaculum*, to my Son *Brain-ſick*; and dipt my Daughter *Pleaſante's* little Finger, to make it go down more glibly: And, before *George*, I grew tory rory, as they ſay, and ſtrain'd a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.

Trick. You will never leave theſe fumbling Tricks, Father, till you are taken up on Suſpicion of Manhood, and have a Baſtard laid at your Door: I am ſure you would own it for your Credit.

Aldo. Before *George*, I ſhould not ſee it ſtarve for the Mother's ſake: For, if ſhe were a Punk, ſhe was good-natur'd, I warrant her.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] Well, if ever Son was bleſt with a hopeful Father, I am.

Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you?

Aldo. A young *Monſieur* return'd from Travel; a lusty young Rogue; a true-mill'd Whoremaſter, with the right Stamp. He's a Fellow-lodger, incorporate in our Society:

Society : For whose sake he came hither, let him tell you.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Are you gloting already ? then there's hopes i'faith.

Trick. You seem to know him, Father.

Aldo. Know him! from his Cradle——What's your Name ?

Wood. Woodall.

Aldo. Woodall of *Woodall*; I knew his Father; we were Contemporaries, and Fellow-wenchers in our Youth.

Wood. [*Aside.*] My honest Father stumbles into truth, in spight of Lying.

Trick. I was just coming down to the Garden-house before you came.

Aldo. I'm sorry I cannot stay to present my Son *Woodall* to you; but I have set you together, that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Wood. [*Alone.*] 'Twas my Study to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his Mouth; and yet I have a strong Hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Virtues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an Ounce of Discretion left, I should pursue this Business no farther: But two fine Women in a House! Well, 'tis resolv'd, come what will on't, thou art answerable for all my Sins, old *Aldo*——

Enter Trickſy *with a Box of Essences.*

Here she comes, this Heir-Apparent of a Semstress, and a Cobler! and yet, as she's adorn'd, she looks like any Princess of the Blood. [*Salutes her.*

Trick. [*Aside.*] What a Difference there is between this Gentleman, and my Feeble Keeper, Mr. *Limberham!* He's to my Wish, if he would but make the least Advances to me. Father *Aldo* tells me, Sir, you're a Traveller: What Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries ?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deserve your Curiosity: but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a *French* Cavalier, a Friend of mine, at *Tripoli.*

Trick. No Wars, I beseech you: I am so weary of Father *Aldo's Lorrain* and *Crequy*.

Wood. Then this is as you would desire it, a Love-Adventure. This *French* Gentleman was made a Slave to the *Dye* of *Tripoli*; by his good Qualities gain'd his Master's Favour; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch*, was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to see the *Dye's* Mistress.

Trick. This is somewhat; proceed, sweet Sir.

Wood. He was so much amaz'd, when he first beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he scarcely dar'd to lift his Eyes, or speak to her.

Trick. [*Aside*.] I find him now. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview?

Wood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him; but with so Goddess-like a Presence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-struck again.

Trick. That savour'd little of the *Monsieur's* Gallantry, especially when the Lady gave him Incouragement.

Wood. The Gentleman was not so dull, but he understood the Favour, and was presuming enough to try if she were Mortal: He advanc'd with more Assurance, and took her fair Hands: Was he not too bold, Madam? and would not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana's* Place?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I suppose she came not thither to gather Nosegays.

Wood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my Friends behalf, for your favourable Judgment. [*Kisses her Hand*.] He kiss'd her Hand with an exceeding Transport; and finding that she prest his at the same instant, he proceeded with a greater Eagerness to her Lips: But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without Life, unless you give me leave to act the Circumstances. [*Kisses her*.

Trick. Well, I'll swear you are the most Natural Historian!

Wood. But now, Madam, my Heart beats with Joy, when I come to tell you the sweetest Part of his Adventure: Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his

his Side; he told her, the Chamber was more private, and a fitter Scene for Pleasure. Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languishing; he saw her Cheeks blushing, and heard her Voice faultring in a half denial: He seiz'd her Hand with an amorous Ecstasie, and——

[*Takes her Hand.*

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your Part too far. Your Friend was unconscionable, if he desir'd more Favours at the first Interview.

Wood. He both desir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and so will——

[*Noise.*] *Trick.* Heavens! I hear Mr. *Limberham*'s Voice: He's return'd from *Barnet*.

Wood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impossible; he'll meet you. Let me think a Moment: Mrs. *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot discover you: Have any of the Servants seen you?

Wood. None.

Trick. Then you shall pass for my *Italian* Merchant of Essences: Here's a little Box of 'em just ready.

Wood. But I speak no *Italian*, only a few broken Scraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris*.

Trick. You must venture that: When we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but slipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Suit, and you come out an *English-man*. No more; he's here.

Enter Limberham.

Limb. Why, how now, *Pug*? Nay, I must lay you over the Lips, to take hansel of 'em, for my Welcome.

Trick. [*Putting him back.*] Foh! how you smell of Sweat, Dear!

Limb. I have put my self into this same unsavory Heat, out of my violent Affection to see thee, *Pug*; before *George*, as Father *Aldo* says, I could not live without thee; thou art the purest Bed-fellow, though I say it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all Night; and then I was so troublesome to Father *Aldo* (for you must

know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conscience, I did so kiss him, and so hug him in my Sleep!

Trick. I dare be sworn 'twas in your Sleep; for, when you are waking, you are the most honest, quiet Bedfellow, that ever lay by Woman.

Limb. Well, *Pug*, all shall be amended; I am come home on purpose to pay old Debts. But who is that same Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the *Italian* Seignior, who is come to sell me Essences?

Limb. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the Lampoon was made on.

[*Sings the Tune of* Seignior, *and ends with* Ho, ho.

Trick. Prithee leave thy Foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreasonable Price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets, and be gone.

Wood. [*Taking the Box.*] *A Dio, Seigniora.*

Limb. Hold, pray stay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my Head o'th' sudden.

Trick. What wou'd you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haste.

Limb. But why should you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I design only to oblige you? I must present you with this Box of Essences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Pray let him go, he understands no *English*.

Limb. Then how could you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug?*

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Limb. Very good! Then I'll first pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to stay. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I would make a Present of your Essences to this Lady; for I find I cannot speak too plain to you, because you understand no *English*. Be not you Refractory now, but take ready Mony: That's a Rule.

Wood. Seignioro, non intendo Inglese.

Limb. This is a very dull Fellow! he says, he does not intend *English*. How much shall I offer him, *Pug?*

Trick.

Trick. If you will Present me, I have bidden him ten Guineas.

Limb. And, before *George*, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I will give you all these, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you see, *Seignior!*

Wood. Seignior, Si.

Limb. Lo' you there, *Pug*, he does see. Here, will you take me at my Word?

Wood. [*Shrugging up.*] *Troppo poco, troppo poco.*

Limb. A poco, a poco! why, a Pox o' you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him up with *French*; he'll understand that sure. *Monsieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinnees, pour ces Essences? mon foy c'est assez.*

Wood. Chi vala, Amici: Ho di Casa! Taratapa, Taratapa, eus, malou, meau!———[*To her.*] I am at the End of my *Italian*, what will become of me?

Trick. [*To him.*] Speak any thing, and make it pass for *Italian*; but be sure you take his Mony.

Wood. Seignior, jo non canno takare ten Guinneo, possibilmentè; 'tis to my losso.

Limb. That is, *Pug*, he cannot possibly take ten Guineas, 'tis to his Loss: Now I understand him, this is almost *English*.

Trick. English! away, you Fop: 'Tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues, that passes through the *Levant*.

Limb. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the most rarest Language, I understand it as well as if it were *English*; you shall see me answer him: *Seignioro, stay a littlo, and consider wello, ten Guinnio is monyo, a very considerablo summo.*

Trick. Come, you shall make it twelve, and he shall take it for my sake.

Limb. Then, *Seignioro*, for *Pugsakio, addo two moro: je vous donne ben advise: prenez vistement: prenez me à mon mot.*

Wood. Jo lofero molto: ma per gagnare it vestro costumo, datemi hansello.

Limb. There is both *Hanſello* and *Guinnio*; *take*, *take* and ſo Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Eſſence you can ſpare.

Limb. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *ſecreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow *impatiento*—— *Bon Matin, Monſieur, bon Matin & bon jour.*

[*Exeunt* Limberham *and* Trickſy.

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberhamo*, for the eaſieſt Fool I ever knew, next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchymiſt*. I have eſcap'd, thanks to my Miſtreſs's *Lingua Franca*: I'll ſteal to my Chamber, ſhift my Periwig and Cloaths; and then, with the help of reſty *Gervaſe*, concert the Buſineſs of the next Campaign. My Father ſticks in my Stomach ſtill; but I am reſolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall *and* Gervaſe.

Wood. HItherto, ſweet *Gervaſe*, we have carry'd Matters ſwimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almoſt Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiſcover'd, ſhifted my Habit, and am come out an abſolute *Mounſieur* to allure the Ladies. How ſits my *Chedreux?*

Gerv. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down, like a Mare-maid's on a Sign-poſt. Well, you think now your Father may live in the ſame Houſe with you till Dooms-day, and never find you; or, when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to conſider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your filial Reverence.

Wood. Prithee what ſhould a Man do with ſuch a Father, but uſe him thus? Beſides, he does Journey-work under

under me; 'tis his Humour to fumble, and my Duty to provide for his old Age.

Gerv. Take my Advice yet; down o'your Marrow-bones, and ask Forgiveness; Espouse the Wife he has provided for you; lye by the side of a wholesome Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

Wood. I have no Vocation to it, *Gervase*: A Man of Sense is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis as natural to them, as Crimp is to a *Dutch-man*.

Gerv. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon its last Legs in *England*: Witty Men began the Fashion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *Woodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy Man has told me the Adventure of the *Italian* Merchant.

Wood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, to private Dalliance; but we shall find a time to separate their Loves, and strike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I hear there's another Lady in the House, my Landlady's fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confess, but most damnably Honest; have a Care of her, I warm you, for she's prying and malicious.

Wood. A tang of the Mother; but I love to graff on such a Crab-tree; she may bear good Fruit another Year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Gerv. [*Aside.*] My old Master would fain pass for *Philip* of *Macedon*, when he is little better than Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy*.

Wood. If you get this Keeper out of Doors, Father, and give me but an Opportunity ——

Aldo. Trust my Diligence; I will smoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Gerv.

Gerv. [*Aſide.*] If I had a thouſand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervaſes* ſhould ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the luſty *German* Boys, before a Charge: He ſhall bolt immediately.

Wood. O, fear not the Vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a Word firſt: Thou ſaid'ſt my Son was ſhortly to come over.

Wood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Boſom Friend.

Gerv. [*Aſide.*] Of an Hour's Acquaintance.

Aldo. Be ſure thou doſt not diſcover my Frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'Twere enough to make the Boy my Maſter. I muſt keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

Wood. Keep but your own Counſel, Father; for what ever he knows, muſt come from you.

Aldo. The Truth on't is, I ſent for him over; partly to have marry'd him, and partly becauſe his vil'anous Bills came ſo thick upon me, that I grew weary of the Charge.

Gerv. He ſpar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

Wood. Peace, you lying Rogue; believe me, Sir, bating his neceſſary Expences of Women, which I know you would not have him want: In all things elſe, he was the beſt Manager of your Allowance; and, tho' I ſay it——

Gerv. [*Aſide.*] That ſhould not ſay it.

Wood. The moſt hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris.*

Aldo. Report ſpeaks otherwiſe. And before *George,* I ſhall read him a Worm-wood Lecture, when I ſee him. But hark, I hear the Door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll ſtay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you muſt vaniſh.

Wood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Miſt; you into Day.

[*Exe.* Woodall *and* Gervaſe.

Enter

Enter Limberham *and* Trickſy.

Limb. Nay, but dear ſweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: It may be any Man's Caſe, when his Deſires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*.

Aldo. How now Son *Limberham*? there's no Quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had beſt tell now, and make your ſelf Ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Paſſion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trik. Father *Aldo*! I wonder you are not aſham'd to call him ſo! you may be his Father, if the Truth were known.

Aldo. Before *George*, I ſmell a Rat, Son *Limberham*: I doubt, I doubt here has been ſome great Omiſſion in Love Affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conſpired my Ruin. I'll look in my Almanack——As I hope for Mercy 'tis croſs Day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful Excuſes. 'Tis well known what offers I have had, and what Fortunes I might have made with others, like a Fool as I was, to throw away my Youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handſome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and ſix; beſides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that would have parted with their own Ladies, and have ſetled half they had upon me.

Limb. Ay, you ſaid ſo.

Trick. I ſaid ſo, Sir! who am I? is not my Word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewomen? tho' I ſay it, my Word will go for thouſands.

Trick. The more ſhame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am reſolv'd I'll not loſe my Time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to *Dog* and *Bitch-yard*, and help your Mother to make Footmens Shirts.

Trick. I defie you, Slanderer, I defie you.

Aldo.

Aldo. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defie her too.

Aldo. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd by my Footman.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bless us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Nest of unclean Birds here.

Limb. You had best preach now, and make her House be thought a Bawdy-house.

Trick. No, no: While you are in't, you'll secure it from that Scandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly*. [*Whispers*.

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who would have imagin'd you had been such a kind of Man, Mr. *Limberham!* O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [*Ex*.

Limb. So, now you have spit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. [*Crying*.] That I should ever live to see this Day!

Trick. To show I can live honest, in spight of all Mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my Resolution.

Limb. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm sure she'll come back from *France*, before she gets half way o'er to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this must not be: A Word in private. You'll never get such another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; she's a Mistress for an Emperor.

Limb. Let her be a Mistress for a *Pope*, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as she is.

Aldo. Would I were worthy to be a young Man, for her sake: She should eat Pearl, if she would have 'em.

Limb. She can digest 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, she has the Stomach of an Estrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Trickſy*, a Word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing: I am for a Nunnery.

Aldo. I never saw a Woman, before you, but first or last she would be brought to Reason. Hark you Child, you'll scarcely find so kind a Keeper: What if he has some Impediment one way? every Body is not a *Hercules*. You shall have my Son *Woodall*, to supply his Wants;

Wants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him that bears the Purſe.

Limberham *ſinging.*

I my own Jaylour was; my only Foe,
Who did my Liberty forego;
I was a Pris'ner, 'cauſe I wou'd be ſo.

Aldo. Why, look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a Song to be ſung at ſuch a time, when I am labouring your Reconcilement? Come Daughter *Trickſy*, you muſt be rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm juſt going.

Limb. The Devil take me, if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Aldo. So, now you'll part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn to him, Daughter: Speak to her, Son: Why ſhould you be ſo refractory both, to bring my gray Hairs with ſorrow to the Grave?

Limb. I'll not be forſworn, I ſwore firſt.

Trick. Thou art a forſworn Man however; for thou ſwor'ſt to Love me eternally.

Limb. Yes, I was ſuch a Fool, to ſwear ſo.

Aldo. And will you have that dreadful Oath lye gnawing on your Conſcience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and ſo farewel for ever. [*Going.*

Limb. Pug.

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham?*

Limb. It may be, Ay; it may be, No.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: But to ſhow I am in Charity, I'll pray for you,

Aldo. Pray for him! fie, Daughter, fie; is that an Anſwer for a Chriſtian?

Limb. What did *Pug* ſay? will ſhe pray for me? Well, to ſhow I am in Charity, ſhe ſhall not pray for me. Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou coud'ſt have been ſo unkind to have parted with me? [*Cries.*

Aldo. Look you, Daughter, ſee how Nature works in him!

Limb.

Limb. I'll settle two hundred a Year upon thee, because thou said'st thou wouldst pray for me.

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you'll spoil all, if you under-bid so. Come, down with your Dust, Man: What, show a base Mind, when a fair Lady's in Question.

Limb. Well, if I must give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my Thoughts are on a better Place.

Aldo. Come, there's no better Place, than little *London*. You sha'nt part for a Trifle. What, Son *Limberham*? four hundred a Year's a Square sum, and you shall give it.

Limb. 'Tis a round sum indeed; I wish a three-corner'd Sum would have serv'd her turn. Why should you be so Pervicacious now, *Pug*? Pray take three hundred—Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it shall be so. [*She frowns.*

Aldo. It shall be so, it shall be so: Come, now Buss, and Seal the Bargain.

Trick. [*Kissing him*] You see what a good-natur'd Fool I am, Mr. *Limberham*, to come back into a wicked World, for Love of you. You'll see the Writings drawn, Father?

Aldo. Ay; and pay the Lawyer too. Why, this is as it should be! I'll be at the Charge of the reconciling Supper——[*To her aside.*] Daughter, my Son *Woodhall* is waiting for you———Come away, Son *Limberham*, to the Temple.

Limb. With all my Heart, while she's in a good Humour: It would cost me another hundred, if I should stay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, sweet *Pug*.

[*Ex.* Aldo *and* Limb.

Trick. That he should be so silly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Flesh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, *not seeing her.*

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have seen 'em both, and am more distracted than before: I would enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I should begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-

Clergy-covetousness in me, to desire so many; if I stand gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to be made a *Sine cure*——— [*Sees her.*] O, Fortune has determin'd for me. 'Tis just here, as it is in the World; the Mistress will be serv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir? are you rehearsing your *Lingua Franca* by your self, that you walk so pensively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the Fair Lady, who at parting bespoke so cunningly of me all my Essences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the House; and I should be impatient of a Rival: For I am apt to be partial to my self, and think I deserve to be prefer'd before 'em.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no Competition, and I am sure my Love could make none.

Trick. Yes, you have seen Mrs. *Brainsick*, she's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I suppose, the peaking Creature, the marry'd Woman, with a sideling Look, as if one Cheek carry'd more byass than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Nose, as visible as a Land-mark.

Wood. With one Cheek blue, the other red: Just like the covering of *Lambeth* Palace.

Trick. Nay, but her Legs, if you could see 'em ——

Wood. She was so foolish to wear short Petticoats, and show 'em. They are Pillars, gross enough to support a larger Building; of the *Tuscan* order, by my Troth.

Trick. And her little Head, upon that long Neck, shows like a Traitor's Scull upon a Pole. Then, for her Wit—

Wood. She can have none: There's not room enough for a Thought to play in.

Trick. I think indeed I may safely trust you with such Charms: and you have pleas'd me with your Description of her.

Wood. I wish you would give me leave to please you better; but you transact as gravely with me *as a* Spaniard; *and are losing Love, as he does* Flanders: *You consider, and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your Gates.*

Trick.

Trick. But to yield upon the first Summons, e'er you have laid a formal Siege——— To morrow may prove a luckier Day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam, Lovers are not to trust to morrow: Love may die upon our Hand, or Opportunity be wanting; 'tis best securing the present Hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it must have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickest, is commonly the strongest——— By this burning Kiss———

Trick. You Lovers are such froward Children, ever crying for the Breast; and, when you have once had it, fall fast asleep in the Nurse's Arms ——— And with what Face should I look upon my Keeper after it?

Wood. With the same Face that all Mistresses look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's no Argument, if I should be so base to tell; for Women get good Fortunes now-a-days, by losing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by Breaking.

Trick. But I'm so shame-fac'd! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Blushes. [*Exit*.

Wood. I'll not be long after you; for I think I have hidden my Blushes where I shall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trickfy.

Trick. As I live, Mr. *Limberham* and Father *Aldo* are just return'd; I saw 'em entring. My Settlement will miscarry, if you are found here: What shall we do?

Wood. Go you into your Bed-chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you should be so dull! their Suspicion will be as strong still; for what should make you here?

Wood. The curse on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; so that if I am seen, you are infallibly discover'd. [*Noise*.

Trick. Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Chest which I borrow'd of Mrs. *Pleasance*; get quickly into it, and I will lock

lock you up: There's nothing in't, but Cloaths of *Limberham*'s, and a Box of Writings.

Wood. I ſhall be ſmother'd.

Trick. Make haſte, for Heav'ns ſake; they'll quickly be gone, and then———

Wood. That then, will make a Man venture any thing.

[*He goes in, and ſhe locks the Cheſt.*

Enter Limberham *and* Aldo.

Limb. Doſt thou not wonder, to ſee me come again ſo quickly *Pug*?

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any fooliſh Freak of yours: I knew you would have a Qualm, when you came to Settlement.

Limb. Your Settlement depends moſt abſolutely on that Cheſt.

Trick. Father *Aldo*, a Word with you, for Heaven's ſake.

Aldo. No, no, I'll not whiſper: Do not ſtand in your own Light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Limb. Be not muſty, my pretty St. *Peter*, but produce the Keys; I muſt have the Writings out that concern thy Settlement.

Trick. Now I ſee you are ſo reaſonable, I'll ſhow you I dare truſt your Honeſty; the Settlement ſhall be defer'd till another Day.

Aldo. No deferring, in theſe Caſes, Daughter.

Trick. But I have loſt the Keys.

Limb. That's a Jeſt! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I muſt oblige thee.

Trick. You ſhall feel no where: I have felt already, and am ſure they are loſt.

Aldo. But feel again, the Lawyer ſtays.

Trick. Well, to ſatisfie you, I will feel——They are not here———Nor here neither.

[*She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it*; Limberham *takes 'em up.*

Limb. Look you now, *Pug!* who's in the Right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky *Pug*, in ſpight of thy ſelf.

Trick.

Trick. [*Aside.*] O, I am ruin'd! —— One Word, I beseech you, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. Not a Syllable: What's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open Son, open.

Trick. [*Aloud.*] It shall not be open'd; I will have my Will, though I lose my Settlement: Would I were within the Chest, I would hold it down to spight you: I say again, would I were within the Chest, I would hold it so fast, you should not open it. The best on't is, there's good Incle on the Top of the Inside, if he have the Wit to lay hold on't.

Limb. [*Going to open it.*] Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hictius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe in my Conscience, *Pug* can Conjure: Marry, God bless us all good Christians.

Aldo. Push hard, Son.

Limb. I cannot push; I was never good at pushing: When I push, I think the Devil pushes too. Well, I must let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug.*

Trick. [*Aside.*] Then all's safe again.

Enter Judith *and* Gervase.

Jud. Madam, Mrs *Pleasance* has sent for the Chest you borrowed of her. She has present Occasion for it, and has desir'd us to carry it away.

Limb. Well, that's but reason: If she must have it, she must have it.

Trick. Tell her, it shall be return'd some time to-day; at present we must crave her Pardon, because we have some Writings in it, which must first be taken out, when we can open it.

Limb. Nay, that's but reason too: Then she must not have it.

Gerv. Let me come to't; I'll break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Limb. That's true: 'Tis but reasonable it should be broken open.

Trick. Then I may be bound to make good the Loss.

Limb.

Limb. 'Tis unreasonable it should be broken open.

Aldo. Beforge *George*, *Gervase* and I will carry it away; and a Smith shall be sent for to my Daughter *Pleasance*'s Chamber, to open it without damage.

Limb. Why, who says against it? Let it be carry'd; I'm all for Reason.

Trick. Hold; I say it shall not stir.

Aldo. What? every one must have their own: *Fiat Justitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Limb. Ay, *fiat Justitia Pug*: She must have her own; for *Justitia* is *Latin* for Justice. [Aldo *and* Gerv. *lift at it.*

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Gerv. There's somewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis plaguy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. [*Taking hold of the Chest.*] Then you shall carry me too. Help, murder, murder.

[*A confus'd gabbling among 'em.*

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke loose among you. What, a Schism in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my House? What will the Ungodly say?

Limb. No matter for the Ungodly; this is all among our selves: For, look you, the Business is this. Mrs. *Pleasance* has sent for this same Business here, which she lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has some private Business within this Business, which she would take out first, and the Business will not be open'd: And this makes all the Business.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongst you; and I say———

Trick. I'll have no Judge: It shall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why Mrs. *Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am sober, I am discreet; let a Smith be sent for hither, let him break open the Chest; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be restor'd.

Limb. Now hear me too, for I am sober and discreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: It shall be so.

Trick. Well, to show I am reasonable, I am content, Mr. *Gervase* and I will fetch an Instrument from the next

next Smith; in the mean time, let the Chest remain where it now stands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Limb. That no Violence be offer'd to the Person of the Chest, in *Pug*'s Absence.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd,

Trick [*Aside.*] Now I shall have leisure to instruct his Man, and set him free, without Discovery. Come, Mr. *Gervase.* [*Exe. all but* Saintly.

Saint. There is a certain Motion put into my Mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Blacksmith, made me; and which will open any Lock of the same Bore: Verily, it can be no Sin to unlock this Chest therewith, and take from thence the Spoils of the Ungodly. I will satisfie my Conscience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; some to our Pastor, that he may prove it lawful; and some I will sanctifie to my own use.

[*She unlocks the Chest, and* Woodall *starts up.*

Wood. Let me imbrace you, my dear Deliverer! Bless us! is it you, Mrs *Saintly?* [*She shrieks.*

Saint. [*Shrieking.*] Heav'n, of his Mercy! Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy Wickedness, shall it be done unto thee. Have I discover'd thy Back slidings, thou unfaithful Man! thy Treachery to me shall be Rewarded, verily; for I will Testifie against thee.

Wood. Nay, since you are so Revengeful, you shall suffer your Part of the Disgrace; if you testifie against me for Adultery, I shall testifie against you for Theft: There's an Eighth for your Seventh. [*Noise.*

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: Return to my Imbraces, and it shall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake. Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to save all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake: but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter

Enter Trickſy *and* Limberham.

Trick. [*Entring.*] The Cheſt open, and *Woodall* diſcover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this ſhrieking, Mrs *Saintly?*

Wood. [*Ruſhing him down.*] Stop Thief, ſtop Thief! cry you Mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Limb. [*Riſing.*] 'Tis a fine Time to cry a Man Mercy, when you have beaten his Wind out of his Body.

Saint. As I watched the Cheſt, behold a Viſion ruſhed out of it, on the ſudden; and I lifted up my Voice, and ſhriek'd.

Limb. A Viſion, Landlady; what, have we *Gog* and *Magog* in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Cheſt.

Wood. Moſt certainly a Thief: For hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and met him running down Stairs; and then he turn'd back to the *Balcony*, and leapt into the Street.

Limb. I thought indeed that ſomething held down the Cheſt, when I would have open'd: ——— But my Writings are there ſtill; that's one Comfort ——— Oh *Seignoro*, are you here!

Wood. Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. *Woodall*, your new Fellow-lodger.

Limb. Cry you Mercy, Sir; I durſt have ſworn you could have ſpoken *Lingua Franca* ——— I thought in my Conſcience, *Pug*, this had been thy *Italian Merchanto*.

Wood. Sir, I ſee you miſtake me for ſome other: I ſhould be happy to be better known to you.

Limb. Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my *Hearto*. Before *George*, I was caught again there! But you are ſo very like a paltry Fellow, who came to ſell *Pug* Eſſences this Morning, that one would ſwear thoſe Eyes, and that Noſe and Mouth, belong'd to that Raſcal.

Wood. You muſt Pardon me, Sir, if I don't much reliſh the Cloſe of your Complement.

Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a Quarrel.)

Limb.

Limb. Not very like, I confess.

Trick. Their Nose and Mouth are quite different.

Limb. As *Pug* says, they are quite different indeed: But I durst have sworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *Pardono*.

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gervase* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleasance* may have her Chest. Please you, Sir, to bear us Company.

Wood. At your Service, Madam.

Limb. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis against my Will, Sir: But I must leave you in Possession. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly *and* Pleasance.

Pleas. NEver fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his Actions: He shall neither whisper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him such a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a Care of him your self; for surely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: He is a Wolf within the Sheepfold; and therefore I will be earnest, that you may not fall. [*Exit*.

Pleas. Why should my Mother be so inquisitive about this Lodger? I half suspect old *Eve* her self has a Mind to be nibling at the Pippin: He makes Love to one of 'em, I am confident; it may be both; for methinks I should have done so, if I had been a Man; but the damn'd Petticoats have perverted me to Honesty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He shuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I would deny him, I scorn he should not think me worth a civil Question.

Re-enter

Re-enter Woodall, *with* Trickſy, *Mrs.* Brainſick, Judith, *and Muſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Come, your Works, your Works; they ſhall have the Approbation of Mrs. *Pleaſance.*

Trick. No more Apologies: give *Judith* the Words; ſhe ſings at ſight.

Jud. I'll try my Skill.

A SONG from the *ITALIAN.*

By a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Damon *cry'd, all pale and dying,*
Kind is Death that ends my Pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
The Moſſy Fountains
Murmur my Trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My Groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languiſh;
She only ſcorns me,
Who caus'd my Anguiſh.
No Love returning me, but all Hope denying;
By a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Like a Swan, *ſo ſung he dying:*
Kind is Death that ends my Pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

Pleaſ. By theſe languiſhing Eyes, and thoſe *Simagres* of yours, we are given to underſtand, Sir, you have a Miſtreſs in this Company: Come, make a free diſcovery which of 'em your Poetry is to Charm; and put the other out of Pain.

Trick. No doubt 'twas meant to Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* We Wives are deſpicable Creatures: we know it, Madam, when a Miſtreſs is in preſence.

Pleaſ. Why this Ceremony betwixt you? 'Tis a likely proper Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Iſle of *Pines.*

Mrs. *Brain*. 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Schismatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleas. If I am not mistaken in you two, he has works of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as sharp as a Governour of *Covent-Garden*.

Wood. Sure this is not the phrase of your Family: I thought to have found a sanctify'd Sister; but I suspect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Pension in your Father's time, there might be some Gentleman-Lodger in the House; for I humbly conceive, you are of the half-strain at least.

Pleas. For all the rudeness of your Language, I am resolv'd to know upon what Voyage you are bound: you Privateer of Love, you *Argier*'s Man, that Cruise up and down for prize in the *Streights Mouth*; which of the Vessels wou'd you snap now?

Trick. We are both under safe Convoy, Madam: a Lover, and a Husband.

Pleas. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, I confess; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gamesters: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then push for themselves.

Wood. (*Aside*.) A Plague of her suspicions; they'll ruin me on that side.

Pleas. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-Garden* have her in the wind immediately: all pursue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-house, I hope!

Pleas. If they were wise, they wou'd rather go to a Brothel-house; for there most Mistresses have left behind 'em their Maiden-heads, of blessed memory: and those which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carry'd about by Bawds, and sold at Doors, like stale Flesh in Baskets. Then, for your honesty, or justness, as you call it, to your Keepers, your kept Mistress is originally a Punk; and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never so formally, she still retains her natural property of Mousing.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Brain*. You are very ſharp upon the Miſtreſſes; but I hope you'll ſpare the Wives.

Pleaſ. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the firſt Month of Marriage; but you requite their negligence in Houſhold-duties, by making them Husbands of the firſt Head, e're the Year be over.

Wood. [*Aſide*] She has me there too!

Pleaſ. And, as for you young Gallant,

Wood. Hold, I beſeech you, a Truce for me.

Pleaſ. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a moſt difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art; if you bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

Wood. Ladies, I am ſorry this ſhou'd happen to you for my ſake: ſhe's in a raging Fit, you ſee; 'tis beſt withdrawing, till the Spirit of Prophecy has left her.

Trick. I'll take ſhelter in my Chamber,——whither, I hope, he'll have the grace to follow me. [*Aſide*.

Mrs. *Brain*. And, now I think on't, I have ſome Letters to diſpatch. [*Ex*. Trick. *and Mrs*. Brain. *ſeverally*.

Pleaſ. Now, good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to beſtow your time? Away, to your Study I adviſe you, invoke your Muſes, and make *Madrigals* upon abſence.

Wood. I wou'd go to *China* or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours: Farewel, thou Legion of Tongues in one Woman.

Pleaſ. Will you not ſtay, Sir? it may be I have a little buſineſs with you.

Wood. Yes, the ſecond part of the ſame Tune! Strike by your ſelf, ſweet Larum; you're true Bell-mettal, I warrant you. [*Exit*.

Pleaſ. This Spightfulneſs of mine will be my Ruin: To rail them off, was well enough; but to talk him away too! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curſe to all our Sex!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd ſpeak with you.

Pleaſ. I will not come: I'm mad I think: I come immediately. Well, I'll go in, and vent my Paſſion, by railing at them, and him too. [*Exit*.

Jud. You may enter in safety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter Woodall.

Wood. Nothing, but the love I bear thy Mistress, cou'd keep me in the house with such a Fury. When will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

Wood. That I cou'd find her coming, Mrs. *Judith!*

Enter Mrs. Brainsick.

You have made me languish in Expectation, Madam. Was it nothing, do you think, to be so near a Happiness, with violent Desires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. *Brain*. Is it nothing, do you think, for a Woman of Honour, to overcome the tyes of Virtue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I shou'd never have ventur'd for the sake of any Man?

Wood. But my comfort is, that Love has overcome. Your Honour is, in other words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: for the Fountain of a Woman's Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. *Brain*. You had concluded well, if you had been my Husband: you know where our Subjection lies.

Wood. But cannot I be yours, without a Priest? They were cunning People, doubtless, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: that no Pleasure here, or hereafter shou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

Mrs. *Brain*. Well, I'm resolv'd, I'll read, against the next time I see you; for the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while, farewel.

Wood. I stand corrected; you have reason indeed to go, if I can use my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you please, and dispute the rest within.

Mrs. *Brain*. Perhaps, I meant not so.

Wood. I understand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith?*

Mrs. *Brain*. Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to Morrow: The Truth is, he's so odly humour'd,

mour'd, that, if I were ill-inclin'd, it wou'd half justifie a Woman: He's such a kind of Man.

Wood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him such a kind of Man.

Mrs. *Brain.* So Fantastical, so Musical, his Talk all Rapture, and half Nonsense: Like a Clock out of order, set him a going, and he strikes eternally. Besides, he thinks me such a Fool, that I cou'd half resolve to revenge my self, in justification of my Wit.

Wood. Come, come, no half Resolutions among Lovers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you fully. Go out, and watch, *Judith.* [*Exit* Judith.

Mrs. *Brain.* Yet, I cou'd say, in my Defence, that my Friends married me to him against my Will.

Wood. Then let us put your Friends too, into the Quarrel: it shall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith *again, hastily.*

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. *Brain.* Can'st thou not speak? hast thou seen a Ghost?——

As I live, she signs Horns! that must be for my Husband: He's return'd.

[Judith *looks ghastly, and signs Horns.*

Jud. I wou'd have told you so, if I cou'd have spoken for fear.

Mrs. *Brain.* Hark, a knocking! what shall we do?

[*Knocking.*]

There's no dallying in this case: here you must not be found, that's certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within mine; haste quickly thither; I'll secure the rest.

Jud. Follow me, Sir. [*Ex.* Woodall, Judith.

Knocking again She opens: Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded from my own Fortress; and by the way of Barricado? Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were some base *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my Foot assaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not so terrible as the Strokes: Brazen Gates shall tremble, and Bolts of Adamant dismount from off their Hinges, to admit me.

Mrs. *Brain.* Who wou'd have thought that 'nown Dear wou'd have come so soon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a' me, and buss, poor Dear, piddee buss.

Brain. I nauseate these foolish Feats of Love.

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, but why shou'd he be so fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear so long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll ky.

Brain. Prethee leave thy fulsom Fondness; I have surfeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. *Brain.* I thought so; some light Huswife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, so I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luscious Air forming, like a *Pallas*, in my Brain-pan: and now thou com'st a-cross my Fancy, to disturb the rich Ideas, with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealousie. [*Noise within.*]
Hark, what Noise is that within, about *Judith*'s Bed?

Mrs. *Brain.* I believe, Dear, she's making it.——
Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark, again!

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aside.*] I have a dismal apprehension in my Head, that he's giving my Maid a cast of his Office, in my stead. O, how it stings me! [Woodall *sneezes.*]

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reason of this Tumult.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*holding him.*] Not for the World: there may be a Thief there; and shou'd I put 'nown Dear in danger of his Life?——
What shall I do? betwixt the jealousie of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am distracted: I must not venture'em together, whate'er comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I say! Come forth, Damsel.

Wood. [*within.*] The Danger's over: I may come out safely.

Jud. [*within.*] Are you mad? you sha' not.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aside.*] So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who-e'er thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; t' dreadful *Brainsick* bares his brawny Arm in tearing terrour;

terrour; kneeling Queens in vain shou'd beg thy Being.— Sa, sa, there.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aside.*] Tho' I believe he dares not venture in; yet I must not put it to the Tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Huswife.

Enter Judith, *trembling.*

What Villain have you hid within?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what shall I say?

Mrs. *Brain.* How shou'd I know what you shou'd say? Mr. *Brainsick* has heard a Man's Voice within; if you know what he makes there, confess the Truth; I am almost dead with Fear. and he stands shaking.

Brian. Terrour, I! 'tis Indignation shakes me. With this Sabre I'll slice him small as Atoms; he shall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud. [*kneeling.*] My Master's so outragious, sweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private. [*Whispers.*]

If I say it is a Thief, he'll call up help; I know not what o'th' sudden to invent.

Mrs. *Brain.* Let me alone.— And is this all? why wou'd you not confess it before, *Judith?* when you know I am an indulgent Mistress [*Laughs.*]

Brain. What has she confess'd?

Mrs. *Brain.* A venial Love-Trespass, Dear: 'Tis a Sweetheart of hers; one that is to marry her; and she was unwilling I shou'd know it, so she hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter trow? what, in Martial posture, Son *Brainsick*?

Jud. Pray, Father *Aldo*, do you beg my pardon of my Master: I have committed a Fault; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friend's Consent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou should'st think to keep this Secret! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*aside.*] Heav'n be prais'd, for this Knower of all things: Now will he lie three or four rapping Voluntiers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Know 'em! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter; as honeſt a Woman as ever broke Bread: She and I have been Cater-Couſins in our Youth; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain. An honeſt Woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! thoſe are inconſiſtent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. *Brain*. He blunders; I muſt help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were ſo great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and ſo it was: for ſhe had the prettieſt black Mole upon her left Ancle, it does me good to think on't! His Father was Squire what d' you call him, of what d' you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith*? do I know him now?

Jud. I ſuppoſe you may be miſtaken: my Servant's Father is a Knight of *Hamſhire*.

Aldo. I meant of *Hamſhire*. But that I ſhou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am ſure he ſent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you muſt excuſe me: I muſt not diſcloſe little *Judith*'s Secrets.

Mrs. *Brain*. All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we muſt let him out in ſecret; for I believe the young Fellow is ſo baſhful, he wou'd not willingly be ſeen.

Jud. The beſt way will be, for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and ſo I can convey him out.

Aldo. [*Giving her a Key*.] Do ſo, Daughter. Not a word of my Familiarity with his Mother, to prevent Blood-ſhed betwixt us: but I have her Name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kiſs and tell, Father *Aldo*; kiſs and tell! [*Exit*.

Mrs. *Brain*. I'll go and paſs an hour with Mrs. *Trickſy*. [*Exit*.

Enter

Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the lusty Lover *Limberham!*

Enter Woodall *at another Door.*

Aldo. O here's a *Mounsieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I must endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Battist*? I long for some of his new Compositions in the last *Opera*. *A propo!* I have had the most happy Invention this Morning, and a Tune trouling in my Head; I rise immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes slap dash, made Words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if S. *Andre* would make steps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you shall see, you shall see. But first the Air.—— [*Sings.*] Is't not very fine? Ha, *Messieurs!*

Lim. The close of it is the most ravishing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What say you, Sir? [*To Wood.*] Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

Wood. Most delicate *Cadence!*

Brain. Gad, I think so, without vanity. *Battist* and I have but one Soul. But the close, the close! [*Sings it thrice over.*] I have Words too upon the Air; but I am naturally so bashful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I sing too *en Cavalier*: but——

Lim. But you wou'd be entreated, and say, *Nolo, nolo, nolo*, three times, like any Bishop, when your Mouth waters at the Diocese.

Brain. I have no Voice; but, since this Gentleman commands me, let the Words commend themselves. [*Sings.*

My Phyllis *is Charming*——

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuſe a *Phillis*! There have been ſo many *Phillis*'s in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a Man ſhou'd liſten to a Fop! [*Sings*.]
My Phillis———

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other ſide: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis*.

Brain. Yet again! — My *Phillis* —— [*Sings*.]

Lim. Pray, for my ſake, let it be your *Chloris*.

Brain. [*Looking ſcornfully at him*,] My *Phillis*—[*Sings*.]

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba*.

Brain. *Morbleau!* will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis*. [*Sings*.] My *Phillis*. ——

Lim. Nay, I confeſs, *Phillis* is a very pretty Name.

Brain. *Diable!* Now I will not ſing to ſpight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have Courage, and make no inconſiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my Pretenſions to all theſe, rather than not be Author of this Sonnet, which your Rudeneſs has irrevocably loſt.

Lim. Some fooliſh *French quelque choſe*, I warrant you.

Brain. *Quelque choſe!* O Ignorance, in ſupreme Perfection! he means a *kek ſhoſe*.

Lim. Why, a *kek ſhooes* let it be then! And a *kek ſhooes* for your Song.

Brain. I give to the Devil ſuch a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as ſoon be the Elephant, as a Wit; he's leſs a Monſter in this Age of Malice. I cou'd burn my Sonnet, out of rage.

Lim. You may uſe your pleaſure with your own.

Wood. His Friends wou'd not ſuffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids*.

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your Approbation: [*Aſide to Woodall*] You ſee this Fellow? he's an Aſs already; he has a handſom Miſtreſs, and you ſhall make an Ox of him, e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it ſhall be done.

Lim. Hark you, Mr. *Woodall*; this fool *Brainſick* grows inſupportable; he's a publick Nuſance; but I ſcorn to ſet my

my Wit against him: He has a pretty Wife: I say no more, but if you do not graff him ——

Wood. A Word to the Wife: I shall consider him, for your sake.

Limb. Pray do, Sir: Consider him much.

Wood. Much is the Word —— This Fewd makes well for me. [*Aside*.

Brain. to Wood. I'll give you the Opportunity, and rid you of him —— Come away, little *Limberham*; you, and I, and Father *Aldo*, will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Limb. Yes, we'll come after you, Bully *Brainsick*: But I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, *Bilbo* shall be left behind.

Limb. Nay, nay, leave but your *Madrigal* behind: Draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [*Exit* Brain.

Enter Trickſy, *and Mrs*. Brainsick, *with a Note for each*.

Wood. [*Aside*.] Both together! either of 'em apart, had been my Business: But I shall ne'er play well at this three-hand Game.

Limb. O, *Pug*, how have you been passing of your Time?

Trick. I have been looking over the last Present of *Orange* Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the Scent —— O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring those you wear from *Paris*?

Wood. Mine are *Roman*, Madam.

Trick. The Scent I love, of all the World. Pray let me see 'em.

Mrs. Brain. Nay, not both, good Mrs. *Trickſy*; for I love that Scent as well as you.

Wood. [*Pulling 'em off, and giving each one*.] I shall find two Dozen more of Womens Gloves among my Trifles, if you please to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we shall expect 'em —— Now to put in my Billet *doux*!

Mrs. Brain, So, now I have the Opportunity to thrust in my Note.

Trick.

Trick. Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too ſtrong for me.

Mrs. Brain. Pray take the other to't; though I ſhould have kept it for a Pawn.

[*Mrs.* Brainſick's *Note falls out,* Limb. *takes it up.*

Limb. What have we here? For Mr. *Woodall.*

Both Women. Hold, hold, Mr. *Limberham.* [*They ſnatch it.*

Aldo. Before *George,* Son *Limberham,* you ſhall read it.

Wood. By your Favour, Sir, but he muſt not.

Trick. He'll know my Hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. Brain. Oh, my Misfortune! Mr. *Woodall,* will you ſuffer your Secrets to be diſcover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em, that's certain—— Mr. *Limberham,* I muſt deſire you to reſtore this Letter; 'tis from my Miſtreſs.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he confeſs?

Wood. This Paper was ſent me from her this Morning; and I was ſo fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: If one of the Ladies had found it there, I ſhould have been laugh'd at moſt unmercifully.

Mrs. Brain. That's well come off!

Limb. My Heart was at my Mouth, for fear it had been *Pug*'s--- [*Aſide.*] There 'tis again——Hold, hold; pray let me ſee't once more: A Miſtreſs, ſaid you?

Aldo. Yes, a Miſtreſs, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Miſtreſs, and a fair one too.

Limb. Do you know it, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. Know it! I know the Match is as good as made already: Old *Woodall* and I, are all one. You, Son, were ſent for over on purpoſe; the Articles for her Jointure are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Limb. Nay, if Father *Aldo* knows it, I am ſatisfy'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son *Woodall?* let me examine you.

Wood. Came by it! (Pox, he has *non-plus'd* me!) How do you ſay I came by it, Father *Aldo?*

Aldo. Why, there's it, now. This Morning I met your Miſtreſs's Father, Mr. you know who——

Wood. Mr. who, Sir?

Aldo. Nay, you ſhall excuſe me for that; but we are intimate: His Name begins with ſome Vowel or Conſonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, ſuperſcrib'd, *For Mr.* Woodall.

Limb. Before *George*, and ſo it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son *Woodall*; 'tis from my Daughter ſuch a one, and then whiſper'd me her Name.

Wood. Let me ſee; I'll read it once again.

Limb. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

Wood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Miſtreſs, a thouſand times.

Trick. Ay, two thouſand, if he be in the Humour.

Wood. Two thouſand! then it muſt be hers. [*Reads to himſelf*.] Away, to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the ſlip———(The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but commonly the Keeper is the greater. Humh! without Subſcription! it muſt be *Trickſy*.) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brainſick* walk too long alone: Shall we follow him? We muſt make haſte; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber-full of Temptation this Afternoon: 'Tis my Day of Audience.

Limb. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you remember? [*Exeunt* Limb. *and* Aldo.

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies, your Servant; I have a little private Buſineſs with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. Brain. Meaning me———Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt ſeverally*.

SCENE II. *Mr.* Woodall's *Chamber*.

Enter Mrs. Brainſick *alone*.

Mrs. Brain. My Note has taken, as I wiſh'd: He will be here immediately. If I could but reſolve to loſe no time, out of Modeſty; but 'tis his Part to be Violent, for both our Credits. Never ſo little force and ruffling, and

and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. [*Noise.*] Hark, I hear him coming————Ah me! the Steps beat double: He comes not alone: If it ſhould be my Husband with him! where ſhall I hide my ſelf? I ſee no other place, but under his Bed: I muſt lye as ſilently, as my Fear will ſuffer me. Heav'n ſend me ſafe again to my own Chamber. [*Creeps under the Bed.*

Enter Woodall *and* Trickſy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the laſt is favourable, and now you are my Priſoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an Hour, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall have my Liberty upon eaſie Terms. But pray let us Parley a little firſt.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then. Pleaſe you to ſit?

Trick. No matter where: I am never the nearer to your wicked Purpoſe. But you Men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters; therefore you muſt ſwear, in the firſt Place————

Wood. Nay, no Conditions: The Fortreſs is reduc'd to Extremity; and you muſt yield upon Diſcretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood. I kiſs the Book upon't. [*Kiſſes her. Mrs.* Brain. *pinches him from underneath the Bed.*] Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus, I ſhall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you: But you are apt, I ſee, to take any Occaſion of gathering up more cloſe to me. Next, you ſhall not ſo much as look on Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Wood. Have you done? theſe Covenants are ſo tedious!

Trick. Nay, but ſwear then.

Wood. I do promiſe, I do ſwear, I do any thing. [*Mrs.* Brain. *runs a Pin into him*] Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Catter-wauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I would not hurt you for the World. Come, you ſhall ſee how well I love you— [*Kiſſes him: Mrs.* Brain. *pricks her.*] Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed. [*Both riſe up.*

Wood. I'll ſee what's the matter in't.

Saint.

Saint. [*Within*.] Mr. *Woodall*, where are you, verily?

Wood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady: Here, hide your ſelf behind the Curtains, while I run to the Door to ſtop her Entry.

Trick. Neceſſity has no Law; I muſt be patient.

[*She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In ſadneſs, Gentleman, I can hold no longer: I will not keep your wicked Counſel, how you were lock'd up in the Cheſt; for it lyes heavy upon my Conſcience, and out it muſt, and ſhall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's your Witneſs?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my Witneſs.

Wood. That's your Witneſs too, that you would have allur'd me to Lewdneſs, have ſeduc'd a hopeful young Man, as I am; you wou'd have intic'd Youth: Mark that, *Beldam*.

Saint. I care not; my ſingle Evidence is enough to Mr. *Limberham*; he will believe me, that thou burn'ſt in unlawful Luſt to his beloved: So thou ſhalt be an Outcaſt from my Family.

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'ſt Feloniouſly unlock that Cheſt, with wicked Intentions of purloining: So thou ſhalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to Satan.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to Cloath him; for it is a judg'd Caſe amongſt us, that a marry'd Woman may ſteal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'ſt attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou mayeſt.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the Gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou haſt kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and diſcover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths. [*Going.*

Wood.

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not ſo faſt; let me have time to conſider on't; I may mollifie, for Fleſh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premiſes.

Saint. Oh, on the ſudden, I feel my ſelf exceeding Sick! Oh! oh!

Wood. Get you quickly to your Cloſet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for ſick People. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no farther.

Wood. But you ſhall, verily: I will thruſt you down, out of pure Pity.

Saint. Oh, my Eyes grow dim! my Heart quops, and my Back aketh! here I will lay me down, and reſt me.

[*Throws her ſelf ſuddenly down upon the Bed*; Trickſy *ſhrieks, and riſes: Mrs.* Brainſick *riſes from under the Bed in a Fright.*

Wood. So! here's a fine Buſineſs! my whole *Seraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, ſo; if Providence had not ſent me hither, what Folly had been this Day committed!

Trick. Oh the old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your pious Documents: Did we not, Mrs. *Brainſick?*

Mrs. Brain. Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both teſtifie againſt her.

Wood. I have nothing to ſay for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me Witneſs. If a ſober Man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her——

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainſick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked Purpoſe, we both agreed to Trap her in it.

Mrs. Brain. And now ſhe would ſcape her ſelf, accuſing us! but let us both conclude to caſt an Infamy upon her Houſe, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. *Woodall*, intercede for me, or I ſhall be ruin'd.

Wood. Well, for once, I'll be Good-natur'd, and try my Intereſt. Pray, Ladies, for my ſake, let this Buſineſs go no farther.

Trick.

Trick. & Mrs. Brain. You may command us.

Wood. For, look you, the Offence was properly to my Person; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Mistress *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your Life: I speak like a Christian, as one that tenders the Welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will consider.

Wood. Why, that's well said——[*Aside.*] Gad, and so must I too; for my People is dissatisfy'd, and my Government in danger: But this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo *and* Geoffery.

Aldo. DIspatch, *Geoffery*, dispatch: The Out-lying Punks will be upon us, e'er I am in a Readiness to give Audience. Is the Office well provided?

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: Some *Doily* Petticoats, and Manto's we have; and half a dozen Pair of lac'd Shooes, bought from Court at second Hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of Whores: They'll think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carry'd on, with such a miserable Stock!

Geof. I hear a Coach already stopping at the Door.

Aldo. Well, somewhat in Ornament for the Body, somewhat in Counsel for the Mind; one thing must help out another, in this bad World: Whoring must go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, *and her Daughter* Pru.

Mrs. Over. Ask Blessing, *Pru:* He's the best Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bless thee, and make thee a substantial, thriving Whore. Have your Mother in your Eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good Example: How old are you, *Pru?* hold up your Head, Child.

Pru.

Pru. Going o'my Sixteen, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. And you have been initiated but these two Years: Loss of Time, loss of precious Time. Mrs. *Overdon*, how much have you made of *Pru*, since she has been Man's Meat?

Mrs. Over. A very small Matter, by my Troth; considering the Charges I have been at in her Education: Poor *Pru* was born under an unlucky Planet; I despair of a Coach for her. Her first Maiden-head brought me in but little: The weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the Price so low; I held her at an hundred Guineas, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he would not rise.

Aldo. A Pox of his unlucky Handsel: He can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Pru. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father: He's the filthiest old Goat; and then he comes every Day to our House, and eats out his thirty Guineas; and at three Months end, he threw me off.

Mrs. Over. And since then, the poor Child has dwindled, and dwindled away: Her next Maiden-head brought me but ten; and from ten she fell to five; and at last to a single Guinea: She has no luck to keeping; they all leave her, the more my Sorrow.

Aldo. We must get her a Husband then in the City; they bite rarely at a stale Whore o'this end o'th' Town, new furbish'd up in a tawdry Manteau.

Mrs. Over. No: Pray let her try her Fortune a little longer in the World first: By my Troth, I should be loth to be at all this cost, in her *French*, and her Singing, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

Aldo. Before *George*, there can come no good of your Swearing, Mrs. *Overdon*: Say your Prayers, *Pru*, and go duly to Church o'*Sundays*, you'll thrive the better all the Week. Come, have a good Heart, Child; I'll keep thee my self: Thou shalt do my little Business; and I'll find thee an able young Fellow to do thine.

Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter *Pad*; you are welcome: What, you have perform'd the last Christian Office to your Keeper; I

saw

ſaw you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn*. Have you had never a Buſineſs ſince his Death?

Mrs. *Pad*. No indeed, Father; never ſince Execution-day: the Night before, we lay together moſt lovingly in *Newgate*: and the next Morning he lift up his Eyes, and prepar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been a going for a Purſe.

Aldo. You are a ſorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*; but I'll take care of you: *Geoffery*, ſee her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the Flower'd *Juſtacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

Mrs. *Pad*. Cou'd you not help to prefer me, Father?

Aldo. Let me ſee! let me ſee! Before *George*, I have it, and it comes as pat too! Go me to the very Judge who ſate upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent old Magiſtrate, and keeps admirably: I ſaw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's ſweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. *Term*. O Father, I think I ſhall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violenteſt Temper, Daughter *Termagant!* when had you a buſineſs laſt?

Mrs. *Term*. The laſt I had was with young *Caſter*, that Son of a Whore Gameſter: he brought me to Taverns, to draw in young *Cullies*, while he bubled 'em at Play: and when he had pick'd up a conſiderable Sum, and ſhou'd divide, the Cheating Dog wou'd ſink my Share, and ſwear, *Dam him, he won nothing*.

Aldo. Unconſcionable Villain, to cozen you in your own Calling!

Mrs. *Term*. When he loſes upon the Square, he comes home *Zoundzing* and *Blooding*; firſt beats me unmercifully, and then ſqueezes me to the laſt Penny: he has us'd me ſo, that Gad forgive me, I cou'd almoſt forſwear my Trade: the Rogue ſtarves me too: he made me keep *Lent* laſt Year till *Whitſontide*, and out-fac'd me with Oaths, it was but *Eaſter*. And what mads me moſt, I carry

carry a Bastard of the Rogue's in my Belly: and now he turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. *Over*. Lord, how it quops! you are half a Year gone, Madam—— [*Laying her Hand on her Belly.*

Mrs. *Term*. I feel the young Rascal kicking already, like his Father —— Oh, there's an Elbow thrusting out: I think in my Conscience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly; and practising for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. *Geoffery*, set her down in the Register, that I may provide her a Mid-wife, and a Dry and Wet Nurse: when you are up again, as Heav'n send you a good hour, we'll pay him off at Law i'faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. *Term*. Yes, I have a Note under his Hand for 200 *l*.

Aldo. A Note under's Hand! that's a Chip in Porridge; 'tis just nothing. Look, *Geoffrey*, to the Figure 12. for old Half-shirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. *Hack*. O, Madam *Termagant*, are you here! Justice, Father *Aldo*, Justice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter *Hackney*?

Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yesterday she inveigled my own natural *Cully* from me, a marry'd Lord, and made him false to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's my Lord now, and though you call him Fool, 'tis well known he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read a Play in all your Life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and so I'll kep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the best of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and so, much good may do you with my *Cully*, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord's Son and Heir by Mr. *Caster*: but henceforward, to preserve Peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you shall ply no more in my Daughter *Hackney*'s Quarters: you shall have the City, from *White-Chappel* to *Temple-Bar*, and she shall have

ave to *Covent-Garden* downwards: At the Play-houses, she all ply the *Boxes*, because she has the better Face; and you shall have the *Pit*, because you can prattle best out of a *Vizor-Mask*.

Mrs. *Pad*. Then all Friends, and Confederates: Now let's have Father *Aldo*'s delight, and so *Adjourn the House*.

Aldo. Well said, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and sing like *Nightingales*, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage, I say; as long as the merry Pence hold out, you shall none of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will swinge you all! down, you little Jades, and worship him; 'tis the *Genius* of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went every Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of the Church Militant! Whores of all sorts; Forkers and Ruin-tail'd: now come I gingling in with my Bells, and fly at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn, ravish, and destroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when he burnt Persepolis: *tue, tue, tue; point de quartier*.

[*He runs in amongst 'em, and they scuttle about the Room.*

Enter Saintly, Pleasance, Judith, *with Broom-sticks*.

Saint. What, in the midst of *Sodom!* O thou lewd young Man! My Indignation boils over against these Harlots; and thus I sweep 'em from out my Family.

Plea. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

Aldo. O spare my Daughters, Mrs. *Saintly*: sweet Mrs. *Pleasance*, spare my Flesh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the Door open, and help to secure the Retreat, Father: there's no pitty to be expected.

[*The Whores run out, follow'd by* Saintly, Pleasance, *and* Judith.

Aldo. Welladay, welladay! one of my Daughters is big with Bastard, and she laid at her *Gascoins* most unmercifully! every Stripe she had, I felt it: the first fruit of Whoredom is irrecoverably lost!

Wood.

Wood. Make haste, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious Business which calls me first another way: the Rogue, my Son, is certianly come over; he has been seen in Town four days ago!

Wood. 'Tis impossible: I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his old Man *Giles*, this very Morning, in quest of me; and *Giles* assur'd him, his Master is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street! how knows he that?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it: and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make such an Example of my Reprobate! [*Exit* Aldo.

Wood. If *Giles* be discover'd, I am undone! Why, *Gervase*, where are you, Sirrah! Hey, hey!

Enter Gervase.

Run quickly to that betraying Rascal *Giles*, a Rogue, who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his Hands, and under-sell him: Command him strictly to mew himself up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders: and in Case he be refractory, let him know, I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worship, you have always been liberal of your Hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deserv'd it.

Ger. I will not say who has better deserv'd it, of my old Master.

Wood. Away, old *Epictetus*, about your Business, and leave your musty Morals, or I shall———

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own Wisdom so far, as to suffer for it. Rest you merry: I'll do my best, and Heav'n mend all. [*Exit*.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the Zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Persecution: *Diocletian*, and *Julian* the *Apostate*, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old *Geneva* Testament: thou art a part of the Ceremonial

Ceremonial Law, and haſt been aboliſh'd theſe twenty Years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir; I am privy to your Plots: I'll diſcover 'em to Mr. *Limberham*, and make the Houſe too hot for you.

Wood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I ſee!

Saint. I can, I can, Sir; and in the Language of the Fleſh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Deſpair: you muſt, and ſhall be mine, this Night.

Wood. The very Ghoſt of Queen *Dido* in the Ballad.

Saint. Delay no longer, or———

Wood. Or! you will not ſwear, I hope?

Saint. *Uds Niggers*, but I will; and that ſo loud, that Mr. *Limberham* ſhall hear me.

Wood. *Uds Niggers*, I confeſs, is a very dreadful Oath: you cou'd lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can ſwear ſuch Rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you ſhall be ſatisfi'd, to the utmoſt Farthing: to Night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to Morrow———

Wood. All ſhall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of *Clary*, the *Weſtphalia* Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we ſhall ſee what may be done: what an old Woman muſt not be caſt away. [*Chucks her.*

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

Wood. Nay, no relapſing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how ſhe weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.

Saint. You wi' not fail?

Wood. Doſt thou think I have no compaſſion for thy grey Hairs? Away, away; our Love may be diſcover'd: we muſt avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim.

[*Exit* Saintly.

They are all now at *Ombre*; and *Brainſick's* Maid has promis'd to ſend her Miſtreſs up.

Enter Pleaſance.

That Fury here again!

Pleaſ.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide*] I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm reſolv'd on't, and ſpeak kindly to him.—What, alone, Sir! If my Company be not troubleſome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may ſafely truſt her ſelf with a Man of ſuch Proweſs, in Love affairs——It wonnot be.

Wood. So! there's one Broad-ſide already: I muſt ſhear off. [*Aſide.*

Pleaſ. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold ſcent; but, at laſt, you have hit it off, it ſeems! Now for a fair view at the Wife or Miſtreſs! up the Wind, and away with it: Heigh *Jouler!*—— I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

Wood. Your Servant, your Servant, Madam: I am in a little haſte at preſent. [*Going.*

Pleaſ. Pray reſolve me firſt, for which of 'em you lie in Ambuſh: for, methinks, you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the Web is ſpread, and, who ever comes, Sir *Cranion* ſtands ready to dart out, hale her in, and ſhed his Venom.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] But ſuch a terrible Waſp, as ſhe, will ſpoil the Snare, if I durſt tell her ſo.

Pleaſ. 'Tis unconſcionably done of me, to debar you the Freedom and Civilities of the Houſe. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at ſo dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain! —— Miſchief on me, what needed I have ſaid that? [*Aſide.*

Wood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady.

Pleaſ. Pray ſtay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

Wood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you firſt.

Pleaſ. O, I find it now; you are going to ſet up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the ſpeedy Cure of diſtreſſed Widows, old Ladies, and languiſhing Maids in the Green-ſickneſs: a Sovereign Remedy.

Wood. That laſt, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualify'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleaſ. I am in the humour of giving you good Counſel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and

and to a witty Man, as you think your ſelf, that's nauſeous: The Miſtreſs has fed upon a Fool ſo long, ſhe's Carrion too, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a Ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord Mayor's Pack had been before you in the Morning?

Wood. I had rather ſit five hours at one of his greaſy Feaſts, than hear you talk.

Pleaſ. Your two Miſtreſſes keep both Shop and Warehouſe; and what they cannot put off in Groſs, to the Keeper and the Husband, they ſell by Retail to the next Chance-cuſtomer. Come, are you edify'd?

Wood. I'm conſidering how to thank you for your Homily: and to make a ſober Application of it, you may have ſome laudable Deſign your ſelf in this Advice.

Pleaſ. Meaning, ſome ſecret Inclination to that amiable Perſon of yours?

Wood. I confeſs, I am vain enough to hope it: for why ſhou'd you remove the two Diſhes, but to make me fall more hungrily on the third?

Pleaſ. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of *Honour*——

Wood. Paw, paw! that Word *Honour* has almoſt turn'd my Stomach: it carries a villanous interpretation of Matrimony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be content to deal with you, as the Church does with the Heads of your Fanaticks, offer you a luſty Benefice to ſtop your Mouth; if fifty Guineas, and a Courteſie more worth, will win you.

Pleaſ. Out upon thee! fifty Guineas! Doſt thou think I'll ſell my ſelf? and at a Play-houſe price too? When ever I go, I go all together: no cutting from the whole Piece; he who has me, ſhall have the fag end with the reſt, I warrant him. Be ſatisfi'd, thy Sheers ſhall never enter into my Cloth. But, look to thy ſelf, thou impudent *Belſwagger*: I'll be reveng'd; I will. [*Exit.*

Wood. The Maid will give warning, that's my Comfort; for ſhe is brib'd on my ſide. I have another kind of Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two; but a Fanatick's Daughter, and the Nooſe of Matrimony, are ſuch intolerable Terms! O, here ſhe comes, who will ſell me better cheap?

Enter Mrs. Brainſick.

Mrs. *Brain.* How now, Sir? what Impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

Wood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred Man, to return your Viſit.

Mrs. *Brain.* If I cou'd have imagin'd how baſe a Fellow you had been, you ſhou'd not then have been troubled with my Company.

Wood. How cou'd I gueſs, that you intended me the Favour, without firſt acquainting me?

Mrs. *Brain.* Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more Obligation to you, or more Hazard to my ſelf, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

Wood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mrs. *Trickſy.*

Mrs. *Brain.* You wiſh'd it ſo; which made you ſo eaſily believe it. I heard the pleaſant Dialogue betwixt you.

Wood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but obſerve, with how much care I avoided all Occaſions of railing at you; to which ſhe urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as ſhe was.

Mrs. *Brain.* By the ſame token, you vow'd and ſwore never to look on Mrs. *Brainſick!*

Wood. But I had my Mental Reſervations in a Readineſs. I had vow'd Fidelity to you before; and there went my ſecond Oath, i'faith: it vaniſh'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conſcience in the leaſt.

Mrs. *Brain.* Well, I ſhall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. [*Within*] Mr. *Brainſick,* Mr. *Brainſick,* what do you mean, to make my Lady loſe her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. *Brain.* My Husband, as I live! Well, for all my Quarrel to you, I ſtep immediately into that little dark Cloſet: 'tis for my private Occaſions; there's no Lock, but he wi'not ſtay.

Wood. Thus am I ever tantaliz'd? [*Goes in.*

Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave? the property of all your Pleaſures? Shall I, the Lord and Maſter

Maſter of your Life, become ſubſervient; and the noble Name of Husband be diſhonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal —

Mrs. *Brain*. My dear, I am coming to do my Duty. I did but go up a little, (I whiſper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one Univerſal Ordure, a Nuſance, and Incumbrance of that Majeſtick Creature, Man: yet I my ſelf am mortal too, Nature's Neceſſities have call'd me up; produce your Utenſil of Urine.

Mrs. *Brain*. 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were pav'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every ſtep of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. *Brain*. Then my ſteps, which are not ſo precious, ſhall be imploy'd for you: I'll call up *Judith*.

Brain. I will not dance Attendance. At the preſent, your Cloſet ſhall be honour'd.

Mrs. *Brain*. O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive ſuch a Man as you are.

Brain. Nature preſſes; I am in haſte.

Mrs. *Brain*. He muſt be diſcover'd, and I unavoidably undone! [*Aſide*.

[Brainſick *goes to Door, and* Woodall *meets him: She ſhrieks out*.

Brain. Mounſieur *Woodall!*

Wood. Sir, be gone, and make no noiſe, or you'll ſpoil all.

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean, in the name of Wonder?

Wood. [*Taking him Aſide*] Hark you, Mr. *Brainſick*, is the Devil in you, that you and your Wife come hither, to diſturb my Intrigue, which you your ſelf ingag'd me in, with Mrs. *Trickſy*, to revenge you on *Limberham*? Why, I had made an Appointment with her here; but, hearing ſome-body come up I retir'd into the Cloſet, till I was ſatisfi'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lye in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Miſtreſs?

Mrs. Brain. I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this Place: Mr. *Limberham* is the *Mogol* of the next Manſion.

Wood. Though I am a Stranger in the Houſe, 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be ſo much miſtaken: I ſay, this is *Limberham*'s Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a Wager of ten Pounds that you are not miſtaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who ſhall be Judge?

Wood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, becauſe ſhe knows not on which ſide you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: whoſe Lodgings are theſe? who is Lord, and Grand Seignior of 'em?

Mrs. Brain. [*Aſide.*] Oh, goes it there?——Why ſhou'd you ask me ſuch a Queſtion, when every Body in the Houſe can tell they are n'own Dears?

Brain. Now are you ſatisfy'd? Children and Fools, you know the Proverb——

Wood. Pox on me; nothing but ſuch a poſitive Coxcomb as I am, wou'd have laid his Mony upon ſuch odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a Days warning! And that which vexes me more than the Loſs of my Mony, is the Loſs of my Adventure! [*Exit.*

Brain. It ſhall be ſpent: We'll have a Treat with it. This is a Fool of the firſt Magnitude.

Mrs. Brain. Let n'own Dear alone, to find a Fool out.

Enter Limberham.

Limb. Bully *Brainſick*, *Pug* has ſent me to you on an Embaſſie, to bring you down to Cards again; ſhe's in her Mulligrubs already; ſhe'll never forgive you the laſt *Vol* you won. 'Tis but loſing a little to her, out of Com-

Complaisance, as they say, to a fair Lady: And what e'er she wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the Treasures of the East: The Possession of *Peru*, and of *Potozi*, shou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Limb. Will you leave your Perboles, and come then?

Brain. No; for I have won a Wager, to be spent luxuriously at *Longs*; with *Pleasance* of the Party, and *Termagant Trickſy*; and I will pass, in Person, to the Preparation: Come, Matrimony.

[*Exeunt* Brainsick, *Mrs.* Brain.

Enter Saintly *and* Pleasance.

Pleas. To him; I'll second you: now for mischief!

Saint. Arise, Mr. *Limberham*, arise; for Conspiracies are hatch'd against you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to blow up your Happiness.

Limb. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee speak good honest *English*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led astray, by the young Man *Woodall*, that Vessel of Uncleanness: I beheld them communing together; she feigned her self sick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-house; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleas. Do you stand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Limb. Before *George*, I am Thunder-struck!

Saint. Take to thee thy Resolution, and avenge thy self.

Limb. But give me leave to consider first: A Man must do nothing rashly.

Pleas. I could tear out the Villain's Eyes, for dishonouring you, while you stand considering, as you call it. Are you a Man, and suffer this?

Limb. Yes, I am a Man; but a Man's but a Man, you know: I am recollecting my self, how these things can be.

Saint. How they can be! I have heard 'em; I have seen 'em.

Limb. Heard 'em, and seen 'em! It may be so; but yet I cannot enter into this same Business: I am amaz'd,

I muſt confeſs; but the beſt is, I do not believe one word on't.

Saint. Make haſte, and thine own Eyes ſhall teſtifie againſt her.

Limb. Nay, if my own Eyes teſtifie, it may be ſo—— But 'tis impoſſible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very Day.

Pleaſ. Look, and ſatisfie your ſelf, e'er you make that Settlement on ſo falſe a Creature.

Limb. But yet, if I ſhou'd look; and not find her falſe, then I muſt caſt in another hundred, to make her Satisfaction.

Pleaſ. Was there ever ſuch a meek, hen-hearted Creature!

Saint. Verily, thou haſt not the Spirit of a Cock-Chicken.

Limb. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion, and I will tear her Limb from Limb———if I cou'd believe it.

Pleaſ. Love, Jealouſie, and Diſdain, how they torture me at once! and this inſenſible Creature—— were I but in his Place——[*To him.*] Think, that this very inſtant ſhe's yours no more: Now, now ſhe's giving up her ſelf, with ſo much Violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, ſhe could not hear it.

Limb. I have been whetting all this while: They ſhall be ſo taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* ſhall be nothing to 'em.

Pleaſ. Make haſte; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on; —— and yet my Mind miſgives me plaguily.

Saint. Again backſliding!

Pleaſ Have you no Senſe of Honour in you?

Limb. Well, Honour is Honour, and I muſt go: But I ſhall never get me ſuch another *Pug* again! O, my Heart! my poor tender Heart! 'tis juſt breaking with *Pug*'s Unkindneſs! [*They drag him out.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Woodall *and* Trickſy *diſcover'd in the Garden-houſe.*

Enter Gervaſe *to them.*

Gerv. Make haſte, and ſave your ſelf, Sir; the Enemy's at Hand: I have diſcover'd him from the Corner, where you ſet me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who ſhou'd it be, but *Limberham?* arm'd with a two-Hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick. Enter quickly into the Still-houſe both of you, and leave me to him: There's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the Party and Revenge however: A Minute longer, and I had won the Tout.

[*They go in: She locks the Door.*

Enter Limberham, *with a great Sword.*

Limb. Diſloyal *Pug.*

Trick. What Humour's this? you're drunk it ſeems: Go ſleep.

Limb. Thou haſt robb'd me of my Repoſe for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the Death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a Voice ſays to me, Sleep no more; *Trickſy* has murder'd Sleep.

Trick. Now I find it: You are willing to ſave your Settlement, and are ſent by ſome of your wiſe Counſellors, to pick a Quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above theſe ſeven Years; but, at laſt my Eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: And indulgent Heav'n has taken Care of my Preſervation— In ſhort, Madam, I have found you out; and to cut off Preambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him beſt: You are the only Ruin of my Reputation. But if I have diſhonour'd my Family, for the Love of you, methinks you ſhould be the laſt Man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am ſure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; but produce the Man, or, by my Father's Soul———

Trick. Still I am in the Dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the Dark; I know it: But I ſhall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Limb. No; I am too certain to be jealous: But you have a Man here, that ſhall be nameleſs; let me ſee him.

Trick. O, if that be your Buſineſs, you had beſt ſearch: And when you have weary'd your ſelf, and ſpent your idle Humour, you may find me above, in my Chamber, and come to ask my Pardon. [*Going.*

Limb. You may go, Madam; but I ſhall beſeech your Ladyſhip to leave the Key of the Still-houſe Door behind you: I have a Mind to ſome of the Sweet-meats you have lock'd up there; you underſtand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have loſt the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you ſhall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No; here's the Key: Take it, and ſatisfie your fooliſh Curioſity.

Limb. [*Aſide.*] This Confidence amazes me! If thoſe two Gipſies have abus'd me, and I ſhou'd not find him there now, this would make an immortal Quarrel.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] I have put him to a ſtand.

Limb. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be ſatisfy'd: If it comes to a Rupture, I know the way to buy my Peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. [*Takes him about the Neck.*] My Dear, I have it for you: Come, and kiſs me. Why wou'd you be ſo unkind to ſuſpect my Faith now? when I have forſaken all the World for you —— [*Kiſs again.*] But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to Night; I take this Jealouſie the beſt way, as the Effect of your Paſſion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiſs again.*

Limb. [*Aſide.*] *Pug*'s in a pure Humour to Night, and 'twould vex a Man to loſe it; but yet I muſt be ſatiſfy'd: And therefore, upon mature Conſideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are reſolv'd then?

Limb. Yes, I am reſolv'd; for I have ſworn to my ſelf by *Styx*: And that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick.

Trick. Now, ſee your Folly: There's the Key.

[*Gives it him.*

Limb. Why, that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee Innocent immediately: And that will put an End to all Controverſies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it ſhall put an End to all our Quarrels: Farewel for the laſt time, Sir. Look well upon my Face, that you may remember it; for, from this time forward, I have ſworn it irrevocably too, that you ſhall never ſee it more.

Limb. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but ſatisfie your fooliſh Fancy, for you are Maſter: And beſides, I am willing to be juſtify'd.

Limb. Then you ſhall be juſtify'd.

[*Puts the Key in the Door.*

Trick. I know I ſhall: Farewel.

Limb. But, are you ſure you ſhall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: You'll find him up in the Chimney, or behind the Door; or, it may be, crouded into ſome little Galley-Pot.

Limb. But you will not leave me, if I ſhou'd look?

Trick. You are not worth my Anſwer: I am gone.

[*Going out.*

Limb. Hold, hold, divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little——This is no time for Meditation neither: While I deliberate, ſhe may be gone. She muſt be Innocent, or ſhe could never be ſo confident and careleſs——Sweet *Pug*, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Limb. 'Tis the Property of a Goddeſs to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble Kiſs, I here preſent it to thy fair Hand: I conclude thee Innocent without looking, and depend wholly upon thy Mercy.

[*Offers the Key.*

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: The Lodgings are your own.

Limb. If I ſhou'd keep it, I were unworthy of Forgiveneſs: I will no longer hold this fatal Inſtrument of our Separation.

Trick. [*Taking it.*] Rise, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am so scrupulously nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be suspected: Yet, take my Counsel, and satisfie your self.

Limb. I would not be satisfy'd, to be Possessor of *Potozi*, as my Brother *Brainsick* says. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now would not I change my Condition, to be an Eastern Monarch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Woodall *and* Gervase.

Gerv. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: Well, she's a rare Manager of a Fool!

Gerv. Are you dispos'd yet to receive good Counsel? has Affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I must ask thy Advice in a most important Business: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and she expects it with a beating Heart a-bed: Now, I have at present no running Cash to throw away, my ready Mony is all paid to Mrs. *Trickfy*, and the Bill is drawn upon me for to Night.

Gerv. Take Advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, since you have not the Grace to offer yours, I will for once make use of my Authority, and command you to perform the foresaid Drudgery in my Place.

Gerv. Zookers, I cannot answer it to my Conscience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conscience can suffer you to swear, it shall suffer you to lie too: I mean in this Sense. Come, no denial, you must do it; she's rich, and there's a Provision for your Life.

Gerv. I beseech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: There's all the Wages you must expect.

Gerv. Well, Sir, you have perswaded me: I will arm my Conscience with a Resolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage; for to morrow Morning a Parson shall authorize my Labours, and turn Fornication into Duty. And moreover, I will enjoin my self, by

by way of Penance, not to touch her for ſeven Nights, after.

Wood. Thou wert predeſtinated for a Husband I ſee by that natural Inſtinct: As we walk, I will inſtruct thee how to behave thy ſelf, with Secreſie and Silence.

Gerv. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the Backway into the Street, and ſo privately to our Lodging.

Wood. 'Tis well: I'll plot the reſt of my Affairs a-bed; for 'tis reſolv'd that *Limberham* ſhall not wear Horns alone: And I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the Spoils of *Brainſick.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall *and* Judith.

Jud. WELL, you are a lucky Man! Mrs. *Brainſick* is Fool enough to believe you wholly Innocent; and that the Adventure of the Garden-houſe laſt Night, was only a Viſion of Mrs. *Saintly*'s.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once ſpeak with her, all wou'd be ſet right immediately; for, had I been there, look you———

Jud. As you were, moſt certainly.

Wood. *Limberham* muſt have found me out; that *Fe-fa-fum* of a Keeper wou'd have ſmelt the Blood of a Cuckold-maker: They ſay, he was peeping and butting about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You muſt excuſe my Unbelief, though Mrs. *Brainſick* is better ſatisfy'd. She and her Husband, you know, went out this Morning to the *New Exchange*: There ſhe has given him the ſlip; and pretending to call at her Taylor's, to try her Stays for a new Gown———

Wood. I underſtand thee. She fetch'd me a ſhort Turn, like a Hare before her Muſe, and will immediately run hither to Covert?

Jud.

Jud. Yes, but becauſe your Chamber will be leaſt ſuſpicious, ſhe appoints to meet you there; that, if her Husband ſhould come back, he may think her ſtill abroad, and you may have time——

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wiſh; for Mrs. *Trickſey*, and her Keeper, are gone out with Father *Aldo*, to compleat her Settlement: my Landlady is ſafe at her Morning Exerciſe, with my Man *Gervaſe*, and her Daughter not ſtirring: the Houſe is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all ſure, I am order'd to be from Home. When I come back again, I ſhall knock at your Door, with Speak Brother, ſpeak; is the Deed done?

[*Singing.*

Wood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am raviſh'd with the Imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I muſt retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Miſtreſs in Matrimony, will give me more Pleaſure than the former: for your coupled Spaniels, when they are once let looſe, are afterwards the higheſt Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainſick *runing.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what ſhall I do?

Wood. Recover Breath, and I'll inſtruct you in the next Chamber.

Mrs. *Brain.* But my Husband follows me at Heels.

Wood. Has he ſeen you?

Mrs. *Brain.* I hope not: I thought I had left him ſure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entered into the Houſe, I ſaw him walking a round rate this way.

Wood. Since he has not ſeen you, there's no danger: you need but ſtep into my Chamber, and there we'll lock our ſelves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. *Brain.* I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key, I doubt.

Wood. Yes, by your Appointment. But ſo much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no Company, he will certainly go a ſantring again.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Brain*. Make haste then.

Wood. Immediately.——[*Goes to open the Door hastily, and breaks his Key.*] What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! with too much haste 'tis broken!

Mrs. *Brain*. Then I am lost; for I cannot enter into my own.

Wood. This next Room is *Limberham*'s. See! the Door's open; and he and his Mistress are both abroad.

Mrs. *Brain*. There's no Remedy, I must venture in: for his knowing I am come back so soon, must be cause of Jealousie enough, if the Fool shou'd find me.

Wood. [*Looking in*] See there! Mrs. *Trickſy* has left her *Indian* Gown upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your Back: he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. *Brain*. I'll put on my Vizor-Mask however, for more security. [*Noise*] Hark! I hear him. [*Goes in.*

Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What, in a musty musing, Monsieur *Woodall*! Let me enter into the Affair.

Wood. You may guess it, by the Post I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the Door of the Damsel *Trickſy*! your Business is known by your abode: as the posture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. [*Looks in.*] 'Tis an Assignation I see: for yonder she stands, with her Back toward me, dreſt up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*. Now for the Judges of the Field, to divide the Sun and Wind betwixt the Combatants, and a tearing Trumpeter to sound the Charge.

Wood. 'Tis a private Quarrel, to be decided without Seconds; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almost entring at the Door.

Wood. Plague of all impertinent Cuckolds! they are ever troublesome to us honest Lovers: so intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their Company is not desir'd.

Wood.

Wood. Sure he has ſome Tutelar Devil to guard his Brows! juſt when ſhe had bobb'd him, and made an Errand home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconſcionably done of him. But you ſhall not adjourn your Love for this; the *Brainſick* has an Aſcendant over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a Cuckold, in diſdain of Deſtiny.

Wood. What mean you?

Brain. To ſtand before the Door with my brandiſh'd Blade, and defend the Entrance: he dies, upon the Point, if he approaches.

Wood. If I durſt truſt it, 'tis Heroick.

Brain. 'Tis the Office of a Friend: I'll do't.

Wood. [*Aſide*] Shou'd he know hereafter his Wife were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis beſt venturing for ſomething. He takes pains enough o'conſcience for his Cuckoldom; and, by my Troth, has earn'd it fairly.——But, may a Man venture upon your Promiſe?

Brain. Bars of Braſs, and Doors of Adamant, cou'd not more ſecure you.

Wood. I know it; but ſtill gentle means are beſt: you may come to force at laſt. Perhaps you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a Trope or two upon him.

Brain. He ſhall have it; with all the Artillery of Eloquence.

Wood. Ay, ay; your Figure breaks no Bones. With your good leave.——— [*Goes in.*

Brain. Thou haſt it, Boy. Turn to him, Madam; to her *Woodall:* and S. *George* for merry *England*. *Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dub, a dub, dub*; *Tan ta ra ra ra.*

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainſick!* What, upon the *Tan ta ra*, by your ſelf?

Brain. Clangor, *Taratantarra*, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honeſt *Lingua Franca*. Why, this is enough to ſtun a Chriſtian, with your *Hebrew*, and your *Greek*, and ſuch like *Latin*.

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance by your leave; for I muſt enter.

Brain.

Brain. Why in ſuch haſte? the Fortune of *Greece* depends not on't.

Lim. But *Pug*'s Fortune does: that's dearer to me than *Greece*, and ſweeter than *Ambergriſe*.

Brain. You'll not find her here. Come, you are jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your ſweet Repoſe.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your Perbole's again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her Jewels: ſhe has left the Key of her Cabinet behind; and has deſir'd me to bring it back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks ſhe's here before him! Well, this Pretence will never paſs on me; for I dive deeper into your affairs: you are jealous. But, rather than my Soul ſhou'd be concern'd for a Sex ſo inſignificant, —— Ha! the Gods! If I thought my proper Wife were now within, and proſtituting all her Treaſures to the lawleſs Love of an Adulterer, I wou'd ſtand as intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a *Roman Gladiator*.

Lim. [*In the ſame tone*] Of a *Roman Gladiator!*——— Now are you as mad as a *March* Hare; but I am in haſte, to return to *Pug*: yet, by your favour, I will firſt ſecure the Cabinet.

Brain. No, you muſt not.

Lim. Muſt not? what, may not a Man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No, with this *Sabre* I defie the Deſtinies, and dam up the paſſage with my Perſon; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd againſt the roaring of the boiſterous Billows. Your Jealouſie ſhall have no courſe through me, though Potentates and Princes ——

Lim. Prithee what have we to do with Potentates and Princes? Will you leave your Troping, and let me paſs?

Brain. You have your utmoſt Anſwer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we ſhall have you a Citizen of *Beth'lem* yet e're Dog-days. Well, I ſay little; but I'll tell *Pug* on't. [*Exit*.

Brain.

Brain. She knows it already, by your favour.——— [*Knocking.*

Sound a Retreat, you lusty Lovers, or the Enemy will Charge you in the Flank, with a fresh Reserve: March off, march off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron *Tell-clock*, is the Passage clear?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and void of Ambuscade.

Wood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when he finds not his Mistress where he thought he left her.

Brain. Friendship, which has done much, will yet do more. [*Shows a Key.*] With this *Passe par tout*, I will instantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that she may out-face the Keeper she has been there; and, when my Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this time together.

Wood. I shall never make you amends for this Kindness, my dear *Padron:* but wou'd it not be better, if you wou'd take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and stop him in his way e'er he reach the Place where he thinks he left his Mistress; then hold him in Discourse as long as possibly you can, till you guess your Wife may be return'd, that so they may appear together?

Brain. I warrant you: *laissez faire a Marc Antoine.* [*Exit.*

Wood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in safety.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Entring*] Pray Heav'n I may. [*Noise.*

Wood. Hark! I hear *Judith*'s Voice: it happens well that she's return'd: slip into your Chamber immediately, and send back the Gown.

Mrs. *Brain.* I will: but are not you a wicked Man, to put me into all this Danger? [*Exit.*

Wood. Let what can happen, my Comfort is, at least, I have enjoy'd: But this is no place for Consideration. Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while you are well; and go Plant in some other Country, where your Virtues are not so famous, [*Going.*

Enter

Enter Trickſy, *with a Box of Writings.*

Trick. What, wandring up and down, as if you wanted an Owner? Do you know that I am Lady of the Manor; and that all Wefts and Strays belong to me?

Wood. I have waited for you above an Hour; but Fryer *Bacon*'s Head has been lately ſpeaking to me, that *Time is paſt.* In a Word, your Keeper has been here, and will return immediately; we muſt defer our Happineſs till ſome more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not; he has this Morning arm'd me againſt himſelf, by this Settlement: the next time he rebels, he gives me a fair Occaſion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conſcience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid ſo dear for't?

Trick. You do not know him: he muſt perpetually be us'd ill, or he inſults. Beſides, I have gain'd an abſolute Dominion over him: he muſt not ſee, when I bid him wink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll but Scout a little, and follow you immediately.—[Trick. *goes in.*] I find a Miſtreſs is only kept for other Men: and the Keeper is but her Man, in green Livery, bound to ſerve a Warrant for the *Doe*, when e'er ſhe pleaſes, or is in Seaſon.

Enter Judith, *with the Night-Gown.*

Jud. Still you're a lucky Man! Mr. *Brainſick* has been exceeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bayliffs had been at his Heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the Street. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the Danger's over.

Wood. Speak ſoftly: Mrs. *Trickſy* is return'd. [*Looks in.*] Oh, ſhe's gone into her Cloſet, to lay up her Writings: I can throw it on the Bed, e'er ſhe perceive it has been wanting.—— [*Throws it in.*

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

Wood. I am ſenſible of it, little *Judith*: there's a time to come ſhall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a Word; away. [*Exit* Judith.

Re-enter

Re-enter Trickſy.

Trick. What, is a ſecond Summons needful? my Favours have not been ſo cheap, that they ſhou'd ſtick upon my Hands. It ſeems, you ſlight your Bill of fare, becauſe you know it: or fear to be invited to your Loſs.

Wood. I was willing to ſecure my Happineſs from Interruption: A true Soldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been ſo often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Were he here, ſhou'd he ſee you enter into my Cloſet; yet——

Wood. You are like to be put upon the Tryal, for I hear his Voice.

Trick. 'Tis ſo: go in, and mark the Event now: be but as unconcern'd, as you are ſafe, and truſt him to my Management.

Wood. I muſt venture it: becauſe to be ſeen here, wou'd have the ſame Effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident, [*He goes in.*

Enter Limberham *and* Brainſick.

Lim. How now, *Pug?* return'd ſo ſoon!

Trick. When I ſaw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I ſaw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden-door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Juſt come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of villanous Apprehenſion that you had been here longer: but whate'er thou ſay'ſt is an Oracle, ſweet *Pug*, and I am ſatisfy'd.

Brain. [*Aſide*] How infinitely ſhe gulls him! and he ſo ſtupid not to find it! [*To her*] If he be ſtill within, Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper Entrance.

Trick. [*Aſide*] *Woodall* muſt have told him of our Appointment.——What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham?*

Lim. I'll but viſit the Chamber a little firſt.

Trick.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not ſure be jealous!

Lim. No, I proteſt, ſweet *Pug*, I am not: only to ſatisfie my Curioſity; that's but reaſonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what fooliſh Curioſity?

Lim. You muſt know, *Pug*, I was going but juſt now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire of the health and ſafety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainſick* moſt barbarouſly forbade me Entrance: (nay, I dare accuſe you, when *Pug*'s by to back me;) but now I am reſolv'd I will go ſee 'em, or ſome-body ſhall ſmoak for't.

Brain. But I reſolve you ſhall not. If ſhe pleaſes to command my Perſon, I can comply with the Obligation of a *Cavalier*.

Trick. But what Reaſon had you to forbid him then, Sir?

Lim. Ay, what Reaſon had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now muſt I ſeem ignorant of what ſhe knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the Cauſe at better leiſure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am ſatisfy'd; though, I muſt tell you, I was in a kind of Huff, to hear him *Tan ta ra, tan ta ra*, a quarter of an Hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd kind of Sound, you know, before a Man's Chamber.

Enter Pleaſance.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide*] *Judith* has aſſur'd me he muſt be there; and, I'm reſolv'd, I'll ſatisfie my Revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleaſance* is come to call us: pray let us go.

Pleaſ. Oh dear, Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful'ſt Dream to Night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Miſtreſs's Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it ſpoken; and ſo I did, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.

Pleaſ. And that a great ſwinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick.

Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll ſpeak to your Mother, Madam, not to ſuffer you to eat ſuch heavy Suppers.

Lim. Nay, that's very true; for, you may remember, ſhe fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy Meat, as *Pug* ſays.

Trick. The Jewels are all ſafe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never ſtand corrected, Mrs. *Pleaſance?*

Pleaſ. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a ſudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*; and that, hearing Mr. *Limberham* come, he ſlipt for fear into the Cloſet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm ſure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother *Limberham.*

Lim. If her Dream ſhou'd come out now! 'tis good to be ſure however.

Trick. You are ſure: have not I ſaid it? You had beſt make Mr. *Woodall* a Thief, Madam.

Pleaſ. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. *Woodall*; and that Thief may have made Mr. *Limberham* ſomething.

Lim. Nay, Mr. *Woodall* is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief ſhou'd be turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*, that may be ſomething.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels; will that ſatisfie you?

Brain. That ſhall ſatisfie him.

Lim. Yes, that ſhall ſatisfie me.

Pleaſ. Then you are a Predeſtinated Fool, and ſomewhat worſe, that ſhall be nameleſs: do you not ſee how groſly ſhe abuſes you? My Life on't, there's ſome-body within, and ſhe knows it; otherwiſe ſhe wou'd ſuffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no predeſtinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not ſatisfie your Humour.

Lim. Then I will ſatisfie it my ſelf: for my generous Blood is up, and I'll force my Entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then shall bar you: Atoms are not so small, as I will slice the Slave. Ha! Fate, and Furies!

Lim. Ay, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in his Majesty's Name, to keep the Peace: now, disobey Authority, if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, sweet Mr. *Brainsick.*

Pleas. to *Brain.* But, if you shou'd hinder him, he he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and say you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuse him hainously; there—— and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance Charms me: I acquiesce.—— [*Aside*] Th' Occasion's plausible to let him pass. Now let the burnish'd Beams upon his Brow blaze broad, for the Brand he cast upon the *Brainsick.*

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham,* come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug.*

Pleas. Go on; my Life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf, as an Adder; I will not hear thee, nor have no Commiseration.

[*Struggles from her, and rushes in.*

Trick. Then I know the worst, and care not.

[Limberham *comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by* Woodall, *with his Sword drawn.*

Lim. O, save me, *Pug,* save me! [*Gets behind her.*

Wood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions! but I'll———

Lim. Hold, hold, since you are so devout, for Heav'n sake hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounsieur *Woodall!*

Trick. For my sake, spare him.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s sake, spare me.

Wood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither; and he to disturb me, like a profane Rascal as he was.

Lim. [*Aside*] I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a Man durst tell him so.

Wood. What's that you mutter?

Lim. Nay, nothing; but that I thought you had not been so well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief? nay then—

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleaſ. Hold, Sir; 'twas a fooliſh Dream of mine that ſet him on. I dreamt, a Thief, who had been juſt repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a Minute after in Mr. *Limberham*'s Cloſet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith! A Pox of *Artemidorus!*

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brainſick*, and perhaps———

Wood. Mrs. *Trickſy*, a Word in private with you, by your Keeper's leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may ſpeak your Pleaſure to her; and, if you have a mind to go to Prayers together, the Cloſet is open.

Wood. to *Trick*. You but ſuſpect it at moſt, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not ingage me in a Quarrel with her Husband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'll love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damſel *Trickſy*, your Dream, your Dream!

Trick. 'Twas ſomething of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon ſo ſweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Muſick, and ſtill one of 'em ſnatch'd it from the other.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide*.] I underſtand her; but I find ſhe's bribʼd to Secreſy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by Interpretation, but let that paſs; and Mr. *Woodall* there was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous Heart, like mine, will endure the Infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I baniſh thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewel.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous Humours, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witneſs, good People, of her Ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that ſhe calls me jealous; when I found him as cloſe as a Butter-fly in her Cloſet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim

Limb. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our Words for't.

Trick. Why ſhou'd you perſuade him againſt his Will?

Limb. Since you won't perſuade me, I care not much: Here are the Jewels in my Poſſeſſion; and I'll fetch out the Settlement immediately.

Wood. [*Shewing the Box.*] Look you, Sir, I'll ſpare your Pains: Four hundred a Year will ſerve to comfort a poor caſt Miſtreſs.

Limb. I thought what would come of your Devils *Pater Noſters!*

Brain. Reſtore it to him for pity, *Woodall.*

Trick. I make him my Truſtee; he ſhall not reſtore it.

Limb. Here are Jewels that coſt me above two thouſand Pound, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Orient Neck-lace, *Pug!* 'tis pity any Neck ſhould touch it after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falſeſt Neck that e'er was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twould become your Bounty to give it her at parting.

Limb. Never the ſooner for your asking. But, oh, that word Parting! can I bear it? if ſhe could find in her Heart but ſo much Grace, as to acknowledge what a Traytreſs ſhe has been, I think in my Conſcience I could forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence ſo much, nor this Gentleman's; but, ſince you have accus'd us falſly, four hundred a Year, betwixt us two, will make us ſome Part of Reparation.

Wood. I anſwer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Limb. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy Unkindneſs, when thou know'ſt I cannot live without thee? It goes to my Heart, that this wicked Fellow———

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Limb. Under the Roſe, good Mr. *Woodall.* But I ſpeak it with all Submiſſion, in the Bitterneſs of my Spirit, that you, or any Man, ſhould have the diſpoſing of my four

four hundred a Year *gratis*: Therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your Permiſſion, good Mr. *Woodall*.

Trick. Alas, I know by Experience, I may ſafely truſt my Perſon with you. [*Ex*. Limb. *and* Trick.

Enter Aldo.

Pleaſ. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rareſt Diſcovery!

Brain. With the moſt Comical Cataſtrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator: I have been taken upon Suſpicion here with Mrs. *Trickſy*.

Aldo. To be taken, to be ſeen! Before *George* that's a Point next the worſt, Son *Woodall*.

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy Aſſiſtance, old *Methuſalem*: But, my Comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's ſomewhat yet, if you made a blaze at your Departure.

Enter Giles. *Mrs*. Brainſick *and* Judith.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen, I have follow'd an old Maſter of mine theſe two long Hours, and had a fair Courſe at him up the Street: Here he enter'd I'm ſure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our truſty and well-beloved *Giles*, moſt welcome! Now, for ſome News of my ungracious Son.

Wood. [*Aſide*.] *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now, would I were ſafe ſtow'd, over Head and Ears, in the Cheſt again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *Woodall*, I told you I was not miſtaken; my Raſcal's in Town, with a Vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Maſter.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles*?

Giles. Nay, I am ſober enough, I'm ſure; I have been kept faſting almoſt theſe two Days.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis ſo! I read it in that leering Look: What a Tartar have I caught!

Brain.

Brain. Woodall his Son!

Pleaſ. What, young Father *Aldo!*

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] Now cannot I for ſhame hold up my Head, to think what this young Rogue is privy to!

Mrs. Brain. The moſt dumb Interview I ever ſaw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the *Gorgon*'s Head on either ſide?

Aldo. Oh, my Sins! my Sins! and he keeps my Book of Conſcience too! He can diſplay 'em, with a Witneſs! Oh, treacherous young Devil!

Wood. [*Aſide.*] Well, the Squib's run to the End of the Line, and now for the Cracker: I muſt bear up.

Aldo. I muſt ſet a Face of Authority on the matter, for my Credit———Pray, who am I? do you know me, Sir?

Wood. Yes, I think I ſhould partly know you, Sir: You may remember ſome private Paſſages betwixt us.

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] I thought as much; he has me already!——But pray, Sir, why this Ceremony amongſt Friends? Put on, put on; and let us hear what News from *France:* Have you heard lately from my Son? does he continue ſtill the moſt Hopeful and eſteem'd young Gentleman in *Paris?* does he manage his Allowance with the ſame Diſcretion? And laſtly, has he ſtill the ſame Reſpect and Duty for his good old Father?

Wood. Faith, Sir, I have been too long from my Catechiſm, to anſwer ſo many Queſtions; but, ſuppoſe there be no News of your *Quondam* Son, you may Comfort up your Heart for ſuch a Loſs; Father *Aldo* has a numerous Progeny about the Town, Heav'n bleſs 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well, Sir; I find you have been ſearching for your Relations then, in *Whetſtone*'s Park!

Wood. No, Sir; I made ſome ſcruple of going to the foreſaid place, for fear of meeting my own Father there.

Aldo. Before *George,* I cou'd find in my Heart to diſinherit thee.

Pleaſ. Sure you cannot be ſo unnatural.

Wood. I am ſure I am no Baſtard; witneſs one good Quality I have: If any of your Children have a ſtro ger

Tang of the Father in 'em, I am content to be disown'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce thee ——no Son of mine.

Wood. Then you desire I shou'd proceed, to justifie I am lawfully begotten? The Evidence is ready, Sir; and, if you please, I shall relate before this Honourable Assembly, those excellent Lessons of Morality you gave me at our first Acquaintance. As, in the first place,——

Aldo. Hold, hold; I charge thee hold, on thy Obedience. I forgive thee heartily: I have proof enough thou art my Son; but tame thee that can, thou art a mad one.

Pleas. Why, this is as it shou'd be.

Aldo. to him. Not a Word of any Passages betwixt us: 'Tis enough we know each other; hereafter we'll banish all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly together: I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Orestes*, and we'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and *Ballum Rankum* every Night.

Wood. A Match, i'faith: and let the World pass.

Aldo. But hold a little; I had forgot one Point: I hope you are not marry'd, nor ingag'd?

Wood. To nothing but my Pleasures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of Profit wou'd do well though. Come, here's a Girl; look well upon her; 'tis a mettled Toad, I can tell you that: She'll make notable work betwixt two Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleasance!*

Mrs. *Brain*. Marry Mrs. *Saintly*'s Daughter!

Aldo. The truth is, she has past for her Daughter, by my appointment; but she has as good Blood running in her Veins, as the best of you: Her Father, Mr. *Palms*, on his Death Bed, left her to my Care and Disposal; besides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a Year; a pretty Convenience, by my Faith.

Wood. Beyond my Hopes, if she consent.

Aldo. I have taken some Care of her Education, and plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter, to avoid her being blown upon by Fops, and younger Brothers

thers. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your Concealment with my Discovery! there's hit for hit, e're I cross the Cudgels.

Pleas. You will not take 'em up, Sir?

Wood. I dare not against you, Madam: I'm sure you'll worst me at all Weapons. All I can say is, I do not now begin to love you.

Aldo. Let me speak for thee: Thou shalt be us'd, little *Pleasance*, like a Sovereign Princess: Thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers Meat in a Twelve-month; and thou shall be treated———

Pleas. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope!

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag; no more of that. Thou shalt want neither Man's Meat, nor Woman's Meat, as far as his Provision will hold out.

Pleas. But I fear he's so horribly given to go a House-warming abroad, that the least Part of the Provision will come to my Share at home.

Wood. You'll find me so much Imployment in my own Family, that I shall have little need to look out for Journey-work.

Aldo. Before *George*, he shall do thee Reason, e'er thou sleep'st.

Pleas. No; he shall have an Honourable Truce for one Day at least; for 'tis not fair, to put a fresh Enemy upon him.

Mrs. Brain. to Pleas. I beseech you, Madam, discover nothing betwixt him and me.

Pleas. to her. I am contented to cancel the old Score; but take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervase *leading* Saintly.

Gerv. Save you, Gentlemen; and you, my *Quondam* Master: You are Welcome all, as I may say.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Gerv. Give good words, while you live, Sir: Your Landlord, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you please.

Wood. Oh, I understand the Business; he's marry'd to the Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good Work is accomplish'd.

Brain. But, why Mr. *Saintly?*

Gerv. When a Man is marry'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her Name. A pretty House, pretty Situation, and prettily furnish'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard Duty; but a Parson has soder'd up the matter: Thank your Worship, Mr. *Woodall*——How? *Giles* here!

Wood. This Business is out, and I am now *Aldo*: My Father has forgiven me, and we are Friends.

Gerv. When will *Giles*, with his Honesty, come to this?

Wood. Nay, do not insult too much, good Mr. *Saintly*: Thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'st the Widow intended it to me.

Gerv. But I am satisfy'd she perform'd it with me, Sir. Well, there is much good Will in these precise old Women; they are the most zealous Bedfellows: Look and she does not blush now! you see there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, chear up Man: How go matters on your Side of the Country? Cry him, *Gervase*.

Gerv. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your Appearance in the Court, and save your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham *and* Tricksy.

Wood. Sir, I should now make a Speech to you in my own Defence; but the short of all is this: If you can forgive what's past, your Hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the Breach betwixt you and your Mistress: If not, I am ready to give you the Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Limb. Sir, I am a peaceable Man, and a good Christian, though I say it, and desire no Satisfaction from any Man: *Pug* and I are partly agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy Hand upon thy Heart, *Pug*, and if thou canst from the bottom of thy Soul defie Mankind, naming no Body, I'll forgive thy past Enormities; and, to give good Example to all Christian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a Year shall be setled upon thee, for separate Maintenance.

Trick.

Trick. Why, now I can consent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the first Business that was ever made up without me.

Wood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom.*

Limb. You may spare your Breath, Sir, if you please: I desire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm satisfy'd of her Virtue, in spight of Slander; but, to silence Calumny, I shall civilly desire you henceforth, not to make a Chappel of Ease of *Pug*'s Closet.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] I'll take care of false Worship, I'll warrant him: He shall have no more to do with *Bell* and the *Dragon.*

Brain. Come hither, Wedlock, and let me Seal my lasting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been seduc'd, and so has *Trickſy*——But thou alone art kind and constant. Hitherto I have not valu'd Modesty, according to its Merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* shall not boast a Monument more firm, than my Affection.

Wood. A most excellent Reformation, and at a most seasonable Time! The Moral on't is pleasant, if well consider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you, in your own House.

[*The rest going off.*

Pleas. Your Hand, sweet Moiety.

Wood. And Heart too, my comfortable Importance.

Mistress and Wife, by turns, I have possess'd:
He who enjoys 'em both in one, is bless'd.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by LIMBERHAM.

I Beg a Boon, that e'er you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my Hand:
To keep a Punk is but a common Evil,
To find her false, and marry, that's the Devil.
We'll, I ne'er acted Part in all my Life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife:
I find the Trick; these Poets take no Pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us basely with your common Jades.
Now I am marry'd, I must sit down by it;
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in quiet:
Let none of you damn'd Woodall's *of the Pit,*
Put in for Shares to mend our Breed in Wit;
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e'er comes to good.
In all the Boys their Father's Virtues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs *like mine.*
When these grow up, Lord with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one Farthing,
A Smithfield *Horse, and Wife of* Covent-Garden.

OEDIPUS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

His HIGHNESS the DUKE of YORK's THEATER.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant——— Virg.

Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna Horat.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

PREFACE.

THOUGH it be dangerous to raiſe too great an Expectation, eſpecially in Works of this Nature, where we are to pleaſe an unſatiable Audience; yet 'tis reaſonable to prepoſſeſs them in favour of an Author, and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *Oedipus* was the moſt celebrated Piece of all Antiquity: That *Sophocles*, not only the greateſt Wit, but one of the greateſt Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage at the Publick Coſt, and that it had the Reputation of being his Maſter-piece, not only amongſt the Seven of his which are ſtill remaining, but of the greater Number which are periſh'd. *Ariſtotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry, *Horace* has mention'd it: *Lucullus*, *Julius Cæſar*, and other noble *Romans*, have written on the ſame Subject, though their Poems are wholly loſt; but *Seneca*'s is ſtill preſerv'd. In our own Age, *Corneille* has attempted it, and, it appears by his Preface, with great Succeſs: But a judicious Reader will eaſily obſerve, how much the Copy is inferiour to the Original. He tells you himſelf, that he owes a great part of his Succeſs to the happy Epiſode of *Theſeus* and *Dirce*; which is the ſame thing, as if we ſhould acknowledge, that we were indebted for our good Fortune, to the Underplot of *Adraſtus*, *Eurydice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miſerably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he deſir'd that *Oedipus* ſhould be pitied, he ſhou'd have made him a better

Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to shew him in his first Entrance, a Just, a Merciful, a Successful, a Religious Prince, and in short, a Father of his Country: Instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown, than solicitous for the Safety of his People: Hector'd by *Theseus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and scarce maintaining a second Part in his own Tragedy. This was an Errour in the first Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Heroe than *Oedipus* himself: for when *Theseus* was once there, that Companion of *Hercules* must yield to none: The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with Business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his Dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of *Brentford* in the Crowd. *Seneca* on the other side, as if there were no such thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expression, pointed Sentences, and Philosophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The *French-man* follow'd a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Episode must be, but not his Way: And *Seneca* supply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Tiresias* raising the Ghost of *Lajus:* Which is here perform'd in view of the Audience, the Rites and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks:* But he himself was beholden to *Homer's Tiresias* in the *Odysses* for some of them: And the rest have been collected from *Heliodore's Æthiopiques*, and *Lucan's Erictho*. *Sophocles* indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we could: But the *Athenian* Theater, (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two at most) which manage the Business of the Play, and after that succeeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more time in Singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears almost constantly through the Play; but the inferiour

Parts

Parts ſeldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to loſe any conſiderable Character which we have once preſented. Cuſtom likewiſe has obtain'd, that we muſt form an Under-plot of ſecond Perſons, which muſt be depending on the firſt, and their By-walks muſt be like thoſe in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre: Or like ſo many ſeveral lodging Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the ſame Gallery. Perhaps after all, if we could think ſo, the ancient Method, as 'tis the eaſieſt, is alſo the moſt Natural, and the Beſt. For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often ſubject to breed Diſtraction: And while we would pleaſe too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we pleaſe in none. But we have given you more already than was neceſſary for a Preface, and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Inſtructions, than that Politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight ſo long, that at laſt they are in a Condition to invade them.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens *all the* Græcian *State did guide,*
And Greece *gave Laws to all the World beſide,*
Then Sophocles *with* Socrates *did ſit,*
Supreme in Wiſdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wiſdom differ'd not in thoſe,
But as 'twas ſung in Verſe, or ſaid in Proſe.
Then, Oedipus, *on Crowded Theatres,*
Drew all admiring Eyes and liſtning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator ſhouted every Line,
The nobleſt, manlieſt, and the beſt Deſign!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this juſt Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, ſhould it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
Damn it in Silence, leſt the World ſhould hear.
For were it known this Poem did not pleaſe,
You might ſet up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
But think the Nation all turn'd Picts *agen.*
Faith, as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You ſhould ſuſpect your ſelves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jeſt too far, but ſpare this Piece;
And, for this once, be not more wiſe than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
Like true-born Britains, *who ne'er think at all:*
Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons *you won,*
On pointed Cannon do not always run.

With

PROLOGUE.

With some respect to ancient Wit proceed;
You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone relye,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay,
Record it, in Memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Woollen Act.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

OEdipus	Mr. *Betterton.*
Adraſtus	Mr. *Smith.*
Creon	Mr. *Samford.*
Tireſias	Mr. *Harris.*
Hæmon	Mr. *Crosby.*
Alcander	Mr. *Williams.*
Diocles	Mr. *Norris.*
Pyracmon	Mr. *Boman.*
Phorbas	Mr. *Gillo.*
Dymas	
Ægeon	
Ghoſt of Lajus	Mr. *Williams.*

W O M E N.

Jocaſta	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Eurydice	Mrs. *Lee.*
Manto.	Mrs. *Evans.*

Prieſts, Citizens, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, *THEBES.*

OEDIPUS.

OE DIPUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present Condition of Thebes; *dead Bodies appear at a Distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.*

Enter Alcander, Diocles *and* Pyracmon.

ALCANDER.

MEthinks we ſtand on Ruins; Nature ſhakes
About us; and the univerſal Frame
So looſe, that it but wants another Puſh
To leap from off its Hindges. [Globe
Dioc. No Sun to chear us; but a bloody
That rowls above; a bald and beamleſs Fire;
His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: The Sun's ſick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.
Pyr. Therefore the Seaſons
Lye all confus'd; and, by the Heav'n's neglected,

Forget

Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and, ſeeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their Peſtilential Colds and Rheumes
Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow'd
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At laſt, the Malady
Grew more domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Maſter:
For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force;
And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a Wonder too;
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?
[*Groan within.*

Dioc. A Troop of Ghoſts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown Riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we ſure we breath not now our laſt,
And that next Minute,
Our Bodies caſt into ſome common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a People.

Alc. There's a Chain of Cauſes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Neceſſity
That whate'er is, could not but ſo have been;
That's my Security.

To them, enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our Streets lye cover'd
With dead and dying Men;
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen

The

The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.
Dioc. Now, *OEdipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will ſcarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.
Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be ſung before him.
Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of conquer'd *Argians*, to renew his *Thebes*.
Cre. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates,
With their deteſted Omen.
Dioc. Of his Children.
Cre. Nay, though ſhe be my Siſter, of his Wife.
Alc. O that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!
Dioc. We might have had one.
Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.
Cre. Come, you're my Friends:
The Queen my Siſter, after *Lajus*'s Death,
Fear'd to lye ſingle; and ſupply'd his Place
With a young Succeſſour.
Dioc. He much reſembles
Her former Husband too.
Alc. I always thought ſo.
Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks,
He will be very *Lajus*.
Cre. So he will:
Mean time ſhe ſtands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
Theſe Women are ſuch cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The ſame reſemblance in a younger Lover
Lyes brooding in their Fancies the ſame Pleaſures,
And urges their Remembrance to Deſire.
Dioc. Had Merit, not her Dotage, been conſider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *OEdipus*,
A Stranger!
Cre. That word Stranger, I confeſs,
Sounds harſhly in my Ears.
Dioc. We are your Creatures.
The People prone, as in all general Ills,

To

To ſudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princeſs young and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks from theſe disjointed Propoſitions
Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The Gods have done
Their Part, by ſending this commodious Plague.
But oh the Princeſs! her hard Heart is ſhut
By Adamantine Locks againſt my Love.

Alc. Your Claim to her is ſtrong: You are betroth'd.

Pyr. True; in her Nonage.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, young *Adraſtus*,
When he was Hoſtage here———

Cre. Oh Name him not! the Bane of all my Hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warrior, has the Charms
Of Youth, and ſomewhat of a lucky Raſhneſs,
To pleaſe a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.

Alc. But ſince the War broke out about our Frontiers,
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*.

Cre. But is not ſo to her; ſee, ſhe appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: You inſinuate
Kind Thoughts of me into the Multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom;
And you ſhall ſee 'em toſs their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had ſtung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt* Alc. Dioc. *and* Pyr.

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice!*
A laviſh Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of ſuch Kindred-mold to Heav'n,
Thou ſeem'ſt more Heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Caſt round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were ſo thick ſown with Men,
Like *Cadmus* Brood they juſtled for the Paſſage:
Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways:

When

When you have thought on this, then anſwer me,
If theſe be Hours of Courtſhip.
Cre. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods deſtroy ſo faſt, 'tis time
We ſhould renew the Race.
Eur. What, in the midſt of Horrour!
Cre. Why not then?
There's the more need of Comfort.
Eur. Impious *Creon!*
Cre. Unjuſt *Eurydice!* can you accuſe me
Of Love, which is Heav'n's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you ſay purſues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?
Eur. Still th' old Argument.
I bad you, caſt your Eyes on other Men,
Now caſt 'em on your ſelf: Think what you are.
Cre. A Man.
Eur. A Man!
Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.
Eur. 'Tis well you tell me ſo, I ſhould miſtake you
For any other Part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: Hence from my Sight,
Thou Poiſon to my Eyes.
Cre. 'Twas you firſt poiſon'd mine; and yet methinks,
My Face and Perſon ſhould not make you ſport.
Eur. You force me, by your Importunities,
To ſhew you what you are.
Cre. A Prince, who loves you:
And ſince your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at its higheſt Value.
Eur. Love from thee!
Why Love renounc'd thee e'er thou ſaw'ſt the Light:
Nature her ſelf ſtart back when thou wert born;
And cry'd, the Work's not mine———
The Midwife ſtood aghaſt; and when ſhe ſaw
Thy Mountain back, and thy diſtorted Legs,
Thy Face it ſelf,
Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man;
And half o'ercome with Beaſt, ſtood doubting long,
Whoſe Right in thee were more;

And

And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mould? yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em
On heaps in their dark Lodging, to revenge
Her bungled Work she stampt my Mind more fair:
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The God strook Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautifie the Sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, he made me more.

Eur. No; thou art all one Error; Soul and Body.
Thy first young Tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r;
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
The crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back;
And wander'd in thy Limbs: To thy own kind
Make Love, if thou canst find it in the World:
And seek not from our Sex to raise an Off-spring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods
To cut off human Kind.

Cre. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: That Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you false, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurse.

Cre. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd, loath'd *Creon*,
Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Minion*, spoil the Gods fine work,
And stab you in his Heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
Then mayst thou still be curs'd with loving me:
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghost——No, let his Ghost have rest;
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself. [*Exit* Eur.

Cre.

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
What ſhe has told me, an Offence to Sight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in Day to make my Vices ſeen
By all diſcerning Eyes, but the blind Vulgar.
I muſt make haſte ere *Oedipus* return,
To ſnatch the Crown and her; for I ſtill love;
But love with Malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, ſo will I ſeize and ſtanch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the ſcraps for Slaves.

Enter Tireſias, *leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter* Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad!
Wou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll ſhun his Walk; and ſeek
My popular Friends. [*Exit* Creon.

Tire. A little farther; yet a little farther,
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary Steps: and thou who ſeeſt
For me and for thy ſelf, beware thou tread not
With impious Steps upon dead Corps;——Now ſtay:
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
Where are We?

Man. Under Covert of a Wall:
The moſt frequented once, and noiſy Part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight Silence reigns ev'n here;
And Graſs untrodden ſprings beneath our Feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this Place a ſunny Bank,
There let me reſt a while: a ſunny Bank!
Alas! how can it be, where no Sun ſhines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowzy Head
To glimmer through the Damps.

[*A Noiſe within. Follow, follow, follow, A* Creon, *A* Creon, *A* Creon.]

Hark! a tumultuous Noiſe, and *Creon*'s Name
Thrice eccho'd.

Man. Fly, the Tempeſt drives this way.

Tir.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I suffer worse,
Secure of greater Ills!

[*Noise again*, Creon, Creon, Creon.

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; *followed by the Crowd.*

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse
The Honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.

1 *Cit.* Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my Life: That's double work.

2 *Cit.* My first Word is always my Second; and therefore I'll have no second Word: and therefore once again I say, A *Creon.*

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon!*

Cre. Yet hear me, Fellow-Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-Citizens! there was a Word of Kindness!

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar Name?

1 *Cit.* Never, never; he was too proud.

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish
Under a *Theban* born.
'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,
Because a Stranger rul'd: but what of that,
Can I redress it now?

3 *Cit.* Yes, you or none.
'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us,
Because he reigns.

Cre. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1 *Cit.* Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 *Cit.* Half of us that are here present, were living Men but Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and drop, and no Man knows whether he be dead or living. And therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfie our Consciences, and make a new King.

3 *Cit.* Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Coronation, and then if we must die, we'll go merrily together.

All.

All. To the Queſtion, to the Queſtion.

Dioc. Are you content, *Creon* ſhould be your King?

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon!*

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me.

1 *Cit.* Who's that would be heard? we'll hear no Man: We can ſcarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 *Cit.* Oh, 'tis *Apollo*'s Prieſt, we muſt hear him; 'tis the old blind Prophet that ſees all things.

3 *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too, and they are our betters; and in good Manners we muſt hear him: Speak, Prophet.

2 *Cit.* For coming from the Gods that's no great Matter, they can all ſay that; but he's a great Scholar, he can make Almanacks, and he were put to't, and therefore I ſay hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n ſcatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans!* are the Gods
Unjuſt in puniſhing? are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 *Cit.* Yes, yes, no doubt there are ſome Sins ſtirring, that are the Cauſe of all.

3 *Cit.* Yes there are Sins; or we ſhould have no Taxes.

2 *Cit.* For my part I can ſpeak it with a ſafe Conſcience, I ne'er ſinn'd in all my Life.

1 *Cit.* Nor I.

3 *Cit.* Nor I.

2 *Cit.* Then we are all juſtified, the Sin lies not at our (Doors.

Tir. All juſtified alike, and yet all guilty;
Were every Man's falſe dealing brought to light,
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Meaſures, th' other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not ſinn'd?

2 *Cit.* Nay, if theſe be Sins, the Caſe is alter'd; for my part I never thought any thing but Murder had been a Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all theſe were leſs than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans!*

Have

Have you not ſworn before the Gods to ſerve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King
By publick Voice elected? anſwer me,
If this be true!

2 *Cit*. This is true; but it's a hard World, Neighbours,
If a Man's Oath muſt be his Maſter.

Cre. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you Traytors, Countrymen of *Thebes*?
This holy Sire, who preſſes you with Oaths,
Forgets your firſt; were you not ſworn before
To *Lajus* and his Blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Succeſſor,
Your firſt Oath ſtill muſt bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1 *Cit*. He puts the Prophet in a Mouſe-hole.

2 *Cit*. I knew it wou'd be ſo; the laſt Man ever ſpeaks the beſt Reaſon.

Tir. Can Benefits thus dye, ungrateful *Thebans*!
Remember yet, when, after *Lajus*'s death,
The Monſter *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waſte,
Your Vineyards ſpoil'd, your labouring Oxen ſlew;
Your ſelves for fear mew'd up within your Walls,
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town,
But when ſhe rais'd her Bulk to ſail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And ſhaded all beneath; till ſtooping down,
She clap'd her leathern Wing againſt your Tow'rs,
And thruſt out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durſt not meet in Temples
T'invoke the Gods for aid, the proudeſt he
Who leads you now, then cowr'd, like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* ſhook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins:

Till

'Till *Oedipus* arriv'd.
Call'd by his own high Courage and the Gods,
Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him
Your Queen, and Crown; (but what was then your Crown?)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Success:
Speak then, who is your lawful King?
All. 'Tis *Oedipus.*
Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus* indeed: your King more lawful
Than yet you dream: For something still there lyes
In Heav'ns dark Volume, which I read through Mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth,
Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing.
I see, I see! how terribly it dawns.
And my Soul sickens with it:
1 *Cit.* How the God shakes him!
Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Incest! Discovery! Punishment —— 'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. Rouze up ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Pæans!*
Your King returns; the *Argians* are o'er-come;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus.*
All. Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus!
Creon. Furies confound his Fortune! —— [*Aside.*
Haste, all haste: [*To them.*
And meet with Blessings our Victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a Brazen Column, thus inscrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his *Thebes.*
Trust me, I weep for joy to see this Day. (trymen,
Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows why thou weep'st:—Go, Coun-
And, as you use to supplicate your Gods ——
So meet your King with Bayes, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Ex.* Tiresias, *the People following.*

Enter Oedipus *in Triumph*; Adraſtus *Priſoner*; Dymas, *Train.*

Cre. All hail, great *Oedipus*;
Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*:
To thy own *Thebes*; to all that's left of *Thebes*:
For half thy Citizens are ſwept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs:
And we, the happy Remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and dye.

Oedip. Thus Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man;
But lent by Heav'n upon hard Uſury:
And, while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E're it can reach our Lips it's daſht with Gall
By ſome left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conqueſt gain'd abroad and loſt at home!
O *Argos!* now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lyes low;
Thy ſlaughter'd Sons now ſmile, and think they won;
When they can count more *Theban* Ghoſts than theirs.

Adr. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd ſo
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy ſeem'd
The manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd:
While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*
Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will crowd to ſerve where *Oedipus* commands.

Cre. to Ham. How mean it ſhews to fawn upon the Victor!

Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had ſaid otherwiſe.
Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy
Superiour Virtue.

Oedip. This indeed is Conqueſt,
To gain a Friend like you: Why were we Foes?

Adr. 'Cauſe we were Kings, and each diſdain'd an Equal.
I fought to have it in my pow'r to do
What thou haſt done; and ſo to uſe my Conqueſt;
To ſhew thee, Honour was my only Motive.
Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
And *Thebes* thus waſte, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy dropt from the Hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oedip. embracing. No more Captive,
But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleaſant,

And

And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from soft use.

Adr. My Conqueror!

Oedip. My Friend! that other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee were a Crime;
To love, and to *Euridyce*, go free:
Such welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a Blush, though conquer'd twice,
By you and by my Princess. [*Ex.* Adrastus.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and ev'n by him, the Slave of both:
Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your Image,
Wou'd I cou'd make you mine. [*Ex.* Creon.

Enter the People with Branches in their Hands, holding them up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.

Oedip. Alas, my People!
What means this speechless Sorrow, down-cast-Eyes,
And lifted Hands! if there be one among you
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

1 *Pr.* O Father of thy Country!
To thee these Knees are bent, these Eyes are lifted,
As to a visible Divinity.
A Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose
The business of Mankind: for Providence
Might on thy careful Bosom sleep secure,
And leave her Task to thee.
But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?
Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.
Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but mute.
A People of the dead; a crowded Desart.
A Midnight Silence at the noon of Day.

Oedip. O were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Presence shou'd be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad Eyes
Not search in vain for Friends, whose promis'd Sight
Flatter'd my toils of War.

1 *Pr.* Twice our Deliverer.

Oedip. Nor are now your Vows
Addreſt to one who ſleeps:
When this unwelcome News firſt reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was ſent to *Delphos* to enquire
The Cauſe and Cure of this contagious Ill:
And is this Day return'd: but ſince his Meſſage
Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it
But in this general Preſence: let him ſpeak.

Dym. A dreadful Anſwer from the hallow'd Urn,
And ſacred *Tripous* did the Prieſteſs give,
In theſe myſterious Words,
The Oracle. *Shed in a curſed Hour, by curſed Hand,*
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.
When Lajus *Death is expiated well,*
Your Plague ſhall ceaſe: the reſt let Lajus *tell.*

Oedip. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too:
And ſuch a King's, and by his Subjects ſhed!
(Elſe why this Curſe on *Thebes?*) no wonder then
If Monſters, Wars, and Plagues revenge ſuch Crimes!
If Heav'n be juſt, its whole Artillery
All muſt be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt
Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more:
New moulded Thunder of a larger Size;
Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What, touch anointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* wou'd himſelf be next;
Cou'd you but reach him too.

2 *Pr.* We mourn the ſad Remembrance.

Oedip. Well you may:
Worſe than a Plague infects you: y'are devoted
To Mother Earth, and to th' infernal Pow'rs:
Hell has a right in you: I thank you, Gods,
That I'm no *Theban* born: how my Blood cruddles!
As if this Curſe touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
Than all this Preſence! — Yes, 'tis a King's Blood,
And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
Or how muſt I attone it? tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd Report
Paſs'd through my Ears, when firſt I took the Crown:

But

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.
1 *Pr*. He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.
Oedip. Nor any from him? came there no Attendant?
None to bring the News?
2 *Pr*. But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew Breath to speak some few faint Words.
OEdip. What were they? something may be learnt from thence.
1 *Pr*. He said a band of Robbers watch'd their Passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way
To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.
Oedip. Made you no more Enquiry,
But took this bare Relation?
2 *Pr*. 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monster *Sphinx* began to rage;
And Present Cares soon buried the Remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.
Oedip. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Just then, the *Sphinx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dated thence your Woes: thence will I trace 'em.
1 *Pr*. 'Tis just thou should'st.
Oedip. Hear then this dreadful Imprecation; hear it:
'Tis lay'd on all; not any one exempt:
Bear witness Heav'n, avenge it on the perjur'd.
If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,
Ten Attique Talents be his just Reward:
But, if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder'r he conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: from Fire and Water,
Converse, and all things common be he banish'd.
But for the Murderer's self, unfound by Man,
Find him ye Pow'rs Cœlestial and Infernal;
And the same Fate or worse than *Lajus* met,

Let be his Lot: his Children be accurſt;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd.
Both Pr. Confirm it Heav'n!
Enter Jocaſta; *Attended by Women.*
Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n ſucceed your Wiſhes;
And bring th' effect of theſe your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.
Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!
Oedip. O fatal Sound, Unfortunate *Jocaſta!*
What haſt thou ſaid! an ill Hour haſt thou choſen
For theſe fore-boding Words! why, we were curſing!
Joc. Then may that Curſe fall only where you laid it.
Oedip. Speak no more!
For all thou ſay'ſt is ominous: we were curſing;
And that dire Imprecation haſt thou faſten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee and me, and all of us.
Joc. Are then my Bleſſings turn'd into a Curſe?
O Unkind *Oedipus.* My former Lord
Thought me his Bleſſing: be thou like my *Lajus.*
Oedip. What yet again! the third time haſt thou curs'd me?
This Imprecation was for *Lajus* Death,
And thou haſt wiſh'd me like him.
Joc. Horror ſeizes me!
Oedip. Why doſt thou gaze upon me? prithee Love
Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.
Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
His Speech, his Garb, his Action; nay his Frown;
(For I have ſeen it;) but ne'er bent on me.
Oedip. Are we ſo like?
Joc. In all things but his Love.
Oedip. I love thee more: ſo well I love, Words cannot (ſpeak how well.
No pious Son ere lov'd his Mother more
Than I my dear *Jocaſta.*
Joc. I love you too
The ſelf ſame way: and when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love ſtart up in your Defence,
And bade me not be angry: be not you:
For I love *Lajus* ſtill as Wives ſhou'd love:
But you more tenderly; as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks

I lull my Child asleep.

Oedip. Then we are blest:
And all these Curses sweep along the Skies
Like empty Clouds; but drop not on our Heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private Fears;
But this blest Meeting has o'er-paid 'em all.
Good Fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your Consent
To make my Brother happy.

Oedip. How, *Jocasta?*

Joc. By Marriage with his Neice, *Eurydice!*

Oedip. Uncle and Neice! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'Tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus*,
No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it;
The Thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oedip. That's the Bar:
And she thy Daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And like a whirle-pool swallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd; I'll move the Suit no more.

Oedip. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Incest; move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Success, and pray
To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being suppos'd behind.*

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander *and* Pyracmon.

Hæm. SURE 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last Groans; and those vast Sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen-Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gellies,
And *Chaos* is at Hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake. All crowd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers. [*Thunder*, &c.

Hæm. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look;
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right Hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazling Purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West; a bloody red stains all the Place:
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,

And

And ſeem ſo crouded, that they burſt upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets ſtick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left Sides,
As they would ſhoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Ham. But ſee! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night ſhew ought like this?

[*Thunders again. The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Prodigies.*

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, Eurydice, Adraſtus, *and all coming forward with Amazement.*

Oedip. Anſwer, you Pow'rs Divine; ſpare all this Noiſe,
This rack of Heav'n, and ſpeak your fatal Pleaſure.
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night,
Burſt forth ſuch Myriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocaſta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A ſetling Crimſon ſtains her beauteous Face!
She's all o'er Blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the myſtick Heav'ns, ſhe journeys on?
A vaſt Eclipſe darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, ſound all our Inſtruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Braſs, and Iron,
And beat a thouſand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you ſee the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oedip. Forbear, raſh Man——Once more I ask your Pleaſure!
If that the Glow-worm light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rouls the Sea?
Why thoſe Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monſters?
Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own Hands have made? Then be it ſo.
Or if the Fates reſolve ſome Expiation
For murder'd *Lajus*; hear me, hear me, Gods!

Hear me thus proſtrate: Spare this groaning Land,
Save innocent *Thebes*, ſtop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I ſtand up an Oblation
To meet your ſwifteſt and ſevereſt Anger,
Shoot all at once, and ſtrike me to the Center.

The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures in the Sky, and ſhews 'em Crown'd, with the Names of Oedipus *and* Jocaſta *written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senſes
Are vaniſh'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
Or juſt above thoſe two Majeſtick Heads,
I ſee, I read diſtinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and *Jocaſta.*
Alc. I read the ſame.
Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vaſt deep of Deſtiny.
[*Thunder; and the Prodigies vaniſh.*
Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had ſome new Monſters made? will you not turn,
And bleſs your People; who devour each word
You breathe.
Oedip. It ſhall be ſo.
Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to ſave thee!
Draw from my Heart my Blood, with more content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocaſta!*
By all the Indearments of miraculous Love,
By all our Languiſhings, our Fears in Pleaſure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I ſwear
On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breaſt I ſwear,
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods ſhould doom my Death.
Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impoſſible, the Man,

Perhaps

Perhaps my Poniard first should drink your Blood;
But you are innocent, as your *Jocasta*,
From Crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your Life, which you unjust would lose:
Nor can you comprehend, with deepest Thought,
The horrid Agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to die.

OEdip. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas! why start you so? Her stiff'ning Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I should have made
My Bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my *Oedipus!*

Oedip. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oedip. Pardon me, dear *Jocasta*;
Pardon a Heart that sinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it self in Sobs and Murmurs:
Yet to restore my Peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you shall have ample Vengeance
On *Lajus* Murderer. O, the Traitor's Name!
I'll know't, I will; Art shall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir———

Oedip. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll fetch [him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air, upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay, he shall be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias* Pow'r,
(*Tiresias*, that Rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his first Fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,
Tiresias attends your Pleasure.

Oedip. Haste, and bring him in.
O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the End
Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodigies,

Draws

Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

Enter Tiresias, *leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter* Manto, *follow'd by other* Thebans.

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Knows all the Business of the Courts above,
Opens the Closets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The Traitor who conspir'd the Death of *Lajus*:
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*?

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rouzed God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My rivel'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O Charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'rful Strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.

SONG

SONG to *APOLLO*.

PHœbus, *God belov'd by Men*;
At thy dawn, every Beast is rouzed in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy Absence complain,
And we die, all die till the Morning comes again.
Phœbus, *God belov'd by Men!*
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs, and Orphean *Strings,*
Who to this mortal Bosom brings,
All harmonious heav'nly things!
Thy drouzy Prophet to revive,
Ten thousand thousand Forms before him drive:
With Chariots and Horses all o'fire awake him,
Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophesies shake him:
Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the Load,
Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch, who shed the Blood of old *Labdacides*,
Lives, and is great;
But cruel Greatness ne'er was long:
The first of *Lajus* Blood his Life did seize,
And urg'd his Fate,
Which else had lasting been and strong.
The Wretch, who *Lajus* kill'd, must bleed or fly;
Or *Thebes*, consum'd with Plagues, in Ruins lye.
Oedip. The first of *Lajus* Blood! pronounce the Person;
May the God roar from thy prophetick Mouth,
That even the dead may start up, to behold:
Name him, I say, that most accursed Wretch,
For by the Stars he dies:
Speak, I command thee;
By *Phœbus*, speak; for sudden Death's his Doom:
Here shall he fall, bleed on this very Spot;
His Name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir.

Tir. 'Tis loſt,
Like what we think can never ſhun Remembrance;
Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oedip. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, ſacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* ſhall point out the great Offender.
'Tis true, reſpect of Nature might injoin
Me Silence, at another time; but, oh,
Much more the Pow'r of my eternal Love!
That, that ſhould ſtrike me dumb: Yet *Thebes*, my Coun-[try—
I'll break through all, to ſuccour thee, poor City!
O, I muſt ſpeak.

Oedip. Speak then, if ought thou know'ſt:
As much thou ſeem'ſt to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illuſtrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with ſuch modeſt, chaſte and pure Affection,
The coldeſt Nymph might read 'em without bluſhing;
Art thou the Murdreſs then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, muſt I accuſe thee! O my Tears!
Why will you fall in ſo abhorr'd a Cauſe?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand deſtroy'd
Thy Father (O monſtrous Act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.

Oedip. Eurydice!

Eur. Traitor, go on; I ſcorn thy little Malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their Oppoſite, and form'd a Lyar,
I thus diſdain thee! Thou once didſt talk of Love;
Becauſe I hate thy Love,
Thou doſt accuſe me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain,
And Traitor, doubly damn'd, who dur'ſt blaſpheme
The ſpotleſs Virtue of the brighteſt Beauty;
Thou dy'ſt: Nor ſhall the ſacred Majeſty,
[*Draws and wounds him.*
That guards this Place, preſerve thee from my Rage.

Oedip.

Oedip. Disarm 'em both: Prince, I shall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.
Adr. Sir,
I must acknowledge in another Cause
Repentance might abash me; but I glory
In this, but smile to see the Traitor's Blood.
Oedip. *Creon*, you shall be satisfy'd at full.
Cre. My Hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wise *Tiresias*, if my Accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Lajus* Blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is Faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
If Pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heav'n it self prescrib'd.
Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to save your Lives,
More willingly than you can wish my Fate;
But let this good, this wise, this holy Man,
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho' I should die a Martyr.
Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my Life:
For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.
Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Justice:
Proof will be easie made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhapy King
Of Life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-Law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.
1 *Theb.* Both, let both die.
All Theb. Both, both; let 'em die.
Oedip. Hence, you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader [here,
He shall be made Example. *Hæmon*, take him.
1 *Theb.* Mercy, O Mercy.

Oedip.

Oedip. Mutiny in my Presence!
Hence, let me see that busie Face no more. [Rage!
Tir. Thebans, what Madness makes you drunk with
Enough of guilty Death's already acted:
Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice,*
With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reproves
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fates in doubt.
Oedip. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,
Or suffer; for I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.
Tir. Since that the Pow'rs divine refuse to clear
The mystick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms; Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their grizly King without a Waiter.
For Prince *Adrastus* and *Eurydice,*
My Life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,
'Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princes; *Thebans,* all to rest.
O, *Oedipus,* to morrow———but no more.
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with softer Slumbers:
To Morrow, O to Morrow!———sleep, my Son;
And in prophetick Dreams thy Fate be shown.
[*Ex.* Tir. Adr. Eur. Man. *and* Theb.

Manent Oedipus, Jocasta, Creon, Pyracmon, Hæmon, *and* Alcander.

Oedip. To Bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta.*
After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange
Our Loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's Thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.
Joc. Consume whole Years in Care, so now and then
I may have leave to feed my famish'd Eyes
With one short passing Glance, and sigh my Vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the Passion
Of languishing *Jocasta.* [*Exit.*
Oedip. Thou softest, sweetest of the World! good Night.
Nay, she is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!

I

I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unusual Chilness came upon me;
An unknown Hand still check'd my forward Joy,
Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no Light was near:
That ev'n the Act became a Violation.

Pyr. He's strangely thoughtful.

Oedip. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, did'st thou call [me?

Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oedip. That's strange! methought I heard a doleful [Voice
Cry'd *Oedipus* — The Prophet bad me sleep.
He talk'd of Dreams, and Visions, and to morrow!
I'll muse no more on't, come what will or can,
My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with those Thoughts I'll rest: *Creon*, good Night.

[*Ex. with* Hæm.

Cre. Sleep seal your Eyes up, Sir, eternal Sleep.
But if he must sleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air:
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and death be set before him.

Alc. Your Curses have already tak'n Effect;
For he looks very sad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he stands, for ever;
His Eye-balls never move, Brows be unbent,
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: You tear your self, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tiresias* conjures up the Fiends,
And pass the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try Promises, and Threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad?
Ravish, and leave her dead, with her *Adrastus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For such another thought. Lust, and Revenge!
To stab at once the only Man I hate,
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auspicious Stars,

The

The rest as Fortune please; so but this Night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest;
Yet, e're he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none must dare be near him

Cre. Hæmon, you do your Duty;—— [*Thunder.*
And we obey.—— The Night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis just that all retire to their Devotions;
The Gods are angry: but to Morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lie, will make all clear. [*As they go off.*

Oedipus *Enters, walking asleep in his Shirt, with a Dagger in his right Hand, and a Taper in his left.*

Oedip. O, my *Jocasta!* 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!——Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly Light, that seems
The Gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and see, she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my incestuous Heart.
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope!*
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha, who waits there? Salves,
My Sword: what, *Hæmon*, dar'st thou, Villain, stop me?
With thy own Ponyard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of Death? By all my Honours,
New murder; thou hast slain old *Polybus*:
Incest and Parricide, thy Father's murder'd!
Out thou infernal Flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant Mischief!
And now while thus I stalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus!* [*Thunder, &c.*

Enter

Enter Jocasta *attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.*

Oedip. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell, and Furies!
Where am I? O, *Jocasta*, let me hold thee,
Thus to my Bosom, Ages let me grasp thee:
All that the hardest temper'd weather'd Flesh,
With fiercest humane Spirit inspir'd, can dare
Or do, I dare; but, oh you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafen'd Ears
Are burst; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flashing Fire:
That sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
Methought I heard your Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves; now, in a still small tone
Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a Noise.

Oedip. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before.
Yet what most shocks the niceness of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid sleep
Dash'd my sick Fancy with an act of Incest:
I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which, tho' impossible, so damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
And thousand other Labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oedip. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul,
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
And of an Inclination so ignoble,

That

That I muſt hide me from your Eyes for ever.
Be witneſs, Gods, and ſtrike *Jocaſta* dead,
If an immodeſt Thought, or low Deſire
Inflam'd my Breaſt, ſince firſt our Loves were lighted.
Oedip. O riſe, and add not, by thy cruel Kindneſs,
A Grief more ſenſible than all my Torments.
Thou think'ſt my Dreams are forg'd; but by thy ſelf,
The greateſt Oath, I ſwear, they are moſt true:
But, be they what they will, I here diſmiſs 'em;
Begon, *Chimeras*, to your Mother Clouds,
Is there a Fault in us? Have we not ſearch'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beaſts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art.
Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
Seem like Phyſicians at a loſs to help us:
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll ſnatch the ſtrongeſt Cordial of our Love;
To Bed, my Fair.
Ghoſt within. Oedipus!
Oedip. Ha! who calls?
Did'ſt thou not hear a Voice?
Joc. Alas! I did.
Ghoſt. Jocaſta!
Joc. O my Love, my Lord, ſupport me!
Oedip. Call louder, till you burſt your Airy Forms:
Reſt on my Hand. Thus, arm'd with Innocence,
I'll face theſe babling *Dæmons* of the Air.
In ſpight of Ghoſts, I'll on,
Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;
I'll break 'em, with *Jocaſta* in my Arms:
Claſp'd in the folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder ſhake the Room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A dark Grove.*

Enter Creon, *and* Diocles.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dioc. What mean you by these Words?
Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon.*
A thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.
Dioc. You are not wretched.
Cre. I am: my Soul's ill married to my Body.
I wou'd be young, be handsom, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but Breath my self into *Adrastus*———
Dioc. You rave; call home your Thoughts.
Cre. I prithee let my Soul take Air awhile;
Were she in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battel;
And had my Rival Pris'ner; brave, brave Actions:
Why have not I done these?
Dioc. Your Fortune hinder'd.
Cre. There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handsom Fools: Body and Brawn
Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
And straight grew famous: a mad boistrous Fool,
Nay worse, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.
Dioc. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.
Cre. Goes it there!
I understand thee; I must kill *Adrastus.*

Dioc.

Dioc. Or not enjoy your Mistress;
Eurydice and he are Pris'ners here,
But will not long be so: this Tell-tale Ghost
Perhaps will clear 'em both.
Cre. Well: 'tis resolv'd.
Dioc. The Princess walks this Way;
You must not meet her,
Till this be done.
Cre. I must.
Dioc. She hates your Sight:
And more since you accus'd her.
Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot stay to tell thee my Design;
For she's too near.
Enter Eurydice.
How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd!
Eur. On Death, and thee.
Cre. Then were they not well sorted: Life and me
Had been the better Match.
Eur. No, I was thinking
On two the most detested things in Nature:
And they are Death and thee.
Cre. The thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful:
O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;
And when the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves: and in the silent Vault,
Where lyes your own pale Shrowd, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
And often, often, vainly breath your Ghost
Into your lifeless Lips:
Then, like a lone benighted Traveller
Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd
By whistling Winds, whose every Blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.
Eur. Must I be this thin Being? and thus wander!
No Quiet after Death!

Cre.

Cre. None: you must leave
This beauteous Body; all this Youth and Freshness
Must be no more the object of Desire,
But a cold lump of Clay;
Which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the best of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the best.
Eur. What then shall be thy Lot!
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur:
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Lash;
This for *Eurydice*; these for her *Adrastus*.
Cre. For her *Adrastus!*
Eur. Yes; for her *Adrastus:*
For Death shall ne'er divide us: Death, what's Death!
Dioc. You seem'd to fear it.
Eur. But I more fear *Creon:*
To take that hunch-back'd Monster in my Arms,
Th' excrescence of a Man.
Dioc. to Cre. See what you've gain'd.
Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a bug-dear dress'd
To frighten Children; pull but off his Masque
And he'll appear a Friend.
Cre. You talk too slightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.
Eur. You best can tell the News of your own Country.
Dioc. Nay now you are too sharp.
Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder and of Parricide?
Cre. You provok'd me:
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of Blood to *Lajus:* Be advis'd,
And you may live.
Eur. The Means?
Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adrastus* has accus'd himself.

Eur.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.
Cre. He ſays he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better Time.
Eur. Then Death muſt be his recompence for Love!
Cre. 'Tis a Fool's juſt Reward:
The wiſe can make a better uſe of Life:
But 'tis the young Man's Pleaſure; his Ambition:
I grudge him not that Favour.
Eur. When he's dead,
Where ſhall I find his Equal!
Cre. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court ſwarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are ſo common,
Crows feed on nothing elſe: plenty of Fools;
A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.
And Fortune ſtill takes care they ſhou'd be ſeen:
She places 'em aloft, o'th' topmoſt Spoke
Of all her Wheel: Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation; if ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by't, 'tis too expenſive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.
Eur. That is a *Creon*: O thou black Detractor,
Who ſpitt'ſt thy Venom againſt Gods and Men!
Thou Enemy of Eyes:
Thou who lov'ſt nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thy ſelf: who haſt conſpir'd againſt
My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all;
And only fit for thee.
But for *Adraſtus* Death, good Gods, his Death!
What Curſe ſhall I invent?
Dioc. No more: he's here.
Eur. He ſhall be ever here.
He who wou'd give his Life; give up his Fame.—
Enter Adraſtus.
If all the Excellence of Woman-kind
Were mine;——No, 'tis too little all for him:
Were I made up of endleſs, endleſs Joys.——

Adr.

Adr. And so thou art:
The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept.
Cre. to Dioc. Work him be sure
To Rage, he's passionate;
Make him th' Aggressor.
Dioc. O false Love; false Honour.
Cre. Dissembled both, and false!
Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me!
Cre. To you! why what are you, that I should fear you?
I am not *Lajus:* Hear me, Prince of *Argos*,
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis lost in Battle. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not so false as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confess'd you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your Passion to the Daughter.
Adr. [*Aside.*] Gods, must I bear this Brand, and not retort
The lye to his foul Throat!
Dioc. Basely you kill'd him.
Adr. [*Aside.*] O, I burn inward: my Blood's all o'fire.
Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sate closest,
Had but an Ague fit to this my Feaver.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my Love.——Well then, I kill'd him basely.
Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you cou'd not.
Dioc. Nor alone.
Cre. You had your fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.
Adr. [*Aside.*] Down swelling Heart!
'Tis for thy Princess all.—O my *Eurydice!*— [*To her.*
Eur. to him. Reproach not thus the weakness of my Sex,
As if I cou'd not bear a shameful Death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime

Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature;
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him ſay ſo.

Dioc. See he ſtands mute.

Cre. O pow'r of Conſcience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one No to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd ſtain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain!

Dioc. Eccho to him Groves: cry Villain.

Adr. Let me conſider! did I murther *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Beſt revoke your Words;
And ſay you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dioc. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your Innocence,
Accuſe the Princeſs: So I knew 'twou'd be.

Adr. I thank thee, thou inſtruct'ſt me:
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [*Aſide.*] Cool'd again.

Eur. Thou, who uſurp'ſt the ſacred name of Conſcience,
Did not thy own declare him innocent;
To me declare him ſo? The King ſhall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forſwear it.

Eur. What's now thy Conſcience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my ſupple Glove,
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think beſt: 'Tis my obedient Conſcience.

Adr. Infamous Wretch!

Cre. My Conſcience ſhall not do me the ill Office
To ſave a Rival's Life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou ſhalt be, or be yet more baſe
Than thou think'ſt me,

By

By forfeiting her Life, to ſave thy own. —)
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She ſhall be mine: (ſhe is, if Vows were binding;)
Mark me, the Fruit of all thy Faith and Paſſion,
Ev'n of thy fooliſh Death, ſhall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, ſay'ſt thou, Monſter;
Shall my Love be thine?
O, I can bear no more!
Thy cunning Engines have with labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall and paſh thee dead.
See here thy Nuptials; ſee, thou raſh *Ixion*, [*Draws.*
Thy promis'd *Juno* vaniſh'd in a Cloud;
And in her Room avenging Thunder rowls
To blaſt thee thus.——Come both.—— [*Both Draw.*

Cre. 'Tis what I wiſh'd!
Now ſee whoſe Arm can lanch the ſurer Bolt,
And who's the better *Jove!* —— [*Fight.*

Eur. Help; Murther, help!

Enter Hæmon *and Guards, run betwixt them and beat down their Swords.*

Hæm. Hold; hold your impious Hands: I think the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inſpir'd you:
Now, by my Soul, the holieſt Earth of *Thebes*
You have profan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,
All full of humane Souls; that cleave their Barks
To dance at Midnight by the Moon's pale Beams:
At leaſt two hundred Years theſe reverend Shades
Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
Shed by the Prieſt's own Hand to *Proſerpine.*

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance: I knew not
The Honours of the Place.

Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didſt.
Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
Durſt violate the Religion of theſe Groves,
To touch one ſingle Hair: but muſt, unarm'd,
Parle as in Truce, or ſurlily avoid
What moſt he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first;
But in my own Defence.
Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: all Reproach cou'd urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.
Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, must judge this Act:
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire:
Tiresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,
Approach the Place: None at these Rites assist,
But you th' accus'd, who by the Mouth of *Lajus*
Must be absolv'd or doom'd.
Adr. I bear my Fortune.
Eur. And I provoke my Tryal.
Hæm. 'Tis at Hand.
For see the Prophet comes with Vervin crown'd,
The Priests with Yeugh, a venerable Band;
We leave you to the Gods.
[*Ex.* Hæmon *with* Creon *and* Diocles.

Enter Tiresias, *led by* Manto: *The Priests follow; all cloathed in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
I'll-fated Pair! whom, seeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd:
When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death: I fear, I fear.
Eur. Is there no God so much a Friend to Love,
Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? or have the Giants Heav'n?
Tir. The Gods are just.———
But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know it self!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plummet,
Fathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.
Whatever is, is in its Causes just;
Since all things are by Fate. But purblin'd Man
Sees but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poises all above.
Eur. Then we must dye!

Tir.

Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.
Adr. Why then there's one Day less for humane Ills:
And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass? something, or nothing ——
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adrastus*;———
Penurious Heav'n, can'st thou not add a Night
To our one Day; give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.
Tir. She broke her Vow
First made to *Creon*: but the time calls on:
And *Lajus* Death must now be made more plain.
How loth I am to have recourse to Rites
So full of Horrour, that I once rejoice
I want the use of Sight.———
1 *Pr*. The Ceremonies stay.
Tir. Chuse the darkest part o'th' Grove;
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lye.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heyfer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun:
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth and *Proserpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam;
Snatch a Brand from Funeral Pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Anſwer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[*Peal of Thunder; and Flaſhes of Lightning; then Groaning below the Stage.*

Man. O, what Laments are thoſe?

Tir. The Groans of Ghoſts, that cleave the Earth with Pain,
And heave it up: they pant and ſtick half way.

[*The Stage wholly darken'd.*

Man. And now a ſudden Darkneſs covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd: Infernal Gods,
Muſt you have Muſick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have ſuch Sounds as Hell ne'er heard
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades,

Muſick firſt. Then Sing.

1. *Hear, ye ſullen Pow'rs below:*
Hear, ye Taskers of the Dead.
2. *You that boiling Cauldrons blow,*
You that ſcum the molten Lead.
3. *You that pinch with Red-hot Tongs;*
1. *You that drive the trembling Hoſts*
Of poor, poor Ghoſts,
With your ſharpen'd Prongs;
2. *You that thruſt 'em off the Brim;*
3. *You that plunge 'em when they ſwim:*
1. *Till they drown;*
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down
Ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Fathoms low.

Chorus. *Till they drown,* &c.

1. *Muſick for a while*
Shall your Cares beguile:
Wonaring how your Pains were eas'd;
2. *And diſdaining to be pleas'd;*

3. T

3. *Till* Alecto *free the dead*
From their eternal Bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
And Whip from out her Hands.

1. *Come away*
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.

Chorus. *Come away*, &c.

[A flash of Lightning: The Stage is made bright; and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees.

1. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!

1. *Hear!* 2. *Hear!* 3. *Hear!*

Tir. *Hear and appear.*
By the Fates that spun thy Thread;

Cho. *Which are three,*

Tir. *By the Furies fierce, and dread!*

Cho. *Which are three,*

Tir. *By the Judges of the dead!*

Cho. *Which are three,*
Three times three!

Tir. *By Hell's blue Flame:*
By the Stygian *Lake:*
And by Demogorgon's *Name,*
At which Ghosts quake,
Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of *Lajus* rises arm'd in his Chariot as he was slain. And behind his Chariot, sit the three who were murder'd with him.

Ghost of Lajus. Why hast thou drawn me from my Pains
To suffer worse above; to see the Day, [below,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes.*
For Pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
In Hell I shun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,

And chatter at my Wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:
Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurſt,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghoſt. O ſpare my Shame.

Tir. Are theſe two Innocent?

Ghoſt. Of my Death they are.
But he who holds my Crown, Oh, muſt I ſpeak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature moſt abhors.
The Gods foreſaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloath'd with Fleſh his pre-exiſting Soul.
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Deſtiny.
Took pity, and indu'd his new form'd Maſs
With Temperance, Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Virtue: But in vain.
For Fate, that ſent him hood-winkt to the World,
Perform'd its work by his miſtaking Hands.
Ask'ſt thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus:*
Who ſtains my Bed with Inceſt? *Oedipus:*
For whom then are you curſt, but *Oedipus!*
He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: Oh his murd'rous Breath
Venoms my airy Subſtance! hence with him,
Baniſh him; ſweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blaſt your Fields, and mark his Way with Ruin.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heav'n.
[*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, *&c.*

Oedip. What's this! methought ſome peſtilential Blaſt
Struck me juſt entring; and ſome unſeen Hand
Struggled to puſh me backward! tell me why
My Hair ſtands briſtling up, why my Fleſh trembles!
You ſtare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And ſome lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen ſaw'ſt thou entring?

Oedip. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his Back;

Till

Till weary with the weight, ſhe ſhook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus!*

Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus!*

Tir. O! Fatal King!

Oedip. What mean theſe Exclamations on my Name?
I thank the Gods, no ſecret Thoughts reproach me:
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your Sight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
Theſe fix'd Regards, and ſilent Threats of Eyes:
A generous Fierceneſs dwells with Innocence;
And conſcious Virtue is allow'd ſome Pride.

Tir. Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.

Oedip. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice:*
Thou ſhak'ſt: Thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adraſtus*;
And boldly as thou met'ſt my Arms in fight;
Dar'ſt thou not ſpeak? why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tireſias, thee I ſummon by thy Prieſthood,
Tell me what News from Hell: Where *Lajus* points,
And who's the guilty Head!

Tir. Let me not anſwer.

Oedip. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil
To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oedip. Dar'ſt thou converſe with Hell, and canſt thou fear
An human Name!

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Would make thee more unhappy: 'Twill be found,
Tho' I am ſilent.

Oedip. Old and obſtinate! Then thou thy ſelf
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murther,
And ſhun'ſt the Juſtice, which by publick Ban
Thou haſt incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the Guilt were mine
It were not half ſo great: Know wretched Man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curſe
Falls heavy on thy ſelf.

Oedip. Speak this again:
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest:
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.
Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it: Hear me Earth,
Whose hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But sent it back to Light: And thou Hell, hear me,
Whose own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid Truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.
Oedip. Rot the Tongue,
And blasted be the Mouth that spoke that Lie.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.
Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.
Oedip. Who were my Parents?
Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.
Oedip. Why seek I Truth from thee?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesman's Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell.
O why has Priest-hood Priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd!——thy Age protects thee——
Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
And 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.
Oedip. Riddles, Riddles!
Tir. Thou art thy self a Riddle; a perplext
Obscure *Ænigma*, which when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.
Oedip. Impossible!
Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,
Whose Royal Word is sacred, clear my Fame.
Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!
Oedip. Ha, wilt thou not: Can that *Plebeian* Vice
Of Lying Mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then Truth is lost on Earth.
Cre. The Cheat's too gross:
Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Juggler, but *Adrastus*' Organ.

Oedip.

Oedip. 'Tis plain, the Priest's suborn'd to free the Pris'ner.
Cre. And turn the Guilt on you.
Oedip. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd?
Eur. Hear me.
Cre. She's brib'd to save her Lover's Life.
Adr. If, *Oedipus*, thou think'st———
Cre. Hear him not speak.
Adr. Then hear these holy Men.
Cre. Priests, Priests all brib'd, all Priests.
Oedip. *Adrastus* I have found thee:
The Malice of a vanquish'd Man has seiz'd thee.
Adr. If Envy and not Truth———
Oedip. I'll hear no more: Away with him.
[Hæmon *takes him off by force:* Creon *and* Eurydice *follow.*
To Tir.] Why stand'st thou here, Impostor!
So old, and yet so wicked -- Lie for Gain;
And Gain so short as Age can promise thee!
Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed Hour; Remember *Lajus*:
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual Darkness; we shall feel before us
To reach each other's Hand; remember *Lajus.*
[*Ex.* Tiresias: *Priests follow.*

OEdipus *solus.*

Remember *Lajus!* that's the Burden still:
Murther and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd
My Soul starts in me: The good Sentinel
Stands to her Weapons; takes the first Alarm
To Guard me from such Crimes——Did I kill *Lajus*?
Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful Dream,
My Soul then stole my Body out by Night;
And brought me back to Bed e'er Morning-wake.
It cannot be ev'n this remotest Way,
But some dark hint would justle forward now,
And goad my Memory——Oh my *Jocasta!*

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?
Oedip. Why, would'st thou think it?

No

No less than Murder.

Joc. Murder! what of Murder?

Oedip. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Incest; bear not these a frightful Sound?

Joc. Alas!

Oedip. How poor a Pity is Alas
For two such Crimes!——was *Lajus* us'd to lie?

Joc. Oh no: The most sincere, plain, honest Man——
One who abhorr'd a Lie.

Oedip. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me——but why accuse I him?
I did not hear him speak it: They accuse me;
The Priest, *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Lajus*——Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oedip. Why, this foretelling Trade?

Joc. For many Years.

Oedip. Has he before this Day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oedip. Have you e're this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oedip. I am satisfy'd.
Then 'tis an Infant-lie; but one Day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Priest;
The Blood of *Lajus* was to murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s Blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!

Oedip. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he should have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: True indeed,
A Son was born; but, to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bor'd through his untry'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many Years,

And

And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three Ways meet: Yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.
Oedip. Sayst thou, Woman?
By Heav'n thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!
Joc. What, new Disturbance! [said'st it!)
Oedip. Methought thou said'st——(or do I dream thou
This Murder was on *Lajus* Person done,
Where three Ways meet?
Joc. So common Fame reports.
Oedip. Would it had ly'd.
Joc. Why, good my Lord?
Oedip. No Questions:
'Tis busie time with me; dispatch mine first;
Say where, where was it done!
Joc. Mean you the Murder?
Oedip. Could'st thou not answer without naming Murder?
Joc. They say in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia*, and from *Delphos*.
Oedip. So!——How long! when happen'd this!
Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.
Oedip. What will the Gods do with me!
Joc. What means that Thought?
Oedip. Something: But 'tis not yet your Turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action, and his Meen? quick, quick, your Answer——
Joc. Big made he was, and tall: His Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: His Hair just grizled,
As in a green old Age: Bate but his Years,
You are his Picture. [Picture?
Oedip. [*Aside.*] Pray Heav'n he drew me not! am I his
Joc. So I have often told you.
Oedip. True, you have;
Add that to the rest: How was the King
Attended when he travell'd?
Joc. By four Servants:

He

He went out privately.

Oedip. Well counted ſtill:
One ſcap'd I hear; what ſince became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you firſt, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling beg'd I wou'd diſmiſs him:
He had my Leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oedip. This Man muſt be produc'd; he muſt, *Jocaſta*.

Joc. He ſhall —— yet have I leave to ask you why?

Oedip. Yes, you ſhall know: For where ſhould I repoſe
The Anguiſh of my Soul, but in your Breaſt!
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth;
My Parents, *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.
It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feaſt,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son; I ſtung with this Reproach,
Struck him: My Father heard of it: The Man
Was made ask Pardon; and the Buſineſs huſh'd.

Joc. 'Twas ſomewhat odd.

Oedip. And ſtrangely it perplext me.
I ſtole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me ſeek no farther: ——— 'Twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!

Oedip. But yet they frighted me;
I lookt on *Corinth* as a Place accurſt,
Reſolv'd my Deſtiny ſhould wait in vain;
And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a Fear.

Oedip. Suſpend your Thoughts; and flatter not too ſoon.
Juſt in the Place you nam'd, where three Ways meet,
And near that time, five Perſons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you deſcribe for *Lajus*: Inſolent
And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by Force repell'd
The Force they us'd: In ſhort, four Men I ſlew:

The

The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
My Mercy gave it——Bring me Comfort now,
If I slew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my Curse has banish'd me:
From *Corinth* Fate.
Joc. Perplex not thus your Mind;
My Husband fell by Multitudes oppreſt,
So *Phorbas* said: This Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.
Oedip. There's all my Hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I shall live again ———
To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal;
Or clear my Virtue, or my Crime reveal:
If wandring in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun,
Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
My Hands are Guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Ex.* Amb.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pyracmon *and* Creon.

Pyr. SOme Business of Import that Triumph wears
You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
When you are pleas'd, by a malicious Joy:
Whose red and fiery Beams cast through your Visage
A glowing Pleasure. Sure you smile Revenge,
And I could gladly hear.
Cre. Would'st thou believe!
This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tiresias*
Has Thunder-struck with heavy Accusation,
Tho' conscious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his Shadow;
He fears the Multitude; and, which is worth

An

An Age of Laughter, out of all Mankind,
He chuſes me to be his Orator:
Swears that *Adraſtus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint Conſpirators; and wiſh'd me to
Appeaſe the raving *Thebans*; which I ſwore
To do.

Pyr. A dangerous Undertaking;
Directly oppoſite to your own Intereſt.

Cre. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his Preſence,
With all the Wings with which Revenge could imp
My Flight, I gain'd the midſt o'th' City;
There, ſtanding on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and ſickly Multitude,
With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous Stranger, this Uſurper, Monſter,
Is by the Oracle, the wiſe *Tireſias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of thy Royal *Lajus*:
Jocaſta too, no longer now my Siſter,
Is found Complotter in the horrid Deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*.
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thouſand antick Mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the Cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I ſee you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* caſt out.

Cre. Then ſtrait came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom he had wrought; I whiſper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the Heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another Story.
But ſee, he enters.

Enter Oedipus *and* Jocaſta, *attended*.

Oedip. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have diſcover'd?

Joc. He ſtarted when I told him your Intent,
Replying, what he knew of that Affair
Would give no Satisfaction to the King;
Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd, as for Life,
To be diſmiſs'd from Court: He trembled too,
As if convulſive Death had ſeiz'd upon him,
And ſtammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r ſo wildly,
That had he been the Murderer of *Lajus*,
Guilt and Diſtraction could not have ſhook him more.

Oedip. By your Deſcription, ſure as Plagues and Death
Lay waſte our *Thebes*, ſome deed that ſhuns the Light
Begot thoſe fears: If thou reſpect'ſt my Peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocaſta*; for my Genius
Shrinks at his Name.

Joc. Rather let him go:
So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
Without a Reaſon.

Oedip. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
Therefore retire: And, once more, if thou lov'ſt me,
Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joc. You ſhall, while I
Have Life, be ſtill obey'd:
In vain you ſooth me with your ſoft Indearments,
And ſet the faireſt Countenance to view,
Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a Deadneſs
And inward Languiſhing: That Oracle
Eats like a ſubtil Worm its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
How-e'er the beauteous Out-ſide ſhews ſo lovely.

Oedip. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's exceſs!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [*Ex.* Joc.

Ghoſt. Oedipus!

Oedip. Ha! again that Scream of Woe!
Thrice have I heard, thrice ſince the Morning dawn'd
It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from ſome vaulted Manſion, *Oedipus!*
Or is it but the Work of Melancholy?
When the Sun ſets, Shadows, that ſhew'd at Noon
But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible;

So

So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets ſeem the Watch of Death,
Nature's worſt Vermin ſcare her God-like Sons.
Ecchoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
Grow babling Ghoſts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill Thought ſwells to a huge *Olympus*,
While we fantaſtick Dreamers heave and puff,
And ſweat with an Imagination's weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with theſe mortal Shoulders
We could ſuſtain the Burden of the World.

[Creon *comes forward.*

Cre. O, ſacred Sir, my Royal Lord———

Oedip. What now?
Thou ſeem'ſt affrighted at ſome dreadful Action,
Thy Breath comes ſhort, thy darted Eyes are fixt
On me for Aid, as if thou wert purſu'd:
I ſent thee to the *Thebans*, ſpeak thy Wonder;
Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himſelf's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,
My Life's not worth a Thought, when weigh'd with [yours!
But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is ſacred;
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his Knees, thus proſtrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your Ruin.
When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
And drove me through the Streets, with Imprecations
Againſt your ſacred Perſon, and thoſe Traitors
Which juſtify'd your Guilt: Which curs'd *Tireſias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was cauſe of their Deſtruction.

Oedip. Riſe, worthy *Creon*, haſte and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal Part upon the Square,
Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes. [*Shout.*
I hear 'em roar: Begon, and break down all
The Dams that would oppoſe their furious Paſſage.

[*Ex.* Creon *with Guards.*

Enter

Enter Adraſtus, *his Sword drawn.*

Adr. Your City
Is all in Arms, all bent to your Deſtruction:
I heard but now, where I was cloſe confin'd,
A thundring Shout, which made my Jaylors vaniſh,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, thoſe awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which theſe Ears have heard,
And theſe Eyes ſeen, I muſt believe you guiltleſs;
For, ſince I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have obſerv'd in all his Acts ſuch Truth
And God-like Clearneſs; that to the laſt guſh
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
And here have ſworn to periſh by his Side.

Oed. Be witneſs, Gods, how near this touches me,
[*Embracing him.*
O what, what Recompence can Glory make?

Adr. Defend your Innocence, ſpeak like your ſelf,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntleſs Virtue.
But, hark! the Storm comes nearer.

Oedip. Let it come.
The force of Majeſty is never known
But in a general Wrack: Then then is ſeen
The Difference 'twixt a Threſhold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tireſias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There ſtands your Plague, the Ruin, Deſolation
Of this unhappy———ſpeak; ſhall I kill him?
Or ſhall he be caſt out to Baniſhment?

All Theb. To Baniſhment, away with him.

Oedip. Hence, you Barbarians, to your ſlaviſh Diſtance;
Fix to the Earth your ſordid Looks; for he
Who ſtirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends, or Furies.
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majeſty of Thundring *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when beſieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean-jaw'd Famine made more Havock of you,
Than

Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
Know the base Stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad Repentance,
A general Consternation spread among 'em.

Oedip. My Reign is at an end; yet e'er I finish—
I'll do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch, who, i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his Throne encompast round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your Head: [*Seizes him.*
Here, *Hæmon*, take him: but for this, and this,
Let Cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heaven's Award;
If that th' Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tiresias* dye. [*cander:*

Oedip. I take thee at thy Word. Run, haste, and save *Al-*
I swear the Prophet, or the King shall dye.
Be Witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath;
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit. [*Trumpets sound.*

Oedip. What mean those Trumpets?

Enter Hæmon *with* Alcander, *&c.*

Ham. From your Native Country,
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd;
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinth*,
And sues for Audience.

Oedip. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T' embrace him.

Ham.

Ham. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, *&c.*

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings?
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without Fears the blackest Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy Slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants Dreams.

Oedip. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence resounded those false Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of Rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a Gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his Dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, *Kneels.*

Oedip. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thousand welcomes, O, my Foster-Father,
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,
As, to a sinking Mariner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore!
But speak, O tell me what so mighty joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?

Joc. Peace, Peace, *Ægeon*, let *Jocasta* tell him!
O that I could for ever Charm, as now,
My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oedip. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, answer me,
And speak in short, what my *Jocasta*'s transport
May over-do.

Æge. Since in few Words, my Royal Lord, you ask

To

To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead.
Oedip. O all you Powers, is't possible? what, dead!
But that the Tempest of my Joy may rise
By just degrees, and hit at last the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Assassinates, or Poyson? speak:
Or did he languish under some Disease?
Æge. Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more:
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.
Oedip. O, let me press thee in my youthful Arms,
And smother thy old Age in my Embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires shall be kindled in the midst of *Thebes*;
I'th' midst of Tumult, Wars, and Pestilence,
I will rejoyce for *Polybus* his Death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass yon dazling Roof,
The Mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thundring Joy.
Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?
Oedip. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now;
Your Birds of Knowledge, that, in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I should weep;
But, as I am, I've Reason to rejoyce:
And will, tho' his cold Shade should rise and blast me.
O, for this Death, let Waters break their Bounds,

Rocks,

Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with ſplitting *Io*'s ring:
Io, Jocaſta, Io pœan ſing.
Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy End?
But all Fate's turns are ſwift and unexpected.
Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul ſince you forſook the Land,
Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her. (ſpeak.
Oedip. Waves all the Princes! poor Heart! for what? O
Æge. She, tho' in full-blown Flow'r of glorious Beauty,
Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:
And, for your ſake, has ſworn to dye unmarry'd.
Oedip. How! for my ſake, dye, and not marry! O,
My Fit returns.
Æge. This Diamond, with a thouſand Kiſſes bleſt,
With thouſand Sighs and Wiſhes for your Safety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.
Oedip. There's Magick in it, take it from my Sight;
There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,
Hot flaſhing Luſt, and Necromantick Inceſt:
Take it from theſe ſick Eyes, Oh hide it from me.
No, my *Jocaſta*, tho' *Thebes* caſt me out,
While *Merope*'s alive, I'll ne'er return!
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A Beggar, than accept a Diadem
On ſuch abhorr'd Conditions.
Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappineſs,
By theſe extravagant and needleſs Fears.
Oedip. Needleſs! O, all you Gods! By Heav'n I'd rather
Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders
In the dear Entrails of the beſt of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damn'd Inceſt: therefore no more of her.
Æge. And why, O ſacred Sir, if Subjects may
Preſume to look into their Monarch's Breaſt,
Why ſhould the Chaſte and Spotleſs *Merope*
Infuſe ſuch Thoughts as I muſt bluſh to Name?
Oedip. Becauſe the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me,
With Thundring Oracles.

Æge.

Æge. May I intreat to know 'em?
Oedip. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest!
Methinks I have his Image now in View;
He mounts the *Tripos* in a Minute's space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple roof,
While from his Mouth
These dismal Words are heard: (to spill,
" Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's Blood
" And with prepostrous Births, thy Mother's Womb to fill.
Æge. Is this the Cause
Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*?
Oedip. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?
Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Incest.
Oedip. How, *Ægeon*?
Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!
Thou rav'st, and so do I; and these all catch
My madness; look, they're dead with deep Distraction:
Not Incest! what, not Incest with my Mother?
Æge. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.
Oedip. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!
Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.
Oedip. Then all my Days and Nights must now be spent
In curious Search, to find out those dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By all the tyes of Nature, Blood, and Friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A Point or smallest Grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then, O answer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?
Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles

Upon

Upon its Infant Heir.

Oedip. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth*'s Crown,
Because *Ægeon*'s Hands presented me?

Æge. By my Advice,
Being past all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

Oedip. Perhaps I then am your's; instruct me, Sir:
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all th' Obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring Pardon.
Kill me if you please,
I will not writhe my Body at the Wound:
But sink upon your Feet with a last Sigh,
And ask Forgiveness with my dying Hands.

Æge. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little Blood which should keep warm my Heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like Off-spring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Citharon*.

Oedip. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Citharon! speak, the Valley of *Citharon*!

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the Conversation of a Man
Who led a rural Life, and had Command
O'er all the Shepherds who about those Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks: in this Man's Arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger,
Whose Point he often offer'd at your Throat;
But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again:
Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy Death.
Then I rush'd in, and, after some Discourse,
To me he did bequeath your innocent Life;
And I, the welcome Care to *Polybus*.

Oedip. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

Æge. His Name I knew not, or I have forgot:
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I well remember.

Oedip. And is your Friend alive? for if he be,
I'll buy his Presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His Place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of humane Feet was never seen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of such monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horrors that would blast the Barbarous World.

Oedip. If there be any here that knows the Person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his Life
To speak; Concealment shall be sudden Death:
But he who brings him forth, shall have Reward
Beyond Ambition's Lust.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*:
Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, Rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oedip. Then all goes well, since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth:
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what mean
These Tears, and Groans, and Struglings? speak, my Fair,
What are thy Troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oedip. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho' Death
Attends the Search: I have already past
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater Labour, than to venture o'er:
Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My Love, my all, my only utmost Hope,

I beg you, banish, *Phorbas:* O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this first Request.
Deny me all things else; but, for my Sake,
And as you prize your own eternal Quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your Presence.

Oedip. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
Tho' his dread Eyes were *Basilisks.* Guards, haste,
Search the Queen's Lodgings; find, and force him hither.
[*Exeunt Guards.*

Joc. O, *Oedipus,* yet send,
And stop their Entrance, e're it be too late:
Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
With Furies, slain out-right with meer Distraction,
Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas.*
Forbear this Search, I'll think you more than Mortal:
Will you yet hear me?

Oedip. Tempests will be heard,
And Waves will dash, tho' Rocks their basis keep,——
But see, they Enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, *Guards, with* Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A Story, that shall turn thee into Stone.
Could there be hew'n a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center, by some God,
Through which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta: Yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our Loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson;
Tear off this curling Hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part,
And, when at last I'm slain, to Crown the horrour,
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound. [*Ex.*

Oedip. She's gone; and as she went, methought her Eyes
Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits
Seething, like rising Bubbles, on the Brim,

Peep'd from the watry Brink, and glow'd upon me.
I'll seek no more; but hush my Genius up
That throws me on my Fate.——Impossible!
O wretched Man, whose too too busie Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'ns round,
With an eternal hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rowling Year
Seems to stand still, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath disturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.
Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the Bottom. *Hæmon*, you I sent:
Where is that *Phorbas*?
Hæm. Here, my Royal Lord.
Oedip. Speak first, *Ægeon*, say, is this the Man?
Æge. My Lord, it is: Tho' Time has plough'd that Face
With many Furrows since I saw it first; (get it.
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the Ground, quite to for-
Oedip. Peace; stand back awhile.
Come hither Friend; I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*.
Why dost thou turn thy Face? I charge thee answer
To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once
The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes*?
Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave. (ment?
Oedip. What Office hadst thou? what was thy Employ-
Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural Pleasures;
For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd
With sporting Swains, o'er whom I had command.
Oed. Where was thy Residence? to what part o'th' Country
Didst thou most frequently resort?
Phor. To Mount *Citharon*, and the pleasant Vallies
Which all about lye shadowing its large Feet.
Oedip. Come forth *Ægeon*. Ha! why start'st thou *Phorbas*?
Forward I say, and Face to Face confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him, if thou canst,
And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him?
Didst thou e'er see him? converse with him

Near

Near Mount *Citharon!*

Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?

Oedip. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, did'ſt thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, ſacred Sir?

Oedip. Near Mount *Citharon*; anſwer to the Purpoſe,
'Tis a King ſpeaks; and Royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thouſand Vulgar Years:
Did'ſt thou e'er ſee this Man near Mount *Citharon*?

Phor. Moſt ſure, my Lord, I have ſeen Lines like thoſe
His Viſage bears; but know not where nor when.

Æge. Is't poſſible you ſhould forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps
Particulars, which may excite your dead Remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?
The Swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold.
Have you forgot too how you wept, and begg'd
That I ſhould breed him up, and ask no more.

Phor. What-e'er I begg'd; thou like a Dotard, ſpeak'ſt
More than is requiſite: and what of this?
Why is it mention'd now? And why, O why
Doſt thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Æge. Be not too raſh. That Infant grew at laſt
A King: and here the happy Monarch ſtands.

Phor. Ha! whither would'ſt thou? O what haſt thou ut-(ter'd!
For what thou haſt ſaid, Death ſtrike thee dumb for ever.

Oedip. Forbear to curſe the Innocent; and be
Accurſt thy ſelf, thou ſhifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oedip. Why ſpeak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack: ſince Mildneſs cannot win you,
Torments ſhall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not rack an Innocent old Man.

Oedip. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me ſay?

Oedip. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods,
Phorbas had perish'd in that very Moment.
Oedip. Moment! Thou shalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury:
But I shall find a way———.
Phor. My Lord, I said
I gave the Infant to him.
Oedip. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?
Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.
Oedip. Whence? and from whom? what City? of what House?
Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground,
Would I could sink beneath it: by the Gods,
I do Conjure you to inquire no more.
Oedip. Furies and Hell! *Hamon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous Flames;
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin flead off,
And burnt alive.
Phor. O spare my Age.
Oedip. Rise then, and speak.
Phor. Dread Sir, I will.
Oedip. Who gave that Infant to thee?
Phor. One of King *Lajus* Family.
Oedip. O, you immortal Gods! But say, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
A Servant; or one of the Royal-Blood?
Phor. O wretched State! I dye, unless I speak;
And if speak, most certain Death attends me!
Oedip. Thou shalt not dye. Speak then, who was it? speak,
While I have Sense to understand the Horrour;
For I grow cold.
Phor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.
Oedip. O you Gods!——But did she give it thee?
Phor. My Lord, she did.
Oedip. Wherefore? for what?—— O break not yet, my (Heart;
Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
Or must I ask for ever? for what end?
Why gave she thee her Child?
Phor. To murder it.

Oedip. O more than ſavage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a Cauſe!

Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold, that moſt unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oedip. But one thing more.
Jocaſta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was ſlain: Speak, I conjure thee,
For I ſhall never ask thee ought again,
What was the Number of th' Aſſaſſinates?

Phor. The dreadful Deed was acted but by one;
And ſure that one had much of your Reſemblance.

Oedip. 'Tis well! I thank you, Gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Daggers, and Poiſon; O there is no need
For my Diſpatch: And you, you mercileſs Pow'rs,
Hoord up your Thunder-ſtones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note. [*Falls.*

Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: How the mighty Spirits,
Half ſtrangled with the Damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for Vent: But ſee, he breaths again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all Oppoſition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oedip. The worſe for you.
O barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light,
Why did you force me back to curſe the Day;
To curſe my Friends; to blaſt with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raiſe new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a Hand that graſps this Hell,
But ſhould run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
Stand from this ſpot, I wiſh you as my Friends,
And come not near me, leſt the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

[*Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breaſt, which* Adraſtus *ſtrikes away with his Foot.*

Adr. You ſhall no more be truſted with your Life:
Creon, Alcander, Hæmon, help to hold him.

Oedip. Cruel *Adrastus!* wilt thou, *Hæmon*, too?
Are these the Obligations of my Friends?
O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear *Adrastus*, look with half an Eye
On my unheard-of Woes, and judge thy self,
If it be fit that such a Wretch should live!
O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
With all the low Submissions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my Horrors way;
Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,
All mangled o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,
And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impossible;
And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Tir. Tho' banish'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may Reign;
Th'infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more:
Calm then your Rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oedip. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence, from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
What, violate, with Beastial Appetite,
The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
This is not to be born! Hence; off, I say;
For they who let my Vengeance, make themselves
Accomplices in my most horrid Guilt.

Adr. Let it be so; We'll fence Heav'n's Fury from you,
And suffer all together: This perhaps,
When Ruin comes, may help to break your Fall.

Oedip. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in very Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof
Meet, like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,

The

The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an Universal Rout of Nature
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a glimpse, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and justle in the Dark.
That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander *and* Pyracmon.

Cre. THebes is at length my own; and all my Wishes,
Which sure were great as Royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the Burning-glass of Glory!
Pyr. Might I be Counseller, I would intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;
And, with the Resolution of a Man
Mark'd out for Greatness, give the fatal Choice
Of Death or Marriage.
Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who' tho' Unfortunate, belov'd,
Thought Innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead:
Since nothing but his Death, not Banishment,
Can give Assurance to your doubtful Reign.
Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the UnderPassions,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire:
Therefore, *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,

Eurydice shall die, or be my Bride.
Alcander, summon to their Master's Aid
My menial Servants, and all those whom Change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our Part: Away. What now?
[*Ex.* Alcander.

Enter Hæmon.

When *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.
Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?
Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed;
All left him there, at his Desire, alone:
But sure no Ill, unless he dy'd with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.
Hæm. I did; and, having lock'd the Door, I stood;
And through a Chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him:
At first, deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart
Murmurs, and Groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, Oh Wretch! he cry'd:
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.
Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wondrous Heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal Period.
Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With all his Force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with Out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well,
These bubbles of the shallowest emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust:
No, Parricide; if thou must weep, weep Blood;
Weep Eyes, instead of Tears: O, by the Gods,

'Tis

'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my Woes.
Which ſaid, he ſmil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the Floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing Vengeance;
Gods, I accuſe you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glaſſes,
The mighty Souls immortal Perſpectives,
I find your dazling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your laſt, your fatal Farewel-view.
When with a Groan, that ſeem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He ſnatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of Sight, and daſh'd 'em on the Ground.

Cre. A Maſter-piece of Horror; new and dreadful!

Hæm. I ran to ſuccour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tireſias*,
Who, with his Wiſdom, may allay thoſe Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul? [*Ex.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; moſt honeſt, faithful, fooliſh *Hæmon!*
But ſee, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander, *attended.*

I ſee, thou haſt been diligent.

Alc. Nothing theſe,
For Number, to the Crowds that ſoon will follow;
Be reſolute,
And call your utmoſt Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou haſt given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
Theſe Eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adraſtus*
Stretch'd at the Feet of falſe *Eurydice.*
But ſee, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adraſtus, *and* Eurydice, *attended.*

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond raſh Man,
What inconſiderate and ambitious Fool,
That ſhall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail Hand, to graſp a Scepter?

Eur.

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer Hours in humble Cells away:
Not but I love you to that infinite Height,
I could (O wondrous Proof of fiercest Love!)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd Innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*:
Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

[Creon *and Attendants come up to him.*

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black Design, *Adrastus*.
And therefore, as a Traitor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: Let it suffice
That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince; abuse not
Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent, and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhorr'd of Men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;
Thebans, to you I justifie my Love:
I have addrest my Prayers to this fair Princess;
But, if I ever meant a Violence,
Or thought to Ravish, as that Traitor did,
What humblest Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul Dishonour,
And let Men curse me by the Name of *Creon*!

Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your Lives,
To take the Part of that Rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocasta*'s Order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
I here resign to Prince *Adrastus* Arms
All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.
Traitor, resign the Princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate Wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.
Adr. No, Villain, no;
With twice those odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cause to vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; ten thousand thousand times more dear
Than Life or Liberty.
Cre. Fall on, *Alcander*.
Pyracmon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princess.
Adr. Ah, Traitor, dost thou shun me?
Follow, follow,
My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.
[*Ex. fighting*: Creon's *Party beaten off by* Adrastus.
Enter Oedipus.
Oedip. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monster!
Nor have I hid my Horrors from my self;
For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Idea's,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes:
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife and Mother, Tortures, Hell and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful Off-spring's brought to light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me;
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta*'s Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father; there a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Lajus* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?

What

What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too!
Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any mean?
Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
Would cool the Rage of Feavers, and unlock
The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Feet?

Oedip. By all my Fears, I think *Jocasta*'s Voice!
Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worse than worst
Of damning Charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
The golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oedip. Art thou not gone then? ha!
How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new Pleasures?

Joc. Talk on; till thou mak'st mad my rowling Brain;
Groan still more Death; and may those dismal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks, at such a Meeting, Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: This Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: The busie Emmets cease;
Yet hear me on——

Oedip. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a Ruin
To match my Crimes; by all my Miseries,
'Tis Horror, worse than thousand thousand Deaths,
To send me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oedip. Gods, how ſhe ſhakes me! ſtay thee, O *Jocaſta*,
Speak ſomething e'er thou goeſt for ever from me.
Joc. 'Tis Woman's weakneſs, that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greateſt, tho' moſt wretched,
Of all thy Kind: My Soul is on the Brink,
And ſees the boiling Furnace juſt beneath:
Do not thou puſh me off, and I will go,
With ſuch a Willingneſs, as if that Heav'n
With all its Glory glow'd for my Reception.
Oedip. O, in my Heart, I feel the Pangs of Nature;
It works with kindneſs o'er: Give give me way;
I feel a Melting here, a Tenderneſs,
Too mighty for the Anger of the Gods!
Direct me to thy Knees: yet oh forbear,
Leſt the dead Embers ſhould revive,
Stand off——— and at juſt Diſtance
Let me groan my Horrors——here
On the Earth, here blow my utmoſt Gale;
Here ſob my Sorrows, till I burſt with Sighing:
Here Gaſp and Languiſh out my wounded Soul.
Joc. In ſpight of all thoſe Crimes the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
Know yours: 'Tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are ſtill my Husband.
Oedip. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee; ſteal into thy Arms,
Renew Endearments, think 'em no Pollutions,
But chaſte as Spirits Joys: Gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee ſoftly in my Arms to ſlumber.
[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *aſcends by degrees, pointing at* Jocaſta.
Joc. Begon, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who haſt no uſe of Eyes; for here's a Sight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's ſelf
To a wild Fury.

Oedip.

Oedip. Ha! what ſeeſt thou there?
Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!
Oedip. Thou rav'ſt; thy Husband's here.
Joc. There, there he mounts
In circling Fire, amongſt the bluſhing Clouds!
And ſee, he waves *Jocaſta* from the World!
Ghoſt. Jocaſta, Oedipus. [*Vaniſh with Thunder.*
Oedip. What wouldſt thou have?
Thou know'ſt I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In Darkneſs here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirit's force is wonderful;
At whoſe approach, when ſtarting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does ſhake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Tow'rs are thundred down:
And Walls of Braſs, and Gates of Adamant
Are paſſable as Air, and fleet like Winds.
Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak; or my Son's Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth open, or I'll tear thy Bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the Deed of Inceſt.
Oedip. Strike then, imperial Ghoſt; daſh all at once
This Houſe of Clay into a thouſand Pieces:
That my poor lingring Soul may take her Flight
To your immortal Dwellings.
Joc. Haſte thee then,
Or I ſhall be before thee: See, thou canſt not ſee;
Then I will tell thee that my Wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a Port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky Soil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My murder'd *Lajus!*
Oedip. Ha! how's this, *Jocaſta?*
Nay, if thy Brain be ſick, then thou art happy.
Joc. Ha! will you not? ſhall I not find him out?
Will you not ſhow him? are my Tears deſpis'd?
Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my Cries: Yes, cruel Gods,

Tho'

Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my Heart,
I'll ſnatch celeſtial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
Of Cryſtal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambroſial Hives,
To ſwarm like Bees about the Field of Heav'n:
This will I do, unleſs you ſhew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my murder'd Lord. O *Lajus! Lajus! Lajus!*
[*Ex.* Jocaſta.

Oedip. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it ſhould be!
No Mourning can be ſuitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madneſs forms.
I could have wiſh'd methought for Sight again,
To mark the Gallantry of her Diſtraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandring Stars,
T'have ſeen her mouth the Heav'ns, and mate the Gods,
While with her thundring Voice ſhe menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with ſmarting Sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou, Coward, yet
Art living, canſt not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thouſand ways lead to his thouſand Doors,
Which Day and Night are ſtill unbarr'd for all.
[*Claſhing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the Noiſe of claſhing Swords! the Sound
Comes near: O, that a Battel would come o'er me!
If I but graſp a Sword, or wreſt a Dagger,
I'll make a Ruin with the firſt that falls.
Enter Hæmon, *with Guards.*

Hæm. Seize him, and bear him to the Weſtern-Tow'r.
Pardon me, ſacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has deſigns upon your Life:
Forgive me then, if, to preſerve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oedip. Slaves, unhand me.
I think thou haſt a Sword: 'Twas the wrong ſide.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his Eyes out, ſure can find
Some deſperate Way to ſtifle this curſt Breath:

Or,

Or if I ſtarve! but that's a lingring Fate;
Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!
The aiery Soul can eaſily o'er-ſhoot
Thoſe Bounds with which thou ſtriveſt to Pale her in:
Yes, I will periſh in deſpite of thee;
And, by the Rage that ſtirs me, if I meet thee
In th' other World, I'll curſe thee for this uſage. [*Exit*.

Hæm. *Tireſias*, after him; and, with your Counſel,
Adviſe him humbly; charm, if poſſible,
Theſe Feuds within: While I without extinguiſh,
Or periſh in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;
That Brand which ſets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n proſper your Intent, and give a Period
To all our Plagues: What old *Tireſias* can,
Shall ſtraight be done. Lead, *Manto*, to the Tow'r.
[*Ex*. Tir. *and* Mant.

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,
[*Trumpets again*.
Or fall together in the bloody Broil. [*Ex*.

Enter Creon *with* Eurydice, Pyracmon *and his Party giving Ground to* Adraſtus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adraſtus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Priſoner.

Adr. What would'ſt thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandiſh'd Dagger:
Forego th' Advantage which thy Arms have won,
Or, by the Blood which trembles through the Heart
Of her whom more than Life I know thou lov'ſt,
I'll bury to the Haft, in her fair Breaſt,
This Inſtrument of my Revenge. [Hand.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd Wretch; hold, ſtop thy bloody

Cre. Give order then, that on this inſtant, now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers ſtraight disband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, ſince Fate has ſo allotted;
Begon, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adraſtus*! call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O, cruel barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After ſo bravely having fought his Cauſe,

To-

To perish by the Hand of this base Villain?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his Ruin? drag him through the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my Death affright you.
Cre. Dye first thy self then.
Adr. O, I charge thee hold.
Hence, from my Presence all: he's not my Friend
That disobeys: See, art thou now appeas'd?
[*Ex. Attendants.*
Or is there ought else yet remains to do,
That can attone thee? slack thy thirst of Blood
With mine: but save, O save that innocent Wretch.
Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.
Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of Hope to save
Thy precious Life, my dear *Adrastus*,
What-e'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'st get off, tho' Odds oppose thee:
For me, O fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid Love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain.
Adr. Instruct me, Gods, what shall *Adrastus* do?
Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead: my Soldiers
With Numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy Wish
Euridyce should fall before thee?
Adr. Traytor, no:
Better that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.
Cre. Then cast thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my Mercy, or I strike.
Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a Moment's pause.
My Father, when he blest me, gave me this;
My Son, said he, let this be thy last Refuge;
If thou forego'st it, Misery attends thee:
Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The Hazards of my Life I never lost.
'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Trust;
Tho' my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.
Cre. Fatal! yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall:
Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,

My

My Wounds Remembrance,
Turn all at once the Fatal Point upon thee.
Pyracmon, to the Palace, dispatch
The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?
Adr. Yes, Villain, for what-ever thou canst dare.
Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.
Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Ponyard's in my Hand:
Therefore away.
Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.
Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying.
[*Kills* Eurydice.
Eur. Ah, Prince, farewel; farewel, my dear *Adrastus*.
[*Dyes*.
Adr. Unheard of Monster! eldest-born of Hell!
Down, to thy Primitive Flames. [*Stabs* Creon.
Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:
Revenge me.
Adr. More; yet more: a thousand Wounds!
I'll stamp thee still, thus, to the gaping Furies.
[Adrastus *falls, kill'd by the Soldiers*.
Enter Hæmon, *Guards, with* Alcander *and* Pyracmon *bound: the Assassins are driven off*.
O *Hæmon*, I am slain; nor need I name
Th' inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lyes gasping.
Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn first my Arm; base Instrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring Mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak Substitute
Of that the God, Ambition. [*Dyes*.
Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
Yet in the pangs of Death she grasps my Hand:
Her Lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last Farewel O, *Oedipus*, thy Fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,
And wondrous Pleasures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more. [*Dyes*.

Enter

Enter a Captain *to* Hæmon: *with* Tireſias *and* Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocaſta*, ſwift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygreſs bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind:
In twiſted Gold I ſaw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal, and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the Breaſts upon the bloody Pillows.

Hæm. Relentleſs Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be aton'd? How ſacred ought
Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?
But ſee! the furious mad *Jocaſta*'s here.

Scene draws, and diſcovers Jocaſta *held by her Women, and ſtabb'd in many Places of her Boſom, her Hair diſhevel'd; her Children ſlain upon the Bed.*

Was ever yet a Sight of ſo much Horrour,
And Pity brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my laſt Farewel
Of thoſe dear Babes? O let me run and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubling Wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral Mouths ſuch Kiſſes,
As ſhall recal their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you Piece-meal.
Help, *Hæmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocaſta* dies.

Enter Oedipus *above*.

Oedip. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods
'Tis quite unbarr'd: ſure by the diſtant Noiſe,
The Height will fit my fatal Purpoſe well.

Joc. What hoa, my *Oedipus!* ſee, where he ſtands!
His groping Ghoſt is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount, my Soul;
I'll wrap thy ſhivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and ſo we'll ſail.
But ſee! we're landed on the happy Coaſt;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cauſe.
Jove, Jove, whoſe Majeſty now ſinks me down,
He who himſelf burns in unlawful Fires,

Shall

Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine. [*Dies.*
Oedip. Speak, *Hæmon*; what has Fate been doing there?
What Dreadful deed has mad *Jocasta* done?
Hæm. The Queen her-self, and all your wretched Off-spring,
Are by her Fury slain.
Oedip. By all my Woes,
She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
And I should envy her the sad applause:
But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,
To set her Madness on such Cruelty:
This stirs me more than all my Sufferings,
And with my last Breath I must call you Tyrants.
Hæm. What mean you, Sir.
Oedip. *Jocasta!* lo, I come.
O *Lajus*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore:
Extend your Arms t' embrace me; for I come;
May all the Gods too from their Battlements
Behold, and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.
[*Thunder. He flings himself from the Window: The* Thebans *gather about his Body.*
Hæm. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
O curs'd Effect of the most deep Despair!
Tir. Cease your Complaints, and bear his Body hence;
The dreadful Sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory:
Yet, by these terrible Examples warn'd,
The sacred Fury thus alarms the World.
Let none, tho' ne'er so Virtuous, Great and High,
Be judg'd entirely blest before they Dye.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles *could undertake alone,*
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the Piece,
With all their Force, to draw the pondrous Mass from Greece.
A weight that bent ev'n Seneca's *strong Muse,*
And which Corneille's *Shoulders did refuse.*
So hard it is th' Athenian *Harp to string!*
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terrour and Pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will those Vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two such Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece *and* Rome *have smil'd upon this Birth,*
You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth;
And when your Children find your Judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please.
As some strong Churl would brandishing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two thousand Years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs,

Think

EPILOGUE.

Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own Defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles *is ſhown,*
To praiſe his Worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others Pow'r aſſure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are ſecure.
Their Treat is what your Palates reliſh moſt,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghoſt!
We know not what you can deſire or hope,
To pleaſe you more, but burning of a Pope.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

George